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Democracy

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THE
HARP OF ERIN,

CONTAINING THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE LATE
THOMAS DERMODY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

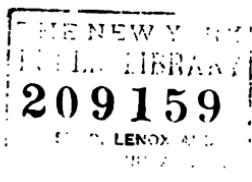
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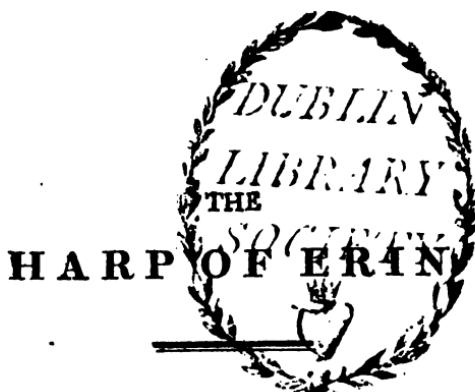
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BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

AN HEROIC POEM.

PRÆLUDIUM; OR, PREFATORY INDUCTION.

COURTEOUS READER,

THAT laborious and learned commentator, Fabritius Flatbottombergius, in the 2479th page of his Hypercritical Treatise on the Diet of Wild Asses, printed at Amsterdam, in fifteen volumes folio, proveth, in a most concise and perspicuous manner, that every great and momentous work (such as an epic poem of this species certainly is), should, as to its origin and tendency, be made as intelligible to every faculty as circumstances will admit; and that the author is unavoidably bounden by every rule of right reason to elucidate its subject, or theme, as far as in him lieth. At this epoch of ignorance, when all her children may exclaim, "Redeunt Saturnia Regna!" that is "The leaden reign returns," indeed it is much to the poet's own interest, especially in any more grave or lofty composition, to explain such sublime (or, as the vulgar call them, obscure) passages as may occasionally present a stumbling-block to the less vivid imagination. With this view we have diligently perused the diurnal chronicles, a trial of no small endurance,

and in the following not unnecessary extract hand down one of those ephemeral prints to latest posterity; for (without vanity a vice we abominate), the "Exegi Opus" might be aspired to without any imputation of egotism, except from the ill-judging and ill-natured.

"A rencontre took place on Monday, in the shop of Mr. Wright, the bookseller, in Piccadilly, between the celebrated Peter Pindar and Mr. Giffard, author of the Baviad. We need not inform our literary readers (i. e. readers of letters) that in reply to the many sarcasms thrown out by Peter Pindar against the author of the Baviad and other poems, Mr. Giffard lately published a severe and keen satire against Peter. In a second edition an allusion is made of a kind too gross for decency to record. This literary combat on Monday produced blows (a very bad production). Dr. Walcot going into the shop of Mr. Wright, where Mr. Giffard was seated reading a newspaper (perhaps one of these we so highly honour), he asked him if his name was not Giffard? He replied in the affirmative. Upon which the Doctor aimed a blow at his brother poet with a cane (here we have availed ourselves of the *licentia poetica* in our work), which Mr. Giffard dexterously warded off (admirable dexterity!) and in an instant (amazing celerity !!) broke the head of his assailant (inhuman severity !!!) with his own stick. Mr. Peltier (supposed to be the Pantagruelian Frenchman), and another gentleman, interfered, and Peter, with a bloody sconce (*quis temperet a lacrymis?*) was thrust into the street, where a mob collected, to whom he made his appeal. He had lost his hat in the affray, (*non bene relicta parvula*), which was thrown out to him, but the author of the Baviad (*non missura cutem, nisi plena cruxis Hirudo*), kept possession of the cane as a trophy of his triumph!—"
MORNING ADVERTISER, *cum notis variorum.*

Such is the narratory outline, and, metaphorically to speak, simple basis of our aspiring structure, which we have with so much intel-

lectual cost embellished, and which it is to be devoutly wished may, in time, arouse the sleeping energies of universal emulation; for, pleasurable as we contemplate our own mental achievements, we wish not, with supercilious arrogance, to annihilate the humble effort of another, this being ever in memory, that we are the original, the *principium et fons* of heroical composition. We had nearly omitted to mention what is confidentially whispered, that our ingenious contemporary and cousin Mons. Von. Kotzebue is assiduously employed in dramatizing so memorable a transaction, and from his former very extraordinary evidences, we are emboldened to predict indubitable success.

A friend, whose scruples seem rather too formal, we shall not call them conscientious, inveigheth bitterly against our making Peter Pindar the most prominent figure on the canvass, and accuseth us of following the example of that republican reprobate, John Milton, who hath, in an out-of-date book of his, chosen for his hero no other than the arch-devil himself: whereas we scorn to tread in the same path with any man, much less condescend to copy *such* a master, so little studied by persons of taste, and so much unknown to the fashionable world, whose opinion on literary desert we venerate almost to idolatry. But, even allowing our apostacy to such vile imitation, is it possible that John Milton, a precise puritan, who hath written a long apologetic oration, proving his innocence of frequenting brothels, a recreation which, in our days, demandeth not even an excuse *en cavalier*? Is it, we repeat again, possible for him to mislead or contaminate, or pervert a pupil of modern philosophy, which is founded on infidelity alone, and a fervent renunciation of all belief; insomuch, that the existence of diabolism is no more credited, except by old wives and young children, than the renowned legend of Tom Thumb?

We now come to a point which requireth some degree of deliberation, and which is no other than our apparently hyperbolical en-

comium of Mr. Thomas Dutton, a gentleman whom we have noticed with more than ordinary complacence. Though personally unacquainted, and never as yet favoured by the extension of his censorial castigation, yet, in the liberality of his benevolent soul, so solemnly attached to "bold and independent principles," having rather too lavishly complimented the sportive effusion of a very dear and discerning friend, we have taken the first and fairest opportunity of offering up a slight tribute of literary remuneration. Nor hath this been our sole motive, a motive individual and confined; but much more stimulative hath been our inexpressible astonishment at his profound learning, and unequalled emanations of humour, especially in that famous compilation wherein he so generously extendeth his assistance to Peter Pindar!

Then was the dwarf in giant armour drest,
Then chirp'd the wren upon the eagle's crest !

But, to return to his learning:—In the name of all that is miraculous and magical, by the *dæmon* of Socrates, and the familiar of Cornelius Agrippa, we conjure thee, Thomas Dutton, who mightest be unvauntingly styled "The divine Doctor," as was formerly thy namesake, Thomas Aquinas, to disclose unto us, by what copious inspiration thou hast attained this sapient superiority of intellect? Doth no invisible agent supply thee with a Florilegium of select latin sentences; no ghost of departed pedagogue lumber thee with scholastic phrases?—Which studiest thou most intently, the critical lucubrations of Aristotle, or Zoilus; Longinus, or Chærilus; Horace, or Tigellius; Quintilian, or Tom Brown?—Hast thou any secret predilection for Bysche's Dictionary of Rhymes, Durfey's Lyrics, Collier's Theatrical Polemics, or Blackmore's Essays?—And, lastly, dost thou suppose seriously that any mortal of sensitive, or risible faculties, can desperately wade through the insipidity, nay offensive nuisance, of thy brain,—*inter scabiem tantam et contagia*—with-

out either turning up the nose, or adopting the merry tenet of that jovial philosopher, who was ever on the broad grin, and a very proper personification of "laughter holding both his sides?"

Perpetuo riso pulmonem agitare solebat. JUVENAL.

With mirth eternal, at a flea or f—,
Chuckling, he rais'd the cockles of his heart.

Mr. T. Dutton, however, will perceive, that in reverence of his so laudable method of translating his numerous mottoes, *pro bono publico*, and with a conscientious view of edifying the rising generation, we have annexed to the two quotations in our title-page a *free*, (or as others term it, *flying*) version of each ; thereby saving much abstruse rumination to the tribe of university beaux and coffee-room connoisseurs.

The next personage whom we introduce is Anthony Pasquin, Esquire, a most religious votary of the muse, though in an *unknown language*; his few ideas being always, and not injudiciously, couched in a strange extravagant diction, totally unintelligible to the ordinary race of mortals ; that is to say, in

" A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect : "

he will not be sorry to find himself in the same respectable situation with the redoubted champion of his talents, and the " dear companion of his tuneful art."

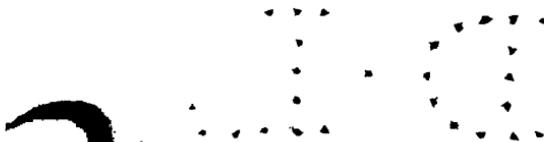
This truly original author, whose leaves are perfectly sybilistic, and whose oracular effusions are much more mysterious than those which issued from the Dodonean block, deserveth every encouragement for his ceaseless exertions towards constructing a new language, the hint of which, we presume, he hath borrowed from that wonderful Formosan, George Psalmanazar.

Arcades ambo!—they shall, through the channel which we have so sedulously scooped out for the express purpose of demonstrating our good will, float comfortably down in fraternal amity to all future ages. Sincere should be their thanks, and ardent their wishes for our prosperity; for as some one remarked of Pope, that he had nearly deified his dunces merely by mentioning them, so, had we incautiously passed over the bashful excellence of those heroes in silence, it is probable, the most distant voyage their productions would take, might be from the fane of Cloacina to the Thames, and then, after the lapse of ten or twelve years, who the devil would recognize the names of Thomas Dutton, A.M. or of Anthony Pasquin, Esquire? Wherefore, we must urge once more, that much laud and gratulation is due unto the free-flowing, still-unfatigued, and we hope, immortal grey-goose-quill of Mauritius Moonshine,* the philostultist.

Moliere very sagaciously observeth, that every man can make a dinner with money, and the same observation holdeth good in poesy; but I pray thee, gentle reader, out of thy courtesy, to resolve me what man (saving, indeed, a magician) can brew Thrale's intire from turnip-tops, be they ever so delicious; or forge a long poem of twenty days from an occurrence of half an hour, be it ever so delightful? Nathless, on this head, trust me, manifold and grievous will be the complaints of divers shrewd wits, and notable critics, against this our poem, touching its deficiency of episode, simile, thunder, tempest, metaphor, pathos, and what not?—*et quid non?*

We might with that truly epic historian, Henry Fielding, when apologising for the paucity of sculptorial matter on the vertex or top of Mr. Andrews's cudgel, alledge, that all these and much more should have been inserted, had there been sufficient room; but all we shall say is, if any of those same cunning clerks and perilous poets

* The name which Dermody on various occasions assumed.



THE HARP OF ERIN.

7

conceive or opine they can indite a more delectable heroic, that God may give them grace to know it, and that they may be conscious of their own great ability timely to profit thereby.

Respecting the harmony of our versification, and the modulated energy of our periods, we doubt not, could Scaliger arise from the dead, but he would transfer the compliment he bestowed on certain lines of Virgil (whose Georgics he devoured with as much avidity as the modern commentators do a Norfolk dumpling), to the whole of our performance, namely, " that they were, to his palate, sweeter than Hyblean honey," or, more familiarly to express his meaning, " sweeter than sugar-a-candy. We therefore have laid ourselves under the most sacred and irrefragable injunctions not to answer one objection of any head-strong, self-opinionated curmudgeon, being well apprized by the observation of a sly predecessor, who (though some will not allow him fancy) did not want for sense, that

— Break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;
Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain:
The creature's at his dirty work again. POPE.

As for those addle-pated cavillers, who read, run, and condemn, without consulting the genius and spirit of their author, or, even considering that some books are to be tasted, some swallowed, and some thoroughly digested, we value their nugatory strictures at a nutshell.

Several illustrious foreigners, and particularly three most erudite emigrants from Catalonia, viz. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, all formerly doctors of the Sorbonne, and joint-members with the Illuminati of Germany, having, in the politest manner, proffered their estimable services to inspect, correct, and dissect these our labours, we have prudently adjourned our more diffuse annotations, (contenting ourselves with cursory remarks) until the period appro-

THE HARP OF ERIN.

pinquateth of the sixteenth edition, which cannot be very far removed, when we shall, likewise, present thee, thrice benignant reader, with a capital representation of this signal combat, to be engraved by an eminent butter-print-maker, from a painting by Mr. F—i, executed in his most felicitous (i.e. most horrific) manner, he having kindly engaged to eat a double quantity of raw pork on the occasion; and moreover, an accurate map of the seat of war, taken on the spot, and reverentially inscribed to a certain princely personage, alike the impartial Mæcenas of poetic or pugilistic merit.
Tam Marte quam Mercurio.

And now, beloved reader, having first smoothed thy mustachios curry-combed the wrinkles from thy forehead, and furbished up the most festivous notions thou canst hustle together, humbly do we beseech thee to fall to, for, in sooth, thy grace before meat hath been rather long-winded.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet commenceth with a most pertinent, but puzzling question, which seemeth to sink him into a most sublime quandary—Swear-eth a dreadful oath that he must procure a Muse, and, at length, discerneth a very suitable one—The Invocation, ejaculated in a style peculiar to himself—Apostrophizeth, and curiously enquireth the origin of such animosity between Sir Pindar and Sir Giffard—Pathetically lamenteth the evil effects of a mistake, and unravelleth the mysterious cause, *à principle*, of Sir Pindar's rage—Describeth the appearance of a strange monster which exhibiteth itself monthly—Displayeth the *bardivorous* appetite of this ferocious animal, and, after much heroical circumlocution, concludeth the first canto with a most eloquent eulogy, and the apotheosis of Thomas Dutton, A.M, and of Anthony Pasquin, Esquire.

THE
BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

~~~~~  
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii !  
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

VET. POET. FRAG.

Retire, ye Wards, ye stout Mendoza's, yield.  
Behold two boxing bards usurp the field !

—Tantane cælestibus iræ ? VIRE.

Can gentle spirits, nur'd on milk of roses,  
Descend into the fist, and batter noses ?

—  
CANTO I.

WHERE 'mid the tuneful spinsters can I find  
One nymph to pugilistic charms inclin'd ?  
Has ever muse, unmindful of her state,  
In Pindar's fountain wash'd a broken pate ?  
Or grave Melpomene, in contest high,  
Discharg'd her blue-rag at Thalia's eye ?



While Bacchus held the bottle, and the Sun  
Delay'd his patent coach to smoke the fun ?  
Yet, though unskill'd to batter or to bruise,  
By all the gods ! I must invoke a muse :  
For ne'er, in garret perch'd, may warbling wit  
Presume that useful lady to omit,  
Till lawyers curse their clients, quacks their fees,  
Till taylors kick their cucumbers and peas,  
Till nobles pay their debts like vulgar men,  
Till droops the British flag, and " Chaos comes  
again."

Hast then, sweet nymph ! and with thee bring along  
The mute admirers of thy tragic song :  
Whether thou hymn'st some youth of talents rare,  
Ordain'd by Fate to dance on " desert air ;"  
Or to the echoing alleys soft complain  
(By pill incurable) of am'rous pain ;  
Thou ! whom a virgin of High Holborn bore,  
Erst, to a piper from Irene's shore,  
What time St. Giles, with all its splendor crown'd,  
Terrific, aw'd the vassal realm around ;  
Whether at Billingsgate, propitious seat !  
Where eloquence and mild conviction meet,  
Thy " goddess-like demeanour" I survey,  
Another naked Venus from the sea ;

Or find thee some gay tap-room bow'r within,  
 Ambrosial bow'r ! all redolent of gin,  
 Oh ! come, dear Impudence !—discreetly pass  
 The next libation of thy fav'rite glass ;  
 Come ; and in all thy native graces drest,  
 Recline inebriate on my raptur'd breast ;  
 Strong as thy bev'rage be the kindling fire,  
 Numbers, sonorous numbers I require, }  
 Worthy thy mother, and harmonious sire !  
 Whose pipe Orphean savage myriads led,  
 While stones, high-bounding, jigg'd upon his head ;  
 Lur'd from their hovels cognoscenti-hogs,  
 Quick-capering kittens, and slow-dancing dogs ;  
 Or bad sage asses musically bray :  
 Such virtue in his charmful bladder lay.

Say then (for thou the dread event must know),  
 What anger levell'd the immortal blow ?  
 What against Giffard urg'd Sir Pindar's rage,  
 Or arm'd Sir Giffard against Pindar's age ?  
 Uuequal match'd, a dubious doom they prove ;  
 Blameful alike,—but such the will of Jove !\*  
 What diyeful deeds from trifling causes spring ?  
 A bastinado'd bard, or exil'd king :

---

\* *Dios d'eteleieto bowlè !—Omerou Ilias.*

What fell effects from wayward errors flow ?  
A numscull shatter'd, or a nation's woe.  
Here, (but the nicer epic rule denies  
That quaint old-fashion'd trick to moralize),  
Could I through many a pensive page deplore,  
And sighing, dip my raven-quill in gore ;  
Tell, through mistake, and heedless of a check,  
How fine Phaeton broke his comely neck ;  
Tell, through mistake, how minions of high place  
In eight years slaughter drench'd the human race ;  
Tell, through mistake, for Merry-Andrew fit,  
How each poor playwright deems himself a wit ;  
Tell, through mistake, and mindful of third night,  
How Mimes, instead of acting, dare to write.  
Scribblers erroneous other dolts forsake,  
And libel their dull selves—the worst mistake :  
For from a mere mistake, perversely wrong,  
Rises this lofty argument of song.

Long had Sir Pindar, of unrivall'd might,  
To Momus' birchen chaplet prov'd his right ;  
Long had his satire prob'd each pompous sin,  
And stripp'd each rhiming Marsyas to the skin ;\*

---

\* Phœbus went further with poor Marsyas, for he stripped off the skin itself. A tender-hearted deity !

But lo ! all slovenly his uncouth lay,  
 His powers so nervous dwindle to decay ;  
 No more by sense approv'd, or folly fear'd,  
 The nauseous dregs of driv'ling age appear'd :  
 Scarce one bright spark illum'd a dreary line,  
 Mirth doz'd, and Malice caught the lucky sign ;  
 Yet Candour pitied still, with liberal mind,  
 The tuneful Belisarius, old and blind.

Hast thou not heard the undisputed fame  
 Of these great sheets that note an author's name ?  
 Hast thou not kenn'd those furious beasts of prey  
 That hunt lank poets in the face of day,  
 And rav'nows on their fleshless members feed ?  
 Not fiercer Afric or Hyrcania breed.\*  
 Oh ! hast thou not, in shaggy vesture blue,  
 Beheld that monthly monster, a Review ;  
 Wont every garret, horrible, to scour,  
 Bloodier than bum, aye seeking to devour ?  
 A hungry tyger of this horrid crew  
 (To the rank scent of carrion ever true)  
 “ Upturn'd into the air his nostril wide,”  
 And from afar the drooping minstrel spied ;

---

\* Quale portentum neque militaris  
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis ;  
 Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum  
 Arida nutrix. Hor.

Forth from his lair loud thunder'd critic law,  
 Then clapp'd on Peter his tremendous paw.  
 Whole pamphlets, in his ireful mood, he tore,  
 Fresh-bleeding sonnets strew the letter'd floor ;  
 Meek eclogues murmur, strangled in the birth ;  
 Lampoons inflammatory load the hearth ;  
 Sad elegies their swan-like requiem breathe ;  
 Pert epigrams, still lively, smile in death ;  
 Soft am'rous odes their " balmy fragrance," shed,  
 And heap the desk with mountains of the dead.\*  
 Hence stern debate, hence anger, ferret-ey'd,  
 Wolvish dissension hence, and leopard pride ;  
 Hence bull-dog battle, monkey malice hence,  
 The mule's deep sullen's, and the ass's sense ;  
 On every side wild blaz'd the wrathful soul,  
 And either ink-stand bled at every hole.

Say whence this curst mistake, bland goddess say ?  
 A name, a *little* name provok'd the fray ;  
 (Oh ! that the *vile* critique was never seen,  
 For, oh ! that such a *name* had never been !)  
 For Peter, at some blund'ring dæmon's call,  
 Delug'd on innocence his missile gall ;  
 (Here innocent, at least, could he restrain  
 Such odious hints as his own manhood stain),

---

\* *Felix ! se nunquam amēta fuissent.*

Levell'd at wight unknown his angry squirt,  
And mad, at random flung about his dirt ;  
Fool ! not to know two dunces might be found,  
Of title similar, on English ground ;  
Luxuriant ground ! amid whose golden corn  
Tall poppies lift the brow, and nod in scorn.  
Nor here was bounded the destructive pest,  
New fires inflame the brawny poet's breast,  
Confederate papers feed them to a blaze,  
And mirrors pour forth their reflecting rays ;  
At length the censor's mighty self combines,  
And all the wond'rous worth of Dutton shines !\*

Oh, thou ! infallible, with learned air,  
To yawn and grumble from the critic chair,  
Smote by the glance of whose majestic eye,  
The daily grubs of literature die ;  
Whether thou deign'st, with condescension mild,  
To point the path of each theoretic child ;  
Or, gently physic'd by a golden pill,  
Squeeze the smooth flatt'ry from thine oily quill ;  
Though reason may revolt, and satire rail,  
Great Dennis's† greater son, dread Dutton, hail !

---

\* Me duce damnosas homines compascita curas. OVID.

† Whether old John Dennis, were he living, would be pleased with the relationship, is rather a critical query.

And thou, compatriot of a name so dear,  
Whatever title suit thine only ear,  
Williams, or Pasquin (that too clumsy veil  
Doth ill thy splendid ignorance conceal),  
Whose pompous style, and sentiment so weak,  
Ape Punch's lofty strut and tiny squeak,  
Thy diction on dry rubbish deep manure,  
Hail ! partners of the palpable obscure ;  
Rightful heirlooms of dark oblivion's vale,  
Licens'd proprietors of libel, hail !  
Not yours the blushes, beautiful, that break  
Conviction's dawn on Virtue's varying cheek :  
Yours, Swiss-like, av'rice of the highest price,  
As ready to defend as combat vice ;  
Yours, empty Arrogance, no bound that knows ;  
Yours, Envy's blight, that blasts the fairest rose ;  
And yours, unconscious of the worst disgrace,  
A dauntless intrepidity of face.  
Thrice happy both ! if e'er my humble rhyme \*  
May reach the optics of remoter time,  
Congenial spirits, clam'rous in your praise,  
Shall own that fools were rife in George's days ;  
Your volumes, thumb'd by infants yet unborn,  
Rare *wooden* prints, *expressive*, shall adorn ;

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\* *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possint, &c.* VIRG.

To a dead wall magnific Thespis cling,  
And Zoroaster dangle from a string ;  
While bloods and drunken bullies bilk a score ;  
While loyal coblers at elections roar ;  
While cits delight in tawdry pantomime ;  
While ladies deem *crim. con.* a venial crime ;  
While doctors love a cane and flowing wig ;  
While boxers hate a dun, and Jews a pig ;  
While painted beauties ply in Drury-lane,  
So long your virtue, fame, and honour, shall remain.

## THE HARP OF ERIN

### BATTLE OF THE BARDS.

#### CANTO II.

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##### ARGUMENT.

The second Canto openeth with a most picturesque, poetical, natural, and novel description of night—An apparition, as usual, and *secundum artem*, introduced—The apparition experienceth much hardship in disturbing Peter from the arms of Somnus—Morali-zeth in a most spiritual harangue, and after rouing the poet, vanisheth—Morning riseth, so doth Peter—Peter seizeth an hereditary twig, and, in an evil hour, issueth forth—The poet depicteth, and laudeth Piccadilly—Discovereth Sir Giffard in the most placid posture—Various appropriate, but terrific omens—Peter's dilated bulk described, in a manner at least equal to Squire Maro's “ Monstrum horrendum,” or Mr. Milton's Lucifer—A second invocation, in a hurry—The goddess Victoria astonished—Peter's Theban uncle, and Mile, the bullock-bruiser, noticed—Interro-gation and reply—“ A blow, by heav'n, a blow”—A simile and stare—The combat—The Cyclope—The tall Frenchman—Peter oweth much of his safety to beef—Peter's patience—Peter is vanquished and flyeth—*sic transit gloria Monday!*

Now knaves, so studious of the sage's plan,  
Sought with dark lanthorns for an honest man ;  
Now gamesters conn'd their talismanic board ;  
Now with their wives uncourteous husbands snor'd ;

Now to their sweethearts tiptoe lovers crep' ;  
Now play-projectors murder'd though they slept ;  
Now fearful rose, to punish Dutton's crimes,  
Plots, incidents, and spectred pantomimes ;  
Now lords their chariots quit on festal state,  
While Townshend tries their passes at the gate ;  
Now night, pale widow, in her old black gown,  
Peaceful, had muffled up this precious town ;  
Watchmen no more the nicer organs shock,  
But, soft as zephyr, hiccupp'd " one o'clock !"  
When, close by Peter's couch a goblin stood ;  
Goblin robust, as though of flesh and blood :  
Thrice twitch'd his night-cap, thrice his pillow shook,  
Thrice pull'd the coverlid, and mournful spoke. \*

" Behold the laureat, not again come back  
" From heav'n's ambrosia to assert his sack,  
" But wicked wit with counsel to repay,  
" And warn thee of the inevitable day ;  
" For this did Kearsley share his Sunday cheer,  
" Enthusiast of plumb-pudding and brown beer ?

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\* We had many scruples about our ghost's using Peter instead of *Petros*, as Homer supposeth the gods to speak Greek ; but as the laureat had not been long dead, we conceive in that short time he could not forget his English.

" For this did Opie lend a christian look  
 " To the grand prototype before thy book ?  
 " Ah ! feel'st thou not the anticipated jest  
 " Of Mistress Cosway, and of Master West ?  
 " Hear'st thou not snort the famished steeds of Stubbs ?  
 " Haunt not thy vermin'd dream Sir Joseph's grubs ?  
 " Skip not his boil'd fleas, buzzing in thine ear ?  
 " Or Buller's meteor-wig dost thou not fear ?  
 " Portentous on to-morrow's dawn they low'r ;  
 " Avert, oh Peter, the disastrous hour !  
 " The hour disgraceful shun, if fate allow,  
 " Destin'd to rob the laurel from thy brow ;  
 " But now, on glory meditant arise!"—  
 He spoke, and speaking sought his native skies.

Clad in a suit of second-mourning hue,  
 Uprose the morn,\* and uprose Peter too.  
 Wan as a death-hunter's, his visage frown'd,  
 And wild he cast his rueful eyes around ;  
 His eyes, where feebly shone a rush-light ray,  
 His wistful eyes, " that witness'd huge dismay."  
 Yet fell revenge, impatient of controul,  
 Yet injur'd talent stung his stormy soul ;  
 Yet, Wharton's voice his learned zeal alarm'd,  
 (Tenacious of the saw, " fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd,")

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\* Uprose the sun, and uprose George the Third. *Peter's Lousiad.*

And seizing a stout twig his grandsire bore,  
 He cough'd, and issued at the postern-door.\*  
 Returning never with Pindaric pride  
 Shall he triumphant o'er its threshold stride ;  
 But on the steps, with loose dishevell'd hair,  
 Shall sit, unwelcome visitant, Despair.

There is a street, full stately to the sight  
 Of trav'lling clown, and Piccadilly hight ;  
 Brave street, which first I enter'd, awful thing !  
 When I beheld St. James's and the King.  
 But most, another Academe, this street  
 For shop of bibliopolist is meet ;  
 Where Bond-street loungers, tir'd of vain pursuits,  
 May contemplate on Newton, or—his boots ;  
 There hold sweet dialogue, facetious smile ;  
 There fix the fashion of an author's style ;  
 There comb his crop, there meliorate his mind,  
 And give commands—to letter and to bind.

Here, deeply studious, in an easy chair,  
 His choler meeken'd, and compos'd his air ;

---

\* The very worst door in the house he could have issued from : *Vide Homer*, where Hector made his last exit. But some modern city scholiasts differ in opinion. *Quibus Fletur.*

Warn'd by no vision of th' impending stroke,  
But smiling heedless at each passing joke,  
Ill-fated Giffard sat. The shelves around,\*  
Convulsive, gave a hideous groan profound ;  
The Baviad thrice, in sympathetic pain,  
Open'd its filial leaves, and clos'd again ;  
The parrot burst her cage, loquacious fowl !  
And on the chimney perch'd the mystic owl :  
When lo ! dilated into tenfold might,  
In breadth a hogshead, and a tow'r in height,  
In rush'd the bulk of Peter.—Muse benign,  
Still louder swell that penny-trump of thine ;  
For ne'er did tilt of prowess'd Charlemagne,  
Or craz'd Orlando, claim a nobler strain ;  
Though his mad capers meet the general view  
In half a hundred cantos, mine in two.

Summon'd by Mars, who had no time to spare,  
'Twixt love and war, the contest and the fair ;  
To fix nice points of honor, cool the fray,  
And see both warriors come with *life* away ;  
Victoria (she who left her troops behind,  
Heartsick, in swarthy Egypt), was assign'd :

---

\* For an illustration of the prodigies, *vide* Homer, Virgil, Statius, and Aristotle's masterpiece. Wing's almanac is not amiss.

Yet she, like Festus, frightened by Saint Paul,  
 Scarce sav'd her trembling balance from a fall,  
 'Till clamb'ring to the roof with hasty feet,  
 A folio of campaigns supplied her seat ;  
 There sat she, cow'ring, like a pagod nich'd,  
 And deem'd the bards bedevil'd or bewitch'd.  
 Not Peter's uncle, yearly when he came  
 To tune his crowder at th' Olympic game ;  
 Not he (though Theban chaps were rather stout)  
 E'er saw or sung so terrible a bout ;  
 Though Milo, with one formidable box,  
 Split the tough cranium of a bellowing ox,  
 Peel'd off the hide to save his feet from thorns,  
 And pick'd his teeth, at supper, with the horns.

“ Is Giffard here ?” the maniac minstrel cry'd ;  
 Giffard, “ Lo ! him thou seek'st is here !” reply'd.\*  
 “ From hence then take thy ferry o'er to hell !”  
 Right on his sconce the sturdy sapling fell ;  
 His sconce, impenetrable, scorn'd a wound,  
 But hollow rung, and gave a mournful sound ;†  
 While horror bristled up his wond'ring hair,  
 And strain'd each muscle to an iron stare.

\* Ecce ! quem quæritis adsum, &c. *Virgil.*

† The *bellow* sound which Homer placeth to the account of the armour, is here properly transferred to the *scull*.

*Quæpam̄ inest-ribus inane !*

As when, instead of tipping half-a-crown,  
Some powder'd bully knocks his barber down ;  
Or to a bard some patronizing duke,  
Instead of twenty pounds, returns his book ;  
Or to some beau a bailiff in the pit,  
Instead of choice rappee presents a *wri* ;  
So Giffard star'd (and so perdie would you),  
And writh'd and scratch'd, "and wist not what to do."  
Stupid awhile he stood ; and ey'd the foe  
With frozen glare, a monument of woe :  
'Till, blown by gusts of rage, his ebbing blood  
Foaming came back, spring-tide, a roaring flood.  
And now his shoulders to the work he lays,  
And now the blow at *cent. per cent.* repays.  
Dire blow ! that threaten'd ruin to his brain ;  
And all its embryo-brood, a harmless train ;  
For there unfledg'd the young ideas rest,  
Like callow birdlings in a cuckoo's nest.

If thou hast e'er th' Etnean depths explor'd,  
With molten rocks and flaming lava stor'd ;  
Where old Empedocles once bruised his rump,  
Popp'd from its sultry summit—no bad jump :  
If thou hast trac'd that celebrated hole,  
Nor sing'd thy beard, nor burn'd thy slipper-sole ;  
Then hast thou seen at an infernal heat  
The one-ey'd brethren on their anvil beat ;

Quaff down, like purl, amid their maudlin tricks,  
 Full pots of Periphlegeton and Styx ;  
 Then well-refresh'd their noisy trade renew,  
 And bang till e'en the fire itself was blue.  
 So, capable King Harry's mail to crack,\*  
 Associate fists keep time on Peter's back ;  
 In " regular confusion," they descend,  
 And Parthian prentices, at either end,  
 Discharge their coward cuffs, and partial succour  
 lend. }  
 But, chief of stature, eminently tall,  
 Fit living skeleton for surgeon's hall,  
 A bony Frenchman thy assailants led,  
 Gloomy as death ! where most the battle bled :  
 Him shall thy future lays to fame consign,  
 And therefore he shall grace no verse of mine.

Had not thy ribs (a seas'nable relief),  
 Been compass'd with a triple coat of beef,  
 Though patience was thy only plaster then,  
 Most patient of the fretful sons of men !  
 Had not its valiant sirloin fill'd thy breast,  
 By heav'n ! thy patience ne'er had stood the test ;  
 Though patience was thy only plaster then,  
 Most patient of the fretful sons of men :

---

\* Read the battle of the angels in *Paradise Lost*, and make no  
 unfair or invidious comparison : *sat justitia, ruit vulnus.*

For lo ! like Bajazet, to please the rout,  
The victors in, now turn the vanquish'd out.\*

Victors in vain !—them every month shall goad  
With keen epistle, and mosquito ode ;  
Them, penitent too late of foul abuse,  
Shall grinning Satire from their dens produce ;  
Them, angel Truth with radiant shafts assail,  
While Modesty destroys the sland'rous tale ;  
Forgot each other butt of song severe,  
Them, piecemeal, shall his fury-pamphlet's tear ;  
For them shall he desert the weaker side,  
And, ev'n to kings a couplet be deny'd.

Discomfited, deject, with bleeding brow,  
Alarm'd, his fav'rite mob forsake him now ;  
Yet 'gainst yon fatal shop that caus'd his pain  
He hurls his unappeasable disdain ;  
Some great revenge he plans, and frames the fall  
Of master, counter, 'prentices, and all :  
Glorious emprise ! then, mindful of his head,  
He groans, and surly seeks a 'pothecary's shed.\*

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\* See the apostrophe in the Eneid on Pallas's leathern girdle  
being taken by Turnus, as Peter's cane was.

\* *Et gemitu, fugit indignata sub Umbras.* Virg.

## THE RETROSPECT.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

DESCRIPTIVE Poetry, though certainly the fairest branch of the Parnassian laurel, has for some time past been most severely assaulted by the unmerciful axe of critical bigotry. This attack was commenced under the pretext of pruning its luxuriancy, but, in fact, has left it withered and bare. Our censorial colossus, the great Johnson (who possessed as much discernment, with as much frailty, as in general falls to the share of any one writer), has been, inadvertently, the author of this arbitrary degradation. It is, at least, countenanced by his austere reprehension of the Seasons. Indeed, his antipathy to this species of composition and to blank verse, was equally obstinate and unjust.

Though its Greek derivation may comprehend a creative faculty, yet, we must allow that all Poetry is merely imitative. Even the sublime phantoms of Shakspeare, though by their eccentricity removed beyond the pale of human occurrence, are but copied from forms, *supposed to have been seen*, either by the bright intuitive eye of the enthusiast, or through the dim and discoloured optics of superstition.

Nor is a fine delineation of nature very frequently less captivating than its original, for it necessarily must blend admiration with delight. We view with too slight emotion, as the work of Omnipotence, what we behold with astonishment, as the execution of man. Hence, we are charmed with the propriety, the connexion, and the striking assemblage of fictitious light and shade in some celebrated picture, at the same time that the reality, seldom regarded, is ever before our eyes.

The powers of mind requisite for an attractive piece of description are not trivial; they must be ingenious, energetic, and refined. We likewise believe that an apposite description of scenes, novel from their remoteness, or pleasing from their congeniality, may have as much merit as what we style ethic, and which is only welcome from its similitude to the manners of the world. Our feelings are always more sincerely soothed, or elevated, with some well-designed, though irregular *landscape* of Salvator Rosa, than with the most finished *portrait* of the most favourite master. After all our idle pursuits in life, that is, in busy, bustling life, there still remains some secret, endearing tie, which connects us to the mild enjoyments of the country, and even at the age of fourscore, we still dwell with fondness on the innocent raptures of fifteen.

Few, however, are advocates for those puerile and jejune productions, where

“ *Pure description holds the place of sense;*”

as narration is only capable of the most pathetic graces, when inserted with becoming elegance. It then approaches nearly to the didactic, which is at once improving and agreeable.

It is to be lamented that the disesteem into which descriptive poesy has fallen, may have been caused by that neglect of simplicity in diction and plan, which so shamefully marks the flimsy effusions of the present day. The crude and turgid eclogues of Sannazarius, Mantuan, and the modern Italian school, are as much unlike the unaffected majesty and noble sweetness of Virgil, as many of our late applauded efforts are unlike the strong and masculine beauties of our literary fathers. There are but two peremptory exceptions in either age. Vida in Italy, and Goldsmith in England. To simplicity the French have no pretensions, their *forte* lies another way, in the poignancy of epigram, and the ironical adroitness of satire. We, however, have taken every commendable care of their

poetical tinsel; we have unburthened them of their *jeu d'esprits*, and more prudently transplanted them into our more elaborate pages, either philosophic or religious.

It is necessary to premise that the following verses, were, strange as it may appear, composed during an expedition at sea. This will elucidate some allusions, otherwise not easily understood, and, perhaps, palliate that deficiency of lucid order, which must immediately be discerned. It is no trifling labour to induce the Nine to forsake their Helicon for salt water, though Venus herself had the honour to be cradled on the ocean.

In recompence for this material objection, an endeavour has been made, to introduce some views of rural misfortune, as well as of felicity, which, doubtless, will engage the attention of a feeling breast. The latch too has been opened on unassisted penury, expiring, without one charitable hand to succour or solace the moment of annihilation; amidst the horrors of a tempestuous night, and the still more afflicting ideas of a little family, left crying for food: and by depicting the flagitiousness of mercenary passion in its most odious colours, the transports of real love have been pourtrayed, founded on the sympathy of hearts, in the most amiable light.

The want, however, of formal connection, dazzling figures, metaphoric phrase, and metaphysical scruple, will easily be perceived;

“ Yet tho’ depriv’d of instruments like these,  
“ Nature, perhaps, may find a way to please;  
“ Which, wheresoe’er she glows with genuine flame,  
“ In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the same.”

LLOYD.

## A DEDICATORY SONNET

To the Right Honourable

THE COUNTESS OF MOIRA, &amp;c.

~~~~~

DEEM'st Thou ingrate or dead the Shepherd-boy,
Erewhile who sung thee to the list'ning plain?
Still pausing on thy deeds with pensive joy,
Ingratitude, nor Death have huah'd the strain!
Still drest in all her captivating hues,
Smiling in tears, will languishingly steal
O'er my fantastic dream the much-lov'd muse,
Like morn dim-blushing thro' its dewy veil.
Her wild-flow'r's bound into a 'mple wreath,
Meekly she proffers to thy partial sight;
Oh! softly on their tender foliage breathe!
Oh! save them from the Critic's cruel blight!
Nurse the unfolding bloom with care benign,
And mid them weave one laurel-leaf of Thine!

THOMAS DERMODY.

THE RETROSPECT.

Vita enim nostra videtur ad Virilitatem usque, qua in statu
posita est, quendam quasi pontem statim ascendere, ab
eaque dehinc descendere.

De Natura in Aet. Post.

THROUGH History's faithful glass when I survey
What kingdoms flourish, and what realms decay ;
Now touch'd with pity, now inspir'd with rage,
Scarce can I trust the long-recorded page ;
New fatal proofs from ancient annals call,
Yet deem these ancient annals, fable all.
Lo ! once in learned pomp where Athens rose
The green pool stagnates, and the hemlock grows ;
One dreary sepulchre, one mingled gloom,
Lo ! deep in ruin droops imperial Rome.
Say, where that wide unconquerable sway
Where once the Macedonian Madman lay ?
Burst like a gaudy bubble on the stream,
'Tis past, and all its glory but a dream.

Yet, since, see Venice, solitary isle,
Like Venus, mid the genial ocean smile ;
With awe, the rich Columbian tract behold
Clasp half our globe in its gigantic fold ;
Britain, sublime its subject shores among,
And fair Juverna, nurse of lofty song.
Through heedless luxury, ambitious pride ;
Through lust of plunder, or through heav'n defy'd ;
When slow destruction mines the towery wall,
When the huge pillars of a nation fall,
Succeding nations gradual fill its place,
To swell of boundless Time the mighty space.
In climes least favour'd by benignant skies,
The white sails flap, and stately bulwarks rise ;
Commerce and patient Industry achieve
What Sloth and Opulence untempted leave.
Soon the dry wilderness is seen no more ;
Huge cities shine where deserts lay before :
Mid the deep glen amaz'd the hermit views
The long canal, the garden's vernal hues ;
Or by the mountain's rough but sheltering side,
The newly-risen hamlet's rustic pride.

Yet why should I lament as I survey
How kingdoms flourish, and how realms decay,

When ev'n in my own youth's unfinished bound,
Each strange vicissitude of fortune's found ;
And all the changes of the tragic scene
Glare full as copious on the rural green.
Each dear delight of childhood's cloudless morn,
When blush'd the rose without the fest'ring thorn ;
Each harmless sport that vacant pastime knew,
False to hoar reason, to gay fancy true,
With eagle-pinion rolling o'er my head
Sadly I mourn,—and sicken when they're fled.
Thus the poor peasant mourns, when homeward
bound,
(As the dank eve-dew settles on the ground,)
His decent cottage canopy'd in trees,
One ruddy blaze, with horrent hair, he sees !
Each mouldering fragment of domestic care
Pausing he marks, ineffable despair !
Still o'er the little couch, the table's frame,
The beachen seat, pursues the greedy flame ;
Nor from the spot averts his gaze forlorn,
Till high in air the native hut is torn.

O ! ne'er let me forget the summer shade,
Where studious thro' its fragrant copse I stray'd ;
Where slow I wander'd thro' the waving bow'r,
When the leaves bent beneath a stilly show'r,

And woodland echo, soften'd to a sigh,
Scarce caught a sound, unwilling to reply.
Ev'n now Imagination's forceful sway
Through each long landscape hurries me away ;
The well known cliff, whose blue aerial brow
Majestic beetles on the vale below ;
The daisy'd pasture, whose luxuriant plain
The dim discover'd flocks, a snowy train,
Profusely deck ; and dripping from the tide,
Shake to the flashing sun their fleecy pride,
Unmov'd I view :—nay, the train hedge along
I hearken to the ploughboy's matin song ;
Or follow on the crumbling path afar
The lazy passage of the creaking oar.

Hark ! from yon hill that centres in the cloud,
I hear the opening hound, and hunter loud ;
His bugle winds thro' many a tuneful maze ;
The mellow tones my sinking spirit raise ;
And down the virid steep, with headlong speed
Impell'd, I mount a visionary steed !
Now, sooth'd again, with slow and skilful eye,
Eager, I watch my friends fictitious fly,
By some lone bank, along whose level side,
Dimpling and quick the lucid waters glide ;

His pensile bait the speckled trout beguiles,
At length he's caught, at length the angler smiles ;
At length, with cautious and well-guided hand,
He trails the glittering captive on the sand.
Oh ! sweet repast, when for the wish'd embrace,
Two cherub-rivals his mild visage trace ;
Climb on his knee, surround his easy chair,
And hope, elate, the shining spoil to share :
Meanwhile, with looks of meek paternal love,
He seems with gentle pushes, to reprove ;
Yet, as they struggle, tenderly severe,
Drops on each baby-cheek a silent tear.

Say what ye will, ye sons of classic art,
Whose finewrought fancies seldom reach the heart,
Ev'n in life's humblest, most contracted span,
We mark the nobler principles of man :
The watch-dog beaten from the wicker'd door,
To give an easy entrance to the poor ;
The busy care by tenderness made light,
To strew the pilgrim's rushy bed at night ;
Or round the glimmering hearth, with wonder pale,
And simple awe, to note the soldier's tale.
These sweet civilities, these social ties,
In which the very spring of nature lies,

Are of more worth than all the glossing rhyme,
Your schoolmen polish'd from remotest time.
Eternal Nature ! thine the mighty pow'r
To rule o'er every sense in every hour ;
The mastery thine with absolute controul,
To wring, correct, or sublime the soul ;
Confest to thy superior eye is seen
The mazy movements of the nice machine ;
Thy secret influence, thy sovereign call,
Commands them when to rise and where to fall ;
And in the sultan's and the negro's frame
Thy rapid force is general and the same.

Nor small the task with no frail varnish fraught,
To deck in sylvan dress, the sylvan thought,
Peculiar art it claims, and oft requires
Than the bold epic more exalted fires ;
Fires, that each fibre to their purpose wrest,
Electric, rushing on the ravish'd breast.
Hence, unoppos'd, in full despotic fame,
Sweet Auburn's bard must ever be the same ;
Hence, the fair descant wove in Memory's loom,
Perennial rose and myrtle shall perfume ;
Hence, wayward minstrel of th' attentive vale,
The village curate pour his pleasing tale ;

Hence, too, the heart its choicest incense breathe
On warbling Sympathy's immortal wreath.
Though here no foreign wonders I rehearse,
Tuneful enchantment in each vary'd verse ;
Here, tho' no bright resistless magic shines,
Which rapture moulds, and classic care refines ;
Nor mystic melodies of measur'd sound
That wild'ring, lead the servient passions round ;
Yet, unambitious of a larger claim,
My subject not less humble than my aim,
Perchance I hold, with pardonable grace,
The muse's mirror up to Nature's face.
For me enough ; (if aught my verse may boast
Of genuine feeling, where refinement's lost,)
From the dull crowd my straggling sense to wean ;
To charm the critics of the village-green ;
To bid their innocent amusements shew
All public vice the source of private woe ;
And to the lewd metropolis unfold
These laws, to love, which is but to behold.

Oh ! mid the venal city who can prove
That sweetest, that divinest passion, Love ?
Balm of all wounds, without whose solace mild,
Existence were a melancholy wild !

In sullen hate where hostile tribes would run
Unciviliz'd, and loath the rising sun ;
Oh ! who without his store of scorn compleat,
Can see it purchas'd in the public street ?
The venom'd fold, the mercenary kiss ;
The murdering rapture, and the baleful bliss ;
The softest luxury of soaring thought,
Oh ! who can see like each low barter—bought ?

Pity the wretched daughter of despair,
Nor slight her sorrow, tho' you shun her snare :
She once in beauteous innocence was blest ;
Pure was her pleasure, tranquil was her rest ;
And at the song obscene, the lawless flame,
And broken vow, she blush'd unconscious shame.
Once fenced with honour as the thorny rose,
Now bare she lies to every wind that blows ;
Like some vile weed, impregnate with decay,
Which rots, yet stings athwart the public way.—
Art thou not shock'd that dulcet voice to hear
Tun'd to the felon-oath and scoff severe ?
And art thou not still doubly shock'd to find
That voice's echo in th' abandgn'd mind ?
Ev'n in the loose delight no bliss she feels :
The purse she pilfers, the rich toy conceals ;

Acts with feign'd passion the incentive part,
Her features less disguis'd than is her heart.
Hence ever, ev'n in the delicious fold
The muscles slacken, and the pulse is cold :
The lillies blacken on the harlot's face, . . .
Hence lusty health is chill'd in the embrace.
Oh ! from that hollow cheek, and beamless eye,
Precipitate as from a fury fly ;
Though silently its painted beauties seize,
There lurk the fiends Distraction and Disease ;
Scowl in the dimple, taint the fragrant breath,
And in the very clasp present you death.

How, lovely woman ! how can you depart
From all those graceful fires that warm the heart ?
How, witching prodigal, can you bestow
Your brightest gem for infamy and woe ?
Roscless the cheek, extinguish'd is the eye,
And even your darling vanity must die.—
Ask yon pale wretch, deserted and decay'd,
Whose easy trust some villain has betray'd,
If all her vital senses are not cold,
Cold as some statue in the venal fold ;
When gay deceit, (heart-sick, yet gay) must move
The sleeping embers of unhallow'd love.

Oh ! she will tell you, and she tells you true,
That she the seraph transport never knew ;
That from the dragon-grasp, the baneful breath
Of each wild suitor, came disgust and death ;
Since first within that glowing breast she lay
From whence she fled :—ah ! lost, lamented day.
Then turtle Peace that unbought odours shed,
Truth, feeling, faith, and maiden candour fled ;
Then thou poor female ! from thy hopeless view,
Clad in thick clouds, ev'n heav'n itself withdrew !

Oft by the sloping outskirts of the wood,
Fond search, thro' brake and bramble I pursu'd,
Intent, (nor could it with her lip compare,)
To cull the honey'd strawberry for my fair.
When at the village-dance her hand I caught,
My feet were light, and restless as my thought ;
By times, the coy extended kiss I stole,
While mutual glances stream'd the melting soul ;
But when some wealthier youth her cheek imprest,
A thousand timid falsehoods fill'd my breast ;
I rav'd, I wept, I curs'd the guiltless maid,
And at deep midnight sought a deeper shade ;
Yet, soon, the partial heart was reconcil'd,
I own'd my frailty, and the angel smil'd.

She smil'd—thro' winding dell, by ozier'd stream,
The livelong summer-day she was my theme;
From every object of the boundless plain
I snatch'd some grace to decorate my strain.
Blue as the violet's bell her rolling eye;
Cowslip her front, her cheek the tulip's dye;
Her mouth carnation, hyacinth her hair;
Straight as the poplar, as the woodbine fair;
And from her nect'rine breath, that fann'd my flame,
The peabloom and the scented clover came.
Yes, in the ready numbers as they flow'd,
My feelings flutter'd, and my wishes glow'd;
Unnumber'd monuments of truth I form'd,
Nought tir'd, with my own pleasing folly charm'd,
'Till smote at length by reason's temperate ray,
The transitory vision died away.

So have I seen, with brittle chain embost,
When the smooth river sleeps beneath the frost,
By tiny fingers rear'd an icy pile;
Its sparkling points the dazzled sight beguile;
Lo! proudly splendid in the solar beam,
Twinkle its corners, its thin columns gleam;
Till, melted quite, or on false surface plac'd,
Prone the moist structure lies, a shining waste!

Oh ! W^ray, associate of the smiling hour
When dewy summer spread life's opening flow'r,
Long parted from my pleasure or my pain,
Where'er you wander, oh ! accept this strain.
Whate'er its lights disclose, or shades conceal,
Their force your kindred spirit best can feel.
Enthusiast of the wildly-simple scene,
In what romantic raptures have we been ?
What gales favonian on our forehead blew,
Upon our ken what swelling beauties grew ?
What radiant turrets, flamy spires would rise ?
How green our haunts ! how azure were our skies !
How musical the burnish'd billows roll'd,
And how the prospect gleam'd with living gold !
Each slightest object, or of shore, or sea,
Was tenderest ecstacy when shar'd with thee ;
For, ne'er, sublim'd by Feeling's social spell,
Did delicate sensations join so well.
Mutual our joy, and when condemn'd to part,
Ah ! mutual, more than mutual was the smart.
From that sad moment paradisial bloom
And orient hues, are solitude and gloom !

Diffusive, chequer'd o'er the dale beneath,
When purple Twilight rested on the heath,

When from the furze the nimble rabbit sprung,
And on each spray unusual lustre hung,
What wayward forms, eccentrically fair,
Have I oft pictur'd on the dappled air ?
While, dropt by the fantastic hand of Ev'n,
Small countless specks have pav'd the floor of heav'n :
There mid the silver scenery would I roam,
Nor though the church-bell tinkled, think of home.
Oh ! when to Friendship's curious ear I told
Heroic feats, and godlike acts of old,
Which (maxims meet for my unpractic'd age,)
Haply I glean'd from the historic page,
How blithe would I the breezy hillock climb,
And in the big narration swell sublime !
Then, when aloft Night's pale assembly rose,
What downy slumbers of divine repose ?
What gay ideas throng'd the frolic dream ?
What mental joys the aëry wing would stream !
No bowl, with palatable poison fill'd,
Fev'rish, and foul, my aching forehead thrill'd ;
No malice, rankling in th' eternal wound ;
No fierce desire was in my bosom found ;
But round my pillow would undaunted play
Content, still reckless of the coming day.
Soon as cold Zephyr woke the virgin Morn,
And the bright dew-drop trembled on the thorn,

Up the green lane I stray'd, on either side
In thickest notes each vocal bush reply'd ;
My tongue was silent, printless was my tread ;
The Spring's whole choir collected o'er my head,
Entranced I stood ; lull'd by pure Mantuan lays,
Or, what sage Dyer pip'd to later days ;
The world forgot me, I the world forgot,
And my elysium centred in that spot.

Now tow'rds yon castle, whose tall turrets shake
On the smooth bosom of the shaded lake,
I turn ; hoarse ravens croak in solemn state ;
The frisking pointer meets me at the gate ;
Crows the shrill cock, the turkey gobbles near,
All seem to indicate my welcome there.
Thro' the wide room the hasty servants run ;
Here limps the nurse, there creeps the butler's son ;
While, inly fir'd with military pride,
I count the shatter'd pikes on every side :
The pointless faulchion, thro' its scabbard thrust ;
The massy bible, strew'd with reverend dust ;
The sable chess-board, on the wainscot laid ;
The pensive kitten, purring in the shade ;
The dusky glass, half-glist'ning in the sun ;
Hook'd o'er the antique hearth the rusty gun ;

The sculptur'd desk, the pictures in a row ;
The fox's tail, and fishing-net I know !

There once plump Hospitality would sit,
Grey-bearded Health, plain Sense, and native Wit :
In the brown cup they wash'd all pride away,
And not one poor man round them but was gay ;
By sober rules they spent their small estate,
Kept want aloof, nor wish'd a higher fate.
For, all that frugal nature claims below,
Nature's own hoards abundantly bestow.
When for superfluous treasure we intreat,
Sour in possession, though in prospect sweet,
Kindness, not cruelty, the wish denies,
So weak is erring man, and God so wise !
Their fields, their flocks, their harvest-heaps could
give
Enough, to bid them and their children live.
All else beyond, to no profusion led,
But lent the wretch a supper and a bed.

Erewhile, the model of a man I knew,
Who made, ev'n then, my best encomium true :
Early, in this bad world's profuse career,
Himself profuse, he bought experience dear ;

With still enough, 'twas all his last desire,
To line his couch, and light his country fire ;
Back he return'd from the distracting din
Of pageant villainy and painted sin,
Convinced, (the keen conviction cost a tear,)
That humbler merit had no business there.
With cordial glee the hoary sires attend,
With sparkling eyes they meet their good, old friend ;
In foaming tankards frequent healths go down,
And all inquire, how he escap'd the town ?

'Twere well would many a titled heir, who longs
For olive arbours and Italian songs,
Trace the same sapient track, no longer roam,
But learn to propagate his wealth at home :
Hence, might the sturdy arm which help'd to raise
That wealth, attain its profit, and its praise.
Just by the pathway rose his neat abode,
As if to woo the trav'ler from the road ;
Before, a chrystal vein of water stood,
Behind, 'twas shadow'd by a waving wood.
The green-ey'd duck that waddled in the yard ;
The gritting wheel that on the pavement jarr'd ;
The flail, with sudden dash that stunn'd the ear ;
The plaint, that gurgled from the dove-house near ;

The playful curs that would each other chase ;
All lent the whitewash'd dome a pastoral grace :
And all, by spleen-sick Fashion unconfin'd,
Were but the copious comment of his mind.

Yes, happy master of that small domain !
Thine was the honest blessing of the swain ;
With thy big praise the stranger's breast would glo
Still doubly dear to every child of woe.
Yes, thou wouldest smile, unselfishly o'erjoy'd,
To view the peasant in thy field employ'd ;
From thence procuring (there no need to steal,)
For his weak tribe the comfortable meal ;
Delightful-toil ! while the slow load he led
Of golden grain, a family he fed ;
Then at hush'd eve, the chaste connubial kiss
Was his reward, and Love's domestic bliss.
Nor did he (oft in heav'n-ward sigh express,)
Forget the generous donor of his rest.
Ev'n cradled infant, taught by nurturing dame,
Full well could lisp its second father's name.

Thus lives the good man !—how a country sigh !
With genuine anguish, when the good man dies !
Musing, behold athwart yon black'ning mead,
In solemn march his funeral pomp proceed ;

Pride and protector of the mournful throng,
Sad burthen ! see him slowly mov'd along ;
Far off the long procession's dusky hue
Now ent'ring at the churchyard-gate I view,
And, now, while its new guest looks down from
heav'n,
Falls the full tear, and dust to dust is giv'n ;
From hearts his bounty eas'd, what sorrows rise ?
That last shriek was his passport to the skies !
Kind, courteous spirit, affably benign,
Round thy glad front serenest glories shine !
On everlasting archives are anneal'd,
These deeds thy virtuous diffidence conceal'd ;
Nor shall thy gen'rous mem'ry fade on earth ;
Theme of the summer seat, and evening hearth,
Primrose and pansy, bath'd in pearly dew,
On thy green sod ethereal fingers strew ;
And palmer piety's ambrosial wreath
Entwines the desolating scythe of death.

Ah ! ye hard landlords, can no plea prevail
To keep your tardy tenant from the jail ?
Will you, for losses he could not avert,
Unkindly wring the suffering parent's heart ?
In teafold woe the widow's portion steep,
And pluck its morsel from the orphan's lip ?

Ev'n now your surly slaves their victim seize,
Three pallid infants shrieking at his knees;
His skirt they grasp, they mount for the embrace,
And hope to read some comfort in his face.
Ye thoughtless great, with supercilious eye
Daily who pass the naked wanderer by,
Who grudge one mite of that enormous store
You idly squander, to the shivering poor,
How can you talk of sympathies refin'd,
The liberal spirit and th' extensive mind ?
Oh ! witness Heav'n ! with heart and door unshut,
The labouring hind that shrinks into his hut,
Whose latch the mendicant may freely raise,
Nor for the little alms exhaust his praise,
More virtue oft, more native honour knows
Than grandeur strutting in his birth-day clothes.
I see him, having prest his homely fare,
Pursue some cherish'd trav'ler with a pray'r ;
And thank in secret the indulgent sky
That gave him pow'r to wipe the weeping eye.

Cherubic Charity, how soft a show'r
Of balm benign thy silent favours pour ?
In the dark dungeon how thy presence charms,
Aims the fond hope, the blighted project warms,

Pervades, with open hand, the sorrowing earth,
And to misfortune lends the laugh of mirth.
In thy most winning, most resistless mien,
Thou deign'st to visit the sequester'd scene,
There the sick couch from ruder blast defend,
And art its best physician and its friend !
Nor deem that Penury can ne'er invade,
With sharpest anguish, the forbidden shade :
A weak surmise ! mid wintery snows severe,
Her bleakest residence is often there.
Where in that marshy desert far away
The rushlight flings its intermitting ray,
With sickness leagu'd, from Pity's eye remov'd,
Her pangs, and speechless agonies are prov'd !
On the damp clay, or scanty straw reclin'd,
With scarce a tatter'd cov'ring from the wind,
There, fever-struck, a sire delirious lies,
There with convulsive gasp a mother dies ;
Unheard, ascends the miserable cry,
And fainting sob, of famish'd infancy.
While costly physic tends the couch of state,
Cold, cold, this night, and comfortless your
fate ;
No dose to lull, no potion to sustain,
But the deep thunder, and the rattling rain !

Oh ! Saving Power, when rough inclement hail,
And showery sleet, the wand'ring lamb assail !
At midnight o'er the distant mountain stray'd,
To Thee he bleats, nor bleats in vain for aid ;
Thy impulse soft to some thick shelter guides,
Dries the wet turf, the wholesome herb provides,
Nor leaves thy harmless trust, till, pacing by,
The shepherd marks him with a careful eye.
Yet, melancholy thought, shall man not hear
Thy sweet embosom'd accents whisp'ring near ?
Shall hapless man, with solitary moan
Destin'd to die, escape thy gaze alone ?
Oh ! wilt not Thou by the hard pillow stand,
Blend the cool draught, and stretch the healing hand ?
All kindness Thou, thy intervening form
Alike defends the warrior and the worm ;
The dole of good in just libration weighs,
Nor plunders those to dissipate on these.
From man, base fellow man, all sorrows spring ;
"Tis his ungentle slight imprints the sting,
He tears the wound, his skill alone can close,
"Tis he that revels in a brother's woes !

Branded with all the curses of the dead,
Hide, villain, hide thy pestilential head,

Whose latent wile, and unsuspected snare,
Has at Affliction's threshold fix'd Despair ;
Ne'er to offended Mercy, impious, dare
In death's fore grasp to violate a pray'r ;
At thy dark deeds the palsy'd cheek is pale,
The stiff blood curdles at th' infernal tale :
To savage wastes begone, where human eye
May ne'er thy desecrated hovel spy,
Where the gaunt wolf, and shaggy bear may be
For thy profane retreat, fit company !

When the last arrowy splendors streak the air,
What as yon orchard so divinely fair ?
How meltingly the borrow'd tints unite
On the round balls the crimson and the white ?
As half amid their clustering leaves they hide,
In blushes deeper than the morning dy'd.
Oh ! cease your farewell to the setting sun,
Ye shriller throats !—the nightingale's begun ;
A note so soft, so querulously clear,
Starts from the closing lid th' obedient tear,
While contemplation heaves a tribute sigh
Enrapt, and silent droops he knows not why.

Away now all ye noisy storms of day,
Ye narrow passions, envious feuds, away ;

Away, ye sounding rattles of this world,
When to the dungeon from the throne is hurl'd
Ambition's maniac, and his jewell'd head
In grim mock-triumph to the scaffold led ;
Let Fortune's minions worship at her shrine,
For what I've got sincerest thanks be mine ;
Fatal expence will drain the coffer'd ore,
When gratitude may make my trifle more :
Hail Gratitude ! of Truth the lovely child ;
O'er thee, the gods, in glittering synod smil'd :
To thee the intellectual charm they gave,
White Honour, with Discretion, truly brave,
Mild as the halcyon mid the howling wave ! }

Whilom, what wayward ditties would I frame ?
My tender breast then emulous of fame ;
Ev'n then, when the sage pedagogue austere,
For tuneful truancy would draw the tear,
Ev'n then, I melted in melodious joy,
With wild wreaths quaintly crown'd, the Muse's boy !
My song to hear, with venerable mien,
And brow-intent, the parish-clerk would lean ;
And conn'd by rote, the garrulous barber knew
To spread each sonnet the whole village through.
Nor was the village negligent of rhyme,
There, minstrels were rever'd since eldest time ;

Nor ceas'd my Haretion's relics to inspire
The sprightly viol, and th' heroic lyre.
Romantic Haretion ! in thy fairy glade,
All seasons, and their sweetness, were display'd ;
Thy fairy glade, where elfin bevies dance,
Twinkling their light heels to the lunar glance ;
Whether coy Spring disclos'd her balmy store,
Trembling, and scar'd by blasts she felt before ;
Or Summer, high her sheafy crest would raise,
Luxurious nodding in the noontide blaze ;
Or matron Autumn's browner beauties leave
Their pensive pressure on the gleaming eve ;
Or ev'n mid central Winter's icy bound,
Some dear, peculiar blessings might be found ;
There, there, erewhile, th' enamour'd eye could
trace

Blessings that blossom'd in no other place.
Ah ! o'er the Tuscan beverage I may try,
What madding joys in wassail tumult lie ;
To distant shores depart, where deep enshrin'd }
Lascivious banquets lull the vanquish'd mind, }
Yet still lay real happiness behind !
Though winds round Maro's cottage Mincio's
rill,
Though Mulla, taught by Spencer, murmurs still,

Yet Shannon, may thy wizard waters tell
Of bards who struck the many-chorded shell ;
Though Maro triumph'd in Augustan sway,
Though great Eliza smil'd on Spencer's lay,
Yet, princely Moira, may my artless line
Boast no ignoble patronage in thine !

Ah ! poesy, on whose superior state
Innum'rous ills, and daily perils wait,
Full oft have I had cause, (if woe severe
A cause can give,) thy converse to forswear ;
Yet, with those various evils in thy train,
Methinks thy pleasure far exceeds thy pain.
As through the frothing surge, with desperate sweep,
The smooth keel cuts and harrows up the deep ;
While the tough cordage cracks, and yelling loud
The fierce north blusters in the frozen shroud ;
In this pent vessel's narrow womb confin'd,
Slave to the mercy of the wave and wind ;
Who sets my bold unshackled fancy free ?
Who, oh ! celestial visitant ! but thee ?
The hazel-bow'r, for studious leisure wove ;
The boxen seat amid the ivy'd grove ;
The nibbling sheep, that fed the tufts among ;
The goats, that on the giddy summit hung ;

The weather-mark that whistled to the wind;
The crooked path, where mingled bri'rs entwin'd;
The startling thrush that warbled as he flew;
Dear former sights ! oh ! when shall I review ?
Say, how can cruel memory retain
Those pleasures here, which but augment my
pain ?

Here, where full many a dismal tempest past,
At the still hour, the frequent corse is cast
In the wide deep, without one sacred tear ;—
Meanwhile, distinct to musing fancy's ear,
Wan ghosts, slow-rising from their wat'ry grave,
Moan to the murmur of the falling wave.
Yet, vain delusion, I expect once more,
Secure to sit, nor dread the billowy roar ;
Bound o'er the thicket, gambol on the lawn,
And taste of all the transports I have drawn.

Grant me, oh ! God, immensely good and wise,
That quiet cell where true religion lies,
Where modes of faith, and bigot strife aside,
Conscience itself the generous act will guide ;
The monkish cowl, the drear monastic gloom ;
The saintly gaud and consecrated tomb,
Despis'd; let instinct, each revolving hour,
In every part embrace the Sovereign Pow'r !

Let every bird I hear, and bud I see,
Still closer link my grateful soul to Thee;
For, each fresh object of my fostering care,
The shrub I rear'd, its fruit I wish'd to share;
The flight, the throb of thought, the magic line,
Thou gav'st them all, and all of them are Thine!

THE MOURNER.

By yon unhallow'd trunk, whose leafless form,
Rocks to each spectred blast, that sweeps the vale,
Where famish'd ravens shriek amid the storm,
And flashing fires their withered haunts assail,

The child of sorrow sat with musing eye ;
Meanwhile, the happy hamlet slept around,
Oft heaved, in agony, the bursting sigh ;
Oft sunk, exhausted, on the baneful ground.

The tall grass shiv'ring to the moaning wind,
Seem'd like harsh thunder to his frightened ear,
For by his trembling side, before, behind,
Stood all the aguish fiends of dubious Fear.

“ Ah is it thus the Lord of Nature lies ?
Thus from his broken heart the accents flow ?
Thus streams contrition from his haggard eyes ?
A miserable majesty of wo

“ Say what avails to strike the seraph wire,
The soul to soften, or the breast inflame ?
What boots the soldier's valour, poet's fire,
Or, (that poor meed of all their labour) fame ?

“ The vex’d stream winding thro’ its pebbly course
Shall in the main its liquid journey end ;
Life’s stream, alas ! of every care the source,
Can ne’er its slow and turbid progress mend,

“ ’Till rolling down the awful gulph of death,
Its eddying surges mock the aching sight ;
Hoarse-murmuring echo thro’ the vaults beneath,
And solitary pierce the solid night.

“ Poor pensioners of Fate, with doubt our doom,
Forsaken infants in this peopled wild ;
Whose only comforts lean upon the tomb,
By airy schemes of future bliss beguil’d.

“ Away ! some demon rules the savage globe ;
(Not He, whose matchless mercy feels for all,)
Some demon clad in slaughter’s purple robe,
The rebel tyrant of our crazy ball !

“ Away, would he, as pitiful, as great,
See virtue struggling with her felon foes ?
See puny pride with merit’s spoils elate,
And horror’s grin malign at feeling’s throes ?

“ Would not the sleeping thunderbolt arise,
The lurid ruin sheet the breaching air,
His own red arm throw back the clouded skies,
And bid, (dread words !) “ Mortality despair ?”

“ Assured in this, why longer should I brook
The rising mischiefs of each rising day ?
The stab in dimples wreathed, the angry look,
The killing scorn, and some Infernal’s sway ?

“ No, I will fly to him, my bosom’s God ;
The God of truth, the bountiful, the brave ;
His justice soon shall fix my last abode,
Whose nod can punish, or, whose nod can save.

“ Conscious of no ill deed, which honest worth
At Heavn’s tribunal to my charge could lay,
On the long road of death I venture forth,
With hope alone to chear me on the way.”

He said, and smote his heart ; the well-aim’d blow
Was met by being in a tide of gore :
His pulse paused short, his frame forgot to glow,
He fell—The child of sorrow was no more.

THE POWERS OF
PAINTING.

FROM Hyperion's purple wain,
Pendent o'er the western main,
Twinkling through the twilight shade,
Arrowy lines of splendor play'd ;
Silence, on her pinion clos'd,
Deaf to sorrow's wail, repos'd,
Save, that where fresher buds betray
The silver streamlet's sinewy way ;
A Naiad, all to song unknown,
With moist heel slipp'd from stone to stone,
And stole adown the haunted dale,
To chide the tardy nightingale ;
When, his beechen bow'r beneath,
Hung with many a field-flow'r wreath,
Pensive Painting, first, essay'd
The semblance of a fav'rite maid :
Fancy !—whom he oft had seen,
Nymph-like, tripping o'er the green,

Richly dight in varied hues,
(By her side the tendant Muse,)
What time, with heav'n's own dyes imprest,
The glitt'ring rainbow zon'd her breast.
Artless, first, the sketch began ;
Rude the pencil's early plan ;
'Till from the waving wood behind,
Whose foliage shook without a wind,
Proud to fan his genuine flame,
The pitying Pow'rs of Painting came.

First, in decent garb array'd,
Succinct with pearly clasp her stole,
Slow advanc'd a meek-ey'd maid,
And curb'd the workings of his soul ;
With easy grace her state she mov'd ;
Each fault her patient touch improv'd ;
The long, luxuriant line
She gave with chaster charm to flow ;
And, from her blue cloud's ruby-tinctur'd glow,
Pleas'd Beauty, stooping, smil'd upon Design.

Next appear'd a twin-like pair ;
One, flush'd with bloom, divinely fair ;
Dusky one, of negro-race,
Yet amiable either face ;

Quick they thrid the chequer'd maze,
 Borrowing still, and lending aid,
 While the mellowing tint betrays
 The sweet diversity of Light and Shade.

But who is she,* exactly drest,
 With classic care, in Attic vest ?
 Her slender leg with buskin bound :
 And now, still changing as she turns,
 Bright on her starry front the turban burns ;
 Anon, with Roman casque, or Indian plumage
 crown'd ;
 Behind her follow, Science, daring youth !
 And taleful Mem'ry, and Historic Truth.

But oh ! how rich the bosom-shrine,
 Op'ning to thy pure possession,
 Thou ! whose eyes so softly shine,
 How they languish !—fond Expression !
 On the finish'd piece they pour
 Saintly-fading gleams of glory ;
 O'er each scene, and o'er each story,
 Breathing an irradiate show'r :
 Whether, (fair Colouring ardent by thy side,)
 On opal tow'r thou fling'st thy moonlight-beam ;

* Costume.



tinge the murd'rer's poignard, slaughter-dy'd,
 nd shed strange horrors on the sanguine stream ;
 r, inly bleeding, while he bends to trace
 he sacred scroll of long-remember'd woe ;
 hy spell anneals the tears, that, ling'ring flow,
 own the pale ruins of the lover's face !

THE SOLDIER'S ABSENCE,
AND RETURN.

LONELY, by the moon's faint lustre
Trembling o'er the twilight scene,
Beauteous Mary, roam'd, sad-musing,
Wildly pale, with pensive mien !

As the dear ideas, crowding
On her anguish'd thought, succeed,
Silent falls the tender tribute,
Deep the wounded feelings bleed.

“ Where, oh ! where, reclines my soldier ?
On what pillow rests thy head ?
Might this poor distracted bosom,
Hold thee living, love, or dead !



Might I to thy fond tale listen,
Might I thy soft accents hear,
Smooth thy brow of every furrow,
Drop in every wound a tear !

When returning from the battle,
Might my fondness clear thy sight,
Each exploit, each deed recounting,
Thankful, through the livelong night.

Or, at azure-dawn departing,
When shrill trumpets rend the air,
Might I fire thy breast with valour,
Might I breathe one fervent pray'r !

Here, alas ! retired I linger,
Dream thy fancy'd danger's o'er ;
View that face, in charming vision,
I, perchance, shall view no more.

Often too, sad, saddest omen !
Mid the slaughter'd heaps I rove,
With hurried hand, each corse unveiling,
Terror leading anxious love !

Pow'r of pity, whose broad target
Throws the rapid sword aside,
Catch, oh ! catch each fatal bullet,
Be his champion, be his guide !

Instant, as she spoke, advancing,
Lo ! her blooming hero came ;
Sweetly fierce in manly beauty,
Crown'd with conquest, wealth, and fame.

Lock'd awhile, in soft embraces,
Sacred intercourse ! they lay ;
'Till the early drum rebounding,
Loudly call'd the welcome day.

THE POOR SCHOLAR.

Ah me ! that Learning should be so forlorn,
That oer the heath her houseless son must stray ;
Or pillowing on yon turf, beneath the thorn,
His aching head, await the cheerless day !

Suspended from his satchel'd back, behold
Of ancient classics a compendious store ;
Full ill they feed, or fence him from the cold,
Those ancient classics, like himself, were poor.

Yet often has he charm'd th' untutor'd ear,
With tales, the blind, old bard of Chios sung ;
Oft, the rude hind has shed a gen'rous tear,
As Dido's anguish trembled on his tongue.

Oft, has his magic made ev'n misers feel,
And turn'd, on rusty hinge, their stubborn door ;
Season'd, with Attic salt, their coarsest meal,
And, with the Roman Style,* eras'd his score.

* Or Stylus.

Oft, has the gossip's talk, by blazing hearth,
Eternal talk ! been silenc'd for his strain ;
Oft, has the whizzing wheel, and rustic mirth,
Subsided in his ditty's am'rous pain ;

Meanwhile, the plodding brow, and stupid stare,
Proclaim'd the triumph of his mystic lore,
That won with mighty words the village-fair.—
Ah ! transient triumph ! now proclaim'd no more.

Remorseless, now, each former host is found,
Satiate of treasures from his mental mine,
Deaf to the soft Æolic's silver sound,
Nay, unrewarded by a golden line.

Admir'd in vain, though from yon leafless spray,
The nightingale prolongs her various note,
Will the grave owl, fell kite, or Prattling jay,
One feather lend to patch her russet coat ?

What plumpy patron helps to form her nest ?
Or, with a straw, repays the minstrel mild ?
Yet lo ! the thorn deep-rankling in her breast,
She fills th' unconscious wood with warblings wild.

To Genius useless his Elysian dreams ;
Will mortgag'd Pindus save him from a jail ?
Or Tagus' or Pactolus' precious streams ?
The Muses, seldom, are sufficient bail.

What talents in yon tatter'd form may meet,
Now to ambition dead, and lost to hope ;
Some new Erasmus, to preside o'er wit,
Some second Luther, to pull down a Pope !

No glitt'ring branch had he, his course to guide
Through college-fellows in their Stygian hall,
The deep Cerberean mouth who open wide,
And, triple-tongu'd, for opiate dainties call :

Nor Arabic, nor Coptic, did he learn,
Nor Runic, nor Formosan can he speak ;
But if the Greek may, haply, serve his turn,
Not Scaliger could thunder purer Greek.

Sententious Sallust, Tacitus succinct,
And Livy's grace, and Tully's tuneful flow,
In bright assemblage, has his study linkt :
What more did Strada,* or old Vossius know ?

And crabbed Logic feately can he chop ;
And problems intricate expound with ease :
Proud sophisters ! your vain distinctions drop,
And, while he begs, oh ! blush for your degrees !

* Celebrated for his Latinity.

See, from the wicker'd door, with yelp severe,
True cynic, as in tub e'er took his seat,
The peasant's cur, with sharp-erected ear,
And wagging tail, avert his vagrant feet :

His churlish master see ! with grim malign,
In dull derision, shake his brainless head ;
Nor, may he, with " the tale of Troy divine,"
Pelops, or Thebes, procure a scanty bed.

Beneath the midnight dews, and angry Jove,
Forc'd with th'unshelter'd savage to abide,
His lot to pity may that savage move,
And mock the falsehood of man's reas'ning pride.

But, such the baleful influence of that pow'r,
That, with misfortune, wrings the lonely mind ;
Ev'n amid Nature's offspring, in that hour,
That tort'ring hour, no solace can he find.

Ev'n they, as with contempt or hatred stung,
Seem to adopt Ingratitude's vile plan ;
And though awake to nought but present wrong,
Fly the sad footstep of forsaken Man !

THE OLD WORLD.
~~~~~

O ! what are all the cares of life?  
Vain transitory, dubious strife ;  
The termagant and brave,  
(Cares that must soon forbear to tease,)  
Must join, in melancholy peace,  
The world beyond the grave.

Mysterious world ! could I but guess  
What habitants thy space posses :  
Say, are all wise, and good ?  
Or does the noisy coxcomb prate ?  
The blockhead, there too, vex his pate,  
With folly's idle brood ?

Does injury there with iron hand  
The lab'rer's scanty meal command,  
And gripe the well earn'd fee ?  
Does genius die, unknown, unpay'd—  
O ! is the world in yon dread shade  
This world's epitome.

Does dear seducing woman, ply  
The syren lips, the roguish eye,  
And beauty's gilded bait ?  
If things go on in such a way,  
I ween, 'tis better here to stay ;  
Terra incognita may wait.

---

## THE MANIAC.

## A FRAGMENT.

“ THE frozen north is killing cold,  
But warm to fortune's frown compared ;  
For love himself is won by gold,  
Nay life by precious gold ensnared :  
Then blow, blow, blow, thou felon blast,  
Till Nature's clay-built mansions are o'ercast,  
Her babies drown'd !  
While the grim sisters whirl the wheel so fast,  
Round, and round, and round,  
That the threads of mortality snap in the middle,  
And being's sad riddle,  
By sages confounded,  
With time is expounded,

Then left for pastime to his offspring death !  
They tell us being is but breath ;  
Then thus I puff my soul away ;—  
    Lo ! there !  
Or, I can chain it in a cobweb wreath,  
And bid the fickle captive stay.  
    Forbear !  
Alas ! it will not stop, it flies so fast,  
'Tis at Heav'n's gaol, ere half a thought is past."

As close by the grated window's twilight pane  
Darkling I past, with melancholy gaze,  
Frantic by fits, the maniac reason'd thus,  
And ever, as he cyed his moving shade,  
He sigh'd, he started—"Aye, this is my friend,  
My mild, my melting, false, perfidious friend ;  
See, how he flies me in my evil hour,  
But courts the sunshine."—Still he followed close  
The visionary man, which shifting still,  
His parley baffled, till at length enraged,  
With blood-shot eyes, grim smiles, and quiv'ring lip,  
A rusted key he seized, then smote the wall;  
" 'Tis done," (he cry'd) and wildly laughed aloud ;  
" And now for justice to my injured self,"  
He said ; and brandishing the massy weight,  
Deep in his forehead plunged—

ANSWER TO AN  
ANONYMOUS ADDRESS.

---

OF him, whom science once held dear,  
And fancy seem'd to mark her own,  
(Reflection, spare the anguish'd tear !)  
Ah ! little, now, is heard or known.

Immerst in silent, hopeless woe,  
To prudence lost, to pleasure cold,  
Can the mute page my passion show ?  
Can words my bleeding breast unfold ?

Then, dear invisible, forbear  
To wake one spark of former pride,  
Nor the deep wounds of sorrow tear,  
That feeling would for ever hide !



## GENIUS PERSONIFIED.

By yon lone copse have you not seen,  
With folded arms and musing mien,  
The pensive poet stray,  
What time the west's last, fading fire,  
Seem'd in soft flashes to expire,  
And vestal twilight mourn'd the solemn death of day?

Did you not mark his varying face,  
His wayward, wild, disorder'd pace,  
His loose, uncertain air?  
The light'nings that illum'd his eye,  
With angel-forms conversing high,  
Anon, all sudden sunk in motionless despair?

Youth of unsettled soul, ah! stay  
Thy furious, rash, enthusiast way,  
Nor seek yon shade forlorn;  
Nor, on yon tumbling torrent pour,  
Nor, roam along the desert shore,  
Till the drear tempest smiles beneath the gleam of  
morn!

Does broken friendship wound thy breast ?  
Or slighted love, severest pest !  
Or disappointed pride ?  
Ah ! me, that breast, divinely meek,  
Nor love's, nor friendship's bonds could break,  
And, but thy pastoral reed, thou scorn'st all pomp  
beside !

'Tis haughty scorn of humbler worth,  
Disdaining thy inglorious birth,  
Unconscious of thy mind,  
That drives thee thus to scenes remote,  
That checks thy sweetly-warbled note,  
And in despondence steeps thine energies refin'd :

Thus, useless by some savage stream,  
A ruby sheds its sanguine beam,  
Nor knows the wond'ring swain ;  
This jewel, in its proper place,  
The monarch's starry front might grace,  
Or, brighter than her eyes, the beauty's zone sustain !

## EDWARD AND ELLEN.

A TALE.

LOUDLY roar'd the din of battle,  
Fiercely raged the rushing foe,  
And glory flag'd her bloody pinion,  
O'er many a dauntless heart laid low ;

When Edward, sought the thickest danger,  
Rash by love, long-injured, made;  
Love, that wrought him years of anguish,  
Love, that wing'd his desp'rate blade.

Now, with a fair youth encounter'd,  
All in soldier's garment drest,  
Deep he plunged his sword ill-fated,  
Deep and dreadful in his breast !

Slow his languid eyes he lifted,  
Parting life's last sad farewell,  
And, mid sobs of death, faint calling  
“ Edward, Edward,” reel'd and fell.

“ Here I fled a parent’s rigor,  
Constant here my love to find ;  
Cold and cheerless is our meeting,  
Fate forbid, and I’m resign’d.—

“ Yet think, oh ! think, upon thy Ellen,  
Nor one tender kiss deny,  
Since it was thy hand that wounded,  
Thy fond hand, content I die.”

Ghastly pale, he stood all-trembling ;  
Then sinking by his Ellen’s side,  
“ Thus, dear angel, thus I follow !”  
Edward murmur’d, groan’d, and dy’d.

THE  
BLIND BEGGAR'S ADDRESS  
TO HIS DOG.

---

SPEED, grateful partner of my darksome way,  
Speed to yon stately porch with cautious pace,  
To me supply the cheerful beam of day,  
And friendship, vainly sought amid my race !

No spaniel thou with sleek and fawning art,  
When fortune woos, to court the dainty board,  
But in the rough and anguish'd hour depart,  
When fortune, too, forsakes thy ruin'd lord :

From these fond arms a father's darling fled,  
Lur'd by a smiling villain's crafty lore ;  
Where hides the wretch belov'd her shameful head,  
When virgin-truth, when honour is no more ?

My gallant boy, too resolutely brave,  
Perchance, ignobly pines in hostile chains ;  
Perchance, far, far from me, a sordid grave  
He fills :—my faithful dog alone remains.



Yet, guiltless he, of pangs that rive this breast,  
Guiltless, a victim for his country's good,  
But where shall fair, afflicted sorrow rest,  
By penury, and pride, and scorn subdu'd ?

Speed, trusty guide ! for in yon dome reside  
Plenty and peace, devoid of pompous glare ;  
Oh, speed ! and while I stroke thy jetty side,  
With me the sweetest morsel shalt thou share.

With ribband gay thy gentle head I'll deck,  
Or tiny bell, thy weary road to chear,  
Smooth the dusk beauties of thy shining neck,  
And clip with harmless skill each velvet ear.

With merry bark, when early dawn appears,  
(No dawn to me,) thou'l rouse my little shed,  
And, though too oft my crust be steep'd in tears,  
Drink from my cup, and from my food be fed.

And, when in death are clos'd those watchful eyes,  
Though scoffing prudence the fond tribute scorn,  
On thy green tomb a modest wreath shall rise,  
And gratitude remove the ruder thorn !

## THE WANDERER.

## A FRAGMENT.

YON rich domain once own'd Benignus lord,  
Long by all earthly changes unassail'd ;  
But fell injustice seiz'd his frugal hoard,  
His cattle perished, and his harvests failed.

Forlorn and poor, yet still of steady mind,  
To foreign climes he bent his cheerless way ;  
One tender babe alone, he left behind,  
That in the nurse's arms yet lisping lay.

Homeward, at last, with feeble steps he came,  
Full many a year had worn his furrow'd face ;  
A beggar's garb bely'd his nobler frame,  
For through that garb appear'd a rev'rend grace.

And now a stately mansion met his eye ;  
Thither he turned to seek a nightly bed,  
Where he might heave, unknown, the secret sigh,  
Where he might haply rest his aching head.

His claim was heard : the gates were open'd wide,  
For Charity herself dwelt porter there ;  
Nor did she help with ostentatious pride,  
But on each gift bestow'd a friendly tear.

The master came to soothe his sorrowing guest,  
And pledged with sweet humility the bowl ;  
But, oh ! what throbbing wonder fill'd his breast,  
When all his father rush'd upon his soul.

Amazed he marked each feature o'er and o'er,  
Nor could pale age each manly beauty hide,  
" And do I hold thee (sobb'd he out,) once more,  
My son ! my son !" the happy hermit cry'd.

A RHAPSODIC EPISTLE  
TO A FRIEND.

---

Omnia me tua delectant; sed maximè, maxima cum fides  
in amicitiâ, consilium, gravitas, constantia, tum lepos,  
humanitas, literæ. CICERO. Lib. xi. Ep. 27.

---

THOUGH some of your old Greekish fellows  
Demurely in dry annals tell us,  
That squire Amphion with a ditty,  
*Sans doute*, uprear'd the Theban city ;  
To capering pebbles gave no quarter,  
And rigadoon'd the lime and mortar ;  
Another, having still'd the motion  
Of that confounded scold, the ocean,  
On dolphin's back, rode fairly over  
Far as from Calais' point to Dover ;  
'Bout saddle, *certes*, he was idle,  
But the tail serv'd him for a bridle ;  
Then, having got with bumbo merry,  
Discharg'd with a droll catch his ferry ;  
Nay, Orpheus, (keep us all from evil !)  
Thus arm'd, went headlong to the devil,

And made the damn'd souls, to his fiddle  
Frisk, like a hen on a hot griddle;  
Guess, too, the errand for your life?—  
Why, truly, to redeem—his wife!  
Few mates, I wot, would so have blunder'd  
In this blest year of eighteen hundred.

Heav'n help the poor rogues that are witty,  
Those times are past;—the more's the pity!  
No baker now, say all you can say,  
Will tick on couplet, verse, or stanza;  
For Alexandrine smooth, or triplet,  
No butcher trust a goose's gibblet;  
Nor landlord, (curse the tasteless throng,)  
Be paid his quit-rent—with a song.  
Poets, alas! no more have pow'r  
To build, with tuneful jigs, a tow'r,  
Save, when sublim'd by slender fare,  
They conjure castles in the air;  
Or, partly feeding like wild asses  
Snuff the keen breezes of Parnassus;  
Round the steep hill, like mad curvetting,  
Quite careless of that thing called—eating;  
\* “Fat feast that with the dogs doth diet,”  
Would never let such blades be quiet.

---

\* Lean fast that with the Gods doth diet. *Milton.*

For magic lines, still current found,  
Of sterling weight, and silver sound,  
That any wight, with ease may scan,  
Sweet Abr'am Newland is your man ;  
For, damme, I'll maintain it still,  
There's music in a good bank-bill ;  
And though to rhyme not much confin'd,  
Music of the most moving kind :  
Whoever deems this idle fuss,  
By Jove, " is dark as Erebus ; "  
No fear his pence with mould be rusted,  
So, hosts ! " let no such man be trusted ! "  
And yet, dear part'ner of the pen !  
Though blockheads jeer us, nine in ten,  
We to our trade devoutly clinging,  
Still grace the art,—of ballad-singing ;  
We, when the melting mind's in tune,  
True, frolic children of the moon,  
Each ev'ning, from our upper windows,  
Take a celestial jaunt to Pindus ;  
There romp, and dance, and snatch soft kisses,  
Charm'd with the nine melodious misses ;  
And then recline the raptur'd head,  
With each a muse to deck his bed.

We from our own prolific brain,  
Like spiders, spin the lengthen'd strain ;



And though, perdye, we do not cope  
With that harmonious urchin, Pope,  
Congreve facete, or Young sublime,  
(Those were tall fellows in their time!)  
Still, though no Virgils, 'faith, or Pindars,  
We rake not Kotzebue's old cinders,  
And hawk his rubbish round the land,  
Proud to be dull—at second-hand.

While you the comic fair enjoy,  
Parent of many a sprightly boy,  
Whose arch rebuke, and mimic rage,  
May mend the morals of the stage ;  
Or, in heart-balming laughter steep  
The languid lid, that wakes to weep,  
I, by more serious beauties caught,  
May dress in rhyme the tender thought ;  
(For I have ever cast an eye  
On ancient, prudish poetry,)  
To satire's side, indignant, turn,  
With the grave tragic vestal mourn ;  
Or, (should the pow'rs of mirth allow,)  
Write doggrel ; just as I do now.

## THE VISION OF ST. PATRICK.

## A FRAGMENT.



THE storm was up, for mischief ready,  
Old Patrick's church, with tempests giddy,  
Rock'd its tall shatter'd spire unsteady ;

Each antique pile  
Regroan'd the blast, when fraught with dread, I  
Stalk'd the long aisle :

Sudden, meanwhile, a mitred shade,  
In venerable stole array'd,  
Broke on my musing eye dismay'd  
From that lone tomb  
Where Swift, Ierne's boast, is laid  
Deep clad in gloom.

“ Ah me !” the awful semblance sigh'd,  
“ Thus lies my son, my country's guide,

Where Night and dim Oblivion hide  
His moulder'd grave,  
While trophies deck each corse of pride,  
Each worthless slave.

“ No filial tear by Wisdom shed,  
Streams fondly o'er his marble bed ;  
No bosom mourns the patriot dead ;  
No scutcheons grace  
The man, who Shame's broad colours spread  
On Folly's face.

“ Unhappy clime, thrice blest in vain,  
What hand shall wake the lofty strain ?  
Who, burst from thy inglorious train,  
By genius fir'd,  
That view'st unmov'd the minstrel's fane,  
Dull, uninspir'd.

“ Long, lovely exile, hath the pow'r  
Whose sweet chord lent the raptur'd hour,  
Left that mean coast where knaves devour  
The meed of merit,  
Where Want hails down its freezing shower  
On struggling spirit !

“ Where Worth’s small gem unheeded gleams  
Mid tasteless Grandeur’s gorgeous beams,  
Where scant the rill of Bounty streams,  
    To nurse those blooms  
That frame the wreath which richly teems  
    With true perfumes.

“ Nor Fame shall mark thy little shore,  
Nor pleas’d Posterity explore  
Thy curious haunts for native lore,  
    While sad, and low,  
The Bard resigns his tuneful store  
    To listless Woe.”

## THE DAYS OF YORE.



IN knightly hall, or lady's bower,  
Erewhile the vocal lyre was strung ;  
And many a laurel, many a flow'r,  
Round the sweet Minstrel's harp was hung :

Graceful array'd in flowing stole  
Of green, with tissued roses wove,  
His ardor warm'd th' heroic soul,  
His softness sooth'd disastrous love :

Mid Harmony's responsive hoard,  
His cunning fingers feately caught  
Each sound, that rapture might afford,  
Or lift sublime the tow'ring thought.

Yet oft to shun the garish beam,  
Mid the deep desert would he stray ;  
And following quick some haunted stream,  
Oft wander from the world away :

Stretch'd, listless, on the headlong steep,  
Oft would he gaze the scene below ;  
The painted cloud, the toiling deep,  
The purple heath with golden glow !

And oft, in silent transport laid,  
'Till the shrill curfew struck his ear,  
Has Twilight don'd her chequer'd shade,  
And Darkness veil'd him musing there.

But yet no fear, mid wild forlorn,  
The bard should seek a savage bed ;  
Some hermit, at his glad return,  
The pillow bless'd that lap'd his head.

Of hateful penury no fear,  
The poet still a welcome found :  
The peasant press'd his homely cheer,  
And magic song the banquet crown'd.

Gay as the little birds, that fly  
All devious through the tangled wood,  
To whom boon Nature's stores supply  
Their vernal couch, their simple food.

Ah me ! those happy days are past,  
And alter'd sore his heavy fate ;  
By each rude vassal's scoff disgrac'd,  
And banish'd from the lordly gate.

Yet nought of Heav'n illumes that heart  
That deals its tuneful servant wrong,  
Nor aught of bliss can wealth impart  
To him, who slighteth the honey'd song.

For, sure, of Heav'n that purer flame,  
That hath his polish'd mind possess'd ;  
And sure from source celestial came  
The sunshine that pervades his breast.

Then, nobles deign, and barons bold,  
To rear the glory of your land ;  
And when true genius you behold,  
Confess th' Almighty Master's hand.

Nor dazzling gem on Beauty's brow,  
Nor titled Grandeur's garter'd shine,  
Can aught so passing bright bestow,  
Oh, Genius, as thy splendid line !

## TO COMIC ROMANCE.\*

~~~~~

O! quaint-ey'd nymph, of buxom port,
Where dost thou hold thy jovial court ?
Where tread the gay Romance's wizard round ?
Now Sympathy, with blubber'd face,
And zoneless breast, usurps thy place,
And sighs, and throbs, and moans, o'ercome thy
merry sound.

In drawling lethargy of woe,
Solemn, serene, and sad, and slow,
The novel Muse her fire-drawn rapture deals ;
Meanwhile he cherry ribbon'd maid,
Of lewd town rakes but half afraid,
Beats her tumultuous bosom, pants, and feels.

It was not so thou sweetest lass,
When from thy rosy dimpling glass

* This was an original attempt at a new eccentric species of poetry, and may be styled the irregular comic ode.

The ancient sons of Humour quaff'd,
And wrote, and shook their sides, and laugh'd.
When Mancha's puissant errant* urg'd
His famous steed, with heel of armour scourg'd ;
And dapper Sancho, curious wight,
With fulminating proverbs burst,
How didst thou bless Dulcinea's tender name,
From whence his knightly ardour came,
And titled him of all thy sons the first.

As through the laureate arch he rode,
Grim issuing to th' ideal castle,
And many a death-denouncing fight ;
In that blest moment you forgot all past ill,
And smil'd, exulting, on the comic wrestle.

Nor did the Gallic wit + thy influence want,
Who him of Santillane recorded ;
Nor to choice Scarron † wert thou scant
Of laughing merchandize, so lately hoarded.
But oh, when civil dudgeon first grew high,
And folks fell out they knew not why,

* Cervantes.

† Le Sage.

‡ Author of the comic romance.

Then did thy knight * abandon dwelling,
And sally forth a colonelling ;
While politics (who now refuses),
Trudg'd cheek by jole with the nine muses ;
And the new light shone most serenely,
On Ralphy's garb, dress'd neat and cleanly.
Ill-fated bard of whim and frolic,
Sore troubled oft with pursy colic,
Inhaler mild of ale Pierian,
Of quack Apol droll pickle-herring ;
Thou shalt delight all future ages,
Though forced to dine on Hudibrastic pages.

Next the gymnastic Parson † caught the smile,
In cassock'd wisdom, but resistless mirth ;
Created to inform, and glad the earth,
And half allay the pastor's gloomy toil.

But soon the sun of Laughter ‡ rose ;
Burst through a cloudy host of foes,
And rainbow wreaths of varying hues combin'd ;
With sweet instruction sooth'd the aching mind ;

* Hudibras, by Butler.

† Parson Adams, chief character in the romance of Joseph Andrews, by Fielding.

‡ Tom Jones, by the same.

Brisk sprightly warmth, a nymph divine,
 Flam'd in the radiance of each artless line.
 Amelia's * harrowing tale lay yet untold,
 Ripe in design, and in pure judgment bold :
 Domestic love there breathes his tender soul,
 And anxious nature trembles o'er the whole.

In thy bright sky another planet † shone,
 With joy-imparting vigour, all his own ;
 The scenes of life his ready hand
 Bade in sweet succession stand,
 And left their chequer'd chances to the eye :
 Satire stood blinking nigh,
 And while he strove to mend the loaded crew,
 Dash'd with malignant gall the liveliest hue.
 His fabling fancy too, fantastic arm'd
 Stout Chivalry's ‡ enthusiast, grizzly chief !
 Erst wont to urge the plough, with porter warm'd,
 Or deal with falchion dread deep gash to bleeding beef.

* A novel, by Fielding.

† Smollet.

‡ See his *Launcelot Greaves*, a most admirable comic performance. The following lines allude to incidents in the romance, which the reader will not regret to be referred to.



How alter'd soon ; in steel 'ycased,
 With mettlesome trot he paced
 The sober charger, while behind
 His gallant 'squire the luncheon'd bag assaulted ;
 And tilting tournaments of wind,
 O'er so nennlucky oak's o'erhanging branches vaulted.
 The maniac marine their well-earn'd honours saw,
 Right envious of the murd'rous field ;
 And buckling helm around his sturdy jaw,
 Couch'd his elastic pole, and rung his brazen shield.

Another Quixote * join'd the madding row,
 Lad of th' uplifted eye, and willing spirit ;
 Replete with methodistic merit,
 He soft commands the saintly bosom glow ;
 Fresh from the rustic bench, behold he mounts
 The pulpit-thrones of Whitefield's, Wesley's,
 courts,
 And midst his strugglings dire, thou Goddess, spy,
 O'erflowing sanctity illume his eye !

Again resum'd the hobbling rhyme,
 Thou rose o'er Envy and old Time,

* The Spiritual Quixote.

And breath'd, with loose poetic pride,
Thy influence o'er the pleasing guide.*

Grey-tressed Age shook hands with rose-cheek'd
Mirth,

And antic Humour, on the smoaky hearth,
Pourtray'd the courtly tricks of dance and ball ;
Meanwhile the cottage seem'd a new Vauxhall.

The dormant feelings too 'gan weave
Their choicest web in Goldsmith's simple tale ;
What time he sought with nat'r'al hand to save
The Vicar mild froun Wakefield's silent vale ;
The pensive Pleasures on the hist'ry hung,
And smil'd betimes, and wept, as Auburn's minstre
sung.

O ! form'd in ev'ry dress to charm,
Thou, gentle tyrant of the breast,
Couldst with resistles indignation warm
Or sink the soul in fancy'd woe deprest :

* Alluding to Anstey's Bath Guide, which, though in the form of an epistolary poem, may be reckoned a romance, as a small plot runs through the whole.

Nature's own hand shall deck thy humble tomb,
And bid her dewy wild-flow'r's weep around ;
Pity's own pencil milden the dread gloom,
And harmless Jest frequent the darling ground.

But thou art fled ; despis'd, and scorn'd,
With every winning grace adorn'd :
No more thou deign'st t' inspire the Bard,
His heart-felt balm, his bright reward.
Oh ! frolic tut'ress, gay coquette,
The pedant bookworm's mouldy crust forget,
The prude Philosophy disdain,
And o'er my favour'd bosom reign ;
Weave wild the probable design,
Harsh stricture rude to wit refine,
And bright'ning into smiles of day,
The night of Dulness chase away.

b,

ABBEY EFFUSIONS.

1.

ON SEEING MASON'S MONUMENT.

WHILE mid this solemn dome's sequester'd shade,
By venerable virtues sacred made,
With softer awe I mark, and gentler tread,
One modest modern join the mighty dead.
Drayton's cold cheek a pallid blush betrays,
And learned Jonson trembles for the bays !
Nor may the marble, deck'd by Mason's name,
Less fervent pray'r, or meaner homage claim ;
Though round the tuneful sons of Britain rise,
Where, laurel-wreath'd, his recent model lies.

Yet, once more, oh ! ye Bards, on Mona's steep,
Who nightly your mysterious meetings keep,
And wailing o'er the corse of warrior brave,
Moan to the murmur of the troublous wave ;
Once more, with your wild warmth and native fire,
Smite the deep sorrows of the sounding lyre ;
While, in the yelling tempest heard afar,
Caractacus impels his scythed car ;

And issuing dreadful from their shadowy shroud,
His fleeting coursers paw the dusky cloud.
The Minstrel, erst, who wheel'd his brave career
" Beyond the visible, diurnal sphere,"
Swift as loose stars their golden orbits leave,
Or meteors glide along a summer-eve,
In quest of flow'rs that strew th' empyrean way,
Advent'rous bent, I see ;—immortal Gray !
Pure o'er thy bust his lambent glories play. }
Lo ! modest Whitehead too, to Friendship warm,
(E'en yet her flame illumines his phantom form,) }
On thee still fix'd his meek, but ardent eye,
The brother-seraph bends, and wooes thee to the sky.

Oh, lov'd ! oh, lost ! whose polish'd page no stain
Of flatt'ry knew, or ruder wit profane,
Which rigid Piety might wish effac'd :
Soft, yet sublime, luxuriant, yet chaste,
Long may the British youth, whose skill would raise
Perfection, worthy of succeeding days,
Here led ; (his eyes suffus'd with generous dew,) }
The honours of departed worth to view,
Awfully touch'd, breathe forth the sigh sincere,
Admire the poet, and his art revere !

ON GARRICK'S TOMB AND INSCRIPTION.

MEAN is the verse, illustrious actor, paid
By his weak hand to thy indignant shade,
Who, poorly gifted with enthusiast glow,
Bade these slight numbers o'er the marble flow ;
Superior thought should stamp the sacred stone,
Diffus'd by genius powerful as thy own.
Can Painting's most illumin'd tint supply
Th' electric flashes of thy meaning eye ?
Can softest strains the Muse enamour'd sung,
Vic with the honey'd cadence of thy tongue ?
O ! could those adamantine fetters break,
And thy Pigmalian-semblance warm, and speak ;
Could the fir'd image quit its cumbrous load,
How would'st thou act, and look, and move—a god !
Smil'st thou not, mighty master of the heart,
At those vile mimics who disgrace thy art ?
Who, form'd on Imitation's menial plan,
Forego the natural privilege of man ?
Thy start, thy frown, thy accent who essay,
To-morrow, still, the copy of to-day :
And does not Shakspeare's angry sprite agree,
Those scenic puppets murder Him—in Thee ?

A BALLAD.

In tenui, tenuis non gloria.

vira.

'TWAS early in the morning, and passing sweet to view,
The glist'ning Sun had kiss'd off cold April's falling dew,
I heard a lonely virgin, all by a river side,
Lamen' thus sore her lost love, who in the battle dy'd ;
She wrung her hands more white than snow, she tore
her yellow hair,
And though in sorrow sunk, alas ! methought look'd
wond'rrous fair ;
For ever as the trembling tear stood bursting in her
eye,
Her pretty bosom swell'd to sight, and gave a piteous
sigh.

“ Why would'st thou go, my own love, the cruel
wars to brave,
Was not this bosom softer than Ocean's troubled wave ?

Oh ! did you on the damp ground enjoy such sweet
repose,
Or could those smiles that conquer'd me appease your
deadly foes ?
When round your comely temples, where curling
tresses grew,
The bloody faulchions glitter'd, the whistling bullets
flew,
Could you no pitying angel, o'erhead, to save you see,
And when I thought of you, love, did you still think
of me ?"

The green sod where we lay, love, I've cover'd o'er
with flow'rs,
And there I've press'd the cold earth for many silent
hours ;
A willow-plant I planted, which you would joy to see,
But the flow'rs are all long wither'd, though the wil-
low grows for me !
Ungrateful flow'rs they were, for morn, and ev'ning
here,
I gently op'd their little leaves, and water'd with a
tear ;
And though the drooping willow-slip had least of all
my care,
Behold you how it springs up, as fast as my despair!"

F 5

“ My father is a hard one, his heart is made of stone,
My mother too is hard, and my sisters mock my moan ;
They talk to me of sweethearts, of gold, and jest,
and glee,
They little think my poor heart is in the grave with
thee !
But they nor all the world, my thoughts of thee shall
know,
And in this nook I'll hide up the treasure of my woe,
Till grief and sorrow tir'd out, I'll steal off, bye and
bye,
And here upon the green sod, I'll lay me down and
die !”

VERSES,

Addressed to the Children of my Friend.

INFANT buds of early beauty !
Sport suspend, to hear my strain ;
Let a poet tell your duty,
Though his verse, perhaps, be vain.

To his sad experience listen,
Little as you are, attend,
Let your eyes with pleasure glisten,
Trust the poet in the friend.

First to Him, o'er each soft feature
Who that rosy bloom has spread,
Breathe the pray'r of artless Nature,
By his gracious spirit led ;

He shall angels send to charm you,
Angels than yourselves less fair,
They with turtle fondness warm you,
Shield you with celestial care :

Female sweetness, kind discretion,
In your mother's smile discern ;
Holy Friendship's high expression,
Honour,—from your father learn.

Be of false flow'ry pleasures fearful,
Where vulgar children heedless stray,
Not like the show'ry April, tearful,
Nor sullen, like the Winter's day.

Never for foolish gewgaws squabble,
Let them not mar your rip'ning joys,
Though older heads, a pompous rabble!
Alas! too often fight for toys.

Soon, soon, will fly those sportive graces,
Ah! soon your guiltless pranks be o'er;
Sorrow will cloud those pretty faces
Where sorrow never sat before.

Quickly Time's rapid wing will cover
Your tiny span with envious shade;
Bess will be sighing for a lover,
And Fred pursue some scornful maid:

Then passions fierce, with wild dominion,
Torment you on life's tragic stage,
Then will you miss the parent-pinion
Shelt'ring now your tender age.

Then, whatsoever chance betide you,
Whether fell Grief your bosom wrings,
Or Peace through bly ful regions guide you,
You'll own the truth your poet sings.

PRINCE SERAPIN,
OR
THE ENCHANTED HIND.

THE days are past, when o'er each haunted room
The good priest sprinkled drops of holy dew ;
Scared the fell night hag from her with'ring gloom,
And drest with sacred sprays each decent pew.
No lonely goblin roams by blasted yew,
Or blue-rob'd fiend confin'd by cruel doom ;
The age of spirits is departed long ;
None strew with rosemary the virgin-tomb ;
No shrill chains clank the cloister'd cells among,
Yet feel their force awhile, and listen to my song.

In faery-lond did dwell a valiant prince ;
Majestic manly beauty cloath'd his face,
And oft he glow'd with battle's warmth intense ;
Of chivalry, the honour, and the grace ;
But still maintain'd his country in sweet peace :
Wisdom was his, and pow'r, and wit, and sense.

Yet all the little tyrant boy o'erthrew ;
A damsel fair had cast a vapour dense
O'er his dim eyes, and often did he rue
The pleasing pain, I wot, but she was lovely-true.

Her wavy tresses shone like floating gold ;
Her eyes eclipsed the lightning of the mine ;
Her cheeks Love's own ambrosial bloom did hold ;
Her bosom breath'd an incense full divine ;
Her tender bosom, raptures every shrine,
None could, without entranced thoughts, behold ;
Her front was mildness, dignity her gait ;
Her garment fell in many an easy fold ;
Pure chaplets deck'd her hair, all rifled late ;
Ah ! that this beauteous dear should find the wrath
of fate.

Long had they woo'd with amorous interchange,
And studied all the movements of the heart ;
At last (what sure will seem to moderns strange)
Each felt the influence of the golden dart,
And the bland ecstacy of soft revenge ;
Each did to each the pensive heat impart,
And spread the sweet contagion to the breast ;
Soon shall they clasp, with dear delicious art ;

Soon shall they nectars taste supremely blest,
And tread the carpet-ground in snowy vestment drest.

Hark ! hark ! the merry minstrel-tribe proclaim,
The lofty song, in garb (like Summer's) clad ;
Some join the rattling joust, the tilting game ;
Some the quick morrice-dance, for none are sad,
But bidding farewell care, like wights stark mad.
Next, blowing from their nostrils living flame,
Richly caparison'd the chargers came ;
Prauncing right prond, the costly crescents gleam
Around their rainbow-necks!—no sound is dumb,
All rattling ; tabor, flute, fife, trumpet, cymbal,
drum.

And now the hoary man of God has ty'd
The gordian knot (oh prodigy of hate) !
The princess seem'd a fair hind by his side ;—
Then leap'd, with wond'rous vault, the minster-gate.
Long did Serapin mourn his wayward fate ;
Till, bent with eld, a witching beldame cry'd,
“ Sir knight, thy dame is chang'd by spiteful fay,
“ A victim to the elfin's rival pride ;
“ Nathless, go hunt, without stop or stay,
“ And kill your best belov'd on your auspicious
way.”

With speed he went, and wound the bugle loud,
Making faint Echo burst her chrystral cell ;
Out leap'd a fair hind from the dappled crowd ;
Out leap'd a fair hind, and he knew her well :
Full quick he sh't (his jav'lin did excel,)
And stretch'd her panting by the greenwood shroud :
Then o'er her pour'd the witch three potent charms ;
Incontinent, she felt this life's alarms,
And leap'd, perfection all, to glad Serapin's arms.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

NYMPH of the sleepy weed, thy poet aid ;
O ! bid him, à-la-Turk ! thy favour find ;
Wrap his drear head with dullness' genuine shade,
His soul in chains indi. oluble bind ;
Let thick tobacco clothe his vap'ry mind
With tenfold smoke, from tubes triumphant play'd :
So shall he rise the Mahomet of rhyme,
Shew all thy shrine, in majesty display'd ;
Bid CUT and DRY the ceiling scale sublime,
And shatter'd cups well-fraught, in loud harmonious
chime.

Like Alghiere borne on Virgil's back,
Porterly load ! I pierce the house of smoke ;
Facetious jokes around me hov'ring crack,
And tables groan with many a brilliant stroke.
There stalks the comic in a tarnish'd frock,
While tragedy in boots with stern attack,
Bids the loud waiter like a lion roar.
Sage politics, there seeks his nightly snack ;

Philosophy, the wall with saws scrapes o'er,
And geometry sublime, uproots the oaken floor.

Lo ! you pale wight of haggard semblance dire,
That on the brown-crush'd paper vents his rage,
An essayist he, who claims a muse of fire,
Author I wot, full meet, for such a page ;
See, when the party-wits in talk engage,
How stern he rolls his eye-balls, fraught with ire ;
Shrugg'd shoulders testify his fell dismay,
And goosequill waved in many a frantic gyse :
Anon, with hasty strides he starts away,
To damning pamphlet, poem, farce, wild pantomime, and play.

Lo ! careful miser counting o'er his purse,
Sprinkling light guineas with the heavier coin ;
He mumbleth ev'ry reck'ning with a curse,
And for a farthing prays to pow'rs divine ;
Ne had he Ormus, or Golconda-mine,
Would he be satisfy'd, still carking worse ;
Eftsoons, he teemeth with a baser plot,
Candle-to steal, perdye, unto his nurse ;
Poor nurse ! who seldom boileth chearful pot,
But from the neighb'ring shop conveyeth pottage hot.

ie newspapers appear ; what busy hum ?
France yet conquer'd, are the Russians beat ?
low many gone to goal, or kingdom come ?
What is the price of India stock, and meat ?
Which of the aldermen gave last grand treat ?
Did Lady Padewsoy neglect her drum ?
Or Lady Lapdog's bitch in panic die ?
Are courtiers honest, ministers struck dumb ?
What maids of honour loud for husbands cry ?
Who dived the deepest sea, or soar'd the loftiest sky ?

Thus in rough parley do they waste the night,
Ambitious of most noise, and least pretence.
Critique, o'erpow'rs miss Muse with horrid might,
And Ignorance with saddle presseth Sense :
The present combats with the future tense ;
Grammar himself, shrewd rogue, prepares for flight :
From slightest hints here duels dire commence ;
A cough, a wink, provokes the bloody fight ;
So rash those heedless men, who ne'er are in the right.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF

HENRY FLOOD, ESQ.

ON a steep rock above the dashing wave,
While shrieking sea-winds broke the sullen fall,
Ierne wept her Flood's untimely grave ;
Too early claim'd by death's resistless call.

Dim-floating clouds enwreath'd the silent shore,
For black-pall'd night her sombre scenery drew ;
Low caverns echo'd to the watery roar,
And eve departing cast a pallid blue :

When tran'd in woe, the melancholy maid,
Struck with sad hand the harp's symphonious string ;
Soft sunk each measure through the midnight shade,
That waked the druid-sage, and spectre-king.

Beneath the moon's wan ray the heroes rose ;
Heroes of yore, that propp'd Juverna's state :
Anxious they heard maternal Virtue's woes,
Despairing, wept their brother's final fate.

In still low whispers thus they breath'd around,
While choral warblings fill'd the pregnant air ;
" Long shall thy bust with civic bay be crown'd,
" Long shall thy worth, thy goodness flourish fair.

" Oft, while retired, the sons of Alma tune
The grateful reed, each echo's timid tongue
Shalt learn thy name, and oft th' enshrined moon
Shall stoop to hear, her silvery host among.

" Yes, thou couldst warm the breast with Spartan fire,
Or soothe to peace the wild relentless crowd ;
The seeds of sov'reign liberty inspire,
And dare to tell thy country's wrongs aloud.

" Say, what brave meed the patriot's front shall twine ?
What gorgeous tribute mark each signal deed ?
For him the Muse shall raise the lay divine ;
For him the public bosom deeply bleed.

" The storied arch, the monumental vaunt,
And all the trifles of ingenious art,
Are poor—the real grief should plant
Its feeling basis in a people's heart."

ON A DEAD NEGRO.

AT length the tyrant stays his iron rod,
At length the iron rod can hurt no more ;
The slave soft slumbers 'neath this verdant sod,
And all his years of misery are o'er.

Perchance, his soul was framed of finest mould,
His heart to goodness fecklingly aspir'd ;
Perchance, strong sense his every word controul'd,
And glow'd his breast with heat seraphic fir'd.

Perchance his deeds bely'd his sable hue,
And every sentiment deserv'd a throne :
But labour hid him from the general view,
And fell oppression mark'd him for her own.

O'er his low grave no tender parents weep,
Nor widow wails his loss, by all forgot ;
No friends sincere their holy vigils keep,
Nor infant fingers deck the mournful spot.

THE HARP OF ERIN.

Yet, far more honour'd his un-sculptur'd tomb,
More sacred far than all the vaulted great ;
Unwonted brightness clears his parting gloom,
And Heav'n approving smiles upon his state.

Nor thou with supercilious look deride
This votive strain, or his rough state despise ;
How vain thy vaunting, impotent thy pride !
Behold him, thy superior in the skies.

Though learning fled his rude untutor'd mind,
And all the superfluities of art ;
Though to his form the graces ne'er inclined,
His were the beauties of the head and heart.

Full oft the primrose courts the hawthorn shade,
And spreads her fragrance on the mean resort ;
Full oft the cot receives the peasant's head,
Whose wond'rous merits had adorn'd a court.

Pass but some æras with a rapid flight,
Where then the splendours of this terrine ball ?
Sunk in the bosom of oblivion's night ;
And death, the ancient chronicler of all.

THE SAXON BANQUET.
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GRASP the sword, the goblet fill,  
Pledge the honey'd bev'rage round :  
Fear not, chiefs, your blood to spill,  
Hydromel will heal the wound.

Hark ! the war-fiend's brazen wings,  
Rustle in the frighted air ;  
Hark ! the grim-ey'd sisters sing,  
And weave the bloody web of care.

Loud echoing through the fretted hall,  
Sighs, and moans, and groans combine ;  
Next moment something will befall,  
This moment, festal mirth is thine.

'Tis come—prepare the steel rib'd vest ;  
Gird the side, defend the breast ;  
Hissing arrows cut the sky ;  
Targets meet, and falchions rattle,  
Oden ! this is thy own battle,  
Conquest sparkles in thine eye.

Swift sweep the scythed cars, whole legions fall,  
Death spreads his shadowy pall ;  
'Tis ours to slaughter, theirs to die ;  
'Tis ours to slaughter, shrouded brethren cry.

Green-stoled minstrels ! earth's best treasure,  
Exalt, prolong, the lofty measure,  
And o'er each corse, with holy fingers, steal  
Heroic poesy's pure-purpled veil ;  
Green-stoled minstrels ! earth's best treasure,  
To death give peace, to life give pleasure ;  
Time will come, and Hela, grisly guest !  
Then too, our lonely ghosts shall claim the song of  
rest.

Thus, Rodorick, at the plenteous board  
Divinely sung, a warrior-bard ;  
Grim valour own'd the tuneful lord,  
And the replenish'd scull, still smil'd his bright  
reward.

## THE WINTER'S NIGHT.

THE surly demons of the tempest yell,  
The frozen ground rings sullen on the ear ;  
Night breathes her cold sighs o'er the shiv'ring dell,  
And sheeted Horror leagues with wan-cheek'd Fear.  
No more Spring's smiling babes', the roses, rear  
Their blushing heads, but bid a long farewell ;  
No more the balmy eye-lids of the Morn  
Awake green-crested Summer from her cell ;  
With crystal spangles doth she now adorn  
Her bosom pale, and chill, and weeps her withering  
thorn.

Terrific darkness clothes the baleful heath,  
While Dread's black legions lift her awful veil ;  
Gigantic Terror calls the fiends of Death,  
And bids the elves their dismal scenes reveal  
To the tranc'd trav'ller's eye, whose heart-strings feel  
The horrid shock, and blasted, tear asunder ;

The forked lightnings round his forehead dance,  
Grim howls the flame-rob'd Pow'r that sways the  
thunder ;  
He sinks, he dies !—the torturing cries advance,  
Ne'er shall his children catch their father's sprightly  
glance.

Ah me ! what now avails the shudd'ring wretch  
Who hugs her orphan infant to her breast,  
Beneath some ruin'd castle's yawning breach !  
Hark ! the winds whistle o'er the hapless guest ;  
The shatter'd walls rock, tottering !—sprites unblest,  
O ! spare the meek-ey'd mourner !—Angels catch  
The falling rocks ! arrest the sudden death !  
Celestial Comfort's soft elixir fetch :  
Lo, now ! even now, she pours her last sad breath,  
The frightened darling clings, and gasps, and falls be-  
neath !

Fell Winter, tyrant of the blooming year,  
Nature's harsh stepspire ! Mirth's Cimmerian foe,  
Fly with thy russian-blasts to cavern drear,  
Nor mar the lovely woodland's vernal flow ;  
Thou, and thy ravens, shriek the dirge of woe  
In Lapland's haggard waste ; the rude rocks tear

And hurl huge fragments to the stagnant wave  
From some blank hill where witching beldames stare :  
But oh ! Europa's flow'ry natives spare !  
Zephyr alone his radiant wing shall wave,  
And melting thaws serene unbind their icy grave.

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ORIGINAL ELEGY

ON

A COUNTRY ALEHOUSE.

~~~~~

DIM burns the taper with a twinkling flame,  
The sooty coal forsakes the narrow grate,  
Frail glasses broke a broken purse procláim,  
And vacant jugs the landlord's bill relate.

Here let me, then, thy ruin'd state bewail,  
Fair alehouse, fairest of the busy green ;  
With tears bemoan thy abdicated ale,  
With sighs survey thy cellar's solemn scene.



Here oft, immers'd in politics profound,  
The social curate smoak'd his ev'ning pipe ;  
Here too the clerk his mantling goblet crown'd,  
And press'd the blushing glass in beauty ripe.

Oft did yon bell (a bell no more !) with joy  
Bound to the smith's reverberating hand ;  
Oft did the woodman yon crack'd screw employ,  
And bottled nectars bounce at his command.

Ah ! here, the purring, solitary cat,  
Musing, the hearth with em'rald eye reviews ;  
In grand Parnassian pomp the poet sat,  
And quaff'd substantial bumpers to his Muse.

Here has he stood, meanwhile his slumb'ring crew,  
Stretch'd o'er the floor, in awful silence lay ;  
(Sad proof how well thy former host could brew !)  
And wept them hurried from the light of day.

Full many an epitaph, with cunning lore,  
Frolic he mutter'd o'er each victim's head ;  
To calm his sorrows, claim'd one tankard more,  
And made the young sun light him to his bed.

No more the quaint-ey'd catch, the teeming jest,  
The loud-continued laugh, the ready wit,  
Shall swell with fond applause the simple breast,  
The shrinking clown with poignant sting shall hit.

Farewell tobacco, mellowing ale farewell !  
To higher themes the ardent bosom clings ;  
Yet let this verse thy alehouse-honours tell,  
And bid thy landlord shine, enroll'd with kings.

## HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

OH ! nymph sedately sweet, whose solemn smile,  
What time the day-star sunk to golden rest,  
So often would my hermit-step beguile  
To scenes by Fancy's magic finger drest.

Whether in fond, luxurious leisure laid,  
'Mid the dim covert of some woody waste,  
Whose wild uncertainty of waving shade,  
Scarce one coy sunbeam, tremblingly, embrac'd;

Or, musing on each pearly drop that fell,  
Half pendulous, from some lone Naiad's urn ;  
Whose waters from the rock would slowly well,  
And in their ling'ring lapse melodious mourn.

What vision'd raptures would my breast embay  
In silent bliss, abstractedly refin'd,  
'Till in some artless, but energetic lay,  
Spontaneous burst the free, poetic mind ?

Say, shall I ever tread the sacred sod,  
Again divinely fir'd with song sublime ?  
Where, erst, th' enthusiast form of Collins trod,  
And the rapt Passions listen'd to his rhyme ?

Oh! woods and wilds, once vocal to his verse,  
Within whose haunts ev'n now, at ev'ning hour,  
The green-hair'd sisterhood their dirge rehearse,  
And round his low tomb nurse the fading flow'r ;

Shall I not wander through each dusk retreat,  
Each deep-drawn alley, hung with ivy pale,  
And mark the tiny print of fairy feet,  
And hear soft murmurs die along the vale ?

Yes, modest maids, who hat'st the painful glare  
Of splendid Folly, and unmeaning Pride,  
Still shall we breathe the aromatic air,  
That wantons o'er the mountain's flow'ry side :

Still to thy serious ear my song shall flow,  
My song enamour'd of the rural theme,  
Where no rough blasts of loud Ambition blow,  
To chase th' illusion of Hope's noontide dream.

## A MONODY ON CHATTERTON.

DAUGHTERS of Heav'n ! blest sisters of sweet Song,  
Who nurse the seedlings that prolific rise  
From Poesy's illustrious birth,  
Firing some favour'd son of Earth,  
And lending to his breast a portion of the skies ;  
O ! hither move along  
In pensive pace,  
And with majestic grace  
Lead bright Imagination's seraph-throng,  
O'er the rude stones, that frown uncouth—  
In yon deep dell's oblivious gloom,  
Sadly sleeps a once-lov'd youth :  
Ye wood-flow'r's breathe your wild perfume ;  
Ye shrouded warblers harmonize the gale ;  
Here, Autumn, fling thy brilliant bloom,  
And fence from wayward winds the sacred vale :  
Tread soft,—ye infants of the air,  
While in the mazy dance you turn ;  
Tread soft, and pause to mourn,  
Mingling your mystic sports with sickly care,

For Genius slumbers here !  
True Genius, prompt to mount the sphere  
Of Fancy, thrid pure rapture's maze,  
And view her with unshrinking gaze ;  
Prompt to veil in antique dress  
What antientry could ne'er express ;  
Catch the buskin's lofty mien,  
Or woo the laughter-loving queen.

Immortal boy ! thee angels fed  
With Poesy's abstracted food ;  
Thy bowl was fill'd from Fancy's fountain-head,  
Thy bowl with wond'rous ecstacies imbued :  
By Heav'n's own chymic skill refin'd,  
Thine was the manner of the mind.

Yet Man, ingrate, thy labours view'd,  
Unknown from Dullness' motley brood !  
O next to Him, whose master-hand  
Could thrill the pang'd nerve of the heart,  
Bid the quick tear of pity start,  
Or Terror shudd'ring own the dread command.  
Hated reverse to all divine,  
See the matchless minstrel pine,  
See the blooming wonder die,  
Indignant death in his distracted eye !



What curses future æras, yet unborn,  
Shall lavish on the wretch's head,  
Who saw the tears fond Nature's darling shed,  
Yet in his bosom struck an aggravating thorn !  
Barbarian Britain !—Could the choicest gem  
Of Merit's radiant diadem,  
Sink in thy gloom, and waste its glorious glow !  
Averse to bid neglected Genius live,  
Say, shalt thou share the fame a Chatterton can  
give ?  
Had he but gain'd his manhood's mighty prime,  
Bright as the sun, and as the sun sublime ;  
His soaring soul had borne the awful wand  
Of magic power, and o'er the fairy land  
Of Fancy, shied a new poetic race,  
Bending creation to his favour'd place.  
But ah ! the dying sounds decay,  
Ah ! they fade away,  
Melting, melting, melting,  
Melting from the ear of day :  
Despair assumes the Muse's lyre,  
Damps each softly-sinking fire,  
Presses the fiery spirit down below,  
And tells his stubborn soul the bitter tale of woe !  
At last : superior to her chain,  
He flies o'er Madness' wild domain ;

Despis'd and dejected, he faints and he sighs !  
Too rigorous Heaven !—how ghastly his eyes !  
Thus I triumph o'er all !—lo ! a Chatterton dies !

Spare, oh ! spare, Almighty Pow'r !  
His frenzy'd passion, and his last black hour ;  
Spare his mortal portion ! spare ;  
    Think upon his case distrest,  
And of his soul's fine essence grant a share  
    To some pure breast !  
Long did he brave Unkindness' gorgon eye ;  
Fell Famine's meagre lip, and Scorn's polluted breath !  
He look'd to find a friend, he found no friend but  
    Death !

He never look'd on high,  
Or Thou hadst been his friend ;  
Despair had turn'd his sight below,  
Despair had fix'd his home of woe,  
Rashly rebellious fell the fatal blow !  
    God of Mercy ! spare his end !

Perchance (to mortal audience still unknown)  
In agony's keen, parting groan,  
No brother near to wrest his hand,  
No sire to catch his last command,

No mother's mournful care to dress his bier,  
No sister's tender, tender tear :  
In Hope's ethereal light he saw Thee shine,  
And father, mother, brother, sister, all combine—  
In the full pity of thy op'ning heav'n,  
His foibles and his faults forgiv'n !  
Sweetest child of Poesy,  
May this meet thy soul on high,  
Cheer thy memory of this world,  
And shew thy flag of future fame unfurl'd.

## DEEDS OF DEATH.

WHAT art thou, with eben hair  
Hanging on thy shoulders bare ?  
Now the hamlet's still as death,  
Moping o'er the desert heath !  
Wild and wan thy haggard face,  
Which by moon-light I can trace ::  
Fiery red thy ferret eye  
Doth deep in hollow socket lie ;  
And thy fingers lank and lean,  
Spotted o'er with blood obscene,  
Look as though a wound they gave,  
Or had dug a new-made grave !  
You move your skinny lips severe,  
Yet no murmur'd sound I hear ;  
Ha ! beneath thy sable pall  
I hear a babe for mercy call ;  
Fainter now its feeble shriek ;  
How you writhie its little neck ;  
How you suck its flowing gore—  
Lo ! its bosom throbs no more.

Who are these behind that throng,  
Dragging a pale corse along ?  
How their murd'rous eyeballs gleam  
O'er his deep wound's sanguine stream :  
Now on me their leaden stare.  
Is levell'd with malignant glare ;  
Wrapt in Horror's central gloom  
Heavy on my heart they come,  
Yet with pausing step they steal—  
In pity, Fancy, drop the veil.

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## THE BOWER OF WOODSTOCK.

HOW fall'n the shades that once luxuriant rose,  
Where ling'ring Transport wav'd his purple wing ;  
Untuneful now the shallow riv'let flows,  
And o'er the fairy wild rude ravens sing.

Where the long labyrinth meand'ring deep,  
Beguil'd the easy step to yonder grove,  
Once, Beauty wont her vigils fond to keep,  
And watch the hour when Henry came and love.

Ye sad deserted trees, whose holy boughs  
Sigh'd at her mournful fate, extend your arms,  
With vernal arch her little tomb inclose,  
And guard the fair Perfection's sacred charms.

Here Pity's self breathes soft the tender moan  
Through aspen grots, shrill quiv'ring to the gale ;  
Extinguish'd ardor marks each conscious stone,  
And turtles tell their fair one's tragic tale.

Ev'n now, through yonder gloom, the furious queen,  
Seems harsh to menace the faint-gleaming sword,  
Pale Jealousy thrills quick through ev'ry vein,  
She stabs her husband through his best ador'd.

Let Melancholy feed her dreary breast  
With pensive thoughts, and melt the streaming eye,  
While Rosamond, in saintly radiance drest,  
Reviews her faded Woodstock with a sigh.

EPISTLE FROM  
MAJOR ANDRE TO ELEONORA.

Written the night before his Execution.

---

FROM scenes where savage murder stalks around,  
And sighs of sorrow break through every sound ;  
Where innocence in vain for pardon pleads,  
And Virtue, doom'd by tyrants, soonest bleeds ;  
Dear long-lost love ! thy André greets once more  
Thy tender bosom, and his native shore ;  
His native shore, where soft-eyed Pity stays,  
And Mercy lends the crown her brightest rays.  
Condemn'd, forlorn—ah ! let me spare thy breast,  
Condemn'd, when hope delusive called me blest ;  
Condemn'd, when love prevail'd in all thy charms,  
Condemn'd, to feel no more thy rapt'rous arms ;  
No more to revel in thy soft'ning eye ;  
Mo more to tell my anguish, till I die.  
Is this a bridal-night—yon fury-face  
But ill-adorns the nuptial's hallow'd place !

Yon scaffold is my couch ! yet all were sweet,  
Could I once more thy dear embraces meet ;  
Sigh all my soul upon thy breast away,  
And all my former vows in solemn ardour say :  
Yet that's denied ! inhuman fiends, again  
Let André banquet on the charming pain,  
The dreadful luxury of parting love,  
'Tween life and death, in one calm moment prove ;  
Count all the minutes with ecstatic haste,  
And sigh no more when the last minute's past.  
Yet what is life ? a puny pageant all,  
Nor would I grudge, ye cruel heav'ns, to fall ;  
But ah ! yon phantom of my promised bliss  
Becks to her arms, and lingers on my peace ;  
Lo ! her poor bosom pants with fiercest woes !  
Her radiant tress in frantic frenzy flows ;  
Her eyes brimfull, their precious torrents spend,  
Yes, I will fly, and bid thy mourning end :  
Waft in one kiss my ardent soul to thine,  
And then expire in ecstacy divine.  
Fond, foolish struggle, can thy shrivell'd hand  
Force the strong steel, the ruthless watch withstand ?  
Can thy weak nerves that tremble o'er this page,  
O'ercome the despot's dire infernal rage ?  
O ! could the frame invisibly decay,  
And like the spirit urge its pathless way ;

on would I gain Britannia's happy strand,  
and bind my heart to her's with Rapture's roseate  
band.

The tyrant comes—sad lines my sorrows tell,  
and she will bless this hand that writes a long fare-  
well.

## THE PROGRESS OF FANCY.

## A VISION.

ARISE! my Muse! and break the bands of sleep,  
Now when the dawn with orient smile attends  
The dewy tracks of morn, and the bright sun  
Yokes his æthereal coursers to the car  
That whirls aloft the potency of fire,  
As yet unken'd, save, by effulgence dim,  
That gilds with purple blush the glitt'ring kiss  
Of Blomius! hill beloved, where oft the muse  
Was wont to wander yon majestic slope  
Of ridgy rocks, where tumbling down amain  
The cataract pours its hoary deluge, there  
She pored on Nature, or with frenzied eye,  
Saw native Oreads mount the steep sublime,  
And like the mellow horn, in cadence sweet,  
Call notes, responsive to the wild waves dash  
Against the jutting shore! Hail! happy morn,  
Thrice hail ambrosial eves, when the fresh gale  
Of honied fragrance woo'd my fervid lip,  
Or sigh'd, enamour'd, on my roseate cheek,

When the first dawn appear'd! Bear witness you!  
For you alone my ecstacy could know !  
How oft I called mild Hesper to return,  
When by his argent wand of light, the valves  
Of day were shut with foldings black conceal'd  
Of ebon bars, and the portcullis huge  
Of a drear cloud, whose sable scenery, caught  
One parting smile of day's envermeil'd face !  
Then would I dream of scenes romantic there,  
In visionary gleam of inward thought,  
New figures trace, unseen by waking eye !  
Muse ! tell the tale of my enraptur'd breast,  
When from a fleecy cloud of amber hue,  
A nymph descending met my ravish'd sight ;  
Her front with lightnings wreath'd, her glowing waist  
Bound with the varying rainbow's lucid zone.  
In a gold clasp her copious tresses join'd,  
And flow'd luxuriant on her crimson robe,  
Whose ample folds, by wildest nature form'd,  
Devoid of attic grace and cut succinct,  
Swept the blue air with winnowing scope, and blazed  
In wond'rous colours changing ever new,  
To mœlibean tint, or saffron glow ;  
Tyrian, or soft Ionian, and each cast,  
Famed in the east, ripe store of mimic dyes !  
Full many a sylph her airy sojourn shared,

And waved full many a rosy coronet,  
And rich festoon, to deck her panting brow !  
Invention first advanced ; prime source of song  
And to the warbling wind her flying touch  
Apply'd ; struck by her touch the trembling chor  
Sung loud, and in one rapid peal combin'd  
The sweet, the solemn, and the martial charge !  
Caught by the sound, methought the goddess view  
The mighty minstrel, on his purple cheek  
She fix'd the dewy languish of her eye,  
And seem'd to own him master of her heart !  
A long succession of illustrious bards  
Their empress follow'd, and as they approach'd  
A stream of living glory flow'd behind !  
Oh ! press not thus upon my shrinking eye !  
Oh ! spare the burstings of my aching heart,  
For sure such vision ne'er entranc'd before  
The human mind, save when on Milton's soul,  
Chief leader of the tuneful train, a rush  
Of deluging light, from heav'nly sluices burst  
Upon his op'ning soul ; his visual ray  
Unmeet for such a waste of glaring scenes,  
Bewilder'd in the blaze ! for ever fled  
His mortal form.—Next sportive Spencer came ;  
Sharp oints of wit adorn'd his burning breast,  
And on a shield of gold that hid his arm,

In fairy characters Eliza shone.  
But from his corslet, with sweet myrtle twined  
In braided thorns, “ a heart right well pourtrayed”  
Bore the lov’d name of rural Rosalind.

And Cowley ! son of wanton wit, came on ;  
And Pope, the lustre of Belinda’s lock,  
Waved high in air, while thousand sylphids sate  
Thron’d on each curl, and in their tiny grasp  
A javelin gleam’d, with diamond tipp’d, to guard  
The violated hair ; thus o’er the fleece  
By Colchic Jason gain’d, and the rude spells,  
By Medean heroes, stood in silent pause,  
And wonder’d at the payment of their toil.  
Each gallant chief his sevenfold shield display’d,  
And drew the half-sheath’d faulchion ! horrent spears  
Gleam’d to the twikling of the tremulous moon,  
And plumes proud-crested floated on the lap  
Of negro night, charm’d with the martial crew !  
But more the motley caravan attend ;  
Of noble names in the large list of fame  
Yet passing hasty on, to ‘scape the ken  
Of critic pride, and the grim cynic’s snarl.  
Mason, with Gray, to Dryden’s silver car  
Impetuous urg’d, the reverend minstrel smil’d,  
And join’d sage converse with the tuneful pair ;  
But lo ! a modest bard of humbler mien,

Their footsteps follow'd, Dante's hoary shade  
Majestic, hover'd o'er his head, and placed  
A paradisial wreath upon his brow,  
While holiest numbers glided from his tongue.  
Him Ariosto view'd with kind regard,  
And stopp'd his chariot, griffin-yoked in air,  
To thank the son of his translated fame.  
Now myriads came tumultuous, frantic heat  
Glow'd in each eye! a mimic tribe were they,  
For Dullness dress'd them in her robes of state,  
To mock the pageant of a mightier queen.  
Orlando's bard the magic horn,\* renown'd,  
Seiz'd in his wrath, and blew a blast so dread,  
That all the embryo vision chac'd away.

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\* Astolfo's horn.

THE CAVE OF PATRONAGE.  
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PARTITIONS twain this motley cave divide,
Form'd like the ivory doors of fabled fame ;
Chimæra's beauteous crowd the left-hand side,
And angel promises of loveliest frame ;
There every wight ideal sees his aim,
With flying coyness his rash heart deride :
Yet hopes he (fool !) to catch the glitt'ring toy,
And gain it with a fresh recruit of pride.
In vain, the fairy meteors soon destroy
His bosom-rest serene, and mar each lively joy.

So through the horrid length of bog and mire,
Doth Ignis Fatuus lead the weary hind,
Catching his simple eye with fatal fire,
And lulling with deceit his honest mind :
But soon doth he the hard-earn'd diff'rence find ;
Meand'ring labyrinths his footstep tire,
Unholy figures gambol 'fore his sight,
Sprinkling fell mildew, while the tempest's sire

Pipes horrible the gloomy dirge of night,
And shakes the turrets round, with fierce and wild
affright.

Thus bard, who trusts the former cave will thrive,
For soon a trap-door swallows him below,
There the poor credulous wretch must ever live,
And bear the stings of penury and woe :
Like image, playful children mould in snow,
Fade his bright hopes and can no more survive ;
Despair stands ever near ; ah ! ruthless fiend,
With iron fang the harrow'd breast to rive ;
And still the demon prompts a sudden end,
And smiles with sallow cheek, and arrogates the
friend.

Here dol'rous shadows stalk across the gloom,
And sweep their moody harps with frantic hand ;
Hoar-headed minstrels burst the mould'ring tomb,
And roam sad-hearted here ! a hapless band !
Still rancour with severest reprimand,
Doth vex them sore, and justifies their doom ;
The canker care their bloomy garland taints,
And breathes pollution o'er the sweet perfume ;
Lo ! while young Poesy, soft virgin, faints,
The wolf-eyed spirits yell, and goad the suffering
saints.

Here Mulla's minstrel, sweetest Spencer, roves,
And warbles heav'nly his dejected lay;
Too tender Otway seeks the baleful groves ;
And laureat Dryden shuns Detraction's day.
But lo ! yon infant* soul that fades away !
Erst once so sprightly with the laughing loves ;
Why does he walk with melancholy pace,
And sullen eye, that mocks the gay alcoves ?
Why does he turn aside his angry face,
And shun of fellow-guests, unkind, the pathway
trace ?

No more, my Muse, lest Patronage should hear,
And hurl thee headlong to her darksome den ;
Phœbus, just now, check'd harsh my wrathful ear,
And bade, beware the varying hearts of men ;
Should all desert my humble head, what then ?
Illustrious fame my volumed praise will rear ;
Illustrious fame will spread her thousand wings,
And shed rich glories on my passing bier;
Illustrious fame will tune her silver strings,
And place my honour'd bust 'bove Cæsars, chiefs,
and kings.

* Chatterton.

Though haughty Burleigh crush'd blithe fancy's son,
Say, whose more godlike name shall longer last ?
O ! far more glorious than the monarch-crown,
That precious wreath which minstrelsy has placed
On poet's awful brow, sublimely graced.
The diadem with lustrous jewels sown,
Is poorly pilfer'd from the earthy mine ;
But Fancy's fair judicious hand alone,
Hath gem'd the tuneful braid with buds divine,
Which shall for ever more with hue ambrosial shine.

EDMUND AND ELWINA.

A TALE.

~~~~~

INSCRIBED TO  
 THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 THE COUNTESS OF MOIRA.

MADAM,

AS ancient songs have been admired for their simplicity and natural elegance, by the most learned as well as by the most illiterate people, I was in some hope that this little imitation might have merit enough, in point of simplicity alone, to attract your notice. As I intended it only for your Ladyship's amusement, and was somewhat assured of that partiality which I have always received, in your flattering critique on any piece of mine, I did not, consequently, write to please others; and if they find out many faults, let them consider that I did not study to gain the commendation of ALL, but of ONE, who, if she could find the least spark of genius, or the most pitiable sign of moving the passions, would, I am certain, pardon the whole. And I shall be superlatively happy in affording the least pleasure to a person whose fine taste, and mental sensibility, are only to be equalled by her unbounded generosity.

MADAM,

I have the honour to be

Your obliged humble servant,

THOMAS DERMODY.

Belmont, July 13, 1790.

## EDMUND AND ELWINA.

Fierce war, and faithful love,  
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.

GRAY'S BARD.

“ AH ! dry, my love, that tender tear,  
That bursting sigh restrain,  
For Edmund loads the sable bier,  
And tears and sighs are vain.

“ In me a kinder heart behold,  
In me a purer love ;  
I strove to gain thy hand of old,  
But ah ! in vain I strove.

“ So languid grew thy melting eye,  
So heav'd thy panting breast,  
That I could ne'er approach thee nigh,  
But sigh among the rest.

“ Then turn again that eye so blue,  
Then let thy bosom beat,  
For with a heart so pure, so true,  
I kneel before thy feet.

“ One glance of genial love impart,  
One smile extend to me,  
And cure again that aching heart,  
That always bled for thee.

“ Ev’n now I feel thy heav’ly charms,  
My heart can feel them now ;  
And, sunk within thy snowy arms,  
I ratify my vow.”

“ Hold, impious wretch !” a peasant cry’d,  
In minstrel’s garb array’d,  
“ Nor taint the poet’s loveliest pride,  
A bashful, blooming maid !”

Struck by the sound, the chieftain turn’d,  
And look’d with rage around,  
And smote, while all his visage burn’d,  
The minstrel to the ground.

“ What peasant thus presumes to bar  
My prosp’rous way to joy :  
What hireling tempts unworthy war,  
Or dares my hopes destroy ?

“ Rash miscreant, tell thy lineage all,  
Nor tell it with a lie.”  
Thus answer’d, rising from his fall,  
The youth, with modest eye :

“ By Tweed’s fair banks my father liv’d,  
Two blooming sons had he,  
And yet the hoary man surviv’d  
To bless his progeny.

“ But ah ! the eldest youth was blind  
To every social tie,  
And by his deeds of hate unkind,  
Caus’d many a bitter sigh.

“ I was the youngest hope ; alas !  
That I have liv’d so long ;  
To see good Albert’s glories pass,  
And swell some doleful song.”

The chieftain’s cheek here chang’d to pale,  
And frenzy turn’d his look,  
And, starting at the wond’rous tale,  
Thus quick the minstrel spoke.

“ A lovely maid possess’d my soul,  
Ah ! would that soul was gone,  
Beneath a brother’s stern control  
It heav’d full many a groan.

“ He sent me to a foreign land,  
He dealt my dole of woe,  
He robb’d my true-love’s plighted hand,  
And still my tears must flow.

“ Yet, yet, though nearest to my blood,  
A villain’s name I hate,  
Still I remember yonder wood,  
Where he has fix’d my fate.”

“ Enough !” the frightened chief reply’d,  
“ Thou raven to my doom !  
Oh ! here’s my sword, with slaughter dy’d,  
To bid thee welcome home.

“ Inhuman murd’rer ! who am I ?”  
He cast his garb aside,  
And drew from off his martial thigh  
The sword with slaughter dy’d.

“ Thus take thy due, yet hold my hand,  
Nor seek a brother’s blood.”  
Awoke by Pity’s mild command,  
The mild’ned minstrel stood.

He clasp’d the fair one’s trembling arm,  
And show’d her Edmund’s face :  
“ Ah ! whence,” cried she, “ this mystic charm !  
Ah ! whence this lov’d embrace !

“ Art thou my Edmund ? tell me true ;  
Art thou so kindly giv’n,  
To make thy murd’rous rival rue,  
To cleanse my soul for Heav’n ?”

Depress'd, the elder chieftain sigh'd,  
And curs'd o'erruling hate,  
Then kiss'd with cordial lip the bride,  
Then bless'd the turns of fate.

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## CHEERFULNESS.

EUPHROSYNE, ecstatic guest,  
What sunny shrine, what favour'd breast,  
Wilt thou resume ? O ! wilt thou deign  
To bless the unaspiring swain,  
Or, o'er the front of greatness pour  
Thy joyous thoughts, a radiant show'r ?  
Say, wilt thou gild the ev'ning shade,  
The artless bow'r of sylvan maid ?  
Wilt thou her rosy lip perfume,  
Her eye's resistless glance illume ;  
Her purple cheek with livelier hues  
Invest, their brightness ne'er to lose ?  
Or, like the rest of Fortune's train,  
For gorgeous court desert the plain,  
Glad the proud beauty's smile to grace,  
And revel on her foreign face ?

No follower thou of Fortune's crew :  
Delightful nymph ! full oft I view  
Thy vivid influence kindly spread  
O'er the low cot and tott'ring shed :  
Then come, my bright, my best reward,  
And make thy son the happiest bard ;  
And smiling lead along with thee,  
Humour quaint, and Jollity ;  
And gay Romance, who loves to rove  
Fantasy's elysian grove ;  
And sparkling Wit, and Angel-youth,  
His diamond arrows tip'd with truth,  
His godlike hair, of braided rays,  
His vest, a meteoric blaze ;  
Come these along, while Envy gaunt,  
(Her eyeballs impotent to daunt)  
And Malice, snarling, scowl aloof,  
Fell tigers ! while of temper-proof,  
Thy starry target bids retire  
Their gall'd shafts, pointed fierce with ire.  
How blest my humble cottage then,  
A snug retreat from worldly men ;  
My blooming flow'rs, my cooling trees,  
My arbours consecrate to ease ;  
My fruitage ripe, my meadows fine,  
My bowls for ever crown'd with wine ;

Pure Friendship seated by my hearth,  
And silver-tressed, ancient Mirth ;  
And frolic Love, unforc'd, and yet  
Not quite approaching to coquette ;  
My servants happy as could be,  
What troubles then would frighten me ?

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### MELANCHOLY.

'TIS night—and this the silent hour  
When Melancholy seeks her bow'r  
Of sablest yew, embrowned deep,  
To fold her drooping arms, and weep.  
Sad syren stay ! intrusive maid !  
And I will follow to the glade,  
And join my dirge of woe with thine ;  
And statue-fixt, at Horror's shrine,  
My dark, nocturnal pray'r's rehearse  
In cadence low of saddest verse ;  
Verse, such as once Medea pay'd  
To the drear habitants of shade ;  
Verse, such as fits the leaden ear  
Of listless, gorgon-ey'd Despair !



Ye pow'rs of midnight ! tend my song,  
And you, grim messengers, that throng  
About the new-made grave, and steal  
The heart's blood, mark'd with many a spell,  
And petrify'd to purple stone  
For causes yet unheard, unknown.  
Hush !—busy elves, that ply around ;  
Lay light your wings in slumber bound,  
'Tis silence, soft, and sad, and slow,  
With cypress stole, and veil of snow,  
That creeps, (aye, startling at each breeze  
That rushes through the shudd'ring trees)  
Along yon aisle of dismal hue,  
Faint flashes from the taper blue,  
Lending a momentary glimpse, to show  
Where the dumb victims lye below !  
And who those fiends that after come,  
Wrapt in the thickest garb of gloom ?  
My blood is froze, my pulse is still !  
'Tis pale Remorse, whose vitals feel  
Ten thousand restless vultures gnaw,  
And Conscience, with her bloody maw !  
'Tis Murder—see his eyeballs gleam  
Red lightning ! and his glances stream  
Along the dagger's azure line.  
But hark ! what noise invades the shrine,

What breaks our Goddess' dread repose?  
'Tis felon Force, that dare oppose  
The flight of ghastly Fear!—Behold  
Squadrons of glassy sprites unfold  
The shrinking wretch—his blasted eyes  
Sink inward—oh! he faints, he dies!  
They come, they swarm! terrific all!  
Heav'n's! let the hideous fabric fall.

~~~~~

THE PEASANT'S APPEAL.

YE lordly sons of independant sway!
Supreme in honour, as in wealth secure,
Who from the hut, disdainful, turn away,
And slight the simple suff'rings of the poor;

Won by the magic of prevailing woe,
Soft Pity's dew-drop trembling in your eye,
Oh! quit each idle pomp of painted show,
And lift the latch on shrinking Penury.

No more the bright hearth lends its cheerful blaze;
With plenty teems no more the frugal board;
No more the infant round its parent plays,
Or smiling welcome owns the cottage-lord.

Long wint'ry hours of ceaseless labour past,
When night to toil brief interval bestows,
He views with care each darling face o'ercast,
And pangs domestic torture his repose.

No ruddy features, on the turf-clad seat,
That fronts his door, at ev'ning close, are seen ;
No anxious looks his fond approaching meet,
Or little footsteps brush the daisy'd green.

The sweet repast of cordial kindness o'er,
His stool no oft-invited pilgrim draws,
Prompt to relieve with legendary lore,
Of wearied industry the festive pause.

Scarce can his sinewy strength, and sun-burnt brow,
Wrest a dry morsel from the gripe of Pride,
Sufficient to sustain life's languid glow,
Or with a famish'd family divide.

Lost is the garden's small, but useful bound,
Whose vegetable charms so gaily spread ;
Where the tall bean, luxuriant, breath'd around,
Or silver turnip rear'd its tufted head :

Forgot the culture of a master's hand,
Obnoxious weeds the happy confines seize,
The specious hemlock's baleful blooms expand,
And thistly down waves to the barren breeze.

What sorrows must the father's heart assail,
Should Sickness, with redoubled rage invade,
Fever, wild fiend, or pin'd consumption pale,
Want's hideous servants, desolate the shade ?

Methinks I mark him in this state forlorn,
With torment writhing on the cold, damp floor,
By each infuriate thought remorseless torn,
'Till the big anguish bursts,—and thought's no more

Taught by this artless, not untender strain,
What varied ills the vassal hind await,
What silent wrongs inflict severest pain,
And bend him, groaning, to his ruthless fate ;

Ye lordly sons of independant sway !
Supreme in honour, as in wealth secure,
Ne'er from the hut, disdainful, turn away,
Nor slight the simple suff'rings of the poor !

AN IRREGULAR

ODE TO THE MOON.

NOW, when faint purpling o'er the western sky,
The lord of day his faded lustre weaves,

And through yon wild-wood's trembling leaves
Shoots his last solitary ray :

O ! let me woo thee from thy sapphire shrine ;
To my rapt eye thy snowy breast display.

The tranquil pause, the ecstacy divine,
The vision'd scene, serenely bright,

And all the witcheries of the Muse are thine !

The poet's fabling fancy told
How, erst in silent pomp descending,
O'er Latmos' brow thy radiant crescent bending,

Thou cam'st to bless a shepherd boy ;
And pouring thy delicious charms,

Forsook thy shining sphere,
Immaculately clear,

To taste immortal love in mortal arms.

But Slander tun'd the felon lyre,
Refin'd and chaste, thy vestal fire,
Averse to amorous pangs and ruder joy !
 Queen of the pensive thought,
 Forgive his fault ;
Nor to another bard deny
The mildness of thy front, the fondness of thine eye !

Lo ! from thy beamy quiver fall
Arrowy points, that pierce the ground,
And light the glow-worm's twinkling lamp ;
O'er the pale lake's margin damp
 The fiery phantoms dance around,
 Till scar'd by frolic Echo's cavern'd call,
They burst their circle, shudd'ring flit away,
And meltingly in thy wan veil of humid light decay.

Oft let me, by the dimpled stream,
Kissing thy reflected gleam,
The solemn hour of midnight spend ;
When no cares the bosom rend,
When sorrow's piteous tale is done,
And trouble sunk with the departed sun.

For strife is his, and mad'ning war,
And deaf'ning tumult, never mute :

But on thy silent moving car
Wait Peace, and dew-ey'd Pity's tender train,
And Love, sweet warbling to the soothing flute,
Whose dying note
Is wont to float
Seraphic on the night-gale's airy wing,
Tempting the planet choir their heav'nly hymns to
sing.

Hear me!—so may the bird of woe
Aye greet thee from her bowery cell below;
And ocean's rapid surges stand,
Check'd by thy silver hand—
For dear the tender twilight of thy sway,
The soothing silence, and the modest glow
That smooths thy brow,
When stream thy amber tresses on the air;
Twined with many a roseate ray,
Irregularly fair.

Dear, too, the shadowy lustre of thy face,
As mid yon silent band thy pomp proceeds:
Beneath thy influence, best
Fond transports balm the lover's breast,
When Thought intent, with musing pace,
On each delicious promise feeds,
And o'er the sombre waste a kindred gloom can trace;

While lubbard Folly
Sunk in the dreamless grave of slumber dense,
Robb'd of each twinkling sense
That faintly clear'd the darkness of his mind,
Lies prone.

Lo ! beckon'd by an airy band,
Yon sapphire-skirted cloud behind,
I spy the lovely vestal, Melancholy ;
And, sweeter than the sweetest tone
Of music, melting on the tingling ear
Of sainted sprite, by choral seraph's hand,
Catch each celestial sigh, which sad and slow
Steals o'er my heart a charming woe.
Entranced above vain earthly joys I stand,
(Voluptuous sorrow, bliss sincere !)
Nor envy the proud wretch, who, madly gay,
Courts the licentious glare of grief-disclosing day

What, though beneath thy startled sight
The hideous hag of night
Gores with deep lash her visionary mare ;
Or, brooding on some beauteous breast,
Chills the cramp'd vein, and stops the liberal cou
Of nature, wither'd by the powerful pest,
Who, grappling on the heart with tyger-force

Her fleshless fangs, beholds with iron stare
Each struggling pant of weak despair,
Id gluts with smother'd shrieks the demon ear :

Soon fades the baseless spell,
Soon drops th' ideal arm its harpy hold ;
While, rising from the fray severe,
Languid victim looks suspicious round,
Eks the imaginary wound,
And smiles to feel her frame by fancy'd ills con-
troll'd !

hine the calm, the solemn hour,
When Genius from her bright ethereal bow'r
oops to touch the thought with fire,
o bid the science-pinion'd soul aspire ;
nd mid yon radiant worlds sublime,
old converse with her sons of ancient time :
he rapturous hour of secret love,
When mutual all the trembling passions move,
When none but Heav'n can hear the vows divine,

Are also thine :
he free embrace that tells the heart sincere,
he wish completed, and the love-fraught tear ;

While coward Fear
loof his dubious dull attendants draws,
nd honest Sympathy fulfils her sacred laws !

Nor let the sun his gorgeous scenery prize,
Trick'd in each gaudy hue :
Lo ! on thy lucid vault of spotless blue,
How quaintly bends the lunar bow,
And wreaths the front of Heav'n with vary'd dyes !
How, mingling, melts the humid glow
Of blended colours, in one matchless blaze,
Studding with golden rays
The splendid cope, where sheeted wide
Spreads thy pale glory's undulating tide !

Thee, too, the swelling Ocean meets with pride ;
And, as he heaves his azure breast,
Courts from thy kindling glance the vivifying gleam
Which bids his sparkling surges shine,
In borrow'd beauties drest ;
Till in the boundles mirror thou canst see
Thy answering image clear ;
And the still lapsing waters hear,
Greeting with tribute floods thy sovereign shrine,
Thee ever praising, ever fed by thee !

O ! parent of each nobler deed,
Thy midnight counsels, in his country's right
Bid the patriot dare to bleed ;
Thy placid scenes of undisturb'd delight

Awake th' ecstatic lyre ;
In scenes where Peace and hermit Wisdom hoar
For holy intercourse retire,
And shun of wassail noise th' unmeaning roar ;
And with meet awe adore
That Will Omnipotent, whose steady arm
Lanc'd 'mid yon rolling spheres thy moulded ball,
And, providently pleas'd with all,
Bath'd o'er thy favourite face an inexpressive charm !

F U T U R I T Y.

WHY should the shrinking pinion fear to rise ?
Why dread the mental journey of the skies ?
Why still to native earth ignobly cling,
And tune to transient themes the vocal string ?
What though dark Error dims the searching gaze,
Though Wisdom wanders in the lucid maze ;
Though trembling Doubt retard the lofty flight,
And strong Belief cries loudly, All is right ;
Yet let us follow the mysterious clue,
While smiling Hope, and dauntless Faith pursue ;
This brave excursion, this sublime desire,
Marks some faint impulse of celestial fire,
Some ling'ring lustre of angelic sense,
To former, future bliss some fond pretence :
Nor shun the path where saints and sages trod,
Lo ! Nature urges on to know our God !
Each finer spring, each secret link to trace,
Each streaming glory of his effluent grace,
Each depth to dive, each pointless height to scan,
And own his mercy justified to Man !

O ! while the mighty subject lifts my soul,
Let no vain muse with fabling voice control ;
Far from my breast, by simpler knowledge smit,
The brilliant diction, and the meteor wit ;
Sublimely plain, I scorn the glitt'ring guile,
All bursts of fancy, and all forms of style !

What then is Man ? why born ? why born to die,
Doom'd a vile worm to crawl, a seraph fly ?
Did strong necessity enforce his birth,
Does Heav'n repose upon the child of earth ?
Hangs there, of sympathy, a social claim,
By angels shar'd, to raise him up again ?
Or, quickly mould'ring in congenial clay,
Are all the vital traces worn away ?
Is God offended with his moulded dust ?
Can he forgive a sin, for he is just ?
Can he condemn the faults of flesh and blood,
By his own hand instill'd ? for he is good.
Can he destroy, when, trick'd in specious guise,
Vice undermines the breast ? for he is wise.
These dark enigmas, this important spell,
Unerring oracle of reason tell !
For surely, purest essence, thou dost know
If folly is not all our sense below !

Say, should the mortal lord exalt his slave,
Grace him with gifts, then plunge him in the grav
Would'st thou not, gracious spirit, curse the deed
And bid the victor with the victim bleed ?

Who then so impious, who so madly blind,
To think Almighty, spotless, meek, refin'd,
Mid burning gulphs prepares that gloomy bed,
Where the tir'd pilgrim shall recline his head ?
To wrath immortal, fiercest tortures ty'd ;
Was it for this the Son, the Saviour dy'd ?
What need of final judgment's awful hour,
If instant flames the parted soul devour ?
If, through cold realms of ever-during frost,
Through ever-kindling fires, the soul is lost !
Seiz'd by due penance, when redeem'd by death,
Dark daemons brooding o'er the gasping breath,
The gasping breath, that seeks some dismal shore,
Where the red deluge forms a mingled roar
Of wretches, to immortal gibbets chain'd,
By stars oppress'd, or whirlwind force sustain'd,
Hurl'd to and fro, the gibe of yelling sprites,
Through days uncheerful, and infernal nights !

O ! exquisite distress ! oh, startling thought,
Beyond the highest pitch of fancy wrought ;

Severest of severe ! poor trembling thing,
(For thing thou art if so) what torments spring,
What twilight cares, what agonies unknown—
Will no kind suppliance to the sapient Throne,
No vows, no pray'rs, soft intercession force,
Or, the great mandate from its fate divorce.

Is Pity's ear quite clos'd ? Is Mercy's eye
Averted from thy woes ? Is soft reply,
Or soothing promise of some stated end,
When pangs no more the writhing frame shall rend,
Deny'd—Forbid it Reason !—Heav'n forbid !
The tear of melting rage, in deep clouds hid,
Shall fall on ev'ry wound, like healing dew,
Again the long-divided whole renew ;
Again to man his cherub-semblance give,
And Death himself beset, allow the dead to live ;
Sin purg'd by touch ethereal, sin no more,
The Sire shall pardon, and the Son restore !

THE DEATH OF HOWARD.

SWEET Pity, pensive maid, who oft unseen
By vulgar eye, to lostier visions led
Thy fav'rite son ! Celestial visitant !
Now weave the laurel, raise the votive song,
And fondly feeling for his doom, unmeet
For such a tender heart, ah ! gently weep,
And dew with holiest tear thy HOWARD's grave.
For HE, unconscious of his high desert,
Spread his kind blessings over every land,
And ev'ry weeping country oft receiv'd
The general patriot. Then his praise be sung
By every bard who feels for modest worth
Untimely blasted ! oh, let not his urn,
By haughty insolence and vice profan'd,
Remain a long memorial of disgrace
To climes ungrateful : let his sacred dust
Receive the meed of some melodious tear !
Goddess begin ; and let the faded form
Of woe-worn Misery attend the plaint,

And soothe her anguish with the sorrowing strain.
Such men as he are not the common growth
Of common ages ; Virtue rears their youth,
Hoar Wisdom leads them to her oliv'd shades,
And sweet Compassion charms their tender breasts
To godlike pity, that their riper years
May raise Dejection from her iron couch,
Pluck the sharp thorn from Mis'ry's rankled heart,
And glad a drooping country, while the earth,
Proud of their virtues, propagates their fame.
Such men as he are not the haughty slaves
That brave their masters, ply the subtle wile,
To dash the goblet from Affliction's lip,
And swelling with the praise of flatt'lers vile,
Outspend profusion on their menial train :
He was too gentle for such practices ;
His eye ne'er glanc'd upon a son of woe,
But his heart shudder'd at the suff'rer's tale ;
Gaunt Poverty ne'er look'd him in the face,
But the full tear impearl'd his manly cheek
With softest sympathy for alien pain.
How often has he pierc'd the cavern-gloom,
Where want, and sickness on his scanty bed,
Expiring fainted, and with farewell sigh
Look'd long misfortunes to his infant-train ! . . .
His ready hand supply'd their wants unwept

By sterner tyrants ; from his moist'ning eye,
Bland Comfort smil'd, and when their Howard came,
Hope, Charity, and Pity, lead his step !
How often, nobly prodigal of life,
Has the dank dungeon echoed to his moan,
And his blest presence gilt the cave of night ?
While, grown regardless of his galling chains,
The captive view'd the stranger's nobler mien
In silent rapture, paus'd at ev'ry word,
And hail'd the harbinger of better fate ?
How has the tongue of cherub Innocence
Lisp'd thy fond praise in nature's genuine strain,
And bless'd thy bounty for a father sav'd !
Nor only gen'rons to a few select,
Nor bias'd by the country of the wretch
That claim'd thy bounty. The poor black that toils
From morn to eve, and with a heavy heart
Perceives the bondage of that day undone,
Ah ! doom'd to linger out the night in chains,
And starting frantic from his moody dreams,
Feel the rough iron fester in his soul !
He felt thy bounty too ; thy gen'rous heart
Repaid his sorrows, and thy plaintive groan
Bemoan'd that he was born to be a slave !
Ah, sad refinement ! can a fairer skin
Bear less tormenting than the negro-train ?

ve not their bosoms felt some kindred pang
t wives, and dearest children left behind,
the rude mercy of the planter's soul !
en why not Britain heave the gen'rous sigh,
Indian slav'ry ! ah ! that she would weep
their long woes, and make the ruffian train
at pamper lux'ry with the negro's toil,
dire atonement pay with tears of blood !
en would th' oppress'd uprear their drooping head,
d India's Genius, on his crystal car,
claim his long, long suff'ring sons were free.
ch meed, by mild-repenting Britain paid,
ould fill the land with long-lost ecstacy,
d soothe the sorrows of her Howard's ghost !
ho now, perchance, for human grief distress'd,
ks the gray twilight of th' elysian shade,
d solitary mourns worth's swift decay,
d the long tenor of his life undone :
ife of goodness ! spent to bless mankind,
d make wan Mis'ry's train forlorn rejoice !
smooth the frown of arbitrary sway,
d rank th' aspiring monarch with the man
social compact ? What are kings, that they,
spight of justice, equity, and right,
d all the poignant feelings of the soul,
ould wrest the thunderbolt from wrath divine,

And on their brothers hurl the ruin down ?
They too must die, unpity'd, and the wreath
Of vaunting glory wither o'er their tomb.
The news that told an emperor was dead,
Whose frown could ruin, and whose smile could bless,
Affected people, and congeal'd their hearts,
To think ambition had so small a bound !
But the sad tale that told a Howard died,
Was half rever'd for speaking on such themes,
And half accus'd for telling so much woe !
Nations were silent at the dol'rous tale,
And cloud-rob'd Horror, to each murky cell,
In deeper accents, swell'd the piteous dirge,
And mourn'd the patriot—Pale-cheek'd Pity sigh'd,
Confusion listen'd, with her horrent hair ;
And Madness, starting at the fatal sound,
Her senses wilder'd by excess of grief,
Clanks her huge chains—Now she is calm awhile ;
Silent sad sorrow trickles from her eye ;
But now again, by madding fancy work'd,
She raves and shudders—then she weeps again !
Ah, see yon scene ! congenial to the heart
Of sternest sorrow ! There the father lies ;
His hoar head tells an age of varying woes !
The clotted tear that furrows down his cheek,
Ah ! freit'd often by the hand of Care !

Was shed not for himself. See there his wife,
Bereft of every comfort, lays her down
By his dear side ; and there his daughter fair,
In loveliest sorrow, on her father's breast
Her meek hand lays—in firmer grief, the son
Unshrinking stands, a youth of modest worth ;
But ah ! how seldom bashful Virtue thrives !
They wait their helper ! but the fiend Despair
In sullen anguish whispers, **HE IS DEAD !**
While every echo vibrates with the sound.
Wail on ye mourners ! roll the leaden eye
Of gorgon Disappointment, for no more
He comes, to cheer your hearts with anxious care,
Dispensing Bounty's ray through the thick night
Of hopeless Mis'ry drear ! No more he comes
To wipe the salt tear from thy closing eye,
That, quite débarr'd of ev'ry earthly joy,
Ev'n the poor aspect of the winter sun,
Pores inward on the soul, and ev'ry morn
Opens to see a future night of pain.

O Britain ! thou hast suffer'd by his fall,
And ev'ry son bewails him ! now be just
To all his virtues, that enrich thy fame,
And make thy praise superior to thy state !
O ! let each British breast, the noblest shrine,

Contain his mem'ry, imitate his ways,
And wide expand the soul at Virtue's call !
O ! let sweet Pity, the celestial maid,
That fir'd each nobler symptom of his heart,
Each worthier action, now possess each son
Of gen'rous freedom, and each friend of woe !
Such honours best will sanctify his name.
Nor storied bust, nor laureate wreath, can vie
With imitative virtues of the soul :
So (if as great a man can rise again !)
In future times, perhaps, some other friend
Of virtue may extol thy rising power,
Lead thy sons forward to the splendid fane
Of seraph Honour, plant thy laurels there,
And drop a tear on Pity's cypress'd tomb !
From thence proceed to ev'ry house of woe,
Relieve the wretched with impartial hand,
Bring their pure blessings to his native land,
While weeping millions ponder on his name,
And hail him—rival of their Howard's fame !

ON HISTORY.

BRIGHT on the page of hist'ry beams each star;
Rever'd in peace, or terrible in war ;
The statesman hire to latest ages lives,
And the sweet poet with his Muse survives ;
Still thunders one to the admiring crowd,
While flows his speech in the dumb volume loud ;
Still silent senates pause on every stroke,
And letters speak what once the hero spoke :
The other's verse each manly bosom charms,
Represses, vigorates, enchant's, and charms ;
The measured modes majestically glow,
And pity weeps o'er scenes of stored woe.
How sweet, to share the fight, unhurt, unhar'm'd,
Start to the field with force ideal arm'd ;
Mark hot-brain'd Charles the regal banner wave,
Or unknown hand implant his lowly grave ?
A Fred'rick, view, in martial strictness firm,
Turn the quick rank, or place the dauntless turn ;
A William, snatch deep danger's highest wreath,
And brave the iron front of fiercest death ;
A Raleigh write, a godlike Newton rise,
Potent, to pierce the myst'ry of the skies !

An Otway die, ev'n destitute of bread,
And scornful vice triumph o'er Dryden dead ;
A meek usurper quit the royal stage,
A Cromwell conquer, and a Cromwell rage ;
A Mary's hand unjuster sway resign,
And great Eliza distant realms combine ;
Smile at the struggles of this puny globe,
And turn from greatness and its ermine robe :
O'er sorrows true, the past shed a fresh tear,
And feel for turbulence you cannot fear.
Hist'ry then, fond memorial of our life,
Receptacle of quiet, mirth, or strife ;
World in epitome ! contracted plan,
The work of God transferring to a man !
E'en we, when all our troublous storms are o'er,
Shall view the light again, and live once more ;
Knowles's and Hollinshead's new tales devise,
And Humes, and Robertsons, and Henrys rise.

POETICAL PHRENZY.

WHERE fades in yonder tented sky,
The ling'ring sun's last rosy dye,
I faintly view created forms,
Forth from the purple clouds advance,
While musing Fancy in her witching trance,
Decks each fair shape with inexpressive charms ;
Serene, the dusky moments glide away,
"Till pensive ev'ning folds the silent valves of day.

O ! nought of wondrous or sublime,
Can 'scape that minstrel's gifted sight ;
Whose breast the faery joys delight,
And all the subtle spells of wizard rhyme ;
He, o'er the pale moon's shaded face
Can many a beauteous semblance trace ;
He, in the torrents tumbling flood,
Can view, severe, its angry God ;
Or, when the elemental fiends conspire,
Nature convuls'd, and sick'ning mid the gloom,
His eagle-eye may, all unhurt, presume
To mark the red right arm, that darts the forked fire.

Where'er the poet bends his thoughtful way,
Ideal crowds fantastic gambols play ;
Ev'n where the branches deep-embrown'd,
E'ning a delightful desert round,
His piercing glance society can found :
Where, low the tangled thicket lies,
Imaginary cities rise ;
And, plain to wild Invention's ken alone,
The forests boast of wonders not their own ;
Meanwhile, his visionary senses find,
New airy children of Promethean mind.

In some diviner dream, like those,
Shakspeare, thy noblest spirit rose ;
Then, " sea nymphs rung the hourly knell ;"
Then, teem'd with hideous births the blasted heath ;
Then, left the royal Dane his earthy bed beneath ;
And Fancy whisper'd in thy ravish'd ear,
Such matchless flights above yon lunar sphere,
As rigid reason ne'er could tell !

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG LADY,

After many years absence.

TAX'D with neglect, in me no common crime,
I raise to justice the indignant rhyme ;
And while, through absence self thine eyes effuse
Their wonted sweetness, court no fabled Muse ;
That sympathetic influence can beguile
The dreary interval of many a mile ;
Gleam through the tempest, cross the dang'rous
main,
And smooth its liquid mountains to a plain.
The genial gale, that wakes the infant spring,
Such transport throws not from its purple wing ;
Studded with stars, the blue expanse of night,
Beams not a softer, a serener light ;
Than feels my heart, when ev'ry fibre glows
With the fond eulogy thy lyre bestows !
When first, too weak to grasp the laurel-bough,
I wove a rosy chaplet for thy brow ;
And, in its various hues, would idly trace,
Some flowery semblance of thy charming face ;

Oft would the sweet seduction of thy smile,
Attune my numbers, and enrich my style ;
Whate'er of fair or perfect, I design'd,
Was merely copied from thy form or mind ;
Nor, fondly could the subject fail to warm,
All softness was thy mind, all symmetry thy fit,
How oft have I beheld, in rapt'rous trance,
Thy graceful steps adorn the sprightly dance ;
Or, fancy-fix'd th' angelic choir among,
Caught the mellifluous magic of thy song ;
But transient these, to the exalt'd pow'r
Of serious converse o'er the social hour,
Ambrosial words, from ruby lips that flow'd,
Bashfully wise, a banquet for a god !
Come then, bewitching as thou art, illume
My glowing numbers with immortal bloom ;
Nor only, on my glowing numbers shine,
Let my bold spirit brighten with the line ;
Hoarded, with pious care, within my breast,
Oh ! ever let thy dear idea rest ;
There fix'd, the silent, secret object be,
Of my poetical idolatry !
So, shall each verse be exquisitely fraught
With more luxurious tenderness of thought ;
So, weaning for awhile from heav'n his ear,
And sedulous such rival theme to hear,

Waller once more may see his Sidney's name,
Reviv'd in song, superior, and the same ;
The same in beauty, that thy least pretence,
In feeling far superior, and in sense.
Oh ! that as once, to Surry's anxious sight,
The magic mirrors dim, fallacious light ;
Gave the fair face of lovesick Geraldine,
So might I for a moment dwell on thine,
That shadowy spell each vanish'd bliss would raise,
And all my grief be lost in one voluptuous gaze.
Cruel ! with cold indifference, to defame
That bosom-shrine, where Friendship's holy flame
Burns, like the vestal lamp, with lasting fire,
Still fed by hope, and ever-young desire,
Such saintly fire, perchance, as seraphs feel,
Who round th' eternal throne their radiant cohorts
wheel ;
Or, martyr'd souls, ascending from the blaze,
In murmurs of unutterable praise ;
Or, such as light the phœnix' fun'ral nest,
With fragrant fume, in Araby the blest.
Sole angel of that orb ! couldst thou profane
So pure an altar with so deep a stain,
Fair truth, for grim ingratitude, remove,
And lift that dæmon on the wreck of love ?

The vow is vain :—for who, indeed, would fly
To gloomy dungeons, from the golden sky ?
Who Hebe's nectar'd bowl would, madly, slight
For venom'd draughts, all satiate of delight?—
But when those exquisite illusions fade,
Ah ! once in richest pageantry array'd ;
Which stream'd o'er youth's gay dawn their orient
dies,
Now doom'd, in vision only, to arise ;
When, like the transient Iris' humid ray,
Dissolv'd, those fascinating forms decay,
Celestial forms ! so delicately faint,
Which rapture's fairy-pencil loves to paint ;
May mem'ry from my vacant brain depart,
Lost be my fancy, lost my tuneful art ;
And that no gleam may cheer the lonely waste,
Last be thy image utterly effac'd.

A Rhapsodic
ADDRESS TO VARIETY.

POETIC Iris, ever-changing,
Teach me thy cameleon-song,
Bear me each pathless wild along,
For what new climate art thou strange in,
Through fancy's labyrinth incessant ranging :
And ever shield my finer sense,
'Gainst listless lounging indolence,
Voluptuous rogue, who loves to lie,
With languid limbs and stupid eye,
By some smooth stream's melodious fall,
Oft vex'd by echo's sportive call,
Or hollow wind, shrill whistling by,
Or thunder in the distant sky.
She best delights on some bold mountain's brow,
To cull the wild flow'r scanty nature flings ;
I seek no garlands for my front below,
For heav'nward flight, with broad resplendent wings
Of hoary length, shall cleave my liquid way,
Sublime his floating form display,

And meet the azure-vested morn,
Faint in the east with a rosy breast,
Just newly born!

Then the sharp sound of scythes shall grate on my
ear,
And the loud shout of sportsmen in rapid career;
Meanwhile, the dewy landscape opens,
Glitt'ring on my raptur'd eye,
Gleamy spires, hoar cliffs, and meadows,
Waving bright, with many a dye.
Far distant towns, with winding seas embost,
And castles, frowning drear, in purply vapours lost.
Goddess, grant my ardent pray'r,
Thine profuse in varying light;
Then, gliding through the colour'd air,
Flash upon my dazzled sight,
Goddess of sincere delight!

THE
THRUSH AND THE OWLS.

A FABLE.

A MODEST thrush, soft fœ to art,
Oft charming the poetic heart ;
Who, sweetest of the feather'd throng,
Warbled at eve his melting song ;
Or, hail'd the dawn's first blushing ray,
With gratitude's ecstatic lay,
The wild wood echoes, list'ning nigh,
Would ev'ry mellow note reply ;
And lov'd the sound so simply sweet,
In native energy complete ;
Yet envy mark'd our sylvan bard,
Envy, the fairest breast's reward ;
Envy, the shade of purest light,
Tainting with flaws the jewel bright !
In a dark barn, that border'd near,
Three grave birds liv'd, in gloom severe,
On critic tree, and fam'd for malice,
Grim as three felons on a gallows ;

Like wretches plotting mischief still,
Prepar'd to scandalize or kill,
Yet daws and ravens styled those fowls,
Most witty, venerable owls.
Birds of a feather, always fit,
And take plain ignorance for wit.
Now, ever when our hero-thrush
Would harmonize his tenant bush,
Thrilling the tender tale of love,
That call'd the twinkling stars above
From their bright spheres, and bade them lean
Attentive o'er the still serene,
Those elves malicious, elves absurd,
Hermaphrodites of cat and bird,
With shrill to-hoo's came sweeping by,
With leathern wing and stupid eye,
Wheeling and rustling, till they marr'd
The music of our rural bard ;
Who, frightened by th' ungracious clutter,
Clos'd his sweet vespers with a flutter,
Disdaining long to swell their pride
(For, innocent, he all defy'd !)
He no remonstrance fram'd, but fled
In shades to hide his injur'd head.
At last, by wrongs repeated wounded,
Their empty nonsense he confound'd ;

And thus, in keenest sting of satire,
Broke through his calm and gentle nature :
“ Conceited sons of dulness hence,
Who fly from merit, worth, and sense,
With the same haste you fly from day,
Damning the guiltless and the gay :
Here, by consent of all the wood,
My nest but bare and humble stood,
Nor ever have I pilfer'd leaves
From your tall tow'r : yon hedge-row gives,
Thanks to kind Heav'n, whate'er I need :
On the soft silvery dews I feed,
Which morn, my patron, flings away,
Nor ever pounce the living prey ;
No snares for harmless mice I plan,
Like you, sirs, and that tyrant man.
I have no fears for wrangling law,
In debt to no one for a straw !
But why do I such blockheads mind,
Disgrace and outcasts of their kind ;
Why humour's force on reptiles spend
In vain, who cannot comprehend.
Away ! nor taint my pure abode,
Where nature worships nature's God ;
Such flimsy cynics I despise,
But love the censures of the wise !”

THE SEARCH ;
OR
FLORIMEL STRAYED.

GENTLE shepherds, have you seen,
Tripping o'er the flow'ry green,
Her whose charms have wond'rous pow'r,
Lavish Nature's fairest flow'r !
Many tokens I can show
By which my sweetheart you may know.
In her cheeks sly dimples dwell,
Like the rose's dewy bell ;
In her eyes, where rapture plays,
Quivers shine of pointed rays ;
White her front as untrod snow,
Her breath the sweet-pea's balmy blow ;
Her lips as tender morning red ;
Her teeth, rich pearls in coral bed ;
Her sunny tresses, waving, vie
With the brown broom's golden dye.

Yet, lest heedless, you should make
Some unworthy, mean mistake,
In the search for my soul's flame,
Single out the brightest dame,
Then bring the wand'rer back to me,
For that surely must be she !

THE POET TO HIS SOUL.

O ! spark divine, whose effluence bright
Illumes that intellectual sight
Which Nature's secret springs can view,
And, lynx-like pierce creation through ;
O ! breathing balm, whose sweetness heals
The wounds poor injur'd merit feels ;
The gall of malice changes quite
To anodynes of pure delight.
O ! lofty comfort, tow'ring high,
Beyond yon star-enamell'd sky,
Counting the brilliant glories there,
And purging error's clouds severe.
O ! best inspirer, teaching all,
Constant, at whose nocturnal call



Entranc'd I wake, and converse hold,
With shades that rul'd the world of old.
My muse, my portion of a god,
Though shrin'd in this unmeet abode,
This moving clay, this frail machine,
Seldom invok'd, and seldom seen,
Save by the visual ray of pray'r,
Pour'd on the purple wing of air
To Heav'n's high gate, where Pity stands,
With Vengeance chain'd in brazen bands ;
Pity, whose soft and melting tone
Can enter on th' eternal throne,
And in soft plaintive notes of woe
Describe the sons of grief below !
O ! thou, who still hast warm'd my heart,
And must, and can we ever part ?
Must thou, lone pilgrim, darkling, dare
Countries unknown, all wild and bare ;
Mid penal fires, affrighted stray,
Or soar along the milky way :
Delightful doubts ! suspense sublime,
That trembling wait the seal of Time,
Of Time and Truth—Ecstatic tost,
In seas of fancy thou art lost !
Thy judgment reels, pale dread and gloom
Sink thee in black Oblivion's womb,

While with fresh palm bright Conscience crown'd,
Stands smiling at the grim profound.
In vain the shafts of Envy fly,
Revenge in vain new shafts supply :
Vague, ideot-babes, soon forc'd to yield,
They cannot pierce thy shadowy shield,
The sev'nfold gift of innocence
Warding all mortal aim from thence !
Let Want's cold grasp benumb this form,
Sieg'd by Oppression's wint'ry storm ;
That form may feel the venom'd smart,
When tortures tear, but **STILL THOU ART !**
Safe on the gibbet or the rack,
Though the strong chords of nature crack ;
Though demons crowd from flames to see
The pains of poor mortality ;
And as they mark the bursting groan,
Return contented to their own !
Nor wealth, nor honours, would I take,
Thy union, priceless friend, to break ;
Nor clog thy heav'nward plume, that springs
Far, far, beyond the bliss of kings,
Collecting, in thy mental roam,
Wonders, to glad thy earthly home ;
And with the seraph throngs above
Exchanging amity and love.



Sweet commerce! where no oath is giv'n,
But reason weds the mind to Heav'n.
When on the beauteous bed of death,
Blest, I resign the guiltless breath,
Incense immaculate! still hang
Ambrosial on the parting pang,
Nor quit that fane thou lov'st on earth,
But bloom in an immortal birth.

ON THE
SORROWS OF A DEPENDANT STATE.

AH ! where shall modest Genius lay his head ?
For him nor blooms the primrose bed of joy,
Nor Plenty pours her festal dainties wide ;
Nor bleeds the gen'rous grape in purple streams !
Fond mother, weep o'er that unhappy child,
The wayward Muse has mark'd for many a care ;
Full often doom'd to shrink (oh ! doom severe)
Into his cheerless cot, unsed, unknown,
Unpity'd too, to think on better times.
No flatt'ring crowds attend his morning sleep ;
No music, but the call of clam'rous duus,
Inhuman fiends, insatiable, and loud.
Should he presume lone wand'ring in his way,
By rattling storms o'ertook, to seek some gate
Of lofty semblance, straight the surly clown,
With dogs less surly, plies the human chase.
Proud dome, it was not so when thy first lord,
A princely owner, met the man of song



With open heart ; the good old porter smil'd,
And shook his sides and ruddy cheeks with glee,
While the brisk seneschal, with sparkling eye,
Brimm'd the huge cup, and pil'd the costly board.
In this degenerate syncope, of aught
Or amiable or grand, the minstrel droops
O'er his sweet harp unstrung ; and pitying views
The sad decline of Virtue and the Muse.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID

OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THE beams of Israel's glory die,
The flow'rs of beauty are no more ;
Lo ! on yon cloud-clad hill they lie,
With visage ghastly pale, and floating in their gore !
Full low the regal warriors bow
Their helmed heads, and stoop the tow'ry crest,
Their eye-lids seal'd by dreary woe,
And grim Death brooding o'er each panting breast.
How are thy champions' haughty boast
Indignant dash'd with grim-ey'd Shame !
How are the mighty fall'n, without a name !
To live the bulwark of thy haughty coast.

Tell not the dismal tale around,
Lest rivals triumph at the sound,
And hurl our fragile remnants down,
While we, the fate of mighty woe,
Through Gath with fierce revilings go,
And seek th' unhallow'd taunts of hostile Askelon.

Ye spiry mounts on Gilboa's swell sublime,
Bow to the ground each nodding oak,
Let no kind dews refresh the genial clime,
Or waving fields the rip'ning power invoke ;
For there the shield inglorious lies,
The mighty shield of royal Saul,
As though no bright-plum'd seraphs mark'd his fall ;
As though no lightnings wing'd his flaming sword ;
No maily adamant embrac'd his form ;
No Godhead help'd his own anointed lord
To rise superior to the storm.

In many a bosom nobly gor'd,
Stout Jonathan imbrued his dart ;
And fierce Saul flesh'd his ruddy sword
In many a warrior's streaming heart ;
Then have they come untrophied back,
Though death and sorrow crown the bold attack.

As youth was mutual, so was death ;
The same sad moment saw each struggling,
Through the lip quiver, wan, and cold :
Fleeter than eagles they could chase the foe,
Like lions bare the dauntless breast ;
But now their victor tale of life is told,
Low are their deeds, their matchless conquests low,
And many a pilgrim soothes their souls to rest.

Ye blooming maids of Israel weep,
In gorgeous purple's rich attire ;
His comely cheeks in tear of rapture steep,
And fan with frequent sighs the fun'ral pyre.
In the fell heat of furious war,
Conquer'd alone by sudden chance,
How are the mighty fall'n, the fam'd afar !
How has proud Glory tumbled from her car !
Ev'n at her wheels, involv'd in dust,
Low lies the bloodless sword, the shiver'd lance ;
Blasted the victor wreath, and broke the warrior bust.
Fresh bursts the torrent from my eye,
The sluices of my panting breast
Can scarce refrain th' increasing flood of woe !
For thee shall heave th' eternal sigh,
For thee my anxious soul be e'er distrest,
My heart-wrung brother humbled low.

How are the mighty fall'n ! the victors bound,
With barren palms of vict'ry crown'd.
Death leads the train of triumph near,
He lays the conqu'ror on the sable bier,
The close-clench'd hand disarms, and snaps the
quiv'ring spear.



P E A C E.

WRITTEN IN 1801, AND INSCRIBED TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY ADDINGTON.*

*Multa dies, variusque labor mutabilis aevi
 Retulit in melius, multos alterna revisens
 Luit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit.*

VIRGIL.

As rising from the gloomy realms of night,
 The glitt'ring day-star shows his rosy light,
 Streams his soft radiance o'er the warbling grove,
 And wakes each spray to harmony and love ;
 So, touch'd by tender thought of happier time,
 My renovated spirit soars sublime,
 To catch the lustre of thy genial rays,
 And bask, sweet Peace, in thy auspicious blaze !
 Already has the slaught'ring pow'r confess
 Thy gentle sway, and clasp'd thee to his breast :

* Now Lord Viscount Sidmouth; the friend and protector of merit.

Already the rash sparks of fury fly
From the dread circle of his blood-shot eye,
While sooth'd to slumber by resistless charms,
The grizz'y. warrior sinks into thy arms.
See ! where the smiling joys, a wanton train !
Urge his rude car along the level plain,
Each iron whiel entwine with florets gay,
Or, fearful, wipe fresh drops of blood away.
See ! where the myrtle's balmy branch they rend,
And living laurels with the olive blend,
Pleas'd, o'er his rugged front's portentous lour,
To shed, with lavish hand, the fragrant show'r ;
Till many a sprightly sport, and wayward wile,
Unbend his features to a surly smile,
And the grim god, dissolv'd in new-born bliss,
Luxurious, faints upon each nectar'd kiss.

While anxious Hawkesbury, whose fervid zeal,
And forceful tongue, promote the public weal,
Sagacious Hermes of th' applauding state !
With winged speed confirms the will of fate,
And bids each cloud before his flight remove,
Charg'd with the mandates of our British Jove ;
Again, will Addington his ear incline
To the weak homage of my humble line ?
Nor scorn the minstrel-boy, whose modest aim
Ne'er scal'd before the arduous steep of fame,

Content, in lone obscurity, to sing,
Nor bathe his bold lip in the Thespian spring.
Delightful rushing on my raptur'd view,
What pompous years their radiant march renew !
A shining host ! and crowded still behind,
New, dazzling glories press upon my mind.
Oblivion ! let thy lenient finger steal
O'er the sad, silent past, the shadowy veil !
Ah ! ne'er let mem'ry's melancholy spell
Disturb the gallant bands that guiltless fell ;
Presenting to pale fancy's tearful sight,
The ghostly terrors of each foreign fight ;
Save when, with pilgrim-step, she loves to trace,
By moonlight dim, some memorable place,
Where Pity, to her sacred vigil true,
Wets the dead soldier's sod with holiest dew ;
Or sterner Honour consecrates the ground,
Whose green turf lightly heaves o'er dust renown'd.

Though late, the Muse, on Abercrombie's hearse,
Hung her vain wreath of tributary verse ;
And still would paint with no ungraceful art,
His Kempt's * high purpose, and beignant heart.

* Lieutenant-colonel, and secretary to the late General Abercrombie, now in the same situation under General Hutchinson.

One of the favor'd few, who best might claim
A portion of his friendship, or his fame.
Now brighter scenes attract her fond survey,
Scenes that entice the wanderer on her way,
And festive pleasures, drest in florid bloom,
Indignant, chide her ling'ring o'er the tomb.
Hark ! the loud cannon from the Julian tow'r,
With harmless thunder scares the midnight hour !
Th' illumin'd domes their mimic stars display,
And Thames' blue breast reflects a softer day !
Again, majestic river ! on thy tide,
In splendid state shall anch'ring navies ride ;
Again, shall rapture hear, thy banks along,
The seaman's whistle join the shepherd's song ;
And sun-burnt commerce wast, with patient smile,
The wealth of worlds to her distinguish'd isle.
Lo ! where the woe-worn widow, trembling stands,
And lifts to heav'n her supplicating hands ;
Lo ! where the virgin, thrill'd with doubt severe,
In modest anguish hides the trickling tear !
Mourners, look up, and live ! infectious air,
Nor prison'd want, nor comfortless despair,
Could from your sailor's faithful soul remove
The stubborn ties of duty and of love.
Yes ! he shall come, with fond assiduous care,
To soothe your sorrows, or at least to share ;

The manly strength, which oft, with lion-force,
Through death's dire breach could urge its dauntless course ;

Once more shall for your helpless age provide,
And shield you from the coward-taunt of pride !
Methinks, escap'd by chance, from thousands slain,
Proud of his wounds, and triumphing in pain,
Fame-fed, awhile forgetful he is poor,
I see the soldier ope his native door !

The latch, by him untouched for many a year,
Leaps to his hand !—and oh ! what scenes appear !
The wond'ring wife, approaching from afar,
Scarce knows his face, deform'd with many a scar ;
The tott'ring grandsire, though his eye-sight fail,
Feels the superior sense, within, prevail ;
The ready stool his Prattling tribe prepare,
Their wild black eyes upturn'd with dubious stare ;
Aside the knapsack's hairy wonder thrust ;
Or, from the polish'd musket rub the rust.
Then sledg'd with down, the hurrying moments fly
O'er many a question, many a quick reply,
Fell siege, and fatal storm, and ambuscade,
In dying embers on the hearth pourtray'd ;
'Till wearied toil, to needful rest withdrawn,
Adjourns th' unfinish'd story to the dawn.

Cherubic Peace! whose wond'rous power can save
Contending empires from the gaping grave,
When, like an earthquake, felt by Nature's groans,
Gigantic discord shakes establish'd thrones,
And stooping from the whirlwind's wing sublime,
His huge scythe seizes from the grasp of Time,
Prepar'd, with one exterminating blow,
To lay the labours of creation low.

Again, beneath thy joy-inspiring shade,
The cheerful artizan shall ply his trade,
Shape into symmetry the fluid mass
Of pliant steel, or fire-tormented brass:
Or stamp on kingly gold the monarch's head,
No more condemn'd to mould the murd'rous lead.

Again, encourag'd by the halcyon-sway,
Wealth's merchant-sons shall crowd the busy
quay,
With costly cargoes load the shiuing ground,
And pour rich plenty on each coast around.

E'en the poor captive, whose disastrous doom,
Has hurl'd him to the dungeon's dreary gloom,
With kind compassion sooth'd, shall gladly know,
That Britain venerates a fallen foe,
Fond, with soft skill, to close each cruel scar,
And heal the gashes of remorseless war.

Yet must I mourn your lot, unhappy band !
Who pine at distance from your natal land,
Doom'd, in unpitied misery to roam,
Abroad deserted, and despis'd at home ;
For I have often mark'd your lonely way,
When hast'ning from the giddy and the gay,
Some dark, congenial solitude, you sought,
In whisper'd plaint t' impart the tender thought ;
While the unfeeling hind, who ne'er could boast
Of fortune's favour, or bemoan'd it, lost,
Whose heart ne'er own'd Humanity's sweet glow,
Unsympathizing, scoff'd your social woe.
Say, why should party's baneful pest divide
The panting lover from his promis'd bride ?
The finer fibres of affection rend,
And plant hostility 'twixt friend and friend ?
Yes ! let the exil'd victim view, once more,
His vintage swell, though double-dy'd in gore ;
Lord of himself, in his own mansion stand,
And share the harvest, planted by his hand.

Ah ! would ambition learn his proper bound,
Nor rear th' aspiring front terrific crown'd
With sanguine gems, and lurid laurels, seen
But seldom 'mid the olive's bashful green ;

Would temp'rate Reason's philosophic rule
Assuage his frenzy, and his hot blood cool,
Instilling gentler cares of home-felt joy,
And sheath the sword, impatient to destroy ;
Soon would those souls, that fir'd the recent flight,
In sacred league symphoniously unite ;
Divine conviction, with Orphean skill,
Subdue to milder ends the savage will ;
Each weed extirpate from the mental mould,
And a fresh growth of fairer bloom unfold.

Thou, too, dejected vestal ! doom'd to find,
For thy pure train, no habitation kind ;
Thou, like the weary dove, who long hast flown
O'er a vile world, immagr'd in vices of its own ;
Religion ! thou shouldst view, with glad surprise,
Thy temples o'er the impious deluge rise,
And flooding Infidelity retreat
Before the pressure of thy sainted feet !

Vainly, would human arrogance deny,
The pow'rs that in thy dread commission lie ;
Vainly, would his prepost'rous dream advance
To heaven's high seat the anarchy of chance ;
And print upon the yielding heart of youth,
The poet's fiction, not th' apostle's truth.



Rude health impair'd, this idle mockery fled,
When sickness plants with thorns his burning bed,
When conscience self her gorgon-mirror bears,
And shakes her stony scourge, and slight's his tears,
Where shall the God-abandon'd look for ease,
Who laugh'd, so lately, at his just decrees ?
Where, but to that exulting-fiend, whose praise
He toil'd to celebrate in happier days.

Oh, Faith ! oh, spotless Piety ! awhile
Retard your flight from our deluded isle !
Yet, will its children learn your holy law ;
Yet, hear your melting lore, with contrite awe ;
Yet, spurn the miscreant-tribe, who madly stain
With error's dust your angel-guarded fane ;
Redress your martyrs, who in silence grieve,
And bid the nations tremble, and believe !

The time is near, (by prophecy imprest,
The big idea bursts my lab'ring breast !)
When baffled factions shall, at length, subside,
And rigid virtue be our surer guide ;
Rough industry, with honest hardship brown,
Shall, in domestic quiet, lay him down,
In simple charms, and decent plenty blest,
Light slumbers shall o'ershade his nightly rest,

Of spirit blithe, and vig'rous with repose,
Content attend him as to toil he goes,
And transport, fled from palace-down, adorn
The blushful beauties of each welcome morn.
Intent, from history's prolific page,
To cull the sweets of each immortal sage,
Far from presuming Folly's painful glare,
Shall Learning trim his lamp, with pensive care,
Concentrate ev'ry beam of thought refin'd,
And pour meridian lustre on the mind.
The reptile-race of dulness, that devour
The freshest blossoms of the muse's bow'r,
Whose venom'd rancour has so long defac'd
Th' untainted trophies of impartial taste,
As smote, Ithuriel ! by thy lightning spear,
Shall shrink, and hide the guilty head in fear :
The muse herself, in such divine array,
As when she purg'd her Milton's visual ray,
Or, with the glorious visitation warm,
To Avon's bard reveal'd her awful form,
And, proud her utmost favors to impart,
Unlock'd the secret sluices of the heart,
A more exalted portance shall assume,
And in Britannia raise another Rome.
No dauntless chief shall then expire in vain,
Preserved by the imperishable strain ;

No statesman then, without a song sincere,
The cumb'rous burthen of a country bear ;
The stately epic shall prolong his praise,
Borne on the tide of time to distant days,
And future states confess his wisdom, crown'd
With all the magic of melodious sound.

No more, to merit ignorantly blind,
Shall pomp, in solemn secrecy enshrin'd,
Bestow on flatt'ry the misjudging ear,
While unregarded worth stands shiv'ring near
Those, whose superior talents boldly claim
Respectful homage to a noble name ;
Who look'd on fortune with unalter'd eye,
Prompt, or to greatly live, or bravely die ;
Or, by some grand emprise, aspir'd above
All meaner toys to universal love ;
Corruption chaining to its loathsome den,
Shall triumph in desert, and feel as men !

Approving Britain, steady to confide
In truth, so often by her fathers tried,
When shrinking the pale crest from circling foes,
Her languid lilly woo'd the hardier rose,
And, emulative touch'd with gen'rous shame,
Shall fan true Freedom's undiminish'd flame ;
And weigh'd impartial in her golden scales,
O'er lordly pow'r the peasant's plea prevails ;

I legal labyrinths of dull delay,
envelop'd to the candid eye of day ;
nemis, from heav'n descending, shall behold
GEORGE's virtues grace an age of gold.

ALCANDER.

A MONODY ON DR. FRANKLIN.

AND art thou fall'n from thy majestic height,
Bold bird of Jove? the lightning of thine eye
Wont to pursue the rebels of the sky,
Extinct—and all thy former vigour gone,
In such a space! Lamented patriot, say,
Is thy full sun of glory clos'd in night?
Has death extinguish'd ev'ry genuine ray,
Erst beaming from thy breast, truth's spotless
throne?

Ah, me! how short mortality's sad reign,
How short our durance in life's vile abode!
When fate commands, all terrine ties, how vain,
Vain the calm sceptre or tyrannic rod!
Equality unfolds her russet pall,
With portion just, o'er all;
And dull oblivion mars the pageant dream!
Quaint scutcheons, high wrought tombs are seen,
Low as the humble shepherd's hillock green,
And o'er that hillock green, as pure tears stream

And sighs as fervent heave,
As o'er the classic urn, or civic grave ?
But o'er the classic urn, the civic grave,
Shall nations bid no laureate honors wave ;
Say, shall a Moira sink without a name,
A Milton seek the shade unken'd by partial fame ?

o ! from Parnassian dell the Muses come,
nd Fancy, fair, her temples bound
ith flow'rets, cull'd from ev'ry plain around
ach verdant stalk, or bell,
ank with Castalian dews, and dipt in loveliest
bloom ?
ruck by her wand, in mystic guise
n thousand sprites arise
bedient to the spell :
bright array th' aërial squadrons throng ;
Honour, her eye-ball fix'd in ardent gaze
On Truth's eternal blaze—
Freedom, with helm of fiery hue,
Her front with many a starry gem
Illum'd, like that rich diadem
That flames a meteor o'er the heav'nly plain,
And draws behind a long and glitt'ring train.

id prudence too,
ke palmer old yclad, with wrinkled brew,



And silver'd locks, the long-drawn troop doth join;
Though eld has feebled his weak tott'ring frame,
And public cares to craze his head combine,
And frigid thoughts earth-born, confound his
schemes divine.

Now from the rest th' immortal queen appears !
To her these winged minstrels bow,
And to their lyres accord the lofty song,
That gives some chosen son to fame.

Virtue, th' immortal queen, well-pleas'd, commends
Their high heroic theme, their sounding harp
Meet, or for Doric reed, or Spartan fife !
And o'er each bard with fond attention bends.

No sound offends the ear, of discord sharp,
No tone, express of inharmonic strife ;
But cease—th' immortal queen, with humid eye,
And paly cheek, signs of excessive woe,
Draws from her aching breast one matchless sigh,
Bids from her lid one tear ambrosian flow,
And cries——

“ Thou, last and best executor
Of all my grand behests ! thou, faithful slave
Of heav'n, to nothing less than heav'n a slave,
Accept this off'ring from a hand divine.
Lo ! in this crown I've braided flow'rs more sweet
Than amaranth, more lasting too, and more

Tenacious of their fragrance; modesty,
Small gem, that like the violet, eschews
The garish day, yet glads the lonely vale
With unbought odours; Wisdom, charg'd with
 sweets,
But guarded by a speary throng of thorns,
To touch profane offensive; Fortitude
That rears his red crest in the glare of noon,
Ambitious of the blaze from Phœbus' car
Glanc'd on his bosom; Truth, too, decks thy
 choice
Like the pale snowdrop clad in kindred white,
Her heart much whiter. But to excel them all,
Here's Piety, obscur'd by modest veil,
To all the rest, a tint more soft'ning lends,
Sombre not sad—Such is the crown of virtue,
And such the meed Alcander's worth deserves."

ODE TO DESCRIPTION.

NYMPH of the vari-colour'd bow,
That arch'd with a majestic show,
Girts the cloudy tinctur'd sky,
And charms the frenzy-rolling eye
Of raptur'd bard, who sees thee ride
The flaunting steed with graceful pride,
And down the heav'n's cerulean steep
Descending fall, with liquid sweep,
'Till Phœbus' orient car appears,
And all thy glory melts in tears.
Gay nymph, my verdant cottage view,
Where snow-drops dwell, and vi'lets blue,
And woodbine creeps with scented flow'r,
And sweet-bri'r decks the humble door,
And op'ning on the well-pleas'd eye,
The black-wreath'd mountains prop the sky ;
And fairies haunt the twilight green,
And spirits run in shrowded sheen,
To prompt the raven's dirge of woe,
Or walk their destin'd round below ;

And thou shalt hear at dappled morn
The crested cock with clarion-horn,
But chief the blackbird's shall relieve
Thy grief, when dewy-sandal'd eve
Meekly sheds a sober ray,
And spreads her robe of motley-gray
Along the sky, with matron-grace,
Till Hesper comes with glowing face ;
But soon his glitt'ring race is run,
Faint rival of the mighty sun !
Then let me hear thy whisper'd tale,
Embower'd among the shady vale,
Of heroes old, and days of yore ;
Which Eld, with locks of silv'ry hoar,
Told thee, when yet an infant young
Faint lisplings falter'd on thy tongue,
Of learned lore, which sons of Fame
Produc'd, to raise the Grecian name
On lofty song of ancient time,
Or annals quaint of deed sublime,
Which Jason, by the wizzard aid
Of Colchic spells, and potent maid,
Achiev'd ; how stubborn Ilion fell,
And Trojan warriors sunk to hell.
Thy light heel on my sod imprint,
And pencil out, in heav'nly tint,

The joys that rose-crown'd Pleasure shows,
Or oh! pourtray the wretch's woes,
When comfort cheers with no relief
The sombre scenery of his grief,
And fell Despair o'ercast the eye,
Reverted humbly to the sky.

Now wrap me in the whirlwind's gloom,
And snatch me to the moss-grown tomb,
Where many a widow'd tear was shed,
Where many an orphan laid his head,
To dream of all his former joy,
When the fond father bless'd his boy,
And squeez'd the infant to his breast
To soothe his little soul to rest ;
Or, when he came from daily care,
With them his well-earn'd hire to share,
Their breast with virtue to inform,
And shield them from the wint'ry storm.
O! whirl me from the garish day,
And let me scenes like those survey ;
Or, mounted in thy rapid car,
Hurry me to the ranks of war,
Where Death prolongs the warrior-groan,
And Discord, in the cannon's tone,
Proclaims her own horrific will,
And thunders loudly " Heroes, kill ! "

But now the chief, in tortures grim,
Writhes every agonizing limb ;
Faint shadows swim before his sight,
And murder ends the bloody fight.

Now Melancholy, silent, slow,
Each pulse quick-beating to my woe,
Ah ! waft me to the sickly bed,
Where lies the prudent father dead,
And all his sons ! a mournful train,
Of doom untimely fix'd complain,
And weeping, seem with plaintive cry
To catch new sorrows from her eye
Who nurs'd their infant years, and now
Perceive no pause of ling'ring woe !
Or to the cloister's ivy'd wall,
Where sighing to the fountain's fall,
The maniac weeps, unhappy maid,
And calls her dear Alcander's shade ;
And wrings her hand with frantic woe,
And sighs, that he should leave her so ;
Then sweetly sings her love-lorn song,
While Nature wild attunes her tongue
To sweetest themes of proffer'd love,
And wishes in the conscious grove ;
But soon her blessings fade away,
Again she tunes the dol'rous lay,

And bursts her breast, with many a sigh,
Beneath the moon's lack-lustre eye.

Now lap me in the wild of pleasure,
While I taste each lurking treasure
Of syren Cyrce's cup divine,
And smile as rosy as the wine,
That purply dances in the glass
Proffer'd by Hebe, blooming lass,
Whose tresses, interwove with shaw'rs
Of lilics, and all roseate flow'rs,
Steal the raptur'd soul of Jove,
And string the bow of sportive Love,
To pierce his awful bosom through,
And make him court, in public view;
While sliding down the cloudy vault,
Entic'd by some delicious thought,
He clothes himself in down of dove,
And leaves the golden throne above,
Forgetting quite the thund'ring Jove,
And revels in the fair-one's breast ; }
And raptur'd in ecstatic rest,
Devours the tempting feast of joy,
While Cytherea's winged boy
Mimics the gold, and in his heart
Fixes swift another dart,

Then sets him on some alien scheme,
To satisfy her am'rous flame ;
While scepter'd Juno raves above,
To find out her gallanting Jove.
But oh ! let not the jocund Muse,
Ever recite the talk of shrews ;
But panting, trembling, sighing, wooing,
Never mind what they are doing.

Goddess, on thy way sublime
Waft me to the Indian clime,
Where the slaves, with labour faint,
O'er the fervid furrows pant,
And fearful of the master's eye,
Smother soft the rising sigh,
That weeps, the toil of day undone,
And fury of the scorching sun ;
That lifts aloft his burning crest,
And the hot buckler on his breast,
That fires the kindling world around,
And scathes the sky, a fiery mound !
O ! let me join their bitter woe,
My tears with pangs congenial flow,
And while I raise the angry strain,
Curse their fell tyrant's galling chain,
That lording o'er his helpless train,
Sinks the slave below the man !

Now, now, quick frenzy fires my eye,
I see the gory murd'rer die ;
He wallows in the crimson flood
Of wife and children's steaming blood ;
And now by furies stern possest,
He stabs the dagger in his breast ;
His grim frown seems to threat the sky,
And madness flashes from his eye—
But now how calm the angry frown
That call'd avenging lightnings down ;
He sees bright cherubs rang'd around
Start upward at the grizzly wound,
And leave his soul, depress'd with care,
To feel the pangs of wild despair ;
To fathom deep th' abyss of night,
And plunge the realms devoid of light,
Save the blue sulphur's glimm'ring gleam,
Tortur'd by many a demon's scream,
He wails the knell, in slaughter dy'd,
And the stern frown of suicide.

To castled cliffs and antres vast,
Cavern'd in the rocky waste,
My footsteps lead ; where Spenser trod,
Or Milton woo'd th' inspiring god ;
There let me tune exalted lays
To bards divine of former days,

And, dress'd in all thy varying hues,
Invoke thee, goddess, for my muse,
To wing my soaring soul above,
And rival with the bird of Jove
In lofty flight, and frame my song
The lucid-beaming stars among ;
While minding sweet my mortal ears,
I catch the music of the spheres ;
And, like Prometheus bold, reveal
To wond'ring earth the fire I feel,
Inspiring in my tuneful soul
Contempt of ev'ry mean control,
That blaines sweet Fiction's fairy song,
Or calls Description's heighten'd beauties wrong.



INVENTION.

A DESCRIPTIVE ODE.

~~~~~

NOW faintly beaming on her lucid throne,  
The moon, pale regent of the sky,  
Her silvery sceptre sways on high,  
While Silence, smooth'ring ev'ry sound  
Unfit to hail her matron-ear,  
Save the lone turtle's solitary moan,  
That makes her awful pause more drear,  
And keeps the list'ning sense in stillness bound,  
Her ermine curtain gently draws around :  
Till mounted on the scowling blast,  
Anon the midnight demons rave,  
And hurling in the iron air,  
Come the fleet bands of wild Despair ;  
And Ruin, tumbled on the rocking wave,  
And Conscience' haggard form with bleeding bosom  
bare.

Aghast the guilty murd'rer stands,  
And wrings his blood-polluted hands ;  
The orphan meets his bloodshot eye ;  
His ear is tortur'd with the widow'd sigh ;  
And oft, amidst his moon-struck ire,  
Fiend Agony, with cheek on fire,  
And Blasphemy, with icy frown,  
And pale-ey'd Sorrow, mix the long-continuing groan ;  
While Night, by staring Fear astounded driv'n,  
Impels her dun steeds up the steep of Heav'n.

Then, Muse, who often fir'd my breast  
With song beyond my infant age,  
Now greatly swell thy tuneful rage,  
And more sublimely tell the rest.  
For thou hast often rang'd the wild,  
With Inspiration, Fancy's child,  
And heard her seraph-chorded lyre :  
While thy heart swell'd with purer fire,  
Oft hast thou seen her on the bank,  
With hoary willows fring'd around,  
Her tresses brown with dewy frag'rance dank,  
Sweetly excite the pensive-pleasing sound ;  
While all their chrystal caves among,  
The sedge-crown'd sisters of the rill,  
Re-echoed bland thy rural song ;

And ev'ry liquid air in lovelier thrill,  
And heav'n-rapt Genius too, on yonder hill,  
    His starry head imbot in clouds,  
    Would give the harp a deeper fall ;  
    And Melancholy wan, that shrouds  
    Her moping head in fun'ral pall,  
    At dewy-sandal'd Morning's peep,  
Charm'd with the soft flow of her mellow'd pipe,  
    In melting music ripe ;  
    Would often lap herself in raptur'd sleep,  
    Till, haply waken'd by the Oread's call,  
Or the rude noise abrupt of yon loud-tott'ring wall ;  
    While thus exalted by their aid,  
A more than mortal lustre blaz'd around her head.

Seldom the reas'ning pow'r would come,  
Lorn maid, to raise thy soaring sense ;  
Yet Goodness, void of weak pretence,  
And cowl'd in no scholastic gloom,  
Would often bless thy humble cell,  
And love with thee, fond Muse, to dwell :  
And Gratitude, celestial sprite,  
Conversant in the laws above,  
Would gently clear thy mental sight,  
And ope the tame of feeling love ;  
Or lead thy ravish'd eye afar,

To pierce th' unfolding world of grace,  
And, fir'd with emulation, trace  
The glowing journey of the prophet's car ;  
Or with thy Milton's shade converse  
In heav'ly number'd verse ;  
With him commune, while ev'ry angel hung,  
On ev'ry word, and bless'd his mending tongue.  
And Michael rear'd his burning crest,  
And felt more noble courage fill his breast,  
When Milton told his heav'n-directed march,  
Of angels scaling the celestial arch,  
And Satan shudd'rинг at his grim abode,  
Hurl'd flaming to the deep by his victorious God.

Such was thy choice ; but varying soon,  
Thou rov'st along the cypress'd shade,  
Charm'd with thy Della Crusca's song,  
Or love-lorn Anna's sweeter boon,  
To grief and thee ! while weeping long,  
You sympathiz'd with ev'ry care  
That poignant thrill'd the faithful pair ;  
And willing to reward their love,  
For him you robb'd the laureate grove,  
And twin'd the myrtle for the charming maid.  
Ah ! may thy chaplets never fade  
But o'er the lovers mutual grave,  
The laurel-spray and blooming myrtle wave.



But too digressive Muse, begin the lay,  
And young Invention's magic birth display.

"Twas by Illyssus' verdant stream,  
Where Plato, sage, would often rove  
The shades of oliv'd Academe,  
And seek hoar Wisdom's learned grove ;  
Blithe Phœbus, free from ev'ry care,  
Met Fancy, the ecstatic fair,  
Her bosom's downy swell compress'd—  
The joyful woodlands told the rest ;  
For all the nymphs and muses came  
To hail the god and matron dame ;  
And Hymen too, with lucid torch,  
Enter'd in joy the hallow'd porch ;  
And as he came, with lovelier hue  
The rose-bud bloom'd, and vi'let blue ;  
The sweetbriar loads the fragrant wind,  
And round the oak the ivy twin'd  
With greener clasp, and closer arms—  
Sweet emblem of the owner's charms !  
But far estrang'd was ev'ry strife,  
No clarion hoarse, no martial fife,  
Floated the strident gale along ;  
No artful sound of grating song ;  
The tortuous horn, the silver lyre,  
The liquid nymphs, the heav'nly choir,

The wooing of the am'rous air,  
The ring-dove's plaintive pipe was there ;  
And ev'n the master, mad with joy,  
With music hail'd his darling boy.  
Invention, when of tender age,  
Would love his mother's various page,  
And kindling with her native lore  
Rove along the whiten'd shore ;  
And oft, at deep of gloomy night,  
Would watch pale Cynthia's sparkling light,  
Dancing o'er the liquid way,  
And scatter'd round in many a ray.  
Or when his father's steeds would lave  
Their burning hoofs in ocean's wave,  
Would make their radiance fade away,  
And Ev'ning, clad in palmer's gray,  
Submit to Cynthia's car behind,  
And solemnize the moaning wind !  
Then would the youth attempt to climb  
The cloud-capt mountain's swell sublime,  
And view the black-brow'd clouds above,  
Or trace the sable bird of Jove,  
Where brooding Night's departed gloom  
Was open'd by the low'ring plume ;  
Then would he lay his infant head  
On the slop'd mountain's rocky bed.



Hark to the torrent's cavern'd roar,  
Or the wind blust'ring on the shore,  
Or the sprite's sullen skriek below,  
Or the calm sigh of gentler woe :  
Oft would he think, in wizzard dream,  
He saw the Genius of the stream,  
Whose eddying waters play on high,  
And spread with mists the sable sky,  
Borne by his own mad surge adown,  
From the rough mountain's crested crown,  
Till shrieking in his moody woe,  
He plunges in the gulph below.

Oft would he seek the charnel gloom,  
And dew the hapless lover's tomb,  
Who, robb'd of ev'ry kind relief,  
In wild extravagance of grief,  
Impell'd, alas ! by stern despair,  
And the harsh treatment of the fair,  
Plung'd the fell dagger in his breast ;  
Yet there, alas ! he finds no rest ;  
His sad ghost walks his pensive round,  
And feels his sorrow has no bound !  
But then his mother leads the boy  
To scenes of pleasure, shades of joy ;  
To verdant meadows, gay alcoves,  
And plains the tender poet loves ;

But verdant meadows, gay alcoves,  
Nor plains the tender poet loves,  
Could give his heart such joy sincere  
As the soft sigh, and stealing tear.  
From these, Invention oft would stray  
To abbies hoar, and castles gray,  
Where Superstition justly bled,  
Or banners wav'd o'er warriors dead ;  
Here would he loiter, here would find  
The noblest sympathy of mind ;  
Here, where the shades of widows mourn,  
Bind the pale ozier o'er the sacred urn :  
But when to riper years he grew,  
His soul confess'd a nobler flame ;  
Sage Newton well his influence knew,  
And he with Inspiration came,  
To lead the step of sapient Locke to fame.  
Sweet Mulla's bard, with fancy fraught,  
Caught native spirit from his pow'r,  
Lapt in Imagination's fairy bow'r,  
And mighty Milton pierc'd the vast sublime of  
thought.

Then let the sons of Britain try  
Invention's vary'd field again,



While Judgment lifts the genius high,  
And Fancy paints, with piercing eye,  
A new creation in her wond'rous reigh !  
Oh ! may we learn sublimer lays,  
Nor rob the ancient author's bays :  
May Imitation's servile chain,  
Confine the free-born soul in vain,  
And native Liberty no more depart,  
But fire the poet's thought, or warm the patri  
heart.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

---

PARENT of sorrow, Melancholy pale,  
And Pity, withering in thy vestal bloom,  
And musing sage, with sullen eye,  
And all the rainbow vested pow'rs that ply  
Th' ethereal pencil on the cloud of morn,  
Languid, oppress'd, forlorn,  
From your dim, mysterious mansions come,  
And o'er yon holy tomb,  
Here the dead sparks of awful genius lie,  
Our the full tear of woe, and heave th' emphatic sigh!  
They come—lo ! Melancholy pale,  
And Pity, with'ring in her vestal bloom,  
And musing sage, with sullen eye,  
And all the rainbow-vested pow'rs that ply  
Th' ethereal pencil on the clouds of morn,  
Lament their second Titian's doom,  
And, plucking from each bud the latent thorn,  
mbrosian garlands weave, and look, and pause, and  
mourn.

In Palmer's weeds ; hoar Judgment joins their train,  
His manly visage, amiably mild,  
Leading young Fancy, his enchanting child,  
Whose little fingers bind  
Each blushing native of the fruitful wild,  
The lily pale, the vi'let blue,  
The pansy drooping with distemper'd hue ;  
The willow trembling on the quer'lous wave ;  
Those the sportive infant flings,  
Meanwhile she sings  
Some effort of the pure poetic mind,  
And hangs with lasting verse th' immortal painter's  
grave.

Thronging through the twilight shade,  
Venerable forms are seen,  
Of warriors, patriots, poets, whose brave deeds  
He on the swelling page pourtray'd,  
O'er which, ev'n yet, heroic ardor bleeds !  
But Judgment forward moves, weeping, he pours  
The notes of melting sorrow, oft his eye  
Turn'd in meek anguish to the cruel sky,  
He speaks !

“ All hail, in thy Elysian bow'rs,  
Seraphic stranger, may the harps of heaven,  
Most musical, thy solemn entry sound,

For thou couldst best celestial fire impart,  
And with thy colours blend the spark of life ;  
Whether, triumphant from the glorious field,  
The gallant soldier claim'd thy grace divine ;  
Or statesman, steady in his country's cause,  
Thy vivid tint, thy animating touch  
Gave lustre to each act ; vile envy pined,  
And Nature fondly lingered o'er thy piece ;  
Not Titian's kindling hues, or Guido's air  
So exquisitely fine, nor Rosa's force  
Romantically charming, nor the son  
Of painting, Angelo, could snatch one leaf  
From thy acknowledged laurels ! Heav'n, how glows,  
Correctly chaste, enchantingly combin'd,  
Thy figur'd likeness, see ! the rosy cheek,  
The modest front ingenuous, the lip  
Breathing delicious love, the sparkling eye  
In humid radiance rolling, the smooth chin  
Dimpled, the bosom, through its gauzy veil  
Panting, and ev'n from continence himself  
The stolen glance extorting ! Beauty's own blush  
Illumes ! what angel, from his sapphire seat,  
Descended, to unite the magic tints,  
To give Promethean vigour to thy hand,  
And rifle all the stores of varying light !

Master of the potent art,  
To fix the sight, to charm the heart,  
To bid the distant scene return,  
The sympathetic bosom burn'd  
While to thy canvas looks th' enamour'd youth,  
Sadly he thinks upon her charming face,  
Which wore the smile of innocence and truth,  
Which won with love's inimitable grace ;  
Thy hand her fleeting beauties drew,  
The shadow flourish'd, though the substance flew !

Nor was thy genius that which rais'd thy name,  
Fame crown'd thee high whilst thou didst shrink  
from fame ;  
Thine was unbroken friendship's link divine,  
Honour unblam'd, and gen'rous bounty thine ;  
The fervent tear that pity bade to flow,  
The feeling breast that bled at alien-woe ;  
The simple worth, relieving, as by stealth,  
The scorn of title, and the scorn of wealth,  
Proclaim'd thy heart on heav'n's sublimest plan,  
And even the artist sunk beneath the man !  
Witness, poor Goldsmith, by thy favour rais'd,  
At once rewarded, comforted, and prais'd ;  
Witness his grateful spirit, hov'ring here  
To greet thy coming with a tender tear.  
Sweet bard of auburn ! lift thy pensive head,

Thine hours of grief are gone—on this blest shore  
Aye shalt thou soothe thy friend with genuine lore,  
United living, and united dead !  
What mien majestic hurries through the shade,  
In all the pomp of excellence array'd,  
Flashes his bright eye through the gleam around,  
And hark ! shrill fairy measures sound,  
'Tis Garrick—followed by his Shakspeare's train,  
Garrick, who, thy admirable draught,  
Seems more than mortal, as a marvel left  
For noble souls to startle at, below.  
Peace to thy manes ! Virtue's lip, on earth  
Thy praise shall breathe, and Time, his ruthless  
scythe  
Lay by, astonish'd at thy wond'rous works !"



## EPIGRAMS.

Dulce, et decorum pro patriâ mori.

GOOD statesman, be wise, and spend not your  
blood,  
No need of gaol, gibbet, or fetter ;  
To die for our country I own very good,  
To live for our country much better.

Lest your own praise should chance to die,  
Nor enter fame's large portal,  
On sculptured stones you place it high,  
—But stones are not immortal.

A FRIAR, who solac'd a rogue with God's love,  
Assur'd him, that night he should sup it above ;  
Honest pluck-purse replies, an it may please your  
grace,  
'Tis fast-day with me, would you sup in my place !

## EPIGRAM FROM CATULLUS.

**O**DI, et amo, quanam id faciam ratione, requiris?  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

## TRANSLATED.

I hate, and love, nor know the reason why,  
But this I know, I feel it and I die.

-----

## LUCAN'S CELEBRATED LINE

## TRANSLATED.

**V**ICTRIX causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

The partial Gods espous'd the victor side,  
The conquer'd party Cato chose, and died.

-----

You pay a French barber for putting a tooth in,  
Which Nature has kindly pluck'd out for nothing.

-----

IRON trunk for your gold, iron bars to keep it faster,  
Iron gates, iron roof, and iron too the master.



## LINES

Written on a blank leaf of Swift's Works.

WHILE in morocco modern authors shine,  
Pompously dull, and most absurdly fine ;  
While ev'n my pages own the printer's pain,  
His skill to strengthen trifles us'd in vain ;  
Lo ! with bad type, brown paper, bound in calf,  
Dean, Drapier, Gulliver, and Bickerstaff !

---

You say, good Richard, though you rhyme so well,  
The publishers exclaim, your book won't sell !  
I'll tell you, Dick, you rail at dunces, look !  
And none but dunces ever read your book.

---

FORTUNE, I say, is no unequal whore,  
Fears to the rich she gives, and promise to the poor.

---

TIME destroys all things below, or above,  
And we destroy time, so we're equal, by Jove.

---

“ Thou shalt not steal,” good counsellor, be still ;  
“ Thou shalt not murder,” doctor, spare thy pill.

ONE God, two bibles, three great signs adore,  
Add faith, thou infidel, and make up four.

---

## ODE TO A MOUSE.

SAY, gentle vermin, art thou smit  
With curious love of classic wit ?  
Else, why so slyly creep along,  
Enamour'd, nibbling sacred song ;  
Else why in poet's trunk intrude,  
Where nought remains but tuneful food :  
If oh ! perchance, in thy small size,  
(Tremendous foe !) some critic lies ;  
John Dennis, once of voice supreme,  
Now dwindled to a sweeter scream,  
If so, forbear the charming prey,  
Critic, or mouse, away ! away !

---

## TO THE SAME.

WHILE Homer and Horace provide you a feast,  
You've mangled my poems, odsbud where's your  
taste ?

---

ACTEON his dogs eat, bones, body, and all,  
But his horns are yet to be seen at Guildhall.



## EPIGRAMMA BIDERMANI.

TESTATURA viro salvum Kunigunda pudorem,  
 In cadente libens vomere fecit iter :  
 Exploratorem sed ubi pede contigit ignem,  
 Non fuit in planta sensus, in igne fuit.

## IMITATED.

THE fearless saint, inviolably chaste,  
 Bold trial ! o'er the burning ploughshare past :  
 When the red torture kiss'd her hallow'd heel,  
 The fire, and not the foot, then learn'd to feel.

## J. SCALIGER'S EPIGRAM

On the sonnets of Petrarch.

Q<sup>UAM</sup> pulchra flamma incaluit tibi vena, lepores  
 Quanti insunt numeris, Dive Petrarche, tuis ?  
 Nec virgo abludit nec dives vena, videtur  
 Arsisse hic Daphnen alter Apollo suam.

## IMITATED.

RETRARCH ! how bright a flame illum'd thy breast !  
 Unrival'd wit in smoothest numbers drest.  
 Nor the sweet Muse, nor yet the maid belov'd,  
 Were coy, but both alike thy suit approv'd ;  
 Methinks, while I peruse the charming strain,  
 Apollo wooes his Daphne o'er again.

number, to add, or to multiply more,  
Id miser avails not in thy sad contrition ;  
Give thee some zest with thy ill-gotten store,  
Then pri' thee, lean penitent, learn division.

---

## SONG.

PRETTY one, on thy soft lip grows  
A pearl, like dew-drop on the rose ;  
Let me then, like the sun's bright ray,  
Exhale the honey'd drop away.

PENSIVE one, say, why weeps thine eye,  
Streaming like an ev'ning sky,  
Which, like the gentle moon, should move,  
Lighting to ecstacy and love !

CRUEL one, thou hast kill'd my heart,  
Beyond the cunning'st leech's art ;  
Panting long time, at last, at last  
Its foolish strugglings quickly past ;

GENTLE one, thou, perchance, complain  
Because the tender thing is slain ;  
If so, and thou dost wish to save,  
Smile, and redeem it from the grave.

**BALLAD,**

Imitated from the Spanish of Cervantes.

---

KIND Guardian ! if you will, you may  
With bolts, and bars, oppose my way ;  
In ev'ry nook set guards, and spies,  
To watch me with their Argus-eyes ;  
But if my heart is fixed on flight,  
You may as well wish me good night.

By sages shrewd it has been said,  
'Tis wond'rous hard to hold a maid ;  
And Love, all furious when confin'd,  
But fiercer fires the stubborn mind ;  
'Tis better then, since force is vain,  
To turn the lock, and loose the chain ;  
For if my heart is fix'd on flight,  
You may as well wish me good night.

If sov'reign will commands to go,  
What fool will face so rash a foe ?  
'Twill strike ev'n wakeful caution blind,  
And through death's self a passage find ;

Unheard-of means shall straight remove  
All bars that hinder woman's love ;  
So if my heart is fix'd on flight,  
You may as well wish me good night.

As flies, though sure to scorch their frame,  
Will wanton through the taper's flame ;  
So love all danger will despise,  
Resistless rushing to its prize ;  
Then if my mind is fix'd on flight,  
You may as well wish me good night.

When I my purpose chuse to keep,  
Severity, alas ! may sleep :  
A lover's palm, like wax, is warm,  
'Tis melting warm ; his wish is fire ;  
No obstacles his patience tire ;  
But head will plot, and hand perform ;  
His eyes can talk ; his careful feet  
Are silence-shod, your ears to cheat ;  
And as my mind is fix'd on flight,  
You may as well wish me good night.

TO THE  
EVENING STAR.

---

SOFT star! approaching slowly on the sky  
With solemn march, if e'er beneath thy beam,  
Darkling, I heav'd the deep-impassion'd sigh,  
Or bade the silent tear of feeling stream ;

If e'er, with fancy's magic voice, I call'd  
Ten thousand sprites to tend thy sapphire car,  
If e'er by rushing darkness unappall'd,  
I follow'd thy receding light afar ;

Be gracious, now :—to this love-labour'd bow'r  
With thy bright clue conduct my promis'd fair,  
Full on her face thy yellow radiance pour,  
And gild the flowing tissue of her hair ;

So shall the nightingale, her note prolong,  
Wild-warbling to thine ear our bridal-song !

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,\* &c.

HOW many with'ring years of dull despair,  
Have o'er my fated front relentless roll'd,  
Since first, beneath a Moira's partial care,  
My happier moments wav'd their wings of gold !  
Ah me ! and must I never more behold  
The glorious orb of day in gladness rise ?  
No more salute, with rapture-beaming eyes,  
The glimmering star that shuts the shepherd's fold ?  
No more ! if led not by thy lenient hand,  
To the lone hermitage of learned ease,  
Where pensive joy may tenderly expand  
His blooms, sore-shatter'd by the blighting breeze ;  
And a new, mental Eden, by degrees,  
Bud forth, best patron ! at thy soft command !

\* To the munificence of this amiable and accomplished nobleman the author is indebted for more unaltered favour, than can be repaid by the trifling effusions of poetical fancy.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
JOHN HILY ADDINGTON.

---

A SWAIN, within whose native vale alone,  
Ere this blest time, was heard his simple reed,  
Ambitious now, of glory's dazzling meed,  
Essays the lofty lyre's majestic tone;

Feeling, perchance, nor Fancy, yet are fled,  
Nor lost the charms that from their influence spring:  
For those celestial forms were wont to fling,  
Their faery visions o'er my youthful head;

But where amid Expression's copious store,  
For raptur'd thought fit diction may I find?  
How dress th' exuberance of my grateful mind,  
In chaste, though glowing terms, untried before?

Patron and pride! o'er my unvarying cheek,  
No blush for servile flatt'ry shall arise;  
Yet ah! while timid doubts, in vain, disguise  
The modest soul,—let meaning Silence speak:

Thou canst not, surely, Atticus! refuse  
That poor, frail tribute of th' indebted Muse!

## A FRAGMENT.

THE shadowy semblance, lo ! is past !—  
Loudly yells the midnight blast,  
And, hark ! the death-bell's sullen toll  
Strikes upon my shrinking soul !  
Whither, whither am I led ?  
“ To the drear caverns of the dead.  
Here with murder shalt thou dwell ;  
Mark yon bleeding phantom well :  
Know you not the wound you gave,  
You was bloody, he was brave ;  
In the dark you dealt the blow,  
With a hatchet fell'd him low,  
His cleft head distended wide,  
Hideous hangs upon each side.  
Why dost thou enwrithing start,  
'Gainst thy ribs why knocks thy heart ?  
Why, to the taper's glimmering blue,  
Gleams thy front with clammy dew ?  
Welcome to his cell below,  
Thou with thy murder'd host must go ! ”

Mercy, Mercy, do not clasp  
My frame in such a frozen grasp ;  
Fibres from my heart you tear,  
Loose me, loose me, spectre drear ;  
Oh ! ten thousand fathoms deep  
I behold a vap'ry steep,  
Wild with ecstacy of pain,  
Madness rushes on my brain,  
Round and round my senses tost,  
Now I tumble—I am lost.

---

## WRITTEN IN A BURIAL PLACE.

AH me ! and must I, like the tenant lie  
Of this dark cell, all hush'd the witching song,  
And will not Feeling bend his streaming eye  
On my green sod, as slow he wends along,  
And, smiting his rapt bosom, softly sigh,  
“ His genius soar'd above the vulgar throng !”

Will he not fence my weedless turf around,  
Sacred from dull-ey'd Folly's vagrant feet,  
And there, soft-swelling in aerial sound,  
Will he not list, at eve, to voices sweet,

Strew with the spring's first flow'r's the little mound,  
And often muse within the lone retreat !

Yes ;—though I not affect th' immortal bay,  
Nor bold effusions of the learned quill,  
Nor often have I wound ~~my~~ tedious way  
Up the steep summit of the Muse's hill,  
Yet sometimes have I pour'd th' incondite lay,  
And sometimes have I felt the rapt'rous thrill ;

Him therefore, whom ev'n once, the sacred Muse  
Has blest, shall be to feeling ever dear,  
And soft as sweet sad April's gleamy dews,  
On my cold clay shall fall the genial tear,  
While pensive as the springing herb he views,  
He cries, “ Though mute, there is a poet here ! ”

## TO MY CAT.

FOR that thou, once, didst lend a poet aid,  
And from the green lamp of thy glaring eye,  
Didst to divine Torquato\* light supply,  
When penury around diffus'd her shade,

Illustrious shalt thou live in lofty song ;  
Full well dost thou deserve immortal praise,  
Whose influence beam'd on such delightful lays ;  
Go, then, and soar above the vulgar throng,

And close to Virgo shine, a feline star !  
And as the rolling spheres shall turn around,  
Still sweetly purr to the ecstatic sound,  
By astronomic sages ken'd afar ;

Though, darkling, pregnant with poetic dream,  
Ah ! never may I need thy virid gleam !

---

\* Tasso, of whom this tradition is recorded.

## ODE TO NECESSITY.

~~~~~  
Why persecutest thou me, Saul? ;
~~~~~

“NECESSITY, thou mother of Invention,  
(Which proverb comes, I own, quite smooth in  
rhime,)

Firing full many a rogue to claim a pension,  
And o'er the rugged alps of Satire climb,  
Forcing with goose-quill stabs, and tuneful curses,  
The mighty men to stand, and *lend* their purses ;  
Why stick thus bur-like to the minstrel-crew,  
So harmless, meek, and such damn'd bankrupts too?  
All worth in this here place below is us'd  
Worse than a pickpocket, knock'd down, abus'd  
By every strutting blackguard Major Sturgeon,  
And thou attandest him by way of surgeon.

Folly, dull dog, is fat, and sprucely drest,  
And holds of surly Wealth the golden keys ;  
While Wit, poor, merry fellow, nought surveys,  
But mice and mangled lyrics in his chest :



Of Fate's dark law so 'cruel is the letter !  
Yet Conscience whispers, " all is for the better."

Insensibility, eye-frozen knave;  
Who grins and roars at tragedies so grave,  
Who never knew the gentle pang of pity,  
Has several times been lord-may'r of the city ;  
While Feeling, whose sad tears for ever thawing,  
Wept on pale bleeding forms of his own drawing,  
Fell to those exquisite sensations martyr,  
Found one cold morning dangling in his garter !

This, dame, is curs'd provoking ; all the toil  
Of Genius, or of Virtue, can't provide  
Faggots to make the pot of Plenty boil ;  
While that ungracious bravo, swagg'ring Pride,  
Turns up the nose of scorn, and full of whim,  
Swears " the whole little world was made for him."  
This management would set old Plato mad,  
Now, by my soul, 'tis really too bad:

## TO ANTHEMOE.

THERE lurks within thy lyre a dang'rous spell,  
That lures my soul from Wisdom's dauntless aim ;  
Yet, if I know thy gen'rous bosom well,  
Thou wouldst not dash me from the steeps of Fame.

Trust me, thy melting plaint's melodious flow,  
Would animate to love the icy grave :  
And yet, if thy pure feelings well I know,  
Thou wouldst not sink me to an am'rous slave.

Grac'd with no ornaments of birth, or wealth,  
That to the minions of Success belong,  
Ev'n at the price of my sole treasure, health,  
I own that I would be renown'd for song !

For this, by the pale taper's trembling ray,  
My paler front presents a studious shade ;  
In whose dim eye, Mirth's sprightly sparks decay ;  
On whose brown cheek Youth's vernal blushes fade ;

For this, I wander from the world aside,  
Mutt'ring wild descants to the toiling deep,  
'Mid the lone forest's leafy refuge bide,  
And slight the blessings of inactive sleep.

Serene, while tempesting the sparkling brine,  
The furious winds from ev'ry quarter roar,  
Led by Philosophy's unclouded shine,  
I seek Hope's watch-tow'r on a distant shore.

Nor measur'd dance, nor gay theartic scene,  
Nor woman's smile, my sterner sense invite ;  
Though Beauty too, at times, will steal between,  
And my heart vibrate with no mean delight ;

Soft-smiling o'er the dreary wreck of Time,  
When my Anthemoë's semblance I behold,  
Fix'd by the Muse's magic pow'r, sublime,  
Her eye's blue languish, and her locks of gold !

Then, then, with my creative fancy fir'd,  
Pygmalion-like, I fold the idol-form,  
By ages yet unborn to be admir'd,  
Beyond the sweep of Desolation's storm !

Feel'st thou not too, the elevated thought ?  
Those lesser stars whose transient lights adorn  
Their twinkling spheres, ah ! where shall they be  
sought,  
When bursts the brightness of thy future morn ?

Then freely scatter from thy balmy breast  
What Feeling may receive, or Friendship give ;  
And, (spare a vaunt which would befit thee best,) !  
That thou may'st be immortal, let me live.

---

### TO MY MUSE.

WELL, after all our quarrels, strifes, and squabble,  
And though full oft I've curs'd thy tuneful gabble,  
I cannot say, sweet slut, I quite abhor ye—  
Methinks I have a sneaking kindness for ye.  
Nor can I quite forget the bliss-wing'd hours  
We spent of yore, collecting wild hedge-flow'r's  
Of varied light and shade, what time the dawn  
Fair child, in purple vapours swath'd, appear'd,  
The sullen face of ancient Darkness cheer'd,  
And flung his short beams o'er the glimm'ring lawn,



Till father Sol unclos'd his radiant eye,  
Took Thetis' parting kiss, and scal'd the sky,  
Then peeping through thick mists, dispers'd all sor-  
row,  
And bade his early bard, the lark, good-morrow.

Yes, you were youthful then, and gay, and airy,  
Light as an Oread, a beauteous fairy,  
Leading me mad o'er park-gate, hedge, and ditches,  
Nor car'd three farthings tho' I tore my breeches !  
Oft would the plum'd choir, twitt'ring from the shade,  
Prate to lone Echo, in her winding shell,  
Their loves and fears, and sportive pastimes tell,  
Swelling the slender pipe till thou hast sung,  
And all in breathless silence charmed hung.  
Ev'n Zephyr furl'd his filmy plume with care,  
Floating before, in rade and reckless flight,  
Now on the soft breast of his gentle air  
Fix'd pendulous, and still as musing night.

Charms you once had, and these most rapturous too  
Ere envious Woe, and sour Misfortune scowl'd ;  
Ere the loud blast of dismal Horror howl'd  
Round my sad front, nor could unripen'd age,  
And guiltless song, the felon fiends assuage.  
Now metamorphos'd to a scolding shrew,

All thy lov'd beauties lose their former force,  
And much am I advis'd to sue  
For a poetical divorce ;  
But, hang it, 'tis too late to shut the stable,  
We must even drudge as well as we are able.

---

## FRIENDSHIP.

---

*Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.* OVID.

---

IN sonnet trim, and ditty quaint,  
I've often read the trite complaint,  
That truth, search all the nation round,  
Untainted truth, will scarce be found ;  
Yet trust me, which I wot you will,  
I know a shyer stranger still.  
Let Bow-street send her myriads forth,  
From east to west, from south to north ;  
“ Cry havoc !” and, inspiring awe,  
Let slip the hungry dogs of law ;  
Direct, at once, on diff'rent journeys,  
Bums, setters, runners, spies, attorneys ;



Keep Townshend in perpetual hire,  
With catchpoles, and "chimeras dire;"  
'Fore beav'n, in vain will be their trouble,  
This bilk will give them all the double,  
And though they're often in "view hollow,"  
'Tis merely loss of time to follow.  
Come, bend thy serious brow, and furl  
Thy front's most formidable curl,  
Excogitate, perpend, unloose  
The myst'ry of this gordian noose,  
Break its inextricable links,  
And solve this riddle for a sphynx?  
What, Master Ædipus, you're hamper'd,  
Your syllogistic schemes have scamper'd,  
You've scann'd old Euclid, and the schoolmen,  
Grave whisker'd charlatans that fool men,  
Yet cannot answer this plain question:—  
Well, as 'tis tough for your digestion,  
And may your puzzled wits endanger,  
'Tis Friendship is this wond'rous stranger.  
Friendship, soft cement of the soul,  
Clear flame, above all base control,  
Whose light can shed a radiance pure  
Through Sorrow's palpable obscure,  
Though much of thee is sung and spoken,  
Frail ware! how often art thou broken!

Friendship ! in life's conflicting storm,  
Where may we grasp thy fleeting form ?  
How oft, sublime on borrow'd plume,  
Does Int'rest vile thy shape assume ?  
How often, pompously bely'd,  
Art thou the vaunting puff of Pride ?  
Nay, Av'rice self, unfeeling crone,  
Not seldom takes thy honey'd tone ;  
But should Misfortune once torment us,  
Then thou'rt a mere—*Non est inventus*.  
This, now, to prove in mode most ample,  
Take me, myself, then—*par exemple*.  
When late, enforc'd by powerful spell,  
I visited the debtor's hell,  
And did, though earthly-born presume,  
Into dread Hades' central gloom ;  
Ah me ! where no Orphean squeak  
Drew iron tears down jailor's cheek ;  
When, so unluckily he tript,  
Pegasus' wings were fairly clipt :  
His tail, too, batter'd to a stump,  
Nay, scarce a hair upon his rump ;  
When told by each rich dunce's damn'd son,  
“ The Philistines are on you, Sampson ; ”  
And I had hardly breath to call  
“ Why do'st thou persecute me, Saul ? ”

What great man, pitying my story,  
Unlock'd the gates of purgatory,  
And whisper'd Cerberus, the porter,  
“ This fellow keeps a miss, I court her,  
Miss Muse, a dame extremely lavish,  
Though many a dolt attempts to ravish :  
For sake of this celestial fair,  
Do, let him taste the outward air,  
Lo ! here the glitt'ring dross he owes you ;  
This conduct, certainly, may pose you,  
But I've done more, as I'm an earl,  
For eunuch, or an op'ra-girl ;  
Besides, the yellow trash encumbers,  
And he'll repay in heav'nly numbers.”  
Then turn to me, and say, Sir Poet,  
I've friendship, and I'm come to show it ;  
Fly from this dreary-looking barrack ;  
Go, pen ode, madrigal, pindaric ;  
Chaunt, quaver, whistle, trill, or warble,  
Songs, sweet enough to melt a marble ;  
Catch flying Fancy by the neck fast,  
And write an epic—before breakfast.”

Did any wight this course pursue ?  
You shrug ! the dev'l a one but you.

To you, though late your wòrth I've known,  
True friend, to you I'm bound alone.  
And may the only spark that warms  
My heart, so cold to other charms,  
Oh ! may my tuneful art expire,  
My faint touch tremble on the lyre,  
May it be strew'd with mould'ring dust,  
Nor I have pow'r to wipe its rust,  
Dew'd be each chord with many a tear,  
All tuneless to its master's ear,  
Its feeble frame may Dulness rend,  
When I forget the cordial friend.

---

## ON THE

## DEATH OF LORD HEATHFIELD.

ALOFT on Calpe's hideous height,  
Rob'd in the sable garb of Night,  
Sate the fell demons of the fight,  
    And wav'd their banners blue ;  
When moving with pathetic eye  
The pensive Muse stole silent by,  
And view'd full oft with rising sigh,  
    Where Heathfield's laurels grew.



“ Sound soft the harp, in solemn tone,”  
And wail with sweet melodious moan—  
The hero’s rigid race is run,  
    Gone like the meteor’s blaze !  
The warrior falls to rise no more,  
Mute be the cannon’s thund’ring roar,  
And sad, huge Calpe’s rocky shore,  
    When thus the chief decays.

The chief who in the fight deform  
The fiery cataract could disarm,  
And rise superior to the storm  
    Now seeks an humble grave :  
Ah ! shall my verse adorn his doom,  
His laureate meed unfading bloom,  
While holiest tears bedew his tomb,  
    And trophy’d standards wave ?

Hail Britain’s bravest son, all hail !  
Sequester’d from this worldly vale,  
Enthron’d, where virtue shall not fail,  
    I see thy rev’rend shade :  
Lo ! braided amaranths entwine  
Thy youthful brow in wreaths divine,  
While thousand stars fierce-flashing shine  
    Around thy lumin’d head.

Above the tongue of vulgar Fame,  
Thou hast anneal'd thy deathless name,  
In Calpe's glory-giving flame,  
    And Spain shall still prolong  
The chieftain's praise, whose bold hand caught  
A wreath beyond the minstrel's thought—  
Yet let us tell how you have fought,  
    " And build the lofty song."

---

## THE GRAVE OF MORNO.

HEARD ye not the moan profound  
Bursting from yon blighted mound,  
Where, amid the murky air,  
The wild ash waves its branches bare?  
There, in dark-brown dust array'd,  
Morno's giant limbs are laid.  
Who, like him, with grim delight,  
Could front the hideous fiend of Fight?  
When the spears, as rattling hail,  
Bounded from his sable mail.  
See! where from the blasted bough  
Hangs the helm that grac'd his brow!  
See! its rusty vizor gleam  
To the pale moon's blood-shot beam!



While its swinging plumage sighs  
To the wiads that mournful rise.  
Never on the listed plain  
Shall his broad bulk gloom again ;  
Never from his meteor-eye  
Shall the sons of Fingal fly :  
Never shall his cold lip taste  
The honey'd scull, the rich repast ;  
Never bugle's mellow call  
Invite him to the festal hall ;  
Nor his dull ear fondly dwell  
On the shrill harp's silver swell.  
What rose-lip'd virgins now prepare  
The chaplet for his raven-hair ?  
Broider'd round with purple leaves,  
Who the robe of honour weaves ?  
Crown'd by Honour, clasp'd by Love,  
In vain :—his winding sheet is wove.  
But the man of days to come,  
Searching for the hero's tomb,  
Hither by sad impulse led,  
Shall incline his hoary head ;  
Aw'd to pious murmurs, breathe  
Brief homage o'er the mould beneath,  
Then, deeply-lesson'd, turn aside  
From the lone wreck of human pride.

## TO A POETICAL ENTHUSIAST.

YOUTH ! as thou read'st some celebrated page,  
Where Fancy all her charmful pow'r's display'd,  
Hast thou not curs'd thy star, with impious rage,  
That sunk thee, a dull blind worm, in the shade ?

Ah ! fairer far thy calm, inglorious lot ;  
Sweeter, though uninspir'd, thy leaden sleep ;  
And though by Fame's obstrep'rous trump forgot,  
O'er thy green turf each neighb'ring hind will weep.

He, who these polish'd lines so well could form,  
Was Passion's slave, was Indiscretion's child ;  
Now, earth-enamour'd, grov'ling wirh the worm ;  
Now, seraph-plum'd, the wonderful, the wild !

From his lone grave the trav'ler turns aside :—  
Youth ! by his own red hand thy envy'd fav'rite died.

## TO FEELING.

THOUGH she, the Sappho of the fair,  
Did for thy rival, dull, declare,  
    In strain that mov'd ev'n her,  
O ! let me court thy tearfull eye,  
Thy woe-fraught breast, thy tend'rest sigh,  
    And all thy pangs prefer.

Without thee, what is busy life ?  
The husband dear, the lovely wife,  
    The mercy-glancing maid,  
All, in delicious woe, confess  
Thy soft entrancing pow'r to bless,  
    And gentle hearts invade.

Amidst thy own terrific griefs,  
For others thou canst weep,  
Lend the sad penitent relief,  
    And lull the wretch's sleep.

Canst Sorrow's wounds with tears embalm,  
The fiery eye of Anger calm,  
And bid the sword be sheath'd :  
How dear, I well can tell the sighs  
That sad-participating rise,  
From lips of Pity breath'd.

Then come, sweet mourner, with me live,  
Both bosoms tremblingly alive,  
The shrinking flow'r shall wreath  
Thy pallid brow ; and at the last,  
Angels shall view us (troubles past)  
Unanimous in death.

## THE PIPE OF TOBACCO.

HAIL, solace of the wounded heart,  
Whose fumes ambrosial joys impart  
Beyond the doctor's gilded bait,  
Beyond the glutton's sumptuous state !  
How bleas'd when by the chimney's side  
I draw the brisk, delicious tide,  
And talk with venerable pride  
    Of things abstruse,  
By thy sweet vapours more supply'd  
    Than by the Muse.

How we discuss the daily scandal,  
And politics divinely handle,  
Knock authors down—by inch of candle,  
    And damn each critic,  
Till seiz'd by smoke, I, lack ! can stand ill,  
    Quite paralytic.

The midwife's gab of fire obstetric,  
The smith's Newtonian flow of rhet'ric,

The barber's tale of Charles or Fred'ric,  
The joiner's carol,  
When join'd by thy supreme emetic,  
Would broach a barrel—

Thy dingy volumes most they read,  
And pluck forth laurels from thy weed ;  
Blest be the man who sow'd thy seed,  
With cautious care,  
Bright fire, and smoke, may he ne'er need,  
And 'bacco fare.

O ! how religion, trade, and state,  
Chime in so nice with each debate !  
Zounds ! how tobacco tends to create  
Good-humour'd battles,  
And bids the whole communion prate  
As loud as rattles.

So tabernacled, son and brother,  
Nod, drowsy, drooping, to each other,  
Striving their listlessness to smother,  
At snuffed sermon,  
Or preacher who has lost his rudder,  
Capricious vermin !

Bland comforter of all poor bards,  
How balmy o'er a pack o' cards,  
When conversation interlards  
Thy friendly vapour,  
O! I will court thy best regards,  
To soil my paper.

And though thou cost me much in pocket,  
Tobacco ! 'gad, I'll never lock it,  
But wight who ever will may smoke it,  
With tongue awag,  
Till tapers sink into the socket,  
Like fox in bag.

## AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

FROM A FEMALE RABBI IN JERUSALEM TO A CELEBRATED  
BUCK IN IRELAND.

~~~~~  
Cœlum, non animum mutant
Qui trans mare currunt. Hor.

DEAR, hapless youth ! the object of my flame,
Believe me still in love, and still the same ;
Ev'n now my bosom feels the former fire,
Again thy letter wakes my warm desire ;
Again I burn with all a lover's pain,
And greet thee ! distant, on Ierne's plain.
Ah ! could you think the torments I endure,
(Sad sign ! my hopeless passion still is pure)
Lest thou through wilds and dreary desarts go,
Or lie in bogs, a spectacle of woe !
Perhaps, ev'n now deform with sable mire,
You want a warming glass and cheering fire ;
Nor canst thou bear their malice so prepense,
Depriv'd of half thy wit and half thy pence.



No sullen landlord there will take thee in,
Refuse thy cash, and give the glass of gin !
No ! barb'rous men ! they, join'd with waiters, fleece
The luckless wretch, and fob the golden piece :
Gods ! can the Irish have their hearts so hard ?
And will their inns the trav'ling buck discard ?
Can all his tales of pleasure and of pain,
Of Dukes cornuted, and of shoeboys slain,
Of puppies pink'd, and beaus by monkies torn,
Of chairmen bilk'd, and watermen forlorn,
Told in the pleasing garb of nature, fail ?
Oh ! can't they broach a tun of amber ale ?
No ! though the suppliant prays, devoid of gold,
No frothing vase he gains, of pewter mold ;
For him no quarts with foliag'd handles shine,
And letters, carv'd by workmanship divine ;
No grooms with blankets toss my love on high,
" And add new monsters to the frightened sky."
Or plung'd in lakes too muddy for the Muse,
His grizzly locks begrim'd with horrent ooze.
My lover stares ! I'll catch him in my arms,
Though ponds and blankets threat with dire alarms !
I'll wring those locks I often oil'd so smart,
When thou, anointed monarch of my heart,
Or laid thy head recumbent on my knee,
And shook thy greasy dripping curls at me.

But ah ! again my hapless bosom beats,
To think how scribblers fell will maul thy feats,
In murky rhimes their dire allusions cloak,
And ah ! for e'er prolong th' infernal joke ;
If thou canst keep thy hand from breaking panes,
Trembling from cars, and serenading lanes,
Despise their malice, you shall envy'd be,
Though cynics, curs, and princes laugh at thee.
But ah ! my dearest, let not gypsies lead
Thy vagrant wand'rings to the rural mead ;
Let dire Drumcondra * e'er unheeded lie,
Though teapots, cups, and saucers, court the eye :
Perchance, while bagpipes play, and gibes go round,
Love floats adown thy throttle with the sound ;
Or madness lurks beneath the strident strings,
Or French flies load thy draught with fiery wings.
Full many a snare will tempt thy youthful heart,
But, dearest, chief beware of the black cart.†
Around the moving engine, watchmen ply,
With hell-hound grin, and turn th' eternal eye.

* A kind of Vauxhall near Dublin.

† A huge cart in the form of an artillery waggon, led by the police officers through the streets, for the purpose of carrying the beggars found there to the house of correction.

Oh ! if their ken should meet thy lovely face,
And mount thee tow'ring, source of dire disgrace ;
Their slipp'dod dames that pour'd the morning note
Have spit-up barriers threat'ning at their throat.
There captive Helens poke through crannied chinks,
There sit the sharper and the am'rous minx ;
And oft, to shew the dreadful place has merit,
The cage-coop'd Methodists confess the spirit,
While to the list'ning saints that swear around,
They preach, and nasal twangs return the sound ;
Escape but these, and firm in conscious hope,
Despise the challenge, and outbrave the rope.
If scribblers dare thy nobler deeds abuse,
A purse will hush the poet and his muse ;
Sweet is the shilling's silver sound to hear,
Substantial jingle in the poet's ear ;
For spite of all they write, and all they think,
Poor mortal songsters, sure, must eat and drink.
But, dearest Buck, excuse me when I tell
My soul to thee, because I know thee well.
What trifling scheme, or air-balloon pretence,
Could make thee game, and wager with thy prince,
Give all thy solid chattles to the wind,
Stake all thy wealth, nor leave a wreck behind ?
Ah, witless wight ! ah little didst thou know,
That supple courtiers schem'd thy future woe ;

And *Foxes* waiting for the destin'd luck,
At once turn'd brave, and hunted for the *Buck*,
While eager for the money and the fame,
The royal sportsmen called the practice *game*.

Attic orations, pickled periods, pelt,
With keenest force, but yet they cannot melt ;
Nor flow'ry speeches sav'd with Grecian salt,
Nor brilliant puns, could buy a pint of malt.
Thus re-nos'd youths a luckless frog assail,
And pelt the helpless trav'ller head and tail ;
But when their prey is dead, with pity pierc'd,
They lay him in a hole, on slate inhears'd ;
And when the life is parted from their prize,
They greet his snout with epitaph and cries.
Ah ! sad refinement ! when he's dead and gone,
In place of bangs and thumps, to give a stone.
Thus you, my love, by wicked courtiers bit,
Paid sterling brass for French-imported wit,
Wit, which though fine, and ready at command,
Is not quite current in your booby land ;
True music there comes charming in a rent,
And the best rhimes are plac'd in *cent. per cent.*
What golden dreams the raptur'd fancy fill,
When *George's* jingle in the vocal till !
What song so charming as a banker's note ?
They have no charms for thee, to grief devote.

Alas ! no golden dream shall fill thy thought,
No solid gold thy fob, with riches fraught.
Ah ! how will Dublin bucks thy spirit warm,
“ Mock at thy breeches, and deride thy form !”
Ah ! how will Dublin belles contemptuous rail,
And simper at thy alter’d face, so pale !
Full many a *bull* will knock thy echoing pate,
But *bulls* in Ireland are but few—of late—
Full many a blood “ will lace thy silver skin,”
For thus they riot in excess of sin.
Rouleaus and dress can cure the loss of sense,
But ah ! no charm can heal the want of pence ;
No dowager for thee will give a ball,
Ah ! doom’d to stand unwelcome in the hall.
The printshops oft shall show resemblance quaint,
And thy sweet face run yellow still in paint.
Ill-fated youth, one effort still remains
To ease thy former griefs and future pains,
To wipe the black dishonour from thy face,
“ The hangman-grandeur and the shoeboy grace ;”
And best of all—Your character shall lose
No heav’ly deed among my parent Jews.
Whether ambitious of a star you vie,
Or city glories catch your judging eye ;
If aldermanic feasts can tempt to ease,
And streams of sauce, and spicy hills of geese,

Strong-season'd turtles, or the golden ham,
Or hares transfix'd, and metamorphos'd lamb.
Lo ! there they lie ! oh, grasp thy knife and fork,
There split the turkey-paunch, and scalp the pork ;
Ev'n now I see the pork, so red and white ;
Yet ah ! I am forbid my chief delight !
See icy promontories crown the fish !
Confectionary mountains load the dish !
See mystic viands in the oval tart,
And queen-cakes, emblems of my own sweetheart.
If these can charm thy heart, or turn thy head,
Oh ! strew the board with Apennines of dead !
But first—Like sapient Sir John D—so stout,
Save majesty some thousands by sour-crout.
If stars and garters boast a brighter blaze,
And thistles tempt you greater than the bays,
To China go, and when you come again,
Build bright pagodas on your native plain ;
From Spain transport her fragrant orange groves,
Where zebras soon may propagate their loves ;
Squirrels and monkies then shall yoke with dogs,
And sweet signoras bless the vocal bogs ;
Guitars and bagpipes then shall squeak around,
And all the croaking nations hail the sound !
Apply soft Indian odes to Irish drones,
And be your sacred model Sir Will Jones.



But ah ! my love, beware of ill-tim'd rage,
Nor leap from twelve foot windows o'er a stage,
Thy legs may suffer, that would grieve my heart,
Yet we have nought to pay the healing art.
The sons of Peon now, of bus'ness full,
Can scarce attend to heal a rich man's skull :
And can they, can they, when in wealth secure,
Attend at all the pennyless and poor ?
Ah, no ! though bucks have whilom fill'd their jaws,
Yet now they leave them, in a better cause.
Ingratitude, thou constant bane of macs !
And can such brazen gizzards dwell in Quacks ?
If parliament delights thee, and a coach,
Study the well-turn'd eloquence of Roach.*
Harangue, and stamp, and then harangue again,
And bray the loudest of the long-ear'd train ;
Mingle farrago-like your Irish Latin,
And stoutly stun the ear of patriot Grattan.
This, this, will rise you higher than a steeple,
And make you chief defender of the people ;
But sure the people, laughing in their sleeves,
Each action mock, for ev'ry action grieves ;
You rise Demosthenes in self-esteem,
But if you slumber, does your country dream ?

* Sir Boyle Roach.

No, I repent my counsel—Still be cool,
Nor let the nation totter on a fool :
Full many a babbling Atlas, when grown older,
Has wept the weight of countries on his shoulder ;
Full many a statesman had his "*back y-bent*,"
His country's porter, paid at *cent. per cent.*
No, love, I wish your blund'ring country well,
For Jews have batten'd there, as bankers tell.
No, love, you shall not help the fall of stocks,
Nor tempt again the cormorant and fox ;
They yet have work, while H— has a pound,
When *he* is hang'd at last, *they* may be drown'd ;
Then shall their pepper'd quids sublimely hail,
And belles no more the luckless man assail.
Thus when stout chanticleer, with ruby crest,
Adorns the stake, and bares his glowing breast,
The hens and chickens pensive stalk around,
Now peck a grain, then shudder at his wound,
Their plumage ruffle when they see his blood,
Scream loud, and shake their tails besprent with mud ;
But when through clarion beak he breathes his last,
They yield to fate, and quite forget the past,
Run flaunting through the channel in a row,
T' attract the notice of some dunghill beau,
And in most melancholy moans they sigh
Their widow'd wand'rings to the cock on high !



Thus have I labour'd for thy good, and laid
Thy last kind letter underneath my head.
But oh ! unhappy hunger ! rats have tore
Thy lovely scrawl, and rent my night-cap more.
Conceive my posture ; in one hand I smother
Thy precious scraps, my night-cap in the other ;
One eye adverse beholds a rotten chink,
My left orb squints upon a jug of drink ;
Ev'n now a dog my loaded pocke's maul'd ;
Gods ! how I shrunk, I trembled, and I bawl'd—
Moses came in as rough as any bear ;
I thrust your precious paper G— knows where ;
I blush'd my crime—and now I date this scrawl
From the black cov'ring of a garret wall ;
On broken chair I hang my doleful harp,
And the wind strikes the string with breezes sharp !
Oh ! cou'dst thou see me now with icy nose,
Dripping with dew, and crimson as the rose,
My tatter'd petticoat around my head,
Mice my companions, and the floor my bed,
My head-dress damag'd with unusual flaws,
And my red tresses interwove with straws.
Yes, gen'rous youth, you'd fetch the cheering cake,
And pawn your only breeches for my sake ;
The racy rum would raise my soul to joy,
And make me lovelier for my charming boy.

Yet let me suffer all that I can feel,
If thou canst 'scape the gamester's goary steel ;
This scrawl shall tell your feats when I am dead,
And still alive perplex thy anxious head ;
Perhaps some bard, by tender feelings mov'd,
May tell that once you liv'd, and once I lov'd.

SONG.

COLD lies that form beneath the sod,
Where all the graces shone ;
Cold too that breast, a languid load,
Which virtue mark'd her own.

Ah ! never shall that sprightly eye,
Illume life's dreary gloom ;
To silence charm that anguish'd sigh,
That now bewails thy tomb.

Ah ! never shall thy balmy lip,
Speak comfort to my soul,
In ecstacy my troubles steep,
And ev'ry grief control.

Ah ! never shall that heav'nly breast,
Support my aching head ;—
—Grim horror's now thy baleful guest,
Thy train, the ghastly dead !



DOCTOR FAUSTUS'S PANEGYRIC.

HAIL, Lord of boluses anointed ;
Of cholic'd guts, and bones disjointed ;
Vicegerent here, by death appointed,
To work his slaves,
Penning each mittimus so pointed,
To glut the graves.

So skilful, if the patient's water,
B' applied to your nostrils seven months a' ter,
You'll ferret ev'ry son and daughter,
'Till they're at ease,
Nimrod, that huntest after slaughter,
Like fox for geese !

Is the young squire as door-nail dead,
You clap a blister to his head,
Add clyster till his bum be red ;
Ill-fated booby,
For fear of waking him, light tread,
And close the lobby.

With gallipots his bedstead pillar,
Sprinkle him with powders like a miller,
Then sagely say, supreme mankiller,
 He's in a sleep,
Good faith he's so, for the tomb-teller,
 And snoring deep !

Such learned words thy skill compose,
The devil incarnate they would pose,
And puzzle your master under the rose,
 To con their meaning ;
St. Dunstan, thou couldst tweak his nose,
 And send him grinning.

Greek, Latin, twined with Hebrew roots,
Are beating up with Scotch recruits,
Pressing each mystic word that suits,
 Thy mutter'd knowledge,
Thou couldst fill Aristotle's boots,
 And kick the college.

Whene'er I ken thy pestle pounding,
Methinks I hear a death knell sounding,
Some one is taking the cold ground in
 A nap quietus,
While thou art polysyllables rounding,
 Like Epictetus.

By the Lord, an thou goest on so gaily,
The Hades will be peopled daily ;
“ Shake not at me thy wig so mealy,
I did it not,”
I only hint, your subjects really,
Are gone to pot.

Perchance, you’d take it in your noddle,
To send me some stout opium bottle,
Or cram cursed slipslops down my throttle,
In lieu of answer ;
Do, and I’ll dress your bull’s pout-twattle,
Till you may dance, Sir.

I’ll pour thy physic down thy gullet,
Pamper thee up with pills, like pullet,
Slash thee with potions, like a mullet,
Or engine spouting,
Thy sprite carnivorous, I’ll lull it,
Recesses all, routing.

Thou dirty leech, I wou’dnt, I tell ye,
E’en let you tap Pegasus’ belly,
Or glyster him, obstreperous fellow,
Or pick his corns ;
I’gad, good slop, you’d better rally,
And gild your horns.

So mind your farrier trade, nor meddle
With christians, like bear and fiddle,
Or I will shew thy jargon riddle,
 Of hum, and haw ;
Plunge thee, dull miscreant, in the puddle,
 And stop thy maw.

THE
QUESTION AND REPLY.

WHY streams so fast from those dim eyes,
The tear that tells a secret woe ?
Does sorrow breathe such tender sighs,
For some lost friend, who sleeps below ;
A brother, in untimely battle slain,
Or parents rescu'd from the world of pain ?

Ah, no !—nor friendship's cold embrace,
Nor brother's deeply-bleeding breast,
Nor parents sunk in endless rest,
Could cause such anguish as that fatal face !
From love,—from love alone my tortures spring,
And the fell viper wounds me while I sing.

AN ELEGY ON
A PROVERB-MONGER.

FRIENDS, cease your doleful cries and mourning,
Though Hodges' soul is burnt, or burning,
“ Tis a long lane that has no turning,”
“ And fire wastes tow,”
“ There's sweet as well as sour in churning,”
And “ joy ends woe.”

At most, though death should load his bier,
And Satan long his soul should tear,
What can they do?—so de'el may care,
They cannot form
I ween, “ a silk purse of sow's ear,
“ Or beer of barm.”

“ As sure as two and two make four,”
They'll let his soul in quiet snore,
And lay him as dead on the floor,
“ As David's sow,”
“ A soft word sootheth wrath,” therefore,
Don't look below.

What, though some time in hell he stay,
" Sour vinegar must make sweet whey :"
Rome was not finish'd in a day ;
 Be of my mind,
Your ditty sad and songs delay,
 For " words are wind."

Each methodist, or stupid ass,
Will tell you, Sirs, that " flesh is grass ;"
And it will also come to pass,
 " That grass will fire ;"
The ember lies just where it was,
 The smoke mounts higher.

So, let the good folks do their will,
The sexton will e'en take his fill,
It brings more " grist unto his mill,"
 And " drains the bog ;"
Heav'n rest him, they may make him still,
 " A hog, or dog."

For, being " old dog" as I may say,
At every wicked gambol gay,
" When cat is out, the mice will play,"
 And mock old Nick,
He'll sport, if fortune, in this way,
 Don't shew " dog's trick."

Then, "sure's a gun" he'll find to's cost,
"He reckon'd on without his host,"
And "cock-a-hoop" not mind what's lost,
"Till pay-day come,"
When he must desolate the coast
"Without beat o' drum."

If he don't chance with saws, to tether
Satan's two ears, like "bird of a feather,"
He must go without "why or whether,"
"To fill the oven,"
Kick'd out, with all his goods together,
By foot "so cloven."

I warrant, though the queer rogue tickles
His highness' taste, with flatt'ring pickles,
And ere a month, or some short week, lies,
"Claim cater cousin,
And be as great with Master Nichol's,
As "six to the dozen."

Then cease, he's snug enough "in port,"
Prince serjeant of th' infernal court,
Following his own congenial sport,
As is the fashion,
And proverbs mouthing of each sort,
'Twas "his vocation."



TO FEELING.

WHY thrills each nerve at Fancy's pictur'd woe,
At pity's tale why starts the tender breast?
Can scenes, by thought's delusive pencil drest,
Bid the full drop of pregnant anguish flow?
What cruel pow'r thus wrings my easy heart?
'Tis feeling, prophetess of distant ills,
With pensive ecstacy she points the dart,
In pleasing poison ting'd, that slow, but surely kills.

Oft o'er the cradled infant hath she wept,
And mark'd, with eye deprest, the woes of age;
Oft while the babe, in harmless silence slept,
She trac'd the vary'd passions, and their rage;
Wild-bursting wrath, revenge, with blood-shot
glance,
Pale jealousy, on love, with scowling brow
Still watchful fix'd, false honor's impious glow,
All sunk as yet beneath the mental trance,
Nor rous'd by fervid youth, to shake this mortal
stage.

Oft while the matron hung with fondest mirth
On him, whose truth first won her partial thought,
And all her smiling offspring throng the hearth,
Has feeling her funereal vision wrought ;
Oft seem'd to view the baleful hearse await
The ghastly sire, the matron's widow'd weeds,
The smiling offspring snatch'd by feverish fate ;
Meanwhile, fallacious grief ! her tortur'd bosom
bleeds.

Ah ! me, too many are our cares unfeign'd,
Too many troubles guard life's thorny way ;
Yet ne'er have I of thy soft pangs complain'd,
Nor sought, with heedless haste, the giddy gay ;
Beneath thy willows have I lov'd to mourn,
While stream'd the tribute tear from pity's sluice,
Still deck'd with flow'r's the hapless stranger's urn,
Sincerely sad—the martyr of the Muse !

AN ODE TO
A GREAT MAN'S GREAT PORTER.

SWEET Cerberus, let dainty sonnets move thee,
So may Apollo and the Muses love thee ;
Crown thy proud front with wreaths so fine ;
O ! let a poor, lean, hungry Orpheus dine !

In vain—no modulations charm thy breast,
Harder than brass, or bookseller, or marble ;
Thou long'st to crush the muses little nest,
Lo ! thou wouldest castrate ev'ry bard,
Which usage is confounded hard,
To spoil their vigour, not to make them warble.—
Some critic, felon, gave thee form,
With nails corroded, and obstetric pain,
Th' impenetrable offspring of his brain,
While printer's devils bestrode the howling storm ;
Yes, caitiff, thou hast vitriol suck'd, with aqua-
fortis,
For murd'ring songsters thy infernal sport is !

I have no golden branch, God help the while,
To make this fiend-like sybil smile ;
This sybil, scatt'ring my fair leaves about,
 This ghost of opposition, swift interring,
 My still-born verses with an hideous shout,
And knocking genius dead as any herring.
Tygers and Russian bears would spare the darlings,
Yet thou, vile ox-cheeks, choak the pretty starlings ;
 The pretty starlings, wont of yore,
 Amid the radiant blaze of morn to soar,
Swelling their tuneful throats, their small wings
 flutt'ring,
Still, Cyclops, thou'rt lewd curses mutt'ring ;
Still like a hell-hound, barking loud and dread ;
Good hell-hound, quick chop off my tuneful head,
Or, let me enter thy enchanted hall,
For either by thy teeth, or sharper want, I fall ;
Sad luck, indeed, but not uncommon !
So damme, in I rush, despite of frowns,
And parte-colour'd, bluff-cheek'd clowns ;
Assurance be my guide, I die a Roman !

AN EPISTLE
TO THE CONTROVERTISTS
ON BOTH SIDES OF
THE CATHOLIC COMBUSTION..

~~~~~  
In medio tutissimus ibis.  
~~~~~

ARGUMENT IN ABSTRACT.

THE poet introduceth himself with a stare—Growtheth so witty that Tom Brown was a mule to him—Saluteth the Pope magnificently—Hinteth at the huge rabble-rout of writers—Lasheth them severely—Addresseth both sides of the gutter with admirable politeness—Swearing—Contention—Hanging—Scribbling—Goose—Bacon—Falleth foal of the unfortunate authors who have written on the Catholic question—Cutteth them up nicely—Minceth and maketh a *Christmas* pye of them—Forsweareth ingratitude—Describeth the commotion of the coffee-house critics—Shoals of similes to the end of the chapter—Jack Presbyter's shrewd doubts—Unwilling to have the Catholics saved—Meekly possesseth his gentle, and humane turn of temper—Appeareth to wax rather impertinent—Avoweth his own praises again—Satan handed in with the witch of Endor—Classically elegant allusion—More egotism—Stickleth for freedom and equality—Pagan tenets.

—Laundeth any man who adoreth the great Creator—Growtheth warm in defence of the Catholics—Scalpeth Ierne about her indolence in protecting genius—Cursory dialogue between the Poet and his Muse—Starteth with new vigour to the gaol—Inditeth at the same time an ode to Miss Toleration, who is born to bear the load of every man, and concludeth with a sigh to the Catholic peasantry of Ireland.

PRÆMIUM.

MARV'LING, with most becoming stare, I view'd
Of blue-bound quartos, what a motley brood,
Red-hot, and flaming from the devil's hand,
As o'er the window's glassy arches, peering,
Keen as a cat, I pored a-pamphleteering,
And spied such heaps, that with emphatic eye,
Loud did I cry,
“ Good lack ! have Stockdale, Hatchard, time to
stand
In such rare attitudes, so striking fine ?”
I gaz'd upon the bibliopolist's gay shrine,
With such anxiety—as would amaze ye,
Like one stark crazy.

Crazy, that word my judgment spurns,
With loftier simile my bosom burns.
So have I seen in Gill'ry's shop,
Hector, of Priam's house the prop ;
Hector, (as Homer says) so famed for grinning,
With one hand, Styxanax's bottom pinning,
And th' other, stretch'd in agony of prayers,
As if to beckon Jove down stairs.

The influence of religion, catches
All folk, like cur-dogs, by the breeches ;
All brothers of the quill in prose sublime,
Without or reason, write, or rhyme ;
In civet, the pope's magnific toe,
Ne'er kick'd up such a dust before,
Nor did that venerable beau,
Suffer his rosy cherubim to snore,
But bade the itch of authorship to bite 'em

AD INFINITUM.

Then, shall not I in bold poetic fury,
Outface this venerable jury,
And say, " My noble, and approv'd good masters,"
When mother-church is sick,
Even I, in the nick,
Can patch the good old dame with plasters ;

Therefore, in pompous sounding lay,
I dash away.

EPISTLE.

MESSIEURS !

Whether to relics you may choose to kneel,
To ribbon-rags, and bits of broken steel,
Or, Luther's honest schemes of diet studying,
On Friday, feast with carnal beef and pudding ;
Or, whether of a mongrel-race,
You twang full sermons through the nose
In this same disputatory case ;
To all I offer up my lyric dose,
Nor care, so patriotic my proceeding,
Which party's ribs are left a-bleeding.

The Catholics,* I own (who cut such capers
Upon the forehead and the breast,)

* Embolden'd by the sublime wish of protecting those they regard and love, of handing down the blessings of liberty to their children, and lastly, of exalting themselves above the level of servitude, they have determined again to petition their equals for the rights of life, and the rewards of patience, under a sway little less than despotic.

Have thrown all other sects into the vapours,
And rous'd the whole vexatious nest ;
Who swear most furiously, the scoundrel Romans,
Shall sit outside the House of Commons.
Per contra, the fierce Romans swear,
To pull taxation by the ear,
Knock pride, like rotten flounder, on the stones,
And break emancipation's bones ;
Yes, they will be fry'd, bak'd, and roasted,
Ere privilege, the darling claim they lose,
Purchase the blessed boon, whatever cost it,
Or hang, *cum totis viris*, in their shoes ;
And really, if they break their chains asunder,
I would advise the gentlemen to thunder.

Poor fellows ! many a scribbler strips his muse,
Videlicet, a goose ;
With all the rage of criticism taken,
To bang their consecrated bacon.
Furious they fling their venom'd foam about,
And take St. Peter by the snout.
Their periods all, like Addison's, so short,
Their florid dialect like Burke's ;
Their sense as strong as fifty Turks,
Their wit as sharp and bright as knives and forks :
Give me, indeed, a world of sport ;

I scorn to speak ill words of any body,
Of asses ev'n—*Ingratum odi.*

Gaping, like oysters, at low tide,
The politicians prate about this matter,
And raise, with truly Aristarchal pride,
Heav'n's! what a clatter!
The coffee lingers at each statesman's lip,
And fluent wisdom butters every sip.
The horns that blew down (bubble-like) old Jericho,
Making the stagg'ring battlements to pound
Their dying habitants upon the ground,
Without any quarter;
Lying, like carrots in a smoking harrico,
Or composition-bolus in a mortar,
Were but mere bagpipes to the mighty lungs,
That swell of Mistress Fame, the thousand tongues.

See, in yon box, how close the critics sit,
Meanwhile, the froth-crown'd goblet briskly moves,
Light bounce (quicksilver all) the squibs of wit,
That fit the subject like a pair of gloves;
The Catholics they hunt as noblest game,
And talk, and tipple into fame,
Till the gruff waiter (an unwelcome guest!)
Presumes the jovial triflers to infest.

Loud as the post-horn's echoing shout,
The Protestants not quite devout,
With cautious care, forsooth, exclaim,
"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,"
Which in the English, Sirs, is quite the same,
As much as, "Martin shall repent his
Entering on leagues with Master Peter,"
Nothing than this construction comes completer.

Jack Presbyter* is ready to run wild,
Nay, March-hare mad, at this presumption,
Trembles, least legislature is beguil'd,
And marvels at the ninny-hammer's *gumption*;
(*Gumption*, a word which doth not vary,
Though not in Johnson's Dictionary.)
He fumes, to think those papists should be saved,
And power of his strong locks entirely shaved !

Now I, a timid, gentle sort of wigh!,
My pigeon-heart, as alabaster-white,

* There are many Protestants, distinguished by their rank and virtues, who view the Catholics as brethren, and willingly would emancipate them from their present state of subjection; notwithstanding the *holy prejudice* which has recently been displayed by the white-stoled zealots, who dread the least innovation on their unmerited wealth and influence.

Would wish to see,
In each degree,
The offspring of one kingdom greatly free :
Which wish has brought into my mind,
An ode so simple, gen'rous, and resin'd ;
An ode, which kindling up like tinder,
Breathes the celestial fire of Pindar,
And would not (reader, 'tis no trope !)
Disgrace the pen of Dryden, Gray, or Pope.

ODE TO TOLERATION.

MILD nymph, with calm unalter'd eye,
Rais'd in soft rapture to the sky,
And loosely folded arms ;
Glowing with holy love, I view
Thy rosy cheek's ambrosial hue,
Thy bosom's tranquil charms ;
Glowing, I woos thee to my pilgrim seat,
Nymph ! ever lovely, ever sweet.

Thou canst the voice of party hear,
With undisturb'd and candid ear,
Nor turn the angry frown ;
Appease the harpy fangs of law,
And make the peasant's wholesome straw,
More soft than bolted down ;

Yes, thou canst render all complete,
Nymph, ever lovely, ever sweet.

By true religion's sacred side,
Constant you tread, with glorious pride,
 To hush the rapid storm ;
Thy starry presence gilds the gloom,
Thy fragrance bathes the rose's bloom,
 And gives creation form ;
Spring flings her flow'rs beneath thy feet,
 Nymph ! ever lovely, ever sweet.

O ! thou canst check the turbid mind,
Spread pure affection through mankind
 Savage and fell no more ;
Thy tongue, with words, 'bove mortal speech,
The high decrees of heav'n can teach,
 And pity's tender lore ;
Blest 'bove the haughty, 'bove the great,
 Nymph ! ever lovely, ever sweet.

Descend from thy illustrious car
Of sapphire light, that beams afar,
 In brilliant pomp, descend ;
So shall I smile on human race,
My trust in each man's bosom place,
 And think each man my friend ;

Glowing, I woee thee to my pilgrim seat,
Nymph ! ever lovely, ever sweet.

End of the Ode.

EPISTLE *continued.*

Is this not pretty, gentles, eh !
Quite in the taking way ?
Sublime and beautiful, and soft, and tender,
Enough to melt the rugged witch of Endor :
Like snuff, to pinch Sir Satan by the nose,
And match the music of the warbling crows.

So, in the gentle radiance of the night,
Lov'd Philomel her plaintive dirges pours,
Saddens the pale-eyed moon-beam's sombre light,
And tunes to pity's nerve the lonely hours ;
Meanwhile, low breezes creep the leaves among,
And stilly whispers break her solitary song.

Is that not pretty too ? methinks. I rise,
In ev'ry line more tow'ring to the skies ;
My eagle-pinion sails the heights of air,
And leaves the mead below to dullness and despair.

Freedom I love, and Freedom strikes the lyre ;
Freedom, the Attic chord, divinely touches ;
Freedom, of poesy the manly sire,
Who, could he get vile slav'ry in his clutches,
Would give the daemon such a Cornish hug,
And crack his sides, as topers crack a jug.

Yes, I would have Equality through all,
'Tis fair Equality that rules the ball ;
In golden balance hangs the orbs of light,
And bids the 'tendant glories beam so bright ;
In ardent equipoise aloft they stand,
And bless Equality's almighty hand.

Disunion, fiercer than the tempest's wing,
Scatters destruction o'er the trembling globe,
Rude rends sweet concord's floating robe,
And blights the pallid cheek of infant spring ;
Disunion rises from the cell of death,
To kill the cordial smile, and blast the festal wreath.

Religion may be won by various courses,
People have worshipp'd sheep and horses ;
Onions, were fav'rite gods of the Egyptians,
As Monsieur Pliny tells in grave descriptions ;
How'e'er, to those I would not be so civil,
As to trot headlong to the devil,

Because, though they were great some years ago,
Perchance, their tents, this year, are pitch'd below.

But he who kneels to Him, whose mighty call
Shook Sinai's top, in thunder, and in flame,
Whose right hand clasps this universal all ;
And is through ev'ry land th' eternal same ;
Though modes may differ, he's as free
To gain his utmost wish, as me !

Say, am I judge ? can I condemn ? accuse ?
The rights of brotherhood abuse,
Forbid his blooming hopes of life to rise,
And crush the fruitful stem before his eyes ?
No, the same common good is made for each,
And left within the best deserver's reach.

May not a Catholic* as well preside
At honor's helm, as him who mocks his pray'r ?

* They have long seen, without murmuring, those who are oppressors, climb to the highest offices of the state, while they are universally despised, and neglected. Scorn itself is attended with loss of fortune. They are refused any department in the commonwealth ! For what cause ? Is it because they are loyal in their suffering, and willing to assist without their hire ? Is it because they are,

Teem not his veins with full as rich a tide ?
Feels not his breast as soft a load of care ?
Is he not equal ? then, whose impious hand
Shall drive from virtue's post the loyal band !

Who fights our battles ? who protects our coast,—
And is their gen'rous labour lost ?
And must their meritorious actions die ?
O'er which desponding justice heaves a sigh !

Through danger's ruin, lo ! the heroes rush,
Nor mind a being in the awful crush ;
Content their country's force to save,
By their own early grave !

But cease, my song ; the tears of honest rage,
In agony, bedew my spotless page.
No mitigation of your bondage crave,
For mis'ry is the portion of the brave !

hindered from polishing their genius by the force of proper education? Is it because they defend that which they do not possess?—Who will reply? It cannot be that they are treated as vassals for following, with veneration, the mode of worship their forefathers, and those whose memory they held dear, followed. Who can say they are wrong, or who attest themselves right?—Another tribunal shall judge that matter.

TO THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

WEEP, sons of hapless Erin, weep,
Your chains in tears of anguish steep,
And as you bend the streaming eye,
Where pale and plunder'd brethren lie,
On Albion's head no blessings breathe,
She's ting'd with blood the victor wreath !

Lo ! where the famish'd peasant lies,
No more with freedom flash his eyes,
No more the smiling pleasures steal
From heav'n, to bless his temp'rate meal ;
Ev'n hospitality, no more
Courts the tir'd stranger to the door.

Indignant, wisdom flies the land,
Where folly plants her venal band ;
Gay humour drops the beamy dart,
All pow'rless on corruption's heart ;
And, veil'd in shame's most sullen hues,
Fair honour follows with the Muse !

Sweet country, shall I never hear
Best music to the patriot's ear ;

The ploughman carol, as he wakes
The small lark from the russet brakes ;
Or twilight, as it creeps along,
Made lovely by his ev'ning song !

For, ah ! without the lab'rer's toil,
(So much despis'd, the courtier's spoil !)
Without the soft arts that refine
The soul, and knit in bonds divine,
The vacant boast, the armed train,
Or all that tyrants grant—are vain !

Bleeds not my filial breast, and flow
No tributes to my country's woe ?
Yes, while these streaming sluices view
Heav'n's light, shall pity fill anew ;
But little can such grief avail !
Can tears a tyrant's heart assail ?
Thy fobs shall see, with equal fire,
I wield the sword, or sweep the lyre.

So, mid the brown wood's leafy vault,
While echoing wilds his anguish caught,
The minstrel mourn'd—beneath the shade
Of barren boughs, for slav'ry made,
Juverna heard, and, as she sigh'd,
Quick turn'd, the blushful cheek to hide.

The speeding sail, that oft, of yore,
Commercial wealth, and plenty bore ;
Droops in the gale—some British god
Has barr'd the ocean's open road,
In wild inviolable jest,
Says *Thou* be wretched, *I* am blest !

Weep, sons of hapless Erin, weep,
Your chains in tears of anguish steep ;
And as you bend the straining eye,
Where pale and plunder'd brethren lie ;
On Albion's head no blessings breathe,
She's ting'd with blood the victor wreath !

