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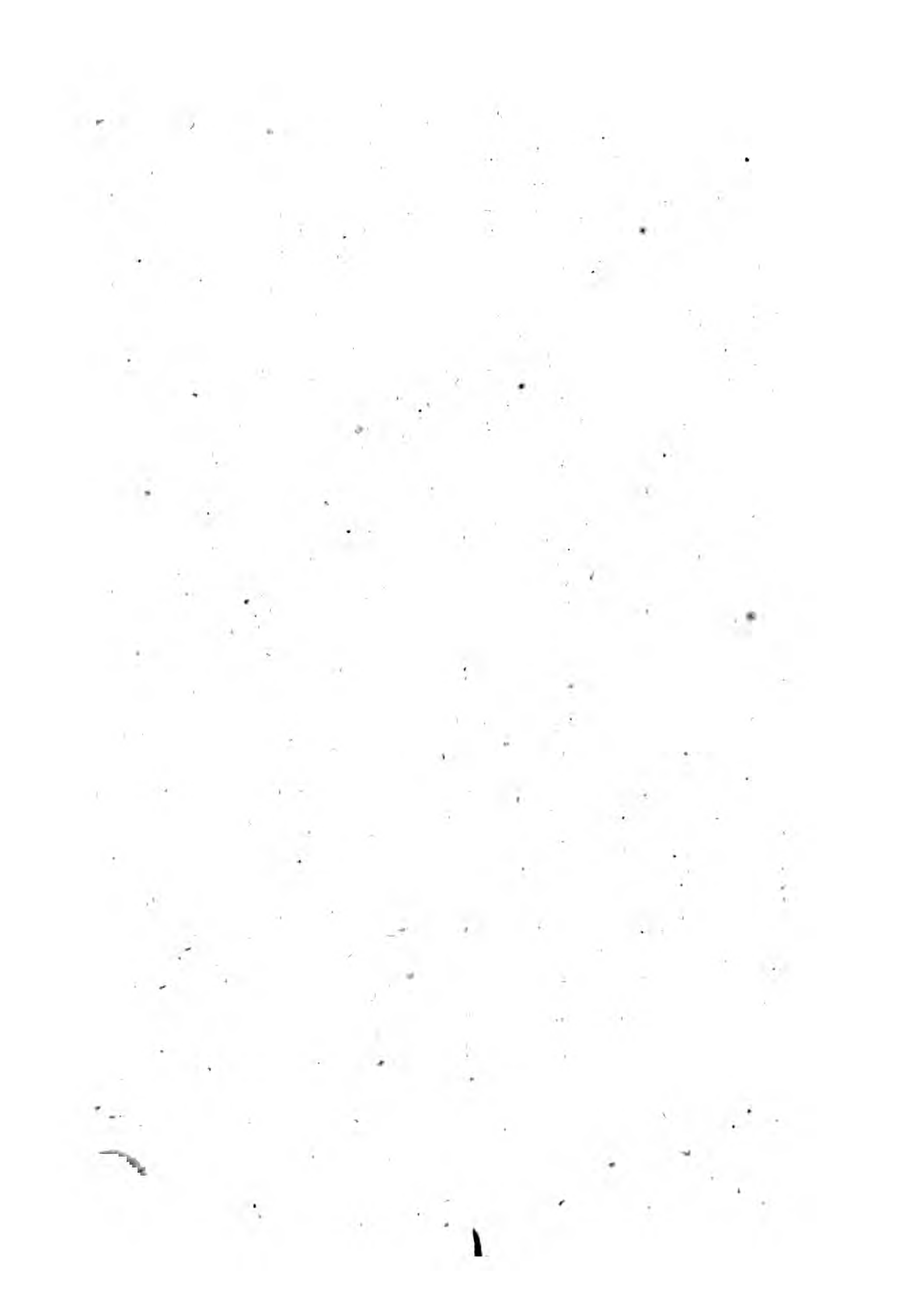
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The Meteors.

Number 1.

Sit, judices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS, BY A. & J. BLACK,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1799.



ADVERTISEMENT.

WE think it not improper to explain, that one chief reason for the title prefixed to the following pages, originated in a foreboding apprehension, that the Work may be as transitory as the phenomenon from whence it takes its name. The humble opinion we entertain of our own powers would have induced a lasting silence; but observing that in the entertainment offered daily to the public, unsavoury dishes, and bad cookery, are often indulgently, nay too indulgently, excused, we could discover no reasons which absolutely forbade our assistance in serving up the feast. In good old times every feast had its accredited jester; may not we, then, at the entertainment to which we have invited ourselves, be allowed to laugh? We hope so—and that the public will be inclined to laugh with us. Sometimes we will endeavour to regale them with a Verse which shall excite the more refined passions—and as it is probable some Poet or Poetess may chance to think that the inspirations of his, or her muse, will diversify and embellish our labours, We hereby modestly invite all well disposed Ladies and Gentlemen to assist us with their contributions.

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INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

SCENE—LEADENHALL STREET.

*Enter Tom Paragraph, and Mr. Zoilus Dogsear;
Two Critics, rather of an opposite complexion.*

TOM PARAGRAPH.

AH, Dogsear! Prythee, friend, how dost thou do?
I'll raise thy spirits—Black has something new,
The Meteors—Do you think it's really true?

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

Nay, Mister Paragraph, I cannot tell;
Perhaps to ask him might be quite as well.

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Oh, there's no need, he never will disown
 Honest endeavors to amuse the town.
 In the new Work there's merit, (if it stands)
 No doubt you'll honour it with your commands.

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

I've patience, Mister Paragraph, I'll wait,
 A few weeks hence I shall not be too late.
 I never like to buy a *pig in poke*.

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Now 'pon my honor, that's a brilliant joke;
 But while upon the future you depend,
 The transitory page may find its end.
 'Tis a moot point—The *Meteors*, Sir, may not
 Give heat enough to boil the author's pot;
 Then while in helpless infancy they glow,
 Thy friendly patronage thou must bestow.
 As for my own part, I'll do what I can,
Do as you would be done by—that's the plan;

Who

Who knows but if the author comes off winner,
 He'll kindly ask me now and then to dinner.
 I wish, with all my soul, the next *Review*
 The several beauties of the Work may shew.
 Might not the learned pages thus announce
 The *coup d'essai*—" We think we may pronounce,
 " This publication likely to afford
 " Some scatter'd grains of wit, if not a hoard,
 " And pleas'd we add one vot'ry to the throng,
 " Of those who court the charms of polish'd song."

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

Oh, mercy, Mr. Paragraph!—forbear
 Thus longer to profane a classic ear;
 I'm sorry to avow you've no idea
 Of god-like verse, and genuine poetry;
 What! couldst thou strong and healthy bantlings
 seek
 From muses breeding ev'ry other week?
 What is it possible *one* bard can do?

TOM PARAGRAPH.

But my dear Dogsear, if there should be *two*,
Or *twenty*?

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

'Tis the same; in these vile days,
We all should hesitate before we praise;
We hear of charming works, and genius fine,
Originality, and thoughts divine,
But what is written new in *ninety nine*?

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Why surely, Mr. Dogsear, you forget,
The Ode you lately wrote to blithsome Bet;
Thy muse so warmly pictur'd *all* her charms,
I call'd a coach to take me to her arms.

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

You flatter, Paragraph; but come, disclose
Exactly what your hungry bards propose;

Is

Is it in lengthen'd sounds and doleful yell,
 Of drear damp walls, and mould'ring bones to tell;
 To fill with rheumatism's racking pains
 Their readers joints, and then with clanking chains
 Force them with startled fears to fly their seats,
 And cure their chill struck limbs by sudorific heats?

Or will they, with a quick and lively measure,
 Attempt to rouse the languid pulse to pleasure ;
 And while they give the *nervous* patient ease,
 Cheat the poor Doctor of his *hard earn'd* fees?

Or by the silver streams and groves among,
 Woo the swift swallow with their gentle song;
 Tell us of bleating lambs, of kids and fawns,
 Of vales, and sloping hills, and verdant lawns ;
 What flowers most bloom at eve, and what at morn,
 And how the rose is wedded to the thorn ?

Or with sharp satire's sting pierce through the hide
 Of harden'd shame, and reckless what betide
 The rash attempt, devote to public scorn
 All infamy, or low, or nobly born ;
 Will their keen muse, in spite of wind and weather,
 Beat all these paths to keep their work together ?

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Hear him, ye poets!—but approach not near ;
 I'm admiration all, my dear Dogsear.
 Had they your wit, our authors would do well,
 For half the quantity the work would sell.

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

Again you flatter—hasten to declare
 What feast it is your much prais'd bards prepare ;
 And freely do it, or I shall suspect
 You write the verses which you thus protect.

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Now by my daily labours, neatly fil'd,
 And heaps on heaps, o'er one another pil'd ;
 By all my witticisms, strew'd with dust,
 By all the jokes I've wrote, and all I must,
 That you suspect me, Dogsear—'tis unjust.

ZOILUS

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

Be calm, my friend : your passion's angry note
 Will else obstruct the passage of your throat.
 Be calm—and tell me what your bards will do—

TOM PARAGRAPH.

I yield—and first—but mind 'tis *entre nous* ;
Heroics shall astound——

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

Pshaw ! pshaw ! you doat ;
 Heroics now a days are never wrote,
 Save when some bold and weather-beaten Tar
 (But never beaten in the tug of war)
 Indites an honest letter to *Nepean*,
 To tell him what about, and where he's been ;
 Thus runs the phrase :—“ Be pleased to inform
 “ The Lords Commissioners, that in a storm
 “ We first descry'd the hostile flag of France ;
 “ But soon the storm abating, we advance,
 “ Spread

“ Spread all our canvass to the filling gale,
 “ And pour a broadside on the flying sail :
 “ Three hours we did our duty as we ought,
 “ And into port the enemy have brought.”

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Well, if heroics are not to your taste,
 Perhaps, an *Elegy*—lines pure and chaste—

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

An elegy ! What put it in your brains
 To think of elegies ? Such dismal strains
 I prithee, from the plan at once discard,
 The best were written in a cold *Church-yard*.

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Suppose a *Pastoral line*——

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

T'were better not ;
 Why, Paragraph, Thou surely hast forgot,

Why,

Or possibly thou never yet hast read
 What Doctor Johnson on that subject said.—
 No, no, that style sufficient fame obtains
 From Brighton's damsels, and from Margate's swains.

TOM PARAGRAPH.

In truth, dear Dogsear, thou art too unkind ;
 But let our *Satire* better welcome find,
 'Twill please the malice of the gen'ral mind.

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

If so they think, your authors are but fools,
 And may with profit seek again their schools ;
 All, as the sharp and poignant line they see,
 Will loud exclaim, " The scoundrels aim at me."

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Poor authors! might their Sonnets, Sir, retrieve
 them ?

ZOILUS DOGSEAR.

To *Charlotte Smith*, I do conjure you, leave them.

TOM

TOM PARAGRAPH.

Oh ! Dogsear ! thou art difficult to please ;
But since our authors bear th' unblest disease,
The *writing furor*—'tis in vain to fret,
We must have their POETICAL GAZETTE.
Oh ! may the fine wove pages oft invite you,
And may the matter just as oft delight you ;
Yet, much I fear, to justify your railings,
Whereas's you will sometimes find, and *Failings*.

HENRY

HENRY AND MARY.

DID you not hear the wind's rude howl,
The surge's roar, the beating rain?
And can you promise to my heart,
That Henry will return again?

Alas! no skill can e'er suffice
To guide through such a storm the bark,
No star shines twinkling through the air,
But all around is dismal—dark.

Dash'd on the shore, the shatter'd boat
With fragments strews the stony beach;
E'en now the melancholy owl,
Pour'd in my ears his dreadful screech.

Sad

Sad must I wander round the world
 Without a shelter for my head,
 I, and this little babe exil'd,
 May want, and seek in vain for bread.

My Henry dreaded oft this chance,
 Repin'd that fate had made him poor;
 And therefore, more advent'rous toil'd,
 Seeking to swell his little store.

Oft has he fondly sworn my charms
 Were worthy of a monarch's pain;
 Then looking on the waves, would sigh,
 As if his heart were broke in twain.

Nought there was offer'd to his view
 But the small earnings labor gain'd;
 For those, all perils must be borne,
 For those he ev'ry effort strain'd.

Oft

Oft when returning home at night,
 These arms receiv'd him wet with brine,
 And love that burnt with purest flame,
 Found in his breast the purest shrine.

“ Cease thy laments,” the stranger said,
 “ Do not forbode thy Henry’s knell,
 “ Heav’n will restore him to those charms,
 “ Those charms which others far excel.

“ Comfort thy heart; repress thy sighs;
 “ Cheerful we’ll pass the eve away;
 “ Safe from the storm, thy welcome roof
 “ Shall skreen me ’till the dawn of day.”

Sweet Mary heard the stranger’s words,
 No warm approval did they find;
 But to expose a shiv’ring guest
 Her Henry never was inclin’d.

Silence

Silence thus gave consent; the hearth
 Blaz'd with the heaped pile of wood,
 Instant with wholesome viands spread,
 The beachen table laden stood.

The stranger ate, and frequent prais'd,
 In warmest terms his goodly cheer;
 Subtly her charms extoll'd, until
 The tale of flatt'ry won her ear.

The storm might then have been unheard,
 Perhaps her Henry been forgot,
 But the long pealing thunder roll'd,
 In louder echoes o'er the cot.

Sulphureous odours floating round,
 Quick shot the lightnings through the air;
 Affrighted, to the stranger's arms
 She hastes, to hide her from its glare:

But

But as the boist'rous storm drove on,
A momentary pause ensu'd;
In that dread pause, a villain's clasp
Circed that heart her Henry woo'd!

Circed that heaving breast, and while
Not yet recover'd from her fears,
The traitor talk'd of love, and urg'd
His suit in sighs and feigned tears.

Again the rolling thunder's heard,
And Mary's honor takes th' alarm,
The stranger stands aghast; the threats
Of heav'n his purposes disarm.

To make the vict'ry more complete,
And save her from all chance of stain,
Her Henry rushes to her aid,
By Providence escap'd the main.

She

She shrieks—she faints—the well known voice
Of Henry, calls her back to life;
With joy, exultingly he cries,
“Once more my arms enfold a wife!”

The treach'rous stranger then exclaims,
“Sweet are the pleasures that each feels!
“The storm abates—accept my thanks,”
And straightway out of doors he steals.

Onward he strives to seek his way,
But dreadful pours the heavy rain;
The floods unstable prove his feet,
He falls; nor falls to rise again.

BUONA-

*B U O N A P A R T E.**

GOOD courteous reader, I am sure the name
Of Buonaparte must have reach'd thine ear ;
But, lest thou be deceived in his fame,
E'en from my Muse his glories shalt thou hear.

And first, this hero, like to other men,
Has capabilities to eat and drink :
In stature, he is five feet nine, or ten,
A goodly size, as many ladies think.

* The verses upon this renowned chief were written before he had assumed the new part which he is now playing in the political drama of the French Revolution ; and if our readers should relish his past history, as we have given it, we do not absolutely despair of his supplying them with further amusement.

A year or two ago his face was pale,
 But now, they say, it is a dingy brown;
 And thence at Paris sprung an idle tale,
 They said 'twas Gen'ral Toussaint come to town.

In science he is deep—his rapid pen
 At once describes a vict'ry and a bust;
 And fighting in a swamp and marshy fen,
 He tells how many thousands bit the dust.

His travelling has of course begot a skill
 In lands and soils; but this I will advance,
 That let his knowledge be whate'er it will,
 He knows the diff'rence 'twixt Cayenne & France.

But we must trace the hist'ry of his life;
 Observe how, inch by inch, his greatness grew;
 At ten years old, we find him deep in strife,
 Vowing in a balloon to take a view.

There

There first his mighty genius was unfurl'd,
 (Admire his wise foresight and prudence true)
 He wish'd to see the huge unweildy world,
 His infant ardour panted to subdue.

Light o'er his head his youthful hours roll,
 He hastes to Genoa—What do we behold !
 The hero asking, “ What's o'clock ?” no soul
 The hero can resolve ; each watch is sold.

On ev'ry side the dreadful clamours rise ;
 No watches, shirts, or shoes do we possess ;
 Nor thee, nor the Directory we prize,
 Unless ye save us from our sad distress.

“ *Courage !* my lads ; *allons !* see yonder plains
 “ And armies given us by Fate's decree ;
 “ The Austrian spoils shall well reward your pains,
 “ Watches enough, and Wurmser's watch for me.

Soon *ça ira* and civic hymns resound,
 In horrid joy the reg'ments dance and jump ;
 And, as imagination wins the ground,
 Each feels his bay'net in a hostile rump.

'Tis said dame Fortune is not over chaste,
 Nor does she much delight in ancient men ;
 She found our hero most unto her taste,
 And smil'd on Wurmser only now and then.

Thus victory to victory succeeds,
 Armies retreat, and towns are render'd up ;
 The fields are spoil'd—and poor Italia bleeds,
 And soon at Mantua will the victor sup.

He came—and told the people they were free,
 Deliver'd from the tyranny of knaves,
 Bade them to plant the emblematic tree
 Whose shadow would disdain to shelter slaves.

Bade

Bade them to be the right good friends of France,
 And plac'd some thousand men within their walls,
 Lest that by any accidental chance,
 They chang'd their minds, and struggled in street
 brawls.

Next with th' Emp'ror's courtiers, *tete-a-tete*
 At Campo Formio he plans a peace,
 Which done, he vows that either soon or late,
 He'll go and drive the English troops like geese.

His dreadful grenadiers, his boast and pride,
 Borne on huge rafts shall strike us all with fears;
 Sail up the Thames upon the faithless tide,
 And knock the antique Tower 'bout our ears.

March thence unto the Bank, whose facile doors
 Shall yield up all to their rapacious claw,
 Swift bounds the echo from the Gallic shores
Voilà bank notes, *at par* with assignats!

But he, or the Directory soon found
 This plan beneath the genius of France ;
 And then, the Turks and Mam'lukes to confound
 He led his grenadiers a pretty dance.

Tost on the seas full many a stormy day,
 At length his navy reach'd the Egyptian strand,
 Only at Malta—stopping by the way,
 To play the Devil, did the hero land.

Safe in Aboükir's bay the navy rode
 Approaching victories the warriors greet,
 Nor could they find one Sçavan to forebode
 That Nelson hasten'd with his conqu'ring fleet.

Brave Nelson came—and while his vengeance flew
 And claim'd the victory as Britain's right,
 Great Buonaparte took a bird's-eye view,
 Securely mounted on a turret's height.

The

The navy lost—no logic can prevail
 On Afric's citizens to change one mind,
 Those people thought he look'd just like a snail
 Who came abroad, and left his shell behind.

Yet generalship like his was never found,
 Hail, Ali Buonaparte! *Vive l'Hero!*
 His faith like any weathercock veer'd round,
 A pious Mussulman from top to toe!

But here the Devil interferes, and bids
 Each thing run counter to the prophet's will;
 Still must he battle near the pyramids,
 And in their mosques some more old women kill.

Lo! on a dromedary, full of pride
 To Syria now the hero bends his way;
 Those soldiers who can *steal* a camel, *ride*,
 The rest march after in their best array.

Rejoice, ye Jews! the Israelitish walls,
 Require but workmen to be built apace,
 A mighty *Rabbi* loudly on you calls,
 In ev'ry Syrian town to raise Duke's Place.

Gen'ral again, he summons Acre with
 Fraternal offers; strange, they wont go down;
 But that uncivil Knight, Sir Sydney Smith,
 Was rude enough to fortify the town.

He taught the Turks to banish idle fears,
 And make incursions on the hostile French;
 They sally—and find Jacobins have ears,
 Which as superfluous lux'ries they retrench.

To desperation drove, the town they storm,
 And storm again; but it is all in vain:
 At length they take their leave, without much form,
 And *storming*, march to Egypt back again.

In the retreat the Arabs were unkind,
 Honor 'mongst thieves—yet they committed theft,
But soon the hero has the bliss to find
 The pyramids stand just where they were left.

He calls a council; finds the season past,
 When men can fly to India in a day;
And after much debate, concludes at last,
 From Egypt he had better slip away.

And as the Hebrew youths in days of old,
 Went *into* Egypt to preserve their lives,
So *out* of Egypt, Buonaparte bold,
 Escap'd to Paris, where I hear he thrives.

J A N E G I B B S.

GODDESS of Beauty aid my song,
Inspire me with thine eyes,
As to thy sex the strains belong,
Do not my strains despise.

Goddess of Beauty, in thy time
Thou must have heard of fibs,
How shall I tell in lagging rhyme
Those told by Jenny Gibbs?

Vain were the task; I therefore sing
Jane's fascinating charms,
Whence soft and melting wishes spring
To clasp her in your arms.

But

But as her loveliness is such
As differs from all clay ;
To shield her from man's horrid touch
She never walks by day.

Yet when the moon in lustre shines
Shines forth this wond'rous maid,
She looks a nymph from Dian's shrine,
In modesty array'd.

There are in London town, 'tis known,
Just two sides of the way,
And when the moon shines, one is bright
And t'other it is grey.

The last by Jane is most preferr'd
It suits her modest gait,
And justly she has thence inferr'd
No danger tho' it's late.

But

But both the sides are deck'd with lamps
 (Believe me I speak true,)
And when Jane's spirits meet with damps
 These horrid lamps burn blue.

No nymph from satyr ever ran
 In sweet Arcadian grove,
As Jane, if near a lamp a man
 Should dare disclose his love.

But soft, we will describe the maid
 With charms beyond compare,
And give the likeness so pourtray'd
 That to it you may *swear*.

Let two fine eyes no more be prais'd
 Such lustres are out-done,
For this fair Heroine has rais'd
 Her deathless fame by one.

Nay

Nay ladies, shew not your surprise
 There's nothing wond'rous in't;
 This eye, the place of two supplies,
 So lovely does it squint.

Soft beauty oft has been the theme,
 Of many a youthful bard;
 Who strives to portray Jane's, I deem
 Will find that it is *hard*.

Of honey'd accents we are told
 As mild as summer dews,
 How long attention's ear they hold,
 How dear unto the Muse.

Our damsel has a better way
 The list'ning ear to catch,
 'Tis "D— me, Sir, you've robb'd me—nay
 "Stand still, or here's the watch."

Ye Fair who practise ev'ry art
Which promises success,
Let Jane her subtle skill impart
I'm sure 'twill cost you less.

For ev'ry lovely smile you shew
Which brings the swains to woo,
Jane's way is better—'tis a blow
When her best smiles wont do.

So captivating are her charms
Poor swains, ah well a day!
You needs must fly into her arms,
Or fly to get away.

In pity to the swarm of beaux
Seen buzzing round this town,
The Muse some good advice bestows,
'Tis mine to write it down.

And

And first, in Kensington's green plains
 When folks are making hay
 By all my lov'd poetic strains
 I charge you—keep away.

Next when a cry "Stop thief," you hear
 In ev'nings drear and dark,
 Don't you stop—lest sweet Jane appear
 And swear that you're the spark.

If e'er a lady beckons you,
 To hand her 'cross a lane,
 Remember well, before you go,
 The *Beck* of lovely Jane.

Remember well her squeaks and squall,
 "Watch! watch! this wicked man
 "Would rob me of my little all,
 "I soon found out his plan.

You

You to the roundhouse hie away
Lamenting is in vain,
But then, at Bow Street the next day
In sun-shine, you'll see Jane.

The Syrens who, in days of old,
Destroy'd whole navies daily,
Could never make one man (I'm told)
Appear at the Old Bailey:

But for amends, Jane's wayward will
Has some design to please,
And tho' she treats you wond'rous ill
The lawyers get their fees.

T H E D R E A M.

It may be right to acknowledge, that the idea of this little poem is borrowed ; if the reader wishes to appreciate exactly what merit it has in its present shape, the original may be found in the Sacred Poems of Mr. George Herbert, a writer of the last century, and who, in the papers published by Sir Richard Steel, under the title of the Ladies Library, is called a divine Poet ; most probably from the subjects of his verses.

UNDER the shade of an aged elm,
I threw myself down to rest ;
Sleep came my eyelids to overwhelm ;
The God was a welcome guest.

Yet not in a death-like calm came he,
Morpheus walk'd in his train ;
 Round him his visions flutter'd with glee,
 And one fled into my brain.

Then methought I beheld in my trance,
 With all their lures display'd,
 Beauty, Wit, Glory, and Money advance,
 To tempt me where I was laid.

Sporting in rich luxurious pride,
 Beauty crept into a rose ;
 I pluck'd it not, but sternly I cried,
 Beauty, thou can'st not impose.

Next Money, chinking a bag of gold,
 Exclaim'd, From hence Pleasure flows :
 I said already too much is sold,
 On me thou can'st not impose.

The third came Glory, quite out of breath,
But I told that King of Woes,
As on my couch I would fain meet death,
On me he could not impose.

The last was Wit, with an uncurb'd tongue,
Keen as the North when it blows ;
But Wit so often the heart had wrung,
On me he could not impose.

Thus keeping my resolution strong,
They found their labour was vain,
No more did the dream my sleep prolong,
For *Somnus* loosen'd his chain.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METEORS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ALTHOUGH my person is a perfect stranger to you, I am sure you will not be surprised at the familiarity of my address, as you know that all Bards are Cousins.

I have perused your advertisement with admiration, and I hasten to supply you with a Poem, (I have composed many for the music shops) which has just dropped from my pen on returning from the theatre in Drury-lane. I have no doubt but it will meet with your approbation, and, in that case, you will be pleased to send per bearer, what you, and I hope I, may think a handsome gratuity.

Ever, my dear friend,
 your most devoted,
 and most humble servant,
 TIM LIGHTLY.

S O N G.

Tune—"When William at Eve"

WHEN at Drury-lane lobby we beaux meet at eve,
 How spruce and how gay is the throng;
 It would make a fine hist'ry, I really believe,
 To relate where we've been all day long:

So

So good reader, if thou art a *Lounger*, I pray,
 (Lest you meet with ought here you think wrong)
 That in kindness you throw my sweet song-book away
 While I roam the gay circle among.

That stout gentleman yonder, I'll venture to say,
 Was never a bard—off of hand;
 No, he dines at Richardson's every day,
 While at Betty's I dine in the Strand:
 And tho' to pick up some few hints I appear
 At half-price, and ne'er miss a night scarce;
 He—when he has drank all the wine he can bear,
 Comes to pick his teeth during the Farce.

See that smart little gentleman with the long queue,
 We'll examine him more, if you please;
 For my breakfast and supper (between me and you)
 His papa sells me butter and cheese:
 And him close to his heels, who appears cropt so neat,
 Of his neck you may see quite the nape,
 To my certain knowledge, in Threadneedle-street,
 All day has been measuring tape.

There's

There's good old Mr. Bonus, well known at the Bank,
 How he hobbles ! as if he'd no feet,
 Has brought nine of his nieces, (all women of rank)
 For an evening's diversion and treat ;
 But to-morrow let all those keep out of his way
 Who have Consols to buy at low price,
 For in every bargain he'll think of the play,
 The coach-hire, the tea, and the ice.

Behold Captain O'Flourish, he seems in a fright,
 For a glass of cold water he's wild,
 Since *one* of the *widows* he squires to-night
 Faints at seeing poor Cora's sweet child ;
 And the other dear creature grieves while he's away,
 Full of fear she is laid on the shelf ;
 In vain all his Majesty's servants display
 The Sun's face——she's Elvira herself.

But hark ! there's a scuffle—we'll go take a peep ;
 To prove scuffles are good, I'll engage,
 For the audience might happen to fall fast asleep,
 Without fights on the lobby or stage.

But

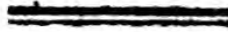
But I beg on this subject to be understood,
That though heroes fight ever so hard,
On the stage battles end without spilling of blood,
In the lobby—by changing a card.

But such various characters press into view,
And so few I can meet to my mind,
That if here I should end my own character too,
No objection perhaps you may find.
Farewell! then, ye scenes of wit, humour, and fun,
The resort of good-nature and ease,
Where if numerous *beauties* are sought—or but *one*,
We all may be charm'd if we please.

LINES

L I N E S,

*Addressed to a young Lady, enamoured of a young
Gentleman, very slow in returning her affection.*



'TIS thine, sweet maid, to breath the love-sick sigh,
With tears transparent to bedew thine eye,
With hopeless grief to pass each gloomy day,
And suffer all thy beauties to decay ;
Whilst him, on whom thy fond affections dwell,
No sighs can move, no tears or griefs compel.

A bard, to whom thy luckless tale has stray'd,
Who knows the pain of happiness delay'd,

Entreats

Entreats thy leisure moment to peruse
The verse, which haply greets a sister muse.

When through thy hesitating, modest fear,
Thy boundless love thou ventur'st to declare,
The *Rubicon* was pass'd—no skill or art,
Again could veil the secret in the heart.
What aching tumult must have fill'd thy breast!
What cruel visions on thy fancy prest!
Ere yet the important billet could obtain
Thy lasting happiness, or lasting pain:
But when it came, scarce dar'd thy trembling hand,
To break the seal; & scarce could'st thou command
Your failing senses, whilst you falt'ring read
The lines which heap'd up anguish on thy head.

Repine not—soon or late the hour arrives,
In which no longer 'gainst thy love he strives:
When calm reflection, with an equal scale,
Shall prove how much his thoughtless pleasures fail,
Rous'd by the scenes which sweeter joys disclose,
To thy fond breast he flies to find repose.

Thou proffer'st him the intercourse of souls,
But he prefers to drain the flowing bowls ;
The rosy juice, and laughing hours enjoys,
And days roll on, but not a day that cloy.

'Tis thus the idle vanity of youth
Despises love in purity and truth,
Till the exhausted streams of pleasure bring
A wish to taste a pure and clearer spring.

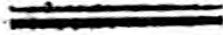
IMPROMPTU.

I M P R O M P T U.

THE snowy breast, the black inviting eye
Have serv'd each youthful poet's strength to try
These are his constant themes, on these he dwells
With eager joy, and thinks that he excells;
Thinks that his mistress must discern his merit,
And feigns his raptures, just to shew his spirit:
I hate such fawning arts, else Delia's praise
Might find employment for eternal lays;
But one short line my passion shall express,
I cannot love thee more, nor love thee less.

EPIGRAM.

E P I G R A M.



As Patrick O'Phelim was walking one day
To the fam'd Mr. Hoby's he happen'd to stray,
 And observing the boots on the pegs ;
“ By Jasus,” he cried, “ from these things here
display'd,
“ I suppose that the *legs* for the *boots* must be made,
 “ Instead of the *boots* for the *legs*.”

The Meteors.

Number 2.

Sit, judices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

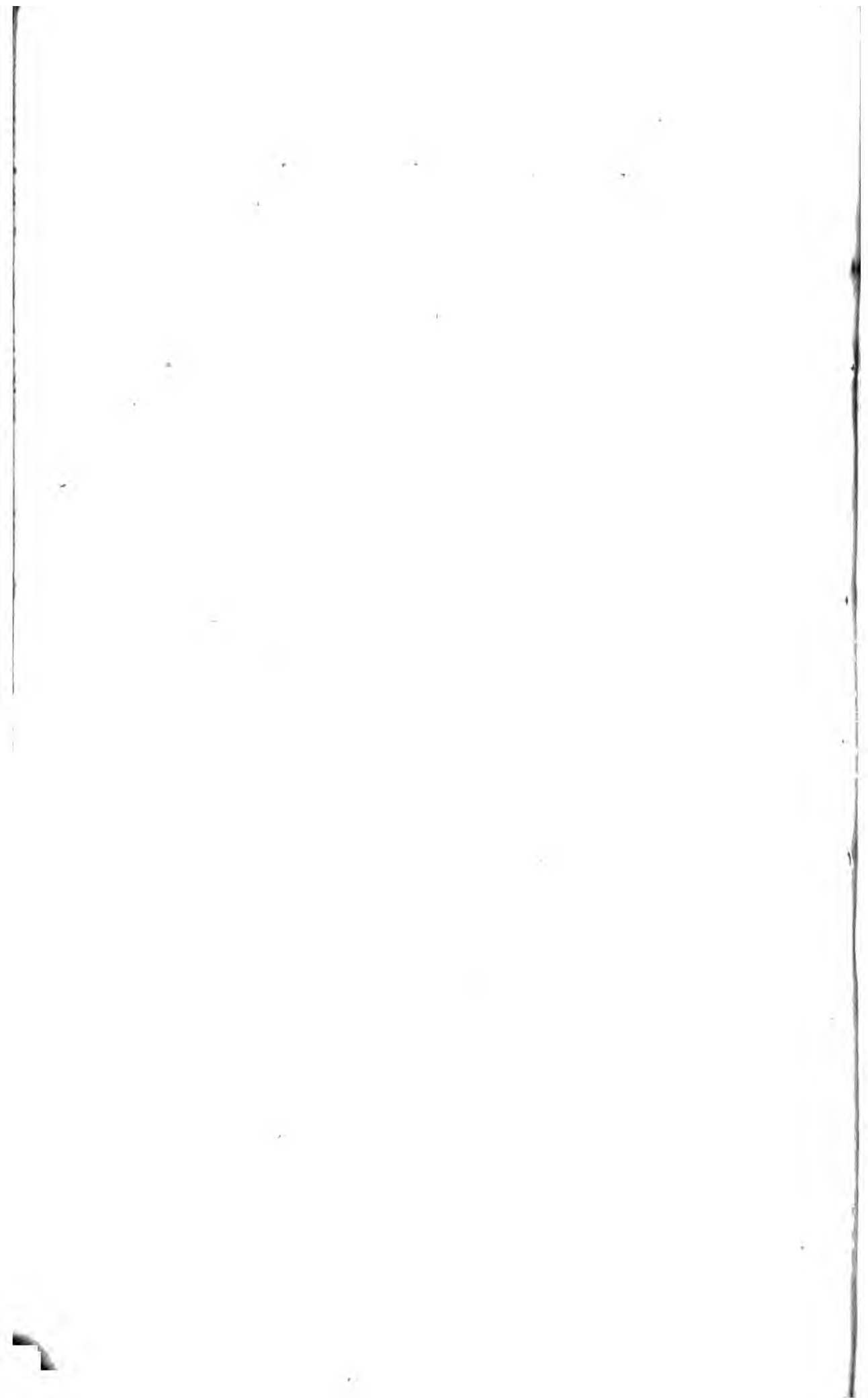
Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHORS, BY A. & J. BLACK,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1799.



TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is incumbent on the Authors of The Meteors, to acknowledge, with their thanks, the very liberal patronage bestowed upon the first Number.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are indebted to CLIO for an obliging commendation of our Work, and for a criticism that shall be attended to.

E. Y. is entitled to our thanks for his Verses, which have merit. We have only one objection to their insertion in the Meteors: We fear they are too luxuriant.

We shall be desirous of hearing further from AGRICOLA; and also from our friend, who has favoured us with an Acrostic.

Not to fail in our duty to any Correspondent, we hereby acknowledge the receipt of a Letter addressed to our Publisher, by an abusive blockhead, who signs himself DENIS HENRY.

THE

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EPIGRAM.

THE SHOULDERS OF MUTTON.

A TALE.

AND so you think, Sir, number one,
Consid'ring all things, neatly done;
But still you fear the work may fail;
Then prithee listen to my tale.

Once on a time, a good old dame,
(I do not recollect her name,)
Was forc'd to make a weary trip,
Without once putting cup to lip;
She journey'd on in so much haste
The deuce a morsel did she taste.
Now trav'ling is not worth a pin,
Unless you stop at ev'ry inn.

D

She

She reach'd her friends, all safe and well,
 Just as they rang the dinner bell :
 " What hour, good Sir ?"—nay, that's unfair,
 Your fancy may the time declare ;
 The tale says *dinner* ; pray don't fix
 On any period after six.

The dinner's good—the grace is said,
 Another knife and fork is laid ;
 But ah ! she feels no appetite,
 In vain the chickens look so white,
 And had the dish of fish been spar'd
 'Twas thought the dame had little car'd.

It grieves the mistress of the house
 And equally disturbs her spouse,
 To see their guest can nothing eat,
 And kindly often they entreat
 At least she'll try—" None ever knew
 " Till the attempt, what he could do ;

" Pray

“ Pray let me something recommend—”
 The dame replies, “ My dear, good friend,
 “ Though you persuade me e'er so much
 “ No! not a morsel can I touch;
 “ Not the least appetite remains,
 “ I could not pick a woodcock's brains.

A pause an instant here ensu'd,
 But the entreaties are renew'd :

“ Well—you're so pressing—if I must
 “ I think I'll taste that mutton first;
 “ A little bit—and if it's brown,
 “ The better 'twill perhaps go down.”

'Twas nice Welch mutton, hung so long
 To call it ven'son scarce were wrong:
 “ The brown is charming!” quoth the dame,
 “ I'll try another bit—the same

“ Exact in quantity—they say,
 “ One piece for t’other makes a way,
 “ A finer shoulder ne’er was seen,
 “ ’Tis quite a dinner for a Queen ;
 “ My appetite returns—’tis strange !
 “ Joseph, my plate you need not change,
 “ Let me no ceremony see,
 “ I’ll help myself, and make quite free.”

The hostess smiles, and seems well pleas’d
 From ceremony thus releas’d,
 For had she longer on it staid,
 No dinner that day she had made.

In her own way the dame proceeds,
 No farmer’s man more fiercely feeds ;
 No brown is left—the rare is flown,
 By all that good, she picks the bone !

Full fifty minutes, if not more,
 The company to laugh forbore,
 And each a very grave face put on
 While the old lady ate her mutton.

At last the hostess simp'ring said,
 " Surely no dinner you have made?
 " There's nothing that you like, I fear,
 " Would I had known your coming here!
 " But as it is, if you can think
 " Of any thing to eat or drink
 " My house affords, pray do not spare,
 " But speak, and it shall straight appear."

The good old dame looks up delighted,
 'Twas not an offer to be slighted;
 Then to the hostess in a trice,
 " My friend your mutton is so nice
 " That if your pantry's doors enfold
 " The fellow shoulder, put by cold,

“ The taste so does my palate hit
“ I think I’ll try another bit;
“ For really, madam, I must own,
“ One morsel drives the other down.”

In other things, ’tis just as true;
Thus, number ONE helps number TWO.

LAURA'S

LAURA'S CONTEMPLATION.

DEEP in the groves of ever-green,
By chance a rose-bud rear'd its head ;
Mid foliage thick it grew unseen,
To genial suns no blossoms spread :

But beauty ill endures the shade,
It cannot long neglected lie ;
To richer soils the rose was bade,
Soon as it met sweet Laura's eye.

There, foster'd by her constant care,
More crimson blush'd the flow'ret coy ;
Its fragrance perfum'd all the air,
Its sweets the eager bees enjoy.

'Twas nature in such plain attire
 Attracted lovely Laura's mind ;
 She saw, and could not but admire ;
 To gaudy splendour taste is blind.

The rose convinc'd her life is vain,
 That flow'rs which sport in mid-day glare,
 Will still 'midst boist'rous storms and rain,
 Droop their proud heads in sad despair.

From hence th' allusion quickly flew
 To where gay Fops in splendour roll'd,
 In pomp, with tongues and oaths untrue,
 And only current made by gold.

The heedless nymphs awhile believ'd
 All their protesting Damons vow'd ;
 But some their wonted fame retriev'd,
 And scornful turn'd from folly's crowd.

Turn'd

Turn'd and beheld where merit sigh'd,
 But merit deck'd in such a dress
 As shew'd, that if the fair deny'd
 Its worth, 'twould then assume the less.

Fancy thus picturing out the scene,
 Some doubts in Laura's mind arose,
 Whether poor Albert might not screen,
 A love he dar'd not to disclose.

The manly Albert oft would say
 That he was but an humble swain;
 No wide extent his pastures lay,
 But few his sheaves of golden grain.

Could he then love a beauteous fair,
 Free from the torment of alarms,
 When all his vows and wishes were,
 To rate her equal to her charms?

How could his lonely cot contain
 Smiles that might palaces adorn?
 Were not the expectation vain,
 His hopes all fruitless and forlorn?

But his fond 'plaints not always lost
 On Laura's sentimental frame,
 Frequent the warmth of passion cross'd
 Her heart, and kindled there a flame.

“ Poor Albert!” sigh'd the charming maid,
 “ How much his love my heart has won,
 “ His eyes, his wasting form upbraid
 “ My coldness, when his suit I shun.”

Rous'd with the thought, the quick'ning blaze
 Of fond affection fill'd her soul;
 She look'd—and Albert met her gaze,
 And urg'd his love without controul.

With

With passion told her all his grief,
And ceas'd: Her sympathetic eye,
Alone could give the wish'd relief,
It caught, and stay'd the rising sigh.

Eager he press'd her in his arms;
She shrunk not from his warm embrace,
But while she bless'd him with her charms,
Her fav'rite rose's hue o'erspread her lovely
face.

THE SPRIGHT.

I'M a sweet little spright, just arriv'd from below,
And ready for mischief, let all the world know;
I'm equipp'd for each trade, try my parts if you will,
And I doubt not you'll find me sufficient in skill.
Through all plots and intrigues I can readily spy,
And sure there's no Devil so happy as I!

'Tis delightful 'mong people to stir up alarms,
I hug myself there in the force of my charms;
Our grim chief who deals wholesale in that kind of
wares,
The retail consumption obligingly spares.
And mine is the market at which you may buy
What will make you a Devil as happy as I.

“ Pray

“ Pray walk in, Miss; you’ll find an assortment
 of goods,
 “ The liveliest bucks, and the most dashing bloods :”
 In an instant the blush which vermillions her cheek
 With a charming confusion to me seems to speak ;
 “ Had I one of those youths (but indeed I am shy)
 “ Who, my dear little Devil, so happy as I ?”

Thus her passions arous’d, it must e’en be confest
 That I eagerly pick her out one of the best.
 They marry—they love—then it’s my turn again,
 Of her charms all neglected I hear her complain;
 And he, with a passion most boist’rous and high,
 Is exclaiming, “ the veriest Devil am I.”

But on Cupid’s dominions I further encroach,
 And have often plac’d John in his late master’s
 coach ;
 So the Widow’s adore me, except when I’ve been
 With their overgrown daughters to dear Gretna
 Green:

All pursuit is in vain—to the blacksmith's we lie,
 No two Devils so pleas'd as the Captain and I.

I delight in the dames who each week give a rout,
 Keep a list of their *nights*, when *at home* and when *out*;
 And at amateurs concerts have such a vast sway
 That the fiddlers are often more masters than they:
 The fiddles all play, and the guineas all fly,
 No Devil e'er manag'd his music as I.

Though perhaps with these functions it did not
 quite tally,
 Once I peep'd at the bulls and the bears in the
 alley;
 But so horrid a noise did those animals make,
 My Devilship could not do other can quake.
 All the powers below, I will boldly defy,
 To stand to this test any better than I.

I am learn'd—put your cases—I'll give thee
 solutions,
 I touch'd up and finish'd the French Constitutions;
 But I've rather the toughest of sticks in John Bull,
 Who refuses to tug the same way that I pull;
 Yet in Paris whenever my phiz they espy
 No political Devil's so cherish'd as I.

Pour passer le tems, I can worry the Muses,
 And that author must starve who my friendship
 refuses;
 The *Meteors*, I'm told, form a work full of merit,
 But if it be not as replete with my spirit,
 Soon the author shall say, and have good reason
 why,
 Sure ne'er was a Devil so luckless as I.

TO DELIA.

WHAT are the goods the gods bestow
On mortals loit'ring here below?

What pleasures do they find?
What can a man completely bless?
'Tis answer'd there is nought, unless
A mistress who is kind.

'Tis love alone that gives the zest
To life, and puts men to the test;
Proves of what mould they're mix'd:
According as they're true and frank,
In Cupid's calendar they rank,
And find their station fix'd.

Thus

Thus sings the Muse—though not a bride
 To love she always was ally'd,
 And kindly lent him aid;
 Taught him in full and flowing lays,
 To celebrate the Fair One's praise,
 And all her art display'd.

Wherefore do I then not essay
 To her who holds me in her sway,
 To dedicate a line?
 Alas! th' attempt would idle be,
 The verse would like a shadow flee,
 Before her charms divine.

But off'rings from a low estate
 Have oft, in mansions of the great,
 A kind reception gain'd;
 A lamb, a kid, or e'en a flower,
 From some good gracious heav'nly Power
 His favor has obtain'd.

Then will not Delia condescend,
 To take from a devoted friend
 All that his verse can give?
 'Twill tell her, and devoid of art,
 Her image reigns within his heart,
 And ever there shall live.

As constant through ethereal air
 The Sun repeats his bold career,
 So tends to her my soul :
 Oft in the mantled gloom of night,
 Her form is present to my sight,
 And joys around me roll.

Whether on ocean's shores I tread,
 Or 'midst the thickets shade my head,
 Or seek the city's noise,
 Or when retir'd from public strife
 I lead a close secluded life,
 'Tis love my thoughts employs.

And

And though on earth all things have chang'd,
And will—so say the grey beards rang'd
 In wisdom's dismal school;
Yet to confute this Cynic band,
My love shall ever proudly stand,
 Exceptive to the rule.

The Poet's Wig being entirely worn out, and it being inconsistent with his ideas of economy to purchase a new one, he addresses, as follows, the bust of

BRUTUS.

BRUTUS! you would have star'd, had you been
told,
That in the eighteenth century your fame,
With splendor would break out a thousand fold,
And ev'ry barber's shop recal your name.

Brutus! would you have thought, that *pro* and *con*
Your character so often being try'd,
Your head of hair at last would lead the *ton*,
The neatest subject of Parisian pride?

At

At Paris, Brutus, you're the only Beau,
 In the year *three* the long-tied-Queues depart;
 From thence each citizen takes care to shew,
 Your well-curl'd head, regardless of your heart.

Oh, tell me whether, (for it is not clear,
 Although your history is very big)
 You revolutioniz'd in your own hair,
 Or if it really was in a black Wig?

Our modern patriots, some wear Wigs, some none,
 According to their several pursuits;
 Know you what famous deeds are daily done
 By Brutus's in pantaloons and boots?

Thanks to the sculptor who your likeness gave,
 Without your bust *great energies* might cease;
 In France, a man is reckon'd but a slave
 Who has not got it on his chimney piece.

Oft as he contemplates the magic bust,
 And fancy makes thy deeds before him pass,
 He turns, his own black Caxen to adjust,
 Looks towards thee, and then looks in his glass.

In Paris 'tis a saying very trite,
 That England takes each fashion they invent;
 To London therefore 'twas but just and right,
 Some Wigs made *a la Brutus* should be sent,

Who knows (thought they) th' effect on John Bull's
 brains
 These Wigs may have? with what his head they'll
 fill?
 Already we have cropp'd him—what remains?
Parbleu! we'll make him wear just what we will.

But Wigs in England, Brutus, lose their ground,
 I heard my barber say their price will fall;
 That in the o'erstock'd market, hair is found
 Enough to manufacture Wigs for all.

Into

Into long tails it therefore must be made,
Or ev'ry barber be without a job;
So Brutus, I am terribly afraid
That henceforth we shall be without your *nob*.

But to say truth—we here no Cæsar dread,
E'en as we are, e'en so we wish to be;
For who would pull an old house o'er his head?
They may want Brutus, who have Cæsars *three*.

TO SOLITUDE.

HAIL Solitude! thou charm of ev'ry age!

All court thy sober tranquillizing touch:
O'er the still'd nerves thy soothing softness strays,
Nor does the lover, warrior, statesman, sage,
(So ardently it all thy joys displays,)

Find Zimmerman's great book fatigue him much.

'Tis mine with care thy studious shade to seek,

There free from Duns, and my perplexing friends,
(Alike they come to gain their private ends)
Thy solace glads me ev'ry other week;
Oh, let me gaze upon thy *sombre* features,
Enjoy thy beauties, and beget the *Meteors!*

Sweet

Sweet Solitude! how charming 'tis to hear,
 When through the influence of the dog star's heat,
 On the sea shore we seek a cool retreat,
 Thy *name*, exalted by the British Fair;
 Thou Goddess! for a month art their delight,
 'Midst bathing rooms at morn, and dice at night.

Still in the town some votaries you leave:
 Some stray of fashion, in his *vis-a-vis*,
 His legs at ease, upon the seat extended,
 Or citizen, whom knaves could ne'er deceive,
 Who smokes and looks, as all on him depended;
 Fond of themselves—best with themselves agree.

But other citizens thy charms invoke;
 The politician, with a pond'ring brain
 Walks Copenhagen fields, and reads *Tom Paine*,
 With more of zeal than lawyers e'er read *Coke*;
 Till pleas'd, delighted, from his author warm,
 Mem'ry recals the meeting at Chalk Farm.

The Irish fortune-hunter, making love
 To some fair damsel of a ripen'd age,
 Cries " Fly to distant groves with me my dove,
 " I hate the both'ring town—it's dirty pelf,
 " A pretty little cottage I'll engage,
 " Faith! 'tis the best way to live by one's self.

O'er Greenwich hills, the pension'd seaman strays,
 The juicy morsel ruminating chews;
 Nor ever sees a gallant ship appear,
 But wishes he was young again and there,
 And grateful for his country's welfare prays,
 And asks a blessing on her noble crews.

Blest Solitude! thou charmest ev'ry mind
 Which finds thee, at the instant it's inclin'd;
 'Twould vex the warmest votary you own
 Were he, when praising thee, but left alone.

LINES

L I N E S

*To the painter who personifies ATTENTION as a boy,
pointing to a huge loaf under his arm.*

OH, Painter! could you find no happier way,
Attention's ardent gazing to display?
What could e'er put it in thy fruitful head,
To represent him with that loaf of bread?
That pond'rous loaf—he seems so proud to shew,
Which forces the spectator's eye below,
To read

ATTENTION!

And the subject know.
Through the wide bounds of nature and of art,
Was there no other charm to glad his heart?

For

For he seems pleas'd—Oh, could he nothing meet
Fit to be look'd at, if not fit to eat?

Ah—no! Then, Painter, listen to my prayer,
In a new picture, paint the youth, Lord Mayor;
Such are the times, 'twill credit thy invention,
If bread then be his object of attention.

SUICIDE

SUICIDE.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

ARISTUS.

HOLD thy rash arm! presumptuous youth forbear
Thy impious purpose! listen to the voice
Of sacred truth; nor frantic raise thy hand
The early springing blossoms to destroy
Which promise fruit mature: lift not again
The steel against thy life.

EGBERT.

Hence, father! haste,
And leave me! leave me to my fate! no more
Thy reas'ning voice I heed—my ears oppose
The millstone's deafness to thy flatt'ring tales.

Preach

Preach to the howling winds—entreat them fair
 To be thy servants. Bid them boist'rous blow
 Thy enemy's house in ruins, and o'erwhelm
 Him and his infants sleeping: Bid them then
 In gentle zephyrs o'er thy daughter's neck
 Play with the ringlets of her hair, and wake
 The thoughts of harmony and love—Thou know'st
 How they'll regard thee—e'en so I—the load
 Of life oppresses me; my swelling heart
 Throbs for the poniard! I exert the right
 Which nature gave me, and I now resign
 An idle body, irksome to myself—
 Useless to all besides.

ARISTUS.

Young man, thou dream'st!
 Why is life irksome to thee? Look around;
 Contemplate all its charms. What though the loss
 Of pleasures once enjoy'd beget a pain
 In recollection; in the boundless stores
 Of science and of fertile art can nought
 Be found to soothe thee? nothing to employ
 Thy

Thy intellectual powers? to dispel
 The clouded melancholy of thy soul
 And tempt thee yet to live? Again I ask,
 Why is life irksome to thee? Hast thou not
 Consider'd of thy duties? Does the world
 Demand no more examples to correct
 By virtuous deeds, its vices? Does the tear
 No longer glide down pity's holy cheek
 For pale misfortune? From her sordid hut
 And loathsome rags, has misery remov'd
 To splendid mansions and to purple robes,
 That thus thou speedest to another world
 The claims of this neglected?

EGBERT.

Prythee, father,
 Ask me why feeling thus the ling'ring pains,
 The bitters of existence, I do not
 Desire to prolong the loathed draught
 For sake of company? That is the sum,
 The main-spring of the argument; for all
 Which thou discourshest of the joys of life,

The

The stores of art and science, not affects
 My sad experience. Father, hear my tale:
 Humbly my life began—the happy hours
 Flew o'er my head so fast I never knew
 A care or pain, till, with his fathers, slept
 My venerable parent—'twas a blow
 Dreadful and sudden, and I felt the pang
 Of parting with an object so belov'd.
 'Twas the first pang; the second soon ensu'd;
 My mother's corpse I follow'd to the grave,
 Thence the romantic country where I dwelt
 Was hateful to my sight: The steepy woods
 Whose thickets often had afforded shade
 To pass the fev'rish hour of noon, while pleas'd
 I ponder'd o'er the heroic page, and learn'd
 The lines of nature, now no longer charm'd
 My satiated soul: The distant hills
 Closing the prospect upon which my eye
 Had hitherto repos'd, nor wish'd to pierce
 Beyond those limits; now excited hopes
 Of happiness in scenes remote. I flew
 With a lov'd sister from our native fields,
 And to the busy haunts of care repair'd

With

With joyous expectation. Poor Maria!
 Her innocent heart was fluttered with the new
 Impressions, and she fondly thought that all
 Was bliss. The slender stipend av'rice paid
 For labours without end, became our theme
 Of pleasure. It was fortune—it was all
 That moderation wish'd. A brother's love
 Made poor Maria rich; and, in the hope
 Of better days, that brother's ceaseless toil
 Was borne ungrudgingly. How soon, alas!
 These happy prospects vanish'd! Love, who rules
 Through nature's bounds resistless, soon espy'd
 Maria in her lowliness—arous'd
 The fatal passion, and betray'd her heart
 'Ere she perceiv'd the verge on which she stood.
 'Twas horror to my soul—I flew to seek
 The vile seducer; on his humbled knees
 He cray'd her pardon, and obtain'd his own
 By doing justice to her injur'd faith.
 His penitence consol'd me—'twas a sweet,
 A grateful satisfaction; but I paus'd;
 I found man's infamy; I saw how weak
 The bonds of human conduct; and the veil

Which hid the foul deformity of life
 Was torn before my eyes: I blush'd to think
 On my deception.

ARISTUS.

But thou wert not ripe
 As yet for death—the transitory scene
 Still promis'd happiness.

EGBERT.

Yes, father, yes!
 As yet my senses domineer'd. My part
 Was to obey their impulse; now I learn
 To vanquish them—but listen to my tale:
 Maria's character restor'd, I pac'd
 Again contentment's road, nor fear'd the chance
 Which might, untoward to my hopes, destroy
 My peace renew'd: Again I toil'd with zeal
 To serve a man whose selfish soul endur'd
 One only passion, av'rice: Not by him
 Was toil or care regarded—not by him

Ability

Ability repaid. His crowded store
 Of bales and hogsheads, was the only joy
 That glisten'd in his eyes; care wrung his heart;
 Anguish bedew'd his face with clammy drops;
 Sunk were his eyes, and hollow was his voice;
 Whene'er disast'rous tidings had arriv'd
 Of falls in foreign markets. Soon his rash,
 His foolish speculations, fail'd: I sought
 My sister's roof for shelter—sought in vain:
 Prosperity unlook'd for, undeserv'd,
 (Alas! how often undeserv'd!) subdu'd
 The force of consanguinity and love.
 That was a bitter pang—the baneful hour
 In which I first drew breath, with solemn tone
 I imprecated: In my passion's rage
 I curs'd the world: Yet soon my easy heart
 Repos'd itself again, and all was calm;
 Calm as the glassy surface of the waves
 Deserted by the winds. Still further pain
 My patience was to suffer: Hear me, father!
 The babe that's strangled in the birth is blest,
 'Tis a soul rescu'd: Hell and sin are gull'd
 And cheated of their prey; in vain they drudge

To dish up poison in a wholesome shape:
 In vain they tempting shew the faithless stream
 Of lulling pleasure: On its fatal banks
 The verdant grass shall flourish unobserv'd,
 Unpress'd by that child's foot. But I was sav'd
 For misery! for wretchedness! yet clad
 In garbs of brightest hue. Delicious love
 Stole to my heart, and stor'd it with its sweets:
 The gentle Delia won me. Oh! how oft
 Beneath the orchard's shade, the fond discourse
 Of mutual confidence beguil'd our souls,
 And whisper'd bliss and peace! How oft we woo'd
 The ev'ning breeze to fan us! how oft stray'd
 By moon-light o'er her father's lawns, and sigh'd
 For his consent to bless us! 'twas refus'd.
 My gentle Delia pin'd in secret grief;
 The tear suffus'd her eye, nor dar'd she think
 Longer to yield to love, and strew with thorns
 Her father's happy pillow. Yet, who e'er
 Defin'd the bounds of love? With subtle skill
 Around the heart he twines, and joyful there
 Instils the deadly poison, laughs, and triumphs.
 He triumph'd o'er my Delia; she heard

My

My warm entreaty; yielded to my vows
 Of constancy and truth, and fled from noise,
 From vanity and grandeur, to the roof
 Of mild contentment. I invok'd all good,
 All pleasure and felicity, to dwell
 For ever in her breast: The wond'rous scene
 Engross'd our senses; it was nought but love:
 From morn to eve, from eve again to morn.
 No fears! no dread forebodings! no alloy
 Was mingled with the pure, unsullied bliss
 Which all our faculties envelop'd. Long
 Through ages might our joys have liv'd before
 A thought of time had interfer'd: the hour,
 The nuptial hour, ever fresh and gay,
 Might to our happy souls have been prolong'd
 Beyond satiety. Yet a few short months
 Demolish'd all the fabric of my hopes,
 And fix'd my mis'ry. I beheld, oh think
 How I beheld, the form of her so lov'd
 Stretch'd on the couch of sickness! not a tongue
 To speak the sounds of comfort; not an eye
 To catch the wand'ring beams of mine; nor pulse
 To throb respondent to affection's grasp.

Think,

'Think, father, how I caught her latest breath!
 How sunk desponding o'er her pallid corpse!
 I call'd upon the merciful God to breathe
 His spirit in her nostrils, and again
 Re-animate her body; vainly call'd;
 It pleas'd his wiser purpose to deny.
 I fell in senseless stupor: Borne along
 Behind the sable hearse, my vacant eye
 No object knew: The tolling bell scarce struck
 Upon my deafen'd ear: Yet, once it struck
 More loud, and penetrated to my soul.
 I started—recogniz'd the wide extent
 Of my disastrous fate; again my grief
 Grew boisterous and wild. I heeded not
 The showers that pour'd upon my head—the earth,
 Damp as it was, receiv'd my outstretch'd limbs,
 Nor felt my veins the coldness. I believ'd
 Death was approaching—welcom'd him, nor saw
 A horror in his jaws; my eager heart
 Rejoic'd to meet him—yet he turn'd away.

Now, father, say, what am I? Soothe me not
 With specious reasons. Am I not a wretch

Banish'd

Banish'd and outcast from mankind? No fond
Endearments now remain ; no more the world
Invites me to proceed: Abstracted, lost
To all the sense's lures, I mark alone
How vain their charms, nor to inglorious chains
Again submit me. Father, not for worlds
Retard my purpose!

To be concluded in a following Number.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

FOR ANY GERMAN PLAY,

*Very much at the service of any Lady or Gentleman
to whom it may be useful.*

OUR author begs his compliments to say,
He hopes you'll like his Prologue and his play;
Warm from the German school—translated here
With taste, to please an *Anglo German* ear.
In nervous lines the well form'd plot is told,
No drawing verses check th' idea bold,
Nor will you hear a principle that's *old*.

Enough of ancient plays! no more they charm,
They do the Managers a deal of harm:

Let

Let them announce, "This ev'ning, by desire,
 "Macbeth—Othello—or the Spanish Friar,"
 Such worn out scenes are now-a-days so slighted
 They scarce afford to have the house well lighted.

Despising rigid rules, the German Muse
 Prepares whate'er she thinks you'll *not* refuse;
 Is there a dismal act appears too long?
 It's close is sweeten'd with a soothing song;
 And in the mirthful scenes, the jokes advance
 Progressively, till finish'd with a dance.
 Nay more, when horror over much appalls,
 In passion's midway path, the curtain falls.

Sweet sensibility! the German Muse,
 Alone thy influence bland can now diffuse.
 The lofty hero, wild in all his deeds
 (Like some rich garden overgrown with weeds)
 When through four acts, his god-like course has ran,
 Bedews his handkerchief, and shews the man.
 The humble fair one, native of some vale,
 Moves ev'ry heart with sorrow's plaintive tale;

F*

Till

Till bursting forth at once, in tragic pride,
She storms like Zara, in the Mourning Bride.

What character by sportive nature form'd
But has some well-wrought German play adorn'd!

Robbers of gentle manners and polite,
Teach you to steal, and prove 'tis just and right;
Conspirators—whose blood-stain'd arms defy
The laws, dissatisfy'd, they know not why;
Strangers! whose strange proceedings all admire,
And housekeepers, who set each heart on fire.
Wives! (which if single) what good man would
wed,
And maids—who promise many an aching head.

But one word more, and then I make my bow;
Critics! to you alone I'm speaking now.
Judge kindly—not by any rigid rules,
Or dogmas, drawn from Greek or Roman schools;
To *tender feeling*, inmate of each breast,
The Muse appeals, nor fears to prove that test;

The

The sentimental bosom must respect her,
'Twere quite unfashionable to reject her.

And further let me add, as a *douceur*,
If this play takes (for there is nothing sure)
A hundred such are getting up with care,
And, e'er the season ends, will all appear.

E P I G R A M.

GRIPUS invited to a feast,
Sat down a well-contented guest;
Of meat devour'd full many a pound,
In bumpers pledg'd each person round;
When, having ate his fill, he cry'd,
" I like a table well supply'd:
" The smoaking sirloin glads my eye,
" The turkey, chine, and sav'ry pye."
True, Gripus; but it's merit's lost,
If spread not at another's cost.

The Meteors.

Number 3.

Sit, judices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

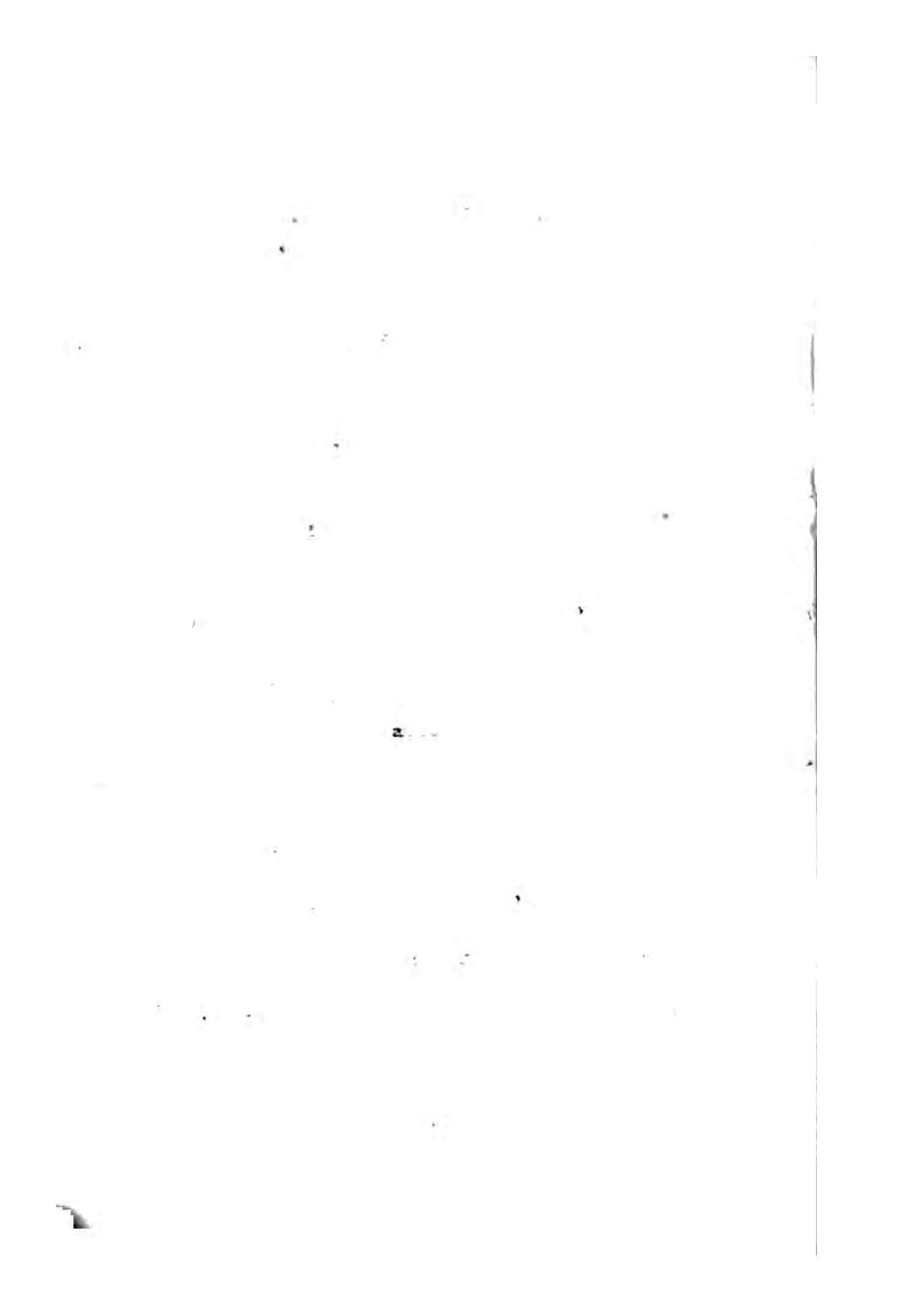
Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

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LEADENHALL-STREET.

1799.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received so many favours that our Correspondents must excuse us for not particularizing them. Several articles intended for this number, are omitted, on account of the German play having occupied more space than was expected; they shall appear in our next: The authors are all entitled to our thanks.

The Dramatic Sketch of Suicide will be concluded in the Fourth Number.

CON.

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EPIGRAM.

DEDI-

DEDICATORY TALE.

OH, Muse, how careless we have been!
What Work like ours was ever seen
To prove of any great duration,
Without a proper Dedication?
Yet what objection can there be
To dedicate in Number Three?
And as we can't do well without one,
In earnest let us set about one.

In fact, considering the case
Perhaps this is the proper place;
What friend with patience could have bore
Our noisy bantling at his door?

When *kind* Physicians all agreed
 It was a short liv'd thing indeed.
 But they were wrong (as oft they are)
 The truth some thousands can declare.
 Long may their evidence avail!
 To them we dedicate this Tale.

THE WRECKED SAILOR.

THE waves ran high, the loud winds blew,
 Despair o'ercame the gallant crew;
 The drooping Pilot's skill was lost,
 Death steer'd the ship, and tempests toss'd:
 One seaman only cast on shore,
 Was sav'd, his comrades to deplore.
 " Ah, why," he rav'd, " did Heaven save
 " A wretch, so nigh a wat'ry grave!
 " To be thus on the wide world thrown
 " A wand'rer, in a clime unknown!
 " Who can I hope will guide my way,
 " With nothing in my purse to pay?"

How

“ How shall I sue, and where begin,
 “ What mortal e'er will take me in?
 “ Without a soul to recommend,
 “ How can I hope to find a friend?
 “ And 'till these trowsers are renew'd
 “ I almost fear to be review'd.
 “ Oh, cruel fortune, how I'm serv'd!
 “ A Pirate had not worse deserv'd;
 “ Or one with hired heart and hand
 “ Against his King and native land.
 “ If my first voyage be not forgot
 “ I gave the French some random shot,
 “ And aim'd, to prove my zeal was hearty,
 “ To hit their first rate Buonaparte.
 “ And still I vow, come what come may,
 “ Whenever they fall in my way,
 “ I'll try, (though sailors hate to brag)
 “ To strike their fam'd tri-colour'd flag.”

Thus fortune had a good Jobation,
 And Jack concluded his oration.

To physiognomists 'tis known,
 That always sulky folks look down;
 So Jack, who sat in grievous plight,
 Saw not the ship that hove in sight,
 Until the dashing of the oar
 Proclaim'd the jolly boat near shore:
 Then with what joy his visage glow'd,
 As the trim boat discharg'd her load.

He told his tale, as sad as true;
 Proposals made to join their crew;
 Much work would do for little pay,
 Provided in an honest way:
 And still proceeded in that strain;
 The crew look'd glum—" 'twas all in vain;
 " Already they'd their complement;
 " Not one spare hammock could be lent:
 " 'Twould do him little good, he knew,
 " To join a short allowanc'd crew;"
 And swift their boat they put from land:
 Jack whistles they may all be —.

Another

Another sail soon caught his eye
 Where Britain's streamers wav'd on high;
 The barge glides swiftly to the shore,
 And lands the noble Commodore.

“ Hey! who the Devil are you, my boy?”
 (Jack almost hugg'd him in his joy,)
 “ An English sailor? Oh, you dog!
 (“ But, Cockswain, give him first some grog;)
 “ A good round dozen much you want,
 “ And split my timbers long you sha'nt,
 “ For being out of glory's way
 “ While deeds are doing ev'ry day.”

But soon the vet'ran's warmth was check'd
 When it occur'd—the Tar was wreck'd;
 And Jack then vowing to defend
 His King and country, made a friend
 Of the commander—while the crew
 Flock round him, and his joy renew.

He tells his history at large,
And finds a seat within the barge.

The lusty rowers stem the tide
And soon they reach the ship's arm'd side,
When thus the Commodore—" Belay—
" Mount, Jack, and shew us all the way;
" For honest principles and mirth,
" With me shall have a foremost birth."
His gladden'd face a joy imparts,
They take him in with all their hearts.

APPLICATION.

The Meteors wand'ring course has found
That many Commodores abound;
Who, since they give us their protection,
Will balance critical reflection.

THE

THE WEDDING DAY.

AUSPICIOUS smiles the jocund morn,
Rosetta hears the village bells;
Nature's gay tints her cheek adorn,
While trembling joy her bosom swells.

Intent upon the merry sound,
She scarce the tripping footstep hears;
She casts a timid glance around,
And Anna at the door appears.

She saw the lovely bridemaïd stand;
A smile so arch adorn'd her eye;
She eager seiz'd her willing hand,
Her thoughts were utter'd in a sigh.

How eloquent! how much she said,
 Her bosom's feelings to express!
 A sigh reliev'd the charming maid,
 When words would ~~but have~~ caus'd distress.

Again the door wide open flew,
 And Emma enter'd, sweetly gay;
 She to the pleasing duty true,
 Proclaim'd, with joy, the Wedding Day.

She urg'd a sister bridemaid's claim,
 But perfect shone each artless grace;
 They sound once more their sister's name,
 And tears bedew each beauteous face.

And now a summons from below
 Forbids affectionate delay;
 With anxious heart, and footstep slow,
 To join th' impatient throng they stray.

Her

Her hand hung careless by her side,
Horatio saw with raptur'd eyes ;
And darting to his lovely bride,
With ardor seiz'd the willing prize.

No downcast look, no bashful sign,
A foolish weakness then betray'd ;
Her eye imparts a look benign,
His, blest serenity display'd.

The holy man astonish'd gaz'd,
As if he read their future bliss ;
With pious zeal the prayer he rais'd,
And thrice he bless'd the sacred kiss.

THE

T H E B E E.

TO MARIA.

MARK yon busy insect playing,
Sportive in this fragrant grove ;
Beauty leaves, to beauty straying,
Ev'ry object shares its love :

'Till, by gayer hue inviting,
One demands peculiar care ;
There it sips, the sweets delighting,
Sweetest, fairest of the fair.

So while beauty wantons near me,
Tempting to the roving sight ;
Thy sweet smile alone can cheer me,
Thy soft lip alone invite.

T O

T O T W O L A D I E S.

AS two bright stars their radiant course pursue,
And shed their lustre o'er the verdant plains,
Their lucid flame darts on th' illumin'd view,
And either orb in beaming splendor reigns :

A num'rous tribe with wond'ring gaze admire
Their distant course, immeasurably high ;
And struck with awe religious, straight aspire
T' adore, though fate forbids them to come nigh :

So in the blaze of all your beauties lost,
Each fond admirer feels his senses stray ;
Amidst contending passions rudely tost,
And yields before the bright effulgent ray.

'Tis

'Tis thus, dear maids, that I your charms portray,
Daring to dedicate an humble line ;
And would the Muse might grant a brighter lay,
To form an off'ring worthy of your shrine.

Then would I sing, that as in days of yore
Two breth'ren, twins, were seated in the skies,
The world rever'd a Constellation more,
And bless'd the gods who shew'd it to their eyes :

So in these latter days your fairest fame
For beauty, elegance, and wit's bright glow,
Should call forth millions to adore your name,
And shine a Constellation here below.

LIFE'S

L I F E ' s P L E A S U R E S .

PHILOSOPHERS tell us there is not a doubt
But life is all trouble.—I say they are out :
It is hard to contend with a wisdom so great,
But I think there is pleasure in th' human estate.

When I first set my foot into life's weary way,
That I *felt* much of pleasure, I cannot well say ;
It is certain they fed me with nonsense, and pap,
And my chiefest repose was the old nurse's lap.

But now I'm with reas'ning powers possess'd,
I *know* very well I may think I was blest,
For experience has taught me, nor taught me in vain,
That indeed 'tis much pleasure to have little pain.

But

But let us proceed, and now view me at school,
 Where I'm flogg'd for my mischief, or can'd for a
 fool,

Surely here is a prospect that offers no bliss;
 But was there no pleasure in doing amiss ?

Remov'd to a different scene of the world,
 I resembled a ship with her sails all unfurl'd,
 And eager for action, with love for my guide,
 My Evil advanc'd with a hastier stride.

The nymph I attended was subtle and vain,
 And little or nothing from her could I gain,
 She plagu'd me with jealousies, jarrings and strife,
 But revenge was a pleasure, and I made her my wife.

She kept up the joke, and fine bustles we had,
 Sometimes 'twas enough to make any man mad;
 Still, still I was happy; pray ask me not why,
 For I reign'd, and your question can need no reply.

And

And now bent with age, having near trod my span,
You see in me nought but the ruins of man,
Yet still I've a pleasure, nay, take no surprise,
'Tis to think you all fools—and believe myself wise.

AN AFRICAN SONG,
VERSIFIED FROM MR. PARK'S TRAVELS.

BLEAK blew the wind, in ceaseless roar,
In whelming torrents fell the rain,
The white man, friendless, cold and poor,
Exhausted sank upon the plain.
Beneath the tree he weary lies,
Nor heeds the storm his plaintive sighs ;
He lies, a stranger to repose,
Without a friend to calm his woes.

No mother's smile his bosom cheers,
No sister comes to give relief ;
No tender wife to dry his tears,
To soften or partake his grief.
Let us the white man's wants supply,
And think we hear a brother cry ;
If pity touch the heart within,
It makes both black and white a-kin.

THE

TO THE CORPS DE BALLET

PROCEEDING TO

GRAND CAIRO,

By Order of the Egyptian Consul.

(With Notes by a Friend.)

HUSH, ye rude winds! * be still ye gales;
Unruffled let the waters glide;
Lest it be said the bounty fails,
Lest foes the Gallic Chief deride.

* The Poet, with a kind consideration for the dancers, undertaking a voyage almost as dangerous as the voyage of Jason, or, to come nearer to modern times, very similar to a voyage to Botany Bay, forbids the hostility of the elements: As in the next stanza he invokes the zephyrs to transport
H them

Ye zephyrs! rise from out your caves,
 And gently smooth the fearful way,
 Impose your bidding on the waves,
 And waft the dancers night and day.

*Mesdames * et Messieurs!* (I mistake)
 Ye *Citoyens* and *Citoyennes!*
 Your patriot souls let nothing shake,
 Discard ideas of **HOW** and **WHEN**.

them to their destination, it is to be hoped that the dancers, for their own sakes, will secure *Boreas*, *Auster*, and *Eurus*, (who may, no doubt, be found at the grand Opera at Paris) and bear them in leathern bags, as Ulysses did the gifts of *Æolus*. It may be as well, however, if they take more care of them, and not sleep upon the idea of their approaching fame, as Ulysses did in the indulgence of his *Amor Patriæ*.

* The Poet here strictly observes the old and new *regime* of politeness. The ladies have the preference, as *Mesdames*, but as *Citoyennes* they must take the rank assigned them by the *Rights of Man*.

Sans

Sans doute, the new establish'd board,
 Charg'd to renew the French marine,
 When once the frigate is well stor'd
 Will safely send you—to be seen!

Poltroons alone could feel alarm,
 Promoted to Grand Cairo's stage;
La confiance * *de vos belles ames*
 Anticipates you'll be the *rage*.

All perils 'scap'd, you reach the port,
 Although the wat'ry distance far is,
 Soon as your legs begin to sport
 Shall Cairo be a second Paris.

The muscles which as firm as wax,
 Of life extinguish'd many a taper,
 Shall then their rigid form relax
 At ev'ry male and female caper.

* The *Corps de Ballet* seldom want for confidence in any country.

'Tis rather tedious to invent,
 You dancers know your friends desire;
 So built on fact, pray represent
 A Massacre * and mosque on fire.

Three decades will the ballet shine,
 Greeks, Jews, Copths, Atheists, all astonish'd,
 But facts with fiction to combine,
 Still more, I'm sure you'll be admonish'd.

Ready to do whate'er you can
 You'll act, to parry fresh rebuke,
 The plund'ring of a caravan,
 And killing of a Mameluke †.

* It is not to be forgotten, that the famous massacre at Alexandria was calculated for *effect*; no doubt, therefore, it will have a good effect on the stage.

† Perhaps it might be as well to introduce the murder of a *Mameluke*, as a *divertisement* between the acts.

'Tis

"Tis many years since father Nile,
 Walk'd in his *propria persona*,
 In stage box you may see him smile
 At dulcet sounds from a cremona.

He'll surely go, unless he fears
 His godship may be met with treason ;
 He dreads, perhaps, to lose his ears
 On entering the walls * of reason.

But should this really be the case,
 Should he decline to leave his borders,
 To tempt him yet the house to grace,
 I recommend to give him orders †.

* The reader will no doubt recollect, that at Paris an Opera actress personified the Goddess of Reason ; and therefore it is only following the same idea to consider the Opera House as her Temple.

† The managers of the London theatres are perfectly well acquainted with the nature of this inducement.

Assure him, that he need not dread
 By false pretences to be cheated,
 That his long beard and rev'rend head
 Will be by many *bravos* * greeted.

Induc'd by reasons of such force,
 His presence will the god bestow;
 It follows as a thing of course,
 Each night you'll have an *overflow*.

Long may such harmless nights as these
 Engage the heroes deep attention!
 Long † may the vanquish'd find release
 From real woes, in your invention!

* It is not to be supposed that any allusion is here meant to the definition of bravo, as given in *Venice Preserved*—
 “*Hired Stabbers.*”

† This is a “*Consummation devoutly to be wish'd.*”

VERSES

V E R S E S

*To a young Lady, on being presented with a purse ;
her own performance.*

O! TELL me how, and where, and when
Can I return the obligation;
Alas! will my poetic pen
Do justice to my inclination?

'Tis surely much the shortest way,
(And to the ear I think as pleasant;)
In simple prose, at once to say
“ Dear girl, I thank you for your present.”

But as the Ladies, now-a-days
Expect poetical addresses;
Without more trifling or delays,
My pen with pleasure acquiesces.

O condescend! ye Muses! pray!

(First ye must know my theme a purse is)

O kindly teach me what to say

To make acceptable my Verses!

Delightful theme! O beauteous Purse!

To give the praises you require,

Exceeds my weak unskilful verse,

Exceeds my faint poetic fire.

Shall my untutor'd pen profane .

The many virtues you inherit?

Can I your properties explain,

Or give you half the praise you merit?

Ah, no! I yield the task of praise

To those who better can explain it;

A single wish my bosom sways,

A single stanza shall contain it.

So neat, so charming a design,
Was ne'er with such success attempted ;
And since 'tis destin'd to be mine,
O! may I never see it emptied!

TO LESBIA.

MILTON in notes divine could sing
Joys that from melancholy spring,
And fill the soul with elevating fire:
To me, alas! no joys she lends,
No sweet luxuriant grief she sends,
None but harsh strains, unwelcome from her lyre,

For Lesbia treats me with disdain,
And scornful frowns when I complain;
My heart the while is sadly clad with sorrow:
I look'd for bright and happy days,
The genial warmth of beauty's blaze,
But when I seek her now, 'tis "Call to-morrow."

Oh,

Oh, would but that to-morrow come!
And I could meet the maid alone,
Then when her gen'rous heart would hear my suit;
Something within me bids me say,
I am not in despair's dark way,
I yet shall reach the rich inviting fruit.

That boon should the kind powers grant,
An orchard we would quickly plant,
Where more of that same fruit should kindly grow;
Lesbia would cherish its increase,
We'd have a ninety nine year's lease,
And cultivate a Paradise below.

THE FAULTLESS HORSE.

I bought a horse; the owner swore
He had no fault, was far from vicious;
Thus much 'twas well, I ask'd no more,
Not choosing to be thought capricious.

When lo! to my surprise I find
This faultless horse is almost blind:
In haste I hie me back to meet
My jockey; find him—"Sir, this cheat
"Will never do; the nag's unsound
"Has not an eye to see the ground:"
"Friend," quoth the man, as sharp as salt,
"'Tis his misfortune—not his fault."

Dec. 12, 1799.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METEORS.

SIR,

I AM so greatly pleased with your first Number, that I wish you all possible success and encouragement: I will, therefore, speedily present you with a scene or two from a new German play, MSS.— It is not by Kotzebue, *his* storehouse has been sufficiently ransacked; but is written by a very promising young man, who has made his *debut* at Vienna with astonishing *éclat*. His name is Klotz-
boggenhagen. The very name alone implies superior genius, and promises something extraordinary! I hope I shall be able to do justice to my author; not that I understand one word of the language; but that you know is nearly the case with all the dramatic upholsterers who have *furnished* the three theatres with those divine coruscations, scintilla-
tions,

tions, emanations, and effervescences of German genius. Indeed, *my* resources are superior to *most*, as I have an old German constantly at my elbow, who is so good as to translate the original into English; only I must allow he understands as little of *our* language as I do of *his*! He is now sitting by me with his pipe, his porter, and his sour crout, and we have nearly completed the first act; the Programme of which I here subjoin; and remain your truly devoted servant,

FABIUS PICTOR.

The title of the Play, (for it is neither Tragedy, Comedy, or Farce) is

THE BENEVOLENT CUT-THROAT.

As for the Prologue, any *old* one will do for the purpose.——Mem. Pizarro.

Act

Act 1. Scene 1.—Previous to the drawing up of the curtain, an appropriate Overture is to be played. I shall endeavour to prevail on Messrs. Dussek and Kelly to club their well-known talents, and also to rummage their heads, and ransack their porte-feuilles for something *frappant*! As soon as the accustomed signal of the prompter's whistle is heard, the band (with considerable additions) will emerge from their subterraneous caverns; and, after being duly arrayed, they will shoulder their fiddles, &c. The instant Mr. Shaw taps the candle skreen with his bow, the lights, of every kind, will be suddenly extinguished!!!—There's novelty for you!—This circumstance alone will crowd the theatre for months to come. Figure to yourself the surprise, the awful surprise, when the gaiety of a well-illuminated theatre is succeeded by sudden and unexpected opacity and darkness, barely visible. How must the hearts of the audience quake at this solemn beginning! The author intends to keep them in the *dark* during a great part of the first act, which is both novel and
different

different from the present mode; inasmuch as the spectators can easily see through the whole plot, before half the heroes and heroines appear. The Overture will also add to the terrific effect; more especially as I have procured four pair of new kettle drums, of a much larger calibre than those in the Tower. Several *treble-double* trombones are making: Merlin has contrived a machine which successfully expresses the screams of ravished ladies, and the groans of their dying lords!—Mr. Ass-bridge has nearly completed a quadruple bassoon, with which he will bray most melodiously. At certain intervals a bell will toll, and some judicious *pauses* will allow the audience to hear the roaring of the winds and wolves, the pattering of hail, &c. After a few introductory bars, the curtain will slowly ascend, and discover a cottage, with a little farthing rush light glimmering in the window: Mr. Bannister, jun. will then appear, and sing that *celebrated* air, by way of exordium. If the sour critic objects to the song, let him only recollect that Cora, distracted for the loss of her husband,

husband, the danger of her child, and the tremendous storm, sings a song; while the poor little object of her tenderness and solicitude is lying on a bank shivering with cold, and drenched to the skin! Can the critic dispute the authority of Pizarro?——The glare of the lightning will be rendered still more vivid and awful, as the *whole* theatre will be envelopped in complete obscurity. The managers are resolved to pay all possible attention to the comfort and convenience of the public, and have unanimously adopted the following plan to prevent confusion, or any fatal accident.—As the press of company must necessarily be unusually great, not only on the *first night*, but also for many months to come, Messrs. Cruikshank, Earle, Thomas, and several of the most eminent surgeons in London, are engaged, to attend in the green-room, that they may be ready to act at the first call, to *set* arms and legs, and *trepan* the many fractured skulls that must perforce occur, considering that public curiosity will be wound up to an unusual pitch. Every one must

applaud the policy, as well as the humanity of the measure. To counteract the depredations of pick-pockets, Bridges-street, Great and Little Russel-street, and Wooburn passage, will be lined with a double detachment of the Volunteer Corps.—Messrs. Bond, Ford, &c. will be at their office in Bow-street; and, except on those nights when Mr. Townsend is previously engaged at the Opera, or at the routs, balls, fandangos, suppers, &c. of the beau monde, that gentleman will give his powerful aid! I shall conclude with hinting to the public, (through your meteorological medium,) that all the scenery, machinery, dresses, decorations, &c. will be new, splendid, eccentric, and appropriate. Madame Bossi Del Caro will introduce a new grand *tragic hornpipe*, which will add to the solemnity of the *toute ensemble*; and Mesdames Crouch, Bland, Leak, De Camp, &c. will warble their dulcet tones, semitones, demi-simitones, slurs, appogiatura's, crescendo's, diminuendo's, rallantando's, and smorzando's, in due time and place! A superb, roomy, and commodious

dious

ditions office is nearly completed for Mr. Fosbrooke and his clerks, to take down the infinity of names for places. This office is building on the large spot of waste ground near St. Clement's church in the Strand; it is to be wholly devoted to those who reside eastward, ho!—Another office, in Pall Mall, is in great forwardness, which is erected for the convenience of the nobility and gentry who reside at the court end of the town, and in the upper liberties. Thus the confusion, so much to be apprehended by the crowds of carriages, and footmen, during the diurnal scramble for places, will be prevented, and no danger can possibly ensue. I had almost forgot to mention, that the performances at the theatre must necessarily be suspended at least a fortnight previous to the representation.

P O S T C R I P T.



Mr. Editor,

December 14, 1799.

AS I am sure that you and your readers will be extremely impatient to have a little taste of this German banquet, by way of Sandwich, I have sent you a short scene of the first Act, in addition to the Programme.

THE

THE BENEVOLENT CUT-THROAT;

A PLAY IN SEVEN ACTS.

*Translated from the original German drama, written
by the celebrated Klotzboggenhaggen.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Prince Wiggenwaggenhausen, (*the stranger.*)

General Chatterinbourg, (*his Aid de Camp.*)

Old Hermit of the Rock,

Stiletto, (*the Benevolent Cut-Throat.*)

Peter, (*his servant.*)

A Wolf.

Princess Wiggenwaggenhausen,

Old Woman, (*Housekeeper to Stiletto.*)

Ghost of the Old Hermit's Daughter.

Servants, Soldiers, Banditti, Wild Beasts, &c.

Scene : *A Wood near Asschaffenburg.*

Time ; *Morning, noon, evening, night.*

The

The Benevolent Cut-Throat.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A storm.—The curtain rises during the aforesaid appropriate grand Overture ; con strepito, con brio, con furio !!—The scene represents a cottage or hovel in the midst of a dark wood. The flashes of lightning shew the surrounding prospect at intervals. A little farthing rush-light twinkles in the cottage window, which is a chequer'd antique casement : some of the panes are broken ; others mended and stuffed with rags, old stockings and red night caps. A wolf runs across the stage howling.

WOLF.

HOO ! hoo ! hoo ! *(exit Wolf.)*

Enter Peter, catching a Bat.

Peter. Ha ! have I caught thee ! ha ! 'tis gone
by G—d ! *

Oh ! I have lost thee ; it is very odd ! *(exit Peter)*

* We need not be surprised at this irreverend use of the name of the Deity ; (vide Pizarro and all the German plays.)

I sup-

A stranger enters, dripping wet ; he knocks three distinct knocks at the cottage door with increased energy.

Stranger. All, all is dark ; and the refulgent moon

No longer shines ; perhaps she's in a swoon ? †

(The stranger knocks again with increased agitation ; an old woman opens the casement.)

Old Woman. Speak—who is there ? *(her countenance strongly marked with fear and doubt.)*

Stranger. 'Tis I. *(with confidence.)*

Old Woman. Who art thou ? *(still in doubt.)*

Stranger. Descend. *(with ineffable dignity and self-importance.)*

I suppose Kotzebue in his play of the Stranger, borrowed this hint of Peter's unique entree ; however, he was so prudent as to change the bat into a butterfly

† What a new and felicitous idea ! making the moon faint away !—Shakespear, (who, by the bye, had a pretty *knack* at writing) only makes his moon sleep : (Vide Merchant of Venice, Act V. Scene I.) but our sublime bard, glowing with Austrian enthusiasm, makes her faint away at once.

Enter

Enter Old Woman from the cottage ; her garments tatter'd and patched ; a red handkerchief round her head. She creeps along with evident marks of fear, then hope, at last she bursts out in rapture.

Old Woman. He seems a goodly youth, may hap
he's rich. *(aside.)*

Stranger. By this vague light she seems an ugly
——. † *(aside with doubt mixed with scorn)*

Grant me, my fair one, one poor cup of hock !
(with heightened agitation, and evident struggles to prevent crying.)

Old Woman. Alas ! dear Sir, wev'e not laid in
our stock !

Stranger. *(Lifts up his eyes, wrings his hands, tears his hair ; his whole frame is agonized, his colour fades, his knees tremble, his teeth chatter, and down he drops stiff and insensible.)* Oh ! ||

† This may, at first glance, appear indelicate in English ; but I can assure my gentle readers, that it is in the true stile of the legitimate German drama. The offensive monosyllable, w—— often occurs in their most admired pieces.—*Translator.*

|| I beg leave to point out the exquisite skill of our dramatist in this place. As the characters have said all they can
say ;

Old Woman. Oh ! (gives a convulsive gasp and falls also.)

Enter Peter running ; he sees the horrid catastrophe, and falls likewise.

Peter. Oh !

The storm begins to cease, and the moon appears.— Shrieks are heard, first at a distance, then piu forte, then fortissimo. Enter Stiletto, dragging in a lady ; her hair dishevelled, her dress lacerated ; evident marks of violence and extreme distress appear in her countenance. Stiletto advances his dark lantern, and sees this dreadful climax of calamity. He starts—the lady starts—the Old Woman starts—the stranger starts—Peter starts—and they all rise.

Stiletto. Ha ! what is here ? a stranger ? hum !
perhaps

He and my dame have been at pulling caps ?

(irresolute.)

Whence this intrusion ? (with considerable dignity.)

say ; or, at least, all the poet can say for them, he cleverly and adroitly makes them all faint away ; and thus he saves much unnecessary *verbiage* and tautology

Stranger.

Stranger. (*bows, expresses the most profound humility, and scarcely dares to lift up his eyes.*)

The dark and dreary night, the dreadful storm,
Drove me unwillingly to get a warm. *

Lady. By this faint light, which trembles in yon
pool †
I think I see my Lord! (*Her eyes are lifted up, and joy seems to illumine her countenance.*)

Stillette. — Be still you fool. (*imperatively.*)
These arms alone shall circle you ere night
Has yielded to the Sun's more gorgeous light.

(*With extreme rapture, and increasing agony of fondness.*)

* This is not only worded with all the genuine simplicity of the German drama, but it also marks the locality of the scene. His complaining of *cold*, is expressed with atmospheric fidelity.

† How poetically and elegantly expressed! The reflexes of the moon seem to vibrate in the water. Could Vander-
near have painted his favorite orb with more truth?

Lady

Lady. Monster avaunt ! on thy detested bed,
Ne'er will I deign to lay my wearied head ! (*with
the utmost scorn.*)

Stranger. Methinks that voice—oh—cease—my
fluttering—heart !

Sounds like the musick of my better part. †

*{ He expresses the various transitions of doubt, joy,
grief, certainty, irresolution, rapture, and at last
gradually sinks into sullen melancholy.*

(To be continued in a following number.)

† What a beautiful periphrasis for wife ?

*☞ I Thought that the addition of notes explanatory
and illustrative, would not only silence the pseudo
critic, but that they would also insinuate the plot
into the boxes.—I also prefer rhyme to blank verse,
for this reason, viz. so many of our modern dramas
have no reason, some no rhyme, and others neither
rhyme or reason, the severest critic cannot censure
this play, as there is rhyme at least. [Translator.*

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE CENTURY.

By Mr. PATRICK O'PHELM.



If this century ends in the one year or t'other,
While thus you continue to argue away!
Arrah! my dear jewels, now do cease your pother,
And hear what O'Phelim is going to say:
Perhaps you may think I can't judge of an end;
But this is my opinion, (and don't let it gall)
If the close of the long hundred years must depend
On the length of your logic, they'll not end at all.

The Meteors.

Number 4.

Sit, judices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
huc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

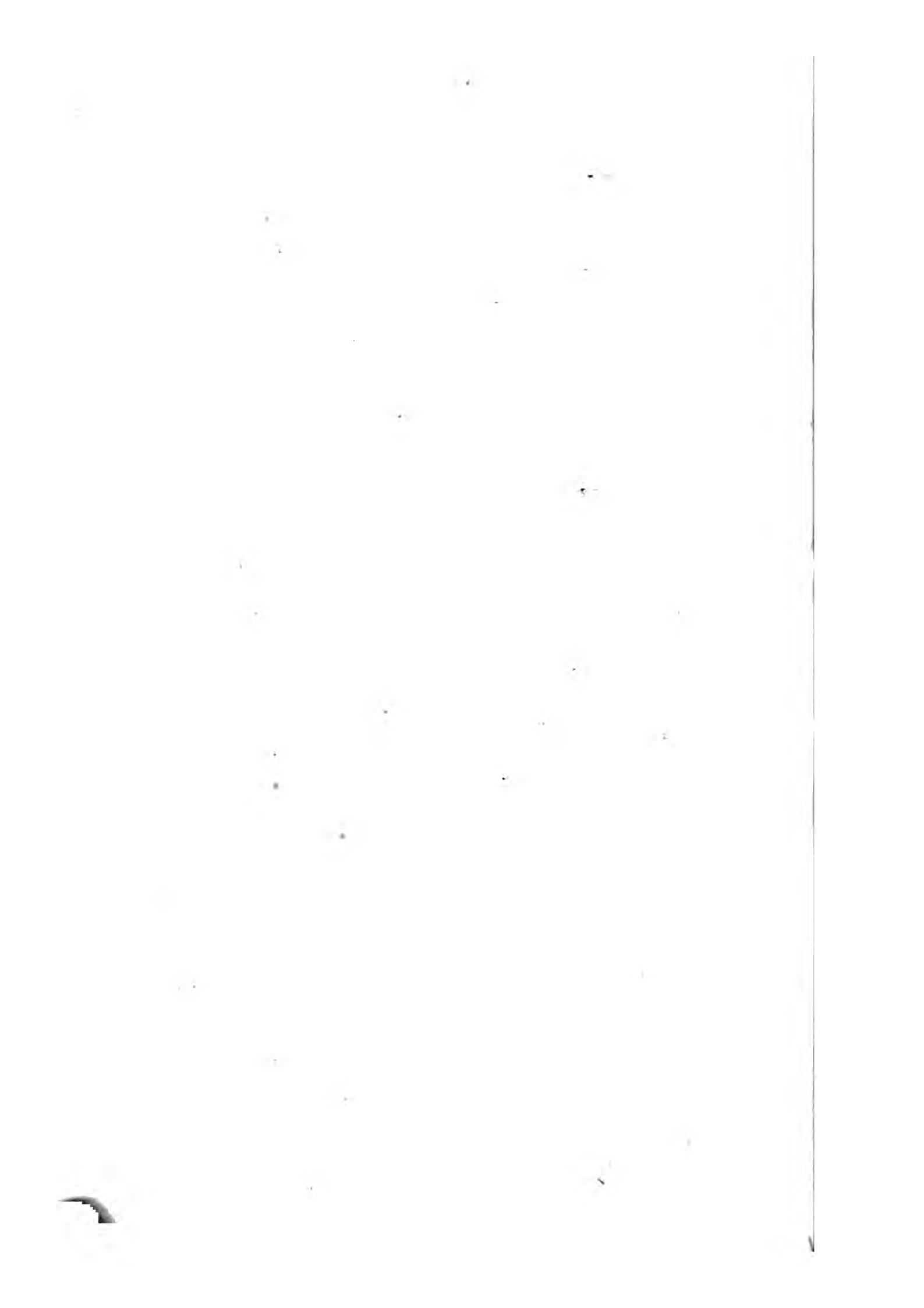
Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true ;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too ?

Pope.

London :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY A. AND J. BLACK,
LEADENHALL-STREET.

1800.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE thank EUGENIUS for his Letter and his Verses.

We are sorry that we cannot gratify our readers with a continuation of the German Play in this Number; but we hope that the severe indisposition of the translator will be accepted as a sufficient apology.

CON-

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WILLIAM AND ANNA.

EPIGRAMS.

DIFFICULTIES;
AND
A STORY FOR THE CRITICS.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn METEORS, rush not on my soul!

GRAY.

OH! what a life a poet leads,
For rest he vainly intercedes;
The Muse pursues him morn and night,
Still in his ears she echoes—*write!*
And, like a mortal scolding dame,
At midnight, keeping up the game,
She makes his very dreams respect her,
And gives, in verse, the curtain-lecture.

Alas! what Work we have in hand!
An hundred themes the pen demand;

K

Much

Much to be written, much to mend—
 And firstly, SUICIDE to end:
 Read it, ye Critics! if ye will—
 But be not tempted thence to kill.
 So fond on you our fancy doats
 We would not have you cut your throats.

Then there remains the German Play,
 A Work of danger and dismay!
 Another score to clear away.
 So well, 'tis said, the first part took,
 The town is mad to get the book;
 The lovely Wolf has rais'd, we hear,
 More hope, than ever Wolf gave fear,
 Only the Managers avow
 (To them must FABRUS PICTOR bow)
 If such proceedings do not cease,
 They'll bind us o'er to *keep the peace*.

Well, well—we strive to please ye all,
 Whatever danger may befall;
 With dear variety, our guide,
 We beat the bushes far and wide,

And

And hope (as prizing a good name)
You think we fairly take our game.

But for the Critic of stern brow,
Who eyes new books, the Lord knows how!
Whose nice perception it offends,
To hear them prais'd, e'en by his friends:
The following lines we introduce,
And hope they may be found of use.

From deep weigh'd causes, say the wise,
Effects unlook'd for oft arise ;
Thus censure may give birth to praise—
(We'll twist the thing in sev'ral ways.)
When the Ephesian dome was fir'd,
The youth by thirst of fame inspir'd
In striving to record *his* name,
Gave to the pile a deathless fame.
But better to explain the thought
A little story shall be brought.

THE OLD RACE HORSE.

A lean old horse, whose fame when young,
 Had been the theme of ev'ry tongue,
 Was dragging, much against his will,
 A heavy cart up Holborn Hill.
 Methinks I hear his tott'ring feet—
 His ribs, against each other meet:
 I see the piteous eye he rears,
 Which seems to say, "Ah, end my cares!"
 In vain——for if I understand
 The driver, with his whip in hand,
 Means by *maa whoot! gee up! gee ho!*
 "Up hill, whether you can or no!"

The passing crowd his grief observ'd,
 And thought he better fate deserv'd.
 "La!" says a lady, "'tis a shame
 "To use a beast so." "Ma'am he's *lame;*"
 "Oh! shocking fellow! can't you feel?
 "Those cuts his lameness will not heal;"
 "Waunds!" cries the carman, "I know best,
 "People teach me—a pretty jest!

Muck

“ Much better cattle have I whipp’d,
 “ Sure footed beasts, that never slipp’d;
 “ But this, a stubborn *tuoad*, wo’nt move,
 “ As I would have him, ’till he’s drove.”
 This said, the cruel lash he plies,
 The steed to move, yet vainly tries—
 Now sinking—on the earth he lies!

The man is blam’d by all the crowd,
 And clamour rises very loud.
 But CANDOUR happ’ning to pass by
 Pauses, and asks the reason why?
 One answers “ Only a dead horse,”
 “ I’m glad,” says he, “ ’tis nothing worse,
 “ For hearing such a mighty rout
 “ I fear’d more mischief might turn out.
 “ Poor steed! to me thou long wast known
 “ In passing through the busy town,
 “ Although that horrid heavy cart
 “ Obscur’d the beauty of each part;
 “ Deform’d with dust, your flowing mane,
 “ My casual glance could ne’er detain,

“ And hadst thou not been us’d so ill
 “ I’d known but little of thee still.”

He gave the beast a gentle pat,
 Which many people wonder’d at:
 How shall I paint their wonder, when
 The horse rose on his legs again?
 He was not dead as they believ’d,
 How often is the world deceiv’d!

Then Candour bought the gentle beast;
 Who being from the cart releas’d,
 First thank’d the driver with regard
 For hitting him so *very* hard:
 Else he a drudge might yet have been,
 By Candour still have liv’d unseen.

And now, in rich inclosures plac’d,
 With forage grateful to his taste,
 By cumbrous shafts no longer press’d,
 He neighs as wanton as the rest.

TO THE HOLLY.

WHEN chill December's snows bestrew the ground,
And winter's horrors spread profusely round,
'Tis thine, dear tree, in mem'ry to renew
The smiling spring in all its lovely hue;
Nor do thy cheering beauties grow in vain,
They warm devotion in the holy fane;
Whence joyous hope looks forward to behold
Again the custom of the days of old.
Memorial of the still revolving year,
In ev'ry Christian-house thy boughs appear:
While mirth and jollity delight to see
The friendly Mistletoe entwin'd with thee;
And skreen, beneath the thick proverbial shade.
Stol'n kisses from the half unwilling maid.

ANACREONTIC.

OH! spare those sighs that softly speak
The fond repinings of thy breast,
On which from storms and north winds bleak,
Secure I often sought to rest.

While her love's true, my sweet one's fears
Should all be banish'd to the wind;
A slight affliction bath'd with tears
Bespeaks a weakness in the mind.

I would not have the girl I love
Wrap in suspicion all her soul,
Because sometimes I devious rove,
Neglecting her, to drain the bowl.

Bacchus,

Bacchus, the god of nectar'd treasure,
 Ranges in Venus' myrtl'd grove,
 And if his grapes invite to pleasure,
 Where shall I fly but to my love.

Can I then leave thy dear controul,
 Or deign on false ones to repose?
 Think'st thou, I would 'midst nettles roll,
 And slight the fragrance of the Rose?

THE FAVOURED LOVER.

Damon's in love, I plainly see,
 Without a rival proves;
 Alas! who would his rival be,
 For 'tis himself he loves.

TO DELIA.

A BALLAD, FROM FLORIAN.

The joys of love, on eagles wing,
From happy mortals fly:
The sorrows that from passion spring
Ne'er leave us 'till we die.
When Delia smil'd—enchanting fair!
No bliss could equal mine;
But now she's false, and fell despair
Has broke the charm divine.

While yon meand'ring stream shall glide
Through Arno's fertile plain;
To swell the river's flowing pride,
And charm the listless swain;
To thee, fond youth, once Delia said
I'll ever constant prove:
Ah, me! the brook still bathes the mead,
But she has chang'd her love. * *

ANA.

ANACREON'S FIRST ODE.

FOR lofty strains my bosom glows,
I wish to sing Atrides might,
His fame, his fortunes, and his woes,
Or Cadmus, dreadful in the fight.

In vain I try
Such sounds to move,
My strings reply
To nought but love.

Enrag'd, my lyre I newly strang
To raise a nobler theme I strove,
And then, with bold attempt I sang
The labours of the son of Jove.

Yet still in vain
My efforts prove!
My loftiest strain
Is gentle love,

Farewell

Farewell then, Heroes, Kings, farewell,
Ye mighty Chiefs of ancient days,
I leave to nobler bards to tell
Your deeds, and celebrate your praise.
To my sweet theme
I'll constant prove,
And only dream
Of gentle love.

D. C. W.

THE

THE LOVE OF LOVES.

ALTHOUGH they write of ardent sighs
The wanton look, the coy surprise,
All envious Poets have confest
MY LOVE of rival fair the best.

Around her form so neat, so gay
TEN THOUSAND rosy Cupids play,
Behold her undulating hair,
TEN THOUSAND flowing charms are there.

How oft her speaking eyes impart
TEN THOUSAND wishes to my heart!
TEN THOUSAND times I long'd to sip
The nectar of her coral lip.

There

There are (although to these I yield)
TEN THOUSAND other charms conceal'd;
Extatic charms! By love's decree
Destin'd exclusively for me!

A Wag, attentive to my lays,
Thus resolv'd her boasted praise:
"Friend Tom, my learned head expounds,
"Thy Silvia has TEN THOUSAND pounds."

HOPE;

H O P E;

AN ODE.

WHEN stranded on some foreign coast,
Where hungry tygers roar,
The sailor hopes, though all is lost,
To gain his native shore.

The captive in some prison drea~~d~~,
Oppress'd with grief and pain,
Still fondly hopes, the coming year
His freedom to regain.

The lover, wretched and forlorn,
Who now dejected roves,
Hopes, on some fair auspicious morn,
To win the maid he loves.

Thus hope, through life, enchanting pow'r
Enlivens ev'ry breast,
And e'en in death's terrific hour
Beguiles the soul to rest.

* *

EPI-

EPITAPH,

ON A GREAT ACCOUNTANT.

FOR reck'ning fam'd, and arithmetic skill,
Here *enter'd* lies a man—who knew no ill;
Truth could not *add* unto his honest fame,
Nor malice dare *subtract* a jot *from same*;
Peaceful his life—no strife he ever made—
And *ditto* of his death was justly said:
Division he ne'er cast 'tween man and wife
He lov'd to *multiply*, as he lov'd life;
For *simple int'rest* he had many rules,
But left all *compound* unto knaves and fools:
His *practice* was to aid each honest cause,
The *answer*—his own bosom's best applause;
To rules of *three* and *five* he did not cling—
The RULE of ONE admir'd, and lov'd his KING.

THE TRAVELLER,
O R,
A WILFUL MISTAKE.

A CRAZY TALE.

HOW very frequently we see,
Ingratitude past over with impunity!
How strange, that any one can be
Unjust because there is an opportunity!
But so it is we know,
And when this tale's recorded,
Ingratitude 'twill shew
Justly rewarded.

L

A country-

A countryman, who many a mile had rode
 In that strange vehicle, a stage coach basket,
 In vain now sought a sheltering abode,
 In vain a social fire, or cheering flasket,
 For want of cash to pay the fare;
 E'en that he had been glad to pitch in;
 But chilling cold now made him dare
 To venture to the kitchen.

Around a blazing fire what sights appear!
 There sat a lady in a riding habit;
 Eating a sav'ry goose; a farmer here
 Eating his roasted onion, and welch rabbit.
 The while upon the hearth a mastiff lies,
 Receiving scraps from all in generous supplies.

The countryman had just arriv'd from Norwich,
 Which having said, the lady turn'd about,
 Licking her lips the while,
 Saw him, with wishful eye, survey the porridge

Smoak

'Smoak in a bason, piping hot turn'd out ;
 And having generously beckon'd,
 When with the coachman she had reckon'd,
 She grin'd contempt'ously a sneering smile.

- " Pray, honest friend (still munching) did you know
 " The good old farmer Wealthy?
 " You possibly can tell
 " If he be ill or well—
 " He is my husband." " Dear heart! is he so?
 " Yes, when I left'un, he was brave and healthy."
 " And was the fine old mansion standing still?
 " The seat of our family for years.
 " It's lofty turret o'er the wood it rears,
 " Whose trees, in growth, seem to consult its will."

 " Standing! aye, aye, let it alone for that!
 " As strong as ever is it, I'll be sworn ;
 " The storm or hurricane that lays that flat,
 " Must level with the ground,
 " The sheltering trees around,
 " Up by the roots they'll merciless be torn!"

 I. 2 " How

“ How much oblig’d to you I am,”

Said she, (and threw the dog a bone;)

“ And how’s my son? how’s little Sam,

“ Can the dear creature walk alone ?”

“ Alone! by’r lady! never fear,

“ The child comes on amazing quick;”

“ I’m glad to hear it! pretty dear!

“ And how’s the fav’rite mastiff? how is Dick?”

“ He is in perfect health and spirits

“ While he can get enough to eat;”

“ I hope” said she, “ they give him what he merits

“ A constant belly-full of good roast meat.

“ Well, Sir, you’re very kind, I can’t but own:”

So threw the dog another dainty bone.

The countryman, a sly, good natur’d blade,

Observing how his *kindness* was repaid,

Thought of a stratagem to get a snack.

Thus to the dog he said, “ Ah, saucy glutton !

“ I wish poor Dick could share thy goose and mutton

“ But, ah! he’s gone; in vain we wish him back:”

This

This rous'd the lady: "Gone! what dead!

"I thought you said my dog was well?"

"Squire Graham's mastiff, ma'am, I said;

"But farmer Wealthy's dog, a sad disaster,

"Mourning the death of Sam, his little master

"Died of a broken heart, as neighbours tell."

"The death of Sam! heavens! is he too gone!

"My darling boy! am I of thee bereav'd?"

She dropt the hot unfinish'd bone

And leaning on her elbow, loudly griev'd.

While thus the countryman, "Lord, Ma'am, don't cry,

"How could he help it—being but a child,

"Forc'd to behold a loving father die;"

"His father dead! I surely shall go wild."

"Nay, as for that, his father could not choose,

"The fire burnt furiously, I needs must say;

"All fell, man, woman, cow, pig, goose and gander;

"The flames spread wide; I own it's mournful news,

"But if his dad could in the mansion stay,

He must have been a salamander."

No longer now could the fat mastiff share
 Her lavish bounty; up she frantic rose;
 And thus she made her moan:

“What have I now remaining of my own
 “But grief, misfortune, and despair?
 “O death! at one rapacious pull,
 “Thus to accumulate a mother’s woes,
 “The measure of my grief is full!

“Down will I go, this hour, if I am able;”
 She’s off; and goose remains unfinish’d on the table.

“O ho! at last I’ve brought her to her senses!”
 Says Lubberkin; “of woe I’ve fill’d the measure!”
 “It is but just to husband her expences,
 “And not let all the goose be wasted,
 “For I am sure, when once ’tis tasted,
 “’Twill fill my belly with the greatest pleasure.”

So saying, to the table down he sits,
 And mastiff eyes, in vain, the dainty bits.

*AURELIA * AND THE SPIDER.*

THE muslin torn, from tears of grief
In vain Aurelia sought relief;
In sighs and plaints she past the day,
The tatter'd frock neglected lay.
While busied at his weaving trade,
A Spider heard the sighing maid;
And kindly stopping, in a trice,
Thus offer'd, gratis, his advice.
“ Turn, little girl, behold in me
“ A stimulus to industry;
“ Compare your woes, my love, with mine,
“ And tell me who should most repine.

* At the request of several of our readers, we so far infringe upon the plan of our Work as to insert this little Poem, although it has already appeared before the public. It is the production of a liberal contributor to the METEORS, and we trust it has sufficient merit to plead our excuse.

“ This morning, ere you left your room,
“ The Chambermaid’s remorseless broom,
“ In one sad moment, *that* destroy’d
“ To build which thousands were employ’d.
“ The shock was great ; but as my life
“ I sav’d in the relentless strife,
“ I knew lamenting was in vain,
“ So smiling went to work again.
“ By constant work, a day or more,
“ My brittle mansion will restore ;
“ And if each tear that you have shed,
“ Had been a needleful of thread,
“ If ev’ry sigh of sad despair
“ Had been a stitch, with proper care,
“ Clos’d would have been the luckless rent,
“ Nor thus the day have been mispent.

DECEIT.

D E C E I T.

ONCE I was gay, ah ! how cheerful the strain
My Anna's lov'd presence inspir'd !
My sonnet a kiss, with a smile, would obtain,
The only reward I desir'd.
Adieu ! the sweet prospect of bliss,
Hope fondly prepar'd me to meet !
Inconstancy sullied the kiss,
And the smile was the smile of DECEIT.

Sweet as the morn was the breath of my fair,
By the flow'rets mild perfume improv'd ;
In vain sought the rose with the blush to compare
On her cheek, when I told her I lov'd.
Adieu ! the sweet prospect of bliss,
Hope fondly prepar'd me to meet !
Inconstancy sullied the kiss,
And the blush was the blush of DECEIT.

T H E

THE FOUNDLING.

POOR helpless innocent ! thy infant years
Demand soft pity's charitable hand ;
And sympathy, awaken'd by thy tears,
Bids me obey humanity's command.

Poor babe ! like thee, had I deserted been,
Thrust from the bosom in life's early day,
Death had in pity clos'd the cruel scene,
And cropt the bud deny'd one genial ray.

Come to my cot, and with my offspring share
The frugal meal which Providence bestows ;
To still thy sorrowing 'plaints shall be my care,
And lull thy wearied bosom to repose.

By heav'n-born charity each mortal lives ;
Come then, and learn to praise the pow'r that gives.

TO ANNA'S LINNET.

SWEET bird! who thus unfeelingly confin'd,
Still warblest forth thy mirth-inspiring strain;
Who giv'st thy infant sorrows to the wind,
Whose hour of bliss oblit'rates days of pain.

Teach me to meet the smiles or frowns of fate,
Teach me like thee captivity to bear;
Or, kindly pitying my hopeless state,
Let me with thee my Anna's favours share.

SUICIDE,

S U I C I D E.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH. (CONTINUED.)

ARISTUS.

NOT for worlds, my son,
Think of it more! With patience have I heard
Whatever thou could'st urge; I mark thy boast
Of freedom from the sov'reignty of sense:
Again I say thou dream'st: Again I ask,
Why is life hateful to thee? Wert thou rul'd,
As thou believ'st, by Reason's voice alone,
I should not then have listen'd to a tale
Mark'd in each step by passion: Wert thou rul'd
By Reason's voice, thou would'st have better weigh'd
The purpose of thy being. Dost thou think
That the whole object of existence is
To live, to suffer, and to die? That those
Alone are functions of the immortal soul?

Dispel

Dispel the passions that so thick o'ercloud
 Thy manly sense, and hinder thee to see
 Th' extensive scope and end of human life,
 The great Creator's wisdom : Clearly seen,
 No longer will thy weary shoulders feel
 This world a burden ; thou shalt be asham'd
 That ever so thou deem'st it.

EGBERT.

I perceive

The point at which thou aim'st. I may, perchance,
 In a long life perform some casual good,
 And therefore 'tis inferr'd the right's deny'd
 To cease to live. Produce the law which binds,
 With obligation strong, a hopeless wretch
 To bear his mis'ries. Does the decalogue,
 Describing duties both to God and man,
 Forbid self-murder ?

ARISTUS.

No ! 'twas needless, that ;
 All Nature cries aloud against the sin :

See'st

Of laurel, and thou shalt be crown'd the king
 Of craft and villainy: the homage due,
 Shall with a reverential awe be paid
 To him, who finds excuse for ev'ry crime
 In powerful temptation.

EGBERT.

Recollect

My suff'rings, father. Wherefore must I live
 Enduring them without a remedy?
 If a foul gangrene ulcerate my leg
 I call in art; I bear, without a groan,
 The surgeon's knife—I lose a useful limb
 To rid me of my pain. My will is free,
 And none condemn me for the well judg'd deed.
 Why must my soul be shackled? Dare I lose
 The limbs and not the body? Lose the parts
 And not the whole?

ARISTUS.

My son, thou art deceiv'd
 In what thou termest suff'rings; they perplex,
 Confound

Confound, mislead, and overcome thy soul.
 Thou say'st that life's an evil—be it so.
 Sooner or later thou wilt be consol'd,
 And then thou wilt declare it good: 'twill be
 A truer judgement, not a better reas'ning;
 Nought will be changed but thy will: begin!
 Correct that will this day! 'Twas in the bad,
 The evil disposition of thy mind
 The gloomy sentence pass'd upon thy life;
 Amend those dispositions; call them home
 To sense and judgment, not to wander more.
 Be wise, nor fire thy dwelling through neglect
 Of care and prudence in arranging it.

Thou urgest suff'ring—loudly thou demand'st
 Am I not free no more to suffer pain?
 'Tis not the question. Son! I do not ask
 Whether thou pain endurest, but if life
 Be such an evil that thou needs must die?
 Thou seek'st to fly from suff'ring—let us search
 If therefore thou must fly to death's cold arms.
 Thou know'st not if his circling clasp affords

A refuge

A refuge from all woe; nor if it did
 Ought thou at once preferring that resource
 To spurn all others; let us first demand,
 If life itself not remedies life's ills.
 I said that thou would'st be consol'd; thou wilt.
 Patient endurance of an ill abates
 Its early rancour, and with healing balm
 Closes the wound inflicted. Through the cloud
 Of dark obscuring grief the soul breaks forth
 Again with splendour, and confutes the false
 Deceptious visions of romantic feeling.
 This is experience and truth. The pain
 To which corporeal nature often bends
 Aids not thy argument; e'en there the bland,
 The gentle hand of patience smooths the fierce
 And raging fury of disease: the skill
 Practis'd upon thy tortur'd limbs, is borne,
 Because the surgeon's operative art
 Fixes its period, and gay smiling hope
 In the rich purple springs the knife lets forth,
 As in a mirror, views health's ruddy face.
 Not so the soul: Her pain'd affections feel

No remedy, save the persuasive voice
 Of philosophic judgment. Thou shalt prove
 The fractious sentiment of ceaseless grief
 Void of all truth. Thy inexperienc'd age,
 Thy ardent passions, and with all thy pride,
 Which tempts thee to believe the fleeting hour
 Of thy past life could not have been improv'd
 Or shap'd in better mould ; impel thy step
 With haste to seek thy quiet in the grave.
 But look beyond the grave : What are the scenes
 Happy or wretched which thou there may'st find
 Demands consideration. Think, oh ! think,
 How thou shalt answer to the dreadful voice
 Requiring, why unbidden thou presum'st
 Shameless t' intrude upon another world,
 Scarce yet acquainted with thy own ? Thy morn.
 Of life is hardly risen, and thy task
 Not half fulfill'd ; then canst thou sluggish sleep
 Through the remaining portion of the day ?
 Thy Delia rests in peace—her soul in bliss ;
 But, frantic youth, where does thy sister rest ?

Ah!

Ah! little know'st thou how her anguish'd mind
 Feels the sharp point of mis'ry's cruel shaft,
 And how repentance seeks in vain to find
 A brother's pardon, and his love renew'd.
 If thou can save an outcast from despair,
 From death, from sin! Oh! cease to think thy life
 A useless burden. Heaven shall rejoice
 One added to the number to be blest,
 And thy own heart, in bounding joy shall leap
 Again to meet a sister's chaste embrace,
 Again with ardent fondness to afford
 Her weakness thy protection——

EGBERT.

Did she not
 Repay my kindness with ingratitude?
 Would'st thou that I forgive so foul a vice?

ARISTUS.

Forgiveness is our duty.

M 2

EGBERT.

EGBERT.

Father, say,
Where is Maria?

ARISTUS.

On a sordid bed
Mourning her griefs, the poor Maria lies
Exhausted and despairing! None approach
The dismal spectacle. 'Twas chance alone
That led my footsteps to the place: The walls,
Long unaccustom'd to a cheering fire,
Stream down with damps, and pitying seem to weep
The hapless tenant's woes; no trace remains
Of habitation, save her wretched couch
And some few empty'd phials which s'he drain'd,
Ere yet disease had spread his ravage wide.
Yet do I think that want of usual food
Has more oppress'd her, than the malady.
In sobs she oft repeats her brother's name.
Thou must along with me; the afflicted fair
Once more shall raise her eyes, once more receive
Affection's sacred kiss—her injur'd heart,

Torn

Torn by the folly of that fated youth
 Whose summer fortunes were too much enjoy'd,
 Whose wint'ry hour was not long delay'd,
 And struck Maria with its chilling blast
 Sues from thy noble nature, nor in vain
 Sues peace and comfort. Let thy aiding hand
 Relume the torch of happiness, and bid
 Its beams pierce through the vapours of despair.
 Thou shalt behold thy sister where she lies,
 Peruse her pallid features, view the scene
 Of wretchedness around her, recollect
 What once she was—how dear to thee! and what
 She yet may be, the solace of thy heart!
 Again the rose shall blossom in her cheek
 The lily in her bosom: by thy arm
 Sustained, shall she pass through life's rough ways;
 And in your wand'rings should you haply find
 Her wedded partner—think, my son, the bliss
 To give him all repentance to her arms.
 Oh! feel these blest sensations, and thou may'st
 Strike if thou can the poniard in thy breast.

WILLIAM

WILLIAM AND ANNA.

NEAR Darent's gently murm'ring stream,
Dwelt Anna, her fond father's pride;
Of William's daily song the theme,
He long had sought her for his bride.

Her father, with attentive care,
She nourish'd from the scanty store;
Resolv'd with him the meal to share,
To share it 'till he was no more.

That time arriv'd—without a friend
The lovely maiden soon was left;
Of all that once kind heaven did send,
Of all, but William's love, bereft.

The gentle youth's unalter'd love,
 In all its former lustre shone;
 He now, renew'd his suit—to prove
 He lov'd her for herself alone.

His flock he drove beside the cot,
 And ever lov'd to tend them there,
 Resolv'd to guard the sacred spot
 Where dwelt his bosom's dearest care.

And oft would Anna join her swain,
 To hear his pipe's melodious lay;
 To hear once more the tender strain
 That sweetly "stole her heart away."

Oft would the youth attentive hear,
 The sonnet Anna sweetly sung;
 Her plaintive notes would force a tear,
 When on the strain of woe she hung.

How

How transient is the scene of joy!
 'Tis like a short delusive dream;
 One hapless minute may destroy,
 The basis of the fancy'd theme.

'Twas at the hour of eventide,
 His flock he sought with anxious care;
 And left the lovely Anna's side,
 For Darent's banks, to seek them there.

He heard their bells; he farther stray'd,
 To whence he thought the sound might come;
 But ah! the cruel plot is laid
 To bear him from his native home.

Ah! soon he gain'd a distant view,
 Ah! soon he gain'd a neighb'ring wood;
 There he beheld the wand'ring crew,
 Who left (for him) their flow'ry food.

They

They frisk to meet their master kind,
 He gives caresses all around,
 But ah! two villains came behind,
 He lies defenceless on the ground.

Then spoke the first, with cruel sneer;
 " Now boast of happiness in vain;
 " Take thy farewell of Anna here,
 " For her thou ne'er shalt see again.

" Now to my Anna's arms I fly,
 " To be to her in William's place;
 " Yet thou, my rival, thou must die,
 " Before my arms the maiden grace."

And now behold the fatal steel
 Was rais'd to strike the deadly blow!
 " And this," said he, " thy vows shall seal,
 " This, this from Edgar, from thy foe."

* M

" No!

“ No! rather, monster, thou shalt die,”
 His comrade said, “ base fiend! prepare,

“ Resolv’d that either you or I
 “ Shall take the place of William there.

“ When late I swore to stand thy friend
 “ How little thought I of the deed!

“ Think’st thou to gain thy wicked end?
 “ My heart has not forgot to bleed!

“ Till this curst action, ’till this day,
 “ In innocence I ever slept:

“ And shall I spurn it thus away?
 “ Bad vows are better broke than kept.

“ No, never shall Horatio join,
 “ The harmless shepherd to oppress;

“ Rise, William, rise—revenge is thine;
 “ ’Tis here that thou shalt gain redress.”

“ Ah!

“ Ah! kill him not; strike not the blow,
 “ Ah! see he’s unprepar’d to die;
 “ I would not have him, though my foe,
 “ A stranger to contrition’s sigh!”

Thus William spake; he touch’d the heart,
 And twice repentant Edgar sigh’d;
 “ No, never, never shalt thou part
 “ From Anna, from thy lovely bride.

“ Behold me, convert now to shame;
 “ Oh! let me try to be thy friend,
 “ Oh, may I but deserve the name,
 “ Till death our stedfast friendship end!”

William receiv’d him in his arms,
 Horatio join’d them, as they went
 To dissipate the fond alarms
 Which lovely Anna’s bosom rent.

EPIGRAMS.

AS the Priest was committing a corpse to the earth,
To supply in his mem'ry, an unlucky dearth,
He ask'd of an Irishman, " Pray, my friend, say,
" Do we bury a brother or sister to-day?"
" What d'ye *mane*, sir?" says Pat. " No! St.
Patrick defend,
" 'Tis not one nor the other, 'tis only a friend.

CRIES Doctor Slop, elated with his skill,
My Patients, Tom, observe, I never kill;
In twice ten hours, so quick I cur'd his gout,
The Alderman was able to go out.
" That's true," quoth Tom, " let our opponents rave,
" I myself met him going to his grave."

The Meteors.

Number 5.

Sit, judices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

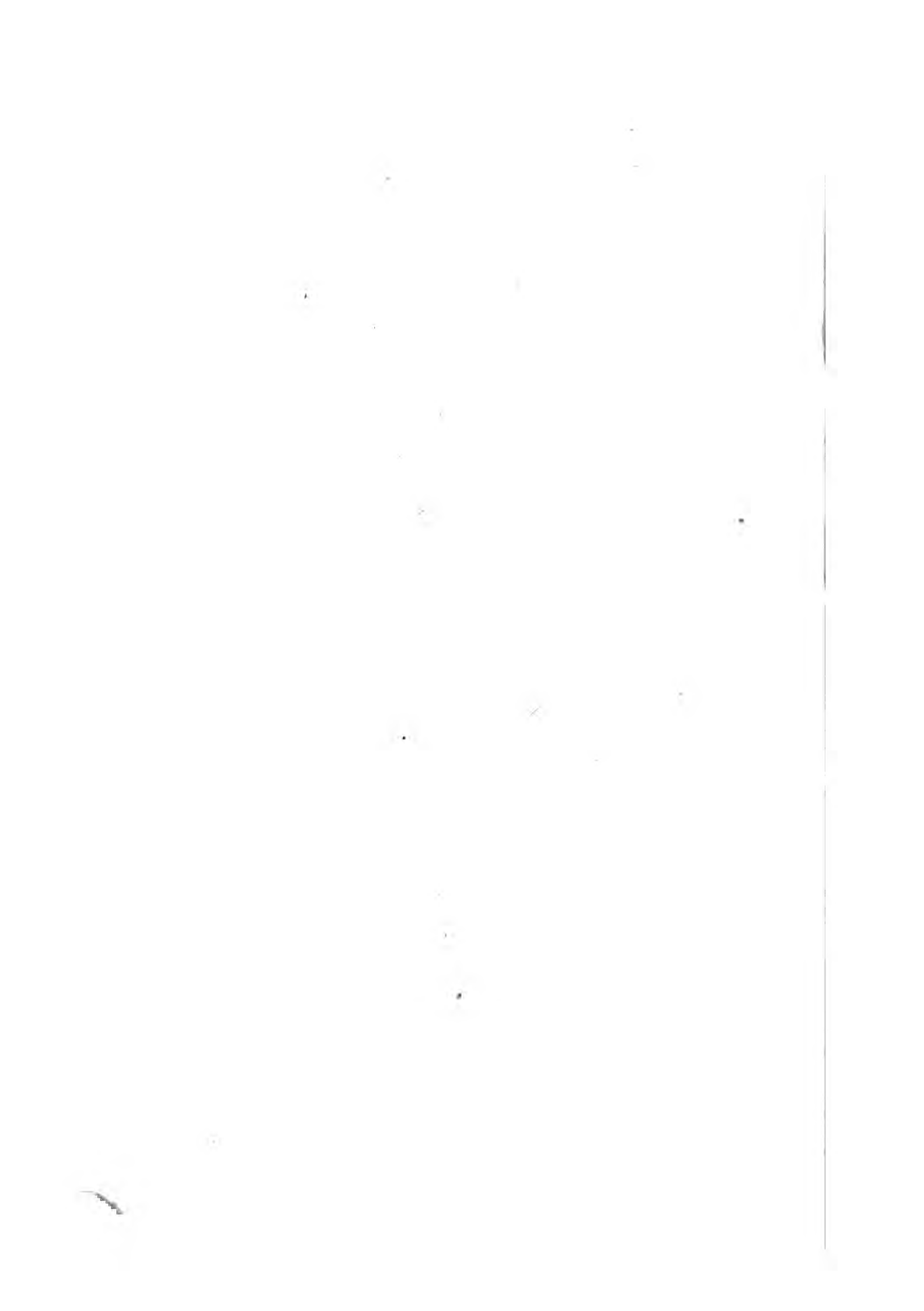
Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

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1800.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. C. W.'s Tale shall appear in our next Number: We shall be glad to hear again from the same correspondent.

The elegant lines, entitled, "The Caution against Love," and "The Reply," will be inserted in our next Publication.

CON-

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EPIGRAMS.

EXPOSTULATION.

“ Black spirits and white,
“ Blue spirits and grey,
“ Mingle, mingle, mingle,
“ *Where* you mingle may.”

WHEREVER this our Work is handed
No doubt 'twill prove we're very candid;
We treat no correspondent slightly,
But deal with ev'ry one politely.

*Extract of a Letter to the Editor, from a Lady of
Fashion.*

“ ————— I HAVE read enough,
“ 'Tis all such sad old fashion'd stuff!
“ No scenes of horror brought to light,
“ No modern gothic stories fright,

N

“ No

“ No convent spreads its solemn gloom,
 “ We’re told no cloister’d sister’s doom;
 “ Of beaded monks one never hears,
 “ Who think of any thing but prayers:
 “ Of abbesses, with saint-like features,
 “ In heart just like their fellow creatures :
 “ Or counts disguis’d in friar’s hood,
 “ Lay-sisters made of flesh and blood;
 “ Arm’d knights, whose limbs disdain to feel,
 “ The pressure of some tons of steel,
 “ Relinquishing stern Mars for love,
 “ As gentle as the cooing dove.
 “ Ghosts as familiar as a kitten,
 “ On which whole volumes might be written.

“ Like other managers, ’tis meet,
 “ You sometimes raise, by way of treat,
 “ A spectre from his hiding place,
 “ To give your Work a modern face;
 “ Pray don’t proceed as you have done,
 “ But give, at least, a bleeding nun.”

“ These

“ These hints are meant, Sir, for your good,
 “ If rightly they be understood ;
 “ Adopt them—and no more you’ll shock
 “ Your reader,

“ SYLVIA OF THE ROCK.”

The Editor’s best compliments,
 To Sylvia, for her kind intents ;
 He knows what authors may expect
 Who ghosts and demons dare reject :
 That ’tis in vain to make resistance,
 But still he hopes they’ll keep their distance ;
 Their very mention drives him wild,
 And always did so since a child.
 His grandmama, when he was young,
 Oft curb’d the licence of his tongue,
 And charg’d him, as he’d shun all evil,
 Never to mention ghost or devil.
 “ I could,” said she, “ a tale impart,
 “ To fix the maxim in your heart :”

“ Pray grandmama then let us have it—”
 “ I will,” said she, “ since thus you crave it;
 “ ’Tis but ten minutes long, at most—”

THE STORY OF THE CHILD AND GHOST.

Once on a time a child I knew,
 (The story, son, is very true;) .
 So fill’d with idle whims his head,
 He could not go in peace to bed.
 Whenever came the shades of night,
 To him was ev’ry shade a spright;
 Nor could he, in the busy day,
 Scarce chace the fancy’d fiends away.
 At midnight oft he saw a host,
 And leap’d from bed, and scream’d out ghost!

Much mischief fear’d his mother, from
 This wayward will of little Tom.
 She told the tale to ev’ry neighbour,
 And got well laugh’d at for her labour;

The

The ghost they treated very lightly,
But fill'd her house, to see it, nightly.

One eve, to comfort our good dame,
The lawyer and the doctor came.
In rushes Tom, as pale as death,
And roars till he is out of breath—
Ghosts! there are yonder full a score!
Oh, mother! see, in black two more!

“ Ah! child,” the wretched parent screams,
“ Who taught your brain these idle dreams?”
“ Mother, it is in vain to scold one!
“ I saw a ghost, or else the *old one*.”

Now Lawyer Twist arose to say,
(Where there is work there's sometimes pay)
“ Before I credit this non-entity,
“ The child must prove the ghost's identity.”
“ Aye,” says the doctor, “ let us seek
“ The symptoms that a ghost bespeak;

“ If ’tis a real *case* I’m sure,
 “ I shall be honour’d in the cure.”

“ The case is this,” his mother said,
 “ He shall be sent again to bed ;
 “ I’ll lock him in, and cure the trick,
 “ Though he should think he sees Old Nick.”

“ Better try every exertion,”
 Quoth Twist, “ than venture on coercion.”
 The doctor begg’d he might be free,
 “ Leave him to nature, or to me.”

The mother thinks her own way best,
 Again the boy is sent to rest ;
 To rest ! ah, no ! the fast lock’d door
 Makes the scene worse than ’twas before.
 He starts—and catching a bed post,
 Thinks that he grapples with a ghost ;
 Then quick recoils, and strives to gain
 A passage by the door in vain :

’Twas

"Twas doubly lock'd to his amazement—
 No egress left, except the casement,
 Through which he leap'd, and in his fall
 Was freed from ghosts, for good and all.

Next day the folks flock'd round the mother,
 And some thought one thing—some another;
 But all the wise at once agreed,
 'Twas Satan's self that did the deed;
 And as he has a great dominion,
 I'm rather of the same opinion.

She added only—"loving son
 "From hence all EVIL AGENTS shun;
 "The less you say of them the better."
 She ceas'd: He vow'd not to forget her.

L E O N A R D;

A FRAGMENT.

AH! who is he, whose strange distracted mein
The suff'rings of a wounded soul bespeaks?
Sudden he stops—then hurries o'er yon green,
Whilst trickling tears impearl his furrow'd cheeks.

To heav'n he lifts his supplicating eyes,
Then wildly gazes on the turf below;
Anon his bosom heaves convulsive sighs,
In all the speechless agony of woe.

'Tis hapless Leonard.—See his frowning brows
Spent with the silv'ry frosted snow of age!
For him no peace, or day or night bestows,
No short-liv'd balm his troubles to assuage.

For

For him in vain ascends the roseate morn,
 In vain the sun-beams gild the spangled plains;
 He strays a maniac, helpless and forlorn,
 Nor heeds the fairest scenes of nature's wide
 domains.

Ah, Leonard! soon beneath the earth's cold bed,
 May all thy cares, thy pangs, be hush'd to sleep!
 Soon may the rye-grass wave its trembling head
 To the shrill blast that o'er thy grave shall sweep!

An human soul, thus mould'ring to decay,
 Who can behold, and not e'en shed a tear;
 When death alone can chace its woes away,
 Who would not wish that blissful moment near?

Time was when Leonard's bosom felt no pain;
 (Ah, rapt'rous days! how swiftly have ye flown!)
 Not long has reason fled his tortur'd brain,
 Not long has sorrow "mark'd him for her own."

See'st

See'st thou yon whiten'd cot, whose chimney 'pears
 Above those ivy'd oaks that skirt the down?
 There has poor Leonard spent twice two-score years,
 Nor sigh'd for wealth, nor panted for renown.

What though no busts on Parian models rear'd,
 No fluted columns grac'd his rural dome:
 Yet lovelier charms the halcyon spot endear'd,
 Yet thence the hoary sire ne'er breath'd a wish to
 roam.

There first he saw the amber light of day,
 There first his earthly pilgrimage began;
 There, in his stripling prime, with frolic play
 The hours beguil'd, there ripen'd into man.

When all the landscape (save yon beetling rock)
 Spring's flow'ry mantle wore, at early dawn,
 Oft was he wont to tend his little flock
 That bleating sported on the neighb'ring lawn.

There

There erst Matilda strove, with filial zeal,
 (What can to age a dearer solace prove?)
 Her languid parent's throbbing pains to heal,
 Sweet mirth diffuse, and all their wants remove.

Alive to sympathy, her gentle breast
 Oft, oft would bleed at mis'ry's piteous tale;
 In nature's loveliness she shone confest,
 She bloom'd, the humble lily of the vale.

There, when life's wasting lamp 'gan faintly burn,
 And palsy'd age his sinking frame oppress'd,
 Still Leonard hop'd to find a calm sojourn,
 With Agatha, his faithful consort, blest.

But ah! the fondest hopes on earth, how vain!
 How oft misfortune strikes them to the dust;
 Nor fits it man desponding to complain,
 But meekly bow to Him whose high behests are just.

MADRIGAL.

HAIL! to the hour of mirth and glee
Better than ages of spleen;
Such alone are of worth to me,
Give me a chaplet of green.

Round my head wreathe it prettily,
Chloe will do it the best;
Then shall we dance, while wittily
Teas'd by the innocent jest.

There, see! Daphne and Floridel
Prove more than all I can say;
For, though they both dance horrid ill,
None are more cheerful than they.

Life's all trouble as many sing,
 Form'd of vexation and care ;
 Dancing, think we of any thing,
 But that the maidens are fair?

Yes! for Laura's love-beaming eye,
 Proving to Stephon, hope's dawn,
 Views yon steeple so meaningly,
 Seen at the end of the lawn.

Next—old Paul and his better-part
 Hobbling, each other remind,
 Here 'twas *he* danc'd, to get her heart,
His Laura, fifty years kind.

Hey! for joy and festivity,
 Foot it and frisk it along,
 These give health and longevity,
 Welcome the dance and the song.

Hark!

Hark! the chorus of villagers
Speaks that all hearts are at ease;
Yet, the fair maids are pillagers,
Making us slaves as they please.

I tune, Cupid! my lays to thee,
Let Chloe once say she is mine,
Then an altar I'll raise to thee,
Off'ring my heart at the shrine.

Hail! to the hour of mirth and glee
Better than ages of spleen;
Such alone are of worth to me,
Give me a chaplet of green.

HERO

HERO AND LEANDER.

NOW slow advanc'd the solemn noon of night;
Nor Cynthia clim'd her sapphire throne, nor stars
Their silv'ry radiance pour'd, but horror sat
Pavilion'd in the clouds; 'twas silence all,
Save where the foaming waves of Hellespont
The fretted base of Sestos turret wash'd
With hollow moans:—anon convulsions shook
The lurid sky, and demons of the storm
Held their mad orgies.—Hero, ill-star'd fair!
Unwitting of the torch, whose guiding flame
A sudden gust extinguish'd, anxious sought
The lonely pinnacle, where oft she view'd
Her soul's best portion cleave with vent'rous arm
Th' opposing surge, and to the howling storm
Her thoughts unbosom'd thus:

“ Ah,

“ Ah, me! my heart
 “ Misgives me sore, and tremblingly forebodes
 “ All is not well—else why art thou not here,
 “ My lov’d Leander? Past is now the hour
 “ When thou wast wont to come; the second watch
 “ Is speeding fast away—ye Gods! what means
 “ This long, long absence? Is Leander false?
 “ Bestows he on some lovelier fair the heart
 “ That erst was Hero’s?—Perish the vile thought!
 “ O jealousy, thou fiend of fiends! add not
 “ Thy dagger’d tortures; thou canst make the soul
 “ A hell, from an elysium!—If Leander
 “ Lov’d not his Hero, why would he so oft
 “ His downy pillow in Abydos leave,
 “ To brave the warring elements, and cross
 “ Yon madd’ning breakers?

“ O ye chilly blasts!
 “ That whistle through the battlement, for once
 “ Compassion learn, and spare, O spare Leander;
 “ Spare him for Hero’s sake! Hark, hark! me-
 thought

“ I heard

“ I heard his voice below—again? Oh, no!
 “ Some mountain wave, that ever and anon
 “ Bursts in a cataract, with its deaf’ning roar
 “ My wilder’d sense deceiv’d.

“ Gods! what a night!
 “ How the conflicting billows to the clouds
 “ Toss their proud heads, then prone in azure sheets
 “ Descend! Sulphureous lightnings flash along
 “ Yon ramparts! Deep’ning peals of thunder swell
 “ The stormy chorus! Sure this nether sphere
 “ Is rushing into chaos, and that shock
 “ Nature’s last struggle!

“ Ægis bearing Jove!
 “ O bid these ministers of wrath forbear
 “ To vent their fury thus! Cease, cease, my heart!
 “ Thy fearful throbs at this momentous hour!
 “ —Ah! what is that which o’er the wat’ry waste
 “ Floats to this Sestian shore—now borne aloft,
 “ Now sinking in the hoary wave’s abyss?
 “ ’Tis he—’tis he—’tis my Leander’s corse!
 “ Ah, poor Leander! See the boiling surge

o

“ Hath

" Hath flung him on the beach—his snowy neck
 " How lovely still! Still beauty's softest tints
 " O'er all his frame are pencil'd. Gods, he smiles!
 " He smiles on me! Perchance he only sleeps—
 " But 'tis a dreamless sleep—he ne'er will wake,
 " Save in yon argent realms; there we shall meet,
 " And shine twin stars! Here could I gaze and
 weep,
 " And gaze to madness! but the fitful blast,
 " Which howls so dismal o'er Leander's corse
 " To me is death's alarum!

 " Fatal night!

" Source of my woes, thou, thou shalt end them too.
 " Now, my poor-heart! now flutter as thou wilt,
 " Thou shalt not flutterlong—" EYES LOOK YOUR
 LAST"—
 " Haste, haste, my soul! why parley thus with death?
 " 'Tis but one short-liv'd pang—hence coward
 fears!"

She ceas'd, and headlong from the nodding tower
 Amid ingulphing billows frantic plung'd.

W. C.

THE LAP DOG.

A CRAZY TALE.

LADIES there are, it is a well-known truth,
Who past the bloom and gaiety of youth,
Prefer the happiness of single lives
To those domestic scenes, the lot of wives.

 I honour some who still retain
 A pleasing affability of speech,
 A lively smile,
 A constant wish to please.
May my girls learn of such as these,
 Their manners gain,
And profit by the principles they teach,
While sweet instructive tales the hours beguile.

But some there are whose moments seem to hang
 In ling'ring torments round a breast,
 Ne'er knowing rest,
 Except when gratifying spleen ;
 Or else when Scandal's busy clang,
 Between the frequent sips can intervene.
 Particular they are in the extreme,
 And care not for the trouble they may cause ;
 One of these ladies dignifies the theme
 Which waits impartial censure or applause.

A good old lady, (sixty we may guess)
 Who in her lap-dog plac'd her whole delight ;
 Some three or four weeks since, or more or less,
 Wak'd in a fright.

Her dear Bijou's discordant note,
 Harsh trembling from it's little throat,
 Had caught her ear ;
 She started at the well-known sound,
 And bounding out, upon the ground,

The

The little beast with ardor prest,
 To her kind sympathetic breast;
 He groan'd,
 She sigh'd;
 He moan'd,
 She cried;
 For ev'ry groan he gave, she gave a tear.

In haste she rang the chamber bell
 Which led into the kitchen;
 And knowing well
 Her dishabillèe attitude,
 Tho' not to be entitled rude,
 Was surely not bewitching.

To seize her morning gown she ran,
 And fearing ere she'd made an end
 Of settling all her laces,
 And various little graces
 'Tis what ladies think encrease their charms,
 Some naughty man,

Or laughter-loving friend,
 Might, with ill-manner'd haste, assault the door,
 Into the sleeves she thrust her arms;
 And though perhaps a sudden shock she sav'd
 She look'd in order to be shav'd,
 Or like a full-grown baby in a pin-a-fore.

With hasty stride, through thick and thin,
 John, tumbling o'er the broom,
 Left by a careless chambermaid,
 Soon bounc'd into the room.

And starting back amaz'd, exclaims,
 (Eying with vacant stare, her dress,)

“ Nay, truly now I must confess

“ I'm sorry that I ventur'd in,

“ You rang so hard, I really was afraid

“ You and your fav'rite dog were both in flames.

“ But let me tell you, though a simple lad,

“ And though perhaps you dearly love me,

“ To court a lady, 'twere too bad,

“ In rank and age so much above me.

“ I could

“ I could as soon like you else as another,
 “ Tho’ you are old enough to be my mother.”

This ne’er to be forgiven blunder
 Obtain’d a blow which nearly knock’d him down;
 And in a voice as loud as thunder,
 She hurl’d her anger at the stagg’ring clown.

“ Dolt, blockhead, shallow-pated knave,
 “ Am I so fit to stand the brave
 “ Of your unciviliz’d mistakes?
 “ Run—tell Theresa to come up,
 “ And bring some hartshorn in a cup,
 “ Before this world my dearest life forsakes.”

John star’d, and scratch’d his vacant head,
 While thus, as he went out, he said,
 “ I hope that I shall not be by,
 “ Old lady! when you die;

“ For

“ For if you in the arms of death
 “ So loudly roar,
 “ Your breath still getting shorter,
 “ Your parting breath
 “ Will echo sure, from shore to shore,
 “ Like bomb shot from a mortar.”

Theresa came with anxious speed,
 “ Lord! child, observe the charming creature,
 “ He can't live long, I fear, ideed,
 “ Do, run to Peter.”

The maid flew back three yards at least,
 Her countenance began to change;
 “ O, curse the little filthy beast!
 “ He's got the mange.”

“ The nasty toad I would not touch
 “ For your best gown, Ma'am; no, nor twenty such.”

Out

Out at the door
She flew, and swore,
That Peter might attempt it if he pleas'd,
With rage near burst,
Her mistress curst;
And even Peter found her hard to be appeas'd.

This Peter was an honest meaning man,
Making, as much as possible, his plan,
To go on smooth and evenly through life;
He had, indeed, a devil of a wife.

All simple business 'twas his to do;
But weightier matters she'd aver,
Were certainly more fit for her;
So he resign'd them to the shrew.

For she, though really but an ignoramus,
Thought her sweet self in all things vastly famous.

He

He was a farrier by trade,
 And, not like many paltry braggers,
 Car'd not whatso'er he said ;
 But well knew how
 To bleed a horse or cow,
 Could break a colt, or ring a hog,
 Could nick a horse, or crop a dog,
 Or cure the staggers.

The maid with knocking pretty loud,
 Had wak'd the tranquil pair :
 Out at the window pop'd a head,
 Just risen from the bed,
 Wrapt in her husband's buckskins for a guard,
 Against the dew which morning clouds distil,
 And screaming rather shrill,
 Demanded who was there.

But in her care to dress so neat,
 She had forgot to make all fast ;
 And as she past,

Her

Her head in contact came
 With the old window frame,
And down the buckskins fell into the street.

Quick she withdrew,
 And ran down stairs to ope the door,
 To keep the maid no longer waiting ;
The buckskins and the girl both caught her view,
 And hardly knowing what to do,
 To sieze the leathern prey,
 Which in the kennel lay,
 Or ask her business once more,
 She stood awhile debating.

“ My mistress, ma’am,” the maid began,
 “ Is full of foolish fears and frights.
 “ Her little fav’rite dog is very bad ;
 And she’d be glad,
 “ If your good husband, learned man !
 “ Would come and set us all to rights.”

“ Well

“ We’ll come,” said she, “ we’ll make good haste
 to dress us,
 “ And join you in the twinkling of an eye ;
 “ Her fav’rite puppy dog not well, Lord bless us !
 “ I would not for a crown the dog should die :
 “ ’Twill be a guinea in my husband’s way ;
 “ Why, Peter, rise ; why, husband, rise ! I say.”

Peter jump’d up, hearing her well-known tongue,
 That oft had in his ears alarum rung ;
 In sweetest scolding soft abusive speeches ;
 In haste his tatter’d stockings on he drew,
 And look’d amaz’d, as he put on a shoe,
 But look’d in vain ; he could not find his breeches.

 This sad mischance
 Reflection did not lighten,
 For well he know that to advance,
 In a torn jacket or patch’d coat,
 Was not so probable to frighten,
 As when appearing *sans culottes*.

His

His wife soon brought them, trembling, pale & wan,
 He snatch'd them, rather angry at the jest ;
 Spite of contents he whipt them on,
 And now behold them both completely drest.

They quickly got there, as they were appointed,
 And after Peter had with care explor'd
 The mangy little carcass she ador'd :
 (All pompous ceremony scorning)
 He thus advis'd : “ Let him be well anointed,
 With salt and brimstone ev'ry night and morning.”

“ Bless us !” exclaim'd his angry dame,
 “ What ! verbally prescribe ?
 “ The man will bring disgrace and shame
 “ Upon the learned tribe”

“ Is this the learned man,” the lady cried,
 “ Skill'd in the noble Esculapian science ;
 “ Does he in half a sentence then prescribe,
 “ And put reflection at defiance ?

“ Hence

“ Hence, quit the room, and send me in a trice,
 “ Your real opinion, and your joint advice ;
 “ Nor treat with levity a case you know,
 “ On which depends my happiness or woe.”

They left the house, and Peter mutter'd sadly :
 “ Few words are best,” said he, “ I'm very sure.”
 However still his wife declar'd
 The injury should be repair'd ;
 And though she spelt indeed but badly,
 Thus did she pen the destin'd cure.

(Ambition as a doctress now had caught her,
 And made her write *in style*, as I suppose)
 “ Let these be nicely pounded in a mortar,
 “ And burnt each morn beneath the puppy's nose.
 (“ ’Twill surely cure the pretty creature)
 “ Of brimstone half a pound, quite fine ;
 “ Spirits of wine,
 “ And half a gallon of the best salt.”—PETER.
 Thinking it fit to sign *his* name,
 As well she knew physicians did the same.

The written order then was quickly sent,
 The lady read it with enraptur'd eye ;
 " Take it to John," said she, " for him 'tis meant,
 " To do these nasty jobs, not I."

John read the paper, and amaz'd to see
 The latter part,
 He mutter'd something ; but his mistress said,
 She vow'd the ointment should be made :
 " Nay, nay," said he,
 " I'll do it then with all my heart."
 No mighty conjuror was John,
 So read the words, " salt—Peter." *both as one.*

He took the little creature by the throat ;
 And when he thought he could discover
 The healing stuff
 Was pounded fine enough,
 He rubb'd it well all over.

Now

Now set on fire, rapidly it burns,
And now in triumph he discerns,
 Regardless of its cries,
Not e'en a hair remaining on its coat,
And that the stuff had burnt out both its eyes.

 Just at that moment enter'd,
 His mistress in alarm ;
 She anxiously had ventur'd,
 To see they did Bijou no harm,
And at the key-hole had her station taken.
 She could not bear to think that he,
 Her little favorite, should be
 Ungratefully forsaken.
 Scenting the horrible perfume,
 She burst into the room,
 And rav'd, and storm'd, and groan'd,
 And wept, and sigh'd, and moan'd,
But all, alas ! in vain, she could not save its bacon.

For in the potent arms of death,
The little brute had yielded up its breath.

Peter

Peter was sent for, and his able dame,

To answer to the blame ;

For what appear'd so evidently done

To gratify ill-nature.

And thus he made his pertinent defence :

“ Why would not any one of common sense

“ Suppose you long'd to exercise your fun

“ On the poor creature ?”

“ Who ever took Salt Petre as a cure ?”

“ Nay, nay,” quoth John, “ I'm very sure

“ That, to your wife we owe.”

“ Alack,” quoth Peter, “ wherefore should we
wonder,

“ They never can get through without a blunder

“ Who undertake more than they really know.

“ Good Ma'am, one word, before we bid adieu,

“ Should your next puppy's mangy situation

“ Make any one a cure advise ;

“ I would not wait for writing, were I you,

“ But instantly perform the operation,

“ And save your sorrow, and your puppy's
eyes.”

FABIUS PICTOR'S TRANSLATION

O F

The Benevolent Cut-Throat.

A German Tragedy, by Klotzboggenhagen.

(Continued from the Third Number.)

Stranger. SAY, lady fair, shall I untie thy hands? (*with interrogatory tenderness.*)

Lady. Most welcome, Sir;—ah, loose these cruel bands! (*With impatient pathos.*)

Whilst he is untying her hands, he examines her face with eyes expressive of severe, yet tender, patient, yet impatient curiosity and scrutiny: he then changes colour—sighs—wipes his eyes, cries, wipes his eyes, raises them to the skies with hope; looks horizontally

horizontally with doubt *, *diagonally with fear,*
then with joy triumphant, he exclaims,

She lives, she lives, I see my long-lost wig! †

My swelling heart with agony grows big!

Sure 'tis my wig, my wife, my lovely wag!

Both. Wig wag, wig wag, wig wag, wig wag; wig
 wag!

They rapturously embrace; weep, smile, ogle, leer, hug,
and express all the exquisite endearments of a fond
and long-separated couple.

* “Looks horizontally with doubt; this is mathematical precision! It has been observed by some, that people in doubt look *diagonally*; but the celebrated Spandau Spontanus, clearly proves that the *diagram* of doubt is horizontal visuality. Fear is certainly a *diagonal* emotion.

† “My long lost Wig!—Nothing can be more expressive of connubial tenderness than this pleasant abbreviation of his spofa's name.—Biddy, Polly, deeree, &c. are nothing to it!—Besides, it creates an *equivoque*, which is the chief merit of most of our modern plays. It is difficult to guess, at the first glance, whether he means his wig, or his wife. This little sportive infantine simplicity plays round the heart, and infinitely exceeds all the laboured declamatory flourishes of our native plays.

Stranger to Stiletto. Why didst thou treat my wig so ill? (*endeavouring to quell and stifle his rising emotions.*)

Lady to the same. Why didst thou make me gulp so dire a pill? (*with scorn, and conscious dignity insulted.*)

Monster avaunt: fly to thy savage cell,
For there both cruelty and rapine dwell.—
(*with increasing rage.*)

Stiletto. Beware thy threats, and know that
here I reign,
Triumphant lord of this secluded plain!
Yonder my palace lies, and all my wide domain.
(*with conscious majesty, rising dignity, and an attitude expressive of the most determined ferocity.*)

Lady. Why didst thou bind my lily-moulded arms,
And why aspire to rifle all my charms?—
(*with cool and collected majesty of demeanour, and conscious superiority.*)

Stranger.

Stranger. Beauty like thine should thaw the
frozen breast,

Beauty like her's, when unadorn'd is drest.—
(*with an air of conjugal love, and bachelor-gallantry.*)

*The Lady here curtsies and smiles at the compliments;
the Stranger embraces her; the Old Woman stares;
Stiletto frowns. A groan is heard; then a raven
runs across the stage shrieking: Three drops of
blood falls from the Old Woman's left thumb.
Thunder—lightning—*

Old Woman. Sure my thumb bleeds, and my
whole frame is itching,

This is the time so well contriv'd for witch-
ing *. (*She scratches herself with increased
energy.*)

Bell tolls, and the moon retires behind a cloud.

*The Ghost rises, dressed in Italian gauze, trimmed
with silver: A veil on her head, a dagger in her*

* The three drops of blood from the *left* thumb is in the true spirit of witchcraft. (Vide Smallecloathhausen, Büttenbrütchin, &c. on ghosts.

hand,

hand, and a long robe of blue tiffany falls from her shoulder. She marches slowly down the stage to the popular and elegant air of "Go to the Devil and shake yourself". They all start. The Ghost stabs Stiletto; the Prince and Princess embrace. The Old Woman runs into the cottage, the Prince follows her, he throws her out of the window into a pond by the side of the cottage; he then tears off the roof †, and comes forward with conscious dignity, and all the sublime grandeur of a conqueror.*

Lady. Sure 'tis the end of time; this horrid crack,

Seems the forerunner of the mundane wreck!

* The compilation of the above air is perfectly homogeneous! To what tune could a ghost so properly dance?

† This is a superior incident to Rolla's breaking down the bridge.—What a *coup de theatre*!—Conceive to yourself the graceful, yet terrific attitudes of the Stranger, and the striking contrast of the Old Woman tumbling into the horse pond!—How new, how picturesque, and how sublimely terrific!—These incidents are very common in all the German Plays: (Vide the Stranger, Pizarro, &c.)

“ Where

Where is my Wig?—Oh, here he comes, he comes,
Sound your trumpets, beat your drums *!

*(With extreme agony, to which joy rapidly succeeds :
Then a burst of transport, and her whole frame struggling with the most exquisite sensations.)*

Stranger. Where is my boy?

Ghost. He lives, he lives! *(Ghost sinks.)*

Lady. ————— Hurra!

Blest, doubly blest, be this auspicious day!

Guns are heard.

Stranger. Ha, what is this?—some fresh attempt, I fear,

Oh, that my chosen troop were now but here. *(Doubt and fear are strongly de-*

* If the above quotation should be deemed plagiarism, what can we say to Joanna of Mountfaucon? Mr. C—l has stolen the idea of the *Wolf* and the *Old Hermit*, from this play; not to mention the many palpable imitations of Shakespear, &c. In addition to those literary thefts, it was too bad in Mr. C—, upon the strength of *our* Play, to put into the mouth of *Wolf*, the polite expression of son of a w—. However, the audience repaid him on the first night, by a *very odd kind* of approbation.

picted

pictured in his countenance; he bites his lips, and his teeth begin to chatter.)

Enter several ruffians, with the child; they go to seize the Princess; the Prince struggles; the Princess faints upon a bank on which violets and primroses are painted. The Prince fights all the assassins, kills them one by one, rescues his child, and while he is fighting, he places the child pick-a-back.*

The Ghost below (not visible) cries out,

Ghost. Bravo!

Prince and Princess. Victoria, victoria, the day is now our own!

Peter. I think so too; I scarce can hear them groan.

* What a sweet group! how expressive of fatherly affection! And what a subject for the painter! Of course our great painters will avail themselves of so divine a subject for the next exhibition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

POOR

POOR DICK MEADOWS.

A BALLAD.

POOR Dick Meadows, young and blooming
Liv'd belov'd by all he knew;
Manly, gay, and unassuming,
Ever to his Mary true.
Poverty, though unlamented,
Long had hover'd o'er his cot;
Poor Dick Meadows liv'd contented,
Mary's smiles enrich'd his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows nobly scorning
What his comrades could bestow,
Ere the lark proclaim'd the morning,
Sought the forest with his bow.

• P

There

There the timid game pursuing,
Danger, fear, he heeded not ;
Poor Dick Meadows met his ruin,
Death untimely was his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows **rashly daring**
Cliffs that bound the craggy shore ;
(Hapless victim!) fell despairing
E'er to see his Mary more.
From the cottage wildly flying,
Chance soon brought her to the spot ;
Poor Dick Meadows there was dying,
Mary shriek'd, and shar'd his lot.

THE DEPARTURE.

THE scudding vessel quits the shore,
My William on the deck I see ;
Soon shall I see my love no more,
The last fond look is fix'd on me.

Each gale that blows, each whistling breeze
Racks my fond bosom with affright ;
Sad horrors on my fancy seize,
While dreams of woe prolong the night.

Still thou must blow, thou raging wind !
Yet why provoke these vain alarms ?
Thy SOV'REIGN, merciful and kind,
Will bid thee waft him to my arms.

EPIGRAMS.

TO anger rous'd, in thoughtless fury,
“ I'd give ten pounds, said fretful James,
“ If cuckolds all, *sans* judge or jury,
“ Were tumbled head-long in the 'Thames.’”

“ La!” cried his wife, (a buxom lass,)
“ How could you think of such a whim?
“ For prithee, should it come to pass,
“ Have you, my dearee, learn'd to *swim*?”

From the French.

LET the loud thunder roll along the skies,
Clad in my virtue, I the storm despise.
“ Indeed!” cries Peter, “ how your lot I bless,
“ To be so shelter'd in so thin a dress!

The Meteors.

Number 6.

Sit, judices, sanctum apud vos HUMANISSIMOS HOMINES,
hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit.

Cicero.

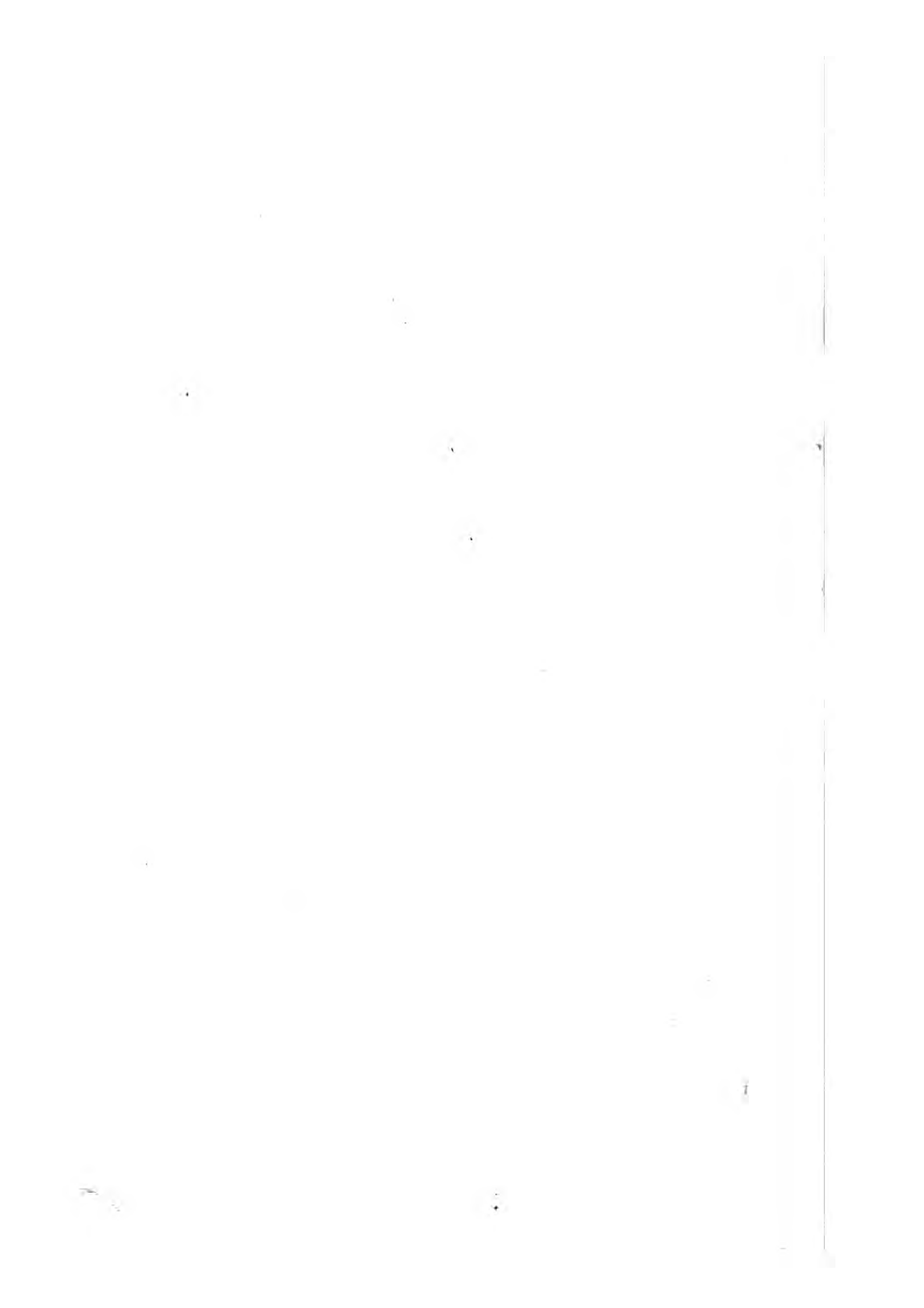
Authors are partial to their *Wit*, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their *Judgment* too?

Pope.

London :

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1800.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are obliged to C. F. for his favours; one of them shall appear in our next.

We shall be much indebted to B. H. for his promised communication.

As the untoward interruption of the German Play has deprived our readers of the high gratification expected in the continuation of that extraordinary performance, we hope Mr. FABIVS PICTOR will be good enough (using an expression of his own) to “rummage his porte feuille” in hope of finding us some consolation for so great a disappointment.

CON-

c
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TO OUR FIRST VOLUME.

DEAR offspring of our puzzled brains,
Relieve thy wretched parents pains,
Which cease not with thy early birth,
But trembling hang upon thy worth.
If, as 'tis said, each coal-black crow
Thinks her own bird as white as snow,
To us, thy Verse must needs appear
Most fit to greet Apollo's ear :
But what Apollo's self may think,
On that we will not waste our ink ;
For really we believe it true
That we shall have enough to do
With Critics of a less degree,
Whose gall may bitter our glee.

Go forth, our darling METEORS! seek
 To blaze with others jowl, by cheek,
 At ev'ry fashionable shop
 Where, in and out, the ladies pop.
 Sweet loves! they all delight in flame,
 And you must beg of them for fame;
 Bid them discard all apprehension
 When booksellers the Meteors mention;
 Not in a dread terrific blaze
 Shall you command their wond'ring gaze,
 But with a gentler lustre glow,
 And comfortable warmth bestow.
 Like ball-room light of waxen tapers,
 'Tis your's to guard the fair from vapours;
 So shall they call you brilliant Meteors,
 And joy illumine all their features.

Go forth! with wishes at your backs,
 Enough to load ten pedlars packs;
 Your reputation must repay
 The cares of this portentous day;

But

But let your prudence curb your pride,
 Lest, shorn of praise, the world deride,
 And leave you wand'ers and forlorn,
 To wait your brethren yet unborn.

And here, no doubt, the gentle reader,
 Must think our Muse a special breeder:
 But cheer up friends, and look before;
 Go back's as tedious as go o'er.
 'Tis known the hardy class and brave,
 Who seek where Indian oceans lave,
 The burning shores of rich Bengal,
 Ne'er let their gallant spirits fall,
 When the bold vessel gaily glides
 And earth's encircling line divides;
 We now are on the line—perchance
 The scene may mend as we advance.

FABIUS PICTOR'S TRANSLATION

O F

The Benevolent Cut-Throat.

A German Tragedy, by Klotzboggenhagen.

(Continued from the Fifth Number.)

Enter Peasants, singing and dancing.

Chorus.

JOY, joy, joy! *

The Ghost is laid; Stiletto's dead,
Sweet Prince and Princess go to bed.
Now instead of children squeaking †,
Or in streams of blood a-reeking;

* Shameful plagiarism! Oh, fye, Mr. C——!

† Encore!—How hard is the fate of a dramatist! all his best thoughts stolen, forestalled, or anticipated! Surely our German coadjutor has been fee'd on both sides.

Let

Let us dance,
 And prance,
 Now advance,
 Eyes askaunce;
 Pouting lips,
 Jutting hips,
 Such the pleasures we have known,
 Such the joys that now will come.
 Let us foot it like ROSE,
 And stick out our toes,
 Raise our heels to our eyes,
 And our arms to the skies;
 Rubadub, rubadub, huzza! huzza!—

**Then follows a grand tragic hornpipe, by Madame
 Carodel. During the dance and chorus, the Prince*

* A *tragic* hornpipe, besides its alluring novelty, is more analogous to a *tragedy*, than the comic dance introduced Neck and Heels; or, more properly speaking, *toes and heels*, into the Stranger. In the last-mentioned Play that excellent dancer, Madame Del Caro, goes down the stage on her toes; on the contrary, in our Play, Madame Carodel will go down on her nose!

and

and Princess fondle, and Peter clasps his hands with all the agonizing ecstasy of the most rapturous applause.—Enter the old Hermit of the rock; his beard, long and white; his robe made of grey linscy woolsey, flowing majestically on the ground; a leathern belt round his waist: his considering cap made of crimson velvet, faced with Siberian sable: his demeanour slow, grave, and his pace measured: his wand made of holly, cut down during the lunar eclipse. He raises his right arm, sinks his left arm; advances with his right foot, his left leg thrown backwards; and, with the most decided and genuine patriarchal majesty, he begins as follows:

Hermit. Blest pair, by heaven design'd to mend
the age,
And in this mimic playhouse grace the stage;
'Take up your child, and then attend to me,
For then, perhaps, why then; why then you'll
see! (*His whole physiognomy and demeanour
indicate a secret unrevealed.*)

Peter.

Peter. See what?—The gentleman is all a riddle,
 And what he he says is merely faddle, fiddle*.
*(With a tone and look strongly indicative of irony
 and sneering.)*

Princess. What shall we see, great Hermit of the
 Rock? *(Respectfully interrogatory.)*

Hermit. The villains heads upon the chopping
 block. *(With ineffable dignity.)*

† *He waves his hand slowly, and the scene instantly
 changes to a beautiful grotto: A superb collation
 on the table; four silver salt cellars, in cut glasses,
 saucers, and two silver spoons, crossed by each, are
 seen at the four corners of the table. Damask
 napkins, marked with the letter H, in each plate;*

* A most beautiful specimen of the antanaclasis, or trans-
 position. Some authors, for instance, Sannazarius, Madame
 Dacier, Scoppinger, Vossius, St. Augustine, father Bonhours,
 and Gilbert Wakefield, call it, the Metraphraistic version.

† Here's stage effect for you! How beautiful the contrast!
 What a sudden, yet pleasing transition from a cold, dreary,
 starving, stormy wood, to a warm grotto, and a good supper!
 If the audience should not *taste* this treat, why then the d—l
 take them!

pepper boxes, cruets, mustard pots, French rolls, and brown bread, properly disposed. An elegant platteau, and a silver epergne, loaded with confectionary, ices, &c. in the middle of the table. Water glasses, several sorts of wines, beer, ale, porter, and spruce beer on the side board. N. B. Two Seville oranges, and two lemons, cut into four quarters, are placed on the table close to the salt cellers.

Hermit. Behold my hermitage; how grand a sight! (*Very pompously, and with evident marks of self-conceited importance.*)

Peter. Shall we have nothing, pray, to eat this night? * (*With eyes strongly indicating hunger.*)

Prince. Where is my darling? (*With exquisite pathos, and parental solicitation.*)

* This question of Peter's is surely ill-timed: or has our author been taking a nap, and forgot himself?—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*

Child. ———— Here, my dear papa —
 (*With strong and insuppressible emotions of filial respect.*)

Princess. Come to my arms, and kiss your own
 mama *. (*The Princess embraces the child with a burst of maternal tenderness; she hugs him; he hugs her, and papa hugs them both: They all cry in unison, and then wipe their eyes dry.*)

Song by the Hermit.

My daddy is dead and quite cold,
 And buried in yonder church yard;
 Alas! I am growing so old,
 All my prospects of marriage are marr'd.

* None but persons of the most refined sensibility can taste this elegant simplicity, so peculiar to the German drama. Our English dramatists are afraid of venturing so boldly. They search for pearls, when less costly materials would be infinitely preferable. They are deaf to this self-evident truth, that simplicity is one grand source of the sublime.

I wish

I wish I could get a good wife,
 Or see my poor daughter once more;
 I then should enjoy all my life,
 For counting my beads is *a bore* *.

Hermit. Here sit we down; and 'gin to eat our
 supper, (*with a look of hospitality and hearty
 welcome.*)

Peter. Oh, what a blow I've got upon my crupper.
 (*Querulously sorrowful.*)

'Twas when I fell, as late I saw the ghost,
 March to slow music, still as any post.

(*Mimicking the Ghost.*)

Princess. Say, shall I help you to some apple-
 tart? (*her eyes beaming with conjugal ten-
 derness.*)

Prince. Yes, if you please, my love, my joy, my
 heart. (*With a bow replete with gratitude.*)

* A palpable imitation of this song has, we believe, been
 omitted since the first representation of Joanna.

Hermit.

Hermit. Suppose you add a custard to your pye?
(Eyes denoting epicurian devotion.)

Princess. With all my heart; *(gaily.)*

Prince. ————— And I, *(pleasantly.)*

Child. ————— And I, *(greedily.)*

Peter. ————— And I. *(Very greedily.)*

Hermit. Here is an olio, cramm'd with all that's
 nice. *(With an air of liberality.)*

Peter. Excellent, Sir, I'll touch it in a trice.—
*(He can scarce contain his agitation, and snatches
 the dish with the utmost impetuosity, and spills some
 of the gravy.)*

Hermit. Suppose you add some sallad to your
 salmon?

Prince. With all my heart; and eke a bit of
 gammon. *(With an air of ease and indif-
 ference.)*

Peter. Of all inventions cooking is the best *,
(extremely self-important and consequential.)

All other science is a mere dull jest.

* Many of our first rate scholars, including the Lord
 Mayor and Court of Aldermen, are of that opinion.

Princess

Princess. True, Peter, true; the tempting fricasee,
And rare ragout is just the thing for me.—
(*Smacking her lips, whilst the water runs from her
mouth.*)

Peter. This griskin will eat nice with sour crout*,

Hermit. Ha, what is that which makes so dread
a rout? (*Extremely agitated and alarmed.*)

(*Guns and shrieks are heard.*)

* What an exquisite touch of nature is this! The mentioning *sour crout* reminds you that the scene is in Germany. Upon the whole, it must be confessed that this is one of the most *savoury* scenes that ever greeted the eyes, ears, and noses of a British audience. Besides, it must perforce be admirably performed, as most of our performers are perfectly *au fait* upon these occasions.



WE have just received an order from the L—d
C———n's office to prevent our inserting any more
of the Tragedy. We suppose an application has
been made to the above-mentioned quarter by the
Managers

Managers of Drury Lane. They wish to astonish and surprise the public, and therefore the translator cannot venture to oblige our readers any further: He is very sorry for the disappointment, and is merely permitted to add, that each succeeding scene and act rises in pathos, dignity, nature, and splendor of stage effect. In the seventh act there is — but we shall forget ourselves again; and therefore briefly conclude with returning our sincere thanks to the very respectable class of readers who have honoured the Translator's labours with their approbation.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

IN blushing smiles the morn has rose,
The zephyrs round her crowd ;
And now the living landscape glows,
And harmony is loud :
Sweet morn ! enamour'd earth and sky
Forget that thou must swiftly fly,
Nor thy departure dread ;
When ev'ning's shades
O'erspread the glades,
When other lustres admiration prove,
And gliding vapours o'er the meadows move,
The dews shall weep thee dead.

And not a charm which nature gives
More than a fitful season lives ;

The

The beauteous lily's pearly white,
 Oft feels a rude and nipping blight ;
 In vain the crimson rose bestows
 An odour which no rival knows,
 Or laurels grace the brave :
 If for the fair,
 To deck her hair,
 A flow'r be pluck'd; the stem on which it blows
 Bids busy thought reflect, from earth it grows,
 Its roots are in the grave.

The breathing Spring unveils her charms,
 And weds in Summer's sun-burnt arms,
 Soon from his fierce and am'rous fire,
 The russet Autumn calls him sire ;
 But look we to the parent source
 Of all, 'tis Winter's sturdy force,
 To him their birth they owe ;
 Their number'd days
 Awhile may blaze
 But yet again stern Winter's rule revives,
 And all in vain the dying Autumn strives,
 The victor north winds blow.

But

But Thou! the source of bliss below,
Thou! who canst vanquish pain and woe,
Thou! whose majestic holy form
Shrinks not before the howling storm,
Who smil'st upon the lightning's flight,
While guilt lies panting through the night,
No Winters nip thy bloom;
 Round thee be seen,
 Eternal green,
Bright flow'rs shall spring beneath thy holy feet,
In paths untrack'd by fear thou hast'st to meet

THE DAY OF GENERAL DOOM.

A SONG

A SONG IN PRAISE OF WOMAN.

OFF through trackless deserts straying,
Unattended, unsupplied;
Sorrow on my bosom preying,
Comfort to my heart denied;
Man would treat a fellow creature,
Now with friendship, now disdain ;
But o'er woman's gentle nature,
Pity ever seemed to reign.

Hearts with charity o'erflowing,
Touch'd at sorrow's plaintive tale ;
Lips, a soothing balm bestowing,
When the stings of woe assail ;

No ungen'rous pride opposes
Pity, with unkind delay;
But the female hand uncloses,
Bounteous as the op'ning day.

Form'd from nature's choicest treasures
Virtues all in her unite;
Life's short path she strews with pleasures,
Goddess of supreme delight!
Homely fare to me be given,
Sweet the limpid stream will prove,
Earth will be a little Heaven,
With the woman that I love!

*THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE
DISEASE, EXEMPLIFIED.*

“ STOP, stop,” exclaim’d the frighten’d squire,

“ Faith, I was nearly in the mire ;”

“ Odd’s heart o’me, sir, what was that ?”

The farmer says, and doffs his hat.

“ Only, my friend, my skittish horse

“ Each time I ride gets worse and worse ;

“ Although I whip and spur him so

“ He wont by yonder windmill go.”

“ Dear, if a body might but speak

“ I think as how I soon could break

“ The touad of that zame murrain trick,

“ And make ’un of his tantrams sick.

“ Lend ’un to me a week or two,

“ And I’ll be sure the job to do.”

The squire agrees—his saddle quits,
 The farmer now his harness fits ;
 Quickly the courser's well-groom'd chest
 Is by a lumb'ring collar prest ;
 And chain'd securely to a cart,
 He had no room to shy or start :
 Two stout cart horses plac'd before,
 Enough to drag along a score
 Such dainty nags, went steady on,
 And sure enough the job was done ;
 For as they slowly mov'd along
 The farmer freely dealt his thong,
 'Till the poor devil, weary'd out,
 No more at windmills made a rout.
 The farmer now inform'd the squire
 He'd done it to his heart's desire,
 For he was sure he'd made the touad
 Quite safe and steady for the rouad ;
 The squire was pleas'd, and would bestride
 His well-train'd nag to take a ride ;
 The steed rememb'ring former blows,
 By the old windmill safely goes ;

His

His rider prais'd the farmer's art,
When, lo! they met the very cart
In which secur'd the day before
Th' unlucky horse his beatings bore ;
The beast alarm'd, pricks up his ears,
He shies, he starts, he kicks, and rears ;
Smack goes the whip, dig, dig, the spur,
But not a step the horse will stir,
"Till, knock'd about, and almost mad,
He flings his rider o'er his head.
The squire now rose in doleful case,
With miry coat and dirty face,
Quoth he, " My friend, the truth to tell,
" I do not like your scheme so well,
" That cure my taste can never please
" Which is much worse than the disease."

D. C. W.

THE CAPTIVE;

TO HIS BIRD.

O SING, sweet bird! from that lov'd strain,
A transient bliss I feel;
To calm that sorrow which in vain
I labour to conceal.

From Sylvia torn, whose vocal pow'r
Made earth a heaven to me;
To cheer each dull and joyless hour,
I fondly taught it thee:

That if my sorrows chill my love,
Or yield me up to care;
The strain might rouse my soul, and prove
A rescue from despair.

THE

THE CAUTION AGAINST LOVE.

WOULD'ST thou escape the pangs I prove,
Oh, Strephon! shun the sight of love,
 And disregard his wiles:
Who panders with a flatt'ring tongue,
And oft ensnares the gay and young,
 By false bewitching smiles.

Alike of beauty's power beware,
Of dimpled cheeks and tresses fair,
 And azure sparkling eyes:
Oh! let not prayers disturb thy mind,
Think vows are fleeting as the wind,
 As faithless tears and sighs.

Should he, by all the graces drest
 With strong emotions fire thy breast,
 Far from his haunts depart ;
 For, wing'd with pain, his arrows fly,
 Swift, as the lightning rends the sky,
 To pierce th' ingenuous heart.

* *

THE REPLY.

OH, cease thy lay, deluded swain !
 No more of love's deceit complain,
 No more my suit reprove :
 For rather than his joys resign,
 If fame and regal sway were mine,
 I'd barter all for love.

Nay,

Nay, if to shun my Delia's sight,
All India's gold, and treasures bright,
 In recompence were giv'n:
So much I prize her matchless charms,
I'd spurn the boon, and in her arms
 Confess myself in Heav'n.

Though beauteous women men deceive,
Still will I doat, and still believe
 Their frailties life adorn:
And if of love we feel the wound,
No pleasure without pain is found,
 No rose without a thorn.

* *

TO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE METEORS,

S I R,

I HAVE sent you a lyrical composition in the Latin tongue, which, as far as my knowledge extends, has never appeared in print; if you think it will be acceptable to your readers, I hope you will give it a place among your *Meteors*. If the language of this song be not altogether so far removed from prose as the essence of poetry requires, it should, in a very great measure, be attributed to the rhyme: if any should object to the application of the word "Mi," it will be a sufficient apology for the author to have it known, that he has the authority of Tibullus.

I have the pleasure to remain, &c.

OWEN COURTENAY.

NUC ades dum, chara Phillis*,
Hanc sub umbram juxta me;
Non videbit Amarillis
Dum tegemur arbore.

* Our correspondent having favoured us with a free translation of these Verses, it shall appear in our next.

Nullam

Nullam præter te adoro,
 Solam amo Phillida ;
 Miserere mei, oro,
 O mi formosissima.

Ubi primum hanc spectavi,
 Captus pulchritudine
 Deam esse hanc putavi
 Missam huc ab æthere.

Vulneravit me Cupido
 Dum spectavi faciem,
 Ex quo tempore libido
 Crevit hanc in virginem.

Phillis tamen est crudelis,
 Phillis non amabit me:
 Ego semper sum fidelis,
 Olim non Penelope.

Uror

Uror, ah! uror amoris

Flamma nunc venefica :

Labyrinthe sum doloris

Propter meam Phillida.

THE

THE ART OF PANTOMIME.

TAKE any story, never mind how old,
It matters not how often it's been told;
For novelty display'd in Pantomime,
Would equally be out of *place and time*.
The characters by no means should be many;
A harlequin—a columbine—a zany;
The clown, and pantaloon, a black magician,
(Of course a good one, just for opposition,)
A heav'nly spirit, with a silver wand,
And wicked imps, a tolerable band.
A few *old* folks you cannot do without,
For there must be some wigs to kick about:
Virgins and youths, a beauteous vocal train!
To finish with an hymeneal strain.

Let

Let harlequin receive his sword with zeal,
 Frisking and twirling round it like an eel;
 But not at ev'ry window bid him dash-in,
 For vaulting harlequins are out of fashion.
 When columbine beholds her checquer'd knight,
 Into his arms she'll fondly rush, at sight,
 Nor shall-i shall-i a *good offer* shun,
 For that's bad Pantomime where'er 'tis done.

To suit the polish'd taste of all the town,
 Provide a plenteous larder for the clown;
 Fish, flesh, or fowl, according to the scene,
 But in his eating mind he be not *clean*.
 With gravy bid him his sweet visage dirt,
 Or trust the galleries for his *desert*.

Thunder and lightning muster, *quantum suf*.
 And fill each devil's torch with ros'n enough;
 But above all, unceasingly reflect,
 The more gunpowder us'd, the more effect.
 If any quadruped must needs appear,
 Smithfield has characters enough *too spare*.

For

For music, take the first that comes to hand,
 And be yourself the *leader* of the band.
 The magic sword of harlequin transposes,
 Quicker than any master e'er composes ;
 Great Handel's self could not find fitting airs
 To all the tricks a Pantomime prepares ;
 And Busby's Muse I hope no more will give
 Her heav'nly strains, to make such pageants *live*.

The scenery to mention yet remains ;
 On *that*, I charge you, take uncommon pains ;
 And if the golden coin you hope to touch,
 Remember there can never be too much.
 'Tis cheap. Of each design yourself the maker,
 Artists enough will *paint* it by the acre !

Prepare the action of a mixed kind,
 Not always common—and not *too refin'd*.
 On mere punctilio's ne'er debating stand ;
 Let there be something all can understand :
 But ah ! your labours are at once cast down,
 If you should stumble on a *squeamish* clown.

My

My closing precept, take in one short line,
Provide the *lightest* dress for columbine ;
And then you've little more to do I'm certain,
Than print the play-bills, and draw up the curtain.

THE

THE VILLAGE SUNDAY EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the chorus of the village throng,
That rises slowly on the list'ning ear;
Unskill'd the notes that swell the sacred song,
How artless those! the accents how sincere!
The rustic swain there wiles in thoughtless stray,
The vacant hour a well spent week may claim;
Till rous'd, as near the stone he bends his way,
Recording a lamented comrade's name:
He turns aside, and at the crowded stile,
He joins the praises of the much-lov'd youth;
His virtues call from all th' approving smile,
Though sorrow's tears confirm the welcome truth:

'The grateful tribute to departed worth,
'Transcends the fairest monument on earth,

A DREAM.

AS round the world the æther flows,
And gains no interval of rest ;
So thought forbears to seek repose
When love has once inspir'd the breast.

Somnus, one eve, with aspect drear,
Arose, whilst I opprest, reclin'd ;
But Morpheus, fancy's meet compeer
In dreams amus'd my pensive mind.

At once uprose th' enchanted scene
Of groves, and meads, and checquer'd plains,
Of murm'ring rills, and youthful green,
With blithesome nymphs in frolic trains.

Then

Then beauty's temple gaily deckt
 By fancy's rich adorning hand,
 Display'd a well design'd effect,
 My admiration to command.

The graces tript around the fane,
 And fondly wanton'd in their charms:
 Whilst Cupid, with the subtle cane
 Prepar'd his pointed, missive arms.

'Twas now that Myra meekly drew
 In sweet disorder t'wards the place:
 Good heav'ns! how much improv'd the view;
 What vermil tints suffus'd her face!

Hymen advanc'd his torch on high,
 And silence spread itself around;
 When lo! upon the altar fly
 The doves; which all the nymphs surround.

Myra approach'd; but yet the bride
Alone was in the jovial train;
 At length! the circle op'ning wide
 Shouting, proclaim'd the happy swain.

'Twas rapture then!—Soon adverse change!
 'Tis thou, blest youth! to me they said,
 I strove—'twas thought's delusive range,
 For ah! the gay illusion fled!

Thus we run life's fantastic round,
 And think we seek a happy goal;
 We chase the *shadows* where they're found,
 But *pleasures* at a distance roll.

B. H.

THE

THE NUN.

IN the lone vale with rocky mountains bound,
Whose lofty heads would seem to top the sky,
A convent stands, a streamlet winds around;
Within the dreary walls a nun am I.

Doom'd in this solitude to pass my days,
I banish ev'ry soft idea hence;
The glow of youth, the pride of beauty's praise,
And yield to mental joys, the sweets of sense.

And would that many a maid, and many a youth,
Ere in the thorny path they learn'd to stray,
Would turn, with me, the sacred page of truth,
And when vice lur'd, neglect her crooked way.

Then dove-like peace would dwell within each breast,
Ne'er of remorse they'd feel the deadly sting;
Sweet innocence within their arms would rest,
And mild content her store of joys would bring.

THE

THE PILGRIM.

OII! teach me to explore the trackless waste,
To sad Judea's mould'ring tow'rs I haste ;
To view the scenes my sacred Master bless'd,
To tread the soil his holy footsteps press'd,
With scanty scrip and sinking heart I roam,
A pilgrim, distant from my native home:
So when in safety I behold the shrine,
Each orison I breathe shall sue for thine.

Alas! what various perils have I found,
Ere I beheld th' Arabian desart's bound!
O'er craggy mountains, wide extended woods,
Inhospitable plains, and swelling floods ;
Tracts, where my country's language is unknown.
Realms, where the Light of Truth has not yet shone.
And ah, too rare! the charitable hand
Bestows the mite a Pilgrim's wants demand.

Oh,

Oh, stranger! know, the charity we spare,
One day our sorrows may be glad to share,
And though your faith's at variance with mine,
Yet we both bend unto a Pow'r divine;
That Power whose goodness human breath sustains,
Must pleas'd behold us smooth each other's pains.
Then aid my humble wants, direct my way,
So, when before the shrine my vows I pay,
Heav'n shall reward thee for thy pious care,
The Pilgrim mention thee in ev'ry pray'r.

TO INDOLENCE.

DEAR Indolence, come tumble in my arms,
As on the couch superb my limbs I lay;
There shall we roll, nor heed e'en love's alarms,
To drive our balmy slumbers far away.

Prostrate in ease we catch the zephyr's breath
That gently greets us with a sweet perfume;
All, all is hush'd, and silent as the death
That hovers o'er my Myra's dreary tomb.

What though the hide-bound stoic shall declaim,
And rashly contradict thy power to bless?
What though he rails? his pomp of words is vain,
All worms of earth, we all thy bonds confess.

To

To live with poverty, sound rigors praise,
 Perform laborious tasks, curtail sweet rest,
 The proud attempt our weakness but betrays,
 Shrunk from the toil, sleep ends the day's poor jest.

And though the bacchanal in rosy wine,
 Steeping his hours, industrious, at his bowl;
 With heated brain proclaims the moment's mine,
 Nor lazy dullness shall my glass controul :

Yet when he strives to interrupt my joys,
 And seeks to find the dear retired spot;
 Thund'ring with wild obstreperous brutal noise
 He reels back from the door, and lies forgot.

There goddess leave him, and bless my embrace,
 Prosper my tranquil scenes and downy sleep;
 Grant me the magic every care to chase,
 And apathy, to neither laugh nor weep.

ON HER LINNET'S DEATH.

WHY does my love her Linnet mourn?
Ah! cease the unavailing sigh!
Reflect, and resignation learn,
And let a smile illumine thine eye.

I'll sing the song you lov'd to hear,
Warbled each morn a-near your bed;
And should I lack to charm the ear,
I'll breathe sincerest vows instead.

Your Linnet oft your bosom grac'd,
Alas! who now shall there recline?
Oh! think your favours were misplac'd,
And be your Linnet's pillow mine.

THE

THE SYLPH.

NOT when in azure fields of air
Thy busy pinions play,
Do, I entreat thee, list the prayer
Which must my grief betray.

Not when up-borne mid solar beams,
Undazzled with the light,
To gloomy groves, hoarse murm'ring streams,
Do I recal thy flight.

But when in Delia's charms you live,
When hours like minutes flee,
Remind the fair a heart to give,
For that she stole from me.

EPI-

EPIGRAM.

HARK forward! cries the squire; his hounds
Dash o'er his neighbour Crabtree's grounds,
Who bawl'd aloud, (although too late)
" I wish your honour would but try
" To do to folks as you're done by,
" Nor let'em *run* through *my* estate."
" My friend," replies the laughing squire,
" I'm doing just what you desire;
" To all the county 'tis well known
" I don't mind *running through my own.*"



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