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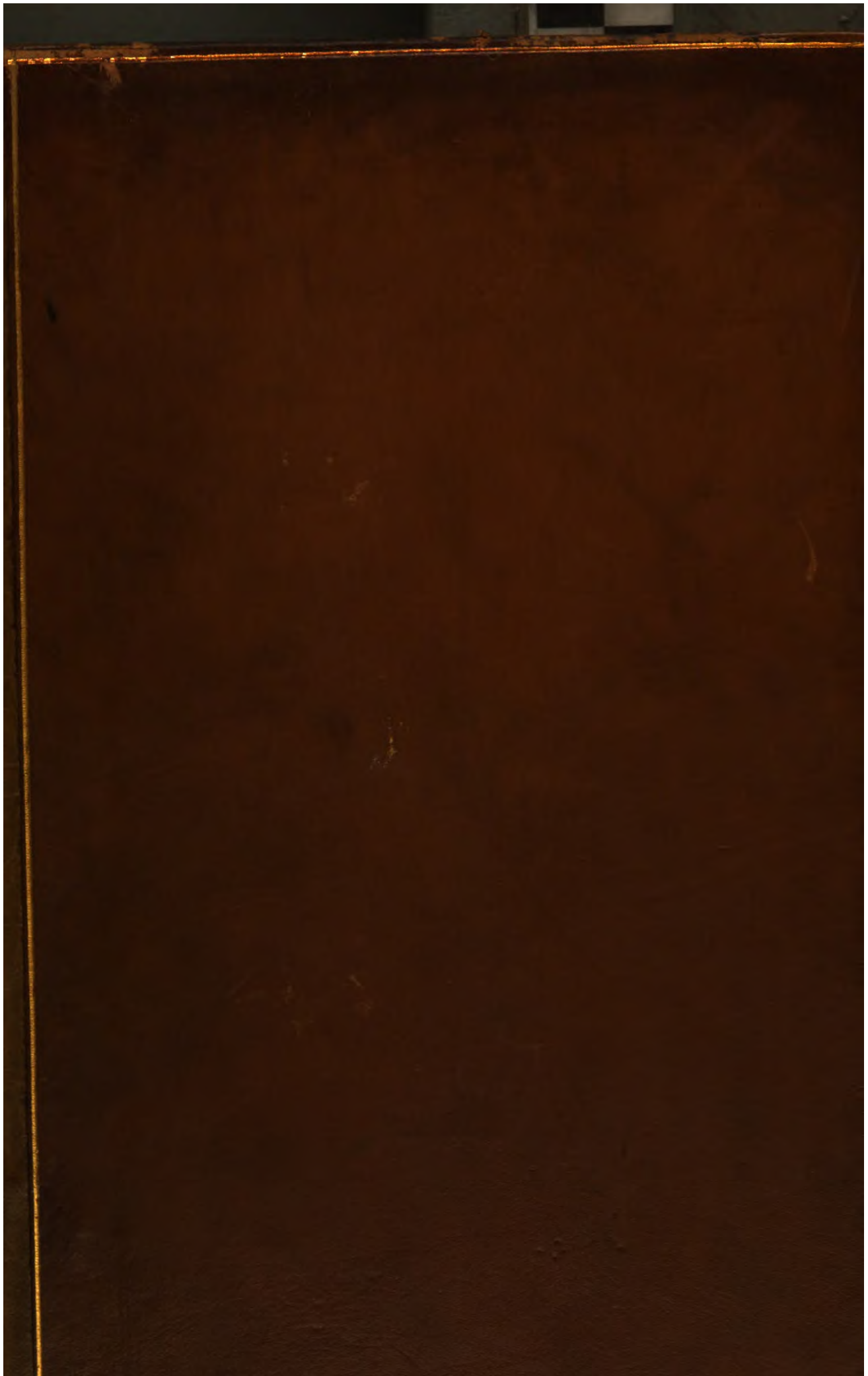
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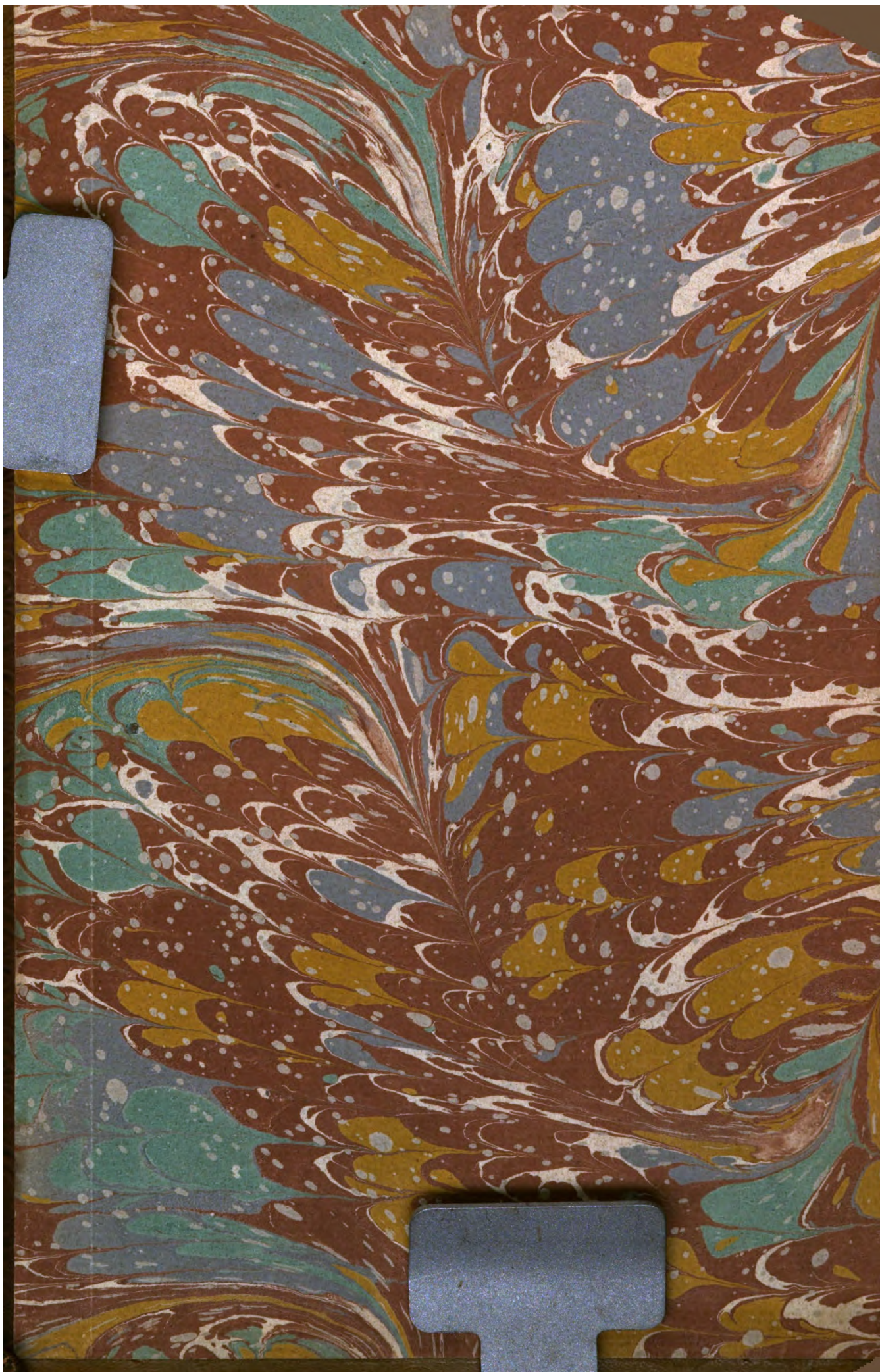
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POETICAL MAGAZINE

Dedicated
To the Lovers of the
Muse.
By the Agent of the Goddess
R. Ackermann

VOL. III



THE
Poetical Magazine,
FOURTEENTH NUMBER—VOL. III.
May, 1810.

— — — — — poetica surgit
Tempestas. — — — — — JUVENAL.
“The poetic Storm arises.”

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With an Engraving.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 249.]

How oft, as thro' Life's vale we stray,
Doth Fancy light us on our way !
How oft, with many a vision bright,
Doth she the wayward heart delight ;
And, with her fond enliv'ning smile,
The heavy hour of care beguile !
But tho' so oft she scatters flow'rs,
To make more gay our waking hours,
Night is the time when o'er the soul
She exercises full control :
While Life's active functions pause,
And Sleep its sable curtain draws,
'Tis then she waves her fairy wand :
A new world starts at her command :—
She then assumes her motley reign,
And man lives o'er his life again ;
While many an airy dream invites
Her wizard scenes, her wanton sprites :

Thro' the warm brain the phantoms play,
And form a visionary day.

Thus Syntax, while the bed he press'd,
And snor'd away in balmy rest,
Was led, in those unconscious hours,
By Fancy, to her fairy bow'rs,
Where the light spirits wander free
In whimsical variety.

No more an humble Curate, now
He feels a mitre on his brow ;
The mildew'd surplice, now withdrawn,
Yields to the fine transparent lawn ;
And peruke, that defy'd all weather,
Now nicely curls like any feather.
Grizzle no more is seen to 'wail
Her mangled ears and butcher'd tail :—
Six Grizzles now, with ev'ry ear,
And all their flowing tails, appear :
When, harness'd to a light barouche,
The ground they do not seem to touch.
Whirl'd onward in a wild surprise,
The air-blown prelate thinks he flies.
Now thro' the long cathedral aisle,
Where vergers bow and virgins smile,
With measur'd step and solemn air,
He gains at length the sacred chair ;
And to the crowd, with look profound,
Bestows his holy blessing round.
Above the pealing organs blow
To the respondent choir below ;
When, bending to Religion's shrine,
He feels an energy divine.
Now, 'scap'd from Dolly's angry clutches,
He thinks he's marry'd to a Duchess ;
And that her rank and glowing beauty
Enlivens his prelatie duty.

Thus Fancy, with her antic train,
 Pass'd nimbly thro' the Doctor's brain;
 But, while she told her varying story
 Of short-liv'd pomp and fading glory,
 A voice upon the vision broke,—
 When Syntax gave a grunt,—and woke :—
 “ And may it please you, I've a word
 “ To tell your Rev'ence from my Lord.”
 “ A Lord,” he cried, “ why, to be free,
 “ I've been as good a Lord as he :
 “ Throughout the night, I've been as great
 “ As any Lord, with all his state.
 “ But now that fine-drawn scene is o'er,
 “ And I'm poor Syntax as before.
 “ You spoil'd my fortune, 'tis most certain,
 “ The moment you undrew my curtain ;
 “ And now you'll tell me, pretty maid,
 “ What 'tis my noble Lord has said.”
 “ My Lord has sent to let you know
 “ That breakfast is prepar'd below.”
 “ Let my respects upon him wait,
 “ And say that I'll be with him straight.”
 Out then he bounc'd upon the floor ;—
 The maid ran shouting thro' the door,—
 So much the figure of the Doctor,
 In his unrob'd condition, shock'd her.

Syntax now hasten'd to obey
 The early summons of the day.
 He humbly bow'd and took his seat ;
 Nor did his Lordship fail to greet
 With kindest words his rev'rend guest—
 As how he had enjoy'd his rest ;
 Hop'd ev'ry comfort he had found,
 That his night's slumbers had been sound ;
 And that he was prepar'd to share
 With keen regard the morning's fare.

The Doctor smil'd, and soon made free
 With my Lord's hospitality ;
 Then told aloud his golden dream,
 Which prov'd of mirth a fruitful theme.
 " 'Tis true," he said, " when I awoke,
 " The charm dissolv'd, the spell was broke ;
 " The mitre and its grand display,
 " With my fine wife, all pass'd away.
 " Th' awak'ning voice my fortune cross'd,
 " I op'd my eyes, and all was lost ;
 " But still I find, to my delight,
 " I have not lost my appetite."

SIR JOHN.

" As for the mitre and the gold,
 " Which Fancy gave you to behold,
 " They, to a mind with learning fraught,
 " Do not deserve a passing thought:
 " But I lament that such a bride
 " Should thus be stolen from your side."

SYNTAX.

" For that choice good I need not roam ;
 " I've got, Sir John, a wife at home,
 " Who can from morn to night contrive
 " To keep her family alive ;
 " Such lively measures she doth take,
 " That no one sleeps when she's awake.
 " For me, if Fortune would but show'r
 " Some portion of her wealth and pow'r,
 " I would forgive her, on my life,
 " Tho' she forgot to add a wife.
 " Indeed, Sir John, we don't agree,
 " Nor join in our philosophy ;
 " For did you know what poor man knows,
 " Had you e'er felt his cutting woes,

“ Who has of taunts a daily plenty,
 “ Whose head is comb'd, whose pocket's empty,
 “ You ne'er would call those shiners rash,
 “ Whose touch is life,—whose name is cash.”

MY LORD.

“ A truce, I pray, to your debate ;
 “ The hunters all impatient wait ;
 “ And much I hope our learned Clerk
 “ Will take a gallop in the park.”

SYNTAX.

“ Your sport, my Lord, I cannot take,
 “ For I must go and hunt a lake ;
 “ And, while you chase the flying deer,
 “ I must fly off to *Windermere*.
 “ Instead of hallooing to a fox,
 “ I must catch echoes from the rocks.
 “ With curious eye and active scent,
 “ I on the *picturesque* am bent.
 “ That is my game ; I must pursue it,
 “ And make it where I cannot view it.
 “ If in the human form you'd see
 “ The picturesque,—pray look at me.
 “ I am myself, without a flaw,
 “ The very picturesque I draw ;
 “ A Rector, on whose face so sleek
 “ In vain you for a wrinkle seek ;
 “ In whose fair form, so fat and round,
 “ No obtuse angle's to be found.
 “ On such a shape no man of taste
 “ Would his fine tints or canvass waste :
 “ But take a Curate, who's so thin,
 “ His bones seem peeping thro' his skin ;
 “ Make him to stand, or walk, or sit,
 “ In any posture you think fit ;
 “ And, with all these fine points about him,
 “ No well-taught painter e'er would scout him ;

" For with his air, and look, and mien,
 " He'd give effect to any scene.
 " In my poor beast, as well as me,
 " A fine example you may see ;
 " She's so abrupt in all her parts,
 " She's quite a subject for the arts :
 " Thus we travel on together,
 " With gentle gale or stormy weather ;
 " And, tho' we trot along the plains,
 " Where one dead level ever reigns ;
 " Or pace where rocks and mountains rise,
 " Who lift their heads, and brave the skies ;
 " I Doctor Syntax, and my horse,
 " Give to the landscape double force.
 " I have no doubt I shall produce
 " A volume of uncommon use,
 " That will be worthy to be plac'd
 " Beneath the eye of men of taste ;
 " And I should hope, my Lord, that you
 " Will praise it and protect it too ;
 " Will let your all-sufficient name
 " The noble patronage proclaim ;
 " That time may know, till time doth end,
 " That Carlisle was my honour'd friend."

SIR JOHN.

" And can you, learned Doctor, see,
 " When that important time will be ?"

SYNTAX.

" Sir Knight, that was not wisely spoke ;
 " The point's too serious for a joke :
 " And you must know, by Heav'n's decree,
 " That time will come to you and me,
 " And then succeeds—Eternity."

MY LORD.

" Peace, peace, Sir John, and let me tell
 " The Doctor that I wish him well.

“ I doubt not but you’ll write a book
 “ In which I shall with pleasure look ;
 “ But pray, good Sir, come up to town,
 “ That seat of wealth and of renown :
 “ Come up to town, nor fear the cost,
 “ Nor time nor labour shall be lost.
 “ I’ll ope my door and take you in,—
 “ You’ve made me laugh, and you shall win :
 “ We’ll then consult how I can best
 “ Advance your real interest :
 “ And here this piece of writing take ;—
 “ You’ll use it for the donor’s sake :
 “ I mean, you see, that it shall crown
 “ Your wishes while you stay in town ;
 “ But you may, as it suits you, use it,—
 “ No one, I fancy, will refuse it.”

The Doctor, when he view’d the paper,
 Instead of bowing—cut a caper.

My Lord now sought th’ expecting chase ;
 And Syntax, in his usual pace,
 When three long tedious days had pass’d,
 The town of Keswick reach’d at last,
 Where he his famous work prepar’d,
 Of all his toil the hop’d reward.

Soon as the morn began to break,
 Old Grizzle bore him to the lake ;
 Along its banks he gravely pac’d,
 And all its various beauties trac’d ;
 When, lo, a threat’ning storm appear’d :
 Phœbus the scene no longer cheer’d :
 The dark clouds sink on ev’ry hill ;
 The floating mists the valleys fill :
 Nature, transform’d, began to lour,
 And threaten’d a tremendous show’r.
 “ I love,” he cry’d, “ to hear the rattle,
 “ When elements contend in battle ;

" For I insist, tho' some may flout it,
 " Who write about it and about it,
 " That we the *picturesque* may find
 " In thunder loud or whistling wind;
 " And often, as I fully ween,
 " It may be heard as well as seen;
 " For, tho' a pencil cannot trace
 " A sound as it can paint a place,
 " The pen, in its poetic rage,
 " Can make it figure on the page."

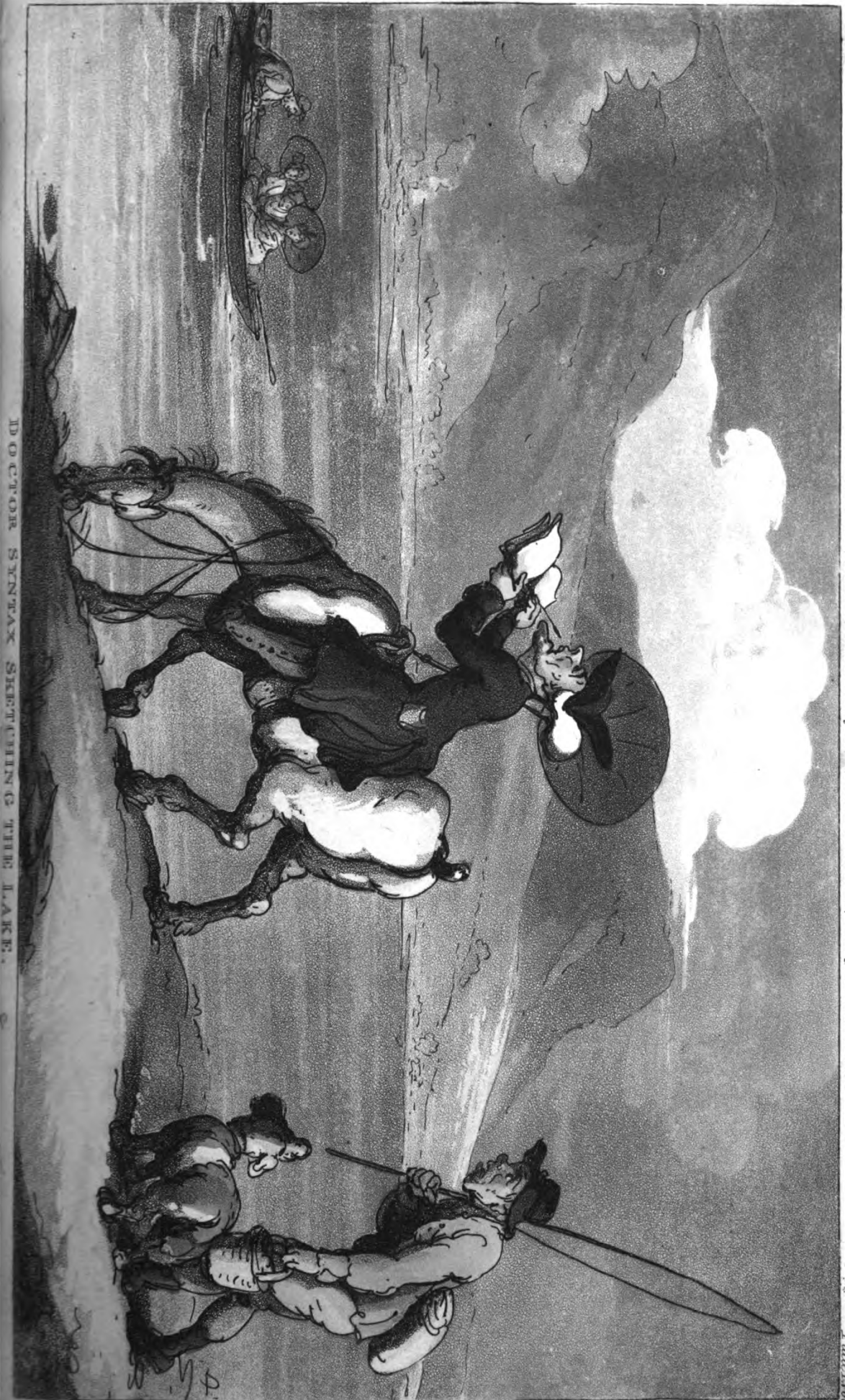
A fisherman, who pass'd that way,
 Thought it civility to say—
 " An' please you, Sir, 'tis all in vain
 " To take your prospects in the rain;
 " On horseback too you'll ne'er be able,—
 " 'Twere better, sure, to get a table."
 " Thanks," Syntax said, " for your advice,
 " And faith I'll take it in a trice;
 " For, as I'm moisten'd to the skin,
 " I'll seek a table at the inn:"

While Grizzle, in her haste to pass,
 Lur'd by a tempting tuft of grass,
 A luckless step now chanc'd to take,
 And sous'd the Doctor in the lake;
 But, as it prov'd, no worse disaster
 Befell poor Grizzle or her master
 Than both of them could well endure,
 And a warm inn would shortly cure.
 To that warm inn they quickly hied,
 Where Syntax, by the fire-side,
 Sat, in his landlord's garments drest,
 To eat and drink of what was best;
 Nor did he waste his hours away,
 But gave his pencil all its play,
 And trac'd the landscapes of the day. }

[To be continued.]

Nº 13 of the POETICAL MAGAZINE. Published May 1880. at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 301 Strand.

Plate 116



DOCTOR SINTAX SHEETING Q THIR LARR.



POETICAL MAGAZINE.

CALDWAL-CASTLE, SCOTLAND:

A FRAGMENT.

With an Engraving.

* * * * *
* * * * *

Thy halls are silent, Caldwell ! many an age
Has pass'd, and gone,—lost in the gulf of time,—
Since thy roofs echo'd to the minstrel's song.
Thy days of splendour none remember now.
E'en he, whose hairs are gray, as on his staff
He leans, and views thy moss-clad mould'ring walls,
Beholds them as they met his wond'ring eyes
When lusty Vigour strung his youthful nerves,
And to thy mountain-tops, in eager sport,
He chas'd the deer, and sought the sylvan spoil.
How chang'd from those proud days of martial pride,
When the stern Thane his armed court maintain'd,
And war was all his boast:—when the rich walls
Gleam'd with resplendent arms ; and banners gay
Hung flaunting o'er the feast, whose social joys
The Bard enliven'd with th' inspiring song
That told of warlike deeds, and fond reward
That crowns the brave, who gain the well-earn'd meed
Of Victory ; or, in the battle's strife,
Nobly resign their early lives to glory.
Thy halls are silent, Caldwell ! they no more
Re-echo to the harp's inspiring sound.
Ah ! ill-exchang'd for the funereal cry
Of the ill-omen'd bird, who nightly screams
Amid the ruin'd pile discordant notes,
That give new horrors to the lonely scene.
Those stately chambers where the noble dames
Enjoy'd their festive hours ;—where Beauty smil'd,
The first incitement to heroic deeds, and best reward
Of valour ; what is their condition now ?
The bleak wind whistles thro' them, while the nest

Of summer-bird hangs on the naked beam.
 Along the battlements the ivy creeps,
 Where the arm'd bands their glitt'ring helms display'd,
 And hurl'd defiance to th' invading foe.
 Where are they now?—tho' mighty in their day,
 And blazon'd with the brightest rays of fame,
 No faithful record lives to tell their deeds;
 No gray stone points out where the warrior sleeps,
 Or tells the soldier to tread lightly there,
 And leave a tear upon the honour'd dust.
 The shepherd now unconscious leads his flock
 To batten all around; nor knows the spot
 Contains the hero's long forgotten grave.
 Caldwal! thy halls are silent. * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[This Piece was composed in part immediately on the Death of this great Statesman. An Addition was made after the Act for abolishing the Slave-Trade had passed.]

“FAREWELL, my sons!” yon heav'nly vision cries—
 “A long farewell!” my boding heart replies.
 'Twas Peace, fair exile from this hostile land,
 Thus spoke affliction to her weeping band;
 As far she flew across the distant wave,
 Her feet last springing from her Fox's grave
 (No longer here by specious hope detain'd)
 To gentler climes, and shores with blood unstain'd.
 Alas! lov'd shade, all helpless and forlorn,
 Thy night of death well might the seraph mourn!
 Thee long she knew her uncorrupted friend,
 Too true to waver, and too firm to bend;

Heard thy rich eloquence plead Mis'ry's cause,
 Shake Slav'ry's base, and open Mercy's laws ;
 Saw stern Oppression tremble at thy voice,
 And scowl on Justice, while she cry'd " Rejoice !"
 Lovers of Albion ! helmsmen of her state,—
 Rever'd compatriots of a soul so great !
 O ! think what energies that soul possess ;
 Pursue its virtues—let its failings rest ;
 Repeat that pray'r he ardently prefer'd,
 And be that pray'r by Heav'n auspicious heard !
 Did ye not hear it thus embalm his breath,
 As late he waited at the gates of Death ?—
 " O my lov'd country ! could I yet restore
 " Peace to thy sons, and commerce to thy shore ;
 " Could I yet see, while throb with life my veins,
 " Joy's bright'ning dawn greet Nubia's ravish'd plains ;
 " The wrongs of Afric with my efforts close,
 " And our long labours terminate her woes !
 " O ! could I see her sun of Freedom rise,
 " And thine, dear Albion ! beam in clearer skies ;
 " How sweetly then my setting orb would shine,—
 " Thine a new morn, an ev'ning lustre mine !"
 But vain his pray'r for peace (not his alone),—
 Back to the ark the wand'ring dove is flown.
 Like Noah's bird she sought some home retreat ;
 But found, like her, no place to rest her feet :
 Yet long she hover'd round the patriot's clay,
 Till shouting Discord bade her haste away ;
 Then, turning, dropp'd her olive in his tomb,
 Heard Hope's last sigh, and fled the deepen'd gloom !
 Not so Philanthropy, unvanquish'd pow'r,—
 She found sweet solace in that wo-struck hour :
 Tho' mute that tongue which bade her foes be still,
 And cold that breast which nought but death could chill ;
 Stiff was that arm which stretch'd abroad to plead
 The rights of man, a senate lov'd to heed ;

POETICAL MAGAZINE.

And dark those eyes where ever wont to move
The fire of Genius, and the light of Love ;
Yet other tongues the heav'nly spirit mov'd,
And other hearts her mild behest approv'd ;
Wav'd other hands high in th' imperial hall,
Watch'd other eyes for her the tyrant's fall :
Nor watch'd in vain, exulting Britain saw
Her chiefs the gath'ring bands of Mercy draw
Forth to the fight, in Truth's strong mail prepar'd,
Sabaoth's God their shield and great reward :
Saw Clarkson * pioneer th' adventurous way,—
He knew each ambush where the demons lay ;
Patrician fire on ev'ry covert drew,—
A Gideon, conquering with his faithful few :
Each trembling caitiff fled, by these assail'd,—
So Israel fought of old, and so prevail'd !
Oppression fell ! dire Slav'ry's ensign torn,
To bleach and rot on Freedom's rocks was borne,
Far from the grasp of Int'rest's sordid crew,
Who fed on blood where'er their pennons flew ;
Who now (bless'd change!) Britannia's justice dread,
And mutter harmless curses on her head.
Such was the conquest thy great soul had plann'd,
O Fox ! thy cherish'd hope so often scann'd !
What transports had been thine, hadst thou beheld
This ramping dragon of the islands quell'd !
But, no ! ere then thy summon'd spirit fled
Where all captivity is captive led.
Where lives there one who doubts thy sure reward,
Tho' of that triumph here by Death debarr'd ?
Refuses on the wing of Faith to rise,
And view thee bless'd in purer ecstacies ?
Refuses what ? ah ! let him cease to take
Aught that he gives not for a Saviour's sake !

* Vid. History of the Abolition, published in 2 vols. octavo, by this active philanthropist.

O bid him hear (and, as he hears, rejoice)
 The healing music of that Saviour's voice :—
 " Bless'd are the merciful !" O list the strain !
 " That mercy they have lov'd they shall obtain *."
 Yet, honour'd shade ! (if from another sphere
 Immortal spirits stoop to pleasures here,)
 Bend in delight o'er Afric's rising morn,
 Nor longer mourn the sable world foriorn ;
 See the wan Negro for his brethren free,
 Shake his lank chains, and shout of liberty.
 E'en now, on rich Dahomy's fertile coast,
 Some Indian haply makes thy name his boast ;
 'Graves it upon the cocoa's ornate shell,
 And of the *white man's* goodness joys to tell ;
 Till " Fox !" thro' every echoing kraal resounds,
 And " Fox !" from every hill and palmy grove rebounds.
Alton. E. W****G.

ELEGIAC ODE,

WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

BLESS'D goddess, Health ! (for goddess may we call
 Thee, whose bland pow'r crowns ev'ry earthly joy,
 If deity be rightly nam'd at all,
 On aught that time and accident destroy,)
 O ! say on what untainted gale
 Gather thy wings the balmy sweets they bear ?
 Those balmy sweets which I was wont to share,—
 Tho', vainly gasping, now I fail
 Their healing freshness to inhale ;
 Tho' pure upon my native hills the breeze,
 And warm our shelter'd slopes, and dry our fertile leas ;

* Matt. v. 7.

Say, dost thou on some freezing Appenine
 Bathe for new vigour in the gelid air?
 Or shall I, seeking thee, repair
 To climes beneath a never-chilly sign?
 Or wilt thou in some spot of Albion's isle be mine?

O! come, reviving power, whether found
 Straying beside old Ocean's briny flood,
 On dizzy cliffs, like that where Shakspeare stood
 Inspir'd, yet shudd'ring at the dread profound;
 Or rest thy feet where rocky Malvern pours
 Restoring draughts from springs of virtual source;
 Or in the fields where Sickness pale explores
 Chelder meand'ring on his verdant course;
 Or, wheresoe'er thy vagrant airs have fled,
 Return and breathe once more their odours round my
 head!

For vainly in my sight does Nature spread
 Growing profusion o'er the lap of Spring;
 In vain the fresh turf courts my wonted tread,
 And flow'ry banks their humble incense bring:
 Me sooth not all the minstrelsy of groves,
 Or rural sounds of shepherds' carolling;
 Yet these the young Muse loves!
 Nor, weary'd with the song-inviting scene,
 Asks never Winter's sullen shade between.

But more than half in vain are all these charms,
 Till thou, O Health! return, and fill this frame
 (Where languor ev'ry flagging joint pervades)
 With vital soul-invigorating flame;
 Whose absence saddens e'en poetic shades.
 For this recoil of frail Humanity
 The soul of half her native force disarms;
 Else not such feeble flights as these she'd try,
 But make Desire her plumes—her aim, Immensity!

Yet, Thou! exhaustless fountain of all health,
 Whose master-key unlocks each vital spring,
 Invoke I rather! nor Ophirean wealth,
 Nor Tyrian purple, to thy domes I bring;
 Nor yet all Lebanon an offering
 Were worthy of thy sacred altar's blaze:
 But from the dust my suppliant hands I raise,
 And with the cry of Faith thine aid invoke;
 Rememb'ring Him, omnipotent to save,
 Who, full of Mercy's tend'rest feeling, spoke
 To that afflicted lazar by the wave
 Of old Bethesda—"Be thou whole," he said;
 "Arise, and bear away thy long tear-water'd bed!"

Alton.

*E. W****s.*

INSCRIPTION

ON A WINDOW OVERLOOKING A CHURCHYARD, IN THE
ISLAND OF GUERNSEY.

CHILD of Mortality! who'er thou art;
 Whate'er thy birth, thy fortune, or thy years;
 How great soe'er thy virtues; and thy form
 However fair; gaze not with vacant eye
 Or passive thought on these gray tombs below,—
 The monumented dwellings of thy kindred,—
 Corruption, dust, and worms! What were they once,
 Who unregarded sleep beneath these sods,
 Storm-beaten, and o'ergrown with foul rank weeds,—
 Nature's low refuse? They were much like thee;
 Active, intent on variform pursuits;
 Gain, or of wealth or pleasure, pure or mix'd
 With dross terrene—each toiling for his share—
 Some little, and some much! What are they now?
 A generation pass'd away! soon told

Their present and their past ! far as concerns
 Frail mutability. But who shall tell
 How station'd now that part immutable,
 Which the grave holds not prisoner ?—the soul !
 Their souls, how fare they ? Ah ! no further question :
 Their Maker is their Judge ! Turn to thyself—
 Let silence now be sacred !—let the voice
 Of Conscience utter truths, whose import vast
 Reaches Eternity ! The question ask'd
 Is awful !—awful too the warning call
 Return'd from Heaven !—“ Prepare to meet thy God !”
 Prepare ! for thou art as thy fathers were,
 A pilgrim and a sojourner on earth !

Alton.

E. W****g.

APOLOGY.

MARK the bold eagle, whose aspiring flight
 Seeks realms of purer air ;
 Strong and secure he gains the wish'd-for height,
 Nor fears a rival there.

 View the poor sparrow, that with humbler aim
 Her narrow circuit wings ;
 Small her pretensions to the voice of Fame,
 Weak as the note she sings.

 So humble seems the shrub when near it grows
 The lofty tow'ring pine ;
 So lowly sinks my lay to works of those,
 The fav'rites of the Nine.

 Yet claim, my Muse (tho' critics may appal)
 Thy privilege ; and why ?
 The sparrow, let her strength be ere so small,
 Is not forbid to fly.

MARIE.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 274.]

Now with desp'rate speed behold
 Yon lines of glitt'ring horsemen fly,
 Trampling o'er the young and old,
 To where the tempest rages high !
 Hark ! the bugle's martial note
 Along the battle's heard to float,
 Shaking the circumambient clouds !
 While loud the dismal dirge of Death
 Flows o'er the blood-besprinkled ground,
 Where Havoc's fiery whirlwind-breath
 Spreads desolation round,
 And fills with reeking limbs the gulf where Darkness
 shrouds.

On yonder plain, for many a mile,
 Proud Gallia rears her blooming crest,
 And o'er the sanguinary soil
 Extends the fierce prophetic coil,
 That sweeps the brave to rest !
 The winds are up ! from side to side
 The Danube rolls his purple tide,
 That, freighted with the shatter'd slain,
 Bounds from its native sphere,
 And, lashing Enzer's gory plain,
 Sings an heroic song to charm Ambition's ear !

Hark ! the low complaining sound
 Whispers, " Death is stalking round,
 " Numb'ring the victims of his ire !
 " In adamantine chains aghast,
 " Speechless, tow'ring myriads cast.
 " Lo ! where they lie,
 " To glut his hollow eye,
 " And sooth the Grave, his dark voracious sire !"

No strain shall break their marble sleep,
 The earth shall sicken with her putrid load ;
 Hyenas there cadav'rous vigils keep,
 And there sojourns the cacochymian toad !

Soft, their spirits, blood-besmeared,
 Curse the dark tempestuous hour,
 When fierce the star of war appear'd,
 Hurrying from its southern tow'r :
 When, with death-denouncing glance,
 Cæsar mark'd the heights of Wien,
 Evok'd the thund'ring powers of France,
 And, rearing high the warrior-lance,
 Rode their impatient lines between !
 Yes ! they curse the toilsome battle—
 Mourn their pillag'd country's wrong ;
 While the distant cannons rattle,
 Smoking hecatombs among !

Where, thro' flow'ry meadows driving,
 Havoc blasts the verdant season ;
 And, at the feast of slaughter thriving,
 Tramples down the laws of Reason !

Now the conqu'ror's raptur'd ear
 Drinks the savage dirge of wo ;
 In vain the mangled trunks appear,
 Stabb'd with many a wanton spear,
 Stretch'd on the reeking plain below !
 His mighty arm has stopp'd the tongue
 Whence many a sound heroic sprung !
 His guilty hand has sign'd the deed,
 And made the trembling nations bleed !
 Has spread destruction thro' the land,
 Has torn from Summer's fragrant bow'r
 The works of Nature's curious hand,
 And sear'd each sweetly-op'ning flow'r !

Lash'd to his flaming chariot-wheels,
 Compassion vents her keenest throes ;
 In vain ten thousand barbed steels
 His furious dark career oppose !
 The mountains hear her piercing cries,
 And Donau, startling from his wat'ry urn,
 Surveys the ground with bleeding eyes,
 Where the blue torches of Destruction burn !
 Where many an hoary veteran pale
 Shall hear no more his comrade's wail ;
 Shall never view the arms of Gaul
 Compel th' imperial crest to fall !
 Nor, glowing high in Honour's sacred cause,
 Protect himself—his country—and its laws !

Grafton-street, April, 1810.

J. G.

[*To be continued.*]

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS G**L***E.

Love, on airy pinions floating,
 Skims this solitary sphere ;
 Madness, on its fav'rite doting,
 Sighs because she is not here.

Lovely woman ! I have nourish'd—
 Soft ! my panting bosom, cease !
 In brighter scenes my hopes have flourish'd,
 And found awhile the port of Peace.

But, alas ! these fairy spirits
 Vanish as Reflection sighs ;
 Doubt the heaving breast inherits,
 And clouds my G**L***E's sparkling eyes.

Grafton-street, April, 1810.

J. G—L—M.

STANZAS,

OCCASIONED BY HEARING THAT MISS G**L***E WAS
ABOUT TO BE MARRIED.

WHEN thro' the woodland alleys sweet
I press'd the love-engender'd maid,
My breast with wild emotions beat,
By many a bashful look betray'd!

But, like full many a squeamish fool,
I spoke but half my glowing mind;
My words were measur'd as by rule,
Fastidious, foolishly refus'd!

I talk'd thro' similes remote
She never could have put together;
She saw me on her bosom dote,
Yet never deign'd to ask me whether

'Twas Love that prompted me to speak,
In language so devoid of meaning?
That taught my timid eyes to seek
The haunt where Love himself was screening?

Fool that I was! to think the fair
Would try to solve my dry inventions;
Fool that I was not then to swear—
My love—my liberal intentions!

Yet, if she must another's be,
Till death th' intricate knot shall sever,
May Love and mutual Harmony
Cement their raptur'd souls for ever!

And may the Muse, in sprightly vein,
Devote to them her feeble lyre;
Awake the soft convivial strain,
When birth-day joys the chords inspire!

And may she oft repeat the sound
 Such joys should constantly excite,
 When, with the mother's sweetness crown'd,
 The infant greets the father's sight.

Grafton-street, April, 1810.

J. G—L—M.

SONNETS.

WHEN all the troubles of the day retire,
 Pleas'd to my fav'rite solitude I go;
 And, with the moaning numbers of my lyre,
 Recall the image of neglected wo:
 Now, even now, they fall upon mine ear,
 Commingling with the murmurs of the stream;
 Rapt Mem'ry startles from her airy sphere,
 Hailing the paleness of the moon's cold beam:
 Then Expectation darts, a daring maid,
 On restless pinions, thro' the skies sublime;
 Spurns every fetter that constraint has made,
 And laughs triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time;
 Outstrips the comet, and, with fiery eye,
 Probes all the myst'ries of Eternity!

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

LORD! 'tis a solemn and a sacred hour,
 Meet for the meditation of the wise,
 For the rapt spirit that adores thy pow'r
 To hold communion with the starry skies:
 To trace the bright machin'ry of thy hand—
 The glorious orbs that circulate thy throne;
 The meteor flashing o'er a guilty land,
 Prophetic of disasters yet unknown.
 Lord! now I feel the influ'nce of thine eye;
 I view thy form upon the white clouds sail,
 While soft hosannas from the triple sky
 Sublimely mingle with the moaning gale.
 Rais'd 'midst the sweet assemblage of the spheres,
 I own thy mandate with seraphic ears.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES HURDIS, D. D.

GENIUS ! another of thy sons has flown,

From the rank offspring of the teeming earth,
Beyond the chambers of the torrid zone,

In all the glory of the second birth ;

To join the lovely hi'rarchy, and breathe,

Free from the troubles that to man were giv'n,

Crown'd with a starry and immortal wreath,

The everlasting purity of heav'n !

To dwell amidst the brightness of the stars ;

To roam thro' meadows of ethereal light,

Where, softly hymning to their wild guitars,

Ten thousand spirits rush upon his sight,

Deck'd with the Father's gentleness, and blest

With all the charms thy fav'rites have express !

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

HORACE—*Ode XVI. Book II.*

TO GROSPHUS.

WHEN low'ring clouds obscure the sky,
And not a star is seen on high,
The sailor, toss'd in boist'rous seas,
Prays of the gods to grant him ease.
The Thracian fierce, 'midst war's alarms—
The Mede, with bow and shining arms—
All seek for peace ; not to be sold
For purple, jewels, or for gold.
Not all the riches of mankind
Can ease the tumults of the mind,
Or keep the wretched cares aloof,
Which hover round the vaulted roof.
Happy the man, whose frugal board
With good and humble fare is stor'd !
Nor fear nor sordid av'rice keep
From him the sweets of balmy sleep.

Why should we try, with anxious cares,
To reach at things beyond our years ?
Why restless do we leave our home,
And to far distant climates roam ?
In vain we seek abroad to find
A respite to our troubled mind ;
Care mounts the brazen vessel's sides,
Behind the warring horseman rides ;
Swifter than swiftest stags or hinds,
Swifter than cloud-compelling winds.
A mind content with present things
Cares not for what the future brings,
And learns with fortitude to bear
The things that most unpleasant are.
'Tis not the lot of man to be
Bless'd with entire felicity :
A sudden death in endless night
Plung'd brave Achilles, fam'd in fight ;
Tithonus, on this earthly stage,
Prolong'd a life to weak old age ;
And Fate, perhaps, to me may give
A longer time than you to live.
While your Sicilian flocks and steeds
Graze on your wide-extended meads ;
While with the great you proudly vie
In purple robes of Tyrian die ;
To me my more propitious fate
Has giv'n a low and humble state ;
And, with some small poetic fire,
A fond attachment to my lyre ;
And granted me a heart too proud
To fear the censures of the crowd.

C. S. E.

THE WREATH:

COMPOSED AFTER READING AN INTERESTING EULOGIUM
ON THE BRAVE PATRIOT OF TYROL.

In yonder plains, amidst Tyrolean hills,
Where Hoffer's name the mournful region fills,
Pale Freedom sat, her pensive head reclin'd,
And hair loose waving in the hollow wind.
Her trembling hand sustain'd the plaintive lyre,
And swept melodious o'er the quiv'ring wire.
Soon she began, with accents soft and slow,
In strains like these, expressive of her wo:—
“ Flow fast, my tears! heart-rending sorrows, rise!
“ For low in dust the valiant Hoffer lies!
“ Hoffer the brave; but, brave, alas! in vain
“ For me, for wretched me, untimely slain!
“ Mourn, mourn, ye cliffs! whose summits, capp'd with
snow,
“ Thus frown tremendous o'er the plains below;
“ Mourn that your heights were impotent to save
“ Their brave defenders from a foreign grave!
“ In hostile climes his mangled corse is laid,
“ By some vile slave for paltry gold betray'd!
“ Ah, wretch accurst! may Heav'n its vengeance shed,
“ In wrathful lightnings, o'er thy guilty head!
“ False to thy country, to thy friend a foe,
“ What hand shall strive t' avert th' impending blow?
“ May'st thou forlorn from clime to clime be driv'n,
“ On earth detested, as despis'd in heav'n!
“ And thou, fell tyrant! whose insatiate mind
“ No crimes can stagger, and no oaths can bind;
“ Whose dire ambition feasts on war's alarms,
“ And joys to see surrounding worlds in arms;
“ Think'st thou to shun the fate so justly due
“ To crimes like thine, which wear so black a hue?

" Or that the throne which murder help'd to raise
 " Can rest secure upon its tott'ring base ?
 " Presumptuous man ! the dreadful hour will come,
 " Wing'd with the mandate that shall seal thy doom ;
 " Perchance e'en now it feels the awful nod,
 " To speed the vengeance of an angry God !
 " What then, vain man ! will all thy pomp avail,
 " When, struck with death, thy sinking spirits fail ?
 " When Life's gay scenes shall swim before thine eyes,
 " And all thy crimes in dreadful order rise ;
 " When angry phantoms scream around thy bed
 " Denouncing curses on thy guilty head ;
 " Then wilt thou beg, o'ercome with wild affright,
 " That Heav'n would plunge thee in eternal night !
 " Then wilt thou call the mountains to thine aid,
 " And midnight caves to hide thee in their shade,
 " Till Fate in mercy stops thy lab'ring breath,
 " And gives thee frantic to the arms of Death !
 " No sorrowing friend, low bending o'er thy bier,
 " Shall then embalm thee with Affection's tear,
 " Nor love to trace in Mem'ry's sacred lore ;
 " The toils and pleasures which with thee he bore ;
 " But unlamented shalt thou reach the tomb,
 " No ray of Hope to cheer its frightful gloom ;
 " While fiends of darkness howl thy fun'ral dirge,
 " Who liv'd and died the world's detested scourge !"

She ceas'd, and straight her purple pinions spread,
 Which o'er the gales delicious perfumes shed ;
 Then, slowly rising, sail'd along the skies
 To where sweet Albion's chalky cliffs arise :
 Albion, bless'd soil ! to whom are largely giv'n
 The choicest blessings of indulgent Heav'n !
 Albion, dear envy'd spot ! thou Queen of Isles !
 Where Justice governs, and where Plenty smiles !
 No hateful tyrant rules with iron hand
 The free-born spirits of thy happy land ;

But with mild sceptre o'er thy fertile plains,
 Rever'd, ador'd, a virtuous monarch reigns :
 And, while fell Discord hurls her torch afar,
 O'erwhelming nations in the flames of war ;
 Whilst of imprison'd winds th' impetuous birth
 Shakes the foundations of the solid earth ;
 Secure *we* rest amidst the dire alarms,
 Free from the shocks of Nature as of arms :
 O'er trackless waves our fleets triumphant ride,
 And bring vast treasures on the reflux tide ;
 To burning climes their waving streamers fly,
 Nor shun the rigours of a polar sky :
 While Commerce joyful views their glorious toils,
 And smiling crowns them with her richest spoils.
 Oh, may'st thou long, blest land ! these gifts retain,
 Pride of the earth, and mistress of the main !
 May no rude arm invade thy peaceful bow'rs,
 Range o'er thy fields, or pluck thy native flow'rs !
 May Gaul's proud legions never press thy shores,
 Nor crowd thy harbours with their hostile prores ;
 But, fir'd with envy, should they madly dare
 These matchless blessings with thy sons to share,
 Back to the waves with vengeful fury driv'n,
 Their dying cries should rend the vault of Heav'n !
 For ill that breast which mad Ambition fires
 Can stem the force which Liberty inspires !
 Hail then, dear land ! my much-lov'd country, hail !
 Thus o'er their foes may Albion's sons prevail ;
 Thus may their brows with fadeless wreaths be crown'd,
 In deeds of war and peaceful arts renown'd !
 So shall thy shores, bless'd isle ! unmov'd remain,
 'Midst the proud billows of the stormy main !
 While wond'ring nations tremble and admire,
 Nor dare to rouse the mighty Albion's ire !
 Thus may'st thou flourish till that awful day,
 When time shall cease, and kingdoms melt away ;

Till Heav'n's dread thunders, o'er this fabric hurl'd,
 Once more to chaos shall consign the world ;
 Till suns and stars in dire combustion fall,
 And one vast ruin crush the tott'ring ball !

April 7, 1810.

ALPHONSO.

HORACE—*Ode XVI. Book III.*

TO MÆCENAS.

The Poet says that all things can be overcome by gold ; but that
 he lives contented and happy with his small fortune.

CONFIN'D within a brasen tow'r
 Fair Danaë might have remain'd,
 And been secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 By watchful sentinels restrain'd,
 Had not the beauteous Queen of Love
 Found out the means a way to gain ;
 And, with the great and mighty Jove,
 Crept thro' the roof as golden rain.
 Destructive gold can always pass
 The strongest guards ; and it has broke
 Thro' gates of adamant and brass,
 More pow'rful than the lightning's stroke.
 Amphiarus, the Argive, fell
 In battle on the Theban field ;
 When gold had brib'd *his wife* to tell
 The place in which he lay conceal'd.
 By gold the Macedonian King *
 Unbarr'd the city's brasen gates,
 And sought successfully to bring
 To certain ruin rival states.

* Philip.

Gold, which extends without control,
 Its pow'r all human hearts obey;
 E'en the brave seaman's vet'ran soul
 Is brought to own its sov'reign sway.

Mæcenas ! of illustrious kind,
 When I behold the lofty state
 Which you so well adorn, I find
 I tremble at becoming great.

The man, who, with a mod'rate store
 Of wealth, content and happy lives,
 And circumscribes his wishes, more
 Of bounteous Providence receives.

All wealth and grandeur I despise,
 More happy than th' Apulian lord,
 Who views, with avaricious eyes,
 His barns and granaries well stor'd :

A cooling brook and shady grove,
 Which grace my small tho' fertile field,
 Afford to me delights above
 Whate'er rich Afric's shores can yield.

What tho' I have no herds of kine,
 Nor honey from Calabria stor'd ;
 What tho' I boast no Formian wine,
 Yet plenty crowns my humble board.

Nor should your friend, tho' amply blest
 With plenty, wish t' increase his store,
 Would you deny his small request,
 To give your poet something more.

Content with what I have, I pay
 My little tribute to the state
 With more complacency than they
 Who rank amongst the rich and great.

The man whose avaricious mind
 Is always craving after more,
 Tho' bless'd with afflu'nce, still you'll find
 He ever must continue poor.

But they for whom indulgent Heav'n
 Has plenty to their wants assign'd,
 Yet has with moderation giv'n,
 Are far the happiest of their kind.

April 4, 1807.

C. S. B.

A PASTORAL POEM.

Lentus in umbra

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas.

VIRG. *Bucolic.*

While stretch'd at ease you sing your happy loves,
 And 'Amaryllis' fills the shady groves.

DRYDEN'S *Translation.*

Thyrsis, wishing to celebrate the birth-day of Cœlia, invokes the Muse: Erato, attentive to his prayer, appears before him, accompanied by Thalia and Terpsichore, between whom and Thyrsis a pastoral dialogue takes place.

THYRSIS.

ERATO, come! attune thy lyre,
 With heav'nly aid my verse inspire,
 And all my vows repay ;
 For oft to thee I breathe a pray'r—
 As often own thy guardian care
 Attends my youthful lay.

Oh! do not then my hopes deceive ;
 The shady groves and woodlands leave,
 And Heliconian spring ;
 Propitious haste, no longer stay,
 'Tis matchless Cœlia's natal day ;
 Her praise I wish to sing.

Hail, Heav'n-born Muse ! I see thee near ;
 But, ah ! what means this rising fear ?
 Who hither with thee bend ?
 Thalia, by the crook she bears,
 And one who verdant laurel wears,
 Thy welcome steps attend.

Hail, goddesses ! bright sisters, hail !
 To please the nymph I cannot fail,
 If union binds the three ;
 Erato shall inspire my song,
 Thalia join, and dance along
 With gay Terpsichore.

ERATO.

Such honour seldom deigns the Muse ;
 But how can she the boon refuse
 When Cœlia is the theme,
 Whose virtues are of rarest kind,
 And more superior is her mind
 Than Thames' to Gippins' * stream.

And now her praise, for whom we meet,
 O Thyrsis, tell ! time passes fleet,
 The six our absence mourn ;
 Alternate, Cœlia we will sing,
 And then recite the genial Spring,
 Which early flow'rs adorn.

THYRSIS.

Delightful task ! I prompt obey ;
 But mark how pleas'd the god of day
 Emits his golden light.
 Hail, glorious sun ! in pomp come forth,
 In honour of my Cœlia's worth,
 With splendour doubly bright.

* A small river near Ipswich, in Suffolk.

For matchless is the blooming maid
 For whom I've ask'd the Muses' aid,
 And tun'd my untaught song ;
 Wit, grace, and beauty, all combin'd,
 And ev'ry nobler pow'r of mind,
 To Cœlia's self belong.

THALIA.

Oft I had view'd the lovely fair,
 And strove to raise, with zealous care,
 Her passion for the Muse :
 My snare successfully was laid,
 And pastorals, the first essay'd,
 Poetic taste infuse.

ERATO.

Who shall the charms of verse describe ?
 Those who Pieria's spring imbibe,
 To whom the Muse is kind.
 Such is its pow'r ; thy past'ral lays
 Did first her youthful fancy please,
 Then dignified her mind.

What you, my sister, first began,
 That spark I carefully did fan,
 Which to a flame is blown ;
 Since then I taught that flame to live,
 And what a willing Muse can give
 Shall all be Cœlia's own.

TERPSICHORE.

When the gay nymphs with her advance,
 And join to lead the sprightly dance,
 How gracefully she moves !
 Methought I surely then had seen,
 In all her charms, the Paphian Queen,
 Surrounded by the Loves.

THALIA.

Now comes the Spring, with gladsome tread,
 While o'er the lately snow-clad mead
 She spreads her influ'nce wide ;
 At her approach departs the gloom,
 The fields a lively garb assume,
 With vary'd colours dy'd.

THYRSIS.

The warbling songsters of the grove,
 At Spring's return declare their love
 On ev'ry bush and spray ;
 Up shoots the snow-drop, fair and white ;
 Crocus and jonquil ; all unite
 To make the garden gay.

THALIA.

Now shines the sun serene and clear,
 Our cheering hope throughout the year,
 Of life and light the source ;
 Assisted by the western breeze,
 See, in their verdure clad, the trees
 Feel his reviving force.

Mark ! how the tow'ring vessels ride,
 Again committed to the tide,
 And soft alluring gales ;
 The joyful seaman leaps on board
 His ship, with various traffic stor'd,
 And spreads her swelling sails.

ERATO.

Turn Observation's eye around,
 All things with wonder so abound
 To strike th' astonish'd mind ;
 So does the welcome voice of Spring
 Such transports to creation bring ;
 So animates mankind.

ERATO, THALIA, TERPSICHORE, AND THYRSIS,

Come, village nymphs and swains ! advance ;

Lead o'er the lawn the mazy dance,

To pipe and tabor's sound ;

Let Age and Youth alike be gay ;

Let happy Cœlia's natal day

With Mirth and Joy be crown'd.

C. S. B.

HORACE.—*Book I. Ode III.*

He implores protection for the ship in which his friend Virgil had embarked for Athens, and then inveighs against the temerity of man.

OH ! may the fair inconstant Queen of Love

Thy speedy course attend !

May'st thou, great Eolus ! propitious prove,

And all the twinkling stars that shine above,

Thee, precious ship ! defend,

Let the rude winds, engag'd in fierce debate,

Their haughty rage control ;

A milder breeze thy swelling sails dilate,—

To thee intrusted is my Virgil's fate,—

Thou bearest half my soul,

Each day for thee will I, with lifted hand,

Th' almighty gods beseech ;

Then shalt thou quickly reach th' Athenian land,

Where ready crowds await thee on the strand,

Along the sandy beach,

Oh ! sure his heart was oak, and girt, beside,

With triple iron chain,

Who first committed to the ocean wide

His fragile bark, the sport of wind and tide,

Toss'd on the foaming main.

Undaunted when the North, with furious rage,
 Assails the torrid South;
 The Adriatic tyrant to engage;
 He rushes on, nor can the Heav'ns assuage
 The whirlwinds of his mouth.

And fearless, when the scorching noontide ray
 Darts on his weary head,—
 When baleful Hyades their force display,
 When death itself is station'd in the way,
 He feels no anxious dread.

Who is there can behold with careless eye,
 Unmov'd, unus'd to weep,
 Ceraunia's rocks, whose bases hidden lie,
 With monsters huge, and still resolve to try
 The boundless vasty deep?

In vain did Providence, with wisest hand,
 The spacious world divide;
 In vain did separate the sea from land,
 If impious ships, unaw'd by its command,
 The foaming ocean ride.

Mankind the very name of evil love,
 And ev'ry vice below;
 So bold Prometheus stole the fire above,
 And quickly made th' infected nations prove
 Death which before was slow!

So Icarus with wings, to man deny'd,
 Rash youth! essay'd to fly;
 In vain to soar thro' empty air he try'd,
 The gods soon punished his presumptuous pride,
 And dash'd him from on high.

So Hercules a gloomy passage found,
 Thro' shades of deepest hell;
 Nor should we fear tho' Heav'n itself resound,
 Or vivid lightnings hurl'd us to the ground—
 Blaspheming as we fell.

T. W.

HORACE.—*Ep. VII. Book I.*

TO MÆCENAS.

The Poet praises the liberality of his patron, and prefers liberty and ease to wealth.

I PROMIS'D you I should five days remain
 Here, at my villa, and would then again
 Return to see you; but, with some deceit,
 Have broke my word, and stay'd a month complete;
 But what to illness you would grant, oh! now,
 The same excuses to my fears allow;
 I dread th' autumnal sultry heats, and fear
 The sickly days of the declining year;
 When, should you stir from home, you're sure to meet
 Some pompous fun'ral passing thro' the street;
 Or witness, while behind the mournful bier,
 A parent's heaving sigh or falling tear.
 I dread the toilsome labours of the bar,
 Which bring disease, and spread contagion far.
 When with thick snow the fields are cover'd o'er,
 Your poet takes a trip to Ocean's shbre,
 Where, free from bus'ness, he will pass away,
 Amus'd with books, the tedious winter's day;
 But, soon as Spring adorns the flow'ry plain,
 Then, with your leave, he'll visit you again;
 For long, my friend, has been well known to me
 Your kind and welcome hospitality:
 Not like the mean Calabrian, who address'd
 With pompous shew of words his weary guest.

Calabrian.—Don't spare these pears; I beg you'll eat
 your fill.

Guest.—I've had enough. *Cal.*—But pray take what
 you will.

Guest.—You're very kind. *Cal.*—Yet surely some
of these

Your little friends who are at home may please.

Guest.—Were I to take the whole I could not be
More grateful for your generosity.

Cal.—Just as you please, but know that what you
leave

This day my servant to the hogs will give.

He who, with vain and ostentatious show,
Is prodigal on others to bestow

What is of little value, never can
Expect to find a truly grateful man.

The man discreetly wise will always know
Where merit is, and there his gifts bestow.

For Horace now, to be a pleasant guest,
He wants the strength, the youth, he once possess;

Must drink his glass, and talk of love, and be
The first among your guests in pleasantry.

Hear now a fable.—Thro' a narrow hole
Into a corn-chest once a mouse had stole,

Where, having fill'd itself, it tried in vain
Thro' the same op'ning to get out again;

To whom a weasel, who was standing near—
“Friend, if you wish t' escape from whence you are,

“Again come thro' that narrow hole as thin,
“And nearly starv'd, as when you enter'd in.”

Should such a case as this be ever mine,
All that you gave I'd willingly resign;

I covet not the rich man's plenteous store,
Or the soft slumbers of the lab'ring poor.

You know my moderation, and have been
Well pleas'd when my contentedness you've seen;

And oftentimes have heard that I commend
You as my prince, my guardian, and my friend;

How could you think then that with willing heart
I could with all you gave me bear to part?

When great Ulysses' son the gift deny'd,
 He wisely thus to Sparta's king replied:—
 "The land of Ithaca boasts no fine fields,
 "Nor grass sufficient for your horses yields;
 "Therefore, Atrides, you may still retain
 "These gifts, more suited to your own domain."
 Small things become small men. Great Rome to me
 Affords no pleasure now, or gaiety;
 At Tibur or Tarentum, void of strife,
 I'd lead a quiet and inglorious life.

Philip, a noted pleader, as they say,
 Returning from the bus'ness of the day,
 Complain'd, now being old and feeble grown,
 Of the great distance of his house from town;
 When, passing by a barber's shop, he sees
 A certain man, just shav'd, with careless ease
 Paring his finger-nails; when to his slave,
 Who stood behind him, he these orders gave:—
 "Demetrius, go, in yonder shop inquire
 "Who that man is, his fortune, home, and sire."
 He goes, returns:—"Vulterius, Sir, by name,
 "Not very rich, but of unspotted fame;
 "Alert in bus'ness, and yet fond of ease,
 "Loves to hear news, and happy when he sees
 "A few choice friends at home; sometimes resorts,
 "His bus'ness done, to see the public sports."
 Then Philip:—"From Vulterius I should be
 "More pleas'd to hear what you've now told to me:
 "Return in haste, and the good man invite,
 "If not engag'd, to sup with me to-night."

Vulterius was astonish'd much to see
 From such a person such civility.

However, he the servant thus address'd:—

"I thank your master for his kind request."

Phil.—Does he refuse to come? *Dem.*—The man
 denies;

And must, I think, or fear you, or despise.

Next morning Philip saw him, as he stood
 Selling cheap goods to the surrounding crowd,
 And hail'd him first. Vulterius made excuse
 That bus'ness made him yesterday refuse
 His kind request; then pleads his busy state,
 That he did not on him that morning wait.

Phil.—On this condition shall your pardon be,
 If you will come to-night and sup with me.

Vult.—I thank you, Sir. *Phil.*—Then come to me,
 my friend,

At nine: now to your own affairs attend.

True to his word, Vulterius came at nine;
 And, having ate his fill and drank his wine,
 Chatter'd on various subjects, right or wrong,
 With wondrous volubility of tongue.
 Philip at length proposes to his guest
 To take his leave, and to retire to rest.

From this time, like a fish that takes the bait,
 At Philip's door he oft was seen to wait,
 A constant guest, and scarce to be deny'd.
 Philip invites him to a morning's ride.
 Now mounted on his steed he goes, and ne'er
 Ceas'd praising the rich land and Sabine air.
 Philip observ'd his error, and awhile
 View'd his deluded client with a smile.
 To carry on the joke, with lib'ral hand
 He lent him money to procure some land.
 The land is purchas'd ('tis of no avail
 To tire your patience with a tedious tale);
 Chang'd by his state Vulterius is grown
 From a neat man a rusticated clown;
 He talks of nothing but his furrow'd fields,
 And boasts of what his fertile vineyard yields;
 Quite overwhelm'd with bus'ness, he grows old
 With the increasing love of getting gold.
 But when his sheep were stole, his cattle died,
 His oxen lam'd, his crops his hopes deny'd,

O'erwhelm'd by these accumulated woes,
 The miserable man at midnight rose,
 Mounts an old cart-horse, and to Philip goes; }
 Whom, when his patron saw unshav'd and drest,
 Not smart as once, but in a shabby vest,
 He said :—" Vulterius, surely you appear
 " To me too diligent, and full of care."

Vult.—Call me a wretched man, for that's my name,
 And only one your client now can claim.
 By all you hold most sacred, I implore,
 Me to my former way of life restore.

The inference is plain. Whene'er we find
 A change of life ill-suited to our mind,
 Let us in haste our former state restore,
 And be again what once we were before.
 Observe the proverb :—" When his die is cast,
 " The cobbler should not go beyond his last."

C. S. B.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON PICKING UP A SNOW-DROP THAT HAD
 JUST BEEN BLOWN FROM ITS STALK.

AH! what could tempt thee, hapless flow'r!
 To brave the Winter's dreary hour,
 And give thy tender beauties birth
 Ere Spring had cheer'd the drooping earth?
 Ill wast thou form'd by Nature's hand to bear
 The rending tempest of the desert air!
 Yet all was blooming, all was gay,
 And sweetly dawn'd the rising day,
 When, gently sporting o'er thy bed,
 Deluding sunbeams rais'd thy head;
 But, ah! tho' Zephyr breath'd a flatt'ring tale,
 False was the morn, and faithless was the gale!

Mistaken flow'r! the storm has ris'n,
 And veil'd in clouds the face of heav'n;
 Has frown'd severe, and, bursting wild
 Where late thy slender blossom smil'd,
 Swept o'er thy shrinking leaves, and, howling round,
 Rent thy frail stalk, and stretch'd thee on the ground!
 Nor thou alone, ill-fated flow'r!
 The victim of a ruthless hour;
 For, oh! like thee I late have seen
 The child of Beauty smile serene;
 Till, o'er the morning of her days so fair,
 Consumption breath'd, and poison'd all the air!
 Ah! then, like thee, while youth was warm,
 She bade farewell to ev'ry charm;
 No longer hail'd the face of day,
 But sicken'd, droop'd, and pin'd away!
 Like thee, pale snow-drop! wither'd in her bloom,
 And sunk, regretted, to an early tomb!

W. C**E.

THE RUIN OF NINEVEH.

FROM THE PROPHECY OF NAHUM.

THUS saith the LORD of hosts, thro' Nahum's voice:—
 No more this haughty people shall rejoice;
 No more my threaten'd vengeance shall delay,
 Or pray'rs or tears avert the promis'd day;
 No more in vain shall man provoke his God,—
 Proud Nineveh shall tremble at my nod!
 With tenfold weight my potent rod shall fall,
 And one great ruin shall engulf them all.

Behold infuriate wrath its torrents pour;
 Behold a city drench'd in human gore!
 The prancing steeds, the trumpet's shrill alarms,
 The rolling chariots and the din of arms,

With noise incessant hoarsely brave the sky,
 And seem to call my vengeance from on high :
 Rage, Murder, Rapine, urge their wild career,
 While potent riders shake the glitt'ring spear ;
 Fraught with destruction, madly hurl the dart,
 And shed the life-blood reeking from the heart.
 What heaps of slain their deadly passage tell ?
 What crimson fountains form a vital well ?
 While life's last throes, in faint yet hollow sound,
 And stifled murmurs, die along the ground.

Behold your God ! begirt with pow'r and might,
 He comes to judge proud Nineveh aright ;
 To neighb'ring states a warning shall she prove
 Of slighted mercy and rejected love ;
 And all the nations round shall trembling say—
 Defend us from the fate of Nineveh.

Lo, then, I come ! in thunders hear my word :—
 I will arise ; 'tis I will grasp the sword :
 With me victorious are the smallest bands ;
 When *I oppose*, what mortal barrier stands ?
 Base art thou now, but viler yet shalt be,—
 Eternal ruin shall encompass thee !

Who shall dispute my potent nod ?
 Who my just wrath shall flee ?
 Bend to the terrors of your God,
 And learn humility :
 For what shall Nineveh become
 When I have laid her low ?
 What pity can avert her doom,
 Or what her overthrow ?
 Her holds, however strong and true,
 However high her pride,
 My sword shall cleave a passage thro',
 Her widows' tears the streets bedew,
 And blood shall swell the tide.

Where are thine empty boasts of liberty
 When I stretch forth my hand to give the blow?
 I dash'd the fondly-dreamt security
 Of many-river'd NO!
 Encompass'd by her ramparts' length,
 And Ocean's briny wall,
 She rais'd her pond'rous tow'rs of strength;—
 I crush'd them all!
 Captivity became her children's lot;
 I view'd her fate, and yet relented not.—
 As fig-trees shaken by the gust,
 Their ripen'd produce falls;
 So shall thine elders bite the dust
 Within thy splendid halls.
 Thy gates, tho' strongly barr'd, shall open fly,
 And yield a passage to thine enemy.
 Go, draw thee waters, drain the tide,
 Arm well thy strongest force;
 Vain is the bulwark of thy pride,—
 Vain are the efforts I deride,—
 And vain thy last resource!!
 So spoke the sacred inspiration
 Of Nahum's soul-depressing song;—
 The thunders of Almighty devastation
 Dwelt on the prophet's tongue.
 There are, who, listless of this awful lay,
 Dread not the terrors of a future day:
 Careless they listen with averted ear,
 Nor deem the woes they read of can be near,
 Till Heav'n's great fiat hurl them to the tomb,
 And God shall call each soul to meet its doom!
 O! holy Lord, thy servants prostrate bow!
 The fate of Nineveh may reach us now.
 Great God of might, oh! grant that we may prove
 Sons of thy mercy—daughters of thy love!
 So shall a city stand, in this our day,
 Protected from the fate of Nineveh.

LINES,

TO MISS LOUISA GATLIFFE, OF BOURN, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Durch Fichten am Hügel, durch Erlen am Bach,
 Folgt immer dein Bildniss, du Traute! mir nach.
 Es lächelt bald Wehmuth, es lächelt bald Ruh,
 Im freundlichen Schimmer des mondes, mir zu.

MATTHISON.

THOU best of women! lov'd Louisa! say,
 How distant yet the pleasurable day,
 When holy vows and hymeneal rites
 Shall give their sanction to supreme delights;
 Pure harmless dreams, reciprocally sweet,
 By mutual love made perfectly complete?
 When meeting lips and panting bosoms speak
 What the tongue labours, but in vain, to keep?
 When friendship mingles with affection's pow'r,
 To shed contentment on the passing hour;
 To give each moment, as it fleets away,
 The charm no strength of language can portray;
 To make the present splendidly serene,
 And throw reflection on Life's waning scene?

But are the vows by genuine Love exprest,
 To raise no kindred passion in the breast?
 Still must I labour to excite esteem,
 Truth's sacred promise, and Affection's dream?
 Still must I languish o'er that angel neck,
 Where Love sits smiling at the ruthless CHECK?
 Still must the DOVE hold his dominion there,
 And with his cooings drive me to despair,—
 Upbraid my conduct, and, with lightning eye,
 Kindle the subtle air of jealousy?

Cruel Louisa! no; that term retrieve!
 Lest it cut deep, and make her bosom grieve!

Say, rather grateful—generously kind—
By far too good for my unreas'ning mind.

Wretch that I am ! ah ! yet that name recall :
Louisa whispers, “ I consent to all ! ”
Imperishable words ! oh, meek Esteem !
How warm, how vivifying, is thy beam !
It wakes to life the embryo seeds of bliss,—
The rapt embrace, th' exhilarating kiss,—
Flushes the cheek with momentary shame,
Darts thro' the eyes, and circles all the frame,—
Settles the flutt'rings of distracted doubt,
And draws each vow unhesitating out !—
No length of years shall triumph o'er my flame,
Till thou, Louisa ! share thy G—l—m's name !
I live for thee—for thee alone I toil
O'er Trade's rough, dark, and melancholy soil !
For thee I muse on metaphysic lore,
And all the beauties of the Bards explore :
On Waller's strains my weeping eyes are cast,
Where ev'ry line seems sweeter than the last,
Till rapt, enamour'd of his mistress' charms,
I'm bound in thine and Sacharissa's arms.

Here let the Muse for one short moment pause,
To trace the glorious, the stupendous cause !
Here let the Lyre to nobler themes be strung,
And chaster tones fall sweeter from her tongue !

Should the strong mind, to Nature's dictates just,
On bland confessions confidently trust ?
Should Beauty's ear drink ev'ry soothing strain,
That boasts no trait of a reflecting brain ?
Listen to sounds that float upon the breeze,
From the sad Genius of the soul's disease,—
Bright, splendid vows, ridiculously wild,
That, told, would raise the pity of a child ?

No! come, Louisa! let thy reas'ning ear
 List to the language of a soul sincere;
 And, while I speak it, let no fear displace
 The wonted smiles that play upon thy face!

In those dear orbs, prophetic of delight,
 Truth holds her mirror eminently bright;
 There, there I read the transcripts of esteem,
 Love's free concessions, and the raptur'd dream.
 Thus, thus, Louisa! conscious of thy charms,
 I'll vow to clasp thee in my guardian arms,
 To seal my passion at the hallow'd shrine
 Of meek Religion, and to make thee mine
 Till Death's strong arm shall disunite the chain,
 And set us loose, if that be joy, again!

Grafton-street, April 14, 1810. J. G—L—M.

RETROSPECTION.

PURE was the early promise of my life,
 For nought of evil knew I but by name,
 And, knowing, shunn'd. Ah! years of bliss!
 Hygeia then impell'd the tumid pulse,
 And glowing scenes of Iris-tinted joys
 Led my young mind in happy bondage.—
 Here would I pause; for reckless Fate
 Marr'd the fair blossom of my fondest hopes,
 And doom'd a sad maturity of wo:
 Yet, ere the effusive theme be hush'd,
 Be mine the pleasing tributary task,
 In accents fram'd by gratitude and love,
 Her sacred virtues thus to memorize,
 Whose fost'ring aid rear'd the neglected plant,
 Whose influence induc'd each virtuous aim,
 And train'd the infant mind to deeds of praise.

MAURICE.

WRITTEN IN A BOOK OF BLANK PAPER,

BELONGING TO MISS ***** , 1770.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

THE lovely owner here in emblem find,—
As fair her features, and as pure her mind ;
Yet diff'rent else that mind—no blank is there—
Fond Nature stor'd it with peculiar care :
Well-temper'd wit and polish'd sense she brought,
And tun'd to harmony the strings of thought :
Mild dignity, but diff'ring far from pride,
She gave ; and candour, that has nought to hide ;
Soft gentleness, that wins at once the soul,
And with transcendant goodness crown'd the whole.

O ! like this happy volume, free from spot,
May never dire Misfortune cast a blot
To shade those beauties, or impair that mind !
Be Love propitious, and be Fortune kind,
Till Heav'n shall change the mortal to divine,
“ And saints embrace her with a warmth like mine !”

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 8.]

With an Engraving.

" NATURE, dear Nature, is my goddess,
 " Whether array'd in rustic boddice,
 " Or when the nicest touch of Art
 " Doth to her charms new charms impart:
 " But still I, somehow, love her best,
 " When she's in ruder mantle drest:
 " I do not mean in shape grotesque,
 " But when she's truly *picturesque*."

Thus, the next morning, as he stray'd,
 And the surrounding scene survey'd,
 Syntax broke forth.—A party stood
 Just on the margin of the flood;
 Who were, *in statu quo*, to make
 A little voyage on the lake.
 The Doctor forward stepp'd, to show
 The wealth of his port-folio.
 The ladies were quite pleas'd to view
 Such pretty pictures as he drew;
 While a young man, a neighb'ring 'Squire,
 Express'd a very warm desire,
 Which seem'd to come from honest heart,
 That of his boat he'd take a part.

Now from the shore they quickly sail'd;
 And soon the Doctor's voice prevail'd:—
 " This is a lovely scene of Nature;
 " But I've enough of land and water:
 " I want some living things to show
 " How far the *picturesque* will go."

LADY.

" See, Sir, how swift the swallows fly; }
 " And see the lark ascends on high; }
 " We scarce can view him in the sky. }

" Behold the wild fowl, how they spread
 " Upon the lake's expansive bed;
 " The kite, too, takes its airy way,
 " Prepar'd to pounce upon its prey;
 " While the rooks from their morning food
 " Pass cawing to the distant wood."

SYNTAX.

" When with a philosophic eye
 " The realms of Nature I descry,
 " And view the grace that she can give
 " To all the varying forms that live,
 " I feel with awe the plastic art
 " That doth such wondrous pow'rs impart
 " To all that wing the air, or creep
 " Along the earth, or swim the deep.
 " I love the winged world, that flies
 " Thro' the thin azure of the skies;
 " Or, not ordain'd those heights to scan,
 " Live the familiar friends of man,
 " And in his yard, or round his cot,
 " Enjoy, poor things! their destin'd lot:
 " But tho' their plumes are gay with dies,
 " In endless bright diversities—
 " What tho' such glowing tints prevail,
 " When the proud peacock spreads his tail—
 " What tho' the nightingales prolong
 " Thro' the charm'd night th' enchanting song—
 " What tho' the blackbird and the thrush
 " Make vocal ev'ry verdant bush—
 " Not one among the winged kind
 " Presents an object to my mind;
 " Their grace and beauty's nought to me,
 " In all their vast variety
 " The *picturesque* I cannot see.
 " A carrion fowl ty'd to a stake
 " Will a far better picture make.

“ When as a scare-crow 'tis display'd,
“ For thievish birds to be afraid,
“ Than the white swan in all its pride,
“ When sailing on the crystal tide.
“ As a philosopher I scan
“ Whate'er kind Heav'n has made for man ;
“ I feel it a religious duty
“ To bless its use and praise its beauty :
“ I care not whatsoe'er the creature,
“ Whate'er its name, its form and feature,
“ So that fond Nature will aver
“ The creature doth belong to her ;
“ But tho', indeed, I may admire
“ The greyhound's form, the snake's attire,
“ They neither will my object suit
“ Like a good shaggy ragged brute.
“ I will acknowledge that a goose
“ Is a fine fowl, of sov'reign use ;
“ But for a picture she's not fitted—
“ The bird was made but to be spitted.
“ The pigeon, I'll be bound to shew it,
“ Is a fine subject for a poet :
“ In the soft verse his mate he'll woo,
“ Bend his gay neck, and bill, and coo ;
“ And, as in am'rous strut he moves,
“ Soothes the fond heart of him who loves ;
“ But I'll not paint him, no, not I—
“ I like him better in a pie,
“ Well rubb'd with salt and spicy dust,
“ And thus embody'd in a crust.
“ How many a bird that haunts the wood,
“ How many a fowl that cleaves the flood,
“ With their sweet song enchant my ear,
“ Or please my eye, as they appear,
“ When in their flight, or as they row
“ Delighted on the lake below !

" But still, whate'er their form or feather,
 " You cannot make them group together :
 " For, let them swim or let them fly,
 " The *picturesque* they all defy.
 " The bird that's sitting quite alone
 " Is fit but to be carv'd in stone ;
 " And any man of taste 'twould shock
 " To paint those wild geese in a flock,
 " I do not love a single figure,
 " Whether 'tis lesser or 'tis bigger.
 " That fisherman, so lean and lank,
 " Who sits alone upon the bank,
 " Ne'er tempts the eye ; but, doff his coat,
 " And quickly group him with a boat,
 " You then will see the fellow make
 " A pretty object on the lake.
 " If a boy's playing with a hoop,
 " 'Tis something, for it forms a group.
 " In painters' eyes—O ! what a joke
 " To place a bird upon an oak ;
 " At the same time, 'twould help the jest,
 " Upon a branch to fix a nest,
 " A trout, with all his pretty dyes
 " Of various hues, delights the eyes ;
 " But still it is a silly whim
 " To make him on a canvass swim :
 " Yet, I must own, that dainty fish
 " Looks very handsome in a dish ;
 " And he must be a thankless sinner
 " Who thinks a trout a paltry dinner.
 " The first, the middle, and the last,
 " In *picturesque*, is *bold contrast* ;
 " And painting has no nobler use
 " Than this grand object to produce.
 " Such is my thought, and I'll pursue it ;
 " There's an example—you shall view it :—

“ Look at this tree—here take a glance—
“ And see that bold protuberance ;
“ Behold these branches—how their shade
“ Is by that mass of light display'd ;
“ Look at that light, and see how fine
“ The backward shadows make it shine :
“ The sombre cloud that marks the sky
“ Makes the blue azure twice as high ;
“ And where the sunbeams warmly glow,
“ They make that hollow twice as low.
“ The Flemish painters all surpass
“ In making pictures smooth as glass :
“ In Cuyp's best works there's pretty painting ;
“ But, oh ! the *picturesque* is wanting.

“ Thus, tho' I leave the birds to sing,
“ Or cleave the air with rapid wing—
“ Thus, tho' I leave the fish to play
“ Till the net drags them into day—
“ Kind Nature, ever-bounteous mother !
“ Contrives it, in some way or other,
“ Our proper wishes to supply
“ In infinite variety.
“ The world of quadrupeds displays
“ The painter's art in various ways ;
“ But 'tis some shaggy ragged brute
“ That will my busy purpose suit ;
“ Or such as from their shape and make
“ No fine-wrought high-bred semblance take :
“ A well-fed horse, with shining skin,
“ Form'd for the course and plates to win,
“ May have his beauties, but not those
“ That will my graphic art disclose :
“ My raw-bon'd mare is worth a score
“ Of these fine pamper'd beasts, and more,
“ To give effect to bold design,
“ And decorate such views as mine.

" To the fine steed you sportsmen bow,
 " But *picturesque* prefers a cow :
 " On her high hips and horned head
 " How true the light and shade are shed.
 " Indeed I should prefer by half,
 " To a fine colt, a common calf :
 " The unshorn sheep, the shaggy goat,
 " The ass with rugged ragged coat,
 " Would, to a taste-inspired mind,
 " Leave the far-fam'd *Eclipse* behind :
 " In stable he might live at ease,
 " But ne'er should graze beneath my trees."

Caught by his words, the northern 'Squire
 Fail'd not his learning to admire :
 But yet he had a wish to quiz
 The Doctor's humour, and his phiz.
 " I have a house," he said, " at hand,
 " Where you my service may command ;
 " There I have cows, and asses too,
 " And pigs, and sheep, Sir, not a few,
 " Where you, at your untroubled leisure,
 " May draw them as it suits your pleasure.
 " You shall be welcome, and your mare ;
 " You'll find a country 'Squire's fare :
 " With us a day or two you'll pass,—
 " We'll give you meat,—and give her grass."
 Thus 'twas agreed ;—they came on shore ;—
 The party saunter'd on before ;
 But, ere they reach'd their mansion fair,
 Syntax and Grizzle trotted there.
 It was, indeed, a pleasant spot
 That this same country 'Squire had got.
 The party now the Doctor join'd
 In salutations free and kind.

'SQUIRE.

" This, Doctor Syntax, is my sister :—
 " Why, my good Sir, you have not kiss'd her."

SYNTAX.

“ Do not suppose I'm such a brute
 “ As to disdain the sweet salute.”

'SQUIRE.

“ And this, Sir, is my loving wife ;
 “ The joy and honour of my life.”

SYNTAX.

“ A lovely creature to the view !
 “ And, with your leave, I'll kiss her too.”

Thus pleasant words the converse cheer'd
 Till dinner on the board appear'd,
 Where a warm welcome gave a zest
 To the fair plenty of the feast.
 The Doctor ate, and talk'd, and quaff'd ;
 The 'Squire smil'd, the Ladies laugh'd.

'SQUIRE.

“ As you disclaim both fowl and fish,
 “ Think you that you could paint that dish ?”

SYNTAX.

“ Tho' 'twill to hunger give relief,—
 “ There's nothing *picturesque* in beef ;
 “ But there are artists—if you'll treat 'em—
 “ Will paint your dinners ; that is—eat 'em.”

'SQUIRE.

“ But, sure, your pencil might command
 “ Whate'er is noble, vast, and grand,—
 “ The beasts, forsooth, of Indian land,
 “ Where the fierce savage tiger scowls,
 “ And the fell hungry lion growls.”

SYNTAX.

“ These beasts may all be subjects fit ;
 “ But for their likeness will they sit ?
 “ I'd only take a view askaunt,
 “ From the tall back of elephant ;

" With half an hundred Indians round me,
 " That their sharp claws might not confound me :
 " But now, as we have ceas'd to dine,
 " And I have had my share of wine,
 " I should be glad to close the feast
 " By drawing some more harmless beast."

The Doctor found a quick consent,
 And to the farm their way their bent :
 A tub inverted form'd his seat ;
 The animals their painter meet :
 Cows, asses, sheep, and ducks, and geese,
 Present themselves to grace the piece :
 Poor Grizzle, too, among the rest,
 Of the true *picturesque* possest,
 Quitted the meadow to appear,
 And took her station in the rear :
 The sheep all baa'd, the asses bray'd,
 The moo-cows low'd, and Grizzle neigh'd :—
 " Stop, brutes," he cry'd, " your noisy glee ;
 " I do not want to hear, but see ;
 " Tho', by the *picturesquish* laws,
 " You're better too with open jaws.

The Doctor now, with genius big,
 First drew a sheep, and next a pig ;
 A cow now on his paper passes,
 And then he sketch'd a group of asses ;
 Nor did he fail to do his duty
 In giving Grizzle all her beauty.
 " And now," says Miss (a laughing elf),
 " I wish, Sir, you would draw yourself."—
 " With all my heart," the Doctor said,
 " But not with horns upon my head."—
 " And then I hope you'll draw my face?"—
 " In vain, fair maid, my art would trace
 " Those winping smiles, that native grace. }



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Plate 4. Vol. 3.



" The beams of beauty I disclaim ;—
 " The *picturesque's* my only aim :
 " My pencil's skill is mostly shown
 " In drawing faces like my own,
 " Where Time, alas ! and anxious Care,
 " Have plac'd so many wrinkles there.

Now all beneath a spreading tree
 They chat, and sip their evening tea,
 Where Syntax told his various fate,
 His studious life and married state ;
 And that he hop'd his Tour would tend
 His comforts and his purse to mend.
 At length they to the house retreated,
 And round the supper soon were seated ;
 When the time swiftly pass'd away,
 And gay good-humour clos'd the day.

[To be continued.]

LINES

ON THE RUINS OF DOVER-CASTLE.

With an Engraving.

BULWARK of England ! whose embattled tow'rs
 So oft have hurl'd disdain across the waves,
 When France impell'd her legions to the deep,
 To plant her lilies on thy rocky shore !

Bulwark of England ! whose unconquer'd strength
 Mock'd the assailing foe ; and to the land,
 On whose proud peak thou stood'st, protection gave * !

* Dover, in former times, was called both by English and Foreigners the Lock and Key of England ; and was of such importance, that, when the Dauphin of France was assisting King John against the Barons, the French King inquiring where his son was, it was answered, " at Stamford." " What !" he replied, " has he not got Dover-Castle ?"—When being answered in the negative, " Then," said he, " by the arm of St. James, my son has not one foot in England."

Alas ! thy walls and stately battlements,
 That, thro' the course of many a warlike age,
 Still brav'd the hostile trumpet's threat'ning sound,
 And spread their banners to the distant wave,
 Have long since yielded, in the lapse of years,
 To Time's relentless pow'r, that conquers all !
 From his fell fangs Religion's awful care,
 With many a struggle, strove in vain to save
 Her sacred altars and her cloister'd halls.
 How many an holy fane in ruin lies,
 To call the tear in Contemplation's eye,
 And aid the musings of the pensive breast !

But, tho' the ivy creeps around thy gates,
 And in thy silent courts the long grass grows,
 Still is thy name enroll'd in that bright page
 Which tells of England's glory, and the deeds
 Of heroes fam'd ; who, when the Henries reign'd,
 And the stern Edwards Albion's sceptre sway'd,
 Made Gallia tremble for her menac'd throne !
 Still thy proud front appears, tho' worn with age,
 To crown the clift, against whose solid base
 The wild waves ceaseless beat, but beat in vain :
 While the glad sailor hails thy well-known form,
 When, safe returning from far-distant climes,
 And dangers past of rude and stormy seas,
 He guides the white sail by his native shore.

But England now, by Freedom's sacred pow'r
 Arm'd and protected, wants not castled heights,
 Nor walls embattled. A resistless strength
 She in herself possesses ;—her defence
 Springs from the free-born minds of all her sons,
 Who, while they guard her coasts from foreign foes,
 And make Peace flourish thro' her happy realm,
 Seek conquest o'er the main, and deck her name
 With trophies won from ev'ry distant shore.

MORNING.—AN ODE.

O THOU! who on thy eastern tow'r
 Sitt'st watching for the day;
 Mild Phosphor! haste thy parting hour,
 For yonder bright begins to pour
 The streamy mountain ray.

Now from the battlements of Morn
 Withdraw thy herald light;
 For yonder, like a monarch borne,
 Comes, thron'd in Glory's crimson sheen,
 And purple pomp, the clouds between,
 The victor of the night.

Muse! that on his prophetic string,
 Who told when first the day-spring knew its place,
 Didst smite with sacred ardour—wake! and sing
 Anew for me its cheering grace,
 And from my dreaming soul the clouds of darkness chase!
 "Hail, holy Light!" well spake that heav'nly tongue
 Which utter'd holy things, past utt'rance deem'd,
 And of the great eternal blazon rung
 When Michael's couching spear terrific gleam'd,
 And summon'd the angelic hosts to quell
 The proud arch-rebel and his traitor crew,
 Fall'n sons of Light! whom God's right arm o'erthrew
 In fight omnipotent, and doom'd to darkest hell!
 "Hail, holy Light!" thee Nature's music hails,
 Soft rising from the universal choir;
 High on the swelling breeze the lark's wing sails;
 High on the swelling breeze her notes aspire:
 Now lost the strain, save to aërial ears
 Of sylphid forms, which lightly stray
 (So Fancy tells) where Morning clears
 Her feet's cerulean way;
 From where her orient gate appears,
 Up to the pinnacle of day:

Now trilling soft from poise less high,
 Varying her matin minstrelsy,
 Descends and mingles with the woodland lays,
 That warble all around from the dew-spangled sprays.

Yet chief the lordly denizen of earth,
 Who next in rank to angels was enroll'd
 'Mongst living things, at Time's primeval birth,
 Who, cast in Godlike Beauty's perfect mould,
 And crown'd with Reason's kingly diadem,
 Stood list'ning to the sov'reign voice that told
 How earth and sea for him were stor'd
 With life, which he to crown his festive board
 Was free to sacrifice; and them
 Count all his own. He chief the praise pursues
 Of Light, unfolding to his eye
 Creation's boundless majesty;
 And, peering high as the broad scene he views,
 Rejoices in the vast domain
 Of Nature's animated plain,—
 Sees earth, and sea, and skies, unite
 To please his senses, and his soul delight,
 And seasons ply for him their never-wearied flight. }

But what ecstatic wonders fill his soul,
 When, turning from thy sky-adorning ray,
 His gath'ring thoughts in nobler transport roll
 Down the full tide of intellectual day!
 There, as he marks thee, Light divine!
 Thro' the dark clouds of Error shine,
 Revealing Truth in all her secret shades,
 Onward he bends; nor, lost in vain surmise,
 Scans all pure Wisdom's fruitful paradise:
 And, upward as thy lustrous day-star leads,
 Stops not, till, at the end of Life's long way,
 "Hail, holy Light!" he shouts, and Hail, eternal Day!

Alton.

*E. W****c.*

A THOUGHT EXTEMPORE,

On reading some controversial Papers on the Eternity or Limitation of future Punishments.

PRESUMPTUOUS hope! the secrets dread to spy,
 Hid by the veil of Heav'n's own mystery!
 Vain the design the fix'd extent to trace
 Of sovereign Justice, or almighty grace!
 Enough we know; enough, if we approve
 That *God is justice*, and that *God is love*;
 And, trusting each, regard our future doom
 As *that* we tempt not, nor on *this* presume.

Alton.

E. W****G.

ON PETER'S DENIAL OF CHRIST.

Matthew xxvi. 74, 75.

WHEN cow'ring Peter thrice deny'd his Lord,
 Weak and unmindful of the Master's word;
 While on his lips the shameful falsehood hung,
 And curses blacken'd more his rebel tongue;
 The shrill-ton'd signal smote his conscious ears,
 And brought repentance back in manly tears;
 Prov'd to his soul how vain its best design,
 Unbless'd by grace with vigour all divine;
 Confirm'd his faith in Him he had deny'd,
 And freed his humbled mind from human pride.

Alton.

E. W****G.

STANZAS,

ON GATHERING UP SOME EARS OF CORN IN A HARVEST-FIELD.

Thus, in a field we all admire,
 And all to share its crops desire,
 Tho' hard the spot to find
 (The field of happiness I mean),
 We are at best content to glean,
 And leave the sheaf behind.

And wherefore is this pleasant field
 From seeking thousands thus conceal'd,
 Who long to kiss its ground?
 Well may it thus be vainly sought,
 Since men, by Passion falsely taught,
 Look seldom where 'tis found.

Some seek it 'mid the golden plains,
 Where Wealth in monarch grandeur reigns,
 And each where to his eye
 The colours of the prospect yield
 The brightest scene for such a field,
 Enrich'd with such supply.

Mistaken souls! ye toil in vain,
 This happy sunny spot to gain,
 Appointed to so few!
 Some soaring minds too high will go,
 And others sink again too low,
 To catch the guiding clue.

Bless'd they who hold the middle way,
 Bind all their wishes there to stay,
 Content with what is given;
 Learn now what all in time must know,
 That "Virtue forms our bliss below;"
 And, tho' with tears on earth she sow,
 Shall reap with joy in Heaven.

Alton.

E. W****e.

MATTHEW XI. 28, 29, 30.

“Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”

HEARD ye not that cheering sound?

'Twas a soul-refreshing voice:

Ye, whom carnal chains have bound,

Hear! and at the word rejoice!

“Come, ye weary ones to me,

“You with burdens sore oppress’d:

“Come! and I will set you free:

“Come! and I will give you rest.”

Can ye hear this gracious call

In your ears inviting ring,

Suff’ring still the yoke to gall,

Nor to certain freedom spring?

Turn, ye laden trav’lers! turn

To that hospitable place,

Where Messiah bids you learn

Lessons in his school of grace!

Slaves no more to sin and fear,

All who learn of him are free,

Find his burden light to bear,

And his yoke true liberty.

Alton.

E. W****G.

CHILDHOOD.

DAYS of my early youth, farewell for ever!

Sports of my childhood, blissful scenes, adieu!

Swift have ye fled; and Time, alas! shall never

Your dear unsullied charms for me renew.

Farewell, ye soft delights of peaceful leisure,
 Ye rosy moments, and ye dulcet hours,
 When gentle Hope and fond bewitching Pleasure
 Strew'd o'er the path of life their choicest flow'rs !
 Ah ! never more, save when, my thoughts beguiling,
 Delusive Fancy gives me back to thee,
 Wilt thou, sweet Childhood ! innocently smiling,
 Pour the bright sunshine of thy joys on me :
 Clos'd are thy fairy scenes ; and rip'ning years
 Have taught this breast to sigh, and fill'd these eyes with
 tears !

May 1, 1810.

W. C**E.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

“ 'Tis now the dead of night,” and I will go
 To where the brook, soft murm'ring, glides along
 In the still wood : yet does the plaintive song
 Of Philomela thro' the welkin flow :
 And, while pale Cynthia carelessly doth throw
 Her dewy beams the verdant boughs among,
 Will sit beneath some spreading oak-tree stroug,
 And intermingle with the stream my wo.
 Hush'd in deep silence is the wayward breeze ;
 No mortal breath disturbs the awful gloom ;
 Cold chilling dew-drops trickle down the trees,
 And ev'ry flow'r withholds its chaste perfume !
 'Tis Sorrow leads me to that sacred ground,
 Where Henry moulders in a sleep profound !

J. G.

The Author.

IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE'S "SCHOOLMISTRESS."

I.

AH me! how doth my heart in pity melt,
 Whene'er I think on that neglected train,
 Whose worth dull Ignorance has never felt,
 But treats with cruel slight and proud disdain,
 Reckless of those whom thus he dooms to pain!
 Lend me thine aid, Apollo! let my verse
 Their suff'rings tell, whose genius toils in vain;
 Who feel chill Penury, with ev'ry curse
 Which can the man betide that owns an empty purse.

II.

In many a garret, roof'd with shatter'd tile,
 Involv'd in smoke, and scarcely seen below,
 There lives, in threadbare garb, and lowly style,
 A wretched wight, whose looks his calling show!
 An author he—whom printers' devils know;—
 They grieve him sore, while, on proof-sheet intent,
 Urg'd by the pow'r of hunger, (clam'rous foe!)
 He oft doth give his passion sudden vent,
 And with vile names abuse the caitiff who them sent.

III.

Full in his sight a bay it's head did rear,
 Which nigh his window some kind hand had plac'd;
 Whilom a wither'd stump it did appear,
 Tho' now with full luxuriant foliage grac'd:
 And when his future eminence he trac'd,
 When Hope the fond idea brought to view
 Of wealth and fame, to be by him embrac'd,
 Still, as he look'd, he found his ardour grew,
 And shap'd it into wreaths, and kindled at the view.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not may believe)
 A lambent vapour o'er a marshy ground ;
 How some poor traveller it doth deceive,
 And lead him far from home, a weary round,
 While with false hopes his heart doth oft rebound.
 Sad disappointment ! May such fearful chance
 No gentle pilgrim's senses e'er confound ;
 Ne Superstition's pow'r his mind entrance,
 Ne Fancy's magic dream mislead in airy dance.

V.

Near to his room there stands a closet dark,
 Where spiders do their industry display,
 And on his door the milkman leaves a mark,
 Lest smaller sums he should forget to pay,
 Eager perdie t' escape the reck'ning day.
 The sounds uncouth, which do from hence arise,
 Our author's hiding-place full oft betray,
 Where, lo ! he trembling sits, in haggard guise,
 And with a fearful stare the op'ning door he eyes.

VI.

His cap, once blacker than the raven's wing,
 To dust and age compell'd, alas ! to yield ;
 His vest, with snuff begrim'd ; (a filthy thing !)
 From sight his linen's dingy hue conceal'd ;
 And 'twixt his bony fingers he doth wield
 A grey-goose quill :—with serious thoughts oppress'd,
 With sad forebodings of the future fill'd,
 And sore perplex'd, he seems ; as one possess'd,
 And mainly anxious how t' express his thoughts the best.

VII.

Who but has heard, conven'd in noisy sort,
 The clam'rous sons of the mechanic train—
 Smiths, cobblers, tailors ? Mischievous their sport,
 When potent liquor fires the giddy brain,

And turbulent Misrule assumes the rein :
 And, if to wild Imagination's pow'r
 The author yield, how can he hope to gain
 The meed of praise, which, like a vernal show'r,
 His drooping spirit cheers, oppress'd in gloomy hour ?

VIII.

A rusty gown was o'er his shoulders cast ;
 So tatter'd, scarce it fenc'd the nipping air :
 'Twas purple damask when the loom it past ;
 And, tho' of threads become exceeding bare,
 Yet did its master deem it passing rare :
 And sooth to say, if age demand respect,
 Then might it challenge reverence, and dare
 Comparison with garments erst that deck'd
 The form of ancient sage, of the most rigid sect.

IX.

Albeit no flatt'ry did his pen debase,
 Ne pomp allur'd him with a glitt'ring show ;
 Of prince or minister scarce saw the face,
 Nor at their levee e'er was seen, I trow ;
 Yet rank he honour'd—ne'er of Kings the foe—
 " Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,"
 Who to high birth and merit would not bow ;
 For no man in exalted sphere may move,
 But Envy him more hate will raise than Merit love.

X.

One book he chiefly took delight to read ;
 It was the " Art of Poetry" by name ;
 Whence, ever and anon, he would proceed
 To note such rules as might attention claim,
 And aid him to acquire poetic fame :
 And if, perchance, in journal old he found
 Fragment of verse, he would transcribe the same ;
 For beauties oft-times in such scraps abound,
 Scarce e'en surpass'd in works of poets most renown'd.

XI.

Verse he well knew, and would with rapture tell
 Of tuneful Bards, who “ drank Castalian dew ;”
 Rejoicing on poetic themes to dwell—
 Themes still delightful, themes for ever new—
 Tho’ unenjoy’d, save by a chosen few.
 Lo! Epic stalks, in lofty flowing rhyme,
 And Tragedy in garb of sable hue ;
 The comic Muse, unus’d to flights sublime,
 Who still with jocund mirth beguiles away the time.

XII.

Then Elegy, with melancholy strains,
 Which gives deep sorrow ample room to flow ;
 And pungent Satire, which to spare disdains ;
 And Sonnet soft, denoting lover’s wo ;
 And Pastoral, which shepherd’s life doth show ;
 And Odes Pindaric, which, preserv’d with care,
 Shall be erewhile in splendid volumes bound,
 To range amid the student’s books so fair,
 And decorate his shelves with gilding mickle rare ;—

XIII.

Facetious Epigram, that might have grac’d
 The table of the most convivial Peer ;
 If, ’mid the throng at that gay banquet plac’d,
 Our humble Bard had ever dar’d t’ appear,
 And might his wit display, unaw’d by fear :
 Oh ! halcyon days ! oh ! joys he ne’er could tell !
 For ever banish’d from that lofty sphere,
 He sought obscurity in humble cell,
 Nor ever had he wish with Thane or Lord to dwell.

XIV.

Oft would the Bard, on Winter’s frosty eve,
 Compose such strains as hawkers do repeat :
 If Summer ’twere, his garret he would leave,
 And woo the Muse in some sequester’d seat :

Then might you hear him sing, in language sweet,
 How Tityrus, beneath the beechen shade
 (While from the foe his countrymen retreat),
 At ease reclin'd, his rustic music play'd,
 And with the cheerful sound made vocal ev'ry glade.

XV.

For he was learn'd, and friend to ancient lore,
 And pass'd much time in reading authors old ;
 And to unheeding ears would oft deplore
 The times which former chronicles unfold,
 When Ignorance did men in fetters hold,
 And Learning's treasures to a few were known
 (In dark obscurity conceal'd, like gold),
 Nor to the world in all their splendour shone ;
 Then would he pray such days might never be his own.

XVI.

On wooden seat (such as in antique hall
 Is seen, by knife of wanton boy defac'd,
 Whereon, when bell to dinner him did call,
 The venerable Seneschal was plac'd)
 Our author sat ;—such books his table grac'd
 As prove the bane of authors or their pride,
 Reviews yclep'd ;—those ordeals he had pass'd,
 And caution'd was not lightly to deride,
 But faults of brother wits in charity to hide.

XVII.

Right well he knew each critic to descry ;
 T' appease the stern, the candid to engage :
 Some with vile flattery exalt on high,
 And some allure with stratagems right sage ;
 With other some defensive war to wage :
 For he the critics' pow'r in check did hold,
 Who tow'rd such authors shew despotic rage
 As have their freedom to the printer sold,
 And, in base servile state, write aught for sordid gold.

XVIII.

Lo! the Review is issued thro' the land;
 Eftsoons to read it authors do repair:
 The books of stature small they take in hand,
 Which, with a wrapper blue, secured are,
 To save from injury the title fair.
 The type so small, which on their back is seen,
 Some publication new doth oft declare,
 From which thilk wight that has a gazing been
 Kens the forthcoming work will soon appear, I ween.

XIX.

Ah, luckless he! born surely 'neath the beam
 Of star malign; it grieves me to recite;
 As erst the Bard * near fair Sabrina's stream,
 When he recounted infants' doleful plight,
 Wept at their woes, and did with grief indite;
 For, opening the book, he doth begin
 To cut the leaves (once work of much delight);
 Long grows his face, extended is his chin,
 With beard rough as the coat of angry porcupin!

XX.

Oh, rueful sight! victim of critic rage!
 This author doth in utmost peril see
 His fav'rite work: how doth he eye the page
 In which his fame and fortune slaughter'd be?
 He meditates how he may set them free;
 Nor gentle Pity would his foe deny
 (If Pity with reviewers did agree)
 To his dismay, that low'rs in either eye,
 And him oppresseth sore, that he could wish to die.

XXI.

No longer can he now his wrath command;
 And hardly he forbears, replete with ire,
 To rushen forth, and, with revengeful hand,
 On critic foe to wreak resentment dire.

* Shenstone.

On thee he calls, Phæbus ! his patron sire ;
 (Unheedful now of wretched authors' wo ;)
 He knows no friend whose aid he can require ;
 And soon his rage in oaths begins to flow,
 With eyeballs glaring wild, and cheeks of fiery glow.

XXII.

But, ah ! what pen his anger can display ?
 Or what device his wrathful looks explain ?
 The grin that doth his inward rage betray ?
 The frown severe, that well denotes his pain ?
 The visage mark'd with sadness and disdain ?
 While he, with frequent stamp, the floor doth pace,
 Ne careth aught for friend or worldly gain ;
 Or when he thinketh on his dire disgrace,
 And to o'erwhelming spleen " all passions then give
 place."

XXIII.

His brother authors, seiz'd with sore dismay,
 Attentive con their works with mickle care ;
 By his example warn'd, each line survey,
 And from th' effects of critic wrath beware,
 Dreading, I wis, lest they the same may share ;
 Till, oft revis'd, each work becomes complete ;
 And to the well-known printer they repair,
 Whence with enliv'ning hope they come elate,
 And cheer'd with prospect fair of more propitious fate.

XXIV.

See to their homes they hie, in merry glee,
 And fill'd with pleasant musings sitten there ;
 All but the wight by critic galled ; he
 Abhorreth home, and all his comforts there ;
 (This hand on forehead plac'd, that rends the air ;)
 And eke with sighs profound, and heaving breast,
 And execrations dreadful, does declare
 His grievous fate, by injuries opprest,
 And scorns all thoughts of peace, while wrongs are un-
 redress'd.

XXV.

His face, convuls'd, with furious passion glows—
 His manly face, that seems an angry sky,
 Which o'er the earth its low'ring aspect shows,
 All black with clouds that bode the tempest nigh;
 (Oh! the poor caitiff's cruel destiny!)
 All, all but he, who caus'd the dire affray,
 All, all but he, regard it with a sigh;
 Yet hence the author, hence the heav'ns display,
 If so I justly deem, a more resplendent day.

XXVI.

Beside the fire, enwrapt in doleful thought,
 Heedless of food, the wretched wight reclines;
 Nor careth he for books, or converse aught,
 But to sad melancholy all resigns,
 And deems it wrong if he to mirth inclines;
 And from his breast a sigh will oftentimes vent,
 Whence short relief that breast oppressed finds;
 And still, as on his foe his thoughts are bent,
 The more doth he resolve his haviour to resent.

XXVII.

Alas! how doth it seem like love of fame;
 But, if it that should be which thus doth move,
 Be cautious, critics! nor incur the blame
 Of quenching what to raise would best behave:
 Far greater friends would ye to learning prove,
 Such means to use as urge th' aspiring mind;
 The soul sublime, that soars the earth above,
 Like Newton's daring genius, more inclin'd
 To range amid the spheres than mingle with mankind.

XXVIII.

For, nurs'd with care, what brilliant talents shine!
 E'en now doth Memory to view display
 How long obscure did "rare Ben Jonson" pine,
 And Otway, cherish'd by "no fost'ring ray!"

Oh ! hard their fate if Pen'ry can dismay
 Such minds as look for fame that ne'er shall die !
 Thus once they crept along the letter'd way,
 Not weeting how their Muse should mount on high,—
 They hop'd, poor scribbling elves, some patron to descry.

XXIX.

And then, perhaps, would Censure (cruel foe !)
 Low lay the fabric which their hope did build :
 Such is the course of rigid fate below,
 And many a poet to its force must yield,
 And many an author cease the pen to wield ;
 Or, sour'd by critics, to a cynic turn ;
 Like him who now, by spleenful passions fill'd,
 Surveys my parody, and, frowning stern,
 Cries " all such trash as this should with waste paper
 burn."

XXX.

But some there are t' whom Phœbus gives his aid,
 And to their wit unbars the prison-door ;
 Then, as a rushing torrent doth invade,
 And all the grassy level cover o'er
 With boist'rous rage and overwhelming roar,
 So thousand ways doth wand'ring Genius move ;
 (Heav'n shield the brain from phrensy, I implore ;)
 For well may Wit, when thus uncurb'd it rove,
 Appear to thoughtless elf more dangerous than Love.

XXXI.

Enjoy, poor Bards ! enjoy your sportive Muse,
 And chase dull Care with gay poetic flow'rs ;
 For, when my pen I can no longer use,
 Still may ye blithsome waste your careless hours
 " In knightly castles, and in ladies' bow'rs !"
 O, vain to seek delight in such abodes,
 But chief in palaces, when Envy low'rs !
 Deluded poet ! who writes servile odes
 Beneath the pompous dome of such terrestrial gods !

XXXII.

See in each Bard what varied tastes appear :—
 These in wild strains compose romantic lay ;
 Those, glancing at the age an eye severe,
 Attack with satire all that cross their way :
 Some pamphlets write that scarce outlive the day :
 Some to the magazines assistance lend,
 With verses smooth, that Love's soft pains display ;
 Think to the publisher's abode do wend,
 In hopes of ample sum for all that they have penn'd.

XXXIII.

Here, as each author adds to Learning's store,
 Each author's works in order ranged been ;
 Some with gilt leaves, and Russia cover'd o'er,
 Galling full sore the student poor, are seen ;
 And others deck'd in colours blue or green :
 And here of worth renown'd the classics stand ;
 Fine books ! of sterling merit too, I ween :
 O ! by no wight of Learning's favour'd band
 May such unequal'd works be ever slightly scann'd.

XXXIV.

See poems here in splendid volumes bound,
 The wire-wove paper, and the margin wide,
 Where type and vignette highly wrought are found,
 With tempting look to draw their eyes aside
 Who dare not buy lest penury betide :
 Here law-reports appear in homely brown ;
 And here each month do all those works * abide,
 Whose writers' names to Fame are seldom known,
 Tho' far and wide they spread Britannia's high renown.

XXXV.

Admir'd Britannia ! that, with conscious pride,
 Eyes her fair form in Neptune's circling wave ;
 Fam'd for her navies, that unconquer'd ride,—
 For females lovely, and for heroes brave !

* Magazines, &c. &c.

Ah ! 'mid the rest, may tears bedew his grave
 Whom gen'rous ardour prompted first to raise
 A fund, that Learning's sons might shield and save
 From cheerless want !—Oh ! may the meed of praise
 Such noble deeds call forth—live in each poet's lays !
 E. E. S.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 19.]

Now Silence broods o'er all the scene,
 And darkness shrouds the charnel-green,
 Where Death erects his throne !
 The clash of arms—the cannon's roar—
 The trumpet's furious blast—no more }
 Evoke the troops from yonder shore,
 Or drown the lab'ring moan !
 Mute is the busy tongue of him
 Who drove Ambition's fiery car
 Where Slaughter, with a daring hand,
 Sustain'd her hell-wrought brimstone brand
 O'er many a reeking limb !
 While thro' the skies the burning star
 Of Desolation rush'd along,
 Sweeping the midnight clouds afar,
 Till Mercy, with her sweet guitar
 And peace-inspiring song,
 Charm'd the dark spirit from its foul pursuit,
 And bade it shroud its form ; and bade its tongue be
 mute !
 No more the drum's impressive note
 Is heard along the woods to float,
 Or shake the weeping skies ;
 Ceas'd has the battle's furious heat,
 And Austria now, in full retreat,
 Before the victor flies !

Scarce heard, beneath the wings of Night,
 While clouds invest the shudd'ring Moon,
 They steal from Gallia's eagle sight,
 Nor dare a thought commune !
 The warrior's noblest schemes recoil ;
 The tongue is fill'd with shame ;
 While, from the circumjacent soil,
 The syren voice of Fame
 Cries " Charles ! on thee thy country's cause,
 " Her rights, her dear and envy'd laws,
 " And all that's great, depend !
 " Raise, raise the glorious flag again,
 " Rush on the tyrant-foe of Spain,
 " And be the nation's friend !"
 'Tis all in vain ! for, ere the sky
 Shall feel the kindling heat of morn,
 Ere yet the burnish'd clouds shall fly,
 Or Twilight of her charms be shorn,
 The warrior's potent lance shall glow
 With crimson, gain'd by many a blow,
 Where Havoc on the former day
 Triumphant led her awful way,
 And crush'd th' aspiring foe !
 The drum itself has ceas'd to sound,
 And ev'ry bugle sleeps ;
 No watchful post marks out the ground
 Where France her vigil keeps :
 Their pennons, flapping to the gale,
 Beat the dull march of dire distress ;
 While boding spirits round them sail,
 And woful truths express.
 Swift to Bohemia's dark confines
 They urge their weary way ;
 From wood to wood the broken lines
 Still shun th' approach of day !

But shall their utmost speed outrun
Ambition's fierce and winged son?
No! on their drooping arms shall fall
The tenfold rage of madd'ning Gaul!
The fields be strew'd with Austrian bones,
And the skies tremble with departing groans!
Yes, ere the monarch of the fruitful east
Inflames the world with his resplendent car,
Napoleon, musing on the gory feast,
Shall rouse his thund'ring pow'rs to war!
For what can still the boist'rous soul,
Whose deeds the trembling world amaze,
Whose genius rides from pole to pole,
Far swifter than the lightning-blaze?
He's like to Etna when she bursts,
Hurling her fiery waves amain;
Like her for wider scope he thirsts,
Nor thirsts in vain!
For, in the tempest of his ire,
He sends annihilation far;
Sees Nature's loveliest race expire,
Beneath the dragons of his iron car!
Mercy in vain prefers her pray'rs;
Around the world Destruction glares!
In vain she calls,—in vain she sighs,—
Still driving o'er her ravish'd charms,
“Advance!” the desp'rate warrior cries,
“The foe retreats! to arms! to arms!”
Where the battle's fiercely raging,
Clouds of smoke deface the sky!
There the horse the van engaging,
Swell the mighty conflict high!
Mangled corpses shroud the plain,
On ev'ry side the trophies fall!
Hurling his chariot o'er the slain,
Behold the ruthless Pow'r of Gaul!

But see where Death, behind him smiling,
 Stalks across the smoking scene,
 Surveys the troops their comrades piling
 Over half the neighb'ring green.
 Hark ! hark ! the charging cannons rattle,
 Fierce and low'ring grows the fight ;
 Around the plain the lightning battle
 Sweeps the brave to endless night !
 Dark spirits ride the misty air,
 Beneath the meteor's vivid glare ;
 Their pennons hurrying thro' the sky,
 Transport the victor's scowling eye ;
 For now he reads, with joy elate,
 The firm decrees of tardy Fate,—
 The fall of Spain, whose patriot sons discard
 The threat'ning wrath of his victorious sword !

Oh, list ! from yonder flaming field
 The shrieks of trampled warriors rise !
 There dauntless Worth is forc'd to yield
 Before the crafty vet'ran's shield,
 And close his bleeding eyes.
 For many a league the battle howls,
 The jav'lins fly—the tempest scowls—
 And all the air's on fire !
 The red artill'ry o'er the plain
 From right to left now pours again
 Its aggregated ire !

Oh, Mercy ! 'tis in vain to pray ;
 Thou can'st not quell the dark affray ;
 For now on ev'ry side shall France
 Behold her daring sons advance !
 From field to field—from height to height—
 Beneath the Sun's meridian light,
 Swords commingling, bay'nets bright,

Clash, while Desperation sings—
 “ On Enzer’s plain the Austrian crest
 “ No more shall rear its flaming breast,
 “ Or stretch its daring wings !”

Touch’d by Gaul’s immortal spirit,
 Charles I thy vast intrenchments fail ;
 Her crafty bands thy toil inherit,
 And o’er thy mightiest schemes prevail !
 Yes ! her frantic legions cry,
 “ Advance my sons ! the war runs high !
 “ The flood of Fortune sweeps the plain,
 “ Dy’d with the crimson of the slain !
 “ These works, which forty days of trouble
 “ To their noblest climax brought,
 “ Like an unsubstantial bubble,
 “ Broken, now avail them nought.”

Grafton-street, May, 1810.

J. G.

[*To be continued.*]

EPISTLE TO W. S—T, ESQ.

FRIEND of my youth, my patron, and my guide !
 (By wealth unbiass’d, and unhurt by pride,)
 Who in Life’s various day wast taught to know
 That Virtue still may conquer human wo,
 Accept the verse that Gratitude inspires,—
 ’Tis Friendship’s voice awakes the Muse’s fires,—
 To all thy worth this humble tribute pays,
 And loves the object she delights to praise.

Long has it been my happiness to share
 Thy kind attention, thy paternal care ;
 Long hast thou urg’d thy principles of truth,
 To curb the follies of unguarded youth :

Each vice to check, each foible to restrain,
Whate'er was base, impertinent, and vain.

Still may thy care my wand'ring steps attend,
Nor let me lose the censor in the friend ;
Still may thy precepts equal force impart,
Rule all my deeds, and regulate my heart.
When lawless Pleasure, with resistless sway,
From Reason's light allures my mind away,
O ! be it thine to check the rising ill,
Direct my footsteps, and control my will ;
Teach me whate'er is sordid to disown,
And make my heart as perfect as thine own !

If adverse Fortune damp my early years,
Or bright Prosperity the prospect cheers,
Still may my soul (to Honour's dictates just)
Like thine be firm, and zealous of her trust :—
For naught shall e'er the good man's steps appal,
Tho' Vice triumphant reign the lord of all ;
And conscious Virtue teach us to deride
The frown of Envy, and the scoff of Pride.

How bless'd is he whose sympathetic mind
Embraces all the welfare of mankind ;
Whose ear will turn to Sorrow's feeble cry,
Gives tear for tear, and answers sigh for sigh :
Who, bless'd with all that Fortune can impart,
Relieves distress, and binds the broken heart :
Eternal blessings shall his steps attend,
The orphan's patron, and the widow's friend :
Death shall to him a glorious triumph bring,—
No pangs shall torture, nor no guilt shall sting :
Calm and serene he meets the trying hour,—
Death seems to smile, and loses half his pow'r :
Hope in his soul her hallow'd temple rears,—
Celestial music breaks upon his ears,—

Till the rapt soul with holy transport sings,
 Mounts to the skies on wide-expanded wings,—
 Bursts from her later bonds of earthly clay,
 And soars to regions of eternal day.

Learn hence to know how frail is human good—
 How oft misus'd, how seldom understood ;
 Nor wealth nor pow'r was ever found to save
 Weak mortal man one moment from the grave :
 Let Virtue then all meaner wants supply,
 Direct our steps, and teach us how to die ;
 While the sad tomb, a monument of fame,
 That 'shrines the ashes, shall preserve the name.

Hail, lovely Virtue ! ever-honour'd guest !
 Friend to mankind, thrice welcome to my breast !
 With thee Content, ethereal goddess ! bring,
 And Health, that blossoms in eternal spring :
 Peace shall attend thy never-varying way,
 And shine a star of everlasting day !
 Thou first great source of universal joy,
 Wealth cannot give nor Poverty destroy,
 Whether thou lov'st in cities to reside,
 Or nut-brown vales—the shepherd's humbler pride ;
 Whether thy form (by virgin meekness known)
 Adorns the peasant's cottage or the throne ;
 Still shall the Muse bestow her willing aid,
 Seek thy recess, and haunt thy silent shade ;
 Dwell with thee there, nor blush to once be seen
 Where humble Virtue dignifies the scene.

When ills surround thee in this world of care,
 O'erwhelm thy reason, and invite despair ;
 When Heav'n appears to point its vengeful dart,
 To wring the soul, and agonize the heart ;
 Trust in that Pow'r, whose wisdom never strays,
 Thy faith to strengthen, and thy hopes to raise ;

Who heals the sick, who calms the troubled mind,
Who fills the hungry, and who leads the blind.

Friend of my youth ! may ev'ry joy be thine,
Each social blessing cheer thy life's decline !
May all that's pleasing ev'ry hour engage,
To smooth the prospect of declining age !
And, when the toils of anxious life are past,
May Hope, on Virtue fix'd, support thy last !

G—E D—N—L.

ON EDUCATION.

THE steed, whose spirit all restraint disdains,
Who, young and wanton, quits his native plains,
An early victim to his rashness dies—
Lo ! thro' his veins the serpent's venom flies,
As unsuspecting o'er the flow'ry meads
He playful gambols, or at leisure feeds ;
Or as, when, tir'd with sport, he seeks to lave
His shining sides, and part the limpid wave,
See from yon copse the thirsty tiger spring ;
The courser's cries make hills and valleys ring !
Or if the tiger's vengeance he defeat,
And, to avoid the sun's all-scorching heat,
He seeks refreshment in the shady wood,
The lion sees, and drinks his sable blood :
But, had the youthful courser own'd man's pow'r,
Secure and happy had pass'd ev'ry hour :
Thus too the mind, the heart, of ev'ry youth,
Unless by Virtue rear'd, and taught by Truth,
Without a guide or kind protection strays
O'er Pleasure's paths, and Sin's enchanting ways.
Whilst rapt'rous joys are on his fancy shed,
Her web Destruction weaves around his head ;

He seeks to drown in dark Oblivion's deep
 Heart-racking thoughts, and hush his soul to sleep;
 But wild carousings more impair his peace,—
 His terrors heighten, all his crimes increase:
 In vain he tries, amid Retirement's shade,
 To sooth his cares and hide his guilty head;
 For Gloom and Solitude to view must bring
 In black array each crime, and point the sting
 Of conscience, inly gnawing, till Despair
 Feeds on the fallen soul oppress'd with care.
 With frantic rage he grasps the murd'rous knife,
 Rashly resolv'd to end a sinful life;
 Nor fears the wretch to dare th' uplifted rod,
 And rush unsummon'd to the throne of God!
 Lo! the young plant train'd up and nurs'd with care,
 It shoots in beauty—grows divinely fair;
 To Sol's bright beam it opes its roseate bloom,
 And to the sportive zephyr breathes perfume.
 When mellowing Autumn o'er the earth bears sway,
 It spreads its beauties to the rip'ning day;
 Abundant riches all its virtues crown,
 And juicy treasures nearly weigh it down.
 E'en when assail'd by Winter's chilling blast,
 When verdure, fragrance, beauty, all have pass'd,
 Still fond Remembrance all its worth retains,
 And men, for what it was, admire what now remains.

Can books, can learning, such rewards bestow?
 From whence will streams thus pure and copious flow?
 Yes; books can mark fair Virtue's race divine,
 And in her loveliest garments bid her shine.
 Ah! bless'd is he, who in his tender youth
 Was train'd to virtue and the love of truth;
 Who courted Science when his mind was young,
 Nor from his sight th' instructive pages flung;
 Who strove to gain a great and deathless name,
 And nobly dar'd t' ascend the mount of Fame.

What tho' th' ascent be rugged or remote,
 Tho' on the way thick mists or clouds may float,
 If thou, fair Industry! thine aid wilt lend,
 The path we gain, the rocky steep ascend;
 Each limb is strengthen'd, every nerve is brac'd,
 And future dangers can be boldly fac'd:
 Man's native Genius, ever by his side,
 Points out the way, and acts his faithful guide;
 And, as they onward with firm vigour press,
 The prospect brightens, and the steep grows less.
 Each lovely Virtue and each smiling Grace,
 A happy band! attend his eager pace;
 Their heav'nly presence throws a glory round,
 And at their magic tread the sacred ground
 Luxuriant Nature's choicest beauty sheds,
 And smiling flow'rets rear their fragrant heads.
 The summit gain'd in majesty and light,
 Fame's radiant temple bursts upon the sight;
 The heav'nly band give conduct to the place,
 And seat th' aspiring youth among th' immortal race.
C.

REFLECTIONS OF YOUTH,
 WRITTEN, UNDER THE DESPONDENCY OF ILLNESS,
 TO A FRIEND.

Oui, j'aime à demeurer dans ces paisibles lieux;
 On n'y découvre rien qui n'enchanter les yeux,
 Et de tous nos palais la sçavante structure
 Cède aux simples beautés qu'y forme la Nature.
 Ces arbres, ces rochers, cette eau, ces gazons frais
 Ont pour moi des appas à ne laisser jamais.

La Princesse D'Elide.—MOLIERE.

DEAR scenes of youth! scenes nearest to my heart!
 And must I bid you then a long adieu?
 Yes, cruel Fate ordains that we must part,
 And veils the fading vision from my view.

Since Sheriffe's walls first broke upon my sight,
 How many months their silent course have roll'd !
 How oft my tears have hail'd the ling'ring night !
 How oft my heart has ach'd with cares untold !

Dim as the fev'rish visions of Despair
 Is each past scene, *then* bright with future bliss :
 Now gauntly stalks grim-visag'd hopeless Care ;
 Then Pleasure reign'd—nor fear'd an hour like this.

Oh ! seldom dreads the careless mind of youth
 The shrouded phantom of a future hour !
 Full seldom heeds the warning voice of Truth,
 Nor thinks that lurking fiends and tempests low'r.

Yet deem not this the mockery of Wo,
 Nor shun the sable majesty of Grief ;
 Let not Distrust quench Pity's genial flow,
 Nor scorn to give one struggling sigh relief.

How swift the unseen progress of the mind !
 Air, earth, and seas, her mystic spell obey ;
 Now fondly she recalls friends left behind,
 Now woos the embryo sylphs of brighter day.

Sublimely tow'ring in monastic pride,
 Methinks I see the Gothic mansion rise ;
 Lo ! hoary Time deplores his pow'r defy'd,
 And views her turrets melt in distant skies.

Say, do *some few* still think with kind regret
 On one embark'd on Life's tumultuous deep ?
 Perhaps (nor vain the wish) one lingers yet,
 Whose heart forbids all former days to sleep.

Perchance, when Time has swept his destin'd way,
 And to years past a mellower tint shall lend,
Some few, still dear, on some auspicious day,
 Shall greet in Sheriffe's walls an absent friend.

MORNO.

LOVE-ELEGIES.

Ich habe dich
Mit mehr als mütterlicher Zärtlichkeit
Vom ersten Augenblick geliebt.

WIELAND.

TO LOUISA:

No. I.

STILL art thou deaf to my impassion'd sighs,
To the sad numbers of my plaintive song?
Still must the glances of those heav'nly eyes
Distract my hopes, and ev'ry pang prolong?

Cease! cease to wound me with those scornful looks,
And learn to pity rather than condemn
The faithful donor of those valued books,
The splendid transcripts of ingenious men.

Canst thou forget th' encomiums on my sense,
The sweet eulogium on my boyish lyre?
Say, canst thou hope, by this contriv'd suspense,
To damp the ardour of Affection's fire?

Reflect, Louisa! while the chords complain,
And hear the language of a soul sincere;
Of such as loving, lov'd by thine again,
Might add delight to each revolving year!

Twelve tedious months the pond'rous chain I've borne,
Envelop'd now with unavailing tears;
And am I yet the victim of thy scorn,
Of public laughter and domestic sneers?

Have I not roam'd where'er thy genius led,
At noon, at eve, and by the moony light?
Have not my feet with meteor ardour sped,
To yield thy soul each rational delight?

When Death was hov'ring o'er my nerveless frame—
 When ev'ry hope and ev'ry pleasure flew—
 When Heav'n had dimm'd the Heliconian flame,
 My heart remain'd unalterably true.

When the cold sweat in frightful currents flow'd
 Down the pale channels of my ghastly cheek,
 To thee my fervid blessings were bestow'd,
 As far as mortal could presume to speak.

Then too I ponder'd on religious themes;
 Explain'd each doubtful, each precarious, part;
 And, scorning Life's sophisticated dreams,
 Implor'd the skies to meliorate thy heart.

These I perform'd with unremitting care,
 But, ah! how sadly is my toil repaid!
 Alone I roam, the victim of Despair,
 Thro' the dark woodland's melancholy shade!

But let the recollection of the past
 Favour the passion thou hast scorn'd so long;
 Reflect that youth will not for ever last,
 Nor the smooth numbers of my plaintive song!

 No. II.

GENIUS at length has given me a crown
 Of various flowers, to adorn my head;
 But, ah! 'twas given when my love had flown,
 When all her charms were shrouded with the dead.

Yet will I cherish the delusive art,
 And still at eve my fav'rite vigil keep;
 For, since the gay no pleasure can impart,
 'Tis holy joy with Sympathy to weep.

How bless'd are they who never heard the strain
 That Fancy warbles thro' the mournful grove!
 Who ne'er were taught of Fortune to complain,
 Or feel the pangs of disappointed love!

Let them be bless'd ! and, whatso'er my lot,
 I'll brave misfortune with a brow serene ;
 Save when I muse on some deserted spot,
 Where oft our walks of innocence have been.

To mark the brook wind carelessly along,
 To view the herd across the meadows stray,
 And list at eve to Philomela's song,
 May smooth Octavian's ever-upland way.

Still will I wander to the mould'ring stone
 That bears the traces of Ophelia's name ;
 Still thro' the woodland-solititudes, alone,
 To the pale moon my wretchedness proclaim.

How oft together, ere the sun withdrew,
 We lay enamour'd near yon awful grot !
 How oft we ponder'd on the distant view,
 The winding river and the rural cot.

But there no more Ophelia shall resort,
 To shun the Summer's penetrating heat ;
 No more thro' yonder valley shall she sport,
 Or in the woods her lov'd Octavian meet !

Low under ground those virtuous cheeks decay,
 Where once the hues of roseate health appear'd !
 Dim are those eyes that once eclips'd the day,
 By Friendship honour'd, and by Love rever'd.

Yet 'tis sublime, with an unruffled eye,
 To muse upon the features of the past ;
 To hear the voice of Virtue, from on high,
 Proclaim—our love eternally shall last !

Grafton-street, May, 1810.

J. G.

SONNETS.

THE ADMONITION.

PAUSE, Wand'rer ! pause, ere thou presume to move
 Thy lawless feet along these flow'ry ways;
 For here at eve Ophelia's spirit strays,
 To hear the moanings of the turtle-dove !
 Calmly reflect that these sequester'd walks
 Will then re-echo with unseemly sound,
 While lorn Octavian takes his lonely round,
 Communing with the spirit as it stalks !
 But if thy bosom ever felt the glow
 By which the soul in tenderness dissolves,
 Go onward, Wand'rer ! to the house of wo,
 Where Death enthron'd mysterious Nature solves !
 Pursue this path ! 'twill lead thee to the shade,
 Where lie the relics of th' immortal maid !

APPROACH with awe this unemblazon'd tomb,
 For Beauty's self its marble sides infold,
 Here fade those cheeks that glow'd with hallow'd bloom,
 Lost to my sight, insensible and cold !
 On those soft cheeks the genuine kiss I've press'd,
 While Nature spurn'd fastidious control ;
 And yet those cheeks have innocence confess'd,
 Have kindled nobler virtues in my soul !
 But, ah ! the recollection of those joys
 For ever troubles this distracted head ;
 My sorrowing heart unceasingly annoys,
 And bids me seek the mansion of the dead :
 Yet, while I ponder on this sacred shade,
 Louisa's charms my flutt'ring soul invade.

HAIL, solemn haunts ! hail ever-tranquil bow'rs !
 Where I, at eve, the sweet Ophelia sought,
 Where oft we saw the sober-featur'd Hours
 Glide o'er the scenes by plastic Fancy wrought !

Hail, solemn haunts ! where I enraptur'd caught
 My sweetest girl, and press'd her to my cheek !
 And where, thank Heav'n ! my youthful tongue was
 taught

The noblest language of the soul to speak !
 O ! how I love to ponder on thy charms,
 To think on days irrevocably fled,—
 Those happy days, when, wrapp'd in silken arms,
 Her bosom form'd the pillow of my bed !
 But the recurrence can no bliss bestow
 That is not tarnish'd with funereal wo.

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

SONG.

SAY if from love those tears arise ?
 Which bathe my blushing cheek ?
 Say if those gently-swelling eyes
 Some tender lover seek ?
 If trembling at the slightest sound,
 Tho' scarce an aspen moves ;
 If Mirth's gay smile inflict a wound,
 My heart too surely loves.
 If, at a voice, joy, hope, surprise,
 My varying passions trace ;
 If at a touch the colour flies
 My half-averted face ;
 If at a name some soft alarm
 A secret rapture proves,
 Unconscious of the dang'rous charm,
 My heart most truly loves.

V—

THE CROOKED STICK :

A LESSON TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

'Twas on that night when (as we're told
By wrinkled females sage and old)
Fell necromantic arts have pow'r,
At midnight's dreaded awful hour,
Spectres from dreary glooms to raise,
And rend the veil from future days,—
When round a lonely barley-mow
The trembling maidens hempseed sow,
And cautious look around, and see
A swain and scythe in ev'ry tree,—
When the pale damsel, with affright,
Watches the taper's waning light,
In its last twinkle, to discover
A shade that represents her lover ;
While each upon the spell she tries,
With palpitating faith relies ;—
'Twas on that night, when all was still,
(Save wint'ry winds that whistled shrill),
Three blooming sisters, young and fair,
A charm of wondrous pow'r prepare.
Their father's rural mansion stood
Deeply embosom'd in a wood ;
A lofty hill rose bold behind,
O'er whose rude brow, rock'd by the wind,
The ruins of a castle frown'd,
And spread a deeper horror round.
Thither with tott'ring steps they sped,
The screech-owl fitting o'er their head.
These charming sisters, young and pretty,
Were nam'd Susannah, Mary, Kitty ;
And each had oft in secret sigh'd,
To know if she should be a bride.

This most important truth to prove,
 And Fate's involving gloom remove,
 The magic circle's pow'r they try,
 And wave the hazel wand on high :
 Swift dart the gleams of lucid fire,
 With mutter'd words of import dire ;
 From 'midst the glare there rose a shade,
 Who thus address'd each trembling maid :—
 “ When you hear the early horn
 “ Arouse the echoes of the morn,
 “ Quit your downy couch, and move
 “ Swiftly to your native grove ;
 “ There, amid the various boughs,
 “ Take the fairest stick that grows :
 “ If your wand be tall and straight,
 “ Joy and happiness await ;
 “ Bright the youth with whom you'll share
 “ Each domestic joy or care ;
 “ But the wand you once refuse
 “ You never must return to choose ;
 “ Nor with eye retracive pore
 “ Upon the branches scorn'd before.
 “ Be not thoughtless, giddy, vain ;
 “ Choose a wand, nor choose again.”
 Down sank the sprite ; a hollow blast
 Shook the dark ruin as it pass'd :
 The trembling maids, with fear oppress'd,
 Return'd to terror-broken rest.
 The sun in sullen splendour rose,—
 A misty chaplet o'er his brows ;
 Swift to the grove, their fate to try,
 The anxious trio eager fly.
 Kitty, whose wild but winning face
 United rompish smiles with grace,
 Carelessly gay the branches view'd,
 And found one moderately good :—

" This for my choice," cry'd she, " I take;
 " Who further seeks, a worse may make !"
 Mary a little onward stray'd,—
 Each twig and bush with care survey'd :
 She saw a wand of comely height.
 Free from rude knots, and almost straight :—
 " Shall I," says she, " for one defect,
 " So fair a bough as this neglect ?
 " Let me but decent merit gain—
 " Who seeks perfection, seeks in vain."
 She paus'd—but, with a trembling hand,
 Cut from its parent tree the wand.
 Susannah sped, and look'd askance,
 Eyeing each twig with scornful glance;
 Till, quite confus'd, alone she stood
 By the last stick in all the wood !
 An ugly, crooked, scrambling brier,
 Fit only for a peasant's fire :
 No retrospective glance allow'd,
 She sigh'd, and own'd herself too proud :
 But that or none ; the die was cast ;
 She took the crooked stick at last.
 This moral learn, ye fair and gay,—
 Choose with *attention*—not *delay*.

H. F.—N.

 HYMN ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

LIGHTNINGS, flash ! roll, pealing thunder !
 Earthquakes, rock the trembling ground !
 Rise, ye dead ! with fear and wonder,—
 Listen to the awful sound.
 Lo ! now dawns the judgment morning,
 Last that e'er shall shine on earth ;
 Glory's rays, the East adorning,
 Usher in the second birth.

JESUS CHRIST, from Heav'n descending,
 Sits upon his dazzling throne;
Prophets, martyrs, saints, attending,
 With loud hymns their Sov'reign own.
Hark ! what hideous shrieks resounding
 From the wicked doom'd to hell !
Dark and sulph'rous flames, surrounding,
 In their dismal dungeons dwell.
Striking golden harps symphonious,
 Heav'n receives the ransom'd host,
Worshipping, with voice harmonious,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

THE EXILE.

WHEN the poor Exile, torn with madd'ning anguish,
 Leaves the dear confines of his native shore,
How, fondly bent, his streaming eyeballs languish
 On the lov'd sea-beach he shall tread no more !
Fann'd by the rising gales in gentle motion,
 Soft o'er the waves the bounding vessel flies ;
Unpitying distance lengthens o'er the ocean,
 And the tall white cliffs sink before his eyes.
Ah ! mark him now ; with silent grief heart-broken,
 He leans impending o'er the ruffled tide,
To catch with parting glance the last sad token
 Of all he cherish'd, all he own'd with pride !
Fast gushing tears impede the fond endeavour,
 And the dear valu'd scenes are lost for ever !

May 2, 1810.

W. C**E.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 57.]

With an Engraving.

VIRTUE embraces ev'ry state,
 And, while it gilds the rich and great,
 It cheers their hearts who're doom'd to stray
 Along Life's calmer, humbler, way.
 While, from beneath the portals proud,
 Wealth oft relieves the suppliant crowd,
 The wayworn pilgrim smiles to share,
 In lowly homes, the welcome fare.
 In splendid halls and painted bow'rs
 Plenty may crown the festive hours ;
 Yet still within the secret dell
 The hospitable Virtues dwell ;
 And in this isle, so brave and fair,
 Kind Charity is ev'rywhere.
 Within the city's ample bound
 Her stately piles are seen around ;
 Where ev'ry want and ev'ry pain,
 That in man's feeble nature reign—
 Where the sad heir of tort'ring grief
 May, bless'd be Heav'n ! obtain relief :
 While, on the humble village-green,
 How oft the low-roof'd pile is seen,
 Where Poverty forgets its woes,
 And wearied Age may find repose.
 Thrice-happy Britons ! while the car
 Of furious unrelenting War
 Leaves the dire tracks of streaming gore
 On many a hapless distant shore,—
 While a remorseless tyrant's hand
 Deals mis'ry thro' each foreign land,

And fell Destruction, from the throne
 To him who doth the cottage own,—
 Peace beams upon your sea-girt isle,
 Where the bright Virtues ever smile ;
 Where hostile shoutings ne'er molest
 The happy inmate's genial rest :
 Where'er it is his lot to go,
 He will not meet an armed foe ;
 Nay, wheresoe'er his way may tend,
 He sure may chance to find a friend.

Thus, having rose at early day,
 As thro' the fields he took his way,
 Syntax did thus his thoughts rehearse,
 And, as the Muse inspir'd, in verse ;
 For, while with skill each form he drew,
 The Doctor was a poet too.
 But soon a bell's shrill tinkling sound
 Re-echoed all the meads around,
 And said, as plain as bell could say,—
 " Breakfast is ready,—come away."
 The welcome summons he obey'd,
 And found an arbour's pleasing shade,
 Where, while the plenteous meal was spread,
 The woodbine flaunted o'er his head.

" Ah ! little do the proud and great,
 " Amid the pomp and toil of state,
 " Know of those simple real joys,
 " With which the bosom never cloys !
 " O ! what a heart-reviving treat
 " I find within this rural seat !
 " All that can please the quicken'd taste
 " Is offer'd in this fair repast.
 " The flowers, on their native bed,
 " Around delicious odours shed ;—
 " A bloom that with the flow'ret vies,
 " On those fair cheeks attracts my eyes ;

" And what sweet music greets my ear,
 " When that voice bids me welcome here !
 " Indeed, each sense combines to bless
 " The present hour with happiness."

Thus Syntax spoke, nor spoke in vain ;
 The Ladies felt the flatt'ring strain ;
 Nor could they do enough to please
 The Doctor for his courtesies :—

" All that you see, if that's a charm,
 " Is, Sir, the produce of our farm :
 " The rolls are nice, our oven bakes 'em ;
 " Those oat-cakes too, my sister makes 'em.
 " The cream is rich, pray do not save it ;
 " The brindled cow you drew, Sir, gave it :
 " And here is some fresh-gather'd fruit,—
 " I hope it will your palate suit :
 " 'Tis country fare which you receive,
 " But 'tis the best we have to give."

" O !" said the 'Squire, " the Doctor jokes
 " With us poor harmless country folks :
 " I wonder that with all his sense,
 " And such a tickling eloquence,
 " He has not turn'd an humble priest
 " Into a good fat dean, at least.
 " We know how soon a Lady's ear
 " Will list, the honey'd sounds to hear :
 " At the same time, I'm free to say
 " I think the men as vain as they.
 " How happens it, my learned friend,
 " That you have not attain'd your end ;
 " That all your figures and your tropes
 " Have not fulfill'd your rightful hopes ?
 " I should suppose your shining parts,
 " And, above all, your flatt'ring arts,
 " Would soon have turn'd your grisly mare
 " Into a handsome chaise and pair.

“ I live amidst my native groves,
“ And the calm scene my nature loves ;
“ But still I know, and often see,
“ What gains are made by flattery.”

“ That may be true,” the Doctor said ;
“ But flattery is not my trade.
“ Indeed, dear Sir, you do me wrong,—
“ No sordid int’rest guides my tongue.
“ Honour and Virtue I admire,
“ Or in a Bishop, or a ’Squire ;
“ But falsehood I most keenly hate,
“ Tho’ gilt with wealth, or crown’d with state,
“ In *truth* I’m like a lion, bold ;
“ But a base lie I never told :
“ Indeed, I know, too many a sinner
“ Will lie by dozens for a dinner ;
“ But, from the days of earliest youth,
“ I’ve worshipp’d and I’ve practis’d truth ;
“ Nay, many a stormy bitter strife
“ I’ve had with my dear loving wife,
“ Who often says she might have seen
“ Her husband a fine pompous dean.
“ Indeed, she sometimes thinks her spouse
“ Might have a mitre on his brows,
“ If, putting scruples out of view,
“ He’d do as other people do.
“ No, I will never lie nor fawn,
“ Nor flatter, to be rob’d in lawn.
“ I too can boast a certain rule
“ Within the precincts of my school.
“ Whatever faults I may pass by,
“ I never do forgive a lie.
“ I hate to use the birchen rod ;
“ But, when a boy forswears his God,
“ When he in purpos’d falsehood deals,
“ My heavy strokes the culprit feels.

" Vice I detest, whoever shews it,
 " And, where I see it, I'll expose it :
 " But to kind hearts my homage due
 " I willing pay, and pay to you ;
 " Nor will you, Sir, deny the share
 " That's due to these two Ladies fair."

The 'Squire reply'd, " I e'en must yield,
 " And leave you master of the field :
 " These Ladies will, I'm sure, agree
 " That you have fairly conquer'd me ;
 " But, be assur'd, all joke apart,
 " I feel your doctrine from my heart.
 " Your free-born conduct I commend,
 " And shall rejoice to call you friend,
 " O ! how it would my spirits cheer
 " If you werè but the Vicar here.
 " Our Parson, I'm concern'd to say,
 " Had rather drink and game than pray.
 " He makes no bones to curse and swear,
 " In any rout to take a share,
 " And, what's still worse, he'll springe a hare. }
 " I wish his neck he would but break,
 " Or tumble drunk into the lake !
 " For, know the living's mine to give,
 " And you should soon the Cure receive :
 " The benefice, I'm sure, is clear,
 " At least, two hundred pounds a year."

" I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,"
 Said Syntax ; " but we now must part."
 The fair-ones cry'd, " We beg you'll stay,
 " And pass with us another day."
 " Ladies, I would 'twere in my pow'r,
 " But I can't stay another hour :
 " I feel your kindness to my soul,
 " And wish I could my fate control.

" Within ten days the time will come
 " When I shall be expected home ;
 " Nor is this all,—for, strange to say,
 " I must take London in my way."
 Thus converse kind the moments cheer'd
 Till Grizzle at the gate appear'd.
 " Well," said the 'Squire, " since you must go,
 " Our hearty wishes we bestow :
 " And, if your genius bids you take
 " Another journey to the Lake,
 " Remember *Worthy-Hall*, we pray,
 " And come, and make a longer stay ;
 " Write too, and tell your distant friends
 " With what success your journey ends.
 " We do not mean it as a bribe,
 " But to your work we must subscribe."
 The Ladies too begg'd he'd repeat
 His visit to their northern seat.
 Poor Syntax knew not how to tell
 The gratitude he felt so well ;
 And, when at length he said, " Good bye,"
 A tear was bright in either eye.

The Doctor pac'd along the way
 Till it drew nigh the close of day,
 When the fair town appear'd in sight,
 Where he propos'd to pass the night :
 But, when he reach'd the destin'd inn,
 The landlord, with officious grin,
 At once declar'd he had no bed
 Where Syntax could repose his head ;
 At least where such a rev'rend guest
 Would think it fit to take his rest.
 There was a main of cocks that day,
 And all the gentry chose to stay.
 " Observe, my friend, I mind not cost,"
 Says Syntax to his cringing host ;

" But still, at least, I may be able
 " To sleep with Grizzle in the stable ;
 " And many a Doctor, after all,
 " Is proud to *slumber in a stall* :
 " In short, I only want to sleep
 " Where neither rogue nor knave can creep :
 " I travel not with change of coats,
 " But in these bags are all my notes ;
 " Which, should I lose, would prove my ruin,
 " And be for ever my undoing."

Thus as he spoke, a lively blade,
 With dangling queue and smart cockade,
 Reply'd at once, " I have a room ;
 " The friend I look'd for is not come.
 " Here are two beds where we may rest,
 " And you, good Sir, shall have the best ;
 " There you may sleep without alarm,—
 " No living wight shall do you harm ;
 " You may depend upon my word,—
 " I serve the King, and wear a sword."

" Your offer, Sir, I kindly greet,"
 Says Syntax ; " but you'll let me treat }
 " With what is best to drink and eat ;
 " And I request you will prepare
 " To your own taste the bill of fare."

The Doctor and the Captain sat,
 Till, tired of each other's chat,
 They both agreed it would be best
 To seek the balmy sweets of rest.
 Syntax soon clos'd each weary eye,
 Nor thought of any danger nigh ;
 While his companion lay awake,
 Like the ever-watchful snake,
 Impatient to assail its prey ;
 When, soon as it was dawn of day,

He gently seiz'd the fancy'd store ;
 But, as he pass'd the creaking door,
 Syntax awoke and saw the thief,
 When, loudly bawling for relief,
 He forward rush'd in naked state,
 And caught the culprit at the gate :
 Against that gate his head he beat,
 Then kick'd him headlong to the street.

The hostler, who had just arose,
 Beheld the scene, and heard the blows.
 Says Syntax, " I'll not make a riot ;
 " I've sav'd my notes, and I'll be quiet.
 " The rascal, if I'm not mistaken,
 " Will ask his legs to save his bacon :
 " But, what a figure I appear !
 " I must not stand and shiver here."
 The hostler then the Doctor led
 Back to the comforts of his bed.
 Into that bed he quickly crept,
 Beneath his head his bags he kept,
 And on that pillow safely slept.



[To be continued.]

FABLES FOR CHILDREN.

FABLE I.—THE BIRD AND THE ANT. TO MY DARLING BOY.

ONCE on a time a little bird
 Was chirping on a spray ;
 A lab'ring ant the songster heard,
 And check'd his idle lay.
 " Ah ! little foolish flutt'ring thing,
 " 'Tis summer, well I know ;
 " But think, O ! think that time will bring
 " The winter and the snow.





" Then dreary winds will clothe the sky,
 " The garden store be spent ;
 " No luscious fruits will meet the eye,
 " Nor boughs with food be bent.

 " Then haste, like me, O ! quickly haste
 " Among the neighb'ring fields,
 " To cull your store, and learn to taste
 " The sweets that labour yields."

The foolish bird, however, spurn'd
 The wise ant's counsel sage ;
 With angry beak about he turn'd,
 And twitter'd forth his rage.

Off to the woods away he flew,
 And hopp'd from tree to tree ;
 Then, basking in the present view,
 Laugh'd at futurity.

Now Autumn's mellow tints began
 To shade the vivid green ;
 More turbid now the streamlet ran,
 And scatter'd leaves were seen.

Soon, too, the hoary Winter came,
 With clatt'ring hail and snow ;
 The frost began to freeze the stream,
 And cutting winds to blow.

The prudent ant, snug in her cell,
 A happy shelter found ;
 In summer she had stor'd it well,
 And corn was heap'd around.

The thoughtless bird, forlorn, opprest,
 Felt hunger thro' the day ;
 Then lean'd his head upon his breast,
 And thus was heard to say :—

" Had I, like thee, sagacious ant !
 " Heap'd up for future hour,
 " I ne'er had felt this griping want,
 " Nor known this bitter hour.
 " I ne'er"—but here his falt'ring breath
 Deny'd its wonted aid ;
 His languid eyes now clos'd in death,—
 He sunk into the shade.
 Dear little boy ! a lesson learn
 From this same bird and ant :
 By care and labour seek to earn
 Security from want.

E. M. C.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT sweet ! be thou my song,—
 To thee all earthly joys belong ;
 And man (whom many cares molest),
 When bless'd with thee, is truly bless'd.
 Let not my humble Muse despise
 To seek where true Contentment lies ;
 O ! let her (train'd in rustic lore)
 The peasant's lowly cot explore :
 In sweet content and peace he lives,—
 What blessings bounteous Nature gives !
 He looks around, nor wishes Fate
 To add one blessing to his state ;
 His halcyon soul is ne'er distrest
 With fears that guilty minds molest :
 In harmless joys his life is spent
 With ruddy Health, and sweet Content.
 Then, O Contentment ! loveliest maid !
 May sorrows ne'er my life invade ;

O! may my heart (from follies free)
 Be fill'd with gratitude and thee;
 For where thou reign'st we're sure to find
 A happy conscience, peace of mind;
 From thee the purest pleasures flow,
 Thou source of happiness below.
 May Heav'n, indulgent, thus decree—
 Where'er I live, to live with thee;
 Be thou my wealth, my only store,—
 I'll close my wish, and seek no more.

G—E D—N—L.

THE WANDERER.

O'ER craggy hills and woodland glades,
 At morning's dawn or close of day,
 In Summer's brightest garb array'd,
 Or pensive Moonlight's silver gray,
 Still shall the wretch in sadness roam,
 Who wanders from his native home.
 While at the trunk of some old tree,
 As meditation calms the mind,
 Lull'd by the music of the bee,
 Or murm'ring brook, or whisp'ring wind,
 His wand'ring fancy still shall roam,
 And lead him to his native home.
 Tho' kindred friendship ease the breast,
 And soothe the melancholy hour,
 Or, when by thorny care oppress'd,
 Relieve him by its balmy pow'r,
 Still will the heart in secret roam
 To friendship and its native home.
 Tho' Love a fragrant couch may weave,
 And Fortune heap the festive board,
 Yet Mem'ry oft will turn to grieve,
 And Reason scorn the splendid hoard;

While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Will languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen ;
While empty pomp and pow'r appear,
At best, the glitt'ring toys of men ;
Unsought by those who never roam,
Forgetful of their native home.

Let me to summer shades retire,
With Meditation and the Muse ;
Or round the cheerful wint'ry fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse.
Tho' winds may howl, and waters foam,
I still shall bless my native home.

And, oh ! when Youth's unthinking hour
And Passion's glowing noon are past,
Should Age behold the tempest low'r,
Or Sorrow blow its keenest blast,
My shade (no longer doom'd to roam)
Shall find the grave a peaceful home.

Austin-Friars.

B. B.

THE SAFE RETREAT.

BY MR. JOHN LAGNIEL, OF SANDWICH, KENT, WHO
DIED IN 1728.

I.

To Eden's pleasant walks I went,
And hop'd I there should find content ;
But, when I came, I saw the ground
With thorns and thistles did abound ;
For Sin and Death there entrance found,
And that a flaming sword did represent.

II.

At this surpris'd, and fill'd with dread,
 I to th' Arabian deserts fled;
 But there the flames of Sinai's hill,
 The thunders, smoke, and trumpets shrill,
 And lightnings, which the air did fill,
 Made me conclude I should be straight struck dead.

III.

From thence, amaz'd, with speed I flee,
 But in my flight Mount Ebal see,
 With horrid curses all o'erspread,
 Both curses living and when dead,
 At home, abroad, these arrows spread,
 And their sharp points, I saw, all aim'd at me.

IV.

I, starting thence, when those I saw,
 Next rambled to Aceldama;
 There corpses and dry bones surround,
 Grim Death appear'd, and sternly frown'd,
 And one vast greedy grave I found,
 Which gap'd at me to feed its hungry maw.

V.

This made me flee to th' neighbouring dale,
 Jehoshaphat's brook-water'd vale;
 There trumpets open'd every tomb,
 And from the Judge a voice did come—
 "Rise, sinners! rise, receive your doom!"
 Which made my guilty face grow cold and pale.

VI.

Then I to the next valley run,—
 The cruel vale of Hinnom's son;
 But find all fire and brimstone there,—
 Most doleful cries and shrieks I hear;
 I feel the flames, and cry, with fear,
 How can I Tophet bear, or Tophet shun!

VII.

Thence snatch'd away, and guided by
 My God, I came to Calvary,
 Where I my joys can ne'er compute ;
 There a curs'd tree bears blessed fruit,
 With which I all my wants recruit,
 Nor can I fear while in its shade I lie.

VIII.

On that firm hill my tent I'll rear,
 And dwell secure when shelter'd there ;
 While me my Saviour's arms enclose,
 My inward sins, nor outward foes,
 The law its curses, death its woes,
 Hell's flames nor dreadful judgment, can I fear.

IX.

Whate'er I trembled at before
 Is now grown tame—alarms no more ;
 But, after these distressing frights,
 How sweet this safety, these delights !
 This day which follows such rough nights !
 And, after such dire storms, how sweet the shore !

X.

All praise to Him, who's us'd to give
 His joys to only those that grieve ;
 Who empty souls doth fill with good,
 To th' hungry gives his dainty food ;
 And, if nought else will serve, his blood
 Doth thirsty souls revive, and make them live !

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.
 BY THE LATE MR. JOHN LYNCH, OF BASINGSTOKE.

NYMPH of the sable cypress shade !
 Thou weeping sympathetic maid !
 Assist a plaintive Bard to sing
 The first-torn blossom of the Spring !

The agonizing nerve excite,
And teach thy vot'ry how to write.

Th' attempt is vain—in vain I try—
Language is stifled by a sigh ;
The soft emotion gives relief,—
'Tis the dumb eloquence of Grief :
Then farewell, Art ! let Nature show
The truest dress of real Wo.

No Muse I'll ask to lend her aid,
Nor woo the elegiac maid ;
Such numbers shall my bosom fire
As infant sweetness can inspire ;
Such numbers as her friends may hear,
And thank the Poet with a tear.

The choicest boon that Heav'n e'er gave
Lamented sinks into the grave ;
Just as the dawn of life begun,
The circle of her race was run !
So dawns Aurora, fair and gay,
Till clouds o'er cast the op'ning day.

Lodg'd in the silent tomb she lies,—
Eternal slumbers close her eyes !
O, happy child ! in early age
To quit this transitory stage ;
Just in thy opening bloom to die,
And shoot and ripen in the sky.

So tender flow'rs, nurs'd up with care
In colder climes and northern air,
Transplanted, with new beauty rise,
And flourish in indulgent skies ;
More blooming on that happy shore,
Where sickly winters blast no more.

A CHARACTERISTIC TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF MY VENERABLE FRIEND, RICHARD
VERNON SADLIER, ESQ. *, OF SOUTHAMPTON.

Q. Obt. March 2, 1810. *Etat.* lxxxviii.

LEARNED, yet meek—tho' pious, not severe—
Great without pomp, without parade sincere ;
Joining to all Humanity should feel
A critic's judgment with a poet's zeal :
Not stiff thro' form,—but courteous with ease,—
Shy of display, yet ever skill'd to please ;
Tho' rich, not proud—accomplish'd, yet not vain ;
Such Sadlier was,—and such—how few remain.

Alton.

E. W****c.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE REV. MR. MILTON'S NEW-INVENTED COACH OF
SAFETY.

Two *Miltons*, in two diff'rent ages born,
Unite our British island to adorn :
The *first* in verse a deathless name can boast,
Who boldly sung how *Paradise was lost* ;—
A second *Milton's* skill mechanic saves
The sons of Adam from untimely graves.
Poems and coaches can no further go,
Nor Italy nor Greece their rival show.

Basingstoke.

J. J.

* See a biographical sketch of this excellent character in the
Gentleman's Magazine for June.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

WHAT means this strange emotion of my soul?
 The tear unbidden trembles in mine eye:
 Soft thrilling transports, arm'd with sweet control,
 Rise from my breast in many a tender sigh.
 Bright Laura comes to bless my ravish'd sight,
 And hear me breathe the ardent vows of love:
 How would my bosom throb with fond delight,
 Should the soft tale the blushing fair approve!
 She comes—but, oh! my falt'ring tongue denies
 To utter aught my passion prompts to say;
 My words, alas! are chang'd to stubborn sighs,
 Or else in broken murmurs die away!
 Ah, gentle Love! in this eventful hour
 What potent magic robs thee of thy pow'r?

SONNET II.

'TIS done—'tis past—the madd'ning scene is o'er,
 Of Laura spurning at her lover's tears!
 Vain flatt'ring dreams of bliss, ye charm no more!
 No more sweet Hope the darken'd prospect cheers!
 But all is gloomy, desolate, and wild
 As the black storm that rends the midnight air,
 When, 'reft of hope, pale Sorrow's hapless child
 Seeks the dark caves of agoniz'd Despair!
 A prey to anguish, thus forlorn I go,
 Far from my home, dear Laura! far from thee,
 In deepest solitudes to feast my wo,
 Till death shall set my love-lorn spirit free!
 Say, shall the tear of Pity 'wail my doom,
 When cold I slumber in the noiseless tomb?

May 10, 1810.

ALPHONSO.

THE SHIPWRECK.

MIDNIGHT.—A STORM.

HARK! was not that the distant thunder's voice?
 Was't not the lightning's flash that caught my eye,
 Faint gleaming thro' dull Melancholy's gloom?
 It was—for nearer comes the awful sound
 In lengthen'd roar: and, see! with quicken'd glare,
 The pale blue flame streams on the Night's dark face!

O, cruel! thus to rouse a wretch to think!
 Lost in th' oblivious stupor, lo! I lay;
 And, tho' my couch was moist with Sorrow's flood,
 Wrung from the heart—tho' yet my cheek was damp
 With the sharp tear that falls for slighted love—
 My eyes had ceas'd to pour their briny store,
 And my heart felt an interval of wo.

But now my lost condition bursts at once
 Full on my sight—the fiend Despair is up,
 And with his hellish pack hunts me in view,
 Wakes in my soul the agony of thought,
 And Sleep, affrighted, flies my tear-drench'd lids.

And see, yon vivid flash strikes full and bright
 Upon the image of the faithless she,
 And whirls my brain to madness!—
 Oh! she has murder'd Hope! torn up the roots
 Of smiling Peace, that spread its branches round;
 And scatter'd wide to ev'ry passing wind
 The lovely blossoms of domestic joy!

My heart beats thick—my lab'ring breast convuls'd
 Pants for more room!—Quick let me fly,
 And, where the tempest shakes the foaming beach,
 Pour my full bosom to the madd'ning gale!

* * * * *

Ha! here I breathe!—my throbbing pulse beats free,
 And the deep sigh no longer heaves for vent.

Oh ! how well suited to the anguish'd soul
 Is this wild war of elements !—
 Roar on, ye winds ! ye forked lightnings, flash !
 And o'er the trembling earth, ye thunders ! roll
 Your heart-alarming peal !—See Ocean heaves
 Its briny foam to Heav'n ; then, op'ning wide
 Its tortur'd waves, shews to the aching sight
 A deep'ning chasm, where Nature shrinks to look.
 The screaming sea-bird seeks the sounding shore,
 And wings for safety to the shelt'ring rock.

And, lo ! on yonder tow'ring cloud-wrapp'd cliff
 The dreaded Genius of the storm alights ;—
 Mark ! with indignant joy he scowls around,
 And guides the gath'ring mischief ;—pleas'd he views
 Destruction riding on the whirlwind's wing,
 To pour the wrath of Heav'n *. And, lo ! the storm,
 On you devoted bark exhausts its force.
 Vain is the master's skill—and, tho' to do
 What he commands the fearless sailor flies,
 Be it to furl the sail, to heave the lead,
 To ply the pump, or, with his broad axe arm'd,
 To cut away the cumbrous shiver'd mast,
 'Tis useless all !—The tempest rages on—
 The rough wind roars amid the shelter'd shrouds—
 The bursting clouds disgorge their wat'ry stores,
 And, spreading o'er the shore a misty shade,
 Hide from the anxious seaman's view the coast,
 The deathful coast, where he shall meet his fate !
 The op'ning heav'ns emit the lightning's blaze,
 Which to the dark'ning scene gives added horror ;

* An humble imitation of the celebrated line in the Campaign, by Addison, where he describes the Angel, who "*Rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm.*"

While the swift-following thunder's deaf'ning crash
Strikes on the boldest hearts with awe and fear!

And now they've done their utmost—still she drives
Full on the shore!—The anchor now let go
Wakes in their breasts a transient gleam of hope—
Delusive dream!
The cable bursts like flax when touch'd with flame—
Onward she foaming comes.—Ill-fated men!
In vain to Heav'n ye raise your helpless hands;
Your days are number'd!—Hark! that mingled scream
Proclaims, "ALL'S LOST!"—

Oh! who dare arraign
The all-disposing will of dread Omnipotence!
Yet it seems hard to man's short-sighted sense
That thus the father, husband, lover, friend,
Should plunge at once in dark oblivion's flood;
No tear to dew the honest seamen's bier;
No friendly hand to point their turf-clad grave!
But now the sated tempest lulls apace—
The wind in hollow murm'rings dies away;
The lightnings flash a momentary gleam,
And the dread thunder's voice is heard no more;
But Ocean still the rude commotion feels,
Still heaves aloft his agitated waves,
Rolls proudly swelling o'er the shipwreck'd dead,
Pours on the trembling coast in sullen roar,
And wakes the mournful Echo!

And see the Moon, thro' the departing clouds,
Benignant sheds her lustre o'er the scene,
Spreads on the quiv'ring waves a cheering light,
And streams along the shore her silver'd rays.
How awful is this pause!—Nature seem'd wreck'd!
But now a solemn silence reigns o'er all,
And calms the breast to peace!

Homeward I turn,
 Learning from other's ills to bear my own * ;
 Resign'd and patient seek my lonely couch,
 And bend submissive to Heav'n's dread decrees !

Lyceum Theatre.

T. MARSHALL.

LOVE-ELEGIES.

TO LOUISA.

No. III.

PARENTAL wrath would fain my passion curb,
 And rob my eyes of thy superior charms ;
 But neither threats nor deeds shall e'er disturb
 The joys I paint in thy encircling arms !
 Shall the rapt soul, by tow'ring views inspir'd,
 Become the victim of maternal rage ?
 Shall Genius crouch, by nightly projects tir'd,
 To the harsh mandate of unreas'ning Age ?
 Why was my breast with manly virtue wrought,
 If darkling Malice shall my judgment sway ?
 Why boasts my soul one energetic thought,
 If all that's valiant shall be swept away ?
 Why have I toil'd the Heliconian steep,
 And bath'd my senses in Castalia's flood,
 If all that greatness of my genius sleep,
 Which drives along th' exhilarating blood ?
 Why have I rack'd my intellectual eye,
 In search of Truth's unconquerable pow'rs,
 If ev'ry noble sentiment must die,
 When Folly raves, and Impotency low'rs ?

* " Learn to be wise by others' ills,
 And thou shalt do full well."—*Old Ballad.*

Reason and Love, and ev'ry manly thought,
 Still bid me clasp Louisa to my heart,—
 Still guard the gem which Innocence has wrought,
 Nor from the laws of Honour to depart!

O grateful contract! may no wretch profane
 The holy spirit of thy social law;
 May none contemn thy civilizing reign,
 Or find thy traits disfigur'd by a flaw!

Let Malice hurl its torrents of abuse,
 Virtue shall mock the impotent essay;
 While, unabash'd, the independent Muse
 To haunts of pleasure shall direct the way.

Grafton-street, May, 1810. J. G.

A SUMMER'S EVENING.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
 Flumina anem sylvasque inglorius.

VIRG. *Georg.* 2. 485.

THE sultry moon has ceas'd to reign,
 And placid Ev'ning comes again
 With aspect mild and fair,
 Fresh from repose sweet Zephyr springs,
 And, flying forth, with silken wings
 He fans the tepid air.

Behold, the sun, retiring now
 Behind that distant mountain's brow,
 His beamy glories sheds;
 While, as they downward swiftly fly,
 Sublimely all the western sky
 A glowing blush o'erspreads.

Feebly the painter's skill portrays
 The tints a summer's eve displays

At Sol's bright setting hour ;
Tho' spacious Art's productive field,
And fair the fruit, it still must yield
To Nature's mightier pow'r.

In yonder scene a hand divine
Each swelling cloud, each streaky line,
Has touch'd with heav'nly fire ;
Such heights of excellence in vain
Our mortal genius toils to gain,
And vainly will aspire.

Now is the bright reflection gone,
That in the adverse windows shone
Of yon high-seated fane ;
Yet still a last departing beam
Throws on the loftiest clouds a gleam,
And gilds the steeple's vane.

But soon the final ray expires ;
E'en while the eye th' effect admires,
Its hues are seen to fade ;
And o'er the bosom of the dale
Is drawn a light, yet modest, veil—
A soft and solemn shade.

Now does the careful gard'ner bring
Refreshing waters from the spring,
To raise his drooping flow'rs ;
Behold, already from the bed
Each plant reviving lifts its head,
Wak'd by the kindly show'rs.

The race how various ! some but blow
While cheering sunbeams warmly glow,
And dart abroad the day ;
Some are of Ev'ning's placid mien,
And love alone its air serene—
Some ever green and gay.

My Muse, who often o'er the lawn
With me hast rang'd at early dawn,
 Again my walk attend !
For me the Evening's charms invite
Awhile to roam, ere shades of night
 With chilling dews descend.

No relish for these tranquil hours
Have they who crowd, with rival pow'rs,
 At balls or courts to shine ;
But ever the reflecting mind
In them can pure enjoyment find,—
 And such delight is mine.

When Spring has made these scenes her own,
Vain Folly's flock then seek the town,
 And mingle with its din ;
At routs they shun the summer's heat,
And, not till autumn comes, retreat
 This rural peace to win.

Not so th' instinctive bird of night,
That, screaming, yonder wings its flight
 Around, in search of prey ;
Of reason tho' devoid, it knows
That for its good Light's portals close,
 For it retires the day.

But, ah ! for these in vain the Spring
Smiles sweet, or birds their carols sing,
 Or flow'rs their charms display ;
For still the great at Fashion's shrine
All Nature's beauties will resign,
 And own it's sovereign sway.

Oh ! give me not the city's air,
The noise and dissipation there,
 Destroying rest and health ;
Me rather the soft wholesome breeze,
And humble rustic quiet, please,
 Beyond the glare of wealth.

How sweet the scene presented now !
 Can courtly splendour e'er bestow
 Joys so serene and calm ?
 Methinks this season's influence mild
 Might soothe to rest each passion wild,
 And prove to grief a balm.

In silence hush'd is all around,
 Save that yet trills its quav'ring sound
 The swain's harmonious flute ;
 The notes now echoing, as they sail
 On breath of zephyr down the vale,
 The list'ning ear salute.

O Music ! all-inspiring pow'r,
 Companion of the lonely hour,
 An universal friend,
 Thy voice so various ever charms,
 Can set the warrior's soul in arms,
 Or his fierce rage unbend.

The mellow accents, hark ! he moves
 With softer air ;—the valley's groves
 In gentle tones reply ;—
 And now the sounds descend yet low'r,—
 And now, alas ! are heard no more,—
 Ceas'd is the melody.

Their custom at the close of day,—
 Amidst their liquid region play
 The tenants of the stream,
 And near the glassy surface glide,
 Where many a circle spreading wide
 Denotes their sportive game.

Ah ! little do they think or fear
 What danger may be lurking near,

While thus the hours they spend,—
 That, ere yon ev'ning star shall set,
 The barbed hook or treach'rous net
 May all their pleasures end.

Just so with man!—the scene is gay,—
 On Life's smooth stream he floats away,
 Regardless quite that Death
 May soon each fondly-cherish'd joy,
 And ev'ry blissful dream, destroy,
 And Fancy's fairy wreath.

Slow-rising from the marshy meads,
 Behold the mist unwholesome spreads,
 And warns us to return ;
 A deeper shade steals o'er the sky,
 And yonder whiten'd spire the eye
 Can scarcely now discern.

Oh, then, (as slowly we retrace
 The well-known path with gentle pace,
 And seek our peaceful home),
 We'll gratefully extol the hand
 That scatters good o'er ev'ry land,—
 From which our pleasures come.

Ere to repose our eyes are giv'n,
 Let us, with fervent zeal, to Heav'n
 In pray'rs and praises join ;
 And, musing on the beauteous scene
 Which varying thro' the day has been,
 Admire the Pow'r divine.

O Thou, who hast my morn of life
 Secur'd from ev'ry worldly strife,
 And bless'd with early joys ;
 And still continuest to attend
 Th' approaching noon, my God! my friend!
 Since nought my peace destroys;—

Let a meridian bright be mine !
 Oh! fairly let my ev'ning shine,
 And calmly fade away !
 So shall my earthly sojourn here,
 Thus bountifully bless'd, appear
 A brilliant summer's day.

Bramford, near Ipswich.

C. S. B.

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

THE tear that falls o'er Nelson's grave
 Is caus'd by no unmanly grief;
 It mourns the bravest of the brave,—
 It falls for Britain's naval chief.

Where Nile in fertile beauty flows,
 Northward where Denmark's coasts expand,
 Nelson! the dread of Britain's foes,
 To conquest led his valiant band.

But on Trafalgar's hostile coast
 For him was rung the fatal knell;
 No conquest e'er could Albion boast
 Like that achiev'd when Nelson fell.

Yet, tho' the victor falls, his fame
 Shall future triumphs still inspire;
 And, while our tears bedew his name,
 Our youth shall catch the hero's fire.

And, long as o'er the subject main
 Britannia's flag shall proudly wave,
 Ne'er shall her gallant sons disdain
 The tear that falls o'er Nelson's grave!

E. E. S.

EVENING.

REGARDFUL raise thy placid eye
 To yonder blue expanse of sky ;
 View each soft passing cloud, and tell
 Whether on earth thy thoughts can dwell,
 When thou behold'st th' ethereal sphere,
 Does not the calm composure there
 Tell thee of mercy, sins forgiven,
 And whisper peace, and love, and heaven ?

MARIE.

ABBEY-RUINS.

HAIL, meek-ey'd Solitude ! that lov'st to dwell
 In groves impervious to the noon-day beam—
 That oft frequents the rudely-sculptur'd cell,
 And fondly listens to the rippling stream !
 Thy soothing aid,—as oft I careless stray,
 At even' hour, among thy mossy seats,
 With flute or dog (companion of my way),—
 I woo, to celebrate thy lov'd retreats.
 For oft I wander o'er the peaceful vale,
 When all is silent as the grave around,
 Save when my wild notes sigh upon the gale,
 And sportive Echo answers to the sound.
 And oft have I, by Contemplation led,
 Paus'd as I pass'd by yonder ruin'd pile,
 Where once an abbey rear'd its sacred head,
 Its awe-inspiring roof, and cloister'd aisle.
 Alas ! that roof shall echo now no more
 With strains which angels might incline to hear ;
 Nor in those aisles, so often trod before,
 Shall pilgrims' feet be heard to wander there.

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Plate 6 Vol. 1.



ABB EY R U I N .



Those walls by curious architecture trac'd,
 Rais'd by revolving years' successive toil,
 On which the images of saints were trac'd,
 Who long had mingled with their kindred soil,—

No more, alas! enabled to withstand
 The shocks of Time, fall mould'ring to the ground;
 Unerring Time, whose slow but steady hand
 Spreads a sad scene of desolation round.

* Perchance some maiden, clad in pilgrim's guise,
 Once sought a refuge in those very walls;
 Her bosom heaving with convulsive sighs,
 Caus'd by that pow'r which many a heart enthalls.

Haply an Edwin, 'midst the standers-by,
 Caught by that voice which once for him had charms,
 Has turn'd to view the blushing stranger nigh,
 And clasp'd an Angelina in his arms.

† There haply once Constantia, sweetest maid!
 Pour'd forth her sorrows in her lover's ear;
 For he, in dark monastic cowl array'd,
 Well might deceive the unsuspecting fair!

And, as she told her artless tale of wo,
 How love her agitated bosom tore,
 "See, see," she cry'd, "these tears unbidden flow,
 "And still will flow, for one who lives no more."

Scar could the father, as he heard the tale,
 In which she sweetly did his sorrows blend,
 Exclaim "He lives! but, in the cloister's pale,
 "He drops the lover in the name of friend."

* See Goldsmith's Hermit.

† See Spectator, Vol. II. No. 164.

Perhaps some Wolsey there once sought repose,
 And woo'd lone quiet in the tranquil cell,
 Free from ambition and its train of woes,
 Whose venom'd sting he knew, alas ! too well.

Ah ! what is grandeur ? what the pomp of pow'r ?
 And all that greatness haply can bestow ?
 Alas ! the flutt'ring insects of an hour,—
 Born in one moment, in the next laid low.

For he, the fav'rite of his monarch, bore
 In earlier days a more than subject's sway ;
 But, in his end, deserted, old, and poor,
 He scarce knew where his aged head to lay.

Oft too, o'er yonder consecrated place,
 Obscured with rankling weeds, I slowly tread,
 Where frail mementos scarcely serve to trace
 The long-since mould'ring ashes of the dead.

Some slighted lover, or some pensive maid,
 Perhaps are tenants of the lonely spot ;
 Some wearied statesman, or some friend betray'd,
 There sleep in peace, by all the world forgot.

And there, beneath those fragments spread around,
 Which once stood proudly pointing to the skies,
 Within the compass of a little ground,
 Haply some proud ambitious Beaufort lies.

Ye sons of vanity and pride ! here stay
 Your hasty steps, to muse awhile and weep ;
 Behold yon marble sinking to decay,—
 Behold how all tumultuous passions sleep.

Behold !—But, ah ! what sound alarms mine ear ?
 Like the last moanings of some spirit fled ?
 What forms are those which to my sight appear ?
 Or are they real ? or of Fancy bred ?

For oft have * mist-robed spirits of the vale,
On wings of ether, flitted quickly by ;
And oft Imagination on the gale
Has heard, at intervals, the passing sigh—
When, as at eve the dewy vapours fall,
And hide the landscape from the aching sight ;
When hollow-sounding blasts of wind appal
The pilgrim, lost amid the shades of night.
See yonder form, which passes thro' the shade,
In the dark vestments of his order clad ;
Now at the echo of his steps afraid,—
With folded arm now musing, silent, sad.
In vain, alas ! he pours forth midnight pray'rs ;
In vain he heaves the penitential sigh ;
In vain his food the bitter bread of tears,—
His sole remaining comfort is to die.
Ah ! hear him, stretch'd upon the bed of death,
The ruthless narrative of murder tell,
Without one friend to catch his parting breath,
Or sigh responsive to his last farewell.
But, hark ! what music floats along the breeze,
Now lost in distance, and now swelling nigh ?
Ah ! 'tis a requiem for some soul at ease,
Whom kindred spirits welcome to the sky.
Methinks I see the train slow issuing forth,
Within the grave his body to repose ;
Each eye bears witness to departed worth,
And ev'ry breast with fond remembrance glows.
Oft has the list'ning crowd around him press'd,
The moral precept from his tongue to hear ;
Him has the sick man in his anguish bless'd,
Nor heeded anguish while the saint stood near.

* Ossian.

Oft has some monk, the grave when passing by,
 Brush'd from his cheek the tributary tear;
 And oft the peasant has been heard to sigh—
 “ Alas ! the friend of all lies bury'd there.”

Mark how the ivy-branches almost hide
 Yon vaulted arch, thro' which was often seen
 The long procession silently to glide,
 With solemn pacing step and downcast mien—

When, as the deep-ton'd notice of the bell,
 Along the vale in murmurs died away,
 The white-stol'd vestal left her humble cell,
 Or dark-cowl'd monk, their orisons to pay—
 Whene'er the herald of the morn was heard,
 Warbling its notes unseen, the clouds among ;
 Whene'er the evening's melancholy bird
 Thrill'd every bosom with her lovelorn song.

But, ah ! no more they warble forth their strains,
 The weary pilgrim on his way to cheer ;
 No list'ning maid or holy friar remains,
 Or pilgrim now, to lend a votive ear.

For nought pervades the desolated plain,
 Save the lone murmur of the hollow wind ;
 Save when * the owl does to the moon complain—
 Save the quick footstep of the rustic hind ;

Whose fears, augmented by the oft-told tale,
 Urge him to pass in haste the haunted pile,
 Where Fancy oft presents the spectre pale,
 Gliding at eve along the western aisle—

Whene'er the sunbeam, at the ev'ning hour,
 In rainbow-tints upon the pavement play'd ;
 Or the pale moon (but now, alas ! no more)
 Each magic scene with silver light array'd :

* Gray's Elegy, 3d verse.

For, ah! these scenes are past, for ever past—
 Scenes which my fancy fondly lov'd to form;
 Scenes which will still, whilst memory shall last,
 Allay the fury of life's pelting storm.

For oft, when Sorrow like a low'ring sky
 Shades all the prospects of my early age,
 To close Seclusion's hallow'd bow'rs I fly,
 Which can alone my troubled breast assuage.

There, far, far distant from the haunts of men,
 The stings of Malice, and the scoffs of Pride,
 Within the bosom of the silent glen
 The throbbing tumults of my soul subside.

And there, O Poetry! benignant maid!
 As oft I wander at the close of day,
 In sweet forgetfulness my sorrows laid,
 Inspir'd by thee, I sing the pensive lay.

North Walsham.

J. C.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 79.]

WARRIORS! 'twere in vain to trace
 Your banners up the heights of glory;
 But vainer still for me to grace
 The heroes of the splendid story!
 Shall Charles, who brav'd the lightning war,
 Be lash'd to dark Ambition's car,
 And dragg'd across the blushing spot,
 Where Gallia's giant legions rot?
 Shall he, who thro' the battle hurl'd
 The winged rage of fire and steel,
 Bow to the desolator of the world,
 And scorn his country's cause to feel?

No ! ev'ry Muse shall weave a crown,
 Compos'd of many a deathless flow'r,
 For him who mock'd the victor's frown,
 Who beat his vaunting eagles down,
 And circumscrib'd his pow'r !
 And in each front a diamond rare
 Shall to the latest ages glare,
 Pluck'd from Napoleon's crest ;
 Its rays illum' th' historic page
 Thro' many a vice-engend'ring age,
 And fire the warrior's breast !

Yes ; Aspern shall record the day
 When the proud Gaul, in dread array,
 Was twelve times forc'd to yield ;
 When Lasnes beside his master wept,
 While his intrepid children swept
 The Austrians from the field !

Lasnes ! foremost on the scroll of Fame
 Shall blaze thy terror-speaking name,
 Till Nature be no more ;
 Thine eagle-eye the chasm caught,
 And thither, far outstripping Thought,
 Thou fledd'st, and such destruction wrought }
 As ne'er was seen before !

On ev'ry side the trumpets spoke ;—
 On ev'ry side the tow'ring smoke
 Involv'd the summer scene ;
 Save when, perchance, the bursting fire
 Illum'd the picture, dark and dire,
 Of Enzer's clotted green.

Swift as the Rhone the Danube ran ;
 Full many a fragment of a man

Came floating on the waves !
 Ambition roll'd his car along,
 While Madness wove a fun'ral song
 O'er twenty thousand graves!
 From north to south the yielding air
 Shook with the moans of rack'd Despair !
 The giant of the western world
 From Andes saw the flag unfurl'd
 Of sanguinary Fame;
 Smiling he clench'd the meteor-brand,
 And, musing o'er the gory land,
 Cry'd " Lo ! the conqu'ror, sword in hand,
 " Shall England's rashness tame ! "

Swift as a whirling star, the sound
 Rush'd thro' the darken'd realms of air,
 Till, startling from her sleep profound,
 Hindustan saw the meteor glare !
 She saw, and hail'd the distant day,
 When, free from ev'ry despot's sway,
 Her sons shall nobly rise ;
 When " Arms ! " the patriot-breast shall warm,
 And Brama on the lightning storm
 Unbolt the howling skies !
 When o'er her immolated soil
 His arm shall waste the robber's spoil ;
 Shall bid the Arts resume their reign
 Where Slaughter drench'd the flow'ry plain ;
 And to the axle of his flaming car
 Chain the damn'd children of rapacious War !
 Yes, Britons ! e'en the crouching east
 Enraptur'd saw the human feast,
 Where ~~lank~~ Ambition fed !
 Beheld him guide with fiery arm,
 The stallions of the battle-storm,
 And strew the fields with dead !

Still, with immortal courage fir'd,
 The Austrians brav'd the furious Gaul,
 Whose weak dejected lines retir'd,
 Beneath the twilight's sable pall,
 To where Destruction sits and hears
 The Danube roll his rapid flood,
 That, swoll'n with Sorrow's genuine tears,
 And many a stream of vet'ran blood,
 Flies from the barriers Nature had assign'd,
 And loads with putrid stench the lazy wind!

But, Charles! no pow'r of thine can wrest
 The daring genius of aspiring France
 From yonder fav'ring spot, where, blest
 Beneath the guardian wings of Rest,
 He points anew the warrior lance!
 There shall his crafty band, unseen,
 In safety stretch their weary forms,
 While o'er the blood-bewilder'd green
 Is heard the thunder of a thousand storms!
 There shall his *stable counsel* plan
 The torture of a myriad sires,
 What time Massena leads the van,
 And hurls abroad his lev'ling fires!
 When all the firmament shall glow,
 And fetid exhalations rise,
 Circling the ebon throne of wo,
 Where Mercy, with ensanguin'd eyes,
 Shall raise her falt'ring voice to Heav'n,
 But feel no thrill of rapture charm
 That heavy heart which War has riv'n
 With his tempestuous arm!
 Yes, o'er the blue ethereal plain
 Her weary eye shall toil in vain;
 Blood still shall glut her aching sight,
 And thro' the sullen realms of Night

The smoking ruins spread ;
 The moans of Death disturb the air,
 And crumbling states around declare
 Celestial Reason fled.

But where art thou, love-beaming Hope !
 Whose birth applauding angels sung ;
 Whose pinions mock'd Creation's scope,
 When God from heav'n this planet flung ?
 Where art thou, Hope ! that thus we feel
 No burst of rapture fire the soul ;
 That thus the warrior's flaming steel,
 From Indus to each trembling pole,
 Aves ev'ry nation's hardier race,
 Levels alike the weak and strong,
 While, following up her weary chase,
 Ambition weaves a sprightlier song ?
 What ! art thou fled to yonder spheres,
 Who hail'd thee with the birth of years,
 There to bemoan the guilt of man,
 The pow'r of discontented Pride,
 The wreck of states, whose children ran
 Headlong on fell Corruption's tide ?

Oh ! hither speed thy wings sublime,
 Nor let the fav'rite child of War
 Curtail the bright career of Time,
 Or blast thy joy-inspiring star !
 Oh ! hither speed thy gentle flight,
 And o'er the distant scen'ry throw
 One beam of heav'n-descending light,
 To chase off thick'ning glooms of wo !
 Let Taste, beneath thy halcyon sway,
 For Genius point the starry way ;
 Let ev'ry sister Art combine
 Her strength and attributes divine ;

Then shall the nobler spirit raise
 Her standard on the smoking pile,
 And point afar to happier days,
 When, chain'd to earth, the fiend of guile
 Shall view his slaught'ring cohorts lie,
 Stretch'd on their backs—the scorn of ev'ry eye!

Charles! wherefore, at that prosp'rous hour
 When Gallia felt thy giant pow'r,
 Recoil'd thy daring sword?
 Thou might'st have set the nations free,
 And to the car of Victory
 Have chain'd the lawless horde!
 But Doubt, that foe to high emprise,
 Oppress'd thy weak dejected eyes:
 On ev'ry side some deadly scheme
 In Fancy's vision lay;
 And many a wild disorder'd dream
 Of Fortune's fickle sway
 Procur'd for Gaul's imperial crest
 The seat of Refuge and Repose,
 Where, by the smiles of Genius blest,
 The offspring of Invention rose;
 Who o'er the Danube's thund'ring flood,
 Freighted with many a ton of blood,
 The mighty fabric hurl'd!
 Whose prowess, when the hand of Time
 Has crush'd the tow'rs of Wien sublime,
 Shall raise the wonder of a thinking world.

Oh, Charles! if aught can rob thy name
 Of glory and the meed of Fame,
 Which ev'ry tongue would yield,
 It is the taunt of having slept,
 While Gaul a constant vigil kept,
 On Enzer's gory field!

Her spirit, wrapp'd in deep disguise,
 Beneath the low'ring midnight skies,
 Stalk'd o'er the ground where Morpheus shed
 His poppies o'er each vet'ran head ;
 Stalk'd forth to mark the blushing plain,
 Where, breathing many a joyous strain,
 She heard the trembling earth bemoan
 The pressure of that awful heap,
 Whose tow'ring walls cast many a frown
 Across the weary sons of Sleep !
 Yes ; she had number'd ev'ry arm,
 And balanc'd in her giant soul
 Their strength, their means, the dread alarm
 Which triumph'd o'er the whole !
 But, as she pass'd the drowsy throng,
 On ev'ry face supremely strong
 The dews of terror lay ;
 She saw, and, bounding o'er the plain,
 Rush'd to her fav'rite isle again,
 And plann'd the dark affray !

Ye, whose sublimer souls can tow'r
 Beyond the vulgar bounds of space,
 Whose bosoms feel the circling hour
 Improve the mind's expanding grace,—
 Bid every slumb'ring sense arise,
 Call every passion into play,
 For now, beneath the darkling skies,
 Shall flash the warriors' lightning eyes,
 Who toil their lives away !
 List ! and the clanging trumpet's breath
 Shall wake the slumb'ring forms of Death,
 That crowd the moaning plain ;
 List ! and the Gallic march shall fright
 The Genius of the stormy night,
 And make the world complain !

Yes, listen! for to you alone
 The narrative is dear;
 To you, who from Reflection's throne
 Can drop a genuine tear;
 And o'er the wreck of human waste
 The sapient glance of horror cast;
 Who, conscious of a fellow's wo,
 Give freedom to the cutting thro',
 And, fir'd with glory and the love of right,
 Would fain to realms of endless night
 Consign the man whose dissoluble league
 Subsists by slaughter, terror, and intrigue!

Grafton-street, June, 1810.

J. G.

[*To be continued.*]

INTERROGATORIES ANSWERED.

“ SAY why, my friend, to this funereal bed
 “ O'erhung with cypress, at the midnight hour,
 “ Hast thou so often, contemplating, sped,
 “ And shunn'd soft Sleep's invigorating pow'r?
 “ Do not the shapes, that round yon baleful yew
 “ Now wildly revel by the moon's pale light,
 “ Deter thy musings, and distract the view
 “ That yields thine eye ineffable delight?”

The man whose breast rejects the plaints of wo,
 Whose conscience startles at the light of truth,
 Might feel uneasy; but I'd have thee know
 'T has been my custom, from my earliest youth,
 Sublim'd in thought, to pore upon the tomb,
 And watch the spirits of the midnight gloom!

THE ATHEIST.

COME, make the most of life (the atheist cries);
 Indulge each passion as the moment flies :
 Pluck the fresh rose-buds ere their bloom decline,
 And crown the laughing Hours with rosy wine.
 Begone, Religion's dull delusive rules !
 They who obey not Nature's laws are fools.
 This day our all-transporting joys invite,
 To-morrow's sun may set in endless night :
 No life beyond the grave we hope or fear ;
 Let then the present world engross our ev'ry care.

THE CHRISTIAN.

COME, make the most of life (the Christian cries);
 Quit this low earth, and claim your native skies :
 Begone, the joys of Sin ! her pois'nous breath
 Infects the body, dooms the soul to death.
 In life, in death, Religion's joys refin'd
 Alone can satisfy th' immortal mind :
 Take up your cross ; to Christ your Saviour fly ;
 Use well this moment, for the next ye die !
 Your great Redeemer's love alone can save ;
 His holy cross alone can triumph o'er the grave !

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF HOFFER, THE TYROLESE PATRIOT.

CELESTIAL spirit ! whose immortal fire
 Round Ossian's tuneful lips sublimely hung,
 When, rudely sweeping o'er the hallow'd lyre,
 Wild to each passing gale his raptur'd tongue
 Pour'd the soft strains of melody divine
 In many a dulcet note, and sweetly-flowing line !

Oh ! could I share thy bless'd control,
 And catch the glowing spark of sacred flame,
 That kindling at thy touch illum'd his soul,
 And rush'd impetuous thro' his ardent frame !
 Oh ! could my feeble voice like him rehearse
 The deeds of mighty warriors slain,
 And rise in numbers of majestic verse,
 Such as he breath'd upon the sanguine plain
 When dauntless Fingal shook the lifted spear,
 And scatter'd from his arm wild Death and trembling

Fear :—

Or such as sweet at midnight's silent hour
 His swelling bosom oft would pour,
 When, seated in the desert blast,
 He told the plaintive tale of days long past,
 Lulling to gentle rest and placid form
 The dark-ey'd Genius of the howling storm ;—
 While the pale misty phantoms of the night,
 Sighing on ev'ry gale that flitted by,
 Paus'd in their shadowy flight
 To catch the strains that warbled thro' the sky ;
 And as, in melody sublimely loud,
 Swift o'er the quiv'ring strings he swept along,
 Drew softly round,
 And, struck with wonder at the magic sound,
 Hung o'er the visionary cloud,
 And listen'd to the wild notes of his song !
 Yes ! were it mine like him to raise
 The lofty pile of deathless praise,
 And scatter round the patriot's tomb
 Piërian tributes of eternal bloom,—
 Then, matchless Hoffer ! would I sound thy name
 Loud thro' the bursting trump of Fame,
 And blazon to admiring Earth
 Alike thy valour and thy worth !

Then should my willing Muse, in strains sublime,
 Commemorate thy deeds so brave,
 And, soaring high beyond the reach of Time,
 Snatch with triumphant hand thy laurels from the
 grave!

But, ah! to other lyres belong
 The pomp of verse, the pride of song;
 The humble strain, the simple line,
 The artless verse, alone are mine!
 Yet will I drop the pensive tear,
 And mourn, O gallant Chief! thy fate severe
 When Treach'ry gave thee to a ruthless foe!
 Yet will I weep the luckless hour
 That made thee victim to a tyrant's pow'r,
 Wreck'd all thy country's hopes, and stretch'd thee
 low!—

Then stay, O Muse! thy wand'ring flight,
 And, pale with horror, turn thy sight
 Where Austria's genius, frantic with dismay,
 Loud-shrieking, flies round Mantua's tow'ring
 spires—

Where savage Murder blots the face of day,
 And Valour's darling son, betray'd, expires!
 Oh! gaze in pity o'er the deed,
 And mark with streaming eyes the brutal scene!
 Lo! where on yonder spot condemn'd to bleed,
 The hero kneels serene!

Tho' round him point the levell'd tubes of death,
 No coward accents tremble on his breath;
 But softly to the listening air
 He whispers out a dying pray'r,—
 Imploring Heav'n to close, with lenient hand,
 The bleeding sorrows of his native land!
 Immortal saints! whose arms are near
 To succour Virtue in the hour of fear,

Rush from your golden canopies of state!
Oh! round his friendless head
Your shielding mantles spread,
And safely bear him from the jaws of Fate!
But, ah! 'tis done—the deed is o'er;
His manly bosom heaves no more!
Lo! the dread ball unerring flies,
And deep-mouth'd thunder rends the vaulted skies!
Hark! Mantua's walls re-echo back the sound;
And, steep'd in gushing blood,
The firm defender of his country's good
Sinks on the crimson'd ground!
Illustrious Hoffer! was it thus to fall
We saw thee brave a thousand adverse shocks,
And pour wide ruin on the barb'rous Gaul
Down from thy native rocks?
Was it to perish like the child of Shame
We saw thee raise the keen avenging steel,
And, fir'd with Valour's noble zeal,
Reap the gay laurels of eternal Fame?
Was it for this, prostrated low,
The batter'd legions of thy foe
Wide o'er the plains lay stretch'd in mangled heaps;
When, faithful to thy signal word,
Loud bursting from the sever'd cord,
With crash tremendous, and resistless force,
The pond'rous fragment urg'd its rapid course
Down the rough craggy steeps;
And, whirling round in many a stroke of death,
Spread frightful havoc o'er the vales beneath?
Unhappy Chief! what destiny severe
Has veil'd the glories of thy bright career!
The martial thunder of thy voice no more
Swells 'mid the battle's angry roar!

Chill'd is thy heart, and cold the patriot form
 That struggled long, in danger's threat'ning hour,
 To stem the course of lawless Pow'r,
 And guard a sinking state from wild Oppression's
 storm !

Ah ! what avail'd thy dauntless might,
 Thy ardent courage in the fields of fight ?
 False were thy hopes, thy efforts all were vain ;
 And, meanly barter'd to a tyrant's hand,
 We see thee now untimely slain !

Thy mould'ring relics slumber in a land
 Where fetter'd Hist'ry her immortal scroll
 Shuts from thy name, nor dares relate
 The matchless virtues of thy soul—

Where no kind mourner, weeping o'er thy fate,
 In gentle strain commemorates thy doom,
 Or decks thy ashes with a friendly tomb !
 Yet, fallen warrior ! shall renown be thine,

And laurels yet shall blossom on thy grave ;—
 What tho' no lofty verse, no heav'n-taught line,
 Record thy merit, and thy deeds so brave ;—
 What tho' no sculptur'd pile or marble bust
 Rise in proud grandeur o'er thy sleeping dust ;—
 Yet, if my humble Muse aright

Thro' future years, prophetic, turns her sight,
 A day shall yet be known
 When Freedom's smile shall beam thro' ev'ry clime,
 And patriot valour cease to be a crime !

When godlike Justice, mounting on her throne,
 Shall rend the fetters that enslave the earth,

Shall trample down

Oppression's crown,

And blazon wide the story of thy worth !
 Yet shall arrive the glad auspicious hour
 When lawless Might shall drop the rod of Pow'r ;

When, curb'd no more by frowns severe,
 No longer check'd by coward Fear,
 The tributary song shall sweetly rise,
 And waft thy glory to the list'ning skies!
 Yes, gallant Chief! tho' tyrant Hate
 Awhile may blot th' historic page,
 Yet shall thy virtues flourish great
 Thro' many a distant age :
 Applauding worlds shall yet revere thy name,
 And wreaths of future praise immortalize thy fame.
April, 1810. W. C**E.

SONG.

In rude and barren beds of dross
 The richest gems remain ;
 And herbs ungrateful to the sight
 A precious balm contain.

 In choicest fruits that lure the eye
 An insect spreads alarms ;
 And blooming roses hide the worm
 That revels in their charms.

 And many a homely tatter'd garb
 A virtuous breast reveals ;
 And many a spotless bosom fair
 A tainted heart conceals.

GEORGIUS.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 104.]

With an Engraving. Plate VII.

FAIR Virtue is its own reward,
For Heav'n remains its constant guard;
And it becomes us all to trust
In this grand truth,—that Heav'n is just.
Whatever forms the human lot,
Whether in palace or in cot,
In the calm track or frequent strife,
Man leads his variegated life;
Whether he feast his smiling hours
In stately halls or painted bow'rs;
Whether he labour thro' the day
In Winter cold or Summer's ray;
Or, in long nights of tort'ring pain,
He strive to close his eyes in vain;
Comfort will on his lot attend
If Virtue be his bosom friend.
In youth, when Love's seducing pow'r
Strives to awake the madd'ning hour;
When, life matur'd, the eager game
That hunts for wealth, or seeks for fame,
So oft is play'd with many an art,
To guide the mind and seize the heart;
When Pleasure doth its charms display,
And Fancy tempts but to betray;
Virtue stands forth, and dares defy
Th' attack of ev'ry enemy.
When age comes on, with stealing pace,
And the crutch marks the closing race,
Virtue supports her champion's cause,
And cheers him with her fond applause;

While she, at death's resistless hour,
Beams forth with her all-cheering pow'r,
Nor fails to make the flow'rets bloom
Round the dark confines of the tomb.

Thus Syntax ponder'd,—when around
His head he turn'd, and grateful found
His bags and notes all safe and sound. }
Pleas'd with the prospect, he was fain
To yawn, and go to sleep again :
But, while he still enjoy'd his dream,
His story was the gen'ral theme
Of ev'ry tongue, and made a din
Thro' all the purlieus of the inn.
The ostler told it to the maid,
And she the whole, and more, betray'd ;
Nay, in her idle eager prate,
Mistook the window for the gate :
For, tho' she lay all snug and quiet,
And slept, unconscious of the riot,
She swore that, all within her view,
The Parson from the window threw
A full-grown man into the street,
Who haply lighted on his feet,
And then ran off, all thro' the dirt,
With nightcap on, and half a shirt.

The Barber caught the story next,
Who stuck no closer to the text ;
But left a man half-shav'd, and ran
To tell it to the Clergyman.
“ O ! bless me, Sir,” he cry'd, “ I fear
“ To utter what you now must hear :—
“ At the *Blue Bell* there's been such doing ;
“ The house, I'm certain, it must ruin ;
“ Nay, as I live, I'll tell no further—
“ A Bishop has committed murther !

" He seiz'd a Captain by the pate,
 " And dash'd it so against the gate,
 " That all the gate is cover'd o'er
 " With scatter'd brains and human gore.
 " His Lordship gave him such a banging,
 " That he will scarce escape with hanging.
 " They quarrell'd, Sir, as it is said,
 " About the colours, black and red.
 " The Captain manfully profess'd
 " That the bright scarlet was the best ;
 " And they, who that fine colour wore,
 " The first of all professions bore ;—
 " While black (it was not very civil)
 " Was the known liv'ry of the devil.
 " Thus soon a loud dispute arose,
 " Which from hard words went on to blows ;
 " And ended in this bloody strife,
 " Which robb'd the Captain of his life,
 " And, if fair Justice does not falter,
 " Will deck the Bishop with a halter."
 The Parson smil'd, and bid the calf
 Go home and shave the other half :
 But, when he came, th' impatient elf
 Had shav'd the other half himself.

The Tailor laid aside his needle
 To hear the story from the Beadle,
 Who swore he had strange news to tell
 Of what had happen'd at the *Bell* :—
 " Would you believe it, that, last night,
 " A highwayman, a man of might,
 " Down in his bed a Lawyer bound,
 " And robb'd him of a thousand pound ;
 " Then gagg'd him, that he might not rouse
 " The people sleeping in the house."
 " No, no," says Snip, " however strong,
 " No gag will stop a Lawyer's tongue ;

“ And, after all, the stolen pelf
 “ Is what, I’m sure, he stole himself ;
 “ For, if the real truth we knew,
 “ He’s the worst villain of the two !
 “ They’re thieves in grain,—they never alter,—
 “ Attorneys all deserve a halter.
 “ If that is all, I’ll mind my stitches,
 “ Nor lay aside John Bumpkin’s breeches.”

The Blacksmith, while a trav’ler stay’d
 That a new horse-shoe might be made,
 Inform’d him that a rev’rend Clerk
 Last night was strangled in the dark :
 No one knew how,—’twas at the *Bell*,—
 The murd’rer—not a soul could tell.
 The Justice, tho’, would make a rout,
 And try to find the fellow out.
 Thus Rumour spread the simple case,
 In ev’ry form, throughout the place.

The Doctor now unclos’d his eyes,
 And thought that it was time to rise :
 So up he got, and down he went,
 To scold the landlord fully bent ;
 Who, pale, and trembling with affright
 At what had happen’d in the night,
 Approach’d with such an humble look,
 The Doctor’s rage at once forsook
 His Christian breast ; and, with a voice
 That did the poor man’s heart rejoice,
 He bid him hasten to prepare
 The coffee, for his morning’s fare.
 “ I do avow,” the landlord said,
 “ That, since I’ve carried on my trade,
 “ Since I’ve been master of the *Bell*,
 “ As all throughout the town can tell,
 “ (And that is now ten years, and more,)
 “ I ne’er knew such mishap before.

" The fellow, Sir, upon my word,
 " Let loose his money like a Lord.
 " I receive all who come this way,
 " And care not, Sir, how long they stay, }
 " So they but eat and drink—and pay.
 " I ask not from whence people come,
 " What is their name, or where their home;—
 " That he's a rogue, I think, is clear,
 " And he no more shall enter here.
 " He is some sharper, I suppose,
 " Who round about the country goes;
 " While, to assist his lawless game,
 " He takes the soldier's noble name.
 " I understand the rogue you bang'd,
 " And in good time, Sir, he'll be hang'd :
 " I hope that all your notes you've found,—
 " I'm told they're worth a thousand pound."
 " Prove that," says Syntax, " my dear honey,
 " And I will give you half the money.
 " Think not, my friend, I'm such a fool,
 " That I have been so late at school,
 " To put my bank-notes in a bag
 " That hangs across my Grizzle nag.
 " No; they were notes to make a book,
 " In which the learn'd may choose to look ;
 " For, know, the thief would not have found
 " Them worth—to him—a single pound ;
 " Tho' much I hope that they will be
 " The source of many a pound to me."
 Thus Syntax cheer'd the landlord's heart
 Till the time warn'd him to depart;
 When soon, along the beaten road,
 Poor Grizzle bore her rev'rend load.

The Doctor's pleasant thoughts beguile
 The journey onward many a mile :

For many a mile he had not seen
 But one unvarying level green ;
 Nor had the way one object brought
 That wak'd a picturesquish thought. .
 A spire, indeed, across the down,
 Seem'd to denote a neighb'ring town ;
 And that was a most pleasant sight,—
 For there he hop'd to pass the night.

A Farmer now, so blithe and gay,
 Came trotting briskly on his way.
 " I pray," says Syntax, " tell me, friend,
 " If to yon town this way doth tend ?"
 " This road, good Sir, will take you there :
 " You're surely going to the fair ;
 " 'Tis the first mart both far and near,
 " For horses, cows, and such-like geer ;
 " And, from the beast I've in my eye,
 " You're going, Sir, a nag to buy :
 " I think, if I the truth may tell,
 " You have not got a nag to sell ;
 " For not a person in the fair
 " Will give ten shillings for your mare."
 Syntax, who dearly lov'd a joke,
 And long had liv'd 'mong country-folk ;
 Thought he could work a little mirth
 Out of this rustic son of earth.
 So thus the conversation flow'd,
 As they jogg'd on along the road.

SYNTAX.

" I'll tell you, Farmer ; long together,
 " In sunshine, and in stormy weather,
 " My mare and I have trotted on,
 " Nor is, as yet, our labour done ;
 " And, tho' her figure you despise,
 " Did you but know her qualities,

“ You would not rate her quite so low
 “ As now you seem dispos’d to do.”

FARMER.

“ I’ll lay a pound, if you are willing,
 “ She does not fetch you twenty shilling.”

SYNTAX.

“ First, my good friend, one truth I’ll tell—
 “ I do not want my mare to sell ;
 “ While to lay wagers I am loth,—
 “ The practice would disgrace my cloth ;
 “ Nor ever, while Life’s path I trace,
 “ Will I the sacred cloth disgrace ;
 “ But yet I think you underrate
 “ Poor Grizzle’s qualities and state :
 “ ’Tis true, she’s past the age of beauty,
 “ Yet still the old girl does her duty ;
 “ And some one surely will be found
 “ To think, at least, she’s worth a pound :
 “ Nay, to amuse the country-folk,
 “ We’ll put her up, by way of joke,
 “ But no one must the wager smoke ;
 “ And I propose that, if you lose,
 “ No Christian will the bet refuse ;
 “ The money to the poor you’ll give,—
 “ ’Twill be a Christian donative :
 “ And if my old and faithful mare
 “ Should be so treated in the fair,
 “ That not a person should be willing
 “ To offer for her twenty shilling,
 “ On honour, I will do the same,
 “ As sure as Syntax is my name.
 “ Such are the terms that I propose ;—
 “ So let us now the bargain close.”
 “ Give me your hand,” the Farmer said,
 “ The terms I’ll keep ;—the bargain’s made.”

Thus they rode on and reach'd the town;—
The pipe and bowl the ev'ning crown.

The morrow came, and thro' the fair
The Farmer led the Grizzle mare.
Says one, " I would not bid a pound ;
" She's only fit to feed a hound ;
" But would a hound the gift receive ?
" For she has nought but bones to give.
" Where must we look her ears to find ?
" And, faith, she's left her tail behind."
" Why," says another, " view her scars ;
" She must have left them in the wars."
Says Syntax, " My good friend, you're right ;
" She's been in many a bloody fight ;
" Nor e'er was known to take a fright." }

As a warm Yeoman pass'd along,
He heard the jeerings of the throng,
And felt a strong desire to know
What pleas'd the laughing people so.
" A Parson, Sir," says one, " distress'd,
" Wants to sell that poor wretched beast ;
" And asks, I hear, a pound, or two :
" I think he'll ne'er get that from you."
" If that's the case," the Yeoman said ;—
" I'll ease his heart, and buy the jade.
" I'll bid two pounds, my friend, that's plain,
" And give him back his beast again."

The Farmer own'd the wager lost,
And op'd his bag to pay the cost.
" No, Sir," says Syntax, " 'tis to you
" To pay where'er you think 'tis due :
" But, as we pass'd the Common o'er,
" I saw, beside a cottage-door,
" A woman, with a spinning-wheel,
" Who turn'd her thread around the reel,

“ While joyful frolick’d by her side
“ Three children, all in Nature’s pride ;
“ And I submit it to your care
“ To leave the welcome bounty there.”

The Yeoman, when he heard the joke,
In friendly words to Syntax spoke :—
“ I, Sir, an humble mansion own,
“ About five furlongs from the town ;
“ And there your Rev’rence I invite
“ To go and dine, and pass the night.
“ To-day I give an annual feast,
“ Where you will be an honour’d guest.
“ I love the cloth ;—and humbly crave
“ That we may there your blessing have.
“ Come then, and bring your mare along ;
“ Come, share the feast, and hear the song ;
“ And in the ev’ning will be seen
“ The merry dancers on the green.”
“ With joy,” said Syntax, “ I receive
“ The invitation which you give ;
“ In your kind feast I’ll bear a part,
“ And bring with me a grateful heart.”
“ I,” said the Yeoman, “ must be gone ;
“ But shall expect you, Sir, at one.”
Nor did the Doctor long delay
To the farm-house to take his way ;
And, hast’ning quickly from the fair,
He found a hearty welcome there.

[*To be continued.*]

LINES

ON THE RUINS OF HARLEICH-CASTLE, MERIONETHSHIRE,
With an Engraving. Plate VIII.

CAMBRIA! while Freedom guarded ev'ry vale,
And arm'd thy sturdy sons to meet the foe,
No walls embattl'd climb'd thy lofty heights,
Nor were their summits with the turret crown'd.
When the Bards struck their harps, th' inspiring strings
Drew from the mountain's brow or rocky cave
The hardy natives of th' unconquer'd soil;
And many an armed band the verdant plain
Polluted, and the hungry vulture fed;
While the hoarse streams, that from their distant springs
Ran foaming on, were stain'd with hostile gore.

At length the victor came,—and Cambria's chiefs,
Tho' after many a battle lost and won,
Were forc'd to yield to his destructive pow'r.
In vain the Bards awake th' inspiring song:—
The song inspired not;—tho' e'en in death
They gave those sounds that would be heard no more.
On Arvon's strand their sacred forms were seen,
A prey to the insatiate conqu'ror's sword.

Then the first Edward rais'd thy lofty tow'rs,
Harleich *! that still, in ruin'd state, o'erlook
The western main,—and echo to the surge,
That breaks in billows on the craggy shore.
Tho' not for Freedom were these turrets rear'd,
But to o'erawe the realm, and to proclaim
To Cambria's children—“ You're no longer free.”
Yet still, when undisturb'd by bloody war,
It whilom gave to Henry's gallant Queen,
Conquer'd and fugitive, a safe retreat,

* Harleich-Castle was built by Edward I.

N^o 6 of the POETICAL MAGAZINE, Pub. Aug. 1850 at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts, 102, Strand.

Plate 8. Vol. 3.



HAIR, FIGHT CASTLES. MERIONETHSHIRE.



11

Ere she to Scotia's land for refuge fled *.
 But now these walls are mould'ring into dust,
 And wake the pensive thought within his breast,
 Who, as he wanders on the distant shore,
 Views in their fate the change of human things,
 And where the pride of mortal glory ends.
 Their use is lost in the far happier lot
 Of equal liberty and equal laws,
 Which guard the wide extent of Britain's isle.
 Cambria, long since united to the realm
 With which she oft contested to maintain
 Her independent pow'r,—now boasts to form
 One glorious kingdom, and one happy state.

FABLES FOR CHILDREN.

FABLE II.

THE WILD STRAWBERRY AND GARDEN-ROSE.

A STRAWBERRY and garden-rose
 Hard by each other grew :
 The blushing flower 'gan disclose
 Its beauties to the view.
 Still as the sun more fervid beam'd
 It op'd its crimson leaves :
 Proud of its glowing tints it seem'd,
 And scarce the plant perceives.
 When thus it spoke, with haughty tone—
 “ You trifling dwarfish thing,
 “ I wonder how you e'er were blown !
 “ From whence, pray, did you spring ?”

* In the year 1460, Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI. retired hither, after the unfortunate battle of Northampton ; whence, after a short stay, she fled to Scotland.

“ Your creeping leaf your meanness suits ;
 “ And, for the flow'r you bear,
 “ The servile daisy surely shoots
 “ With full as smart an air.

“ Why thus so near me, low-bred flow'r,
 “ Dost thou presume to come ?
 “ Beneath some bramble's straggling bow'r
 “ Go seek a fitter home.”

The modest creeper calm reply'd—
 “ Indeed you do me wrong ;
 “ I sought not here, from silly pride,
 “ To trail my leaves along.

“ 'Twas Providence that plac'd you there,
 “ And here my lot assign'd ;
 “ And, tho' your charms I do not share,
 “ Some favour still I find.

“ No wounding thorns upon my stem
 “ The outstretch'd hand molest ;
 “ 'Tis not my wish to injure them
 “ By whom I am caress'd.

“ Still on my feeble stalk I bear
 “ A little humble store ;
 “ And those, who of my bounties share,
 “ Return to me for more.”

Know then, my dearest Robert, know,
 From this same plant and flow'r,
 That 'tis not glare and outward shew
 Which deck fair Virtue's bow'r;—

For, oft beneath a modest mien
 Unvarnish'd merit lies ;
 And those, who're least aspiring seen,
 Deserve the most to rise.

E. M. C.

SENSIBILITY AND INDIFFERENCE.

A DIALOGUE.

INDIFFERENCE.

WHATEVER Poets sing or say,
Of Passion's force, or Feeling's sway,
Bred in the stoic's able school,
I guide the heart with even rule,
And happily secure from thee,
Thou prudish Sensibility.

SENSIBILITY.

Vain pedant! thou, whose heart and head
Are lifeless, cold, and dull as lead,
Shalt thou presume to guide the mind,
To ev'ry finer feeling blind;
From Passion's ebullition free,
Not from good rule, but apathy?
Avaunt! nor ever on pretence
Approach me more, Indifference!

I love the tear from sorrow wrung,
Grief trembling, falt'ring, on the tongue:
I love emotions half suppress'd,
Joy gently lab'ring in the breast;
With ev'ry pleasing wild sensation,
The soul's divinest emanation;
Still contending with soft Strife,
To give a relish to my life;
With Hope and Fear's alternate sway,
And thorns with roses on my way.

INDIFFERENCE.

Poor insignificant control,
To that I claim in human soul!
No swells of Passion's frantic tide
O'erwhelm the bark I dare to guide.

Calm and unruffled flow the seas,
 Bless'd with serenity and ease ;
 Whilst thou, with ever-varying mind,
 Shift'st like a vane before the wind,
 And anxious cares thy thought employ,
 Alike in sorrow or in joy.
 I gaze unmov'd at Nature's strife,
 Nor court one pang that 'bitters life ;
 And all mankind will soon agree
 That this is true philosophy.

SENSIBILITY.

Philosophy would ne'er suppress
 The sighs that greet—the tears that bless,—
 Spontaneous tributes of the soul,
 Unaw'd by Apathy's control ;
 These, nor the Pow'r who rules above,
 Nor Reason, e'er can disapprove.

INDIFFERENCE.

THE goddess knows thee not:—her rest
 Was never found in Passion's breast ;
 For nothing less I deem those throes
 Of swelling joys and sudden woes ;
 Sad obstacles to mortal bliss,
 And useless in a life like this.
 But, since the contest thus proceeds,
 'Twill joy me when thy bosom bleeds ;
 And, callous to thy shafts, I'll spurn
 At any taunts thou dar'st return.
 I'll tell thee, to debase thy pride,
 That Reason ever was my guide ;
 Far from the pleasures thou can'st give,
 With me the goddess deigns to live.

Enter REASON.

REASON.

'Tis false ! for better 'twere to dwell
 In Stygian cave or murky cell,

Pale Horror fix'd on ev'ry sense,
 Than sojourn with Indifference.
 Thou art a monster rudely bred
 In some vile stoic's troubled head,—
 Thy being doubtful; and thy name
 No pride of Nature, but her shame:
 Impenetrable breast of steel,
 Unconscious of the pow'r to feel;
 Dead to sensations ever dear,
 The kindling cheek,—the burning tear,—
 Learn to thy shame, if shame there be
 Consistent with thy vanity,
 That Nature's laws the palm bestow
 On Sensibility, thy foe;
 That she, who yonder blushing stands,
 And ev'ry good man's breast commands,
 Tho' oft she tremble with alarms,
 Her nature restless, soul in arms,
 From Passion's tumult seldom free,
 Is perfect, when compar'd with thee!

W.

REFLECTIONS,

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE
 IN A DISSERTATION ON THE PRESENT STATE OF
 GREECIAN ANTIQUITIES.

“Corinth, once the seat of arts, of opulence, luxury, and pleasure,
 “is at this day a collection of houses, whose inhabitants, tor-
 “mented by the double scourge of misery and sickness, seem like
 “so many spectres risen from the grave.”

SEE here the pride of lordly man o'erthrown;
 Vanish'd his pomp; his grandeur but a dream;
 Here Desolation rears her gloomy throne,
 And Corinth's ruins with instruction teem.

Fam'd city ! once of opulence and ease,
 Where Science in meridian splendour shone,
 Where Emulation strain'd each nerve to please,
 And deck'd with elegance the sculptur'd stone ;
 Fall'n are thy lofty domes ; in ruins lie
 The graceful column and the breathing bust ;
 The awe-struck trav'ler, with exploring eye,
 Beholds proud Corinth levell'd with the dust !
 Lo, where in silence stalks a wasted form,
 Whose tatter'd weeds the rising gale blows wide ;
 With trembling limbs seeks refuge from the storm,
 And vainly strives his wretchedness to hide.
 Unhappy victim of disease and wo !
 Of soul-depressing penury and grief !
 On thee no ray of comfort dawns below,
 Nor human sympathy can give relief.
 Short is the space to man assign'd below ;
 Soon fades his glory, soon his strength decays ;
 Time's rapid stream, with never-ceasing flow,
 Man and his works in one vast ruin lays.

A MORALIST.

SONNET—TO THE HEART.

SAY, trembling tenant of this pensive breast,
 What lurking sorrow thus thy peace destroys ;
 Why melancholy sadness o'er thy joys
 Thus broods, and cruel robs thee of thy rest ?
 Does some fair maid, for whom the heavy sigh,
 In tone convulsive thrills around thy seat—
 Does she, alas ! that fond return deny
 Thy love demands, and love like thine should meet ?
 Hush'd be thy tumults wild ; soon the cold grave
 Will o'er thy sorrows draw its icy veil ;
 And, when all other means of comfort fail,
 Thy throbbing grief-wreck'd tenement to save,
 The tomb shall be thy refuge ; there thy woes
 Will find in Death's cold arms, at last, repose.

SALISBURIENSIS.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 136.]

Now had Bertrand's triumphant scheme
 Surmounted ev'ry idle dream,
 And quell'd the loudly-echoing roar
 That shook the Danube's poison'd shore!

Science had thrown, with dauntless hand,
 Her ramparts o'er the swelling flood;

Had mark'd the far-extending land,
 Where rivers of commingling blood,
 Urging their progress with impetuous sweep,
 Shall lull the dying into endless sleep!

As Eve began her veil to spread,
 The tow'rs of Charles look'd dark and dread:
 From right to left a wondrous chain
 Of bastions cross'd the battle-plain;

Whilst, eager for another fray,
 And scowling in their pale array,

His legions sought the field,
 Where Hope display'd her torch, and cry'd,
 "Lorraine! thy sons have bravely dy'd,
 "But never shalt thou yield!

"Look up! the Monarch of the sky

"Surveys thee with a raptur'd eye,

"As, down the western heights afar,

"He shrouds him from the ev'ning star!

"Lorraine, advance! thy sons shall tell

"How Gallia's tyrant children fell;

"Deep in their breasts thy swords shall glow,

"And from their flashing eyes the sweats of anguish
 flow!

"Behold, the nations to thy flag

"Their mangled offspring drag!

" And from thy arm that vengeance call,
 " Which still shall curb th' inflated Gaul,
 " And o'er the parching plain
 " Lay prostrate his infernal horde,
 " That, arm'd with blood, and fire, and sword,
 " Have drench'd the world with slain."

Thus Hope his daring soul inspir'd :
 He spoke—and all the troops retir'd.

Now had the twilight spirits drawn
 Their curtains o'er the blue profound,
 And all was silent, save the horn
 That summon'd ev'ry post around !
 Eve still beheld, with tearful eyes,
 The flash that rent the southern skies ;
 She saw the spot, where, drench'd in gore,
 The Austrians had been crush'd before ;
 She saw, and curst the fight !
 She saw the elements afar
 Warring against her fav'rite star
 In streams of crimson bright !

A solemn pause succeeds ; and, lo !
 The fires of either army glow :
 Along the dusky tracts of air
 The vivid lightnings glare !
 No sound is heard, save o'er the plain,
 Where post to post the charge repeats,
 Revolving o'er the visionary slain,
 And spirits in their winding-sheets !
 Stretch'd in their tents the warriors sleep,
 That soon, in many a smoking heap,
 Shall load the delug'd strand !
 Nature and all her works seem hush'd,
 And ev'ry artful project's crush'd
 That wakeful Science plann'd !

Yes ; thousands now, that thoughtless lie,
 Or pillow'd in celestial dreams,
 Shall never view the morning sky
 Illumin'd with Aurora's beams !
 Their knell the battle-trump shall sound,
 And the dark curtains, gath'ring round,
 Their reeking bodies shroud !
 Mothers shall search, with swelling eyes,
 The spot where all their treasure lies,
 And, madd'ning, howl aloud !
 Oh ! 'tis sublime, on wings of fire,
 To mount above this darken'd sphere ;
 To feel the love of man inspire
 The sympathetic tear !
 To feel the soul recoil with dread,
 That individual pride should spread,
 Across the world's astonish'd plain,
 Destruction, death, and pain !
 That princes, swoll'n with upstart pow'r,
 Should lord it o'er their fellow dust,
 And plan, thro' each revolving hour,
 How Virtue may be crush'd !
 Ay ! 'tis, indeed, sublime to soar,
 On wings of intellectual fire,
 Above the battle's fitful roar,
 That echoes down the rocky shore,
 And view the conflict dire !
 To see how man, with rage imprest,
 Hurls at his fellow's naked breast
 The polish'd implement ! and glows,
 That his superior strength has crush'd
 The weaker offspring of the dust,
 And thinn'd his country's foes !
 But, soft ! what low mysterious sound,
 Borne on the deathly-scented gale,
 Reverb'rates o'er the dewy ground,
 And seems upon the clouds to sail ?

Spirit of him who smote the wire
 To hoary Time with heav'nly zeal,
 Look from thy starry throne, and fire
 The breast that knows not how to feel !
 Look from the regions of unbounded light,
 Where, thron'd aloft, the seraphim appear,
 And with thy silver tones delight
 The stoic's adamantine ear !
 Hark, hark ! he strikes the breathing shell,
 That long hath slumber'd in celestial peace,
 And, smiling o'er the flaming gulphs of hell,
 Bids ev'ry grov'ling passion cease !
 The spheres around
 Repeat the sound,
 The smiling vales rejoice ;
 The forests hear the tender strain,
 And ev'ry stream and ev'ry plain
 Adore the heav'nly voice.

'Tis twelve ! and darkness shrouds the sky,
 And Silence holds her awful reign ;
 Slumber has seal'd the warrior's eye,
 And hush'd the trumpet's strain !
 The fires that glow'd for many a mile
 Are out, and not a beam appears !
 Midnight has lost her blushing smile,
 And now she's whelm'd in tears.
 But see ! along the misty heath
 The white-rob'd characters of death
 In slow procession hold their way ;
 Dark featur'd, and of giant height !
 Sure these denote another fight—
 Another bloody day !
 List, list ! I hear a whisp'ring sound
 Floating along the Gallic line ;
 Beneath the lightning-flash the ground
 Appears with glitt'ring arms to shine !

On ev'ry side the pennons rise,
 Flapping defiance to the skies !
 On ev'ry side a busy hum
 Pervades the sanguinary horde ;
 And now the life-inspiring drum
 Inflames the warrior's sword !
 High swells the breast of him who stood,
 Like Atlas, in a sea of blood,
 Dauntless and unabash'd !
 He smil'd whene'er the thunder roar'd ;
 He smil'd as down the torrent pour'd,
 Or when the lightning flash'd !

Grafton-street, July, 1810.

J. G.

[*To be continued.*]

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1807.

SPIRIT, descend ! and sweep the golden lyre,
 Swell the soft notes to Marianna's praise,
 Endue my bosom with thy sacred fire,
 And teach my tongue to emulate thy lays !
 Of all the nymphs that e'er my genius fir'd,
 However beauteous, or in virtue rare,
 None has so much as she my soul inspir'd,
 Since Reason held her high dominion there.
 Say, where's the Bard whose tuneful harp can tell
 The sweetness of her lip's prolific dew ?
 Where is the radiance that can e'er dispel
 The light that issues from those planets blue ?
 On either cheek the rose and lily shine,
 Diffusing round a mild and winning grace ;
 And in her tresses all the Sylphs combine
 T' improve the beauty of her plastic face.

How oft, when harass'd with relentless Care,
 Have I her presence anxiously besought !
 How oft, when stung with passion and despair,
 I've mourn'd for her to ease each galling thought !

O'er the rude Alps for her I'd fondly stray—
 Thro' rugged wilds, where not a flow'ret springs ;
 O'er ev'ry barrier would I urge my way,
 For Love transports me on his tow'ring wings !

Not the fierce sun, in full meridian rage,
 Should damp the ardour of my buoyant mind ;
 Nor Music's heav'nly symphonies engage
 The ear attentive to her voice refin'd.

Nor midnight glooms, when tempests howl around,
 When sulph'rous lightnings spread alarm afar,
 When horrid thunders shake the vaulted ground,
 The soul's sublimer energies should mar !

Far from the Muse who dictates what I write
 Be every taint of Flattery's applause ;
 She in her praise could only Truth invite,
 And lean for mercy on Affection's laws !

Those best can paint whom most the passions move,
 Whose hearts melt most with the enchanting spell ;
 " And thou, sweet Poetry !" the friend to Love,
 Canst with thy energy describe them well,
 And all their pangs and all their pleasures tell !

Grafton-street, July 1810.

J. G.

SONNET.

MARIA ! I had hop'd for better things,
 For brighter prospects, and sublimer joys ;
 But ev'ry day, thou lovely woman ! brings
 Some fiend that all our happiness annoys !

Thought after thought keeps flutt'ring in my mind,
 A thousand hopes my drooping spirits cheer;
 But, glancing o'er the frailties of mankind,
 Reflection drops a melancholy tear!
 E'en now, while musing on that happy spot,
 Where many an hour of pleasure we have known,
 Thou undisturb'd, sweet woman! knowest not
 The pangs I feel,—thou hearest not the tone,
 That, softly swelling on the moonlight air,
 Would fain intrude upon thy slumbers there.

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

ODE—TO MELANCHOLY.

If aught can raise the drooping heart
 Above the world's delight and folly,—
 Dispel affliction,—heal the smart,—
 And all sublimer themes impart,—
 'Tis heav'nly pensive Melancholy.

O! let me sit on some high hill,
 When all is solemn—all is still
 Beneath the starry pole;
 When Fancy's fleeting dreams are o'er,
 And busy thoughts disturb no more
 The contemplative soul.

How awful 'tis, at midnight hour,
 To sit and watch from yonder tow'r
 The silver moon arise;
 The mind, expanding, bears her wings
 Above all sublunary things,
 And mingles with the skies.

Our earthly bliss, how short and vain!
 E'en fleeting Pleasure's noisy train

But hasten to their doom ;
And all the idle joys that man
Shall feel in Life's contracted span
Are emblems of the tomb.

Love's but a fair and fragile flow'r,
That shrinks and withers in an hour,
At ev'ry storm that blows ;
While Friendship's soft and healing art
Too oft deserts the broken heart,
And flies from human woes.

Then let me seek the solemn scene,
Where all is silent and serene,
Within the mystic bow'r ;
And, while the nightly dews descend,
In awful meditation spend
The solitary hour.

Let me to cloister'd cell retreat,
Where holy breasts religious beat
With energy divine ;
And lonely monks with pious zeal
Before the sacred relics kneel,
Or worship Jesu's shrine.

O ! let me pass with silent dread
The dreary mansions of the dead,
Where senseless marbles weep ;
And saints, that former ages blest,
Within their earthly caverns rest
In everlasting sleep !

There Melancholy loves to dwell,
And listen to the tolling bell
That speaks our mortal doom :
With pensive form and haggard stare
She sits, the picture of Despair,
O'er Beauty's early tomb.

No earthly sight can draw a tear,
 However sad, however drear,
 Or change her piercing eye :
 She hears the raven's mournful breath
 Pour forth the melody of death,
 And scorns the bursting sigh.

When raging storms around her roll,
 And awful tempests shake the pole,
 By heav'nly vengeance driven—
 E'en while the thunder loudest roars,
 With eyes uplift, she still adores
 The Majesty of Heaven !

She, with her sister Madness, oft
 On some high rock will sit aloft,
 That foaming billows sweep ;
 And, while all Nature feels dismay,
 She'll with unalter'd eye survey
 The horrors of the deep.

But when, in some secluded cell,
 She wildly tunes her magic shell
 To sounds that whisper peace ;
 Such heav'nly music fills the air,
 That bids the pallid fiend, Despair,
 Her hollow murmurs cease.

O ! let me then, revolving, rove
 The dark recesses of the grove,
 And, touch'd with sacred fire,
 Like Fingal's Bard, in lofty lays,
 Record the deeds of ancient days,
 And strike the Gothic lyre.

Hail, holy shade ! whose harp divine,
 O'er each departed hero's shrine
 Awoke in dying falls !
 No more thine airy music floats
 In solemn, soft, and swelling notes,
 Thro' Mona's desert walls.

And, hail! thou awful Pow'r sublime,
 That nought but all-consuming Time
 Can vanquish or destroy!
 When earth shall melt, and sea and skies,
 O! may thy troubled spirit rise
 To everlasting joy.

G—E D—N—L.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

ADDRESSED TO A PERSON WHO HAD WRITTEN SOME VERY
 ACRIMONIOUS LINES AGAINST THE FEMALE SEX.

Consider the delicacy of her sex, the tenderness of her frame,
 and be not severe to her weakness; but remember thine own im-
 perfections.—DODSLEY.

CRITO! no more let sullen spleen,
 With haggard eye and furious mien,
 Thy lonely hours perplex;
 No more the graceless theme endite,
 Nor dare, in angry mood, to write
 A libel on the sex.

Can this be deem'd a manly deed?
 Can this be Honour's glorious meed,
 Or dignify'd employ?
 To invoke the tuneful Muse,
 And slanders vile and false diffuse,
 Fair woman to annoy.

A deed unmanly this must be,
 To men of soft humanity,
 Chaste woman to deride;
 This was an action I detest;
 'Tis mean and base, and, at the best,
 To cowardice ally'd.

For 'tis no merit to the brave
 O'er the unarm'd the sword to wave,
 Or with the weak contend ;
 Much less to wield the venom'd quill
 'Gainst woman, who, 'midst good or ill,
 Calls man her gen'ral friend.

What nation yet e'er took delight
 With neutrals to engage in fight,
 And them and theirs assail ?
 Yet thou, in one ungracious hour,
 Presum'st to shew thou hast the pow'r
 O'er neutrals to prevail.

By this what laurels hast thou won ?—
 Laurels which fade before the sun,
 And wither ere they're green ;
 They form a wreath around thy brow,
 Where all the meaner passions grow,
 And Envy sits between.

What if some fair prov'd insincere,
 Deceiv'd thy heart, or too severe
 Upon thy proffers smil'd ;
 Or with stern looks and ruthless scorn
 Left thee dejected and forlorn,
 In ev'ry hope beguil'd ?

For this frail fair-one's error past,
 Wilt thou on all the females cast
 A stigmatizing name ?
 O! banish the perfidious thought,
 Nor let thy bosom cherish aught
 Against a woman's fame.

Shall man, proud man, " Creation's pride,"
 Against the weaker sex divide,
 And prove their baneful foe ?
 Forbid it, every Pow'r above !
 Forbid it, Chastity and Love,
 Ye lesser pow'rs below !

What tho' of either sex there be
 Some who with insincerity
 Each am'rous wish convey?
 Yet this will not thy cause defend;
 Man is by nature woman's friend,
 Her guardian, and her stay.

To him she turns an anxious eye
 When thought-perplexing Care is nigh,
 Or when by Sorrow torn:
 To him she ev'ry pleasure brings,
 When Love expands his golden wings
 In Life's propitious morn.

Woman, in fine, is briefly this—
 The source of all that earthly bliss
 The heav'nly Pow'rs bestow:
 She gives, when "rightly understood,
 Unto the virtuous and the good,
 A paradise below."

Ipswich, June 13, 1810.

J. LILLY.

TO MY FRIEND,

THE EDITOR OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

—Quereris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina.

HOR. Epist. II. Lib. I.—*Ad Julium Florum*.

SAY, is it Florus speaks again?
 And asks he why the poet's strain
 Sleeps on his silent string?
 Or why the Muse (her fire unfann'd)
 Nor tunes her harp, nor tries her hand,
 Nor plumes her flagging wing?
 Tho' not by warrior bands am I
 Forc'd, like Venusia's Bard, to fly,

And quit the scenes I love ;
 Nor hear like him the hostile blades,
 'Mid Academus' sylvan shades,
 Disturb the sacred grove :

Yet to my friend scarce need I tell,
 For he (I guess) has learnt full well,
 Thro' many a studious day,
 That other thoughts than war's alarms,
 That other sounds than din of arms,
 May drive the Muse away.

How oft we mortals, when possess'd
 Of hours by peaceful leisure bless'd,
 Waste all their genial reign ;
 And, when returning cares have fill'd
 That hand which might the pen have held,
 Sigh for those hours again !

But who can tell (since still are green
 The beauties of each woodland scene,
 That ask'd my earlier song),
 That I unmoy'd those scenes shall tread,
 Or Fancy's wing less vig'rous spread,
 For having rested long ?

So eyes the swain the fallow ground,
 With no luxuriant verdure crown'd,
 Nor mourns the barren plain ;
 The freshen'd soil may plenty yield,
 And future harvests dress the field
 With sheaves of ripen'd grain.

Alton.

S. M. W****a.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN, enwrapp'd in russet robe so pure !
 Lov'd is thy presence, welcom'd be thy breeze !
 Com'st thou in storms, who can thy frowns endure ?
 In sober sadness only thou canst please.

Look o'er the vale ; the brown embosom'd wood ;
 Here gayer foliage mix'd with varied hue ;
 The still, the solemn, calmness of the flood ;
 Th' horizon, bounded by thy curtain blue.

Pale is the beam, and powerless the ray,
 Which erst all fire shot from the blazing car
 Of the once-splendid jocund god of day,
 Who yields his glory to the western star.

List to the breeze, and to the lowly sound
 That seems to whisper from yon tufted gloom ;
 Are thy rude handmaids now at work around,
 To strip each blending beauty of its bloom ?

MARCUS JUVENIS.

THE OPERA :

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS. PANNARD.

THE glorious sun and moon I've seen
 Discourse together in the skies ;
 And Neptune, with a painted mien
 And powder'd wig, from Ocean rise.

I've Venus seen (bright Beauty's star),
 Whose features with each grace abound,
 Seated within a tinsel car,
 Which Cupids, made of gauze, surround.

I've seen the thunder-bearing Jove,
 His bolts just ready to let fall,
 Await to fulminate a grove
 Until he hear the prompter's call.

From hell's infernal pit I've seen
 (Their torches blazing all around)
 Fifty black demons on the scene,
 To burn a paper palace, bound.

I've dragons seen, of pasteboard made,
Which, tho' they bit, were harmless still ;
I've seen a sword, whose glitt'ring blade,
Without inflicting wound, would kill.

I've seen a shepherd, full of love,
Close by his sleeping mistress stay,
To hush the songsters of the grove,
Whilst he more loudly sung his lay.

I've seen, where rag'd fierce war's alarms,
With body stiff and placid face,
A hundred warriors cry, " To arms !"
And yet not moving from the place.

I've seen (and you'll allow it strange)
The tritons, monsters of the sea,
For pumps their massy fins exchange,
That they might dance more actively.

I've seen, too, rivers dancing jigs,
The Pleasures, Sports, and Loves, and Graces ;
The Winds, bedeck'd with flowing wigs,
Tripping along to measur'd paces.

I've seen poor Phaeton, of his sire
Seated the radiant car within,
Setting the universe on fire
With dazzling sunbeams made of tin.

I've seen Orlando, in his rage,
No strength of arm or effort spare
To root up madly from the stage
The trees that never flourish'd there.

I've often seen the Furies smile,
And joke in a good-humour'd way ;
I've seen magicians, full of guile,
Who were no conjurors, they say.

I've seen material spirits rise,
 And dance together, hand in hand ;
 I've seen the gods in paradise
 Quite close to hell's infernal band.

The chaste Diana I have seen,
 Hunting the stag with pointed spear ;
 And I've beheld, behind the scene,
 The goddess hunted by the deer.

A. E. S. T. V.

MAN.

AND is man but a passing flow'r,
 That blooms and fades in one short hour ?
 A bubble, sport of ev'ry blast ?
 A bark, on stormy ocean cast ?
 A meteor, blazing in the skies,
 One moment bright, and then it dies ?
 A sunny shadow on the ground,
 Now here, now nowhere to be found ?
 A thought, by Fancy wild begotten,
 Almost as soon as born forgotten ?
 A wave that ripples on the stream ?
 A giddy moth ? a sigh ? a dream ?
 But, as each plant, the winter o'er,
 Blooms forth as lovely as before ;
 As buds the spring ; as smiling May
 Is deck'd again with chaplets gay ;
 As the dark shades of gloomy Night
 Are follow'd by Day's orient light ;
 As when, Lethean slumbers o'er,
 The mind resumes its wonted pow'r ;
 Thus man shall from the tomb arise,
 And, crown'd with glory, seek the skies!

A. E. S. T. V.

A FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO IMMORTALITY;
 A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LILLE.

WHENCE burns my heart with such a restless flame?
 Why do tormenting thoughts invade my peace?
 In vain I fly from exercise to ease,
 From study to repose, 'tis all the same,
 Still cares and racking doubts perplex my frame.

Of Pleasure's train I'll try the powers;
 Crown my brows with sweetest flowers!
 Bring the harp, the festive lyre;
 Graces! Loves! the strain inspire!
 Sports and dance, attend my call!
 Wines, enhance the festival;
 Whilst be spread, beneath my feet,
 Of the eastern world each sweet!

But, what! the withering rose begins to pale;
 No longer now the perfumes scent the gale:
 No more my hands can strike the quiv'ring strings,
 My soul resumes its cares, its doubts, its sufferings.

Bring my helmet, lance, and shield,
 Now will I seek th' ensanguin'd field,
 There, perhaps, a laurel crown,
 The meed for acts of high renown,
 Of my heart's afflictions may
 All rememb'rance chase away.

Hark! I hear the charge resound;
 See! Destruction hovers round!
 Cannons thunder in mine ear;
 Coursers on the plain appear;
 Steel on steel incessant clashes,
 Lightning from each musket flashes.
 Hark! the victors loud rejoice;—
 Hark! the vanquish'd's feeble voice.

Streams of blood around me flow;
 At such horrid scenes of wo
 My breast is fill'd with Pity's vivid glow.
 And now my soaring thoughts sublimely tow'r;
 By wild Ambition taught to grasp at pow'r,
 O'er prostrate slaves I seem to hold the sway,—
 Ambition's laws I must obey;
 Whilst, potent ruler of the earth and sea,
 At will disposing of the sons of clay,
 Myself am forc'd to bow, and couching bend the knee.
 From hopes to new-bred hopes I fly,
 Nought my soul can satisfy:
 My ardent spirit mounts on high,
 With out-stretch'd wings to seek the sky;
 There to joys unknown aspires,—
 Joys beyond frail man's desires,—
 Joys of immortality.

When to the earth the wise man yields his clay,
 When Death insatiate seizes on his prey,
 Thus the Almighty speaks—"By laws divine,
 "Th' eternity that went before is mine,
 "Th' eternity that follows shall be thine." }
 What did I say? Hold, impious! hold thy peace!
 What, can eternity divided be?
 God from the first did thy existence see,
 Nor did his vast Omniscience ever cease
 To read thy lot to all futurity.

* * * * *
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A. E. S. T. V.

MERATHON.

'Twas dark ;—the black mantle of Night
 Had cloth'd the broad breast of the main ;
 No moon shed its silvery light,
 Not a star shone on Heaven's wide plain :—

A bark swiftly skimm'd o'er the tide,
 And lightly (propell'd by the gales)
 O'er the billows' soft bosom did glide,
 As the breeze fill'd the white swelling sails.

The vessel which rode on the wave
 The good, the young, Merathon bore,
 Returning (no longer a slave)
 To visit his country once more.

In sorrow and chains long he pin'd,
 For captivity then was his lot ;
 The thought of the joys left behind—
 Fair Matilda, his wife, and his cot.

Stern Winter oft frown'd o'er his head,
 But Merathon heard not the blast ;
 Sweet Summer her smiles too had shed,—
 He saw not—his soul was o'er-cast.

At length, from captivity free,
 To his home he embark'd on the main,
 And his heart wildly panted to see
 His lovely Matilda again.

His fancy now rests on her smile,
 Now dwells on her lute and her song ;
 Which sweetly, the time to beguile,
 Oft echo'd the valleys along.

He fancies her tender alarms,
 When first she beholds his lov'd face ;
 Imagines her now in his arms ;
 To the air he returns the embrace.

But the tempest's dread horrors arise,
 The clouds in fierce combat engage ;
 The lightnings illumine the skies,
 And the elements pour out their rage.

The flashes swift dart thro' the air ;
 The bark on the billows is tost ;
 On their tops now the vessel they bear,
 And now in their bosom 'tis lost.

Thro' the skies the swift meteor flew,
 The lightning quick plays round the mast ;
 With dread the deep horror-struck crew
 Hear the sea-birds shriek loud in the blast.

" A leak !" cry'd a voice, " we have sprung ;"
 Each mariner echo'd his dread :
 " A leak !" thro' the vessel oft rung,
 All fearing a watery bed.

They try ev'ry art, but in vain,
 The bark from destruction to save ;
 All is lost ! for the merciless main,
 Yawning horribly, shews them a grave.

The waves ev'ry effort deride,
 To the deck the sad Merathon flies,
 And, as the bark sinks in the tide,
 Breathes a sigh to Matilda—and dies !

J. C.

A HYMN TO THE MORNING.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

ATTEND my lays, ye ever-honour'd Nine !
 Assist my labours, and my strains refine ;
 In smoothest numbers pour the notes along,
 For bright Aurora now demands my song.

Aurora, hail ! and all the thousand dies
Which deck thy progress thro' the vaulted skies !
The Morn awakes, and wide extends her rays ;
On ev'ry leaf the gentle zephyr plays ;
Harmonious lays the feather'd race resume,
Dart the bright eye, and shake the painted plume.

Ye shady groves ! your verdant gloom display,
To shield your poet from the burning day :
Calliope, awake the sacred lyre,
While thy fair sisters fan the pleasing fire :
The bow'rs, the gales, the variegated skies,
In all their pleasures in my bosom rise.

See in the east th' illustrious king of day !
His rising radiance drives the shades away ;
But, oh ! I feel his fervid beams too strong,
And, scarce begun, conclude th' abortive song.

A HYMN TO THE EVENING.

BY THE SAME.

SOON as the sun forsook the eastern main,
The pealing thunder shook the heav'nly plain ;
Majestic grandeur ! from the zephyr's wing
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring ;
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
And thro' the air their mingled music floats.

Thro' all the heav'ns what beauteous dies are spread !
But the west glories in the deepest red :
So may our breasts with ev'ry virtue glow,
The living temples of our God below !

Fill'd with the praise of Him who gives the light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night,

Let placid slumbers soothe each weary mind,
 At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd ;
 So shall the labours of the day begin
 More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.

Night's leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes ;
 Then cease, my song, till fair Aurora rise.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

THEE, Happiness ! I sing ; thou waking dream,
 Thou universal idol of the world,
 At whose delusive shrine
 Each mortal bends the knee !

Thou *ignis fatuus* of each anxious mind,
 Which, ever follow'd, ever distant prov'st ;
 Whom, when we think t' attain,
 We find a wand'rer still !

Offspring of ever-blooming Hope, endow'd
 By man's creative fancy with each bliss,
 How various is thy form !
 How fleeting, and how vain !

As speaks each wayward passion of each breast,
 As paint the ardent wishes of each soul,
 Thou art afar beheld,
 Such is thy phantom shape.

But, closer view'd, as flies the passing wind,
 Or like a bubble bursting in the air,
 Or like a rapid thought
 That shoots athwart the brain ;—

Or like the light'ning's coruscating flash,
 Or like the aspiration of a sigh,
 Or like the shadows faint
 Of the blast-driven clouds ;—

Or like the circling eddies of the stream,
 Or the duration of a day, a year
 Of life, of centuries,
 Or of the waning earth,
 Which, when compar'd to vast Eternity,
 Are nothings all;—thus transient is thy reign!
 Thus are thy promis'd joys
 The comets of the mind.

In dreams of pow'r thou court'st Ambition's tool;
 In pomp and luxury the slave of Pride;
 In piles of useless gold
 The avaricious breast;—

In frequent cups of gaily-sparkling wine,
 And in the gifts that flow from Pleasure's lap,
 His bliss the sectary
 Of Epicurus seeks;—

In warlike fame the hero of the field;
 In verdant bays the Muse's darling child;
 In constant industry
 Thy son, Activity;—

Whilst, at his ease, remov'd from cares and strife,
 From all the galling falsehoods of the world,
 In lone retirement
 The hermit seeks thy cell;—

In tilling of his fields the rustic swain;
 In deeds of charity the feeling soul;
 In Love and Friendship's sweets
 The man of social heart;—

In pious virtuous acts the moralist;
 All, all thy presence court, but court in vain.
 Where, Happiness, art thou?
 On earth no happiness.

Power and state but strew our couch with thorns;
 The love of gold excites a thousand fears;

And Dissipation, tho' 'tis dress'd in smiles,
 Beneath its flowers hides th' envenom'd snake.
 The fame of war's precarious, and but lasts
 While conquest gilds the hero's waving crest ;
 Besides the wounded's cries, the dying's groans,
 Its constant toils are foes to Happiness.
 The verdant bays are subject to decay,
 And snarling critics, like the canker-worm,
 Feed on the wreath which binds an author's brow ;
 While Poverty, in rags, with famish'd mien,
 Too often in his garret seeks a home.
 Sickness, fatigue, and losses, oft await
 The sons of Industry ; while the lone man,
 With melancholy pall'd, becomes unfit,
 By long seclusion from the busy world,
 To mix again in gay society.
 Th' unsteady elements full oft repay
 The labours of the field with barrenness.
 E'en charity begets ingratitude,
 And what's more biting to a feeling mind ?
 Our wife, our friend, may die ; or, what is worse,
 May prove unfaithful ; while the virtuous here
 May meet neglect, disdain, and persecution.
 Where then dost thou reside, O Happiness !
 With the eternal spirits of the just,
 Amid the heavenly host,
 With angels, and with God !

A. E. S. T. V.

 LIFE.

WHAT is life ? an April day,
 Shifting oft its vary'd scene ;
 Now 'tis gloomy, now 'tis gay,—
 Stormy now, and now serene.

'Tis an air-built bubble ; see
 How it strives aloft to soar !
 Idle sport of vanity,
 Soon it bursts, and is no more.

'Tis a quickly-shooting star,
 Bright one moment, then 'tis lost ;
 'Tis a goodly man of war
 On tempestuous ocean tost,

'Tis a giant ; 'tis a child ;
 'Tis a tower built on sand ;
 'Tis a project vast and wild ;
 'Tis an elf's enchanted wand.

'Tis a quick-departing breath ;
 'Tis a showman's optic glass ;
 'Tis the bridge that leads to death ;
 'Tis the gate we all must pass.

'Tis the game by hunters driven ;
 'Tis the sinner's sounding knell ;
 'Tis the glorious path to heaven ;
 'Tis the downward road to hell.

A. E. S. T. V.

ISAIAH lxiii. 1—8.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

SAY, heav'nly Muse ! what king, or mighty God,
 That moves sublime from Idumea's road ?
 In Bozrah's dies, with martial glories join'd,
 His purple vesture waves upon the wind.
 Why thus enrob'd delights he to appear
 In the dread image of the pow'r of war ?

Compress'd in wrath the swelling wine-press groan'd ;
 It bled, and pour'd the gushing purple round.

" Mine was the act," th' almighty Saviour said,
 And shook the dazzling glories of his head ;
 " When all forsook I trod the press alone,
 " And conquer'd by omnipotence my own ;
 " For man's release sustain'd the pond'rous load,
 " For man the wrath of an immortal God :
 " To execute th' Eternal's dread command,
 " My soul I sacrific'd with willing hand ;
 " Sinless I stood before th' avenging frown,
 " Atoning thus for vices not my own."

His eye the ample field of battle round
 Survey'd, but no created succours found ;
 His own omnipotence sustain'd the fight,
 His vengeance sunk the haughty foes in night ;
 Beneath his feet the prostrate troops were spread,
 And round him lay the dying and the dead.

Great God ! what lightning flashes from thine eyes
 What pow'r withstands if thou indignant rise ?

Against thy Zion tho' her foes may rage,
 And all their cunning, all their strength, engage,
 Yet she serenely on thy bosom lies,
 Smiles at their arts, and all their force defies !

INNOCENCE.

CULL the vi'let, cull the rose,
 Cull the fairest flow'r that blows ;
 Shortly will its bloom be o'er,
 It fades, it dies, then charms no more.
 Thus, when Virtue's blush is flown,
 When Chastity's bright gem is gone,
 Short is Beauty's sunny ray,
 Evanescent as to-day.

But, as when its bloom is past,
 The rose's fragrance still will last,
 Thus Innocence retains the pow'r
 To outlive frail Beauty's flow'r,
 And to Wisdom's searching eye
 Offers charms that never die.

A. E. S. T. V.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL MOORE,
 AT CORUNNA, JAN. 16, 1809.

HARK ! 'tis the knell of death, a spirit fled,
 And Moore lies number'd with th' illustrious dead !
 Greatly he dy'd,—Iberia long shall tell,
 In Vict'ry's hour the youthful hero fell !
 Tho' press'd by squadrons, num'rous as the host
 Of Pharaoh's locusts on the Memphian coast,
 Retreating he still urg'd his daring way,
 And gain'd the laurels of a doubtful day ;
 But laurels steep'd, alas ! in many a tear,
 Since England mourns her soldier's early bier.

And now, whene'er Corunna's tow'rs arise
 In proud perspective to a Spaniard's eyes,
 O'er Moore's cold relics shall his tears be shed,
 To think for him the hero fought and bled ;
 And as young Hannibal, on Ebro's shore,
 Eternal hatred to the Romans swore,
 So shall Iberia's sons, victorious now,
 Unceasing hate to Gallia's tyrant vow ;
 Moore's shade shall urge them to each glorious deed,
 Teach them at once to conquer or to bleed ;
 From realms of light view Freedom's flag unfurl'd,
 And Spaniards rise, deliv'ers of a world !

May 23, 1809.

BRITANNICUS.

HORACE—*Ode V.*—TO PYRRHA;
 IMITATED—TO A MODERN COQUETTE—
 BY MR. VAUGHAN.

IMPART, my fair-one! and with truth,
 What well-shap'd beau, in bloom of youth,
 With roses deck'd, and odours sweet,
 Invites you to some cool retreat?

Or say, thou fairest of the fair,
 For whom you bind your locks of hair,
 Or dress so elegantly plain,
 To bless with love some happier swain?

And yet, alas! in time to come,
 He'll have to mourn his wayward doom,
 And view with horror and surprise
 The storms of jealousy arise.

For he who now enjoys your care,
 Incautious of your flatt'ring air,
 Will think your love for him secure
 As his for you—sincere and pure.

But, wretched they! to whom untry'd
 Your beauty charms in all its pride;
 While I, escap'd your 'witching pow'r,
 Will thank kind Neptune ev'ry hour.

CHARITY.

THE falt'ring 'plaint of stranger poor
 Had murmur'd thro' the closing door;
 "Begone!" an angry voice reply'd;
 The stranger bow'd his head, and sigh'd,
 And slowly pass'd, for he was worn,
 Unknown, unfriended, and forlorn:

Tho' rags his wretchedness reveal'd,
Yet shame that wretchedness conceal'd,
Till hunger forc'd him from his shed
To wander forth, and beg his bread.
Still did the bitter tear retrace
The marks of sorrow down his face;
For want and misery were there,
And disappointment, and despair!
A man of grief and wo was he,
At least he seemed so to me;
And ev'ry step the stranger went,
His faded eyes were earthward bent;
His tempest-beaten breast was bare,
Yet did a soul inhabit there!
Unus'd to join the servile train,
Untaught to supplicate in vain,
His forehead this inscription wore—
“ I once was rich, but now am poor.”
A wand'ring beggar, halt and lame,
Perceiv'd the stranger's want and shame;
(None but a beggar's eye can see
A beggar's pride and poverty;)
He saw what agonizing woes
Within the stranger's breast arose;
He saw the flood of anguish rise,
And overflow the stranger's eyes;
Yet durst not part his little store,
Lest, giving, he should wound him more.
But when could circumstances bind
The ardour of a gen'rous mind?
This wand'ring beggar felt the joy
Of unalloy'd philanthropy!
His bosom glow'd; the manly guest
Impatient bounded 'gainst his breast,
For kindred woes and wretchedness
Had taught him to relieve distress.

No thought infirm of human pride,
 This wand'ring beggar's cheek bedy'd;
 Nor was the pomp of Pity nigh,
 The gen'rous deed to magnify.
 With haste he hobbled on before
 The weary stranger, old and poor;
 He pass'd without one pitying glance,
 Nor mov'd his head, nor look'd askance;
 But, ere he turn'd the corner round,
 He dropp'd a sixpence on the ground.
 Stranger! thou art full of glee;
 Beggar! this was Charity.

GEORGIUS.

THE PENSIVE HOUR.

WHEN fair Selene o'er the eastern hill
 Rolls her bright crescent in the cloudless sky,
 When ev'ry leaf throughout the grove is still,
 And echoing cliffs repeat the softest sigh,—
 Where the calm surface of the crystal lake
 Reflects each flow'r that on its border grows,
 Till, fearing Nature's self is scarce awake,
 One dry leaf falls to break her sweet repose;—
 The wat'ry mirror instant feels the blow,
 And, trembling, seems to bear the load with pain;
 Till, sinking soon, it vanishes below,
 And all resumes the pleasing pause again.
 Such is the silent hour, and such the place
 In which my thoughts the most enjoyment find;
 For Solitude then aids me to retrace
 Events the most congenial to my mind.
 On thee, Maria! then my thoughts I turn,
 Sad, musing on the tears we shed to part;
 Till then the flame of pleasure bright did burn,
 But now the cloud of absence shades my heart!

MUSA SYLVESTRÆ.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 153.]

With an Engraving. Plate IX.

YE courtesies of life, all hail!
 Whether along the peaceful vale,
 Where the thatch'd cot alone is seen,
 The humble mansion of the green,
 Or in the city's crowded way,
 Man, mortal man, is doom'd to stray ;
 You give to joy an added charm,
 And wo of half its pangs disarm.
 How much in ev'ry state he owes
 To what kind courtesy bestows—
 To that benign engaging art
 Which decorates the human heart—
 And, free from jealousy and strife,
 Gilds all the charities of life :
 To ev'ry act it gives a grace ;
 It adds a smile to ev'ry face ;
 And Goodness' self we better see
 When dress'd by gentle Courtesy.

Thus Syntax, as the house he sought,
 Indulg'd the grateful pleasing thought ;
 And soon he stepp'd the threshold o'er,
 Where the good farmer went before.
 Plenty appear'd, and many a guest
 Attended on the welcome feast.
 The Doctor then, with solemn face,
 Proceeded to th' appointed place,
 And, in due form, pronounc'd the grace. }
 That thankful ceremony done,
 The fierce attack was soon begun ;
 While meat and pudding, fowl and fish,
 All vanish'd from each ample dish.

The dinner o'er, the bowl appear'd ;
 Th' enliv'ning draughts the spirits cheer'd ;
 Nor did the pleasant Doctor fail,
 Between the cups of foaming ale,
 To gain the laugh by many a tale :
 But so it hap'd—among the rest—
 The Farmer's landlord was a guest ;
 A buckish blade, who kept a horse,
 To try his fortune on the course ;
 Was famous for his fighting-cocks,
 And his staunch pack to chase the fox :
 Indeed, could he a booby bite,
 He'd play at cards throughout the night ;
 Nor was he without hopes to get
 Syntax to make some silly bet.
 " I never bet," the Doctor said,
 While a deep frown his thoughts betray'd ;
 " Your gold I do not wish to gain,
 " And mine shall in my purse remain :
 " No tempting card, no gambling art,
 " Shall make it from my pocket start.
 " Gaming, my worthy Sir, I hate ;
 " It neither suits my means nor state ;
 " 'Tis the worst passion, I protest,
 " That's known to haunt the human breast ;
 " Of all vile habitudes the worst—
 " The most delusive and accurst ;
 " And, if you please, I'll lay before you
 " A very melancholy story ;
 " Such as, I think, will wring your heart,
 " And wound you in the tend'rest part ;
 " That will in striking colours shew
 " The biting pangs, the bitter wo,
 " That do, too oft, from gaming flow." }
 " Nay," said the 'Squire, " I don't deny
 " I often like my luck to try ;

“ And no one here, I'm sure, will say,
 “ That when I lose I do not pay;
 “ But, as you think it such a sin,
 “ Pray try to cure me,—and begin.”

SYNTAX.

How many of the human kind,
 Who, to their common honour blind,
 Look not in any path to stray
 But where fell Passion leads the way;
 Who, born with ev'ry real claim
 To wear the fairest wreath of Fame,
 Reject the good by Nature given,
 And scoff at ev'ry gift of Heaven?
 Yes, such there are; and such we find
 At ev'ry point that gives the wind:
 But, when among the crowd we see
 One whom, in prodigality,
 Fortune and Nature had combin'd
 To fill his purse and form his mind;
 Whose manly strength is grac'd with ease,
 And has the happy pow'r to please;
 Whose cooler moments never heard
 The frantic vow to Heav'n preferr'd;
 And near whose steps Repentance bears
 The vase of purifying tears;—
 When such a victim we behold,
 Urg'd by the rampant lust of gold,
 Yielding his health, his life, his fame,
 As off'rings to the god of Game;
 The tear grows big in Virtue's eye,
 Pale Reason heaves the poignant sigh;
 The guardian spirit turns away,
 And hell enjoys a holyday.

Is there on earth a hellish vice?
 There is, my friend;—'tis avarice.

Has av'rice a more hellish name?
 It has my friend,—the lust of game.
 All this, perhaps, you'll thus deny :—
 “ There's no one with more grace than I }
 “ Lets shillings drop and guineas fly. }
 “ To the dejected hapless friend
 “ My doors I ope, my purse I lend;
 “ To purchase joy my wealth I give,
 “ And like a man of fashion live.”
 This may be true,—but still your breast
 Is with the love of gold possest.
 Why watch whole nights the fatal card,
 Or look to dice for your reward?
 Why risk your real wealth with those
 Whom you know not, and no one knows;
 With maggots whom foul Fortune's ray
 Has rais'd from dunghills into day;
 Who would in your misfortune riot,
 And seek your ruin for their diet?
 Pleasure it cannot be, for pains
 Will mingle with your very gains—
 Will hover round the golden store,
 Which, ere the passing moment's o'er, }
 May, horrid chance! be yours no more. }

As yet you cannot use the plea
 Of beggar'd men—necessity.
 Plenty as yet adorns your board,
 And num'rous vassals own you Lord.
 Your woods look fair,—their trunks increase,—
 The Hamadryads live in peace:
 But cards and dice, more pow'ful far
 Than e'en the sharpest axes are,
 At one dire stroke have oft been found
 To level forests with the ground;
 Have seiz'd the mansion's lofty state,
 And drove its master from the gate.

A youth in wealth and fashion bred,
But by the love of gaming led,
Soon found that ample wealth decay ;
Farm after farm was play'd away,
Till, the sad hist'ry to complete,
His park, his lawns, his ancient seat,
Were all in haste and hurry sold,
To raise the heaps of ready gold.
They, like the rest, soon pass'd away,
The villain's gain, the sharper's prey ;
While he, alas ! resolv'd to shun
The arts by which he was undone,
Wander'd where chance or hunger led,
And humbly ask'd for scanty bread.
One day to his despairing eyes
He saw a stately mansion rise ;
Nor long he look'd before he knew
Each wood and copse which round it grew ;
For all the scene that seem'd so fair
Once knew in his a master's care.
Struck with the sight, and sore oppress'd,
He sought a bank whereon to rest :
There long he lay, and sigh'd his grief ;—
Tears came—but did not bring relief.
At last he took his tott'ring way
Where once he lov'd so well to stray,
And, press'd by hunger, sought the gate
Where suppliant Want was us'd to wait—
Where suppliant Want was ne'er deny'd
The morsel left by glutt'd Pride.
But, ah ! those gen'rous times were o'er,
And suppliant Want reliev'd no more.
The mastiff growl'd,—the livry'd thief
With insolence deny'd relief.
The wretch, dissolving in a groan,
Turn'd from the portal once his own ;

But, ere he turn'd, he told his name,
 And curs'd once more the love of game :
 Then sought the lawn, for Nature fail'd,
 And sorrow o'er his strength prevail'd.
 Beneath an oak's wide-spreading shade
 His weary limbs he careless laid ;
 Then call'd on Heav'n ;—(the bitter pray'
 Of Mis'ry finds admittance there!)—
 And ere the sun, with parting ray,
 Had heighten'd the last blush of day,
 Sunk and worn out with want and grief,
 He found in death a kind relief.
 The oak records the doleful tale,
 Which makes the conscious reader pale ;
 And tells—“ In this man's fate behold
 “ The love of play,—the lust of gold.”
 No moral, Sir, shall I impart ;
 I trust you'll find it in your heart.

You're young, you'll say, and must engage
 In the amusements of the age.
 Go then, and let your mountain bare
 The forest's verdant liv'ry wear ;
 Let Parian marble grace your hall,
 And Titian glow upon your wall ;
 Its narrow channels boldly break,
 And swell your riv'let to a lake ;
 To richer harvests bend your soil,
 While Labour fattens in the toil ;
 Encourage Nature, and impart
 The half-transparent veil of Art ;
 Let Music charm thy melting breast,
 And soothe each passion into rest ;
 Let Genius from thy hand receive
 The bounty that can make it live ;
 And call the Muses from on high,
 To give you immortality.

To these the hardy pleasures join,
 Where exercise and health combine :
 At the first op'ning of the morn,
 O'er hill and dale, with hound and horn,
 Boldly pursue the subtle prey,
 And share the triumphs of the day ;
 Nor let the ev'ning hours roll
 Unaided by the social bowl ;
 Nor should fair Friendship be away,
 But crown with smiles the festive day.

This is to live, and to enjoy
 Those pleasures which have no alloy :
 This is to live, and to receive
 The praises which the good will give :
 This is to make that use of wealth
 Which heightens e'en the flush of health ;
 Improves the heart, and gives a claim
 To the most fragrant wreath of Fame.
 " I thank you, Sir," the farmer said ;—
 " 'Tis a sad tale you have display'd.
 " How I the poor man's lot deplore !
 " The more I think, I feel the more ;
 " And much I wish my landlord too
 " Would keep his wretched fate in view ;
 " But, while my poor good woman weeps,
 " Behold how very sound he sleeps ;
 " I beg that we may change the scene,
 " And join the dancers on the green."
 Sal now exclaim'd, " The people say
 " Ralph is so drunk he cannot play :"
 " Then I'll be fiddler," Syntax cry'd ;
 " By me his place shall be supply'd ;
 " Ne'er fear, my lasses you shall soon
 " Be ambling to some pretty tune,

" And in a measur'd time shall beat
 " The green sod with your nimble feet.
 " While Virtue o'er your pleasure reigns,
 " You're welcome to my humble strains ;
 " While Virtue smiles upon your joy,
 " I'll gladly my best skill employ ;
 " For, sure, 'twill give me great delight
 " To be your fiddler thro' the night :
 " I know full well I do not err
 " From any point of character :
 " To Heaven I ne'er can give offence
 " While I enliven Innocence :
 " For thus to virtuous man 'tis given
 " To dance, and sing, and go to Heaven ;
 " Your merry minstrelsy prolong,
 " And to your dances add the song ;
 " E'en while you caper, loudly sing,
 " In honour of our noble King."

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

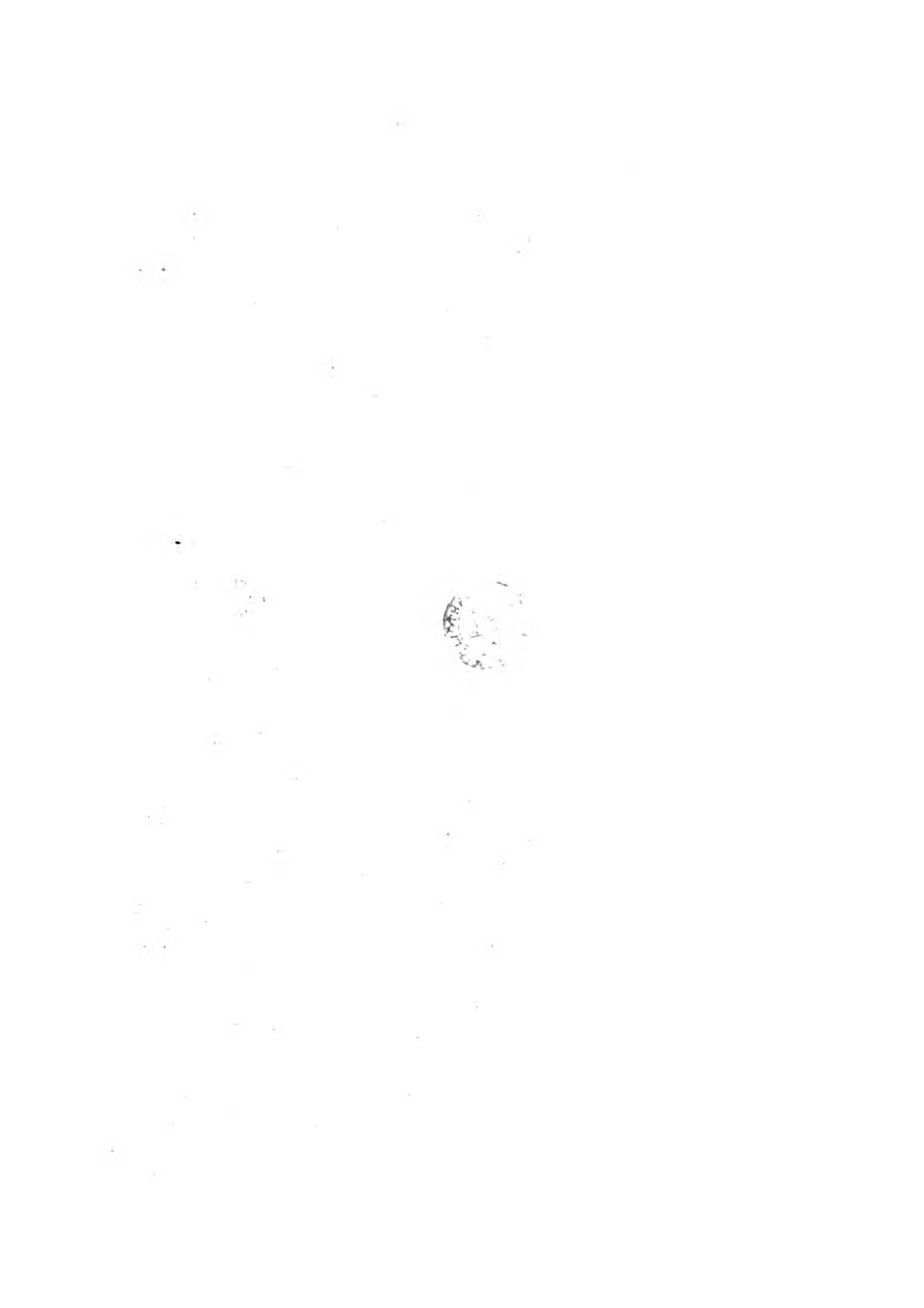
Strike, strike the lyre ! awake the sounding shell !
 How happy we who in these valleys dwell !
 How blest we live beneath his gentle sway,
 Whom mighty realms and distant seas obey !
 Make him, propitious Heav'n ! your choicest care !
 O make him happy as his people are !

'Twas thus they fiddled, danc'd, and sung ;
 With harmless glee the village rung :
 At length dull Midnight bid them close
 A day of joy with calm repose.

[To be continued.]









A CORNISH COTTAGE.

Roberts del.

THE CORNISH COTTAGE.

With an Engraving. Plate X.

DEEP in the earth the miner toils,
Excluded from the light of day ;
Thro' half his life he does not feel
The glorious sun's enliv'ning ray,
But then how great the joy he finds,
Whene'er his darksome labour's done,
To leave the long-wrought cavern's gloom,
To view the light and feel the sun.

Upon the wave the sailor dwells,
And many a distant sea explores ;—
Years pass, and yet he ne'er beholds
The white cliffs of his native shores.

But, after storms and dangers past,
And doom'd in various climes to roam,
How great the joy to find, at last,
His native shore, and welcome home.

The fisher plies the rolling deep,
To drag from thence the finny prey,
In summer's heat and wintry cold,
'Neath lunar beam or solar ray.

Tho' toss'd by many a surging wave,
And blown by many a boist'rous gale,
Tow'rd his lone dwelling on the shore
How pleas'd he guides the swelling sail.

From early dawn to misty eve,
The peasant labours in the field :
'Tis from his unremitting care
The fruitful lands their harvests yield :

Nor does he thro' the day complain,
 For well he knows the hour will come
 To bid him quit his daily toil,
 And turn his weary footsteps home.
 Bless'd cottage ! 'neath whose humble roof
 The busy hours of labour cease ;
 Where man, whose lot's to labour doom'd,
 Finds the reward of rest and peace !

ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF 1809.

HENCE, avaunt, ye dreary snows,
 Driving hail, and gushing rains !
 Winter, hoary Winter, goes,—
 Frost has broke his icy chains.
 See where Spring, with eye serene,
 Exulting trips along the green,
 And animates the earth ;
 Touch'd by her hand, all Nature buds,
 The vary'd flow'rs, the trembling woods,
 Receive a second birth.
 Far, far away the tempests roll,
 To shroud the regions of the pole.
 Softly sweet, with sportive notes,
 Birds frequent our groves again ;
 Warbling songsters swell their throats,
 Raising high the vocal strain :
 The ring-doves now their consorts woo,
 And perch'd in airy larches coo,
 And tell their tender tale ;
 The blooming crocus glows around,
 And purple vi'lets deck the ground,
 With lilies of the vale :

The twitt'ring swallow views his long-lost home,
Compell'd by chilling blasts 'midst kinder climes to roam.

Nature's chorus seems to raise
Grateful songs to heav'n above;
All Creation join to praise
Their Creator's boundless love:
The waving grove, the verdant plain,
The painted flow'r, the warbling strain,
His wond'rous bounty shew;
The crystal stream, the grassy glade,
The mossy rock, the tinted shade,
With heav'nly concord glow.

All but proud man, who, wrapp'd in gloomy care,
Rejects the mutual joy all others seek to share.

Why to Passion's rule a prey
Yieldest thou thy tortur'd breast?
Life is but a fleeting day,
Bliss but rarely is possess'd:
No more thy anxious soul torment,
Nor mourn the pang we can't prevent,
But bless the prosp'rous hour;
Forbear for future ills to grieve,
The present bliss content receive
While yet within thy pow'r;

No more or coming woes or joys forbode,
But trust, with conscious Hope, thy Father and thy God.

Near Ripley, Yorkshire.

W. C—K—T.

SOLITUDE,

AT AN INN, IN 1769.

OFt upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy shadowy train,
While the dove at distance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude!

Then was loneliness to me
 Best and true society.
 Ah! how alter'd is thy mien
 In this sad deserted scene!
 Here thy classic pleasures cease,
 Musing mild, and thoughtful peace:
 Here thou com'st in sullen mood;
 Not with thy fantastic brood
 Of magic shapes, and visions airy,
 Beckon'd from the land of fairy:
 No poetic being here
 Greets with airy sounds mine ear;
 No converse here, to Fancy cold,
 With many a fleeting form, I hold:
 Here all inelegant and rude
 Thy presence is—sweet Solitude!

E. PARKER.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A NOBLEMAN'S
 DAUGHTER*.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.

THOMSON.

WHAT solemn pomp in yonder checker'd shade
 With measur'd steps draws near the hallow'd glade;—
 Where marble tombs, frail monuments of fame,
 Declare the lineage of some noble name?
 Ah, 'tis the bier! with which the sable throng,
 In sighs and tears move mournfully along:

* The Honourable Miss Sophia Ashburnham, second daughter of Lord Viscount St. Asaph, of Barking-Hall, Suffolk; a most amiable young lady.

To Death's dark house in silent grief they go,
And ev'ry eye bears witness of their wo.
Each passing trav'ler bids his footstep stay,
Sheds forth one tear, then urges on his way ;
All share the grief which they themselves behold,
And weep to hear the dismal tidings told :
Sorrow pervades the once-delightful scene,
Pierces each breast, and saddens all the green !
The mirthful lute neglects those soften'd strains
Which wak'd the hills, and echo'd thro' the plains :
The voice of Melody no more resounds,
Or greets the ear within St. Asaph's grounds ;
But gloomy Silence quits her secret bow'r,
And reigns sole empress of this solemn hour.
See where the yew and pendent cypress wave
Their mournful foliage o'er the new-made grave ;
Their mingling branches house the turtle-dove,
Emblem of innocence and spotless love :
There Philomel, and all the feather'd throng,
In strains symphonious hymn the funeral song ;
Whilst cooling Zephyrs join their plaintive tone,
And whisp'ring Breezes murmur, " She is gone !"
Gone to those realms, where worth like her's will shine
Like dazzling gems within the flaming mine !
O, thou bless'd shade ! now number'd with the dead,
What tho' from earth thy morn of life is fled ;—
What tho' thine eyes no more in pleasure roll,
And dart effulgence to the inmost soul ;—
What tho' the smile beneficent and meek,
And blushing roses, quit thy dimpled cheek ;—
Tho' ev'ry charm yields with thy balmy breath,
And drooping dies before the blast of death ;—
Yet shall thy never-fading worth supply
What Death can ne'er our grief-swoln hearts deny,—
The sweet remembrance that in thee were seen
Exalted virtues, and a graceful mien.

Virtues divine ! by Fates propitious given,
 To make thee fitter for indulgent Heaven !
 Full on thy grave, bless'd shade ! shall flow'rets rise,
 And shed perfumes, as incense, to the skies ;
 There shall the vi'lets and the roses bloom,
 And bending snowdrops gather round thy tomb ;
 Whilst guardian angels, circling in the air,
 Shall watch thy relics with supernal care,
 Till that great day when hoary Time must yield,
 And Death retire before the victor's shield ;—
 When this vain world shall swiftly pass away,
 And endless space present eternal day !
 Then shall the just, in those bless'd realms above,
 Behold thee cloth'd in righteousness and love !

Ipswich.

J. LILLY.



THE SEPULCHRAL SPECTRE.

“Two men were employed to repair a breach in an ancient family vault, near Leeds.”

ALL was a silent gloom ! and Horror fierce
 Held her terrific reign throughout the scene ;
 No sound was heard, no cheering rays were seen,
 Save the low echo which salutes their ears
 Of their own footsteps, and the glimm'ring light
 From a pale flame of half-expiring blue
 Which issued from their lamp ; its ghostly hue
 Forewarning them of some unwelcome sprite !
 Each step they took appall'd their hearts with fear :
 Trembling they stop, and, list'ning, look aghast !—
 The echo dies !—all is again o'ercast
 With sullen gloom,—and not a sound they hear.
 Breathless almost, and near o'ercome with dread,
 Transfix'd they stand ; their hearts with tremor quake,
 And their weak knees against each other shake :
 Their hair stands high erect upon the head,

And the big drops of sweat from ev'ry joint
 Profusely flow : when, lo ! a distant sound
 Of footsteps struck their ears ; which, like a wound
 Of mortal depth from a keen arrow's point,
 Unnerv'd their strength : then with a dead-like fall,
 The weakest prostrate on the earth did lay,—
 The other cross'd himself, and 'gan to pray,
 His tott'ring limbs upheld against the wall ;—
 'Twas thus he stood—when from an arch, behold,
 A figure tall, in shades of night array'd,
 Came slowly stalking forth ! then, quite dismay'd,
 The lamp fell from his hand,—his blood ran cold,—
 And in a feeble accent thus he spake :—
 “ In the name of Heaven, I charge you, say,
 “ What is thy errand to the sons of clay ;—
 “ Unfold thy message, or for Mercy's sake,
 “ I say, depart !” The figure straight drew nigh ;—
 “ 'Tis me,” he cry'd ; “ what ! are ye both asleep ?
 “ 'Tis Jemmy, to be sure, the chimney-sweep !
 “ I just look'd in as I was passing by.”

C—E B—N.

**ON THE DEATH OF MISS JANE EVANS,
 OF BRISTOL.**

ACCEPT, dear shade ! this tributary tear
 A friend bestows, tho' artless, yet sincere.
 Say, what did thy superior worth avail ?
 Thy bark was toss'd by Fortune's adverse gale ;
 But in the grave the painful scene is o'er,
 Each wrong forgot, and Anguish weeps no more :
 And soon shall foes and friends promiscuous tread
 The gloomy path, and join the silent dead :
 Death's icy hand shall calm thy throbbing breast ;
 The sigh no more shall speak thy mind oppress'd ;
 Life's transient scene of mimicry shall cease,
 And sleep eternal close thine eyes in peace.

Minster, Kent, Aug. 12, 1810.

R. B. J.

SONNETS.

WHILE summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
 Thro' Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
 'Mid intermingling elms her flow'ry meads,
 And Hascomb's hill, in tow'ring groves array'd,
 Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
 I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;
 For not my breast with hopeless passion burn'd.
 Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene,
 Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
 And Autumn all around those hues had cast,
 Where past delights my recent griefs might trace.
 Sad change! that Nature a congenial gloom
 Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to chase,
 I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

TO THE RIVER LODON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks, with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all thro' fairy ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun;
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
 While pensive Mem'ry traces back the round
 Which fills the vary'd interval between;
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, mark the scene.
 Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return to cheer my ev'ning road!
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

E. PARKER.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 165.]

HUSH! hush, my harp! that rebel-note
 Accords not with the solemn scene;
Hush! hush, my harp! thy numbers float
 Too rapid o'er the battle-green!
 Along the dark and misty air
 Urge not the diapason wild;
 But, when the flying fires declare
 The march of War's infuriate child,
 With one rude clash my hand shall break
 Upon the major key;
And the notes that arise ev'ry sluggard awake,
 That, stretch'd at his ease, crowds the neighbouring lea!

 Oh! could I like the minstrel sing,
 Who rode upon the ocean-storm;
 Or, borne upon the lightning's wing,
 Catch ev'ry intellectual form;
 Then, Genius! while, at this lone hour,
 Seated in yon antarctic tow'r,
 I gaze on worlds remote,
 This little harp should raise a sigh,
 And draw from Pity's thoughtful eye
 The tears of sensibility,
 With its triumphant note!
 But few are they to whom is given
 The tender, lenient love of heaven!
 'Tis not in hearts of vulgar mould
 That fires impassion'd blaze!
 'Tis not in veins depress'd and cold,
 The martial current strays!
 Content within their lowly sphere,
 They never ride in wild career.

Up yonder blooming hills of air,
 And, thron'd in awful grandeur there,
 Look with inquiring eyes afar,
 Where Saturn goads his sluggard star !
 They ne'er with raptur'd sense survey
 The systems of the skies ;
 How this attends the joyous day ;
 How that the night supplies !
 They never on Newtonian wings
 Rush thro' the planetary world ;
 Nor know they whence the thunder springs,
 Or whence the lightning-flash is hurl'd !
 Chain'd to the earth, their reason soars
 No higher than their fellow-clay ;
 They tower not where Science pores
 The lustrous night away,
 Till intellectual forms precede th' impurpled day !

 Yet boast not, ye whom Heaven hath taught,
 Whose nobler minds are richly fraught
 With bright celestial fire,
 Boast not because, perchance, ye caught
 A larger share of glitt'ring thought,
 And sweep the vaulted lyre !
 Nor that your free excursive mind
 Is stor'd with classic tones refin'd,—
 Hopes that impel th' impatient soul
 Beyond this life's determin'd goal,
 The dark voracious tomb !
 No ! Genius is a sickly flow'r !
 It withers in its natal hour,
 And moulders in its bloom !
 Ere yet it rear its portly head,
 The healthy smile of Pleasure's fled ;
 It tow'rs awhile on trembling wings,
 And round a flood of radiance flings,

Then mingles with the clay ;
 Another comes, of nobler mien,
 Pale, cautious, modest, and serene,
 Lives thro' its sublunary scene,
 Then vanishes away !
 Where are ye, Milton, Shakspeare, Pope,
 Where now the pleasures of seductive Hope ?
 Fled ! less than summer air !
 The eye that blaz'd afar is crush'd ;
 The tongue that sang as Nature blush'd
 Is still, and those Cecilian strains are hush'd
 That charm'd the royal fair !
 The graves that held these mighty forms,
 Deserted by their tenant-worms,
 An awful space appear !
 How foolish is our earthly pride !
 The swell of Fortune's golden tide,
 How vain and insincere !

Hold ! hold, my Lyre ! these solemn tones
 Must cease to mar the tranquil air ;
 To drown the death-denoting moans,
 That, mingling with the torches' glare,
 Shall echo thro' the neighb'ring wood
 And, borne upon the Danube's flood,
 Awake the sons of Wien ;
 When swift the war-horse bounds the plain,
 Where glitt'ring swords usurp again
 The field that lay drench'd with the limbs of the
 slain,
 And Enzer's gory green !

As thus in thoughtful mood I lay,
 Revolving on the dreadful day,
 Across the ebon shades of night
 A vivid flash of sulph'rous light

Afar was seen to fly ;
 From Enzersdorff a sheet of fire
 Burst thro' the welkin dark and dire,
 Swift tow'ring to the sky !
 Peal after peal incessant came,
 And ever and anon the flame
 Broke on the ravish'd view ;
 The Gaul, with fifteen hundred men,
 From wood to wood to Muhleuten
 The adverse legion slew !
 Oh ! 'twas a furious scene of death !
 Sublime to hear the trumpet's breath
 From line to line reply !
 He follow'd up his mighty chase,
 Till every warrior, face to face,
 Lay stretch'd beneath his eye !
 His charger neigh'd applause, and rush'd
 O'er those its sov'reign Lord had crush'd,
 And bath'd its hoofs in gore ;
 He listen'd with enraptur'd ears,
 As from the distant battle-tiers
 The bursting mortars roar !

But, see ! o'er yon gigantic heap,
 Flush'd with success, the victors come,
 Stealing on those, who, whelm'd in sleep,
 Hear not the life-inspiring drum :
 With sword and halberd glitt'ring far,
 On ev'ry side the legions pour ;
 And, hark ! the thund'ring trump of War,
 Re-echoes down the crimson shore !

'Tis silence all ; and Cynthia's ray
 Illumes the dusky van ;—
 Pale Vict'ry marks the dread array,
 And counsels ev'ry man !

Swift thro' the ranks the mandate flies ;
 From flank to flank the clarion-shout
 Now bade th' imperial arms arise,
 And meet the coming rout !

Night, seated on her cloudy throne,
 Survey'd, abash'd, the glitt'ring scene ;
 And thrice the Moon look'd calmly down,
 As if to intervene :

But, no ! the awful hour is come
 When sword and bay'net,—fife and drum,—
 And all the hideous clash of steel,—
 And all the warrior's ardent zeal,—
 Must to its climax soar !

When ev'ry arm must do its best
 To hurl its foe to endless rest,
 And drench the field with gore !

The trumpets spoke ! from left to right
 The martial bugles blew !
 The centre press'd where timid Night
 Her glitt'ring beams withdrew !
 A deathlike pause succeeds, and, lo !
 A spirit, arm'd with tow'ring lance,
 Precursor of the sanguinary blow,

Thus spake the giant Pow'rs of France :—

- “ Know, warriors ! know that Gallia's might shall spread
 “ Lorraine's proud sons o'er yonder misty lea ;
 “ Thence shall the exhalations of the dead
 “ Pollute the breezes of the Baltic sea !
 “ Her sword shall glow from Eylau's plain
 “ Down to the utmost verge of Spain !
 “ No doubts her mighty chief shall awe,
 “ While martial force supports the law !
 “ But, hark ! impatient Vict'ry cries ;—
 “ ‘ Lead on the van ! the coward flies !

“ ‘ With furious speed pursue his flight,
 “ ‘ And hurl his slaves to endless night !
 “ ‘ On ev’ry side his arms shall fail ;
 “ ‘ On ev’ry side shall Gaul prevail !
 “ ‘ Her streaming ensigns crowd the air ;
 “ ‘ Her torches thro’ the dark clouds glare,
 “ ‘ And ev’ry gale that sweeps the field
 “ ‘ Whispers destruction from her shield.’
 “ Then, warriors ! rush ; with slaught’ring zeal
 “ Brandish the gore-incrusted steel ;
 “ Rush on their ranks, nor stop till death
 “ Hath crush’d their bodies on the midnight lea ;
 “ Till noxious fumes pollute the zephyr’s breath,
 “ And streams of crimson stain the Baltic sea !”
Grafton-street, Aug. 4, 1810. J. G.

[To be continued.]

CANZONET.

TELL me whither wouldst thou lead me,
 Spirit of the darling maid ?
 Why beneath the gloom of ev’ning,
 Fly’st thou to the lilac-shade ?
 Why across the murm’ring wire
 Flies thy hand with such delight ?
 Why beside the moaning river,
 Roam’st thou at the noon of night ?
 When the eastern victor shines
 From his cloud-encircled car,
 Why dost call, amidst the forest,
 To the long-departed star ?
 When my eyelids press the pillow,
 Why dost weave the mystic song ?
 Why traverse the low’ring heavens,
 Chanting as thou dart’st along ?

Spirit! in my dreams I hear thee ;
 Tell me why dost haunt me so ?
 In every gale I hear thee moaning,
 Like some hapless child of Wo !

Wherefore, at the gloom of ev'ning,
 Fly'st thou to the lilac shade ?

“ There, Octavian, thou art talking ,
 “ To the love-engender'd maid !”

When the sun illumes the morning,
 Why dost mourn for Cynthia's ray ?
 “ Because the tinsell'd sons of Fashion
 “ On thy yielding genius prey !”

Why dost string the tuneful lyre,
 By the star-illumin'd stream ?
 “ Because within the neighb'ring bow'r
 “ Thou sitt'st, to watch the lunar beam !”

When I slumber, why dost haunt me
 With thy wildly-warbled lay ?
 “ That thy dreams be dreams of pleasure,
 “ Bursting with the morning ray.

“ Hence I seek the lilac shade ;
 “ Hence I strike the yielding lyre ;
 “ Hence I mourn the stars that fade
 “ Before Aurora's crimson fire :

“ Hence I call thee far from Fashion ;
 “ Hence direct thy soul above
 “ Each lowly, mean, disgusting passion,
 “ And fill it with celestial love.”

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

AN ADDRESS TO MY FATHER,
ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

Nil me pœniteat sanum patris hujus.—HORACE.

BORNE on the wings of zephyrs from the west,
Sweet Summer comes, revisiting the plain;
And Nature, pleas'd to view the welcome guest,
In all her various beauty smiles again.

Warm'd by the season, while the scene displays
Of flow'ry tints and hues a lively throng,
My natal morn, in June's declining days,
Returns once more, and claims the usual song.

Yet would I gladly let my lyre be mute,
Lest ostentatious might appear the lay,—
Lest Calumny to other cause impute
What filial Duty and Affection pay.

But 'tis to thee alone, my sire and friend,
A grateful heart this free memorial rears:
May these soft feelings still my age attend,
Grow with my youth, and strengthen with my years!

Then haste, O Muse! to his paternal breast,
If aught of pleasure this low verse conveys:
If haply of his wish'd applause possess'd,
I ask no more—I court no other praise.

Never did I, throughout my life, in vain
For any kindness he could grant implore;
'Tis mine his much-desir'd esteem to gain,
To feel his worth, and love him more and more.

When of my mother Fate depriv'd her son,
Tho' hard for him the cruel loss to bear,
My helpless state his kind attentions won,—
Mine were his anxious thoughts—his constant care.

Soon as with stature healthy Youth appear'd
 Did he new objects of attention find ;
 For then nor any pains nor cost he spar'd
 To cultivate my humble pow'rs of mind.

My studies o'er, I cheerfully withdrew
 To join him on the world's gay busy stage ;
 But lively tho' the scene, alas ! how few,
 How few the charms that could my heart engage.

I pin'd, disgusted, and a change desir'd ;
 Sigh'd for my past pursuits, nor sigh'd in vain ;—
 For still my sire was kind, and I retir'd
 To rural shades and classic friends again.

Now soon in academic groves to woo
 (Where Cam his silent waters leads along)
 The Muse whom first in early youth I knew
 In Gippin's valley, raptur'd with her song.

What tho' no belfry's merry peals resound,
 Nor joyous tenantry their mirth display,—
 What tho' no cannon's thunder, echoing round,
 Proclaims repeatedly my natal day,—

What tho' no pompous titled name is mine,
 Tho' no luxurious banquets grace my board,
 Contentment's rays on me may brighter shine
 Than o'er the great and pow'r-possessing Lord !

And fairly too they beam, my heart to warm,
 While such a parent lives to claim my love ;
 For than his smile I need no other charm
 To make my hours on happy pinions move.

To sing thy praises, best and dearest friend !
 O that far greater pow'rs of verse were mine !
 O that the Muse would brilliant genius lend,
 Then should thy worth in deathless numbers shine !

Yet think, O think my song, tho' mean, sincere,
 Which prays that Heav'n may all thy joys increase,
 Watch o'er thy valued life from year to year,
 And grant thee happiness, and health, and peace!

June 26, 1810.

C. S. BONNETT.

LINES

Written on a young Lady's dropping her Looking-Glass, while
 dazzling the Eyes of a Gentleman, from her Chamber-Window.

FROM Betsy's lovely image turn'd,
 Methought the conscious mirror mourn'd,
 To find itself misplac'd ;
 Nor would reflect the prospect round,
 But dropp'd resentful, and the ground
 With brilliant fragments grac'd.

And while with sorrow she survey'd
 The glitt'ring ruin, as it laid,
 Enam'ling all the place ;
 (The glass still to her form endear'd,)
 In ev'ry sparkling piece appear'd
 The 'semblance of her face !

Thus some fond youth, ill-fated born,
 Compell'd, alas ! by cruel scorn,
 From her he loves to part ;
 While ling'ring with unheeded pains,
 Her beauteous much-lov'd form remains
 Within his broken heart !

H. T. H.

SONNETS.

ABSENCE.

ILL-OMEN'D morn ! tho' Nature's loveliest charms
 Burst on creation like the bloom of Spring ;
 Tho' you bright orb the op'ning landscape warms,
 And with the lark's shrill note the valleys ring ;
 Yet with no rapt'rous glance thy dawn I hail ;
 Tho' rob'd in all that Summer's pride can yield,
 Still unrefreshing breathes the balmy gale,
 And unregarded smiles the verdant field.
 What thus my bosom's wonted peace destroys ?
 What low'ring cloud of sorrow intervenes,
 To blast the prospect of these fairy scenes,
 And draw a veil o'er life's serenest joys ?
 Absence ! 'tis thy keen pang I'm doom'd to prove,
 And Nature smiles in vain, depriv'd of all I love.

SALISBURIENSIS.

ON VIEWING A WITHERED ROSE.

WHILST thus, in pensive silence, sacred flow'r !
 On thy lost sweets with downcast look I gaze,
 And view, alas ! thy charms with wild amaze,
 Now wither'd, once the pride of Flora's bow'r,—
 How does Remembrance, sad with tears, review
 Scenes, hours, and days, that once like thee were fair ;
 When Pleasure felt no pang, and Love no care,
 And nought but happiness this bosom knew !
 Life then indeed was dear, like thee, sweet flow'r !
 My Emma smil'd serene, till o'er her charms
 Death unrelenting stalk'd in "evil hour,"
 And snatch'd the much-lov'd image from my arms.
 Come ! let me kiss thy leaves, and with a tear
 I'll strew their moisten'd cups, to deck my Emma's bier !

SALISBURIENSIS.

SONNETS,

WRITTEN IN CAMPBELL'S "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

No. I.

'Tis pleasant here, where all around is still,
 To muse on Nature and her works sublime,
 The distant cottage, and the lowland rill,
 Or list at ev'ning to the village-chime.
 Ah! little know the bustling sons of trade
 The holy raptures that inflame my breast,
 Whilst here, reclin'd beneath the beechen shade,
 I watch the sun declining to the west.
 But come, sweet Hope! and o'er the distant scene
 Scatter thy visions of substantial bliss;
 And teach me how, with "sapient eye serene,"
 To picture joy more exquisite than this!
 Come, and with thee enraptur'd will I fly
 To yonder kingdoms of eternity!

No. II.

LET him, whose grov'ling spirit can desire
 No realm beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Far from this heav'nly solitude retire,
 And seek the dungeons of eternal gloom:
 Of worldly pleasure let him grasp the whole,
 And drink libations of delusive joy;
 But, while I feel, the immaterial soul
 Shall feast on bliss no power can destroy.
 Thee will I summon as my only aid,
 Celestial Hope! whose visionary form,
 In robes of azure brilliancy array'd,
 Rides with the tenth avatar on the storm,
 Who, o'er the realms where tyranny hath trod,
 Cries, "Bow, ye Hindoos, to th' avenging God!"

Grafton-street, August, 1810.

J. G.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE DUKE OF
BEDFORD.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

HOR. Lib. I. Od. 4.

DEATH levels all distinctions! pomp nor pow'r,
Youth, wealth, nor honours, can his mandate fly;
All, all are blasted, wither'd in an hour,—
To witness this great truth, see Russell die.
Tho' bless'd with all the world calls great or good,
An ample patrimony, large estate;
High in his country's honours tho' he stood,
Not these could shield him from impartial Fate.
If pity, melting at another's wo;
If lib'ral hands, outstretch'd with pow'r to save;
If charity, alike to friend and foe,
Could ward off death, he had not found a grave.
If human pray'r could alter Heav'n's decree—
If human pray'r, to Med'cine's art ally'd,
Had pow'r to set a struggling captive free—
Death had been vanquish'd—Russell had not died.
If patriotism, pure as ever glow'd
Within the breasts of Hampden, Sydney, Penn,
Could keep alive the heart from which it flow'd,
Russell had been among the sons of men.
If, added to these virtues, private worth,
Pure friendship, condescension, manly sense,
Ingenuous candour even from his birth,
Great liberality, benevolence,—
Sure these with gloomy Fate might something weigh,
To check the great, the sudden, awful doom;
Yet these, nor more, uphold the sons of clay,—
Bear witness for me, Russell, in the tomb.

Weep then no more, ye relatives ! I pray ;
 Stop these effusions of your gen'rous love ;
 To the bright regions of eternal day
 See hosts of patriots welcome him above.

See his renown'd forefather, Bedford's Earl,
 Embrace and clothe him in a robe of white !
 See Hampden welcome him, the patriot's pearl,
 And introduce him to the realms of light.

While to his memory, in tuneful lays,
 Each poet pays the tribute of a sigh,
 Like him, on earth, may I employ my days,
 And like him be regretted when I die.

June 10, 1802.

SONNET.

NOT a breeze whispers, and the moaning stream
 Is scarcely heard to gurgle on the shore ;
 Now Fancy, rising from her heavy dream,
 No longer listens to the battle's roar,
 But marks the spot where mild Devotion throws
 Her hand prophetic o'er the breathing lyre,
 Far from the world, its pleasures, and its woes,
 To laud th' eternal wisdom of her Sire !
 Hark ! thro' the grove the symphony decays,
 Till faithful Echo catch the heav'nly strain !
 Man ! lend thine ear, and with unfeigned praise,
 The world forsaking, and its paltry gain,
 Join the impressive concert, nor despise
 The Pow'r that wings thy genius to the skies !

Grafton-street, August, 1810.

J. G.

ON DEATH.

SHALL War's red drooping banners wave
 O'er the chieftains' gory grave?
 Shall Wisdom, weeping o'er the tomb,
 Sumptuous, thro' the aisled gloom,
 Mourn o'er the statesmen she in vain would save?
 Shall those who sought, of dauntless hue,
 To climb the steeps where danger grew;
 Or those, by midnight lore allur'd,
 Each temporary want endur'd,
 Till from the dying lamp Fame like a phœnix flew;—
 Shall those await the silent tomb,
 The noiseless hour, the cypress gloom,—
 Those who, with ambition pale,
 Shook the aw'd senate with their clattering mail?
 Shall those then linger in the common doom—
 With those who ask what homeliest wants but crave,
 Pass thro' existence with all selfish cares;
 And meagre heart no generous passion shares;
 And, as waves gather o'er the trackless wave,
 Unheeded fall, and sink into the grave?

MARCUS JUVENIS.

THE UNIVERSAL EPITAPH.

DID he enlarge the boundaries of mind,
 Or leave one thought to energize mankind?
 Oh, no! his thoughts and actions form'd by rule,
 Like others liv'd a wit, and dy'd a fool:
 Sweep then all fulsome flatt'ry from this sod,
 And make no diff'rence between clod and clod;
 Break all the sculptur'd trophies of the graves,
 And heap one dunghill of the fools and knaves.

**FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTICUS
PARAPHRASED.**

—

FROM thee, Jehovah ! mighty Lord of hosts !
FIRST Wisdom came, and evermore shall dwell
 Near thy eternal throne. Who can presume
 The sands to number of the vasty deep,
 Or scan the drops of rain, or calcutate
 Eternity ? Who can find out the height
 Of heaven's starry dome, the breadth of earth,
 The depths of ocean's waves, of Wisdom ? who ?
 She from the first, by the eternal Word,
 With prudence was created : hence arose
 Her sacred origin : hence all her ways
 Are everlasting laws, and fix'd commands.
 To whom hath Wisdom's root been shewn, or who
 Hath known her counsels ? Who hath understood
 Her great experience ? One, and only One,
 The greatly to be fear'd, the living God,
 Sitting upon his throne. 'Twas he alone
 Created her, and " saw that she was good ;"
 And number'd her, and pour'd her o'er his works.
 Now with each soul, according to his gifts,
 But chief with those who love the Lord, she dwells.
 The fear of God is honour, glory, joy,
 A crown of happiness. The fear of God
 Maketh the heart to leap, the lips to sing,
 And lengtheneth our days. Who feareth God,
 Prosperity attendeth to the grave,
 And the Lord's favour smooths the bed of death.
 To fear the Lord is the first step that leads
 To Wisdom's courts : she with the faithful was
 E'en in his mother's womb ; and she has seal'd
 With man, and with his seed for evermore,
 An everlasting bond of amity.
 To fear the Lord is Wisdom's harvest-time ;

With her rich fruits are hungry mortals fill'd,
 And with her stores their granaries abound.
 Who fear the mighty Lord, they crown their heads
 With Wisdom's brightest wreath: she maketh peace
 And perfect health to flourish in their house.
 Wisdom, like rain, skill, understanding, pours;
 Exalts to honour those who hold her fast:
 The fear of God springs from her root; her boughs
 Are length of days: she driveth far away
 Iniquity: wrath from her sight recoils.
 A furious man cannot be justified:
 On his own head he hurls destruction down:
 His anger unrestrain'd shall on himself
 Heap the full load of ruin. Otherwise
 Shall Patience be rewarded: for a while
 She bears Affliction's gripe; but afterwards
 Full tides of heav'nly joy her bosom warm.
 She for a time in silence suffers grief,
 But many lips her wisdom speak aloud.
 The parables of knowledge all are found
 In Wisdom's treasures; but of godliness
 The scoffing sinner hates the very name.
 If, man, thy bosom after wisdom yearns,
 Obey the will of the Omnipotent,
 And he will give her thee; for in his fear
 Is deep instruction found, and virtue learnt.
 In faith and meekness is the Lord's delight;
 Wherefore, when poor, distrust not thou his name;
 Nor, as a hypocrite, in mortals' sight
 Approach his altar with a double heart;
 But heed the words thou speak'st. Nor yet exalt
 Thyself above thy merit, lest thou fall
 Dishonour'd in the eyes of God and man;
 The secrets of thy sinful soul made known,
 And the deceit of thy proud bosom bar'd.

A. E. S. T. V.

MIDNIGHT.

No longer vibrate on the list'ning ear
 The harsh-ton'd discord of the crowded throng,
 The mingled accents and the jarring strife
 Of loud confusion ;—rob'd in dusky veil,
 Creation, free from toil, lies hush'd and still !
 The sounding footstep and the noisy hum
 Of mortals busied in the works of life
 Are heard no more ;—sunk on the lap of Night,
 All Nature sleeps serene ;—and, stretch'd afar
 On wings of ebon darkness, Silence deep
 Reigns o'er the slumb'ring world !—Hail, midnight hour !
 Nocturnal shadows, hail !—While others press
 With languid limbs unnerv'd the balmy couch,
 And, lost in sweet oblivion, cease to feel
 The stings of anxious Care—while soft Repose
 O'er the poor child of Sorrow gently steals,
 And from his pallid fev'rish cheek wipes off
 The scalding tears of ruthless Agony—
 Oh ! be it mine to roam the verdant plain ;
 To pace with varying step the dewy lawn ;
 And, rapt in meditative thought, to gaze
 On Ether's wide expanse ! wond'ring, to view
 The boundless glories of the vaulted sphere,
 And mark with uprais'd adorative eyes
 The wisdom, goodness, and the matchless skill,
 Of pow'r omnipotent !—Oh ! not alone
 The dazzling sun proclaims the bounteous hand
 Of Nature's God ! Tho' Splendour's gorgeous beams
 Deck the bright circle of the fulgent day ;
 Yet, pensive Night ! around thy sombre throne
 Dwell charms unnumber'd ! Scatter'd wild and free,
 Ten thousand beauties mingle in thy train,
 Sport in thy shades, and o'er thy noiseless path
 Shed awful grandeur, tranquillizing rest,

Calmness profound, sublimity, and grace !
 Thine is retirement ; thine a soothing bliss,
 A dread solemnity, a lustre mild,
 That smothers oft the lacerating pangs
 Of hopeless Grief—that stills the ruffled heart—
 And to the melting, warm, impassion'd soul,
 Soft whispers love, and peace, and joy serene.

Then hail, thou midnight hour!—As wand'ring thus,
 With contemplative glance, thoughtful I trace
 Thy solitary scenes, how swells my breast
 With rapt'rous ecstasy ; for Silence now,
 Stretch'd all around, hangs o'er the misty hills,
 The thick embow'ring woods, the grassy plains,
 And the rude battlements of the ivy'd tow'r
 Dark'ning with sullen frown the humble vale
 That fertile spreads beneath.—Yes ; all is hush'd,
 Save when the dying Zephyrs of the night,
 Kissing with gentlest touch the murm'ring leaves,
 Breathe out a last farewell ! The feather'd choir,
 No longer warbling on the scented spray,
 Fill with loud harmony the echoing groves !
 And thou, sweet minstrel of the placid eve !
 Lone Philomela ! on the ravish'd ear
 No longer swells the magic of thy song !
 No more thy notes, mellifluous pouring forth,
 Responsive vibrate on the whisp'ring gales,
 That linger'd oft to hear thy mournful strains,
 And catch thy plaintive melody ! but wide
 O'er the vast world Serenity has crept,
 And seal'd creation round.

Lo ! where, emerging from the distant east,
 In radiant car, pale Cynthia, mounting slow,
 Thro' the bright spangled arch of yon clear heav'ns,
 Rolls her majestic course ! With awful pomp
 Silent she moves along ; and glimm'ring down

In cloudless glory from her starry throne,
 Smiles on the sleeping earth ! Tranquil and soft,
 O'er the smooth glassy lake and winding stream,
 Her luminative beams refulgent play,
 Streaking with silv'ry light the rippling wave,
 That, gently curling from its weedy bed,
 Woos the expiring breeze !—Oh ! sacred orb !
 Thou Queen triumphant of the drowsy night !
 On thee, perhaps, far distant from his home,
 Some absent trav'ler now, with many a tear,
 Hath fix'd his pensive eye ! with drooping head
 Propp'd on his wearied hand, thinks on the cot
 Where centre all his joys ; and sighs once more
 To roam with calm delight the rural vale,
 Where glided fast away the peaceful years
 Of Life's fair jocund morn ;—to snatch once more
 In blissful transports to his throbbing breast
 The dear fond partner of his earthly cares ;—
 To hear once more his long-deserted babes,
 Plac'd on his knee, beguile the fleeting hours
 With prattling talk ;—to fold them in his arms,
 And o'er their smiling, rosy, dimpled cheeks,
 To print the tokens of paternal love !

Oh ! be it thine, lamp of the vaulted heav'ns !
 Still to befriend him in his lonely way ;
 To guide him on secure, and pour benign
 Thy welcome lustre round ! Whether forlorn
 O'er the chill barren heath he bend his way ;
 Or where, deep-buried in funereal gloom,
 The darksome forest waves terrific shade !
 Whether he tread the low sequester'd glen ;
 Or climb, with toilsome pain and slipp'ry feet,
 Up the steep hill ; oh ! cheer him with thy rays !
 Shine as he moves—illumine each dubious track—
 And to his fearful wand'ring eyes unfold

Where yawns the frightful chasm, and where frowns
 The cliff's dread brink ! strew safety o'er his path,
 And, with the glimm'ring of thy lambent beams,
 Still kindly aid his melancholy steps,
 Till bright Aurora from her orient couch
 Draws back the curtains of the dusky night,
 And blushing soft, in streaks of loveliest red,
 Proclaims the sweet approach of gladsome Day !
 Nor yet, while gazing on thy lucid orb,
 The hapless wayworn trav'ler feels alone
 Keen Sorrow's deadly pang ;—not in his heart
 Alone is plung'd the sharp envenom'd sting
 Of wretchedness supreme ;—lo ! where afar,
 Shiv'ring and cold, dejected, pale, and wan,
 High on some craggy rock's tall pendent brow,
 Sits the wreck'd mariner ! As oft to thee,
 Dimm'd with a tear, his glist'ning eye reverts,
 How on his bosom pours the torrent wild
 Of madd'ning Thought ! how Mem'ry, still untir'd,
 Paints what he left behind—his native shore,
 His kindred, home, and friends—a thousand joys
 That round him once their pleasing influ'nce shed ;
 Now, change afflictive ! banish'd from his grasp,
 And doom'd, ah ! never, never to return !

What refuge now shall yield his wasted frame
 The balmy slumbers of oblivious rest ?
 O'er the rough billows of the frothy ocean
 Pensive he rolls his view ; but there, alas !
 No shelter smiles ;—regardless of his wo,
 The barren scene frowns desolate and void !

In speechless anguish shudd'ring he recoils
 Back from the mournful sight ;—his trembling hands,
 Together clasp'd, fall languid on his knee,
 And Nature's self gives way ! No more upheld
 By sportive Fancy, or the soothing dreams

Of visionary aid, his tortur'd breast
 Heaves with the groan of agony severe,
 And, 'rest of ev'ry hope, his fainting soul
 Down sinks, all cheerless!

Wak'ning from her nest,
 The hungry vulture kens his faded form,
 And scents the destin'd prey : slow thro' the air
 Wheeling her ambient course, around his head
 She flaps her dark broad plumes ; or, perching near,
 Waits the sad hour, when, stretch'd a breathless corpse,
 His mould'ring limbs shall feast her rav'nous beak.

Yet not the omen dire scares from his heart
 The sullen torpid lethargy of grief,
 Or breaks the spell that 'numbs each clouded sense !
 He startles not, as, pois'd in shadowy flight,
 Rustling she beats along ; nor heeds the scream
 That from her hoarse-ton'd, wide, insatiate throat,
 Discordant rings terrific ;—but, immerg'd
 In black despair, with fix'd unmeaning glance
 Looks on the azure wave, that deep below
 Foams o'er the sandy beach, and, crashing loud,
 Hurls up the rugged cliff its boist'rous surge !

Ah ! not, like me, complacently to view
 The solemn scenes of Midnight's tranquil hour
 Is giv'n to all ! Yet is it mine to claim
 The smooth enjoyment of unruffled bliss,
 And never-sully'd peace. Ah ! not for *me*
 Has smiling Happiness the festive wreath
 Of fadeless flowers weav'd ! not round *my* head
 Beams cloudless sunshine ! I, alas ! could weep ;
 Could breathe the pensive sigh, and, melting, yield
 To Sorrow's tender sway : but, as, uprais'd
 To Heav'n's blue concav'd arch, my wand'ring eye
 Sweeps o'er yon vast immensity of space,
 Emotions diff'rent far crowd on my soul,

And fire my ravish'd breast! Estrang'd from all
 That curbs the glowing fancy, or impedes
 The mind's advent'rous flight, with tumults wild
 I catch the ardour of impetuous Thought—
 Of Ecstasy sublime! and my rapt spirit,
 Borne on Imagination's tow'ring wing,
 Springs from the grov'ling earth, and soars aloft
 'Mid suns, and stars, and worlds, and boundless spheres!
 Marks, with astonish'd gaze, thro' the wide sky
 System on system pil'd, rolling their course,
 Unerring, undecay'd! Above the rest,
 Glorious in splendour, views the dazzling fount
 Of light and heat, with unextinguish'd blaze,
 Transcendent glitt'ring o'er the matchless whole!
 While round him, faithful to their destin'd path,
 The planetary orbs revolving wheel
 In bright perfection! Order, union all,
 And sweetest harmony! E'en yet the same
 As when JEHOVAH shap'd their pond'rous form,
 Track'd out th' immeasurable line, and loud
 Thund'ring the awful mandate bade them fly,
 In rapid circles, thro' the fields of air!

But, oh! if such th' effect, how greater far
 Must be that dread Omnipotence, whose arm
 Laid the foundations of the massy world,
 And gave Creation birth! that bounteous God
 Who yet upholds the fabric he has rais'd,
 Firm 'mid the boist'rous shocks and 'whelming years
 Of desolative Time! who, thron'd on high,
 Girt with immortal beauty, strength, and love—
 E'en as, when wrapp'd in shades of ebon Night,
 Dark Chaos frown'd—triumphant still survives!
 And, ever mighty, ever uncontroll'd,
 Reigns over all, immutable and true!

From the stupendous thought backward I shrink,
 Confounded and amaz'd ! my humble Muse,
 Sunk in abashment, checks her lofty flight,
 And trembling owns with reverential fear
 Thy awful majesty, thy sov'reign pow'r,
 Thy wisdom infinite !—Parent of good !
 Tho' faint my voice, tho' weak my falt'ring tongue,
 Yet may I learn to utter forth thy praise,
 And to thy glorified exalted name
 Breathe out the tributes due ! Oh ! may I ne'er,
 While journeying on thro' Life's promiscuous scenes,
 Stray from thy sight, forget thy word divine,
 Or quit thy fost'ring hand ! When, at my feet,
 Temptation, treach'rous, spreads her baneful lure,
 Oh ! may I cling to thee ! may no black doubt
 From my young heart expel thy sacred law,
 Nor pois'nous Error teach me to deride
 Thy care protective, or thy paths secure !
 But as around, tracing thy matchless works,
 Wond'ring I gaze, so may I still adore
 THEE, Lord of heav'n and earth ! " Thou great first
 cause,"
 Primeval, everlasting, and supreme !

August, 1810.

W. C**E.

THE MIDNIGHT STORM; OR, ABSENT LOVE.

DARK was the night,—the wind blew high,
 And told a dreadful storm was nigh !
 The screech-owl's noise was heard afar ;
 The heavens boasted not a star :
 The prowling wolf his shelter sought,
 And for his safety only thought :
 To shun the storm the fearful sheep
 Beneath the thicket closely creep :

The shepherd's dog across the moor
 Quick runs, to reach the cottage-door,
 Conscious as if the torrent's dread
 Approach he knew hung o'er his head.
 At length the clouds began to break,
 And Helen's cottage-window shake;
 In deluge now, the pouring rain
 Sweeps all before it o'er the plain!
 And now, aloud, the abbey-bell,
 With hollow tone and dismal knell,
 Proclaims with more than usual pow'r
 The solitary midnight hour.
 'Twas then fair Helen 'woke in fear!
 And from her eye a starting tear
 Dropp'd as she view'd the torrent's flow:
 She op'd her casement, fill'd with wo;
 Then heav'd a sigh, and to the wind
 Unfolded thus her troubled mind:—
 "Cease, Boreas! cease the tempest's roar,
 "And bid the dreadful storm give o'er.
 "With greater rage the winds increase;
 "O, Boreas! wilt thou never cease?
 "Thy fury for one moment stay,
 "For Chance has led my love astray;
 "Perhaps, O Heav'n! he's lost his way!
 "Gracious Pow'rs! O, guide him home;
 "Nor let the lovely wand'rer roam.
 "O Tom! did you but know my fears,
 "My misery and flowing tears,
 "Never—ah! never—wouldst thou rove,
 "To cause these sighs for absent love.
 "He hears me not. Why should I sigh?
 "Why thus in anguish mourn and cry?
 "Alas, poor me!" She said no more,
 But, fainting, fell upon the floor!

The maiden droop'd as doth the rose
 At ev'ning, when its beauties close!
 Weep, weep, O Muse! and shed a tear
 For her whose love was so sincere;
 Who, fill'd with sorrow, faints away
 Because her cat had gone astray!

C—E B—N.

THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL COLIGNY,

Translated from the *Henriade* of Voltaire.—Vid. Cant. II. L. 179.

Now had Coligny, with unruffled breast,
 Sunk on his peaceful couch to balmy rest,
 When piercing shrieks, and agonizing cries
 Ring thro' the air, and rend the midnight skies!
 Loud on his ear the thick'ning tumult stole,
 And burst the slumbers that entranc'd his soul.

In frantic haste Coligny rais'd his head,
 And left the pillows of his downy bed:
 Confus'd he springs, and, lost in wild amaze,
 O'er the dread scene his starting eyeballs gaze!
 Terrific rush'd upon his wond'ring sight
 The crowding horrors of the fatal night;
 Down the wide street a thousand murd'ers pour,
 And brandish daggers steep'd in reeking gore:
 All Paris trembles;—angry torches glare;—
 And mingled weapons glitter in the air!
 Lo! on his palace blazing ruin falls,
 And flames unnumber'd circle round the walls!
 Deep gash'd with wounds, and hurl'd amidst the fire,
 In mangled heaps his smother'd train expire;
 While, flush'd with slaughter, loud th' assassins cry
 "Let all unpity'd, undistinguish'd, die;
 "Your King and Medicis the mandate gave;
 "Your God ordains it, and no hand shall save!"

Now, 'mid the shouts, Coligny's name is heard;
 The list'ning hero startles at the word:
 Quick his strain'd eyes the distant sound pursue,
 And, lo! Teligny bursts upon his view;
 A youth whose genuine worth, and temper mild,
 Had won his friendship, and obtain'd his child;
 Whose matchless virtues form'd his country's praise,
 And shed fresh lustre on his father's days!
 Ah! see that youth, now pierc'd with many a wound,
 Dragg'd in proud triumph o'er the crimson'd ground!
 See him, with outstretch'd arms and dying breath,
 Implore Coligny to revenge his death!

The hapless chief, of ev'ry stay bereft,
 No friends, no weapons, and no refuge left,
 Views the black tempest gather round his head,
 And wide destruction to his threshold spread!
 Prepar'd he stands to meet the shock of Fate,
 And perish as he liv'd—inimitably great!
 Hark! thro' his gates the clam'rous monsters pour,
 Rush up the stairs, and thunder at his door!
 His steady hand removes each bolt aside,
 And gives a passage to the 'whelming tide.
 Full in their front the noble warrior tow'rs,
 And braves, undaunted, all their hostile pow'rs!
 No pallid fears, no coward marks, disgrace
 The awful grandeur of his aged face;
 But round his brows majestic glories shine,
 And o'er each feature spreads a ray divine!
 Such were his looks, when, plung'd in war's alarms,
 Tumultuous round him burst the clang of arms;
 Calm 'mid the battle's roar, unmov'd he stood,
 And check'd or urg'd the lavish waste of blood!

Struck with his manly form and eye serene,
 His solemn air and venerable mien,

The wretches pause;—their steely hearts unbend;—
 They gaze in wonder, and their rage suspend!
 “Comrades!” he cries, “the work of Death complete;
 “Gash my worn limbs, and stretch me at your feet!
 “Bid my warm blood in crimson torrents flow,
 “And stain with gore these scatter’d locks of snow,
 “Which forty years the dubious fate of war
 “View’d with respect, and kindly deign’d to spare!
 “Strike without dread! Coligny’s latest breath
 “Shall speak your pardon for his guilty death.
 “No value now my lengthen’d life affords;
 “That life is yours—I give it to your swords!
 “Yet, oh! that Heav’n had doom’d these eyes to close
 “In glorious combat with my country’s foes!
 “How had I rush’d amid the hostile fire,
 “Proud for your sakes a martyr to expire!”

The tigers hear, and, soft’ning at the sound,
 Crouch at his feet, and sink upon the ground:
 Transfix’d with awe, they quit their lifted spears,
 Cling to his knees, and bathe them with their tears!
 Oh, wondrous sight! amid the blood-stain’d bands,
 Now round him suppliant, lo! the hero stands!
 Tho’ Murder’s hov’ring storm the chief enshrouds,
 He looks the monarch of adoring crowds!

But now, indignant at the ling’ring stay,
 Madd’ning with wrath, and fiercer with delay,
 Swift from below, where long with anxious breath
 His greedy soul had hop’d Coligny’s death,
 Besme flies impetuous to the warrior’s room,
 To rouse the steel, and urge it to his doom.
 The weeping soldiers round that chief he sees
 Stretch’d on the ground, or bending on their knees!
 But, ah! the scene no pity could impart,
 Or change the purpose of his brutal heart:

He deem'd remorse a crime ; that once display'd,
His cause was lost, and Medicis betray'd !

Thus, unrelenting, 'mid the prostrate throng
The direful wretch infuriate strides along ;
And, while Coligny waits th' impending blow,
Nor shrinks in terror from the angry foe,
His manly side the savage monster rends,
With eyes averted as the sword descends,
Lest the dread lightning of the hero's gaze
Should fright his soul, and blast him with amaze !

Thus fell the chief ! applauding crowds admir'd ;
And thus, O fate severe ! the pride of France expir'd !

Jan. 8, 1810.

W. C**E.

TO CORINNA, AN ANCIENT BEAUTY.

(FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.)

BY MR. VAUGHAN.

IN vain, Corinna, does old Time
Attempt to rob you of your charms ;
For, tho' 'tis true you're past your prime,
You still excite fond Love's alarms.
Then give to Love a lover's due,
Nor longer turn a deaf'ning ear ;
But take the hand I proffer you,
And laugh with me at Time's career :
For, while your bright and sparkling eyes
Retain the conquests they possess,
In vain will Time his arts devise
To make Corinna lov'd the less.

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, IN
NEW ENGLAND.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

WHILE an intrinsic ardour prompts to write,
The Muses promise to assist my pen ;
'Twas not long since I left my native shore,
The land of errors and Egyptian gloom :
Father of mercy ! 'twas thy gracious hand
Brought me in safety from those dark abodes.

Students, to you 'tis giv'n to scan the heights
Above—to traverse the ethereal space,
And mark the systems of revolving worlds,
Still more, ye sons of Science ! ye receive
The blissful news, by messengers from Heav'n,
How Jesus' blood for your redemption flows.
See him with hands outstretch'd upon the cross ;
Immense compassion in his bosom glows ;
He hears revilers, nor resents their scorn :
What matchless mercy in the Son of God !
When the whole human race by sin had fall'n,
He deign'd to die, that they might rise again,
And share with him, in the sublimest skies,
Life without death, and glory without end.

Improve your privileges while they stay,
Ye pupils ! and each hour redeem, that bears
Or good or bad report of you to heav'n.
Let sin, that baneful evil to the soul,
By you be shunn'd, nor once remit your guard ;
Suppress the deadly serpent in its egg.
Ye blooming plants of human race divine,
An Ethiop tells you 'tis your greatest foe ;
Its transient sweetness turns to endless pain,
And in immense perdition sinks the soul.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 200.]

With an Engraving. Plate XI.

LET Grandeur blush, and think how few
 Of all the many-colour'd crew,
 The motley groupe of fools and knaves,
 Who hourly prove themselves its slaves,
 However Fashion gild the dress,
 Attain th' expected happiness !
 Let Grandeur blush, and blushing own
 How seldom is to greatness known
 That pure and unimbitter'd lot
 Which often cheers the peasant's cot ;
 The hallow'd bliss, the nameless charm,
 That decorates this fertile farm.

Thus Syntax ponder'd as his eye
 Survey'd the cheerful family ;
 Who, 'round the breakfast-table seated,
 With one accord his entrance greeted :
 At the same time, they all express'd
 Much sorrow that their rev'rend guest
 Had order'd Grizzle to the door,
 In order to pursue his tour.
 " Doctor, I'm griev'd so soon to part,"
 Burst from the yeoman's friendly heart ;
 " Yet hope, whene'er this way you come,
 " You'll not forget you have a home :—
 " You see how we poor farmers live,—
 " A welcome's all we have to give ;
 " But that's sincere,—so come and try."
 A starting tear was the reply.

Syntax once more his beast bestrode ;
 He bade farewell, and off he rode.

Now Nature's beauties caught his eye,
Array'd in gay simplicity ;
And, as he pass'd the road along,
The blackbird's note, the thrush's song,
With musical and native mirth,
Seem'd to do homage to his worth.
The vary'd landscape here combin'd
To fascinate the eye and mind,
To charm the gazer's ev'ry sense
From the commanding eminence.
Th' expanding plain, with plenty crown'd,
Diffuses health and fragrance round ;
While, on a lofty, craggy height,
A castle rises to the sight,
Which, in its day of strength and pride,
The arms of threat'ning foes defy'd.
Beneath the mouldering abode
In mazy course a riv'let flow'd,
And, free from the tempestuous gale,
Its silent stream refresh'd the vale.
The vale the scatter'd hamlet cheer'd,
And many a straw-roof'd cot appear'd ;
While smiling groups at ev'ry door
Spoke grief a stranger to the poor.
With pious thought, and eye serene,
Syntax survey'd th' enchanting scene,
And thus in grateful mood began :—
“ So deals th' Omnipotent with man.
“ Such are thy gifts, all-gracious Pow'r !
“ To us, the creatures of an hour ;
“ And yet how oft we barter these,
“ The joys of peace, of health, and ease,
“ Thy best bequest, thy choicest treasure,
“ For images we christen pleasure ;
“ In Folly's giddy vortex hurl'd,
“ Pursue th' allurements of the world,

“ And, slaves to vanity and art,
 “ Check the best feelings of the heart.
 “ How the scene charms my ravish’d eye !
 “ I cannot, will not, pass it by,”
 He said,—and from his pocket took
 The pencil, and the sketching-book ;
 While Grizzle, in contented mood,
 Close by her busy master stood ;
 When, lo ! a novelty draws nigh ;
 A dusty whirlwind rides the sky ;
 And choking clouds proclaim th’ approach
 Of something Syntax deem’d a coach.
 Four wheels in truth it had to boast,
 Altho’ what it resembled most
 Were hard to say :—sufficē, this *tub*
 Was built in London, where a club,
 Yclept *Four-Horse*, is now the rage,
 And fam’d for whims in equipage.
 Dashers ! who once a month assemble ;
 Make creditors and coachmen tremble ;
 And, dress’d in colours vastly fine,
 Drive to some public house to dine ;
 There game, and drink, and swear, and then—
 Drive in full gallop back again.

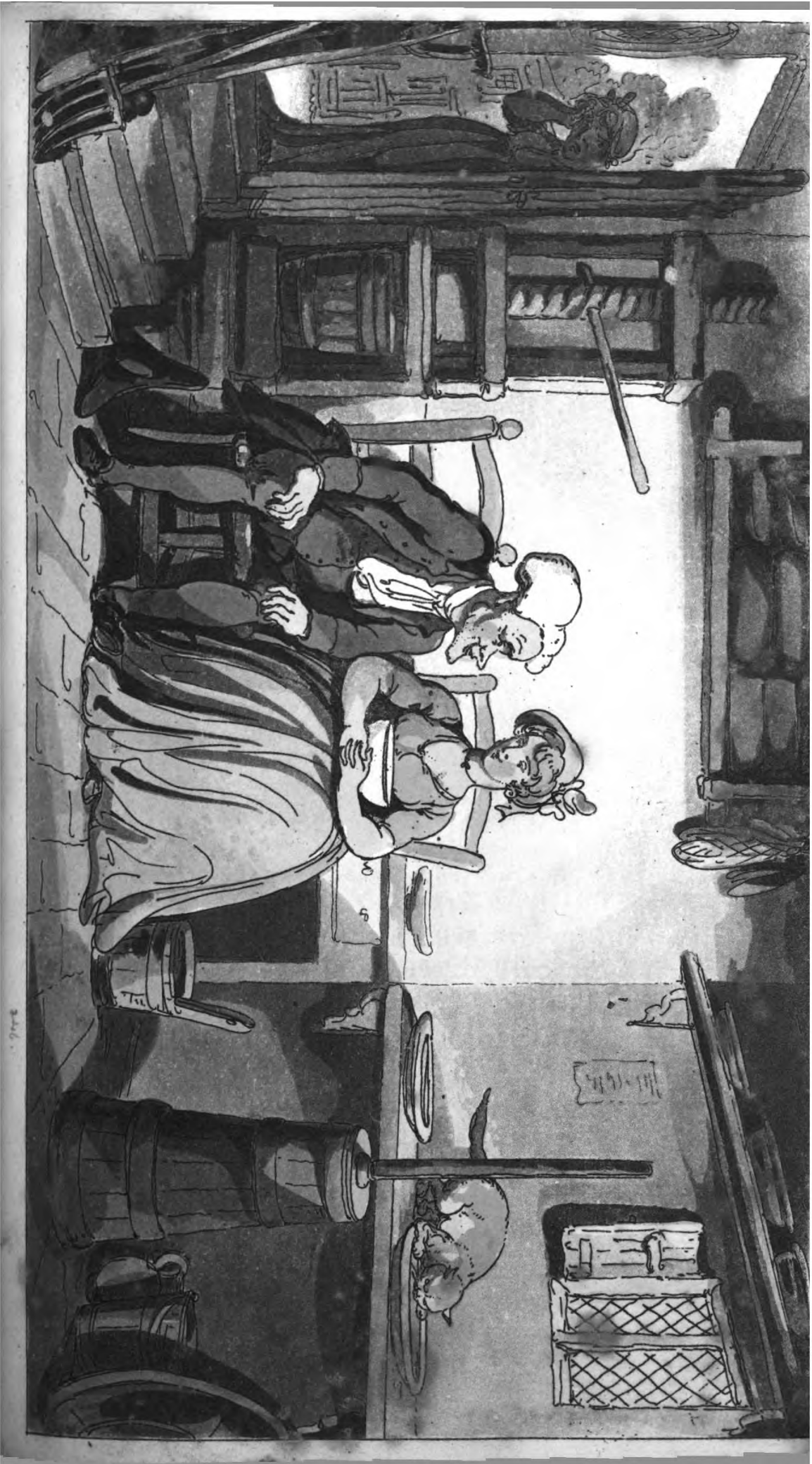
Now Syntax, with a kind of fear,
 Beheld the vehicle draw near ;
 And, like her master, Grizzle too
 Was far from happy at the view ;
 For a long whip had caught her eye,
 Moving about most rapidly :
 Tho’ little dream’d the hapless nag
 The joke which the exalted wag,
 Who held the reins with skilful hand,
 Against both mare and master plann’d.
 But now the curious Doctor spy’d
 The emblem of Patrician pride ;

Which on the pannels of the coach
 Proclaim'd a noble Lord's approach :
 Nay (for the facts will plainly prove it)
 It was a noble Lord who drove it ;
 For 'tis well known to men of rank
 That Lords will sometimes play a prank ;
 And will indulge themselves in jokes
 As low as those of vulgar folks.
 But 'tis not easy to express
 The wild surprise, the deep distress,
 Which Syntax felt when this same Lord
 Aim'd at his back the flaunting cord ;
 And when the whip, with skilful turn,
 Was well applied to Grizzle's stern :—
 That stern,—enough to make one shudder,—
 Which we all know had lost its rudder.
 Stung with the smart, and pain acute,
 Off went at speed the angry brute.
 The fire flash'd from either eye,
 And then she neigh'd indignantly.
 Such seem'd she as when erst she bore
 A trumpeter to fields of gore ;
 When, in the battle's heat, at large
 She led whole squadrons to the charge.
 Thus, while poor Grizzle snorts and flies,
 Syntax, rage beaming from his eyes,
 Delay'd not to soliloquize :—

“ Can I in this foul conduct scan
 “ The Peer, or well-bred Gentleman ?
 “ Or rather must not Virtue frown
 “ On such a high-born titled clown ?
 “ Thus, then, do Nobles play the fool ?—
 “ A conduct, which, in my poor school,
 “ If 'mong my boys it dare appear ;
 “ If they should ape that monkey there ;

" They for their fun should pay full dearly;—
 " I'd whip the blockheads most severely,
 " But I'll not waste another word
 " Upon this vulgar booby Lord;
 " For I have something else to do,—
 " And, Grizzle, what's become of you?"
 A farmer's well-stor'd barn, hard by,
 Attracted her observing eye,
 Where many a truss of fragrant hay
 Induc'd the prudent beast to stay.
 Meanwhile her discontented master,
 Reflecting on the late disaster,
 Pac'd slowly on, brimful of care,
 And wonder'd who had got his mare.
 Indeed he fear'd she might be found
 Within the precincts of a pound;
 But soon his quadruped he saw,
 Up to her girths in hay and straw;
 While he who own'd the neighb'ring farm
 Prepar'd to raise his weighty arm;
 And, having just observ'd the theft,
 Brandish'd a horsewhip right and left,
 (Alas! it cannot be deny'd,)
 To lay about on Grizzle's hide.
 Syntax beheld the harsh intent:—
 " Forbear," he cry'd, " that punishment!
 " Why make her feel the chast'ning thong?
 " She knows not she is doing wrong.
 " Forgive my warmth, but truly, Sir,
 " This suits not with the character
 " Of one who treads on British ground,—
 " A land for justice so renown'd.
 " I'll pay for all the straw that's wasted,
 " And all the hay that she has tasted.
 " Your courtesy I now invoke,
 " So name the cost, and spare the stroke."

The farmer paus'd—as by a charm—
 And dropp'd at once th' uplifted arm :—
 “ Forgive me, Sir, for what,” he cry'd,
 “ Cannot, indeed, be justified :
 “ But for my haste I'll make amends ;
 “ And let us now, good Sir, be friends.
 “ That is my house ; you'll enter there,
 “ And, Thomas, take the Doctor's mare ; }
 “ I leave her to your faithful care. }
 “ Come, rev'rend Sir, I'll lead the way :”
 The Doctor did not disobey ;
 And soon was met, with welcome glee,
 By all the farmer's family.
 At length some bus'ness of the day
 Summon'd the honest host away ;
 So Syntax thought he'd look about
 To find some curious object out ;
 When, lo ! a dairy met his view,
 Where, full of cream, in order due,
 The pans, the bowls, the jugs were plac'd,
 Which tempted the Divine to taste.
 But he found something better there ;—
 A damsel who was young and fair
 Attracted his admiring eye,
 And, as he enter'd, heav'd a sigh.
 Now, Syntax, as we all must know,
 Ne'er heard a sigh, or tale of wo,
 But instant wish'd to bring relief—
 To dry the tear, and soothe the grief.
 “ Come here, sweet girl !” he softly said ;
 “ Tell me your grief,—nor be afraid :
 “ Come here, and seat you by my side ;
 “ You'll find in me a friendly guide.
 “ Relate your sorrows,—tell the truth ;—
 “ What is it ? does some perjur'd youth





" Unfaithful to his promise prove,
 " Nor make the fond return of love?
 " 'Tis so, I see ; but raise your eye ;
 " On me, my lovely girl ! rely :
 " You have my tend'rest sympathy. }
 " Again, I say, your grief impart ;—
 " You've gain'd an int'rest in my heart :
 " For well I know the pangs they prove
 " Who grieve for unrequited love."

The list'ning mother, who had heard
 Love talk'd of, kindled at the word ;
 And, rushing in, express'd her rage :—
 " For shame ! for shame ! while hoary age
 " Whitens your head, I see your eye
 " Is beaming with iniquity.
 " Begone, you old, you wanton goat !
 " Your heart is black as is your coat.
 " A Parson too ! may Heav'n forgive
 " The wicked age in which we live !
 " I'll go and tell my honest spouse
 " The snake he harbours in his house :
 " He'll give such hypocrites their due,
 " I'll warrant it ;" and off she flew.
 The Host arriv'd, but by that time
 The false alarm, th' imputed crime,
 Nancy had ventur'd to unfold,
 And mother now had ceas'd to scold ;
 While, the rude anger turn'd to mirth,
 They all confess the Doctor's worth.

Dinner was soon upon the table,
 And Grizzle feeding in her stable ;
 While joyful Syntax once again
 Forgot past accidents and pain ;

And, when night came, repos'd his head
 In peace upon the welcome bed ;
 But ne'er did he to sleep consign
 His weary'd limbs till to the shrine
 Of Heav'n he had address'd the pray'r
 Which ever finds admittance there.

[To be continued.]

DENBIGH-CASTLE.

With an Engraving. Plate XII.

FULL many an age has pass'd away
 Since Denbigh's turrets brav'd the sky ;
 Since in its halls the clarion rang,
 And heroes heard the minstrelsy.

'Twas the first Edward rais'd these towers,
 And plac'd his royal banner there ;
 Not to preserve them, but destroy,
 And bid the Cambrians to despair.

Th' inspiring harp no more was heard,
 Beneath his fierce tyrannic sway ;
 Where'er his armed hosts appear'd,
 Brave Cambria's freedom dy'd away.

But now, beneath the gentle rule
 Which the mild star of Brunswick yields,
 Cambria beholds her flocks increase,
 And tills in peace her fertile fields.

The Castle's lofty strength no more
 O'erawes the natives of the vale ;
 Nor on th' embattled walls are seen
 The banners floating in the gale.





The mould'ring towers, in proud decay,
 Hang frightful o'er the craggy steep;
 While round the portal's crumbling arch
 The tendrils of the ivy creep.

Amid those walls, where Barons bold
 And Ladies fair the revels led,
 The night-bird screams in accents wild,
 And adders find a murky bed.

The trav'ler stops awhile to gaze,
 And views the old dismantled tow'r;
 Then in his feeling heart enjoys
 The pleasure of the pensive hour.

Nor yet in vain the ruin stands
 To tell the conqu'ring pow'r of Time;
 To stimulate th' improving thought,
 And aid the moral poet's rhyme.

PALEMON'S EXPOSTULATION TO HIS LOOKING-GLASS:

INSCRIBED TO MISS SPILSBURY,

Who drew his Picture in the 76th Year of his Age,
 By the late R. V. SADLEIR, Esq. of Southampton.

CEASE, faithless mirror, to persuade
 That I am old, and coarsely made,
 No longer o'er this polish'd brow
 Imaginary wrinkles throw;
 Nor with thy livid tints disgrace
 The ruddy honours of my face!

For see, with more than magic art,
Maria can fresh youth impart;
 Can spread new vigour thro' my frame,
 And blow love's ashes into flame!

Ah! 'twas a momentary bliss ;
 Transient as Zephyr's balmy kiss ;
 " An *ignis fatuus* of the mind,"
 That leaves more deep the gloom behind.

Return, kind Mirror ! quickly come ;
 Recall my wand'ring senses home ;
 Bring to my disenchanted view
 The furrow'd brow—the pallid hue :
 Their silent eloquence affords
 Persuasion stronger far than words ;
 They bid me count my less'ning days,
 And turn to Wisdom's pleasant ways !

A TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF NIVERNOIS.

IN that wise land where men of letters
 (The only nobles they create)
 Hold the prime honours of the state,
 Unlike our wise men here, who doff the hat
 To many a fool whom the world calls their betters ;—
 But no reflections, Muse ! enough of that.
 Come to our point ;—in China then there dwelt
 A youth, whose parts were brilliaut ; one who felt
 And started at the spur of emulation,
 Much longing to be honour'd as a sage :
 But he, alas ! with all his virtues, had
 The common failings of his age ;
 For patience, industry, and application,
 This youth possess'd not, so most slowly sad
 His work advanc'd ; and he, with deep chagrin,
 Saw that scarce fifty years would make him *mandarin* !
 Despairing with a brain he thought so muddy
 Ever to gain much good by study,
 He almost gave it up in desperation :

When, one day sauntering about the city
 Of *Pekin*, puzzling much his head so witty
 How he more rapidly might gain the wish'd-for station,
 He chanc'd to spy, just at the city-gates,
 A cutler, mighty busy with his wheel,
 Grinding away on a thick wedge of steel
 Stubborn as adamant. The scholar waits
 To watch the workman's progress, keenly viewing
 The steel, which scarcely seem'd to lose a grain,
 Whilst still the fellow busily kept doing.
 Thought he, "This blockhead labours hard in vain,"
 And thus broke out:—"Heigh, dolt! what art thou at?"
 'Art thou an idiot, poor soul! or what?'
 "An idiot!—no, Sir, nor yet quite so flat
 "As you may think me," quick reply'd the man,
 "And will explain t' ye, if you please, my plan.
 "Of this same ingot, then, I mean to make
 "A needle, and, please Heaven, I shall do it,
 "It needs but time and patience to get thro' it!
 "Now, as for patience, I possess it;
 "And, as for time, why its own time 'twill take;
 "It mostly flies so quick, 'tis gone ere well we miss it."
 This to the half-despairing scholar brought
 Some sparks of hope, that warm'd his spirit thro',
 And lit his glimm'ring genius up anew:
 His half-forsaken school again he sought,
 And settled there:
 Throwing his old frivolities aside,
 To study most tenaciously applied,
 And sharpen'd up his wits with so much care,
 That soon profoundly skill'd he grew,
 And gain'd th' exalted sphere to steady merit due.
 Ye imps of Genius, darting up sun-high,
 Attend! the moral of my tale will fit ye;
 Pause not to gaze below, but upward fly,
 Lest persevering men of sober sense outwit ye.

Alton.

E. W****G.

LINES,

COMPOSED ON PAYING A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF COLLINS,
IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet Bard! may Fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year!

COLLINS' Grave of Thomson.

LONE Genius, that from winding Arun's side
Fancy thro' wildest scenes was fond to guide,
What time Enchantment's vision-working pow'rs
Amus'd and sooth'd to rest thy listless hours,
With groves and palaces of airy form,
And guardian Genii, wrestling with the storm:
Or, cull'd in Persia's warmly fertile clime,
Bade Eastern morals bloom in British rhyme:
Or taught the Passions moody strains to swell,
In vary'd guise, round Music's "magic cell:"
Ah! didst thou vainly all that fire possess?
Would Heav'n had spar'd thee more, or granted less!
Pour'd on thy birth less intellectual light,
Or spar'd thee more from Melancholy's night!
Yet cheerless, 'mid the gloom of sadd'ning years,
Thou didst not wander thro' a vale of tears;—
Religion's day-star beaming on thy way,
The saint's firm footsteps bade her lamp display;
Full on the page of holy record shone,
And prov'd each word of promise there thine own!
Believing still, tho' dim thy mental view,
The promise faithful, and the record true.
Nor didst thou pine, to sullen Thought resign'd,
Unsought, unfelt for, by the tuneful kind.
No! where pale Death hung ghastly o'er thy bed,
There pitying Science bow'd her laurel'd head;

When thither from the crush of Learning came
 * Th' illustrious brethren of no vulgar name.
This Winton's venerable halls rever'd,
 Where *Merit lov'd* him much, as *Dulness fear'd*:
 In him (to find the parallel, how hard!)
 Join'd the mild critic, with the nervous bard.
 In friendship generous (this Collins prov'd),
 In tenet liberal, in *all* belov'd.
 Of *that* old Thames to confluent Isis told,
 How pleas'd he saw the royal wreath enfold
 Those brows, which long had worn the choicest bays
 That Science on her banks was proud to raise.
This well on Fancy's classic plains had sung;
That deep in Melancholy's cave had strung
 His ready lyre; and both together stray'd,
 By Spenser's music lur'd, thro' many a fairy shade.
 Such, Collins, were the two, whose kindred zeal
 Strove thy soul-sick'ning malady to heal;
 Cheer'd the dim ev'ning of thy earthly day,
 And pray'd—*God speed thee* on thy heav'nward way.
 O then, when *Time*, swift sailing for the land,
 Had well nigh borne thee to th' eternal strand;
 When Doubt, dark-brooding, hid the prospect there,
 And Hope, half-fearful, trod she knew not where;
 Didst thou not see "*the star of Bethlehem*" rise,
 Kind beacon! bright in Faith's inviting skies?
 Then did it not on that high pathway shine,
 Which ransom'd Israel treads to life divine?
 Did not its lustre gild thy dubious way,
 And shine and brighten unto "*perfect day*?"
 Yes! cries some seraph's peace-proclaiming voice,
 Then learnt his soul, while trembling, to rejoice;

* Dr. Joseph Warton, and Thomas Warton, P. L. who visited Collins in his last illness.

With secret aid o'erpass'd the gloomy wave,
 Nor dropp'd th' unbending staff which Mercy gave,
 Till, glad, ungirding at his journey's close,
 He found salvation where its star arose.

Alton.

E. W**G.

DUPLICITY—A FRAGMENT.

HORATIO.

But, Candidus!

Detraction will arise, despite thine honour,
 E'en from pretended friends.

CANDIDUS.

Most true, Horatio!

But think not I have liv'd so long i' th' world,
 And mingled with the herd of human kind,
 Ranging its various pasture, and not seen
 That there be men, who to our faces shew
 Much courtesy, and with right gracious smiles
 Do gently entertain our tarrance,
 As doth an April morn; which yet anon
 Scowls on the cloakless traveller, deceiv'd
 By its gay masking—men, who, when we speak,
 Do lithely bow assent, and patronage
 Give to our tongues; and then, when we have turn'd
 Our backs, straight turn their tables, and with sneers
 Fouly miscall us and our pleasantries:
 But these I ne'er deem'd worthy e'en of frowns;
 For such, in troth, 'twere trouble more than meet
 To furl the smooth composure of one's brow.
 O! I despise them; yea, most heartily;
 And rid me of their vile impertinence
 As quickly, and with ten times more disdain,
 Than when in some wood-pathway I have trod
 Upon a bramble, which, to foil my path,
 Hitch'd spitefully my heel!

HORATIO. Right, Candidus !
'Tis man's true spirit, and I hold with thee :
Give me the friend whose honest semblance lies
In yon fair mirror ; go, confer with it.
Hast thou a blemish, tho' 'tis but a spot,
Small as an atomy upon thy visage,
'Twill shew it thee at once, and never mask
In syren blandishments and falsities
Its plain bright countenance ; nor will it deal
In contumely, and basely whisper others
Discov'ry of thy faults ; but, when such tales
Are needful to be told, still waits thy presence,
There to confront thyself as witness to it.

Alton.

*E. W****g.*

THE TEARS OF HIBERNIA.

HIBERNIA, from the sea-girt strand,
Survey'd with grief her fav'rite land ;
Beheld her isle, renown'd of old,
By native traitors basely sold ;
And, ere she sought her cell again,
The goddess sung in plaintive strain—
Weep, Erin ! weep, incessant mourn,
" Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn ;"
No more with joy thy harpers sing ;
No more with glee thy valleys ring ;
No more with mirth thy plains resound ;
And nought but grief is seen around.
Now smiling Commerce wanders far,
Chas'd by the iron tread of War :—
Weep, Erin ! weep, incessant mourn,
" Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn ;"
Sweet Plenty once, with lib'ral hand,
Bestrew'd her treasures o'er thy land :
Now mark the sad reverse of fate,
For haggard Want usurps her seat,

And tears of anguish parents shed,
 While lisping infants cry for bread:—
 Weep, Erin! weep, incessant mourn,
 “Thy banish’d peace, thy laurels torn.”
 Britannia! hear thy sister’s moan,
 And let her sorrows be thine own:
 To thee her ev’ry good she’d lend,
 And lives e’en now thy willing friend.
 Redress her wrongs, oh! hear her cries,
 Nor leave her to her miseries.
 Tho’ venal men oppress thee sore,
 And banish pleasure from thy shore,
 O! spurn the aid that France would lend,
 To various states a treach’rous friend;
 Her blood-stain’d chieftain ne’er employ,
 Who only conquers to destroy;
 But break, Oh! break the servile chain,
 And Erin lives herself again;

N. Y. K. E.

SONNET,

Respectfully inscribed to E. and S. M. W****G, of Alton.

SAY, sweetest minstrels of the tuneful throng!
 Why thus, forgetful of your hallow’d lyres,
 Plaintive no more ye wake the slumb’ring wires
 To the soft harmony of gentle Song?
 Say if that deep-ton’d captivating shell,
 Which late, mellifluous, from Parnassian bow’rs,
 Charm’d with such dulcet verse the ling’ring hours,
 Has bade to ev’ry Muse a last farewell?
 Ah! fly not, fly not from the sacred Nine,
 Nor thus for ever quit Pieria’s spring;
 But still in rapture strike the sounding string,
 Breathe out the notes of melody divine,
 And, wildly sweeping o’er your harps again,
 Pour on our ravish’d ears the soul-subduing strain!

Sept. 3, 1810.

W. C**E.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 215.]

THEY heard, and swift along the van
 Ferocious Inspiration ran;
 They heard, and ev'ry warrior's breast
 Swell'd with intense delight,
 As Vict'ry rear'd her sable crest,
 And urg'd them to the fight.

But there are moments when the soul
 Assumes a bold terrific air,
 And, scorning every mean control,
 Darts forward in sublime despair,
 Thus, when perplex'd with many a wrong,
 I've shunn'd the low degen'rate throng,
 And rode on wings of fire
 O'er many a league of clouds, and sought
 The genius of celestial Thought,
 Swift hurrying o'er the lyre!
 But not without that genial dread,
 Which ev'ry poet feels, I fled;
 And, tho' I rode in high career,
 Still felt the chilling throbs of fear:
 Nor could the voice of Hope o'erpow'r
 The spell of that unfriendly form,
 That seem'd on stronger wings to tow'r,
 And ev'ry lovely scene deform.

So Gallia, tho' in conflict bold,
 Felt this immortal passion hold
 Its empire o'er her breast;
 Nor could the strain of Vict'ry chase
 The traits of terror from her face,
 Or lull her doubts to rest.

On ev'ry side she seem'd to see
 Her flag triumphant wave ;
 The adverse lines before her flee,
 Fierce trampling o'er the brave :
 But Nature, constant to her laws,
 Full often in the brightest cause
 Hath trembled at a shade ;
 Felt, in the summit of her joy,
 A sudden start her views destroy,
 And all her hopes invade.

To you whose genius can aspire
 Above the flight of low desire * ;
 And, tow'ring high on mental plumes,
 Rush thro' the blue ethereal fields ;
 To you the Muse her theme resumes,
 Of slaughter, fire, and gory shields !
 Sure ye have heard in Fancy's dream
 The mortar's sweeping thunders roar ;
 And seen afar the sulph'rous gleam
 Illume the Danube's spectred shore !
 Sure ye have stalk'd across the plain,
 Where smoking hecatombs of slain
 In wild disorder lay ;
 And heard, amidst the gloom of night,
 The tumult of the martial fight,
 The charging trumpets bray !
 Then, list again ! and ye shall hear
 The battle's dashing sound ;
 And riding high, in fierce career,
 Amidst the dark profound,
 Mark with dejected eyes the scene,
 Where Mercy dares not intervene,

* Pope.

To stay the warrior's fire ;
 Where sword and cymbal, clarion-shout,
 And thunder from the wide redoubt,
 Augment the wild infuriate rout,
 And Vict'ry's sons inspire !
 Yes, listen ! and the trumpet's strain
 Shall echo o'er the crowded plain ;
 Shall fill Bohemia's sons with dread,
 And reach the ground where Russia bled,
 Beneath the conqu'ror's eye ;
 The flying fires on either side
 Shall blaze upon the Danube's tide,
 And light the sunless sky !

Mercy ! thou lovely heav'n-descended form,
 Whose voice can soothe the desolating storm !
 O'er the wide wreck of human nature pause—
 Of injur'd virtue and insulted laws :
 Stretch, stretch abroad thy mighty hand, and save
 The sons of Peace from slaughter and the grave ;
 And teach the wary conqu'ror to resign
 The promis'd harvests of his dread design ;
 To glow with pity and fraternal love,
 Nor mock th' all-gracious Deity above.
 Picture the rivers of compatriot blood
 That War has mingled with the Danube's flood ;
 The hills of slain, that, tow'ring to the sky,
 Delight stern Havoc's terror-blazing eye ;
 Towns left to Death's inexorable horde,
 Whose crest is " Desolation and the sword ;"
 Who know no right but such as Vict'ry claims
 Amidst confusion, tyranny, and flames ;
 Where dark Rebellion, with a meteor-brand,
 Leads her gaunt bloodhounds thro' the trembling land :
 These, Mercy ! picture ; and, if aught can stay
 The low'ring horrors of the damn'd affray,

It is the music of thy angel-tongue,
The mighty magic of thy heav'nly song!

Struck with the soothing tenour of thy lay,
Thy naked breast, and heav'n-directed eyes—
Thy hands uplift in attitude to pray—
Thy tender glances, and unfeigned sighs—
Stern Vict'ry's self hath, in his high career,
Forborne to strike the victim to the ground;
And drank, with charm'd enthusiastic ear,
Thy joyous tongue's exhilarating sound!

So sang the Bard, whose matchless song
Shall live, when Della Crusca's throng
Lie mould'ring in their tombs;
Yet, ah! how vain are all our dreams,
When Gallia's torch terrific gleams,
Where many a frantic widow screams,
'Midst pestilential fumes!

The poet's eye with rapture views
Such scenes as Fancy loves to form;
And oft the free unshackled Muse
Some light fantastic theme pursues,
Careering on the lightning-storm:
But Reason cries aloud, "Forbear
" To credit the delusive scene;
" Mercy in vain prefers her pray'r,
" She ne'er shall soothe the tyrant's spleen!
" True to the darkling purpose of his brain,
" He stands unshock'd, magnificently bold;
" And sees with joy the visionary slain
" Stretch'd o'er the desolated plain,
" To Britain's wild ambition sold!"
Children of Albion! ye have long
Been victims to nefarious song,

And drank with overweening joy
 The poet's idle theme ;
 And will ye still the hours employ
 In musing o'er the " northern dream * ?"
 Where, Gifford, is thy potent shell ?
 Why, why does Campbell cease to swell
 The chords that can so sweetly tell,
 And teach us how to feel ?
 Why smites he not, with hand sublime,
 The lyre attun'd to heav'nly Hope ?
 Why still pursue th'inglorious rhyme
 That cheats thee of thy brilliant scope,
 And damps thy ardent zeal ?
 Let Nature's dull pedantic swarm
 To grov'ling songs their words conform ;
 To them such menial toils belong !
 But thou art form'd for nobler themes,—
 For deeper thoughts, and lovelier schemes,
 And far superior song !
 Leave Spenser, in his Gothic stole,
 To such as cannot gain
 The climax of thy giant soul,
 Thy wildly-warbled strain !
 Leave to the northern ballad-man
 Descriptive scenes of Alpine clan,
 His Ladies, Knights, and Squires ;
 The warder's shout,—the passing-bell,—
 The hoary wizard's wondrous spell,
 And all the list of shires !
 Him well become such maudlin tales ;
 But thou wert form'd to soar above
 His caverns and enchanted vales,
 And all his sick'ning themes of love !
 Nor Lady fair, nor val'rous Knight,
 In armour stout, or gold bedight—

* Scott's " Lady of the Lake."

Nor lake, nor wood, nor mountain steep,
 Nor caverns where hobgoblins sleep,
 Lie in thy proud stupendous course !
 " Thy march is on the mountain-wave,"
 Or near thy lost Alonzo's grave ;
 Or on the clouds, whence Newton sees
 The tempest trav'ling o'er the main,
 Or thunders with Herculean force,
 Sweeping destruction thro' the night,
 Led by the flick'ring streams of light,
 That cleave the dusky clouds in twain !

These are the regions where thy soul
 Assumes its magnified control ;
 But such imperial heights are not
 Within the reach of Walter Scott,
 Nor his admiring race !
 Their circle is to earth confin'd,
 The province where the lowly mind
 Its images can trace !
 But if it strive to gain the sphere,
 Where, thron'd in majesty sublime,
 Thy spirit listens with enraptur'd ear
 To the departing groans of Time,
 It falls confounded from the lesser height,
 To realms of shame, and everlasting night !

Grafton-street, Sept. 8, 1810.

J. G.

[*To be continued.*]

SONNETS.

I.

Now Autumn throws her dusky veil around,
 And Nature seems her fun'ral suit to wear ;
 A misty sadness shrouds the leafy ground,
 And half the grove is desolate and bare ;

No longer dying on the lowland stream
 Are heard the numbers of the shepherd's flute;
 No longer, wand'ring in celestial dream,
 Where all around is motionless and mute,
 I gaze afar with bold inquiring eyes;
 Or, deeply musing on eternal things,
 The transient pleasures of the world despise,
 And all the fading pageantry of Kings:
 Yet can the Muse her awful flight resume,
 Where Summer spreads her aromatic bloom.

II.

O'ER these lone woodlands I delight to roam,
 When midnight spangles the cerulean sky;
 When the pale moon strikes my romantic eye,
 And lures my restless spirit from its home;
 For then my thoughts, ungovernably free,
 Assume their wonted philosophic height—
 Pause on the time, when Marianne with me
 Here tasted love's ineffable delight:
 Yet not, alas! for happiness I steal
 Along the dusky windings of the grove;
 There Mem'ry bids my aching heart reveal
 The tedious story of my faithful love;
 And, as I wander thro' each sacred shade,
 Rushes the semblance of the beauteous maid!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1810.

J. G.

 MUSIC.

WHEN Cynthia, in her saddest stole,
 Looks from the cloud-encircled height;
 When not a star illumines the pole,
 And tears deform the face of Night;
 Roaming along the woodlands mute,
 I softly touch my plaintive flute.

Sublimely o'er the minor key
 The fingers in *adagio* move,
 Till floods of heav'nly harmony
 Salute the list'ning Pow'rs above;
 Enraptur'd Echo, ling'ring round,
 Repeats the richly-vary'd sound.

But mostly, Haydn, would I choose
 Thy tender sympathetic strain;
 Or sweet Astorga's tuneful Muse,
 Who ev'ry ear can entertain:
 Her airs can cheer the wretched heart,
 And solace to the sad impart.

Ye spirits of the midnight hour,
 That suck the calm ethereal breeze,
 Wing, wing ye to my fav'rite bow'r,
 And hear me touch the minor keys;
 Then haste ye o'er the Alpine clouds
 To where my lov'd Ophelia shrouds!

Sure 'tis some viewless seraph sweeps
 The soft Cecilian chords of wo;
 While Nature, unmolested, sleeps
 Amidst these fairy wilds below!
 List, list! I hear the cadence roll;
 I feel it fire my swelling soul!

Oh! lives there, so devoid of sense,
 A fiend whom Music cannot charm
 By its Athenian eloquence,
 And all his fiery rage disarm?
 Lives there whose parting soul could dread,
 While Music warbles round his bed?

When to the dark and dreary tomb
 My cold remains are borne away,
 My soul shall all its pow'r resume,
 And, viewless, chant the funeral lay;

Shall bid each grov'ling passion cease,
And charm the sorrowing heart to peace.

And when, at Night's illumin'd noon,
The nations round in slumber lie,
My spirit shall again commune,
From yonder bright cerulean sky,
With thine, sweet Pleyel! ling'ring here,
But destin'd to a lovelier sphere.

O Music! thy enchanted sounds
Transfuse thro' Anger's swelling breast
A pow'r that all his rage confounds,
And lulls him in ambrosial rest;
But War, when loud thy clarions blow,
Stands firmer to his ruthless foe.

Let Malice hurl her shafts amain,
While Defamation taints the breeze;
Celestial flute! thy angel strain
Shall ev'ry ruffled thought appease;
Shall triumph o'er insidious guile,
And bid the future prospect smile!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1810.

J. G.

MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul! for bright Aurora now,
Forth issuing from her roseate bow'r, unfolds
The portals of the east! At her approach
The shadowy phantoms of the night retire,
And, faintly shrieking, melt in air away!

Ambrosial Morn! in comely smiles array'd,
The good all hail thee harbinger of joy,—
Gaze on thy charms with pleasure-streaming eyes,
And feel new spirits swell their rising souls!

Not so the wretch whom blood-stain'd Murder leads
 To blackest crimes ; who in the midnight hour,
 When awful stillness 'midst the gloom prevails,
 Prowls o'er the dark-brown heath, his ruthless soul
 On horrid thoughts intent ; but soon he hears
 Some wayworn trav'ler's rapid footsteps press
 The lonesome path, by fearful haste impell'd :
 Full in his track, low-couch'd upon the ground,
 The Murd'rer waits,—while guilty terrors shake
 His palsy'd frame ; and now, with sudden start,
 He on his victim flies ; amidst a storm
 Of oaths and dreadful blasphemies, that shock
 Humanity, the deathful trigger pulls
 That sends thee, trav'ler ! to another world.

But, mark th' assassin, when his haggard eye
 Beholds approaching dawn ;—thus Satan look'd,
 When first in Eden's blissful walks he 'spy'd
 The faultless pair ; and when his hateful view
 Shot envious glances at the orb of day !

To shun thy piercing beams, O, holy Light !
 Wrapp'd in his cloak the murd'rer scowling flies
 To caves where Darkness holds her mournful reign ;
 Where the lorn screech-owl broods, and where obscene
 The loathsome toad its bloated carcass trails !
 There, on some rugged flint his head reclin'd,
 His limbs recumbent on the earth's cold bed,
 To thee he sues, refreshing Sleep ! to seal
 His eyes in sweet forgetfulness of care ;—
 But sues in vain, for thou art seldom near,
 O balmy Slumber ! when the guilty sue :
 Or if, at length o'ercome, thou dost obey
 The frequent call—what form dost thou assume ?
 Say, dost thou flit upon the dove's soft wing,
 Sweet Pow'r of Slumber ! or more soft descend
 From Heav'n in semblance of a balmy dew ?

Alas ! avenging Pow'r ! thou art not borne
 Upon the dove's soft wing ; nor dost thou come
 Like balmy dew from Heav'n ; but dost assume
 A form terrific to appal the soul !
 Thou seem'st a fury from the days of old,—
 A wrinkled hag,—whose head is cover'd o'er
 With snakes that hissing twine in place of hair !
 One hand a mirror holds ; the other wields
 A scourge, whose stripes inflict unnumber'd stings
 From serpents coil'd in many a deadly fold.

E'en now his crimes, a dreadful host ! appear
 In dire array before his half-clos'd eyes,
 Reflected by thy glass : aghast he sees
 The mangled forms of bloody spectres rise,
 All horrible to view ! Now, now resounds
 The living scourge ;—full on his breast it falls ;
 While from the viper's baleful jaw distils
 A fiery venom, fraught with sharpest pangs,
 That ever and anon avenging pours
 Hell's keenest tortures on his guilty soul !

So fare the wicked ;—but the good enjoy
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the bosom's peace :
 No guilty terrors haunt their placid minds ;
 For there Religion holds her blissful reign,
 And white-rob'd Innocence, and Virtue pure !
 Soft lies the pillow 'neath their dauntless head ;
 Sweet is their sleep—serene their waking hour :
 With thee, bright Morn ! their pure devotions rise
 In holy raptures to the Lord of Heaven.

Now all is life ; reviving Nature now
 Wakes from her trance ! And first the tuneful lark,
 High on Aurora's earliest beam upborne,
 Carols her pæans to the fount of day,
 In notes of sweetest, wildest, melody.
 Refulgent orb ! how shall a Muse unskill'd

Profanely dare to sweep the hallow'd strings
 Of Poesy divine? how hope to sing,
 With half the fire this glorious theme demands,
 The dazzling splendours of thy shining course?
 With trembling hand I strike the quiv'ring wire—
 An humble Muse—a Bard unknown to Fame!

Immortal Thomson! would I had the pow'r
 Like thee to charm the world's delighted ear,
 And bid the host of warring passions move
 Obedient to my lyre! like thee to trace
 The wonders which creative Wisdom wrought,
 In boundless mercy, for ungrateful man!
 Then should my soul, on Inspiration's wing,
 Dart thro' the realms of trackless space, and send
 Her eagle view to Nature's utmost bound!
 But, ah! how vain the wish; the sacred Nine
 By me are courted, woo'd by me, in vain!
 The laurel too, with endless verdure crown'd,
 Ne'er, ne'er shall soothe me with its grateful shade!
 Yet when a scene with such bright glories fraught
 Bursts on my view, oh! how can I forbear
 To speak those raptures I so greatly feel?

See with what silent pomp yon globe of fire
 Slow from his bed of waters 'gins t' emerge
 Sublime! Ting'd with his golden beams, the east
 Reflects a crimson'd blush o'er half the sky;
 While, brighter far, his active rays below
 Sport on the bosom of the deep; and flash,
 In streamy sparkles, o'er the vast profound.

Hail, glorious orb! divine effulgence, hail!
 Swift on thy flaming axis whirling round,
 Thou seest the planets in their orbits roll
 At awful distance; lest, confusion dire!
 Within thy dreadful vortex all absorb'd,

Chaos once more should hold her dismal reign,
And wild Disorder, and primeval Night !

Meanwhile, up Heav'n's vast concave mounting high,
Superb he rides, and fires the distant poles :
At his approach, the moon, the stars, turn pale,
Affrighted at the peerless, boundless, blaze !

Perchance e'en now, low prostrate in the dust,
Some eastern sage his adoration pays
To yon bright luminary ; there beholds
In that great source of light and heat express'd
The image of his God ! His glory thus
Beams forth refulgent ; while his bounty flows,
In countless blessings, o'er the smiling land,
In balmy dews or incense-breathing show'rs.

Nor yet the sun alone, O great Supreme !
The glories of thy wonder-working hand
Displays. Doth not all Nature hymn aloud
Her Maker's name ? Each shrub that spreading climbs
The mountain's brow ; each modest flow'r that blows
Sequester'd in the vale, and wide around
Ambrosial fragrance to the breeze exhales ;
Parent of good ! whate'er or moves or breathes,
Throughout the spacious earth or starry heav'ns,
Resounds thy praise ! all, all is full of thee,
Diffusive Essence, all-pervading Soul !

Now shine the meads ;—what vary'd tints adorn
Each grassy blade, with dewy gems impearl'd,
That beam unnumber'd dies ! Not brighter flames
The diamond, twinkling in some despot's ear,
Torn from the bowels of the yawning earth,
By wretches 'prison'd in her darksome womb !

Unhappy race ! for ye, alas ! in vain
Yon smiling orb emits his joyful beams !

Never, ah ! never shall your streaming eyes,
 With tears of patient agony bedew'd,
 Salute him as he whirls his radiant car
 Triumphant in the east ; nor more behold,
 As down the western skies he slow descends,
 The soften'd splendour of his parting rays !
 But, far from friends, oh ! far from kindred driv'n,
 Condemn'd in caverns dark and drear to toil ;
 No hope to cheer the solitary gloom,
 Or check the sighs that labour in your breast ;
 This boon of life to you, alas ! must seem
 One cheerless waste of never-ending we.

Yet turn, my Muse ! oh, turn thy weeping sight
 From scenes like these forlorn ; and joyful mark
 How from each fragrant plant, each balmy tree,
 The grateful odours rise. My ravish'd sense
 Inhales and banquets on the rich perfume !
 My throbbing heart within its cell rebounds
 With quicker pulse ; and o'er my languid limbs
 New vigour steals serene. My soul, entranc'd
 So late in Slumber's soft lethargic arms,
 Now springs exulting to yon azure sky ;
 And, as on wings contemplative she scans
 The glorious arch, transfix'd, amaz'd, she views
 Ten thousand, thousand worlds, harmonious move
 In shining order round ; and, dizzy, checks
 Her tow'ring flight, in boundless wonder lost !

Nor man alone thy renovating beams
 Delight, all-glorious Sun ! nor man alone
 Proclaims thee sweet, thou health-inspiring Morn !
 Soft bleat the harmless flocks ; the sprightly herd
 In gentle lowings murmur out their joy :
 While from each rural brake, and hawthorn spray,
 The loud orisons of the feather'd choir,

In many a note and cadence softly sweet,
 Resound wild-echoing thro' the grove ! They sing,
 Almighty Lord ! in thankfulness to thee ;
 To thee their songs begin, in thee shall end !

Thus these on earth ; whilst thou, great God ! high
 thron'd
 Above the Heav'n of Heav'ns, dost sit supreme,
 Immutable, eternal ! thro' the realms
 Of boundless space thou send'st thy piercing view,
 And what the fittest, what the best thou deem'st,
 Dost at a glance ordain. When thou dost smile,
 Delighted Nature yields the grateful sign
 Of universal joy ; but, at thy frown,
 What awful thunders shake the troubled sky !
 Mutt'ring they roll, while angry lightnings gleam
 In vengeful fury o'er the darken'd sphere ;
 And direful, 'midst the elemental jar,
 Tremendous earthquakes rock the pond'rous world !
 But who can paint the terrors of thine arm,
 O dread Omnipotence ! when wrath impels ?
 Yet thou delight'st in Mercy : on thy brow
 Serene she dwells, and whispers peace to man ;
 And, tho' empyreal glory wrap thee round,
 Tho' near thy throne a shining host attend
 Of cherubim and seraphim, that sing
 Eternal praises to the Lord of Heaven—
 While from their harps' melodious strings resound
 Loud hallelujahs warbling thro' the sky—
 Yet, yet, all-gracious Being ! tho' involv'd
 In bliss unutterable, round thee flow
 The plenteous streams of goodness infinite !
 On man, on miserable man, they fall,
 Weak wretched offspring of the senseless clay !

Father of Mercy ! when my ravish'd soul
 Dwells on the wonders of that heav'nly love,

In all thy works display'd, what transports swell
 My rising breast ! what gratitude to thee !
 Oh ! may my heart, while yet thy breath informs
 This mortal frame, ne'er, ne'er forgetful prove
 Of thee, nor cease to venerate thy name !
 And thou, great God ! oh, guide my wand'ring steps
 Safe thro' the mazy windings of a world
 Where Danger prowls—where treach'rous Art beguiles—
 And syren Pleasure lures the feet to stray !
 Beneath thy shelt'ring wings secure I go,
 With prompt obedience, where thy wisdom calls.
 Thine arm, Almighty Lord ! hath oft sustain'd
 My soul, fast sinking on the grave's black verge ;
 And, tho' by Death's dark shadows compass'd round,
 Oft smooth'd my passage thro' the vale of tears :
 Oh ! may thy fost'ring care from future ills
 Thy suppliant guard ! still may the gracious beams,
 That with such mild effulgence sweetly shine
 Around thy mercy-seat, serenely pour
 Their purest sunshine on my fainting soul !

So shall I fearless tread the slipp'ry paths
 Of Life's uncertain way ! tho' round my feet,
 In deadly ambush, or in horrid forms,
 Perils on perils wait ; bless'd in thine aid,
 Omnipotent ! what terrors e'er can shake
 My dauntless breast ? 'Mid thousand deaths I go,
 Thy truth my guide—thy providence my shield.

ALPHONSO.

SONNET.

Loud howls the blast along the low'ring skies,
 As hoarsely to the beach the white surge raves ;
 While, grimly seated on the boist'rous waves,
 Wide o'er the echoing seas the whirlwind flies.

Death 'mid the troubled scene majestic walks ;
 And, as beneath the lightning's vivid gleam,
 Round yon wreck'd vessel hov'ring sea-birds scream,
 Full in the sailor's view pale Terror stalks.
 No hopes for him remain ! with tortur'd soul
 He clings all cheerless to the slipp'ry shroud,
 Whilst round him billows turbulent and loud,
 With unabated rage, remorseless roll ;
 And, as he frantic views the yawning deeps,
 Swift o'er his shatter'd bark the whelming tempest
 sweeps.

SALISBURIENSIS.

ODE.—NIGHT.

THE sun, with mild and western ray,
 Proclaims the hour of parting day,
 And thro' the dusky plain
 The swain his ev'ning carol sings,
 And Night once more, on sable wings,
 Resumes her silent reign.
 Now Contemplation haunts the scene,
 With halcyon soul and eye serene ;
 And, fill'd with thoughts divine,
 Views the pale moon that beams afar,
 With ev'ry twinkling planet-star,
 In radiant lustre shine.
 The shepherd mourns, beneath the shade,
 For broken vows and love betray'd,
 And friendship's cold return :
 And where departed Merit sleeps,
 Affection oft her vigil keeps,
 And bathes the laurell'd urn.
 Hark ! music strikes the list'ning ear,
 In notes more solemn, soft, and clear,

Than e'er to man were given ;
 Sweet as the sounds that angels sing,
 When loud applauding seraphs bring
 A chosen saint to heaven.

'Tis Mona's Bard, with magic sweep,
 Who rais'd the spirits of the deep
 In Fingal's dreary cave :
 High on a mountain's tow'ring spire
 He wakes the music of his lyre
 O'er many a warrior's grave.

When wand'ring ghosts (as legends tell)
 Forsook the gloomy caves of hell,
 To haunt the midnight gloom ;
 And, while the distant thunders roll'd,
 Would oft to mortal ears unfold
 The secrets of the tomb :—

And erst, o'er some accursed charm,
 Pale Hecat' bar'd her wither'd arm
 Beneath the mystic shade ;
 While wanton sprites, with Fairy Queen,
 By moonlight, o'er the level green,
 Their airy gambols play'd :—

In such an hour, if light'nings glare,
 And thunders dire convulse the air
 With many a pealing crash ;
 My soul, if rich in Virtue's store,
 Shall hear the angry tempest roar,
 Nor heed the vivid flash.

But where shall Guilt despairing fly
 From Him whose all-discerning eye
 Can pierce the darkest gloom ?
 No hope the parting soul shall cheer ;
 No widow's sigh nor orphan's tear
 Shall grace their silent tomb.

Glory to thee, in holy hymn,
 Who sitt'st amid the cherubim,
 High Lord of Heaven alone!
 O! thou, my Father and my friend,
 With humble gratitude I bend
 Before thine awful throne.

If sin, with wide and guilty sway,
 Has taught my erring steps to stray,
 Or wean'd my heart from God,
 O! let me to thy throne repair,
 With humble penitence and pray'r,
 And bow beneath the rod.

And may I oft, at close of day,
 To thee my grateful homage pay,
 By Luna's silver beam:
 Far from the busy world retir'd,
 With heav'nly inspiration fir'd,
 Pursue the hallow'd theme.

O! when with earthly care opprest,
 My weary spirits sink to rest,
 Be thou my guardian Pow'r!
 And, thro' the silent reign of Night,
 Let sleep descend in slumbers light
 As saints' expiring hour.

But if (impatient for the skies)
 In death I close my weary eyes,
 Be all my sins forgiven;
 And may I wake my voice to raise,
 In notes of gratitude and praise,
 Among the hosts of Heaven!

Hail, welcome, Death! with balmy pow'r,
 So grateful in affliction's hour;

Thou friend to human woes!
 Upon thy hard and narrow bed,
 The wretch shall lay his aching head,
 And Sorrow find repose.

G—E D—N—L.

CELIA;
 OR, THE UGLY BUT AMIABLE MAID.

YES; it is true that Celia's face
 Is, like stern Winter, dark;
 True that her eyes emit no trace
 Of Beauty's heav'nly spark;—
 True that her lips display to sight
 Of teeth a broken row;
 True that her bosom is not bright
 With tint of driven snow;—
 True that she's crooked, short, and lame;
 Deform'd, and nearly blind;—
 But look not at poor Celia's frame,
 Only regard her mind!
 Her eyes can see to give relief,
 And soothe another's wo;
 And, whilst she dries the tears of Grief,
 Her own spontaneous flow.
 With sterling sense, and wit refin'd,
 Her active brain is fill'd;
 And ev'ry virtue in her mind
 Kind Nature has instill'd.
 Nor malice, envy, petulance,
 Find in her breast a place;
 But temper sweet, and elegance,
 Make you forget her face.

A. E. S. T. V.

ODE—TO MY MUSE.

THOU know'st, O Muse! my ardent soul,
 Beneath Imagination's wild control,
 Thro' all the regions fain would fly
 Of heav'n-inspired Poesy!
 But what is left for me to sing?
 Has not each fancy-moving theme
 Already been the poet's dream?
 Whither, oh! whither shall I wing
 Mine intellectual flight, to seize
 Of novelty some prosp'rous breeze,
 Such as may rouse my slumb'ring lyre,
 And to my pen Pindaric strains inspire?

Shall I of war the trump resound?
 Old Homer wakens at the well-known sound;
 Tyrtæus holds aloft his Grecian shield;
 Pious Æneas stalks from field to field;
 Tasso bids Christian hosts the crosier rear,
 And Milton shakes on high his angel-spear.

Shall love then be my subject? Love! what lays
 Have not resounded in its curse or praise?
 Anacreon, Sappho, strung their tuneful lyres,
 To weep, to joy, in its ecstatic fires;
 Propertius, Ovid, as their fancy taught,
 Its griefs depicted, or its raptures caught;
 Shakspeare, well skill'd to read the human heart,
 Its ev'ry form describ'd with so much art,
 That all we write must imitation prove,
 For love is all as Shakspeare painted Love.

Shall fierce Ambition thro' my verse
 Its desolating course rehearse?
 Or the weird sisters chant their spell,
 And dreams of blood and murder tell;

And daggers, red with monarchs' gore,
 Rehearse those deeds were sung before.
 Then, wand'ring thro' Creation's stage,
 Shall Nature's beauties fill my page?
 Shall I describe the mind of man?
 His ev'ry thought and action scan?
 Shall I the angry deep survey?
 Of herbs and trees the charms display?
 Search e'en the bowels of the earth,
 Where dread volcanos draw their birth?
 Thence, rising to the stormy skies,
 Bid flaming meteors round me rise?
 Sing how the erring planets run,
 And borrow lustre from the sun?
 This theme to God my thoughts will raise,
 And fire my harp to notes of praise:
 This theme was sung before—what then? We view
 In Nature ever something new:
 Where'er we stray, in narrow dell,
 Or where extends the open plain,
 Or near the hermit's moss-clad cell,
 Or on the borders of the main,
 Or where the craggy mountain's Alpine brow
 Above the clouds rears its eternal snow,
 New scenes of rapture ever greet the sight,
 And wing the Muse thro' realms of fresh delight.
 Who doubts there is a God? What madman's eye
 Has ever view'd with superficial gaze
 This universe, and yet presumes to cry
 That all the wond'rous fabric of the sky,
 This globe, himself, the elemental blaze,
 All that the ocean in its womb displays,
 From chance obtain'd its primal destiny?
 If such there be, he surely crawls on earth,
 Depriv'd of all the senses from his birth.

Who that have eyes to see, and ears to hear,
 Who can inhale the sweets that mount to Heav'n,
 Who that have tongues to taste, and feeling clear,
 T' enjoy the blessings to their power giv'n,
 But must confess whate'er they see, or hear,
 Taste, scent, or feel, in air, or earthly sphere,
 In water, or in fire, its being draws
 From one all-wise, all-good, all-potent Cause?

Then, O Muse! attend my call,
 Leave the trifling madrigal!
 No more consume the fleeting time
 In framing of a love-lorn rhyme!
 Henceforth all thy powers employ
 To sing, in loftier strains of joy,
 Creation's wonders! Let the lay,
 Vast as the theme, thro' Nature stray!
 Let it ascend to Heaven's height;
 Thence reach the source of holy light;
 And, both on earth and in the skies,
 Bid loudest hallelujahs rise!

A. E. S. T. V.

LINES ON DEATH,

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH, WHILE WAITING TO BURY A
 CORPSE.

HARK! 'tis the bell of Death that sounds
 A long and last adieu!
 How sad each awful note rebounds
 To friends and lovers true.

Within the grave's voracious womb
 Man's clay-cold body lies,
 And moulders in the silent tomb,
 To loathsome worms a prize.

While many a warm and briny tear
 Drops from the swollen eye
 Of those who weep around the bier,
 In heartfelt agony.

Yet grieve not, hopeless and forlorn,
 The dead in CHRIST shall rise ;
 With joy shall hail the judgment-morn,
 And claim their native skies.

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

ENIGMA.

WHEN wide Creation first receiv'd a birth,
 And Pow'r almighty form'd the solid earth,
 Loud from the Heav'ns in awful thunder broke
 The dread omnific word—JEHOVAH spoke !

Beauteous I rose—dark Chaos fled dismay'd—
 Fair Order smil'd, and Nature stood display'd !
 Quick at his mandate thro' the whole I ran,
 And shew'd the wonders of the matchless plan.

At once, luxuriant, brighten'd ev'ry scene—
 The floods with silver, and the fields with green ;
 The landscape glitter'd with a thousand dyes,
 And softest azure ting'd the vaulted skies !
 Deck'd with a lovelier grace, the perfum'd flow'rs
 Curl'd their sweet charms round Eden's blissful bow'rs ;
 Rais'd from their native dust, adorn'd they grew,
 And, ever-varying, ever-chang'd in hue,
 From the rich damask to the lily pale,
 Glow'd in the meads, or blossom'd in the vale.

When, from th' Elysian seat for ever driv'n,
 Our sinful parents fled the wrath of Heav'n,
 And, doom'd no more those happy plains to view,
 Bade their lov'd haunts and peaceful shades adieu,

Condemn'd forlorn thro' barren paths to go,
 And tread the dull wide waste of length'ning wo;
 I yet remain'd to paint their sorrowing way,
 And guide their labours thro' the toilsome day!

Nor yet, tho', buried in Oblivion's stream,
 Age after age hath vanish'd like a dream—
 Tho' whelming Time, with desolative sweep,
 Hath wrapp'd whole nations in eternal sleep—
 Shrunk is my pow'r, obscur'd my fost'ring aid,
 My blessings wither'd, or my charms decay'd;
 But still, untir'd, thro' each revolving year,
 I gladden Nature in her earthly sphere.

Mark, when awhile I quit the spacious earth,
 What dangers rise, what terrors spring to birth!
 From his grim cavern, fir'd with thirst of blood,
 Starts the dread monarch of the shady wood;
 The wild hyena, hungry, fierce, and bold,
 Scours down the vale, and rends the bleating fold;
 Thro' the black forest the fell tiger prowls,
 And the gaunt savage wolf insatiate howls!
 In secret ambush grows the work of Death,
 And murd'rous counsel taints the villain's breath;
 Terrific fancies hold their direful reign,
 And midnight horrors crowd the tortur'd brain.

But soon, descending on the wings of Peace,
 I beam on Nature, and the dangers cease!
 Creation, joyful, hails my blest return,
 Glows with new beauty, and forgets to mourn.

Then, gorg'd with slaughter, from the sanguine feasts
 To their lone coverts fly the tim'rous beasts:
 Plung'd 'mid the bow'ring shade of tangled walks,
 Back to his lair the wrathful lion stalks;
 Thro' the dark thicket's gloom resounds no more
 The sullen thunder of his deep-ton'd roar.

Then soothing Comfort lulls to gentle rest
 Each struggling pang that rends the frightened breast :
 No longer tranc'd in visions of dismay,
 The pallid trembler laughs his cares away ;
 And fondly smiling, as he views me near,
 Wipes from his brow the chilly damp of fear :
 Then sculks th' assassin to his rugged bed,
 And guilty slumbers hover round his head :
 Then breaks the witchcraft of the magic spell,
 Wrought 'mid the quenchless flames of deepest hell ;
 And veil'd in clouds the pensive ghost retires,
 To lurk in Stygian caves, or groan in sulph'rous fires.

August, 1810.

W. C**E.

GOOD ADVICE.

A MAN, whom Satan thought to have at deadlock,
 Purely by tempting him to wedlock,
 Ask'd the opinion of his lodger,
 (A rum old codger,)
 Since Fate decreed his neck to fit some noose,
 What sort of wife he ought to choose.
 Cry'd Testy, " Now may I be shot,
 " If I know what,
 " In such a pressing juncture, to advise ;
 " Tho' this I know, philosophers repeat
 " It's very proper, prudent, safe, and meet,
 " In such affairs to look with all our eyes :
 " (A thing that can as well be done
 " By those who've only one :)
 " But to the point ;—if fondling and such stuff
 " Be happiness enough,
 " Find out some beauty with a dimpled face,

" Sweet rosy cheeks, bright sparkling eyes,
 " A screw'd-in shape, and all the vanities
 " Of modern grace.
 " Tho' if, however, like myself,
 " You're rather partial to the pelf,
 " Take one of those old crazy wither'd witches
 " That roll in riches ;
 " Or, if in love with constant strife,
 " You'd fain be bother'd out of life,
 " Then get a literary wife."
 " Stop, stop, my dear Sir, stop ! for Heav'n's sake cease !
 " Give me one moment's respite, if you please,
 " While I explain ;
 " It is not beauty, learning, wealth,
 " But happiness, content, and health,
 " I wish to gain :
 " In *such* a case, what sort of wife
 " Would give a relish to one's life ?"
 " What sort !" cry'd Testy, with a bawl,
 " No sort at all !"

D. X.

TO THE EDITOR

OR

THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

O THOU ! whose temple radiant rhymes invest ;
 Whose jealous frown and all-alluring smile
 Can fill with ecstasy the poet's breast,
 Or blast the monthly harvest of his toil ;—

 Be thine, in peace and ever-vary'd joy,
 The flow'ry paths of Poesy to tread,
 As thou shalt mark with sympathizing eye
 The unadorn'd "*Memorials of the Dead,*"

ON MEMORIALS FOR THE DEAD.

How pleasing, when the silv'ry clouds
 And moonbeams glide along,
 To wander, pensive and alone,
 The churchyard paths among :
 For these are moments that shall hide
 The faults of all that live,
 And gently teach the melting soul
 To pity, and forgive !

In yonder consecrated ground
 There stands a graven stone,
 Low bending o'er an ancient grave,
 Neglected, and alone ;
 And so profuse upon its head
 The moss and lichens grow,
 To whom that stone and grave belongs
 The stranger may not know.

There are who on the new-rai'd sod
 In wantonness will tread ;
 There are who think it vain to raise
 A tribute to the dead ;—
 But Memory shall bless the spot
 Where Friendship's dust was laid,
 And prize the tribute of regret
 That fond Affection paid.

Not that the freshest turf that grows
 - Avails the low-lain head ;
 Nor sculptur'd stone, nor fairest flow'rs,
 Give pleasure to the dead ;—
 But who that saw the grave, and lov'd
 The mould'ring earth below,
 Would let the thistle revel there,
 And baneful hemlock grow ?

When friends and kindred sleep in dust
 (Their everlasting bed),
Why love we to recall the past,
 And raise them from the dead?
When tedious years have roll'd along,
 And we their graves draw near,
Why feel we then a pleasing pain,
 Too exquisite to bear?
'Tis Nature's pow'rful voice that pleads
 In ev'ry feeling breast,
And prompts us to indulge the thought
 Of those who are at rest.
All wish when dead to be deplor'd ;
 The guilty wretch alone
Would sink in silence to the grave,
 Unpity'd and unknown.
Sweet is the thought that those we love
 Shall bear us on our bier—
Shall heave th' involuntary sigh,
 And shed the tender tear.
And sweeter far that o'er our graves
 Their kindred souls shall bend,
And in the annals of the dead
 Commemorate a friend!
That, when participated scenes
 And youthful follies rise,
The fond remembrance of the past
 Shall overflow their eyes ;—
That, when the thoughts of former times
 Shall former joys restore,
Their bosoms with regret shall sigh
 To think these friends no more.
Thus, when the visionary bliss
 Of life's short day shall close,
Thus let my body press the ground,
 And sink in sweet repose.

And let there be upon my stone
Some artless lay descry'd ;
Some simple elegy, to tell
My name—I liv'd, and dy'd ;—

To tell that an unconscious breast
Beneath the turf lies low,
That shar'd the joys of human kind,
And bled for human wo.

Let not unkind untimely thrift
These little boons deny ;
Nor ye, who love me while I live,
Neglect me when I die.

O! tear the nettle from the sod
That wraps my mould'ring clay ;
Nor leave a thorn, or loathsome weed,
To scare my friends away ;—

But bid the dappled daisy's bloom
Bedeck the hallow'd ground ;
And moss and harebells strew their sweets,
And vi'lets breathe around.

Then, when the dying day shall close,
In pensive silence tread,
And pluck a flow'ret from my grave,
In mem'ry of the dead.

So shall benevolence arise,
And bid resentment cease ;
And love and gratitude inspire,
And hush the soul in peace.

So shall reflection soothe the mind,
Restrain the murm'ring breath ;
And heal the wounds of earthly wo,
And calm the thoughts of death.

GEORGIUS.

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
Poetical Magazine,

COMPLETING VOL. III.

FROM MAY TO OCTOBER, 1810.

_____ poetica surgit
Tempestas. _____ JUVENAL.
"The poetic Storm arises."

ODE—TO THE MUSE:

ON THE VIGNETTE ACCOMPANYING THE THIRD VOLUME.

MAN, born to sorrow and to pain,
Yet not without a quick'ning sense of joy,
Is impious when he dare complain ;
Nor e'er does grief his heart annoy,
Nor e'er do sorrows cloud his hour,
But hope some gleam of comfort throws
On Mis'ry's drear and darksome bow'r,
And bids him patient bear the passing woes.

Yes, in his thorny path the flow'ret blows,
And the cool fountain bubbles by its side ;
The pendent bough its golden fruit bestows,
And heav'n-born Virtue is his faithful guide :
While Science and each sister Art appear,
To chase th'intruding care, and check the rising tear.

Yes, thro' all Nature's range—
 The wand'ring planets, as they roll—
 Or varying seasons, as they change—
 The mighty ocean's ebb and flow—
 With all the plants and flow'rs that grow,—
 Whate'er receives its birth
 From the ever-teeming earth,—
 In all appears one vivifying soul ;
 In all th' immortal mind of man may see
 The pow'r divine of harmony.
 Hence springs the universal sway
 Of Music's dulcet sounds ;
 Whose pow'r the pow'rs of man obey,
 In polish'd nations, or in deserts wild,
 Or in the island's narrow bounds ;
 Where the ear listens to the lyre,
 Or rudest notes alone inspire,
 Joy feels an added sense, and sorrow is beguil'd.
 When the Muse quit's Parnassus' lofty hill
 For Aganippe's flowing rill,
 Behold the mortal Passions on her wait :
 Not those which violate the human breast—
 Envy and Fear, and Jealousy and Hate,
 The scourges of man's chequer'd state ;
 But those by which his hours are blest ;
 Those which to noble actions move—
 Courage, Benevolence, and Love ;
 The ardent elevating thirst of fame,
 And Charity, and meek Religion's holy flame.
 The breathing clarion sounds to arms !
 No more the soldier feels alarms,
 But dares the threat'ning foe ;
 And when, alas ! the laurell'd brave
 Sink into glory's honour'd grave,
 The trumpet's plaintive music charms,
 And robs the mourner's breast of half its wo.

When the fond heart, attun'd to love,
 Is torn with doubts and anxious fears;
 Let but the Muse present her lyre,
 The demons of the mind retire;
 While its sweet sound the drooping lover cheers,
 And bids Despair far, far away, remove.

When the full choir in chorus join,
 To Heaven's throne the anthem raise;
 When voices sweet, in hymns divine,
 Chant forth the hallow'd notes of praise;
 When the loud pealing organs blow,
 In tones majestic, deep, and slow;
 While Charity, to ease the pain
 Of many a bitter wo, demands the strain;
 Then to mortal man 'tis given
 To taste a perfect joy—to raise the soul to Heaven.

MY SARAH:

A POETICAL EPISTLE, IN IMITATION OF COWPER'S
 "MARY."

WHEN tempests howl, and whirlwinds sweep
 Their millions to the wat'ry deep,
 O'er thee may Heav'n its vigils keep,
My Sarah.

When lightnings pierce the dusky sky,
 And pealing thunders roll on high,
 O'er thee the shaft shall harmless fly,
My Sarah.

Tho' ills surround, tho' fates combine,
 Tho' fiends in sable vestments shine,
 And all their magic arts entwine,
'Gainst Sarah;

Yet that great GOD who reigns above,
 Whose attributes are peace and love,
 Shall guard, and ev'ry ill remove
 From Sarah.

What tho' the sland'rer's busy tongue
 Strive to defame, and do thee wrong?
 Its utmost hate can ne'er belong
 To Sarah.

What then avails the idle tale,
 Convey'd by such an evil gale?
 It ne'er can injure or prevail
 'Gainst Sarah.

Then heed not what the sland' rer says ;
 His censure is a kind of praise ;
 A tax which Merit always pays,
 My Sarah.

But rather heed the good and wise,
 Whose candid and discerning eyes
 Will see that sterling merit lies
 In Sarah.

To them alone you'll stand confess'd
 A maid of ev'ry charm possess'd
 Which can delight the manly breast,
 My Sarah.

To them your beauties will appear
 Inviting as the op'ning year ;
 Your many virtues they'll revere,
 My Sarah.

They'll ever think and speak the same ;
 Your real worth they'll ne'er defame ;
 Like me, they'll consecrate the name
 Of Sarah.

To smooth life's rude and devious way,
 Or give to hope one cheering ray,
 To me none can such charms display
 As Sarah.

• For thee, dear girl! I'd freely share
 Life's ev'ry grief, life's ev'ry care;
 E'en Fortune's frown I'd calmly bear
 For Sarah.

Oh! never shall my lips repine,
 Tho' fell adversity be mine,
 If I can bow at thy fair shrine,
 My Sarah.

If ling'ring grief should be my lot;
 If, in some wild neglected spot,
 I should live friendless, and forgot
 By Sarah;

Or if, perchance, thou prov'st unkind,
 Bidst me depart, fresh joys to find,
 And leav'st my better hopes behind,
 Dear Sarah;

I will obey thy stern decree,
 I'll part myself from love and thee;
 But, ah! each joy will fly from me
 With Sarah.

In secret, then, unknown I'll mourn,
 Nor shall my heart, by sorrows torn,
 Again be cherish'd and upborne
 By Sarah.

No fair-one's smile shall heal the smart,
 Or soothe the anguish of my heart;
 So sweet a balm none can impart
 But Sarah.

At length, when Death shall hover nigh,
 When Love's mute tear shall dim mine eye,
 My tongue shall bless, e'en when I die,

The name of Sarah.

Ipswich, 1810.

J. LILLY.

THE BACHELOR'S RESOLVE :

A PARODY ON THE "RESOLVE *," A POEM, BY WALTER
 SCOTT.

THE marriage state I'll ne'er despise,
 Nor scorn so chaste a theme ;
 Nor say that all its joys comprise
 A vision, or a dream.
 If woman's love be quickly got,
 Or if 'tis quickly gone,
 I'd rather bask in flames thus hot
 Than coldly dwell alone.

If maid as angel bright appear,
 My fancy to beguile,
 With love's sweet homage of a tear,
 With am'rous look, or smile ;
 When once the shaft be fairly shot,
 'Tis better, when 'tis flown,
 To scorch in Cupid's flames so hot,
 Than live to freeze alone.

Shall I the pow'r of Love defy,
 When fix'd in woman's brow ?
 Despise the glance of woman's eye,
 Be deaf to woman's vow ?

* Mr. Scott, in the above-mentioned Poem, bears rather hard upon the fair sex ; the object of this Parody is to destroy the satire, and yet to retain as much as possible the language of the original.

Oh, no ! to hold a Lady's heart
 So light, if lightly won,
 Is what my tongue shall ne'er assert,
 Nor will I dwell alone.

The flaunting torch may soon expire,
 The di'mond's ray may shine ;
 The flame may rage with kindling ire,
 Each gem may look divine ;
 Yet gem more fair Eliza prov'd,
 Who like the di'mond shone ;
 By her esteem'd, by her belov'd,
 Say, could I live alone ?

Tho' Cupid ting'd my ev'ry thought
 With dyes too bright and vain,
 Shall not the silken net be wrought,
 To tangle me again ?
 How can I pay too dear for wit
 Which yields delights unknown
 To those neglected few who sit
 And always live alone ?

'Tis woman gives to life a zest,
 With endless pleasures fraught ;
 And woman's love can make us blest
 Beyond the reach of thought.
 Tho' widow'd turtles mateless die,
 Ne'er let my bosom own
 That e'er it wish'd, or heav'd a sigh,
 To live—to dwell—alone.

Ipswich, Aug. 29, 1810.

J. LILLY.

THE JUBILEE.

O MONARCH! plac'd at England's helm,
 The happy subjects of thy realm
 This day devote to thee;
 Hark! shouts of thousands rend the sky,
 While thousands echo to the cry,
 "A day of Jubilee."

Brisk Commerce points to many a sail,
 While agriculture and the flail
 Confess their debt to thee;
 The pen and pencil's magic aim,
 The Arts and Sciences, exclaim,
 "A day of Jubilee."

Lo! Afric's sons, a sable band,
 Torn now no more from native land,
 This blessing owe to thee!
 O, George the Great! this godlike deed
 A richer lustre gives indeed
 To this our Jubilee.

See, to enrich this glorious day,
 Thy London nobly leads the way,
 And sets the debtor free;
 Husbands and fathers cheerly cry
 (Restor'd again to liberty),
 "O Day of Jubilee,"

Sweet thought! whene'er Omnipotence
 Shall call thee, much-lov'd Monarch! hence,
 To us the hope is given,
 Thy piety, and well-spent days,
 Will form for thee (thy greatest praise)
 A Jubilee in Heaven.

W. N. HART.

THE VILLAGE SUNDAY:
A POEM, MORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE,
IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

“Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine musam.”—VIRG.

TO EVERY VILLAGE PASTOR,
Who, attentively faithful in the Discharge of his important Duties,
loves to promote and to contemplate Religion in its heartfelt
Simplicity, native Purity, and practical Excellence,
among his Parishioners,
THIS POEM
Is inscribed, with Sentiments of real Respect,
BY THE AUTHOR.

Festus in pratis vacat otioso
Cum bove pagus.

HOR.

The leisure village, jocund in the fields,
Keeps holiday, together with the steer,
Loosen'd from toil.

IMIT.

I.

THERE is a Sabbath for the man of cares ;
Then wail not thou, whom daily toils oppress !
There is a resting-place for him who fares
Upon the rugged road to happiness !
Scorn, if ye will, ye sons of Carelessness,
Who eat your bread with worldly Plenty's leaven,
This day, the poor man's joy—your heaviness ;
To shun its thoughtful calm, by uproar driven,
Your ways bespeak, I ween, ill neighbourhood with
Heaven !

II.

Scorn, if ye will ! tho' never mote ye feel
 That scorn return'd into each thoughtless breast,
 Whene'er that Searcher of the heart shall steal
 Into its chambers, where unweeting rest
 Each virtue lulls, and Vice her painted crest
 Nods o'er the couch ; yet, if I read aright,
 That heav'nly watchman will pursue his quest
 With his lamp-burning spirit, 'till the night
 Of evil, ye have lov'd, stand trembling in its light.

III.

O ! could ye learn to love the simple joys,
 (Simple, but pure,) which I have chanc'd to find,
 As, wand'ring, I have fled the city's noise
 To quiet fields, there most to dwell inclin'd
 Among the swain-like folks, and shepherd kind ;
 There hath the world's most ancient holiday
 Oft led my footsteps 'mid their cots to wind ;
 And there the Muse, framing her rustic lay
 To oaten pipe, thus rudely did of late essay :—

IV.

The Sabbath's dawn, bright peering on the skies,
 From orient hills, the gladsome peasant sees ;
 Who deems it time from sleepy couch to rise,
 Wak'd by the carols in his cottage-trees ;
 And certes much his rising thoughts must please,
 That, after all his weekly hard turmoil,
 This morn will bring another day of ease ;
 Bless'd day ! which Heav'n itself has freed from toil,
 And hallow'd into rest for him who delves the soil.

V.

Right gleeful wight ! the welcome morn he hails,
 In which no sound of busy din he hears ;
 No echoing barn resounds the thumping flails ;
 No labouring team across the plain appears ;

Ne voice of early hind salutes his ears :
 Nought, save the bell, which from yon ivy'd tow'r
 (That scant its humble time-worn summit rears
 O'er many an elm, which does its walls embow'r)
 Bids village swains prepare to meet at sermon hour.

VI.

Soon all appear, in Sunday's trim bedight,
 In seely hat, with buckle and with band ;
 The clean round frock, all dazling, snowy white,
 And shoen, all nicely kept by careful hand
 Of thrifty dame, who well does understand,
 And mouchel loves economy in all ;
 And wonts them ever bear this strict command
 In mind, lest foul mishap their clothes befall,
 To keep their decent plight, ne use them ill at all.

VII.

The lasses too, full trimly dight, I ween,
 In straw-wave hat, with ribbons passing gay,
 In flower'd gowns and figur'd kerchiefs clean,
 Their morning meal fordone, themselves array,
 And take, at call of bell, to church their way ;
 (Their bosoms deck'd with many a nosegay sweet ;)
 With sires and dames, whose eld mote cause delay ;
 Yet, at the porch, nath'less their pastor meet,
 Whom many a lifted hat and comely curtsie greet.

VIII.

Eftsoones they entrance make, with rev'rence due,
 Befitting those in solemn worship found :
 Each takes his wonted place in oaken pew,
 And makes response, while all the walls resound.
 Then finds that text the preacher shall expound ;
 Who haply teaches each attentive breast
 How all to keep the Sabbath-Day are bound,
 And reads them how it aye was deemed best
 To make this day a day of worship and of rest.

IX.

Ah me! that such there be, whose pride disdains
 (When these some metred psalm do use to sing)
 The artless measure of th' unletter'd swains,
 Who, chaunting praises to th' Eternal King,
 All' they no fine harmonious numbers bring;
 Nath'less, I ween, in Heaven's impartial sight,
 Are sweet as loftiest changes art can ring;
 Since these, thro' Nature, undisguised quite,
 Speak with a soul devout, that weens to speak aright.

X.

And sooth to say, the lowly peasant finds
 In practis'd piety a covert bower
 For shelter from Neglect's cold frequent winds,
 And from the insolence of upstart Power.
 And in the sunshine of his happiest hour,
 (Like happy hours, O! many him betide,)
 He loves to gaze upon this fadeless flower,
 E'en then more dear to him than all beside,
 And wears it in his breast as rose that never dy'd.

XI.

Possess'd of this, he learns how false the fear
 Of man in him who builds on things above;
 Heeds not the sceptic's doubts, nor feels the sneer
 Of Infidelity his faith remove:
 Him hope shall centre in eternal love;
 Nor shall the vapid ore Opinion's mine
 Yields to the worldling aught of this disprove;
 For never will that swain his peace resign
 For phantasies of vice, or Folly's mad design.

XII.

Soon as the wonted time of service o'er,
 Homeward with sober step and talk they tread;
 Where the good dame, well skill'd in housewife lore,
 Full daintily the whiten'd cloth has spread,

And all in order meet the table laid ;
 Where soon is pight the savoury pudding rare,
 And tempting rashers, streak'd with glowing red ;
 The which, while all the rustic household share,
 Some praise the sermon past, and all the present fare.

XIII.

Nor let the proudly rich, and gorgeous great,
 Despise these humble peasants' unbought store ;
 Who, tho' they feast not in luxurious state,
 Ne taste the dainties of a foreign shore,
 Yet have enough, ne do they care for more ;
 For in their cot does fair Contentment rest,
 Who flies Intemp'rance and her wild uproar,
 To wonne within some little poor man's nest,
 Far o'er the gold-wrought court of knightly Grandeur
 blest.

XIV.

How sweet to see them check the happy smile,
 That oft will o'er their honest features fly,
 When (as he ever wont) the sire awhile
 Implores a blessing on them, from on high ;
 Not with a tongue which doth the heart belie :
 For oft, I wis, upon the simplest heart
 Does kind Religion, from her sacred eye,
 Beam purest rays ; ne brighter can impart
 To those with learning fraught, and choicest thewes of
 art.

XV.

Their wholesome meal dispatch'd, and clear'd with care,
 The frothing jug is spy'd, full pleasing sight !
 Then seated at his ease, in elbow-chair,
 The sire his smoking tube begins to light,
 With fragrant herb supply'd, tobacco hight ;
 Which, when as Winter scowl'd upon the plain,
 He us'd to quaff beside his hearth so bright,

While rang'd around him smil'd his elfin train,
 Whose tattlings then have pleas'd, and please him yet
 again.

XVI.

Now (since with summer scenes the Muse begun)
 'Neath the wide elm, that shades his cottage o'er,
 Behold him plac'd, well shelter'd from the sun,
 In chair, which whilom had his father bore,
 And eke his grandsire old had us'd before:
 There welcome neighbours meet, in chat to pass
 A social hour,—commend their garden's store,—
 Talk of the plough, of grain, of summer grass,
 Or who for active skill in husbandry surpass.

XVII.

Or heed the dame, with Bible on her knee,
 And spectacles from paper case 'y took,
 Withouten which she mote not algates see
 To read some story from that sacred book:
 As how Elijah, hid by Cherith's brook,
 Receiv'd from ravens daily meat and bread;
 Nor was in time of greatest drought forsook,
 When to Zarephath's dame that prophet sped,
 And from her wasteless cruise and growing meal was
 fed.

XVIII.

Or how young David did Goliath slay,
 That giaunt marvellous for strength and height;
 Who, when he list his pourtance fierce display,
 Full sorely Israel's armies 'gan affright,
 Ne dar'd their champions prove th' unequal fight.
 Yet was this shepherd stripling willing found,
 Nor aught adred for all that paynim's might,
 With shepherd's arms, a sling and stone, did wound
 And him at once o'erthrew, in that self-vaunting stound.

XIX.

These and the like, inscrib'd in sacred writ,
 She culls thereout, to read them—how, of old,
 The men of God their fiercest foemen smit;
 As of the captive Israelites we're told,
 Whom Pharoah long had pent in grievous hold;
 Whence Moses led them out, with holy hand:
 And how the parting waters did uphold
 Their resiant waves, so they mote safely stand,
 And passen thro' unwet, as on the driest land.

XX.

And how the pride of Bashan's king they fell'd,
 And Sihon, eke, the Amoritish prince,
 And all their fone,—so Heav'n their might upheld,
 In their great deeds its puissance to evince;
 With miracles, which caus'd the durest flints
 To gush forth waters in a limpid stream,
 And other wonders there preserved since;
 Full many more than here it would beseem
 The Muse to write, sith there to read them best I deem.

XXI.

Yet may I not withouten blame forbear
 Of Judah's glorious bridal-day to sing,
 When angel-triumphs fill'd th' exulting air,
 What time on earth that mighty Saviour King
 Came down, and did salvation with him bring.
 This heavenly story reads th' admiring dame,
 Her soul upborne on Love's ecstatic wing;
 And on those faytours vile cries cursed shame,
 Who scoff'd the Son of God, and sore blasphem'd his
 name.

XXII.

But how indignant rise her feelings keen,
 When, on the cross our bless'd Immanuel nail'd,
 The world's stupend'ous sacrifice was seen!
 Death's victim He, whom minist'ring seraphs hail'd

Their Prince.—Yet nought Death's iron doors avail'd :
 He brake them, in His own eternal might,
 The adamantine rocks of Tophet scal'd,
 And soar'd aloft to Heav'n's supremest height,
 His Father's holy throne, and palaces of light,

XXIII.

But long to rest beneath this public shade,
 The youthful swain, whose bosom dwells on love,
 'Note much enjoy :—he finds his fav'rite maid,
 And wends with her to seek the breezy grove,
 Where beech-hung walks invite the feet to rove ;
 Insuring, by their silent far retreat,
 An hour apart, their mutual flame t' improve
 With converse such as love alone can mete ;
 Ne fits it here such talk to ev'ry ear repeat.

XXIV.

Whether the rustic's love be so complete
 As his on whom a higher lot is fell ;
 Tho' education much refine the sweet,
 If more it fixes it I weet not well ;
 But this I weet, and this can algates tell,
 The rustic's humble flame is far more bright
 Than theirs, who, led by riches, buy and sell
 That goodly tie of fair connubial rite
 For sake of loveless gold, which blinds their dazed sight.

XXV.

For 'tis not gold can strengthen virtuous love,
 Ne is it thence can happiness accrue ;
 That noble passion soars all else above,
 Save the firm basis of allegiaunce true,
 Mammon has nought with Cupid's band to do ;
 And ever when he does his glare display,
 Tempting the heart to thither turn its view
 From what it best should love, O ! weal away !
 I deem that wretched wight mistaketh night for day.

XXVI.

Not so the guileless swain, who only loves
 His maid, because she chiefest charms his sight;
 Content and happy when her heart approves
 His proffer'd love, and makes return aright;
 Nought else has she his service to delight,
 No rich possessions, nor a ponderous purse;
 But, void of these, in native worth is dight,
 These, which of wedded pair oft prove the curse,
 And stir up strife, than which, 'twixt such, is nothing
 worse.

XXVII.

But now is time the saucers blue to range
 On oaken table, and the cups beside;
 Which tempt the sire his pungent fumes to change
 For sipping milder tea, the gossip's pride,
 Which had whylear the rich alone supply'd;
 Nath'more so still, for now its taste benign
 Full dearly is to village dames ally'd,
 Who would to miss its grateful streams repine,
 Much as the Bard, if forc'd Castalia's fount resign.

XXVIII.

And now Dan Phœbus han unyoked his team,
 And, blushing, back to Thetis 'gins descend;
 The smiling fields reflect his tingent beam,
 Inviting forth the lover and the friend:
 Grave matrons too, and groups of children, blend;
 While mazy feet thus lead the younker train,
 The old and stay'd apart their steps do bend,
 Looking along how fares the blooming grain—
 Bless the all-ripening sun, or augur coming rain.

XXIX.

Then passing homewards, as the shadows fall
 From Night's dim curtain, and the silent dew
 Empearls the turf with drops of moisture small,
 They seek their cots, which soon again they view,

Just ting'd with crimson's last decaying hue ;
 Which reach'd, full many a farewell wish is made,
 And parting whisper from the lover true ;
 Who steals perchance a kiss, no whit afraid
 To give offence, or have that friendly pledge gainsaid.

XXX.

Then all, assembled round their homely board,
 The ev'ning's temp'rate meal together share ;
 The Sabbath supper haply may afford
 Some greater dainty than their common fare ;
 But, ever when 'tis o'er, they all prepare
 To bend their knees, in seemly order round
 Their thankful sire, who ends the day in pray'r
 To Him whose goodness thro' that day they've found ;
 And begs this night, and aye, his grace may so abound.

XXXI.

Hail ! tranquil eve of undisturbed day !
 How pure the joys, that, floating on thy beams,
 Bid their mild radiance on the bosom play,
 Rousing the soul from Earth's delusive dreams,
 To seek the fruitful banks of Zion's streams ;
 There drink instruction, and imbibe the word
 Of Wisdom, such as best the mind beseems.
 O ! may the swains for ever thus accord,
 In worship to enshrine the Sabbath of the LORD !

XXXII.

Now, wishing each to each a night of rest,
 They to their humble beds at once retire,
 With peace of mind and health of body blest :
 More worth than all that pomp which some desire—
 More worth than fame, which wreathes the poet's lyre—
 More worth than that the warrior toils to gain,
 'Mid strifeful scenes of blood, and wrathful fire—
 More worth than is with victor kings to reign—
 Is this advancement high, which crowns the simple
 swain.

XXXIII.

All who possess a diamond so rare
 Are truly rich, nor other riches need ;
 The guerdon this which Virtue has to wear,
 To mark her dignity and lofty stead,
 E'en when discover'd clad in peasant's weed :
 But not confin'd to humble life, I ween,
 Is this, of all her sons the happy meed ;
 Some few of lordly tire with her are seen,
 Albe, 'mong these, full sorely misempriz'd she been.

XXXIV.

Now grant attendance on my lay awhile,
 Ye who the shepherds of the sheep-fold stand :
 Right fain I would that Heav'n upon you smile,
 And cause you right to lead the simple band ;
 Nor, when the salvage spoilers be at hand,
 Forsake your tender charge, like hireling base ;
 But stoutly 'gainst each bear and lion stand,
 As did that shepherd lad of Jesse's race,
 Who Salem's royal courts with kingly praise did grace.

XXXV.

So mote ye teach the swains to love the LORD,
 By shewing Wisdom in her pleasant ways,
 And how her paths do truest peace afford,
 Far other than the world's deceitful maze,
 Gilt with false splendour of vain Fancy's rays.
 So mote that heavenly light to you descend,
 Which brightens, with its soul-refreshing blaze,
 All willing minds, to you its fulness lend,
 'Till your long toil in Heaven's eternal Sabbath end !

GLOSSARY

TO THE PRECEDING POEM.

<i>All', or albe'</i> —although, a contraction	<i>Puissance</i> —might, power
<i>Allgates</i> —at any rate—by any means	<i>Portance</i> —countenance
<i>Adred</i> —frightened	<i>Read</i> —tell, teach
<i>Certes</i> —certainly	<i>Salvage</i> —wild, rude
<i>Dight</i> —desked	<i>Stownd</i> —season, time
<i>Eld</i> —age	<i>Seely</i> —handsome
<i>Fftsoones</i> —soon, quickly	<i>Scant</i> —scarcely
<i>Faytour</i> —a mean fellow	<i>Sith</i> —since
<i>Guerdon</i> —reward	<i>Surcease</i> —to rest from
<i>Fordone</i> —finished	<i>Paynim</i> —a Heathen
<i>Fonc</i> —plural of foe	<i>Tire</i> —rank
<i>Hight</i> —called	<i>Theues</i> —qualifications, endowments
<i>Mote</i> —may, might	<i>Turmoil</i> —labour
<i>Misemprized</i> —undervalued	<i>Unweeting</i> —ignorant
<i>Mouchel</i> —much	<i>Wis</i> —know
<i>'Note</i> —may not	<i>Wonne</i> —to dwell
<i>Naithless</i> —Nevertheless	<i>Weal away!</i> —an exclamation
<i>Pight</i> —placed, put	<i>Whilom</i> } formerly.
	<i>Whylear</i> }

THE CHURCH'S LAMENTATION:

A MONODY, IN TWO PARTS.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS

PART I.—IL GRASSO; OR, THE RECTOR*.

DEATH now may boast his fatal skill,
 And say, "for once I've ate my fill!"
 O! may he not too soon digest
 Th' abundance of so rich a feast †.

* Gideon Castelfranc, A. M. Rector of St. Andrew's, Jamaica, who died in 176—. This worthy divine was remarkably corpulent, and, in the science of good eating, was probably better grounded than *Apicius* of old.

† "Oh! may they ne'er again digest

"The horrors of so sad a feast."

PRIOR.

Grim Pow'r ! a little respite take,
And breathe awhile for Gideon's sake.

In vain!—shall Death his dart withdraw,
And, sated, close his rav'nous maw ?
As well we might have bade the priest
Preach temp'rance at a turtle-feast ;
Or, at Devotion's call, retire,
When, hot and smoking from the fire,
The brawn * appear'd, whose scent might win
From Earth's cold womb the ghost of Quin.

Poor Gideon, with surprise and grief,
Beheld th' inexorable chief,
And cry'd, " A Scripture-phrase to borrow,
" Let's eat to-day—and die—to-morrow."
Death grinn'd, and answer'd thus the jest—
" Each to his trade ;" then fell'd the priest.

Heav'ns ! how the monster, swoln with pride,
Surveys his prize from side to side ;
Confesses that he dy'd in fair case,
And owns " it is a noble carcase !"
And see that paunch, whose ample room
Hath buried many an hecatomb
(Alas ! how impotent the brag is),
Serves the grim tyrant for a haggess †.
But Castle ‡ views with dewy eyes,
And secret dread, the sacrifice ;
Roams to the grassy sod each Sunday,
And cries, " *Sic transit gloria mundi !*"

* The dish so called in Jamaica is the shoulder of a wild boar. It is commonly stewed for twelve hours, highly spiced, and served up in Madeira wine.

† A favourite dish in Scotland. It is said to be a kind of olio, immured in the paunch of a sheep.

‡ The clerk, an admirable copy of his master.

PART II.—IL MAGRO; OR, THE SEXTON*.

WELL, we submit! Poor Felsted's dead,
 And starves the worms he lately fed!
 But Death was sure in sad ill will,
 His good old caterer to kill;
 And has not din'd, I'm bold to say,
 On such short commons many a day.

The glutton priest, and pamper'd heir,
 Fall justly to the tyrant's share;
 While scorn or pity spares the lean:
 Is now his appetite more keen?
 Or, gorg'd with Gideon, is he prone
 To mortify on skin and bone?

Ris'n from so full a feast content,
 Some think that Death is keeping Lent;
 And, knowing Felsted an odd fish,
 Has kill'd him for a meagre dish:
 But others scruple not to say
 That Butt † hath driv'n e'en Death away;
 And Felsted, for which all commend him,
 Thro' gratitude resolv'd t' attend him;
 For Death would not look half so grim,
 Did not his shadow follow him.

Perhaps, deceiv'd by his odd figure
 (Too eager to revenge with rigour),
 And not thro' any wilful crime,
 He slew old Felsted for old Time.

But, whether thro' mistake or not
 Was cast the pious Sexton's lot—

* William Felsted, sexton and organist. The poor sexton presented a singular contrast to the Reverend Rector, being as remarkably meagre and temperate as the Divine was gross and excessive.

† Dr. John Marten Butt, a very amiable and ingenious physician.

Or whether kill'd in sport, to shew
 How truly Death a dart could throw—
 I dare pronounce his loss will fall,
 Good folks, full heavy on us all.
 Sweet music from his tuneful thumb
 Made Sorrow smile, Contention dumb;
 Nay, once it urg'd (or Rumour lies)
 A shrouded corpse to wake and rise
 (Ye wicked wits, forbear your scoffing),
 And dance a hornpipe on the coffin.

Nor here was Felsted's praise confin'd—
 His very face improv'd mankind;
 Instructive sat'rist on vain glory,
 Whose look proclaim'd *memento mori*.

Alas! the living lesson's o'er;
 That tuneful thumb shall beat no more.
 Yet not unwept shall Felsted die—
 Tears trickling from his only eye,
 Woolhead * shall print thine elegy. }
 The theme will please thy meagre ghost;
 Nor shall the grave his vict'ry boast,
 But, grateful to thy last remains,
 Shall, with fond care and pious pains,
 Keep uncorrupted ev'ry bone:
 All *flesh* must perish—*thou hadst none*.

LLEWELLIN'S GRAVE.

WHY kneel'st thou, frantic child? why bathe with tears
 The sod unblest'd, that hides a wretch's bones?
 Why brav'st thou midday scorn and midnight fears,
 To move with trembling hands dishon'ring stones?

* A very facetious one-eyed printer.

Unpity'd and unseen thy sorrow falls,
 Unheard thy mournful cries compassion crave,
 In vain thy bleeding heart with anguish calls
 An absent father from Llewelin's grave.
 Desponding 'neath the woes of worldly strife,
 With frantic rage he spurn'd th' afflictive rod ;
 Rais'd his rebellious arm against his life,
 And dar'd the wrath of " an offended God."

Deluded maniac ! o'er thy hapless head
 No blazon'd banners of ambition wave ;
 No solemn dirge deploras the mighty dead,
 Nor trophy'd honours deck Llewelin's grave.
 No kinsman follow'd thy neglected dust ;
 No funereal rites for guilt implore ;
 But hired ruffians, zealous of their trust,
 With furious zeal thy mangled body tore.
 To mourn thy death no pitying heart expands ;
 No faithful friend a kind memorial gave ;
 But earth and stones were cast by guilty hands,
 To mark with infamy Llewelin's grave.
 Ah ! who can tell, when stern misfortunes low'r,
 What paupers feel, what wretches undergo ;
 Appal'd by penury, oppress'd by pow'r,
 Betray'd by all, save misery and wo :
 And shall Derision taunt with scornful air,
 Should these the pangs of death untimely brave ?
 O ! let us rather tremble at despair,
 And mourn its victim o'er Llewelin's grave.
 Haply that good Samaritan, who shed
 The beams of bounteous Mercy from on high,
 Shall heal with sov'reign balm his bruised head,
 And probe his sorrows with eternal joy :
 And when the hosts of Heav'n their transports raise,
 When sin shall cease, and death no more enslave,
 Haply some kindred saint, to join their praise,
 Shall rise with rapture from Llewelin's grave.

ON PRESENTING A TICKET FOR THE CARD
ASSEMBLY TO A LADY.

LIKE chemists who distil with ease
From noxious herbs a healing pow'r,
Whose skill relieves the fell disease
With virtues of some deadly flow'r;

So from this ticket, which invites
To do, alas! what's best undone,
A moral lay the Bard endites
For those to even read, who run.

When, at its call, induc'd to stray
From social fire, at ev'ning still;
When workbag, netting, all give way
To sov'reign *whist*, or lov'd *quadrille*.

If *whist* presides, then, Lady, know,
(Nor scorn to hear the least of bards,)
Life's chequer'd scene, now high, now low,
Is but at best a *game of cards*.

And when, at three score years and ten,
The *hand is up*—the *game is o'er*—
He will be thought the best of men,
Whom Virtue taught to *mark the score*.

But if *quadrille*, to chase the gloom,
Hold forth its matadores to view;
Or, "to do more," O! ne'er presume,
Or "ask," when ruin must ensue.

Learn to attain, 'mid Life's wide waste,
By middle course, the destin'd goal;
So shalt thou never fear a *baste*,
Nor covet a *sans prendre vole*.

North Walsham,

J. C.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

BY M. K.

AH! whence is the cry, the complaint of the day,
 That Vice holds the sceptre, and mortals obey?
 Cease, rigid observers, the age to decry,
 Nor look on its merits with prejudic'd eye.
 If Folly advances, each cynical Don
 (Resolv'd to condemn) puts his spectacles on;
 But if Virtue approaches, (unjust and unkind!)
 Ye the goddess neglect, to her excellence blind.

Old croakers, I scorn ye, I boldly engage
 To prove that we live in a *beauty-ful* age.
 Examine the book-shops; each fondly aspires
 (From Leadenhall-street up to Bridge-street, Black-
 friers;
 The labour how grateful, how gainful, how kind)
 To fill with new beauties the innocent mind.

Young men and young ladies, what may they not learn
 From the Beauties of Kotzebue, Beauties of Sterne?
 Nay, some will e'en ransack, fresh beauties to glean,
 Old pages, tho' ever so dull or obscene;
 And, thinking of beauties, we can't have too many
 Print beauties of writers who *never had any*.

With authors like these shall a poet compare,
 Who offers the beauties of *Bartlemy* Fair?
 O Muse! gentle Muse, deign to visit me here,
 And beauties infuse in my pint of small beer!
 Tho' humble the bev'rage, give heed to my pray'rs,
 And visit my chamber up four pair of stairs:
 If I publish my poem, and gain by the sale,
 I'll fill to thee, Muse! a cool tankard of ale.

Ye kitchen-maids, chambermaids, cookmaids, draw
 near;
 Ye ladies' maids, laundry-maids, housemaids, give ear;

Ye 'prentices, dress'd in your holiday clothes ;
 Ye journeymen tailors, ye milliners' beaux ;
 Gay *Bartlemy* Fair is the subject before us—
 I'll give the description—you join in the chorus.

Chorus.—How charming, how social, delightful, and
 rare ;

How sweet are the pleasures of *Bartlemy*
 Fair.

The day of all days is by Londoners reckon'd,
 For *boisterous pleasure*—September the second :
 When I breathe the fresh air, as my practise is daily,
 From my window, at number eleven, Old Bailey ;
 On that happy morn, while I open my casement,
 I'm fill'd with delight, with surprise, and amazement.
 A splendid procession, a grand cavalcade,
 Makes Giltspur-street glitter in pompous parade ;
 Loud shoutings proclaim 'tis the Sheriffs and Mayor,
 Come to drink a cool tankard at *Bartlemy* Fair.

Hark ! fiddlers and trumpeters, pipers and tabors,
 Amusing the crowd, and alarming the neighbours :
 On one side a chimney-sweep grinding an organ,
 On t'other a portrait of short Lady Morgan ;
 Next booth see a damsel play tricks on a wire,
 While clowns swallow tow, and then vomit up fire ;
 Here pudding and sausages, oysters and beer ;
 What pressing, what crowding, to taste of the cheer.

Ah, Fawcett ! ah, Munden ! ah, Mathews ! ah, Dowton !
 The palm yield to Richardson, Saunders, and Scowton :
 They promise to play, aye, and play them genteelly,
 The play of *Pizarro*, the farce of *Tekeli*,
 (Ye theatres royal, ne'er boast of your pow'r,)
 And all to be acted three times in an hour !
 The play being done, fresh amusement we gain—
 Away to the dealers in legerdemain ;

For surely such conjuring never was known, as
At Gyngell and Flint's, and the conjurer, Jonas'!

We now pass away to the opposite side :—
“ My masters, my mistresses, who'll up and ride ?
“ No motion so gentle, no exercise found,
“ Like that you enjoy in a merry-go-round !”
Then round by the booths, as we swagger away,
We're stopp'd by the crowd, and engage in a fray ;
However unwilling, we join in a battle,
And lose a good coat by a twopenny rattle ;
Keep moving, my hearties ! huzza ! never stop,
And finish the night at the twelvepenny hop.

But what does he gain who such places attends ?
What lose ?—why his character, money, and friends ;
Away then, ye fools ! from these haunts keep away,
And rational Joy's invitation obey ;
In a walk, or a book, or the converse of friends,
Where pleasure with profit its intercourse blends.
Ye crowd of deluded poor mortals, beware ;
Ah ! shun the contagion of *Bartlemy Fair*.



AN INVITATION TO A GAME OF CHESS.

SEEST thou not the tall castle that rises sublime
On the brow of yon oak-crowned hill ?
The vast walls still defy the approaches of Time,
Creeping ivy doth o'er the huge battlements climb,
Ambitious the arches to fill.

Fair Lady ! with me to yon castle repair ;
Thou shalt feast in the great chequer'd hall,
Where the guests, in gay crowds, strive to banish dull
Care,
With the high-flowing goblet, and sumptuous fare,
And profusion shall wait at thy call.

For the King, and the Queen, and a notable shew

Of attendants, shall thither be found :—

And seest thou yon figure advancing so slow ?

'Tis the Knight, who ne'er fled at the sight of the foe,

And exults in the shrill trumpet's sound.

There the King and the Queen shall in majesty move,

'Midst the rest of the gay festive throng :

Even prelates, who oft for preferment have strove,

And Knights, the fam'd champions of damsels and love,

All unite in the dance and the song.

See beyond the blue mountains the last tints of day ;

See the shades of the ev'ning advance :

Hark ! the voice of the Bard, 'tis the sound of his lay ;

Then wilt thou, fair Lady ! with me haste away ?

Let thy footsteps be seen in the dance.

W. P. B.

THE ANSWER.

To the ivy-crown'd castle on yonder proud height,

Whose streamers are waving in air ;

To that pastime thy elegant lays now invite,

That can soothe all our woes, and our senses delight,

With thee, gentle youth, I'll repair.

But hast thou well ponder'd the magical ball,

So fabled in legends of old,

That a Circean genius inhabits the hall,

Whose chequer'd enchantments the senses inthrall

Of her vot'ries, tho' never so bold ?

The gay throng assembled, the music invites

To the dance, or the sweet roundelay ;

When, strange to behold ! by her mystical rites,

Kings, Queens, and their courtiers, e'en Prelates with

Knights,

Are all chang'd into battle array.

Now martial the music, loud, rending the air,
 Then strange to the wondering sight,
 That each warrior in haste to his post will repair,
 The Knights thro' their vizors defiance will glare,
 And all shall prepare for the fight.

Then wilt thou bethink thee? advent'rous, O! say,
 That if in fair combat we meet;
 And thy Knight now so boasted should then lose the
 day,
 Say wilt thou not shrink, and behold with dismay,
 When the champion is seen to retreat?
 If resolv'd, and a battle for thee has its charms,
 And the trial such pleasure will yield;
 When thy colours shall fly, and thy drum beat alarms,
 United in friendship, tho' adverse in arms,
 Ere twilight we'll enter the field.

LINES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF A BEAUTIFUL LADY,
 PAINTED BY MISS SUSAN ———.

WHAT fond emotions in each bosom rise
 When lovely Sue the magic pencil tries!
 To each perfection, lo! her hand aspires,
 While ev'ry youth this bright essay admires.
 The eye, the smile, in short, the perfect whole,
 Engage our wonder, and surprise the soul;
 Yet tho' we here the fire of Raphael trace,
 The air of Guido, and a Titian's grace;
 And magic Fancy heightens ev'ry charm,
 Each eye to rivet, and each breast to warm;
 Still Nature triumphs o'er the works of Art—
 This charms the eye, but Sue ensures the heart.

X. Y.

HYMNS.

FOR A TIME OF GRIEF AND CALAMITY.

Tho' life's tempestuous billows roll,
 And vex the foaming sea ;
 Tho' forked lightnings fire the pole
 In awful majesty ;
 Tho' friends prove false, unfaithful Love,
 And foes alone are nigh ;
 Yet will I trust in GOD above,
 And on his aid rely.
 When racking pains and griefs molest,
 And restless cares annoy,
 GOD's holy Word shall ease my breast,
 And sorrow turn to joy ;—
 For JESUS CHRIST my soul shall save
 From sin, and death, and hell ;
 A pris'ner ransom'd from the grave,
 Near his bright throne to dwell.

FOR A PERSON TROUBLED IN MIND.

O, LAMB of GOD ! whose blood was shed
 To save man's guilty race,
 Pour down thy blessings round my bed,
 And send thy healing grace.
 My spirits fail,—my heart is weak,—
 Assuage my troubled mind ;
 Thy mercy, CHRIST, with tears I seek—
 Let me thy mercy find.
 Empow'r my ransom'd soul to fly,
 And reach thy bless'd abode ;
 There join the heav'nly choir on high,
 My SAVIOUR and my GOD !

Surfleet.

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

EDITORI ISTIUS LIBELLI, CUI TITULUS EST, "POETICAL MAGAZINE."

Hic murus aeneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi nullâ pallescere culpâ.—HOR.

AD GEORGIUM REGEM.

QUEM vocant Divi, varios tuentes
Pectorum motus, hominem celebrem ?
Cuique stellantis tribuenda larga
Præmia cœli ?

Quisque vocali citharâ canendus ?
Cuique nunc alas decet explicare
Stridulas famam ; volitantem et æthrâ,
Gentibus ejus

Ultimis nomen cito ferre gratum ?
Posteris nomen venerandum in ævis !
Quisque divino celebrandus usque
Carmine Musis ?

Isne, qui turmis populos subegit,
Belliger ductor, varios tremendis ?
Qui tenet Seras ditione et Indos,
Ac metuendos

Hostibus Parthos ? (pròpe seu lacesant
Fervido pugnâs gladio cruentas ;
Seu pròcul versi fugiant, acuta et
Spicula mittant.)

Talis Augustus, dominans in oris
Gentium extremis ; ubicunque Phœbus
Occidat ponto, populosve surgens
Lumine lustret.

Dulcibus cuncti modulis honores
 Coneinunt ejus, faciuntque Divis
 Viribus parem, regere atque sceptro
 Cuncta valentem.

Sed canunt nulli Ciceronis atras
 Impiis mortem manibus, diserti ;
 Barbarum quando properabat iste
 Cæsar amici

Funus abjectis generosus etsi
 Seculi illius celebratus usque ;
 Musa sed solam speciem fidelis
 Despicit æqui.

Te vocant Georgi, decus O ! superbum
 Angliæ, semper patriæque custos ;
 O ! Jovæ magno pietatem ob altam
 Semper amate !

Corsicus frustra populos ad arma
 Incitat, firma ut tua sceptrâ franget,
 Russiæ : frustra fremit ore aperto
 Arma juvenus.

Cura Jehovæ maneat benigni ;
 Hostium sint et gladii retusi ;
 Neve te tollat vitii iniquum
 Ocyor aura.

Det tibi semper meritas perennis
 Fama lauros, et debitos honores ;
 Teque venturis memorent in ævis
 Nostra propago.

C.

THE ORPHAN.

Supposed to be written at Midnight, near the Tomb of a Parent.

HAIL ! honour'd monument of one so dear,
 The sad memorial of an Orphan's woes ;
 At this lone hour to drop the sacred tear
 Is the last joy that mild Affection knows.

Green grows the turf by thy lamented grave ;
 Let not th' unhallow'd nightshade's lurid bloom,
 Fraught with malignant dews, its branches wave,
 Or wake the solemn silence of the tomb.

Nor here the screaming owl's discordant note,
 Whose envious eye avoids day's searching light ;
 No shrill complaints from his ill-omen'd throat,
 While rules in rayless majesty the night.

Let not the spoiler's sacrilegious hand
 Deface the records of thy honour'd name ;
 Yet let the deeds of former days command,
 The well-earn'd meed of transitory fame.

Dim thro' the deep obscure of years long past,
 Youth's halcyon joys, a visionary train,
 O'er my sad mind the healing balsam cast,
 Of softly-soothing melancholy pain.

Ye shades so dear, ah ! whither now your boast ?
 Fain would my mind to early scenes return ;
 And, still recalling joys for ever lost,
 Pay the last tribute to th' unconscious urn.

Ye groves, where once my happy childhood stray'd ;
 Where once I joy'd to waste the truant hour ;
 Ah ! then gay Peace, in snow-white vest array'd,
 Lur'd me with smiles, and woo'd me to her bow'r.

Ah! fleeting visions of remember'd bliss,
 How dear each vestige to my anguish'd mind!
 How fondly ling'ring, at an hour like this,
 The weary spirit broods o'er woes refin'd.

Why with new tremours burns my throbbing breast?
 Why, phrensy'd, courts th' embraces of Despair?
 In the cold grave my pious griefs shall rest;
 No mental wound, alas! can rankle there,

And thou, lorn pilgrim in this vale of wo,
 Here end your cares, here rest your aching head;
 Learn to despise the bitterest ills below,
 For life eternal must awake the dead.

Far hence the sordid mind's inglorious joys,
 Which stoops to Pleasure's enervating chains;
 The weary'd sense insidious Luxury cloy,
 Disease torments, and Scorn derides their pains.

Their torpid soul knows not the bliss of tears,
 Knows not in pensive solitude to roam;
 Yet still your gloomy shades my mind reveres,
 Still paints in darken'd hues the joys of home.

Hail, dear remembrancer of times no more!
 Of years long past, and never to return!
 The feeling heart your mem'ry will deplore
 While yet a pris'ner in Life's drear sojourn.

The sailor, shipwreck'd on an unknown shore,
 With tearful eye surveys the desert scene;
 Regrets his home, while black'ning tempests roar,
 And anxious thinks on times which once had been.

While black Despair and frantic Grief his mind
 Infuriate agitate with ceaseless toil,
 Condemn'd to wander, never more to find
 Th' expected pleasures of his native soil.

E'en so the mind, with melancholy drear,
 Views with regret the past, the present care;
 With tearful smiles remembers "such things were;"
 O visionary bliss! and light as air.

Ah! whither shall I turn my mournful sight?
 The pleasures of the past I still regret;
 The present scene affords me no delight;
 The cloud-veil'd future who shall penetrate?

But shall not Peace, the guardian of thy birth,
 With honey'd accents lull thy cares to rest?
 Shall she not teach that man, proud man, is earth,
 And calm the feverish tumults of thy breast?

Yes, mourner! yes; 'tis impious to delay;
 To that high Pow'r fall prostrate in the dust.
 The radiant ark of Faith, with brighter ray,
 Shall gild thy soul; O! be that ark thy trust.

That ark, sole surety of our future hope,
 When, on the last dread day, like "parching scrolls,"
 (O, awful prelude of impending doom!)
 "The shriv'ling atmosphere together rolls,"

Father of blessings! grant my sole desire,
 Far from the world's enslaving joys to fly;
 From vice and folly humbly to retire,
 And hail my hopes safe anchor'd in the sky.

G. I. S.

A MADEMOISELLE PAULINE B—S, AVEC
 DES FLEURS.

Ces fleurs qui d'un brillant éclat,
 Charment les yeux, et l'odorat,
 De votre beauté sont l'image:
 Leur regne ne dure qu'un jour,
 Le votre durera toujours
 De la vertu c'est l'appanage.

A. E. S. T. V.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,
 WITH AN EDITION OF "GIBBORNE'S DUTIES OF THE
 FEMALE SEX."

EMMA, the fairest of the fair,
 The sex's grace and pride;
 Bedeck'd with many a beauty rare,
 To many a charm ally'd!

O, fairest 'mid the town-bred throng!
 Permit thy faithful friend
 To greet thee in poetic song,
 While list'ning Loves attend.

O! may thine eyes with kindness beam
 When they this trifle view;
 A gift which I most sacred deem
 To friendship, and to you.

Each useful precept you may find
 In Gisborne's learned page;
 Be taught to contemplate mankind,
 And life thro' ev'ry stage.

Herein each damsel may perceive
 What dang'rous rocks to shun;
 In life's strong current they deceive,
 Where thousands are undone.

May you, my Emma, ever be
 Far, far remov'd from those,
 The sons of Pride and Infamy,
 Fair Virtue's deadly foes.

Each blessing on your steps attend,
 Sweet flow'rs your path adorn;
 May you be deem'd, by ev'ry friend,
 A rose without a thorn!

Ipswich.

J. L.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

As thro' the waves the shepherd bore
 The Jove-born Queen to Ilium's shore,
 Old Nereus, from the azure tide
 Uprising, bade the winds subside,
 And in prophetic strains declares
 The doom which angry Fate prepares :—
 Ill-omen'd youth ! to Ilium's tow'rs
 Her whom confed'rate Grecia's pow'rs
 In arms shall seek, your short-liv'd joy
 And Priam's empire to destroy,
 In your Idean bark you bear,
 And from her spouse perfidious tear.
 Ah ! see, by this ungovern'd lust,
 The Dardan heroes roll in dust ;
 The shining spear, the ægis' blaze,
 Minerva 'gainst thy Troy displays ;
 In anger mounts the splendid car,
 And rushes furious to the war.
 In vain, to Cytherea dear,
 In golden ringlets, flows thy hair ;
 In vain the list'ning nymphs admire
 The wanton warblings of thy lyre ;
 The Grecian darts will still prevail,
 And ev'n thy nuptial couch assail.
 Ajax still flying to destroy
 The trembling sons of routed Troy,
 At length, tho' late, shall come the hour,
 When, yielding to the Sisters' pow'r,
 Those beauteous tresses, drench'd in gore,
 Shall roll along the blood-stain'd shore.
 See'st not Ulysses' threat'ning fate,
 And Nestor, arm'd 'gainst Ilium's state ?
 Salaminian Teucer's spear,
 The boldest Dardan heroes fear ?

And Sthenelus, well skill'd to fight,
 Or guide the whirling car aright ?
 Merion, too, to Asia's lords
 Shall teach the pow'r of Cretan swords ;
 Tydides fierce, by vengeance led,
 Shall pour his fury on thy head,
 Rush thro' the deep o'erwhelming flood,
 Impatient for thy guilty blood ;
 Thou (as the panting trembling hind,
 Who views the hungry wolf behind,
 And, reckless of the grassy mead,
 Scours o'er the plain with phrensy'd speed),
 Unmindful of thy promis'd might,
 Shalt rush in terror from the fight.
 What tho' Achilles' anger may
 Avert awhile the fatal day,
 At length, ill-omen'd youth ! tho' late
 Obedient to the will of Fate,
 Wrapp'd in Achaic flames shall fall
 Proud Ilium and her heav'n-built wall ;
 And thus to Greece for ages lie
 A monument of victory.

ALI BEG.

 SONG.

How gaily once the hours flew
 Ere grief my tender heart beguil'd ;
 No anxious pang this bosom knew,
 And ev'ry passing moment smil'd.
 Blithe sang the linnet all day long ;
 I caroll'd forth my simple ditty ;
 Like him too tun'd an artless song,
 And thought alone of lovely Kitty.

Awhile the fascinating fair
 With ev'ry winning glance deceiv'd :
 She fondly chas'd each rising care ;
 She flatter'd, smil'd, and I believ'd :
 I left all other charms beside,
 The giddy scenes of town and city ;
 My bosom's wonted peace deny'd,
 I sigh'd alone for lovely Kitty.
 Thus ev'ry hour my passion grew ;
 But soon, ah ! soon, the fickle maid,
 To bless a happier lover flew,
 And all my fondest hopes betray'd !
 And now within this moss-grown cell,
 Depriv'd, alas ! of hope and pity,
 My breaking heart shall bid farewell
 To Happiness, to Love, and Kitty,
SALISBURIENSIS.

SONNET,

TO THE EVENING STAR.

PALE star of Ev'ning, as my pensive eye,
 Dimm'd with the gush of Adoration's tear,
 Soars thro' yon azure canopy of sky
 To the bright confines of thy crystal sphere,
 What soothing transports steal upon my breast !
 For, as I contemplate thy glimm'ring ray,
 Some kindred spirit from thy heav'n of rest
 Seems shrouded there, and beckons me away.
 Oh ! could I, verging to my last long home,
 Far from each sick'ning scene of sorrow fly,
 And, quitting earth for Heav'n, with thee become
 The happy tenant of yon cloudless sky,—
 My soul, emerging from this mortal shrine,
 Might then, perhaps, enjoy serenity like thine.
L. H. COVE.

EPILOGUE

To a Play, the Production of a Lady, performed by a select Party
of Friends, in the Country.

BY THOMAS VAUGHAN, ESQ.

How say you, Critics ? ere this house you leave,
Is our fair Author worthy a reprieve ?
Or, could you wish stern rigour to enforce,
And by your art bring forward a divorce ?
The trembling culprit waits but your commands,
And humbly bids me take the shew of hands ;
Which I, with your permission, will presume
To take—then venture to pronounce her doom.

(UPPER GALLERY.)

You, members of the Upper House, I move }
(Who never fail to clap what you approve), }
How say you ? will you vote us all your love ? }
Or are your minds in doubt and judgment lost,
Whether the faults or beauties are the most ?
If so, a rule from Horace I'll apply,
Which none, I think, with candour can deny :
His words, if I mistake him not, are these ;—
Hard is the fate of those who write to please ;
Yet feel the lash severe, and Critic's spur,
When human Nature is so prone to err.
But why anticipate this ill, you'll say,
When by our plaudits we've approv'd the play ?
I kiss the rod, and would have burnt my rhymes,
Had it not been the custom of the times.
Yet epilogues I've known, with humour writ,
To have their force, and check the cynic wit ;
But you want no such check, we know it well—
You censure or applaud us as you feel :

Yet let not this be thought a censure cast
 On you (*the Pit*) who grace the Lower House of taste;
 Who, thro' the eye of Science, view at once
 The Bard of merit from the witless dunce:
 Then say, need I divide you, or make known
 Her piece has pass'd this candid House—*nem. con.*

AN ADDRESS

PRESENTED TO MY FATHER ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,
 SEPTEMBER 1, 1810.

SINCE last thy natal morning's smile
 Awoke my song for thee, my sire,
 The seasons we have seen awhile
 In course return, in course retire;
 For then 'twas Autumn's lively reign,
 Whose countless tints adorn'd the plain,
 The hills, and vales, and forest-trees;
 And softly blew the western breeze:
 The blithe September just was born;
 Oh! never blush'd a sweeter morn:
 But soon the hoary Winter frown'd,
 And flung his chilling frosts around,
 Spreading with desolating hand
 A dreary aspect o'er the land.
 At length the tyrant, forc'd to yield,
 To "gentle Spring" resign'd the field;
 With verdure smil'd the scene anew,
 And Summer next arose to view,
 Restor'd its sweet and genial air,
 And deck'd with flow'rs the gay parterre.
 But now, in splendid dress array'd,
 Fair Autumn is again display'd;

Thus, while the seasons swiftly flee,
New pleasures each affords to me ;
Yet all the various joys they bring
From thee, my best of parents, spring !
Oh then, my Muse ! in joyous mood,
Attune my lyre to gratitude,
And give the pow'r to filial love
Its warmth of feeling now to prove.
Whether I view his early cares
Attendant on my infant years ;
Whether I view those cares for me
Extended to maturity ;
In all life's stages still I find
A father's heart, a father's mind,
Who has the happy skill to blend
The tender parent with the friend ;
And ever thro' my life has been
My comfort's source in ev'ry scene :
And, could I all his kindness tell,
My verse would into volumes swell ;
But still inadequate would be
To represent his love for me.
If I a hundred tongues possesst,
If hearts as many warm'd my breast,
These still to feel his worth were few,
Those ne'er could speak how great his due.
O then, my parent ! tho' I ne'er can name
All the rewards thy genuine worth may claim—
Tho' I thy kindnesses can ne'er repay,
Yet will I supplicate, from day to day,
That Heav'n, attentive to my humble pray'r,
May ever make thee its peculiar care ;
Give thee its choicest gifts, and all the throng
Of heartfelt joys that to the good belong ;
Make thy declining eve of life serene,
And crown with lasting bliss thy earthly scene !

And when life's ebbing tide shall cease to run,
 And sever'd is the thread thy fate had spun,
 May'st thou the sweet rewards of virtue prove,
 And angels waft thee to the realms above.
 And O, kind Heav'n! to me thy grace impart;
 Let love and duty ever warm my heart;
 A grateful son, oh! ever let me be,
 And fill my breast with filial piety:
 And thou, my Muse! my votive lay inspire,
 Each year to celebrate this day, and praise my gen'rous
 sire.

C. S. B.

 ODE—TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD! happiest stage of life,
 Free from care, and free from strife;
 Free from Mem'ry's ruthless reign,
 Fraught with scenes of former pain;
 Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
 Fabricating future ill;
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
 Gone, but never to return!
 Pleas'd to toss the circling ball,
 Caught rebounding from the wall;
 Pleas'd the mimic ship to guide
 Down the kennel's narrow tide;
 Pleas'd the hoop's revolving pace
 Thro' the winding street to trace;
 Oh, what joys! they once were mine,
 Childhood! matchless gift of thine.
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
 Vanish'd, never to return!

North Walsham.

AMICUS.

BRITAIN'S JUBILEE :

AN ODE,

In Honour of our venerable and beloved Sovereign completing the
Fiftieth Year of a Reign consecrated to Piety and Virtue.

The monarch, friend, and father of his people—
* * * * *
Whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love—the best of Kings!

THOMSON.

FROM fields of light the orb of day
Urges again his bright career ;
And hails with pleasure-beaming ray
The hour when George's sov'reign sway
Completes in peace his fiftieth year.
For this shall unfeign'd praise be given,—
On seraph pinions rise to Heaven ;
Praise from a people brave and free,
Who greet their country's Jubilee !
And whilst all those in Britain born
With transport hail this welcome morn,
Across the isle loud pæans ring
To George, our parent and our King !
Then, as the loyal Minstrel's song
His tributary strains prolong,
Unfeign'd Affection shall inspire
With rapture's notes the votive lyre,—
Awake to joy its patriotic lays,
And spread afar imperial George's praise !

Preserv'd by Heav'n, his throne shall stand,
Tho' hostile darts around are hurl'd ;
And prove Britannia's envy'd land,
Engirt with Albion's dauntless band,
The bulwark of a suff'ring world !

And tho' third Henry's valiant name
 Lives in th' immortal rolls of fame ;
 Tho' peerless Edward's conqu'ring sway
 With vict'ry mark'd his glorious day ;
 Yet our lov'd Sov'reign's parent reign
 Yields not to these the plaudit strain ;
 Yields not to feudal scenes of blood,
 Whose people hail him—" George the good !"
 Whose sons, where'er the ocean laves,
 In thunder rules the trackless waves !
 For him their gleaming falchions wield,
 Their hearts his throne !—their breasts his shield !—
 Whose first great act made equal justice free,—
 Whose mild benignant reign claims Britain's Jubilee !

Tho' heav'n-born Peace, with halcyon smile,
 Refuse to bless our native shore,
 From Maida's heights to fruitful Nile
 The chieftains of our sea-girt isle
 Have fought, have triumph'd, as of yore.
 That spirit which disdain'd to yield
 On Poictier's plains and Cressy's field,
 Which nerv'd each hero in the fight
 To guard his country's dearest right,
 Which bade our Raleigh's laurels bloom,
 Yet gleams o'er Nelson's hallow'd tomb,—
 Still glows in ev'ry panting breast,
 Beams on the warrior's lion crest,—
 Proves Britons warlike, firm, and bold,
 Brave as our mail-clad sires of old ;
 And, where the tocsin sounds from far
 The martial clang of ruthless war,
 Their red-cross banners fearless " flout the sky,"
 Resolv'd to conquer, or prepar'd to die !

While George's regal graces beam
 With mildest splendour, all their own ;
 Borne on Time's ever-gliding stream,
 More radiant still his virtues gleam,
 And brighter lustre gilds his throne !
 Descending down the vale of years,
 An angel's voice shall calm his fears ;
 Bid ev'ry earth-born passion cease,
 His closing hours subside in peace ;
 Disperse old age's wint'ry gloom,
 And smooth his passage to the tomb.
 But, oh ! may Heav'n, with guardian care,
 Yet long our valu'd Monarch spare ;
 Yet long avert that awful hour,
 When life's pale foe shall close his pow'r ;
 When borne to Henry's hallow'd shrine,
 His relics rest 'mid forms divine ;
 His spirit pure, from earth's dark prison free,
 Shall soar to Heav'n's eternal Jubilee !

Oct. 25, 1810.

TRAFALGARIUS.

 COUPLETS A MA JEUNE AMIE.

OUI tout passe comme un songe,
 Les jeux, les ris, les plaisirs !
 C'est l'image d'un mensonge,
 Trop prompt à s'évanouir
 Et le Temps, qui tout dévore,
 Ce vieillard, sans s'attendrir,
 Des beaux jours, qu'il fait éclore
 Détruit jusqu'au souvenir,
 Sans respecter la Constance
 Et de nos cœurs le serment,
 De nos amours il avance
 Le terme trop affligeant

Le bonheur est comme un songe
 Dont le charme nous séduit
 Mais dont le flatteur mensonge
 A notre reveil s'enfuit.
 La Nature bonne et sage,
 Par une acte d'équité,
 Te répartit en partage
 Esprit graces et beauté
 Orne du Temps, le passage,
 Ne pouvant le retenir,
 Les sentimens du bel age
 Ont seuls droit de l'embellir.

CHEV. DE B——.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HER WHO WILL BEST
 UNDERSTAND IT.

AND do I then gaze on those features again,
 Whose beauties such balm to my bosom impart?
 Their Hebe-like sweetness has banish'd my pain,
 And sooth'd the sad bodings that prey'd on my heart.
 Tho' ofttimes a stranger to Hope's cheering ray;
 Tho' doom'd in the tortures of absence to languish;
 These few fleeting moments, tho' gliding away,
 Have kindly repaid me for ages of anguish.
 Yes, yes, lovely seraph! thy innocent smile,
 Which the Graces have cherish'd with exquisite care,
 Was certainly given each grief to beguile,
 And chase the dark shadows of doubt and despair.
 Once more, ere we part, let me gaze on thy charms;
 And, tho' tears start to deluge the mournful endeavour,
 In idea thou oft wilt be clasp'd in my arms,
 And thy image, fair Emma! be dearer than ever.

SALISBURIENSIS.

THE CARTER AND THE GIPSIES :

A TALE.

SOME people seem such cronies of the Fates,
 And bless'd with such prognosticating pates,
 As if (so deadly civil) Time should say,
 " Pray Gentlemen and Ladies, walk this way :
 " Leave all dull mortals and the world below ye,
 " And view the wonders I have got to shew ye;
 " Stor'd in my warehouse are the fates of all men—
 " Kings, beggars, Jews, great, little, short, and tall
 men."

Thus then, becoming dabsters at predictions,
 From Wonder's eggs they hatch their idle fictions.

Prognosticators are not *always* wise;
 Fate sometimes claps a blinker on their eyes,
 And sometimes leaves these gentry in the lurch,
 As did the wag the apple-wench in church,
 Who on a Sunday—but that story's stale,
 And not by half so novel as *my* tale.

As Joe was one day riding in his cart,
 Some frightful object made his horses start;
 And in a moment, ere he look'd around,
 Th' unlucky wight lay sprawling on the ground.
 No bones were broke; and he (not much delighted)
 Got up to see at what his nags were frightened.

Some Gipsies seated on the grass he saw,
 Who, at high meal, were squatting toe to toe;
 But, at the noise, from eating ceas'd each maw,
 And all eyes turn'd to view the prostrate Joe.

Sure such a set the waggoner surrounded!
 Some half a score of Negro-looking faces,
 Whose diff'rent attitudes, with diff'rent graces,
 Our honest Jehu very much astounded.

An old Cassandra of this dingy clan,
 In mumbling accents, first address'd the man ;
 She ask'd if Joe his fortune would be told
 (She being in the planets deeply read) ;
 How soon his pockets would be fill'd with gold
 (Which now, alas ! were empty as his head) ;
 Who, of the girls he romp'd with at the fair,
 Should join his fate, and make the happy pair ;
 And only wish'd, for this display of art,
 A ride for self and Co. in Joey's cart.

With open'd jaws, and genuine bumpkin looks,
 Th' astonish'd carter bellow'd out, " Adzooks !
 " That surely be a main uncommon gift ;
 " Yes ; if ye'll tell me who's to be my wife,
 " (A thing I do much want to know,) odslife !
 " Ye ev'ry one, by Gum, shall have a lift ;"
 Thinking, perhaps, he was in wondrous luck,
 To carry prophets in his car of muck.

The bargain struck, our Joe produc'd his fist,
 And to the Gipsy shew'd the greasy palm ;
 Which thick'ning dirt had cover'd, like a mist,
 And almost bade defiance to the charm.
 But this the fortune-teller minded not ;
 For carter's fortune she could understand
 As well *without* as she could *with* his hand,
 And from a broomstick would have drawn his lot.
 Then, when her stock of musty lies was out,
 Much to the pleasure of our wond'ring lout,
 Per Joe's agreement they prepar'd to ride,
 And to the dung-cart in procession hy'd ;
 Then, mounting, onward merrily they jogg'd,
 And briskly chatter'd, while the carter flogg'd.

Ere on their journey they had travell'd long,
 A sudden thought came 'cross this son of thong :—

“ If to these volk my fortune be well known,
 “ They sartinly as well voresee their own :
 “ Mayhap in this, tho’, they may be mistaken ;
 “ I’ll put ’em to their shifts to save their bacon.
 “ They ma’nt be quite so clever as I tho’t ’em ;
 “ But that I’ll zee when to the pond I’ve bro’t em.”

The cart by this time near a pond arrives,
 Wherein, slap-dash, our gentle carter drives,
 Under pretence to let his horses drink,
 But somewhat otherwise I’m apt to think ;
 For, while engag’d in earnest conversation,
 Sly rogue ! without the smallest hesitation
 (To oust ’em from a birth so very snug),
 Forth from the shafts he slipp’d the wooden plug :
 Up turn’d the cart, and ev’ry son and daughter
 Were tumbled from their sittings in the water.

Zooks ! what a kicking, bawling, flouncing, splashing ;
 Some slipping this way, and some that way dashing ;
 Some on the mud lay very softly sprawling,
 Others ten thousand imprecations bawling ;
 Amongst them all they rais’d such blust’rous clatter,
 As made each gentle frog and toad
 Quit in a hurry his abode,
 To find out what the dickens was the matter :
 Nor spar’d the waggoner his gibes and jeers,
 While the sous’d prophets stood and shook their ears.
 “ Ha ! ha ! ” quoth he, “ I now do plainly zee
 “ Ye know no more ’bout what’s to come than we ;
 “ I think, my measters, ye had no idea,—
 “ No,—that I warrant ye,—no sort of fear
 “ That I should set ye down in such-like places,
 “ To wash in this here pond your filthy faces :
 “ ’Fore ye pretend men’s fortunes vor to tell,
 “ First know your own ; and so, my vriends, farewell.

J. C.

TO CHEERFULNESS.

To thee, sweet maid! serenely mild—
 To thee, fair Nature's sportive child—
 Sweet Cheerfulness! in humble lays,
 I tune my reed to sing thy praise!
 Where'er my roving steps I bend,
 Do thou, blithe nymph, my path attend;
 And choose for me that fair retreat,
 Which thou hast made thy blissful seat;—
 With thee and Health, (thrice happy band!)
 Content shall join us hand in hand;
 And, as together oft we stray,
 With fresh-cull'd roses strew the way;
 Such as fair Nature's hands bestow,
 And with luxuriant beauty blow;
 While zephyrs waft the fragrant scent
 To the bless'd home of sweet Content:
 There Mirth without restraint resides,
 And o'er each happy hour presides:
 Tho' small my hut, and coarse my fare,
 Still all is bless'd if thou art there;
 Such pleasures will attend my fate,
 I'll envy not the pompous great,
 Who only seek for wealth and fame,
 And only know thee as a name.

Then let me fly the giddy court,
 And to the cheerful groves resort;
 And, as I move in verdant bow'rs,
 Be thou companion of my hours:
 'Mid' beauteous nymphs and happy swains,
 In peaceful woods, o'er fertile plains;
 Where mountains with the sunbeams glow,
 And limpid streams meand'ring flow;

There ruddy Health shall blithe advance,
 And lead me to the mazy dance :
 Thou, Cheerfulness, in simple vest
 Of innocence, so sweetly drest,
 Shalt sprightly tune the sportive lay,
 And with thy presence crown the day.
 When early breaks the roseate morn,
 What glowing tints thy cheeks adorn !
 Thy garb bespangled o'er with dew,
 Thy eyes of Heaven's ethereal blue !
 So fair thy form, so blithe thy mien,
 Great goddess of the sylvan scene !

If cares disturb the tranquil hour,
 How sure thy aid, how soft thy pow'r ;
 How sweet the solace you impart,
 When sorrow wounds the feeling heart !
 Without thee all is chill and drear ;
 But Nature smiles shouldst thou appear :
 November's gloom we scarce perceive,
 If thou but cheer the winter's eve.
 When frosts and chilling winds congeal,
 And snows the mountain-tops conceal ;
 When wildly blows the piercing blast,
 And Heav'n's bright azure storms o'ercast ;
 When lightning's vivid flashes glare,
 Or thunders dire convulse the air,—
 Thy presence shall my bosom warm,
 And shield me from the pelting storm.
 Then deign with me to be a guest,
 And ev'ry season shall be blest :
 If such the happiness you bring,
 'Twill change dull Winter's reign to Spring.

Austin-Friars.

B. B.

THE POET AND THE BOOKSELLER:

A TALE.

A HUNGRY Poet oft had pray'd
 The Muses him with poesy t'inspire;
 He begg'd Apollo to produce his lyre,
 But Phœbus and the Muses gave no aid.
 "Zounds!" cry'd he, "when I creep to bed at night,
 "I find no rest, my labour to requite,
 "Tir'd with thinking as I toss and roll in't:
 "And then by day am I most barely fed;
 "I bite my nails by times, and scratch my head;
 "I think I've almost made a hole in't.
 "The cash, with which I ought to dine,
 "I waste in paper—blot out ev'ry line;
 "My fate would sure the stoutest heart discourage:
 "And, tho' for rhymes I groan and strain,
 "The cash I earn will scarcely gain
 "Salt to my porridge.
 "Have I not oft, in frantic flights,
 "Soar'd to such vast *imperial heights!*
 " (For these I really think my best cuts;)
 "Flown to the moon, and rode upon it,
 "In ode, in elegy, and sonnet;
 "In spite of Bedlam and strait waistcoats?"
 Thus mourn'd the Poet, with his heart quite full,
 When, lo! *a thought sublime* popp'd in his skull;
 He takes his pen, and writes it down,
 Fir'd with delight—when, lo! another
 Came on the shoulders of its brother,
 Worth more to him—than half a crown.
 And next *a simile* succeeds;
 The Bard his verse with rapture reads,

And thanks the Muses for their kind support :
 And, like a modern Bard, designs
 To spin a thought to fifty lines ;
 So you may think the poem was'n't short.
 He now repents, as he was much too hard on
 Apollo and the Muses—so begs pardon.
 Straight to a Bookseller he goes,
 Offers the poem ;—begs he'll read it ;—
 “ Also lay down some cash, for 'faith I need it.”
 The Bookseller, with spectacles on nose,
 And phiz sedate, turns o'er a leaf ;—
 “ Hum,—Ode to Joy, and one to Grief,
 “ A Sonnet on my Love for Thyrsis.”
 The author cries, “ Upon my soul,
 “ Indeed, good Sir, *I wish you'd tip the cole,*
 “ As I'm in want of cash, so low my purse is.”
 “ Aye, that may be, but I ne'er take the chance,
 “ To pay for any doggrel, *per advance* ;
 “ And this is not the best, I fear.
 “ Call in three days, at any rate ;
 “ You then shall know your poem's fate.”
 Three days elaps'd ;—again he hies
 To him he lately wish'd at Davy's locker ;
 Impatience blazing at his eyes,
 He rapp'd so hard—he almost broke the knocker.
 This pass'd unheard ; in high poetic airs,
 He rapp'd again, so loud and strong,
 That rous'd sweet Polly from her pray'rs.
 She opes the door—the Poet swears—
 And wonders how the hussy dares
 To make him stay so long.
 Poor Polly, thinking by his look
 That *he* was none of the inspired train,
 Declar'd such insult she would never brook,
 And for the future he might knock in vain.

The Bookseller appears, to end dispute,
 And Polly and the Poet both were mute.
 " Sir," cries the Bard, 'twixt hope and fear,
 With rev'rend bow, and cringing leer,
 " I hope you find my poem answer ;—
 ' For, by my stomach's inward croaking,
 " It will not relish longer joking ;
 " No, hang me if it will, or can, Sir."
 The Printer then, with look sedate,
 Pronounc'd the hapless Poet's fate :—
 " My friend, I've read your poem with attention,
 " 'Tis not correct,—
 " A great defect !
 " The nouns are in the wrong declension.
 " Observe the verbs,—
 " As thick as herbs,
 " All active, where they should be neuter :
 " Your verses, how they limp and stammer ;
 " Sure, by this specimen of grammar,
 " The bellman must have been your tutor :
 " But still I've labour'd all I can,
 " And swore 'twas written by a learned man :
 " Indeed, I'd nearly lost my credit,—
 " Which lost, a man is better dead,
 " For ev'ry individual who read it
 " Declar'd the author had an ass's head.
 " Determin'd to get *something*, I did pop
 " Into each little chandler's shop ;
 " I said a verse like this would ever live :
 " 'The people swore they would'nt give
 " A single piece of bacon, or a mop.
 " Tir'd with such usage, such gross meanness,
 " My patience I could scarce retain ;
 " When, thinking on your poverty and leanness,
 " Out of compassion I essay'd again.

" To an old woman with a softer heart
 " I did your doleful tale relate ;
 " She pity'd much your miserable fate,
 " And said she would some charity impart."
 " Yes," cry'd the wither'd hag, " I know him,—
 " I'll buy the *paper*—never mind the *poem*."
 " To her I sold it, (you may bless the chance,)
 " And for your sake began to scrape her ;
 " Here is a *sixpence* ; she would not advance
 " Another ; no, not even for the *paper*."

G—E D—N—L.

LINES,

Occasioned by the Princess Mary's affectionate Attendance on her Sister, during the Jubilee.

SOME thoughtless beings wander thro' the world,
 And catch from ev'ry gale a fleeting bliss,
 Who ne'er their wanton sails of joy unfurl'd,
 To snatch the soul from Sorrow's dread abyss.

Romantic Fancy leads their laughing hours,
 And reigns supreme amid her votive throng ;
 With ever-vary'd sweets adorns her bow'rs,
 And Hope delusive charms with syren song.

But Apathy with sullen step retires,
 Where cold Indifference is wont to dwell ;
 Far from Life's social joys and gay desires,
 She seeks the lone retreat, the murky cell ;—

And selfish views succeed the world's vain glare ;
 Unheard the hoarse wind howls, or tempests groan :—
 With dark distrust she hears the orphan's pray'r,—
 The tale of wo, or Sickness' plaintive moan.

No gratitude, she deems, expands the breast ;
 Man is no more the grateful child of Heaven ;
 But, barren as the stubborn rock, unblest,
 Bestows no thanks for all that God has given.
 But thou, fair offspring of a virtuous King !
 Britannia's gentle boast, her pride, her care !
 Of sympathetic feelings would I sing,
 And thou the bright effulgent source declare !
 Not even he, as ancient tales relate,
 Who proffer'd life a valu'd friend to save,—
 The noble Damon *, eminently great,
 The tender friend, heroically brave ;—
 Not even he should more delight the heart,
 Nor wake fond Admiration's pleasing strain,
 Than thou who couldst from Rapture's height depart,
 To linger by the couch of restless Pain !
 E'en tho' a nation's joys thy presence court ;
 Tho' glad Invention urg'd her utmost skill ;
 Tho' captives freed with heartfelt pleasure sport,
 And Charity's warm heart reliev'd each ill ;—
 Thou still with ardour bent the pious knee,
 While filial Love with meek-ey'd Pity strove ;
 And soften'd Joy, with tend'rest sympathy,
 Wafted thy pray'rs in seraph-hymns above.
 While gen'rous feeling glow'd thro' ev'ry vein,
 And conscious Virtue beam'd from either eye,
 Thy gentle bosom turn'd to soften pain,
 Like Mercy's self, irradiate from on high.
 Long shall thy bright example warm the breast,
 Teach stern Misanthropy th' approving smile,
 And thoughtless Pleasure's giddy course arrest,
 To succour Want, or Wo's sad tears beguile.

* Vide the Story of Damon and Pythias.

Well pleas'd shall Mem'ry hail the glorious day
 That mark'd a pious Sov'reign's lasting reign ;
 His daughter's gen'rous heart shall truth display,
 And tune to softest notes the melting strain.

Oh, may thy hours, bless'd maid ! serenely glide,
 From cruel care and lurking sorrow free !
 May brilliant joys and saint-like Virtue guide
 Thy future path to bright felicity !

May ev'ry comfort on thy life await,—
 Fond admiration cheer thy gentle heart,—
 And friendship pure thy bliss participate,
 And to life's joys its lively zest impart !

May Heav'n eternal blessings show'r !
 That, when low lies thy mortal frame,
 Thy gentle soul shall hail the awful hour,
 And angels pure thy parting spirit claim.

Then, far upborne above this lower sphere,
 Thy soul shall be with holy bliss replete ;
 Surpassing all that man's fond hope holds dear,
 Thy God and Saviour's sacred presence meet.

AZELI.

SONNET.

FORTUNE ! how vain thy flatt'ring voice,
 And all thy gilded smiles, to me ;
 My heart, tho' poor, can still rejoice,—
 Yet never be allur'd by thee.

Boast thou of radiant pomp and shew,
 And all the glare of golden pride ;
 Thou canst not stop the tear of wo,
 Swell'd by affection's flowing tide.

Thou canst not heal the wounded breast,
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow's racking pains;
 Go then, Deceit, and ne'er molest
 My mean, but friendly, cot again!
 That heavenly bliss alone I long to find,
 Which soothes the sorrow and contents the mind.

HORATIO.

THE ORIGIN OF FLATTERY.

WHEN mortals, deaf to Virtue's voice,
 Forsook her sober sway,
 With one consent, to fix their choice,
 They nam'd a certain day.
 In place of Virtue they design'd
 To serve a gentler Queen,—
 One to their faults and vices blind,
 Of more complacent mien.
 The day arriv'd,—the judges plac'd,—
 The candidates advance;
 The crown, which Virtue's brow had grac'd,
 Hung pendent on a lance.
 Envy stepp'd foremost from the crowd;
 Her claims were few, if any;
 Her votaries, applauding loud,
 Declar'd that she had many.
 Folly advanc'd, with careless mien;
 She said that mirth and ease
 Were requisites to grace their Queen,
 And therefore she should please.
 The judges now, with loud acclaim,
 Declare their choice is made;
 And, calling Folly by her name,
 Their due submission paid.

When, lo! amid the motley crowd,
 A female Sylph appears;
 The mob, at her advancing, bow'd,
 And crouch'd their glitt'ring spears.

Her form was winning,—on her hand
 A mirror hung suspended,—
 And, smiling, she with accents bland,
 To win them condescended.

She said she was with courtiers bred;
 But, during Virtue's reign,
 Had, with her sister Falsehood, fled,
 And now return'd again.

Then, lifting high the magic glass,
 The mob with wonder staring,
 To see in beauty some surpass,
 Who late had faults so glaring,—

The nymph triumphant seiz'd the crowns,
 Each wishing good befall her,
 From princely lord to lowly clown;
 And men now Flatt'ry call her.

With silken bands she since has reign'd,
 Her vigilance ne'er slumbers;
 Falsehood and Folly she has gain'd,
 And daily adds fresh numbers.

So fascinating are her parts,
 Men see her and desire her;
 To Flatt'ry yield their willing hearts,
 And cease not to admire her.

C. T.

ON A LATE DETERMINATION *.

BY SCUDAMORE WINDE, ESQ.

WHEN upstart tyrants claim illegal sway,
 His country's stabb'd by him who dares obey :
 To him no friend shall e'er a smile afford,
 The wretch is mark'd a B***y or a F***d.
 But he, who, anxious in his country's cause,
 Ejects all power not founded on her laws,—
 Who eyes the fancy'd lordlings with disdain,
 Laughs at their frown, and spurns their cobweb chain,—
 Fair Freedom for her fav'rite son shall own,
 Shall teach the bar to plead for him alone,
 And raise a Pratt beneath the torrid zone !

ANSWERED,

IN THE JAMAICA GAZETTE, JAN. 3. 1767.

BY B. EDWARDS.

WHEN sordid wretches dare their crimes avow,
 And harden'd guilt appears with dauntless brow ;
 When fraud and felony with perj'ry join,
 To claim protection from fair Freedom's shrine ;
 When D***g**s, G**h***m, made one common cause
 To rob their country, and defy her laws ;
 When venal lawyers, dead to sense and shame,
 Defend those crimes that Truth must blush to name ;
 'Tis then a Ford and Bayly should appear
 The delegates of pow'r, unaw'd by fear,
 To bring dark villany to day's broad eye,
 And drag the wretch to endless infamy.

* On the suspension of J. C. S. Douglas from the office of Collector, he was committed to prison by the Governor and Council, and released by the Chief Justice. Though his conduct was infamous, his commitment was illegal. It was on his discharge that these lines were published, 20th December, 1766.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE POINTER.

STRANGER! no tablet here pours forth
 A tribute to imagin'd worth:
 Here lies, beneath this simple stone,
 Virtues on earth but little known;
 Youth's fire with Age's caution join'd,
 Courage with steadiness combin'd:
 Keen sense his fellows far above,
 A constancy no pow'r could move.
 Stranger! if more thou would'st inquire,
 What was his name, or who his sire,
 Blush when inform'd this marble weeps
 A dog, not man,—here Basto sleeps.

North Walsham.

J. C.

IMPROMPTU.

THE slender shrub, with many roses crown'd,
 By wanton hands when piecemeal torn away,
 Acutely feels each heart-afflicting wound,
 And gentle Nature mourns the quick decay.
 Thus too with him, whose dearest fondest friends
 With quick succession wither in their bloom,—
 Death after death the feeling bosom rends,
 Till poignant sorrow finds an early tomb.

K. Y. N. E.

ON A LADY'S RESOLUTION AGAINST
 MATRIMONY.

I CANNOT, Madam, but congratulate
 Your resolution for a single state;
 Ladies that would live undisturb'd and free
 Must never put on Hymen's livery:
 Altho' its outside seem to promise fair,
 Yet underneath is nothing else but care;

This in wives' careful faces you may spell,
 Tho' they dissemble their misfortunes well.
 If once you let the gordian knot be ty'd,
 It turns the name of virgin into bride;
 That one fond act your life's best scene foregões,
 And leads you to a labyrinth of woes.
 Those strange meanders you may search about,
 But never find a clue to lead you out:
 A single life affords the most content,—
 Secure and happy, as most innocent;
 Your sleep unbroken by domestic cares,
 No squalling children to disturb your pray'rs;
 No blust'ring husband to renew your fears,
 Nor parting sorrows to extort your tears.
 Therefore, dear Madam, let a friend advise,—
 Love and its idle deity despise;
 Suppress wild Nature, if it should rebel—
 There's no such thing as leading apes in hell.

TO SENSIBILITY.

SWEET Sensibility! enchanting maid!
 From whose bless'd influence pure genius flows,
 Deign but to lend a youthful suitor aid,
 And all his hopes in thee shall find repose:—
 Teach him, with unremitting zeal, to look
 Thro' Nature's charms with philosophic eyes;
 Teach him Misfortune's keenest taunts to brook,
 Lest pale-fac'd Want o'ertake him by surprise:—
 Oh, teach him, when wild Folly spreads her net
 To catch the sons of ignominious shame,
 To shun her all-alluring steps; nor let
 Her precepts e'er debase a father's name.
 Sweet Sensibility! 'tis all I ask,
 In Virtue's name, to grant no lesser task.

W. T*Y**R.

TASTE :—A POEM.

To know what best in ev'ry art can please;
 To charm with humour, elegance, and ease;
 To view with judgment how great authors writ,
 And feel the weight of sense, the lash of wit;
 To rouse with courage, or to droop with fear,
 When touch'd with Music is the tuneful ear;
 In her soft notes the lover's grief to view,
 And change our passions, as she changes too;
 In ev'ry art see ev'ry beauty plac'd—
 Is surely insight, and the gift of Taste.
 Taste! be the subject of my youthful strain,
 Whose origin at random thus I feign:—
 Once on a day the gods, supremely blest,
 Themselves amus'd with frolic, mirth, and jest;
 When festive Gladness crown'd the nectar'd bowl,
 And Vulcan (oftentimes a jovial soul)
 To please the gods, and vivify the feast,
 Was not asham'd in blund'ring out a jest
 To Jove himself, whose all-foreseeing eye,
 Takes in at single view both earth and sky:
 These words, in hum'rous accents, gaily spoke,
 By way of hinting his request in joke:—
 “ You know, great sire, what evils from my skill
 “ Have vex'd mankind with all the bane of ill;
 “ How Envy, Hate, Diseases, and old Age,
 “ Maintain a run of long-contending rage;
 “ How these, and many more, with rankling strife,
 “ Have bitter'd o'er the sweets of mortal life.
 “ In this Pandora well may witness be,
 “ Form'd by these hands so gen'rous and so free,—
 “ Form'd but to gratify thy mighty will;
 “ Ah! how could Jove and Vulcan act so ill?
 “ Then cease to frown, and kindly make amends,—
 “ Let Heav'n and Earth once more be equal friends.

" In all the life of magic art display'd,
 " Suppose I form, of fairest mould, a maid :
 " Breathe Jove the soul ; but ev'ry grace divine,
 " The shape, the look, the workmanship, be mine,"
 He said, and Jove consented with a nod—
 Th' expressive hint, the meaning of the god.

Now Vulcan, pleas'd, each carving-tool prepares,
 To sculp the beauty of his skilful cares ;
 With nicest judgment views each o'er and o'er,
 And rummages at large his working store ;
 With strictest caution singles out and tries
 Which best the front may suit, and which the eyes ;
 And which may serve with skilful hand to grace
 Each living feature of a heav'nly face.
 Thus Vulcan singled out, and set apart,
 The fam'd utensils of his mimic art ;
 Each in its place and each in order laid,—
 At once the artist and the god display'd :
 By due degrees, and persevering skill,
 The maid was form'd, was moulded to the will ;
 Her shape with justest symmetry was grac'd,
 And just the tap'ring of her slender waist ;
 In careless ringlets hung her sculptur'd hair ;
 Her limbs proportion'd ; like the lily, fair ;
 Her looks, her graceful charms, with art combin'd,
 To please the eye and fascinate the mind.
 Yet, great as Vulcan, and in skill so blest,
 More could he not,—'twas Jove to give the rest :
 Tho' found so fair, one charm was left behind,—
 The charm transcendent of the godlike mind :
 But this belong'd to heav'nly care above,
 The compact and the gift of sov'reign Jove.
 Our artist then, this mighty boon to gain,
 The fair transported to th' ethereal plain,
 Where gods and goddesses, divinely bright,
 Eclips'd the glances of the spangled night.

All view'd the fair, admiring as they gaz'd;
 And, as they look'd, yet more they grew amaz'd.
 Venus herself, who e'er in beauty shone
 (For none before was equal to her own),
 With envy touch'd, her jealousy betray'd,
 Outrivall'd by the artificial maid ;
 Abash'd, surpris'd, disgrac'd, her head cast down,
 And all her charms o'erclouded by a frown :
 Dimm'd was the splendour of her heav'nly face ;
 Her beauty beaming but in second place.

Now Jove, his sacred promise to fulfil,
 And gratify impatient Vulcan's will,
 With sov'reign breath throughout her beauteous
 frame

Rais'd the quick sense of Animation's flame ;
 Which, working to th' effect, without control,
 Soon kindled up the feelings of a soul :
 Thro' ev'ry vein her blood she felt to flow,
 And on her cheek the rose appear'd to glow :
 Her beauteous charms she view'd, yet thought them
 strange,

Not knowing what might mean the mighty change :
 She view'd again, and, pleasingly deceiv'd,
 She thought them far too fair to be believ'd :
 Thus by surprise she study'd to disown
 Those very charms that were by gift her own.
 Just so a child, of sweet endearing grace,
 That sees in looking-glass its smiling face,
 Beholds a something pleasing to the view,
 And, taken with the sight, must kiss it too ;
 Tho' what it sees be yet the infant same,
 It little knows from whence the picture came.
 Just so the maid, as little might she tell,
 That such bright beauties in her person dwell,
 Till, by degrees, the fair-one's op'ning eyes
 Beam'd life and sense, and scatter'd the surprise :

She smil'd, and, with a self-endearing love,
 Confess'd the work of Vulcan and of Jove.
 Each Pow'r ethereal gaz'd with placid eye,
 And joyful shoutings welcom'd her the sky:
 All Heav'n itself seem'd pleasingly inspir'd,
 And rapt'rously beheld the fair admir'd.

Th' immortals now their various presents give,
 And will'd her equal with themselves to live.
 First Judgment came, with solemn rev'rend tread;
 His aged looks bespoke a pleasing dread;
 With lib'ral hand intending to dispense
 The godlike feelings of majestic Sense:
 He gaz'd and wonder'd at the winning fair,
 Whose charms engag'd the efforts of his care;
 All he possess'd he on the fair bestow'd,
 Nor thought the present more than what he ow'd:
 He taught her wit with judgment to unite,
 And view each object in its proper light;
 To rest decision on grave Wisdom's force,
 And, 'mid extremes, to steer the middle course.
 Next follow'd Hermes, airy, smart, and young,
 Flippant his jests, and eloquent his tongue;
 He gave her Wit's supremely dazzling ray,
 As best companion of a gloomy day.
 Mirth too, bright goddess! pleasure in her face,
 Bestow'd sweet Gaiety's enliv'ning grace;
 Yet shew'd her best to wear the modest wile,
 The tempting look, or sweet becoming smile;
 Shew'd her when best a tedious hour to pass,
 But bid beware the flatt'ry of the glass.
 The Graces taught her like themselves to please,—
 To rule in converse, elegance, and ease;
 Of complaisance bestow'd the easy dress,
 And moderniz'd her with *la politesse*;
 Bade her each charm to Modesty confide,
 And never triumph but in decent pride;

Adorn'd her with a delicacy chaste ;
 And—giving her a name—they call'd her **Taste**.
 Thus, grac'd with all accomplishments, she reigns
 The brightest goddess of th' ethereal plains ;
 Her ev'ry care is favours to bestow
 On those who aim at elegance below :
 'Tis she instructs our taking belles to please
 With modest freedom, and becoming ease ;
 'Tis she can add a lustre to each grace,
 Not centring beauty in a pretty face ;
 To ev'ry charm so gen'rously inclin'd,
 She gives new graces to the dawning mind ;
 But if so lively that their charms bepeak
 A dazzling eye, fair neck, or blushing cheek,
 She in her store these wondrous gifts surveys,
 Willing to please in all her various ways ;
 And—whisp'ring kindness in the fair-one's ear—
 Be gay, she cries, but Modesty revere,—
 That safest guardian of each female grace,
 And fairest beauty of the fairest face.
 The kindled blush outvies the rose's taint,—
 'Tis best of colour, for 'tis Nature's paint.
 If Chloe's us'd her beauties to declare ;
 By all her charms informs us she is fair,
 If 'tis by these her sex she'd fain surpass,
 Trusting too far that flatt'ring thing, her glass ;
 The guardian Taste amid her fancy steals,
 Herself unconscious what the change she feels ;
 Yet something seems her giddy thoughts to tell,
 In Art's delusions beauty cannot dwell :
 'Tis not the paint that takes the judging eye ;
 But 'tis in Nature's paint the roses lie.
 Relate, O Muse ! with honesty and truth,
 What gifts adorn the most a well-bred youth.
 Happy the man, whose wishes are inclin'd
 To court the goddess **Taste** to grace his mind ;

To him she deigns her ev'ry charm to lend,—
 Of elegance the patroness and friend ;
 The pleasing gift of manners are his guide,
 Genteel and gay without an aim to pride :
 Prompt ever to engage the virtuous mind,
 By caution ever decently inclin'd,
 His modest lips would never dare to speak
 One word offensive to the female cheek ;
 But, fearful of indelicacy's shame,
 He ever keeps himself the virtuous same.
 Soft is his nature, his conception clear,
 To others' grief and pleasure doubly dear ;
 Proud the affections of each friend to gain,
 By giving pleasure, or by soothing pain.
 Just so the morn puts on her mantle gray,
 To usher in a melancholy day ;
 Or, if to seem more elegantly bright,
 She varies dress, and dons her red or white ;
 E'en so the youth of taste, and passions meek,
 Displays both joy and pity on his cheek ;
 Joy when he strives in gentleness to please,
 With wit and sweet simplicity of ease ;
 But pity when affording soft relief
 To Melancholy's brow, or heavy Grief.
 Well can he too each soft sensation shew,
 And feel in sympathy another's wo.
 Train'd up by Taste, insipid thoughts we leave,—
 We aim at judgment, and true wit conceive ;
 Kind is her will to grant her favours free,
 To those who woo her with humility.
 Thrice happy they who with such charms are blest,—
 To them the goddess shews herself confest ;
 Nourish'd by art, devoted to the truth,
 She charms in age, and gladdens us in youth,—
 Feels Nature's touch, disrelishes in sense
 Affected meanings, and in wit offence.

Some, their ideas inelegant and rude,
 By choice mistake the goddess for a prude ;
 Attempt her elegance by means of pride,
 And by conceit would gain her for a guide :
 But ne'er will she, in ev'ry grace refin'd,
 Sit easy on a coarse and rustic mind ;
 No more than darkness suits the sunny light,
 Or glossy jet assimilates with white.
 Soft be his nature, his ideas clear,
 Who seeks to win her favours, truly dear.
 Just as the trees, when gay in vernal shoot,
 First bud, then blossom, ere they bring forth fruit ;
 Just so the mind, with sprightly fancy grac'd,
 Must blossom first to ripen into taste.
 Some with their learning are supremely dull,—
 All is confusion when the head's too full ;
 Unskill'd to please in conversation gay,
 Quite cloudy is to them a sunny day.
 Not so the youth, when 'Taste, sweet beauteous maid !
 Has in his soul her lovely self portray'd ;
 In him true wit and learning shall produce
 Their proper merit, and their proper use,—
 The social freedom, and the graceful ease
 Of pleasing by a willingness to please ;
 For what is learning but a luckless fate,
 Unless it leads us to the truly great ?
 Dull is the mind, tho' learned, if not grac'd
 And polish'd by the fairy hand of Taste.
 Just so the di'mond, in some costly mine,
 With all its wealth and riches cannot shine,
 Till, polish'd by some hand, the hidden prize
 With sun-bright lustre flashes in our eyes.
 What pleasures greet not his all-polish'd mind,
 To ev'ry beauty, ev'ry art, inclin'd !
 He in a Rubens, or a fam'd Vandyck,
 Can see that merit which we all must like ;

Views in a landscape how wild Nature lives,
 In all the touches that the pencil gives ;
 Sees in the painter's art, and fancy'd whim,
 Those striking beauties that seem touch'd for him.
 Now, as from hints a method sure we find,
 To read the inward secrets of the mind ;
 So he with present penetration fraught
 Can see in ev'ry stroke a meaning thought ;
 And tell you why to please the eye was plac'd
 Yon cot—the honour of its master's taste ;
 Nay more, by judging thus, would seem to say
 The painter's skill had ne'er in rural way
 Attempted beauties on the landscape green,
 Unless 'twere thought those beauties would be seen.

Why brisk is Music at the midnight dance ?
 Why gladdens in each face the magic trance ?
 Why cheer the hautboys ? why the flutes condole ?
 For him they sound, and catch his feeling soul ;
 For him the concert in sweet tumult rings,
 And swiftest fingers wake the silent strings !
 He, tho' th' enchanting noise in wildness floats,
 Distinguishes from rough the softer notes ;
 Or, if in mournful strains it loves to moan,
 Can then indulge the sorrows as his own.
 Why, as it soars, feels he th' inspiring heat ?
 Why musically play his dancing feet ?
 Such is the syren that his soul decoys
 To all the pleasures of enraptur'd joys ;
 To him her voice, so musically strange,
 Can at command his various passions change ;
 Molest his ease with starts of pleasing fear,
 And wake his eye to gladness or a tear.
 Thus, if from melancholy notes, and slow,
 She draws the portrait of Distress and Wo,
 He too, in looks, shall shew the piteous care,
 And feel the mournful sorrow pining there ;

Such too his joys whose nature soft is grac'd,
 More fun'd to music by the goddess Taste ;
 The fairest beauty of the blissful sphere,
 To ev'ry nicer art and pleasure dear ;
 To polish'd minds all willing to dispense
 Each softest passion, ev'ry tender sense.
 The charms of Nature, and the gifts of Art,
 Without her blessings little bliss impart ;
 The wood, the mountain, and the valley green,
 Thro' other optics dismally are seen ;
 Without her impulse and sensation bright,
 Dull is the day, and dim the stars of night.

P. W.

ON THE JUBILEE.

FAIR orb of day, with heav'nly splendour bright,
 Chase from yon crystal arch the shades of night ;
 Let brasen trumpets pour a shrill-ton'd voice,
 To hail the day that bids our hearts rejoice.

Let thund'ring cannons roar with loud acclaim,
 Till ev'ry shore re-echo George's name ;
 At that lov'd name innum'rous shouts arise,
 And joyful clamours pierce the vaulted skies.

Twice five-and-twenty years their course have run
 Since o'er our hearts his gracious reign begun ;
 Beneath his sacred sway and mild command,
 Freedom and plenty crown Britannia's land.

Her hardy offspring till her peaceful shore,
 While round her coast the hostile thunders roar ;
 No fairer virgins thro' the world are found,
 Than the sweet nymphs who grace our native ground.

Our merchants are like princes ; ev'ry sea
 Wafts the rich freight of British industry :
 No hearts so gen'rous other lands can shew,
 To melt with charity, with valour glow.

Shrouded in storms the fiend of Discord low'rs,
 And deluges the world with bloody show'rs ;
 From land to land she drives her iron car—
 Her fell attendants Pestilence and War.

The murd'rous Corsican, with furious mind,
 To death or bondage dooms all human kind ;
 Where'er his sanguinary hordes advance,
 By force or fraud subdu'd, all bow to France.

Britons alone, triumphant in the field,
 On land and ocean make the tyrant yield ;
 A proud superiority they claim,
 And join a Moore's to Nelson's honour'd name—
 Alike in death, alike in deathless fame. }

May our lov'd isle, for godlike deeds renown'd,
 The pride and glory of the world be crown'd !
 May foreign wars, domestic quarrels, cease,
 And ev'ry clime be bless'd with smiling peace !

Long may our gracious Sov'reign's rule extend—
 The King of freemen, and his people's friend !
 To Britons' cry may bounteous Heav'n give ear,
 And George's life, so lov'd, so honour'd, spare !

God, save the King ! and grant him long to reign,
 Britannia's guardian, monarch of the main !
 And when that hour shall come, which comes to all,
 When Heav'n shall give the signal of recall,
 Still may his soul in endless glory live,
 And for an earthly crown a heav'nly crown receive !

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

THE FEMALE CONTRAST.

TO MISS ———.

FROM one who is to female charms no foe,
 A few short moments on these lines bestow ;
 And if a poet e'er the truth may speak,
 Or paint in colours true the modest cheek,
 In strains poetic honestly display'd,
 Your character by me be thus portray'd :—
 “ Enough of beauty, and enough of sense ;
 “ The last must please, the first give no offence :
 “ A sweet behaviour and politeness too,
 “ These, and much more, we all must fix in you.”
 But mildness, beauty, elegance, and sense,
 This sweet behaviour, and this no offence,
 Are what we always feelingly applaud
 In other beauties when we stroll abroad ;
 There, with their dress, a better mind they wear,
 As more conspicuous to the public glare ;
 Vapours, hysterics, vanish all away,
 And sullen humour flirts it with the gay ;
 The cross are mild, the passionate are cool,
 And fair Politeness compliments by rule.
 Thus fiction oft for truth we take, you know,
 And, if it pleases, we believe it so :
 View but the fair at ball, assembly, play,
 See how good-humour'd, innocent, and gay !
 Change but the scene, and fix them all at home,
 Each dearest angel will appear a gnome ;
 Caprice, contention, obstinacy, strife,
 Now take their turns to damp the joys of life.
 What kind indulgence can such whimsies claim ?
 But few at home, abroad you're all the same ;
 'Tis this, an op'ra, ball, assembly, play,
 May help to steal a lover's heart away ;

This gilds your hopes, and makes you always know
 To please the coxcomb, or to win the beau.
 When Flavia dresses, with enchanting grace,
 And ushers forth the wonders of her face,
 What stoic lover, or what hero brave,
 Kneels not to Flavia's charms, a certain slave?
 Yet more, when Flavia thus by art refin'd,
 Puts on the charms, more pleasing, of the mind—
 The feeling heart, another's faults to hide,
 And view each object on the brighter side,—
 When Mildness blunts the darts by Envy flung,
 And, contradicted, silent is her tongue;
 Or, if she answer, soft her accents flow,
 As gentle zephyrs on the banks of Po;—
 Could you, with quick imagination warm,
 Foresee in Flavia's eye the coming storm?
 No; pleas'd with her from whom such virtues came,
 Who would not think her always like the same?

Thus the rash mariner, when bright the sky,
 Securely sails, and thinks no danger nigh;
 To flatt'ring breezes bends the swelling sail,—
 Swift comes the storm, and all his fears prevail;
 Thus Fashion, Education, may impart
 To Flavia's graces, but they steel the heart;
 This, if 'tis faulty, she will leave at home,
 While all her beauties are decreed to roam.
 Not so Amanda, dear enchanting name!
 Pleasing to all, in ev'ry thing the same:
 Let Flavia flirt, and catch the public view,
 Since charms more charming stay at home with you.

P. W.

INDEX

TO

THE THIRD VOLUME.

A		Characteristic Tribute to the Memory of R. V. Sadler, Esq. - - - - - 112
Apology - - - - -	16	Church's Lamentation - - - 308
Author, the, in Imitation of Shenstone's Schoolmis- tress - - - - -	65	Couplets à ma jeune Amie - 325
Abbey Ruins - - - - -	124	Carter and the Gipsies.—A Tale - - - - - 337
Atheist, the - - - - -	137	
Autumn - - - - -	173	D
Address to my Father - - -	216	Death, Lines on - - - - - 293
	330	Death of Admiral Coligny - 234
Address respectfully in- scribed to her who will best understand it - - -	336	Denbigh-Castle - - - - - 248
Absence.—A Sonnet - - -	219	Duplicity.—A Fragment - 254
A Mademoiselle Pauline E—s, avec des Fleurs - -	324	
B		E
Bachelor's Resolve - - -	295	Elegiac Ode, written during Sickness - - - - - 13
Bartholomew Fair - - -	314	Epistle to W. S—t, Esq. - 79
Britain's Jubilee.—An Ode, 333		Education - - - - - 82
C		Exile, the - - - - - 94
Caldwal-Castle, Scotland.— A Fragment - - - - -	9	Elegy on the Death of an Infant - - - - - 110
Childhood - - - - -	63	Of a Nobleman's Daugh- ter - - - - - 204
Crooked Stick, the, a Lesson to unmarried Ladies - -	91	Epigram on the Rev. Mr. Milton's Coach of Safety, 112
Christian, the - - - - -	137	Evening - - - - - 124
Charity - - - - -	188	Ecclesiasticus, 1st Chapter paraphrased - - - - - 224
Cornish Cottage - - - - -	201	Enigma - - - - - 280
Canzonet - - - - -	214	Editori Libelli cui Titulus est "Poetical Magazine" 320
Celia ; or the ugly but ami- able Maid - - - - -	276	Epilogue to a Play, privately performed - - - - - 329

INDEX.

<p>Epitaph on a favourite Pointer - - - - - 351</p> <p style="text-align: center;">F</p> <p>Fables for Children - - - - 104 155</p> <p>Female Contrast - - - - - 363</p> <p style="text-align: center;">G</p> <p>Good Advice - - - - - 282</p> <p style="text-align: center;">H</p> <p>Horace, Translation of Ode XVI. Book II. 22 III. 27 Ode III. Book I. 33 Epd VII. Book I. 35 Ode V. imitated, 188</p> <p>Hymn on the Day of Judgment - - - - - 93</p> <p>To the Morning - - - - - 181</p> <p>To the Evening - - - - - 181</p> <p>For a Time of Grief and Calamity - - - - - 319</p> <p>For a Person troubled in Mind - - - - - 319</p> <p style="text-align: center;">I</p> <p>Inscription on a Window overlooking a Churchyard, in the Island of Guernsey, 15</p> <p>Interrogatories answered - 136</p> <p>Isaiah xliii. 1—8. - - - - 185</p> <p>Innocence - - - - - 186</p> <p>Jubilee, the - - - - - 296</p> <p>Lines on the - - - - - 361</p> <p>Invitation to a Game of Chess - - - - - 317</p> <p>Answer to ditto - - - - - 318</p> <p>Impromptu - - - - - 351</p> <p style="text-align: center;">L</p> <p>Lines to the Memory of C. J. Fox - - - - - 10</p> <p>To Miss G***e - - - - - 19</p> <p>On picking up a Snowdrop just blown from the Stalk - - - - - 39</p> <p>To Miss Gatliffe - - - - - 43</p>	<p>Lines, written in a Book of blank Paper, belonging to Miss *****.—By Bryan Edwards - - - - 46</p> <p>On the Ruins of Dover-Castle - - - - - 57</p> <p>On the Ruins of Harleich-Castle, Merionethshire, 154</p> <p>Written in the Summer of 1807 - - - - - 165</p> <p>Written on a young Lady's dropping her Looking-glass, while dazzling the Eyes of a Gentleman, from her Chamber window - - - - - 218</p> <p>Composed on paying a Visit to the Tomb of Collins, in Chichester Cathedral - - - - - 282</p> <p>On Death - - - - - 279</p> <p>Written under the Picture of a beautiful Lady, painted by Miss S. - - - 318</p> <p>To a young Lady, with an Edition of Gisborne's Duties of the Female Sex - - - - - 325</p> <p>Occasioned by the Princess Mary's affectionate Attendance on her Sister, during the Jubilee - - 345</p> <p>Life - - - - - 184</p> <p>Love-Elegies - - - - - 86</p> <p>Llewelin's Grave - - - - 311</p> <p style="text-align: center;">M</p> <p>Morning.—An Ode - - - - 59</p> <p>Matthew xi. 28, 29, 30. - - 63</p> <p>Man - - - - - 176</p> <p>Merathon - - - - - 179</p> <p>Midnight - - - - - 226</p> <p>Midnight Storm; or, Absent Love - - - - - 232</p> <p>Music - - - - - 263</p> <p>Morning - - - - - 265</p> <p>My Sarah - - - - - 291</p> <p style="text-align: center;">O</p> <p>On Peter's Denial of Christ, 61</p> <p>The Ruins of Nineveh, 40</p> <p>Ode—Morning - - - - - 59</p>
---	--

INDEX.

<p>Ode—To Contentment - 106 To the Memory of Hoffer, 137 To Melancholy - - - 167 To Immortality.—A Fragment - - - - 177 To Happiness - - - - 182 Written in the Spring of 1809 - - - - 202 Night - - - - - 273 To my Muse - - - - 277 To the Muse - - - - 289 To Childhood - - - - 332 On the Death of Henry Kirke White - - - - 64 Opera, the - - - - 174 On the Death of General Moore - - - - - 187 Of Miss Jane Evans - - 207 Of the late Duke of Bedford - - - - - 221 On Memorials for the Dead, 284 On presenting a Ticket for the Card Assembly to a Lady - - - - - 313 Orphan, the - - - - 322 Origin of Flattery - - 328 On a late Determination. By Scudamore Winde, Esq. 350 Answered by Bryan Edwards - - - - - 350 On a Lady's Resolution against Matrimony - - 351</p> <p style="text-align: center;">P</p> <p>Pastoral Poem - - - - 29 Poetical Epistle to the Editor - - - - - 172 Pensive Hour - - - - 190 Palemon's Expostulation with his Looking-glass - - 249 Prophecy of Nereus - - 326 Poet and the Bookseller.—A Tale - - - - - 342</p> <p style="text-align: center;">R</p> <p>Ruin of Nineveh.—An Ode, from the Prophecy of Nahum - - - - - 40 Retrospection - - - - 45 Reflections of Youth - - 84 On the present State of Grecian Antiquities - 159</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">S</p> <p>Schoolmaster's Tour - - - 49 - - - - - 97 - - - - - 145 - - - - - 193 - - - - - 241 Stanzas, occasioned by hearing that Miss — was going to be married - 20 On gathering up some Ears of Corn in a Harvest-field - - - - - 62 On Woman - - - - - 170 Sonnets, 21, 89, 113, 166, 222, 262, 272, 347. To the Heart - - - - 160 On viewing a withered Rose - - - - - 219 Written in Campbell's Pleasures of Hope - - 220 Inscribed to E. and S. M. W****G, of Alton - - 256 To the Evening Star - - 328 Shipwreck, the - - - - 114 Summer's Evening - - - 118 Song - - - - - 142 - - - - - 327 Sensibility and Indifference. —A Dialogue - - - - 157 Solitude - - - - - 203</p> <p style="text-align: center;">T</p> <p>Tears of Sympathy - - - 17 - - - - - 75 - - - - - 129 - - - - - 161 - - - - - 209 - - - - - 257 Tears of Hibernia - - - 255 Thought Extempore - - - 61 The Wanderer - - - - 107 The safe Retreat - - - - 108 To the Memory of Lord Nelson - - - - - 123 The Sepulchral Spectre - 206 To Corinna, an ancient Beauty - - - - - 237 To the University of Cambridge, in New England - 238 To Cheerfulness - - - - 240</p>
---	---

INDEX.

<p>Tale from the French of Niveruois - - - - - 250 To the Editor - - - - - 283 To Sensibility - - - - - 352 Taste.—A Poem - - - - - 353</p> <p style="text-align: center;">U</p> <p>Universal Epitaph - - - - - 223</p>	<p>V</p> <p>W</p>	<p>Village Sunday.—By E. W****G - - - - - 297</p> <p style="text-align: center;">W</p> <p>Wreath, the, composed after reading an interesting Eu- logium on the brave Pa- triot of Tyrol - - - - - 24</p>
---	-------------------	--







