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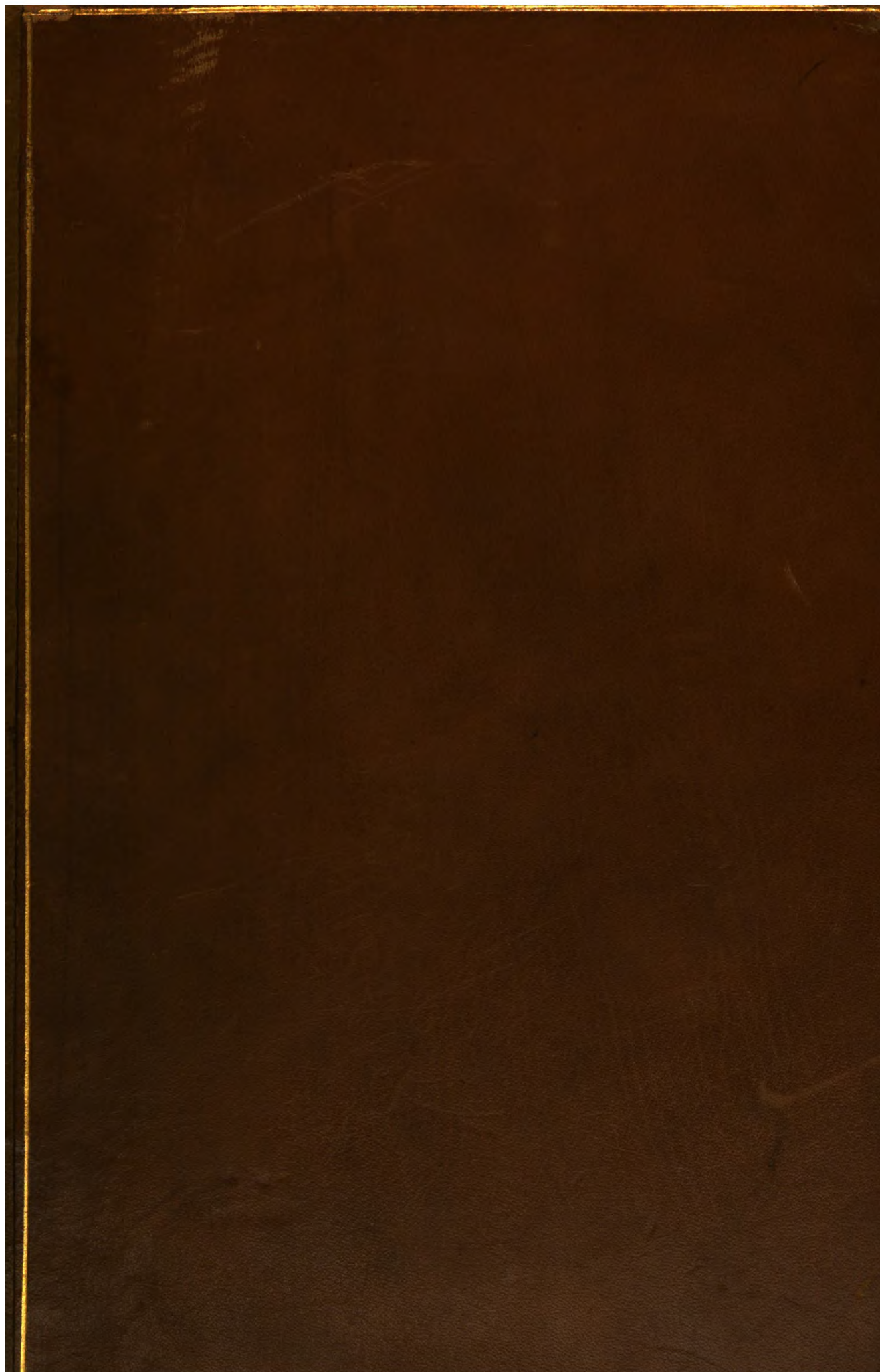
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Pt. from Cl. 1010.

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VIEW in ITALY.



POETICAL MAGAZINE;

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

VOL. I.

E. Gubbins. Sculptor.



Handwritten scribble

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

THE Collections of Miscellaneous Poetry form an interesting part of English Literature; and to them we are indebted for the preservation of many beautiful Pieces, which, from their detached publication and local or temporary subjects, would have been read, admired, and consigned to oblivion.

Dodsley, the Bookseller, was the first who formed a considerable Collection of this kind, and it is to be found in every Library. Pearch, a person of the same profession, added four volumes, which have rescued many examples of Taste and Genius from oblivion. The *Foundling Hospital for Wit*, published by Debrett, condensed the *Jeux d'Esprit* of the moment into volumes, and has given them the perpetuity which the press alone can promise. But the Work which is now offered to the attention and patronage of the Public has a very different object. Its plan, which is original, will maintain the character of originality. It is intended to contain such productions alone, as have never appeared in print, or are but little known; and presents itself as a receptacle to inoffensive poetic compositions of every kind, and from every Muse.

How many flights of fancy have been lost;—how many odes and elegies, songs, ballads and madrigals;—how many poems, descriptive, moral and satiric;—how many epistles, fairy-tales and fables, have been written, destroyed and forgotten, because no immediate vehicle could be found to give them a chance for celebrity: and how many more would have been composed, if a channel had been open for their communication to the world! To remedy such an evil, and to provide against so great

a loss; that no future offspring of the Muses may be born but to die; and that no poetic flower may blush unseen; in short, to afford an obvious and encouraging facility to poets of every denomination and character, this Magazine is established.

The moral or religious effusions hitherto whispered only in the cloister, or the Pindaric strains that were confined to the groves of the college, may now be communicated to the world without trouble or expense. The Doric rced may now convey its warbling descriptions of rural scenes and rural life, to delight the inhabitants of the city: in short, the love of poetic composition, in whatever breast it may prevail, is presented with a sphere for the display of its powers. The classical man of fashion may now, without trouble, give his translations of Horace or Catullus to the world, and the classical lover may transmit his imitations of Ovid or Tibullus to a Parnassian Museum. The poetical portfolios may now be tempted to unfold their treasures; and the Album may be induced to distribute its votive verse. The ladies, whom the Muses love, may weave chaplets to adorn them: and, if they should so please, veiled and unknown; while modest merit may, without fear, steal its productions on the world, and experience the applause, which it could not believe that it deserved.

Literary knowledge has become so generally diffused, and a taste for the Belles Lettres is so much cultivated, that almost every class of people, except those who live by manual labour, have, more or less, a tincture of it. The Muses are now known, where, half a century ago, they were not heard of; and nothing was wanting but such a publication as the present to exhibit the poetic fruits of this enlightened period.

Genius will make its way, if it possesses the means of notoriety; nor can any situation or circumstances repress it, if opportunities are given for the manifestation of its powers. The Epic Poem of *Leonidas*, the tragedy of *Medea*, beautifully and learnedly composed on the Grecian model, and the interesting historical Ballad of *Hosier's Ghost*, were written in the intervals of commercial engagements; and one of the most popular poems of the present day, *The Pleasures of Memory*, was produced by a mind not unused to calculations of interest and discount.

Our design is of the most comprehensive nature; and

invites the exertions of every rank and degree of poetic talent, through all the varieties of mode, measure and subject; from the Epic Poem to the Acrostic; the Ode to the *Bout rimé*; the high-wrought Tale to the Riddle, and the Epithalamium to the Epitaph. Nor do we wish to confine our work to our own language. The classic compositions of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, will, with great pleasure, be received by us. If the Muse should inspire any ingenious foreigners resident in this country, we shall gladly acknowledge her inspirations in their respective languages; and if a bard should yet remain in Wales, or a minstrel in Scotland, we shall receive their contributions of Welch or Erse poetry with all the respect due to those languages, in which the earliest poems of this Island were written.

Nor is this all—as we flatter ourselves, from the character and execution of this publication, that it will have a very extensive distribution, we solicit the attention of advertisers of every denomination, provided their advertisements have the passport of Parnassus. We shall be happy to receive any interesting accounts of public events or domestic occurrences, but they must be given in verse. A Bulletin of Bonaparte, or, what is a much better thing, an official Letter from a British Admiral or General, will be inserted, if any poetical politician will give them measure or rhyme. Marriages, Births, and Deaths, will be accurately registered, if they are poetically stated. The Critic who will favour us with measured opinions of a book, a picture, a play, or an opera ballet, will be considered as a valuable Correspondent; and even for a law-case we shall be proportionably thankful, if any rhyming Barrister will favour us with such a novelty.

If the Stock, the Corn, or the Coal Exchanges, or any of the public markets, should be visited by a curious Muse, we shall most willingly publish her account of them. The tradesmen who deal in *fancy* articles will find a peculiar advantage in calling the attention of the tonish world to them in rhyme. Fashion and Poetry are indebted to one common principle, which is *Invention*; and we shall therefore be very much disappointed if the *Poetical Magazine* is not furnished with communications from the *Magazins des Modes*. The auctioneers are seen to apply so much to the powers of description, that they will readily, it may be imagined, proceed one step further, and call in the aid of poetry. The booksellers will also

be enabled to give a classical air to their advertisements, by employing their poetical dependents to give them the harmony of numbers. The virtues of patent medicines, and their extraordinary cures, will derive, we presume, the greatest advantages from a mode of displaying them, so peculiarly suited to their character and description. And as for the Idolaters of Fortune, the keepers of the lottery-offices, we shall not insult them by the supposition that they will not consider it as a lucky chance in their favour to possess such an opportunity of inspiring and animating the hopes of obtaining that wealth, which, at certain periods, they so profusely offer to the public. But, without augmenting the list of particulars, we shall conclude with informing the trading inhabitants of the metropolis, from Bond-street to the Royal Exchange, that, on the conditions already so fully elucidated, advertisements of any and every kind, consistent with decorum, will be admitted at a reasonable charge.

As Poetry and Design are intimately connected, two Engravings, coloured, will be given from subjects in the Number which they are intended to adorn.

Such will be the character, and such the object, of the *Poetical Magazine*; and we indulge the hope, that those who enrich and those who purchase it, will derive equal gratification from its pages.

THE
Poetical Magazine,

FIRST NUMBER,

May, 1809.

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

GREAT NEWS! GREAT NEWS!

THIS morning a Courier Muse has arrived,
With important Dispatches for ACKERMANN'S book :
She tells that the business of *Verse* is revived
From the hill of Parnassus to Helicon's brook ;

That the light lyric song, and the Lydian strains,
Fill the regions of Phocis with joy and delight ;
That the Muses all dance with their favorite swains
Till the rays of the morn chase the shadows of night.

With chaplets of roses Anacreon's Shade
Pours out the rich nectar for others around,
While all the young Muses employ'd at the trade
Manufacture of *Verses*, the best that are found.

Of these the Dispatches which just have arriv'd
Bring samples, and clippings the newest and best ;
The Satire of all its rude gall is depriv'd,
And so may we say of the Odes and the rest.

But should *Critics* presume to intrude with their sneers,
And censure the *Wares* of the verse-working hill ;
Apollo has sworn he will lengthen their ears,
And leave them to *bray*—with a *critical* skill.

P.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

In the Tour, with the first part of which we here present our readers, the author carries his hero through a great variety of whimsical adventures to the Lakes and back again. As Tours are a fashionable article in the literature of the present day, we trust that the poetical peregrination of Dr. Syntax will come in for some share, at least, of the public applause, to which we conceive it to be entitled. The lovers of humour will not be displeas'd to be inform'd, that it will be accompanied with a considerable number of illustrative engravings.

THE School was done, the bus'ness o'er,
 When, tir'd of Greek and Latin lore,
 Old Syntax sought his easy chair,
 And sat in calm composure there.
 His wife was to a neighbour gone,
 To hear the chit-chat of the town ;
 And left him the unfrequent pow'r
 Of brooding thro' a quiet hour.

Thus, while he sat, a busy train
 Of images besieg'd his brain.
 Of Church-preferment he had none,
 And all his hope of that was gone.
 Indeed, on ev'ry Sabbath-day,
 Through eight long miles he took his way,
 To preach, to grumble, and to pray ;
 To cheer the good, to warn the sinner,
 And, if he got it, eat a dinner.
 To bury these, to christen those,
 And marry such fond folks as chose
 To change the tenour of their life,
 And risk the matrimonial strife.
 Thus were his weekly journeys made,
 'Neath summer suns and wintry shade ;

And all his gains, it did appear,
 Were only thirty pounds a year.
 Besides, th' augmenting taxes press
 To aid expense and add distress.
 Mutton and beef, and bread and beer,
 And ev'ry thing, was grown so dear ;
 The boys were now so prone to eat,
 Delighting less in books than meat ;
 That, when the time of Christmas came,
 His earnings ceas'd to be the same ;
 Were just sufficient, and no more,
 To keep the wolf without the door.
 E'en birch, the pedant master's boast,
 Was so increas'd in worth and cost,
 That oft, prudentially beguil'd,
 To save the rod, he spar'd the child.
 Thus, if the times refus'd to mend,
 He to his school must put an end.
 How hard his lot ! how blind his fate !
 What shall he do to mend his state ?— }
 Thus did poor Syntax ruminatè. }

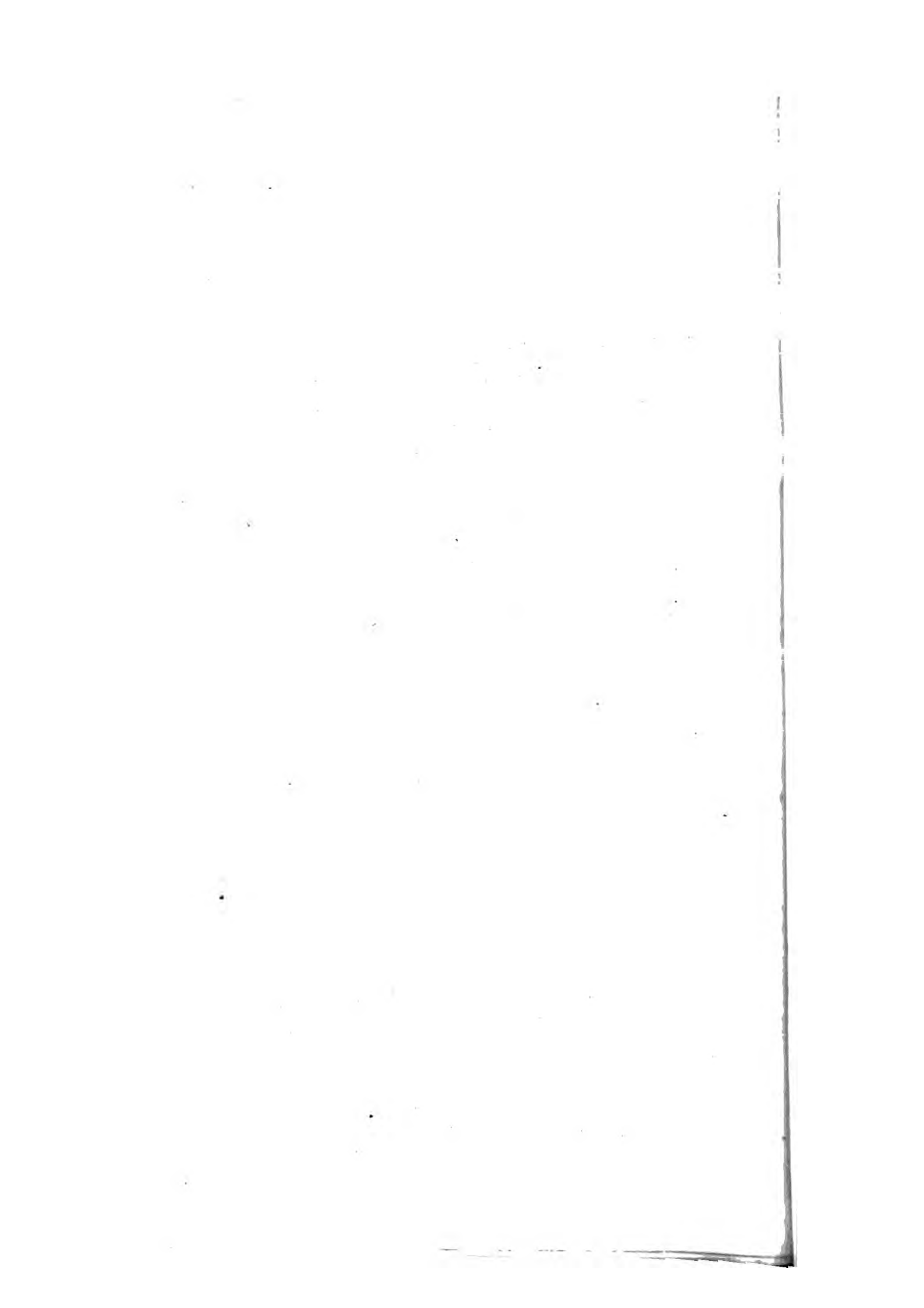
When, as the vivid lightnings fly,
 And instant light the gloomy sky,
 A sudden thought across him came,
 That told the way to wealth and fame.
 And, as th' expanding vision grew
 Wider and wider to his view,
 The painted fancy did beguile
 His woe-worn phiz into a smile :
 But, while he pac'd the room around,
 Or stood immers'd in thought profound,
 The Doctor, 'midst his ruminatè,
 Was waken'd by a visitation
 Which troubles many a poor man's life—
 The visitation of his wife.

Good Mrs. Syntax was a lady
Ten years or more beyond her hey-day ;
And, with her other charms, inherits
A gentlemanly flow of spirits.
She never curs'd or swore, 'tis true,
But still she was a bitter shrew ;
And, when enrag'd by foul disaster,
Would shake the boys and cuff the master :
Nay, to avenge the slightest wrong,
She could employ both arms and tongue ;
And, if you list to country tales,
She sometimes would enforce her nails.
Her face was red, her form was fat,
A round-about, and rather squat ;
And, when in angry humour stalking,
Was like a dumpling set a-walking.
'Twas not the custom of this spouse
To suffer long a quiet house :
She was among those busy wives
Who hurry-scurry through their lives ;
And make amends for want of beauty
By telling husbands of their duty.

'Twas at this moment, when, inspir'd,
And by his new ambition fir'd,
Syntax to heav'n his hands uprear'd,
That Mrs. Syntax reappear'd :
Amaz'd she look'd, and loud she shriek'd,
Or, rather, like a pig she squeak'd,
To see her humble husband dare
Thus quit his sober ev'ning chair,
And pace, with varying steps, about,
Now in the room, and now without.
At first, she did not find her tongue,
(A thing that seldom happen'd long,)

DOCTOR SYNTAX





But soon that organ grew unquiet,
 To ask the cause of all this riot.
 The Doctor smil'd, and thus address'd
 The secrets of his lab'ring breast.—
 Sit down, my love, my dearest dear,
 Nay, prithee do, and patient hear ;
 Let me for once, throughout my life,
 Receive this kindness from my wife :
 It will oblige me so ;—in troth,
 It will, indeed, oblige us both ;
 For such a plan has come athwart me,
 Which some kind sprite from heav'n has brought me ;
 That, if you will your councils join,
 To aid this golden scheme of mine,
 New days will come—new times appear,
 And teeming plenty crown the year ;
 We then on dainty bits will dine,
 And change our home-brew'd ale for wine ;
 On summer days, to take the air,
 We'll put our Grizzle to a chair ;
 While you, in silks and muslin fine,
 The grocer's wife shall far outshine,
 And neighb'ring folks be forc'd to own,
 In this fair town, you give the ton.
 Oh ! tell me, cried the smiling dame,
 Tell me this golden road to fame :
 You charm my heart ; you quite delight it—
 I'll make a TOUR,—and then I'll WRITE it.
 You well know what my pen can do,
 I'll prove it with my pencil too ;
 I'll ride and *write*, and *sketch* and *print*,
 And thus create a real mint ;
 I'll *prose* it here, I'll *verse* it there,
 And *picturesque* it ev'ry where.
 I'll do what all have done before ;
 I think I shall,—and somewhat more.

At Doctor *Pompous* give a look ;
He made his fortune by a book :
And if my volume does not beat it,
When I return, I'll fry and eat it.
Next week the boys will all go home,
And I shall have a month to come.
My clothes, my cash, my all prepare,
Let Ralph look to the grizzle mare ;
Tho' wond'ring fools may laugh or scoff,
By this day fortnight I'll be off ;
And when old time a month has run,
Our bus'ness, lovey, will be done.
While I in search of fortune roam,
You shall enjoy yourself at home.
The story told, the Doctor eas'd
Of his grand plan, and Madam pleas'd,
No pains were spar'd by night or day
To set him forward on his way :
She trimm'd his coat,—she mended all
His various clothing, great and small :
And better still, a purse was found
With twenty notes, of each a pound.
Thus furnish'd, and in full condition
To prosper in his expedition,
At length the ling'ring moment came
That gave the dawn of wealth and fame.
Incurious Ralph, exact at four,
Led Grizzle saddled to the door ;
And soon, with more than common state,
The Doctor stood before the gate.
Behind him was his faithful wife,
“ One more embrace, my dearest life ! ”
Then his grey palfry he bestrode,
And gave a nod, and off he rode.
Good luck ! good luck ! she loudly cried,
Vale ! O vale ! he replied.

THE LANDSCAPE.

IN all her paths how NATURE shines,
Where'er she takes her way ;
Whether she darkens in the mines,
Or glitters in the day :

When in the crystal stream she flows,
Or waves among the woods ;
Or in the gentle zephyr blows,
Or foams within the floods :

Or down the tumbling cat'ract roars,
Thro' many a mead to glide ;
Or winding 'neath the rocky shores,
To join the ocean's tide :

Whether she rears the mountain high,
Or scoops the humble vale ;
Or makes the secret echoes sigh
Responsive to the gale :

All charm alone, but, when combin'd,
Her pictures to compose,
What heighten'd pleasure to the mind
The landscape she bestows.

Where the trees spread their branches wide,
Where distant rocks ascend,
And o'er the villa's tranquil pride
Their awful beauties bend ;

Where thickets shade the pilgrim's way,
Where streams reflect the sky ;
Where turning at the close of day,
Some tow'r shall meet the eye ;—

There would I guide my willing feet,
 At dewy morn or eve ;
 Or, 'mid the noon-tide scorching heat,
 My saltry cares relieve.

There, free from strife and worldly noise,
 With MARY I would rove ;
 And taste the pure unsullied joys
 Of Nature and of Love.

TO MY PEN.

To thee, my pen, I'll give some praise,
 Provided thou'lt assist me in it ;
 For thou hast help'd to form my lays,
 In many a sad and lonely minute.

No doubt the goose that gave thee birth
 Possess'd a most unusual spirit ;
 'Twas not a *common* goose of earth,
 But one who boasted sterling merit.

Thy parent taught thee daring flights,
 At least a yard above the mire ;
 Thy rips with me, though ta'en of nights,
 I doubt have seldom led thee higher.

However, thou hast done thy best,
 In zeal I always found thee fervent ;
 Thy stump shall now enjoy some rest,
 So,—I'm thy very humble servant.

J. M. L.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BY W. JULIUS MICKLE, ESQ.

(Never before published.)

We have been favoured by the Rev. Mr. Sim with the following unfinished piece, being one of the earliest productions of the celebrated William Julius Mickle, Esq. from which Mr. Sim has made some extracts in his *Life of Mr. Mickle*, prefixed to the last edition of his *Poems*, p. 10. We hope this will stimulate our junior Correspondents to cultivate their poetical powers, when they are informed that the Author afterwards produced a translation of an Epic Poem, which, by a very eminent Critic, has been pronounced "to outvie the original of the finest ancient Epic.*" We expect to be able to lay before our Readers, through the same channel, other juvenile performances of this Author, by which they may trace his progressive improvement: and we should be highly grateful to other Editors of the works of eminent Poets, if they would furnish us with copies of juvenile productions, or minor pieces of their respective Authors, which they have hitherto declined publishing. The same indulgence is likewise solicited of all those who may be in possession of original pieces by the more favoured sons and daughters of Apollo.

Hic quoque talis erit qualis fortuna poetæ,
 Invenies toto carmine dulce nihil;
 Flebilis ut noster status est, ita flebile carmen,
 Materiæ scripto conveniente suæ,
 Sumque argumenti conditor ipse mei.

OVID.

IF I, my friend, expose my breast to you,
 And by my sorrows open to your view
 The direful sorrows that corrode my heart,
 While in the cheerful laugh I take a part,—
 Excuse my weakness, if it weakness be.
 To feel, and say I feel, the pangs of misery.

* See the above-mentioned *Life*, p. 10, l. 1.

That e'er I envy'd Clodio's foolish heir,
 Or spoke of my own fortune with despair,—
 Or by dishonourable means would rise,—
 All these, and such, my inmost soul denies.
 But tho' I own the heav'ns entirely just,
 Of something not my act complain I must.
 I know the schools averr'd we should resign,
 And ne'er against the worst of fate repine :—
 “ Will mighty Jove reverse his sworn decree,
 And mar his plan divine, to humour thee ?
 That wond'rous plan, of which he is the soul,
 Wherewith he like a God conducts the whole.
 Say, were't not treason should the horse complain,
 And the dread justice of great Jove arraign,
 Because he was not man ? And dar'st thou fret,
 Impious man ! and grudge at thy estate ?
 Know, son of dust ! the secrets of the wise :—
 If you to all that man can be would rise,
 Know pain and hunger, poverty and scorn,
 E'en that condition men would call forlorn,
 Are only evils if you make them so,
 And to the truly wise can nothing do.
 Is not thy soul a spark of holy fire,
 An emanation of th' eternal Sire ?
 Its health is virtue, perfect virtue, fraught
 With love impartial, innocence of thought ;
 Vice its depravity, disease, and bane,
 Its sure, tho' oftentimes unnotic'd, pain,
 Can pinching want, the sudden death of her
 That on thy bosom lies, and shares thy care,—
 Can stone and ague, all the hated train
 Of troubles men so fly, and fly in vain,
 The sacred nature of the soul alloy,
 Corrupt its essence, in the least destroy ?
 Great in himself, poor Epictetus stood,
 And justly won the glorious title, Good.

Not e'en th' ignoble servile chain to wear,
(The worst thing for a mighty mind to bear,)
With all its num'rous hated train of woes,
His godlike soul could ever discompose.
Behold him there, with heat and labour faint ;
Observe him, hark ! pick up the least complaint :
Not one is to be heard, but lo ! he stands,
And, raising to the heav'ns his weary hands,—
Great God ! may my complete desires be still
With joy and praise to bear thy holy will !
All praise, Eternal Father ! shall be thine ;
And this, the summit of my wishes, mine.
Ah ! men are blind ; few know the only joy
That still increases, and can never cloy :—
To know the God of all with heav'n is fraught ;
But, oh ! to feel him, far exceeds all thought !
Thus, thus, my God ! my bosom still inspire ;
Thus, thus, for ever, glow with heav'nly fire !
My morning hymn, my God ! shall sing of thee ;
My ev'ning carols to thy praise shall be !
Of thy infinity, immortal King !
But of thy goodness I will chiefly sing.
Almighty Parent ! all thy glory raise ;
All shew thy wonders, I will speak thy praise :
Each plant proclaims its Maker is a God,
A God of mercy I will cry aloud !
Thus, in the midst of pain and slavish toil,
The wise man's happy soul can joyous smile ;
And to conviction prove that nothing can
But vice disturb the soul, the real man.
With mighty rapture, from his high abode,
Th' eternal Father, the all-ruling God
Beholds an Epictetus bowing o'er
His spade, the very poorest of the poor ;
Beholds a Socrates all-cheerful stand,
The deadly potion frowning in his hand ;

Beholds a Cato, from his country fled,
 Stray in a desert without hope of bread,—
 His uncorrupted virtue still retain,
 And cruel fortune batter all in vain.
 Such are the sights that glad the eyes of Jove,
 To such he summons all the Gods above ;
 While Babylon's proud Lord the nations greet,
 And Princes lick the dust beneath his feet,
 Unheeded stands, and with the same regard
 Beheld as the brute tyrant of the herd.
 Exert, O Man ! exert thy pow'rs divine,
 Thou son of Jove ! and heav'n itself is thine !
 Nor shalt thou to the Gods inferior be,
 Great Jove alone superior then to thee."

So talks the school of Zeno, such the lore
 Held by the best, the brightest, men of yore ;
 But what to me, what tho' the great and just
 This scheme admire, or treat that with disgust ?
 Before in any I can act aright,
 It must be plain, be clear, to my own sight :
 (And surely that, with which the virtuous side,
 Stands fair to be the best when fully try'd :)
 Then, O my friend ! if freely I confess
 I am unhappy, know no lasting bliss,
 My passion, tho' too strong, excuse, not blame,
 Nor call me Murmurer—detested name !
 Ere scarce sev'n years passed o'er my infant head,
 To hear at school some parts of Ovid read,
 Strange rapture set my panting breast on fire,
 And my soul languish'd with unknown desire ;
 Then would I wish, alas ! had I been he
 Who wrote that book, how happy should I be.
 Oft to the banks of Esk would I retire,
 And, all alone, great Nature's charms admire :

How has my soul been rapt with solemn joy,
 Far, far estrang'd from ev'ry childish toy,
 While the crystalline river roll'd along,
 In concert murmurs to the sylvan song ;
 The voice of Nature thrilling from each spray,
 While soft ideas melt my soul away :
 Now seated on the rocky cliff, look o'er
 The swelling flood, that roar'd from shore to shore :
 Then wild grand thoughts would all my bosom fill,
 My hair would bristle, and my head would thrill :
 And when with ruddy gold the vanish'd sun
 Blaz'd o'er the west, and darkness coming on,—
 The hills emerging in a dusky cloud,
 And the tall forest nodding o'er the flood,—
 While thro' the branches of the tallest pines
 The rising Moon in all her glory shines :
 Charm'd and entranc'd, how would my bosom glow,
 And feed on thoughts that voluntary flow.
 I lisp'd no numbers, for no numbers came,
 But the poetic thought, th' Aonean flame
 Would kindle in my breast strange ecstasy,
 And leading passive fancy on with joy.
 The best of parents bless'd my younger days ;
 What others teach with frowns, they taught with praise ;
 They held to praise one virtue would inspire
 A gen'rous manly soul to aim at higher ;
 While he whose rising talents were repress'd,
 With a great genius never will be bless'd.
 Thus plant a vine on Norway's rocky coast,
 Soon will it die, nipp'd by the chilling frost ;
 But in a warmer sun, and kindlier soil,
 Will spread amain, and, big with clusters, smile.
 Yet some are, like the fir, by kindness lost,
 Which thrives but on a rough and barren coast.
 My father joy'd to shew the pleasant road
 That leads thro' Nature up to Nature's God.

While others teach their sons the lust of gold,
 He to my opening judgment would unfold
 The learned page;—my mother would inspire,
 And, from the sallies of the Muse's fire,
 She taught me, to be great was to be good—
 That goodness far excell'd the noblest blood.

TRANSLATION OF PETRARCH'S DUBBJ AMOROSI.

IF 'tis not love invades my breast
 And chains my heart, so lately free,
 How can the feeling be express'd ?
 And what is love, if love it be ?

If good, whence springs this deadly pain ?
 If ill, these torments why so sweet ?
 If willingly I wear my chain,
 Whence are these tears, and this regret ?

And if 'tis worn against my will,
 Of what avail is this lament ?
 O living death ! O cherish'd ill !
 My pleasure, and my punishment !

Ah ! wherefore then do I complain
 That my frail bark in stormy seas,
 Without or rudder, guide, or helm,
 Is driv'n the sport of ev'ry breeze ?

How inconsistent my desires !
 E'en to myself they are unknown :
 Shiv'ring I stand in summer's fires,
 And burn in winter's frigid zone.

M. A. M.

THE NEGRO GIRL.

WRITTEN IN NORTH AMERICA.

ON the wild banks of *Nashwalk's** peaceful stream,
 A Negro Girl had often labour'd hard ;
 She fed her oxen, and could drive the team,
 Her food was coarse, and stripes her sad reward.

Her life was long to bitter hardship us'd ;
 Uncloth'd by day, at night the earth her bed ;
 She did whate'er her haughty master choos'd,
 Yet all his thoughts by cruelty were led !

Such was poor **DINAH's** fate, 'till she was sold,
 A slave, to wait upon a British fair ;
 Oh ! happy day, to be exchange'd for gold,
 The lash's stripes no more she had to bear.

But soon, alas ! death crush'd this promis'd hope,
 And snatch'd her lovely mistress to the grave !
 Poor **DINAH** wept, nor could her tears give scope
 To the sad anguish which her sorrows gave.

She nightly visited the church-yard bed,
 And o'er **LOUISA** sadly she would cry ;
 By grateful love alone, she there was led,
 In mad despair, poor **DINAH** there did die !

Sudbury, 1809.

J. H. R.

* The *Nashwalk* stream is an arm of the *River St. John*, and runs in a serpentine direction from **FREDERICTON** (New Brunswick) to the Bay of Chaleur, on the great Gulph of St. Laurence. It is navigable for *canoes* and small boats in the summer season, and forms an excellent road or flat surface of ice for *sledges* to travel upon in the winter.

LINES

*Written on the Conflagration which destroyed the Theatre-Royal,
Drury-Lane.*

BY GODFREY WELLWYNN.

THE Delphian God may string his Thespian lyre,
In plaintive strains may o'er his ruin'd temple weep ;
Where mimic pastime, wit, dramatic ire,
Impassion'd woe, or strains of soft desire,
Or taught the blood to warmly flow or chilly creep ;
Check'd flaunting folly in its mad career,
Call'd forth the manly sigh, the female tear ;
The soul indignant rous'd for suff'ring worth,
Display'd the arrant littleness of birth ;
Or, tracing passion thro' the maze of care,
Drew from the heart such grief quite unaware,
That Nature, in conflicting feelings tost,
The actor in the just resemblance lost.

What various scenes the mimic art pourtray'd !
What various casts of character display'd !
Such scenes as could the smile of pleasure rear,
Such scenes as made the guilty shake for fear,
Drew pleasantry on sorrow's brow, and stole
A vacant moment from the thinking soul ;
Or glancing guilt burst from the murd'rer's mind,
And gave his secret tongue—for years confin'd !

These, and a thousand scenes, the Drama's store,
Shall rouse the heart and please the eye no more.

The Delphian God may string his Thespian lyre,
And 'mid his ruin'd temple, raz'd by fire,

O'er broken walls and smoking heaps disorder'd cast,
 Wake strain on strain, where strain and music vies,
 Amphion-like, to bid another rise
 In tow'ring grandeur, great, magnificent, and vast,
 To meet midway the glory of the skies !

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER

TO HER INFANT AT THE BREAST.

UNHAPPY child of indiscretion !
 Poor slumb'rer on a breast forlorn,
 Pledge and reproof of rash transgression,
 Dear, though unwelcome to be born :

For thee, a suppliant wish addressing
 To Heaven, thy mother fain would dare ;
 But conscious blushes stain the blessing,
 And sighs suppress my broken pray'r.

And, hark ! the voice of female glory,
 And what is honour call'd on earth,
 Warn me to hush thy fatal story,
 And hide thy sad disastrous birth.

But, 'spite of these, my heart, unshaken,
 In parent duty turns to thee ;
 Tho' long repented, ne'er forsaken,
 Thy days shall lov'd and guarded be.

And lest th' injurious world upbraid thee,
 For mine or for thy Father's ill,
 A nameless mother oft shall aid thee,
 A hand unseen protect thee still.

And tho' to rank and place a stranger,
 Thy life an humble course must run,
 Soon shalt thou learn to fly the danger,
 Which I too late have learnt to shun.

Meantime, in these sequester'd valleys,
 Here may'st thou rest in safe content ;
 For Innocence may smile at Malice,
 And thou, O thou, art innocent !

Here to thine infant wants are given
 Shelter and rest, and purest air,
 And milk as pure—but, mercy, Heaven !
 My tears have dropp'd, and mingled there.

TO MY LYRE.

THY numbers, Lyre ! with music wild replete,
 Pleas'd have I heard at night's impressive noon,
 Beneath yon willow seated, where the moon
 Now sheds her beamings on the cowslips sweet ;
 But, Lyre divine ! thou must no more repeat
 Thy melancholy themes, for Genius soon
 Will to superior songs thy chords attune,
 Such as the critic's envious eye may greet !

On yonder cypress, where the ghosts resort,
 I will suspend thee 'till the rosy morn,
 In his wing'd chariot, from the eastern court,
 Comes swiftly, driven by the smiling dawn !
 Yet whilst upon the Aonian mount I sleep,
 Thee, Lyre ! shall Genius in Castalia steep !

THE ROBIN'S RETURN.

WINTER again has sent his snows,
 The trees are bare, the streams are froze,
 And bitter blows the gale ;
 Again my cherish'd Robin comes,
 And seeks his little meal of crumbs ;
 A meal that shall not fail.

For, while those crumbs are mine to give,
 He shall not want the means to live ;
 Nor is he thankless found ;
 For, ever as the day appears,
 His song the dreary morning cheers,
 Tho' storms are flying round.

Curs'd be the hand that dares molest
 The minstrel with the rosy breast,
 The bird that claims our care ;
 His trust in Man well pleases me ;
 'Tis fit the wand'rer should be free
 To wing his native air !

J. M. L.

LIBERTY.—*An Acrostic.*

L ive there the men whose bosoms can desire
 I nglorious ease before sweet liberty ?
 B etter the brute, who with the heav'n-born fire
 E ndow'd by Nature, ranges wild and free.
 R iches awhile may baser thoughts inspire ;
 T emptation's stores may bend the venal knee ;
 Y et all in heart must pant for liberty.

J. S.

ABEL'S MORNING HYMN.

IMITATED FROM GESSNER'S DEATH OF ABEL.

RETIRE, O Sleep ! awhile, from ev'ry eye ;
Spread forth your wings, ye hov'ring dreams, and fly ;
Reason again resume thy native throne,
Shine on the mind, as on the earth the sun.
Thy beams, O sun ! how beauteous to be seen,
All Nature blushes in refreshing green ;
The fields rejoice, and hail thy glorious light,
And bid adieu to all the shades of night ;
Be thou the first, my soul, at early dawn,
To usher in, with songs of praise, the morn,
To thee, O God ! my humble voice I raise—
The hills, the valleys, echo round thy praise !
How excellent thy works to human eye,
While crimson morning paints the eastern sky ;
Thy wisdom and thy goodness equal shine,
While bounty smiles throughout the great design ;
Thy beauties infinite enrich the whole,
And fill with joy and love my raptur'd soul.
Ye blooming flowers, let your fragrance rise,
And fill with odours sweet the azure skies ;
Ye tuneful birds, in praise your warblings rear—
Let nature's music fill the ambient air ;
Ye nobler beasts, unite your hoarser voice,
The rocks shall echo with the grateful noise.
Might I vouchsafe to ask, while here on earth,
Thee, self-sufficient, why thou gav'st me birth ?
Why from the dust my every part was brought ?
How all the universe was fram'd from nought ?
It was thy goodness infinite, O God !
That brought us forth from nothing but thy word :

To man, the fairest image of thy face
Thou breathest life, to magnify thy grace.
“ Let there be light !” the Mighty Father spoke,
When light resistless thro’ the darkness broke.
While Discord rag’d with all her dashing noise—
“ Let Discord cease !” and Silence heard thy voice ;
When thou commanded’st, all the teeming earth
Brought forth her myriads to receive their birth :
Thou spak’st again the all-creating word—
Again the earth heaves up the heavy clod ;
Clods rise on clods, of various shape and size,
And fish, and flesh, and fowl, together rise ;
The silent woods rejoice, with songs of praise,
Sung by their feather’d tenants on the sprays ;
The new-form’d horse, now bounding o’er the plain,
Flies o’er the turf, and neighing shakes his mane ;
The lion frees himself from cumbrous earth,
And, roaring, glories in his wond’rous birth.
These are thy works, thy wond’rous works, O God !
Wrought not with hands, but by thy mighty word.
The sun now mounts, and gilds the purple sky—
The glittering dew-drops spread their wings and fly ;
And morning triumphs o’er the sable night,
The earth again is clad in fresh delight.
Thy creatures from their sleep thou bidst awake,
And of thy vernal bounty to partake ;
Ere long the many-peopled earth shall sing,
And earth’s far corners shall their tributes bring :
From ev’ry hill thy altars soon shall blaze,
And Nature sing in one unbounded praise ;
Thy wond’rous works shall be our constant lay,
From early morn unto the setting day.

S. HARRIOTT.

THE SONS OF JOVE,

A CONVIVIAL SONG.

WHEN Heav'n, to soften human care,
 Bade pity sympathize with woe;
 That sorrow's child should fortune share
 Friendship bestow'd on man below;
 Whose balm, dispelling every grief,
 Brought to the aching soul relief:—
 When, to create the jest, the smile,
 Old Momus reach'd our wave-bound Isle,
 Proclaiming loud the thunderer's love,
 To bless with mirth the Sons of Jove:—

As Bacchus rais'd the generous vine,
 As Vulcan form'd the sparkling bowl,
 Apollo struck the lyre divine,
 And Music's charms inspir'd the soul;
 Thro' Heav'n was heard the sacred sound,
 From Heav'n the pleasing notes rebound.
 As Harmony arriv'd at Earth,
 By Wit inspir'd, to Song gave birth;
 And Love his choicest chaplets wove,
 To deck the fav'rite Sons of Jove.

Come, Bucks of thunder, swell the sound,
 Echo the mandate as it floats;
 Loud the enchanting theme resound,
 And catch the mirth-inspiring notes.
 Sacred to harmony and love,
 Inspir'd by friendship and by Jove,
 Our bowls with ruby nectar flow,
 Our bosoms share the mutual glow;
 While mirth, descending from above,
 Hails us the fav'rite Sons of Jove.

S. B. FROME.

TO SALLY.

La fraichure de son teint, & sa vivacité,
 Font bien voir que Sally a beaucoup de santé ;
 Elle a cet air galant qui sçait plaire, & qui donne
 Un charme inexplicable à toute sa personne.

Madame Deshoulières.

THERE's not a day, throughout the year,
 I fail to think of Sally ;
 She is the girl I most revere—
 The girl I hope to marry !

The hues that flush her dimpled cheeks
 Outvie the rose's colour ;
 In fact, the playful nymph bespeaks
 The goddess of the summer !

There's not a zephyr passes by,
 And views her bosom's swelling,
 That does not long with Love to lie,
 And claim it for a dwelling !

If she salute the morning breeze,
 All nature seems to woo her ;
 Transported with her charms, the trees
 Breathe forth their passion to her !

At eve, along the brawling brook,
 I wander oft with Sally,
 And, casting o'er her breast a look,
 Solicit her to marry !

Delighted—musing what to speak—
 Her eyes affection beaming,
 She vows at last my words are *Greek*,
 And asks me if I'm *dreaming* !

But ah ! those bright enamour'd eyes,
 My fair-one's meaning carry ;
 And tho' the Greek words may surprise,
 She knows they mean—to marry !

Then let the world against us rail,
 Still we'll embrace the passion ;
 For Love must certainly prevail
 'Till Nature's out of fashion !

Grafton Street, 1809.

J. G.

THE ISLE OF THE OCEAN,

A NATIONAL SONG,

WHEN the sons of a Frederic at France were dismay'd,
 And the princes of Prussia their country betray'd ;
 When the armies of Austria reluctantly fled,
 And abandon'd to Frenchmen the soil where they bled ;
 When Portugal's prince sought Brazil's peaceful shore,
 And the patriot Swiss sung his war-song no more :
This hope caus'd each bosom with freedom to glow,
 That the Isle of the Ocean was Tyranny's Foe,

When France and Oppression base Europe enslav'd,
 Spain, bursting her shackles, French treachery brav'd ;
 Yet mindful lest *fury* all *Order* should blast,
 Nail'd Royalty's standard to Liberty's mast :
 Then Britain, eclipsing the glories of Rome,
 Re-echo'd the mandate, Brave Spaniards strike home ;
 And proclaims to the world, as she seconds the blow,
 That the Isle of the Ocean is Tyranny's Foe,

Unyielding to Faction and Slavery's yoke,
 The true Briton's heart's like the heart of his oak ;
 Tho' its leaves may be shiver'd, unshatter'd's the stem,
 His love to his monarch's the crown's brightest gem.
 Then may Victory lead our brave troops to the plain,
 And the conqu'rors of Europe be conquer'd again ;
 While our tars on the billows teach Frenchmen to know,
 That the Isle of the Ocean is Tyranny's Foe.

S. B. FROME.

COMMERCE.

WHEN Commerce rose, and Industry began
 To pour its blessings on enlighten'd Man ;
 When savage nations were induc'd to yield,
 To arts and sciences, the spear and shield ;
 By Fortune favour'd, and by Nature blest,
 Britannia shone triumphant o'er the rest !
 From east to west her dauntless Genius flew,
 By Glory follow'd, and by Learning too !

THE STAUNCH PATRIOT OF THE ALLEY.

A PATRIOT once cried, I am staunch to the bone,
 And never will *run* with the hares and the hounds.
 True! true! said a Wit, for 'tis very well known
 You *stick*, like a leech, to Pence, Shillings and Pounds.
 Sum total for his Country's good

£ 0 : 0 : 0 !!!

FICTION OUR LAST RESORT.

I AM not what I was, I feel it well ;
 These ebbing pulses are no longer true :
 To gay wild ecstacies no more they swell ;
 Not even Delia could their tide renew.

Then spare me, Venus, in this last retreat :
 No longer suited to life's busy stage ;
 Among the Muses be my humble seat,
 To gain by fancy what I lose by age.

SONNET

On seeing another in Memory of H. K. White.

Inserted in his "Remains." 1 Vol. 3 edit.

YET once again the pensive Muse wou'd weave
 A simple garland for her Henry's tomb ;
 Such as might brave the winter, and perfume
 The hallow'd ground where Taste and Genius grieve :
 Come then, thou beauteous Maid ! while yet 'tis eve,
 And with me wander thro' the woodland gloom,
 To cull the flowers of amaranthine bloom,
 That in the gale a funeral sweetness leave !
 And when the Moon unveils her placid face,
 Forth to the mansion of the dead we'll go ;
 And having fix'd them on the tomb's cold base,
 Chant to the night some canticle of woe,
 Heard by that Spirit, whose complacent smile
 Shall chase our sorrow and reward our toil.

Grafton Street, 1809.

J. G.

TO THE MEMORY

OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR J. MOORE.

REST, honour'd dust ! rise, gallant soul !
 Tho' boundless time's vast sea may roll,
 And sweep with mighty flood away
 The boasted pageants of a day,
 Thy towering fame shall proudly keep
 It's laurell'd summit o'er the deep ;
 Base party's fiercest storm defy,
 And lose its bright top in the sky !

January 28, 1809.

A. M. P.

THE WANTS OF THE COUNTRY.

OF parties, and their talents, long
 We've heard in prose, and read in song ;
 But, 'spite of all we hear or read,
 The country's in the greatest need.

In need of what ? with angry tone,
 As if all England were his own,
 With folly gloting in his eyes,
 A self-important coxcomb cries.

In need, my friend, of honest minds
 And honest hearts, where truth combines
 Each public and each private view ;
 The Christian and the Statesman too.

In need of Soldiers with the will
To fight our battles, and the skill ;
Whose firmness and whose zeal, we know,
Will never quit a flying foe.

Alas ! with ev'ry breeze that blows
This melancholy answer flows :
The only constant friend we have
Is Neptune's uncorrupted wave.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.



O JEHOVAH ! great in power,
We thy majesty survey,
Both on earth's extended surface,
And where whitened billows play.

O Jehovah ! great thy bounty,
Widely spreading to our view ;
And the cheerful face of Nature
Bids our hearts be rais'd to you.

O Jehovah ! Friend and Father,
We, thy children, give thee praise ;
All thy creatures see and own thee,
And their grateful voices raise.

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL.

Lambeth-Marsh.

PRODUCTIONS OF HARROWGATE WELL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

While I was at Harrowgate, a few Summers ago, a medical friend who happened to be there at the same time, gave me a pellucid chemical liquor, which, if written with (as we do with ink) does not appear on paper until it be dipped into the well at that place, which is strongly impregnated with steel, vitriol, and sulphur ; but, when it is so dipped, the writing appears nearly as black as if it had been done with ink. Of this I availed myself, and for my own amusement, as well as that of the company who happened to be there, wrote the following lines on slips of paper, and presented them as mere blanks (which they really were) to several ladies, with a request that they might be dipped into the Well ; which, having done, they were read when taken out, with as much ease as they may now be perused by the readers of your very promising Magazine ; though without this explanation they could not be understood by any one.

Yours, &c. W. R.

Bloomsbury, 5th April, 1809.

1.

TRUTH, they say, lies in a Well ;
 You've dipp'd, sweet nymph, and try'd to catch her :
 Now she is caught, what does she tell
 Of the fair fisher ? " None can match her !"

2.

Hot streams of sulphur we've been taught to fear ;
 And to dread iron, whether sword or spear ;
 And, here combin'd, they're not devoid of harms,
 For they give health, and add to beauty's charms :
 Thus forming a new point for Cupid's dart,
 By which he, through the eye, may wound the heart.

3.

ADDRESS FROM THE WATER-GOD.

You have immerg'd this paper in my Well,
 Fearless of what it to the world may tell ;

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What *can* it tell, but that thy beauties shine,
 Brighter than Flora, or Golconda's mine?
 My spring to others may their charms renew,
 But I've not pow'r to *add* a charm to you.

4.

O, roseate health! how charming is thy power!
 Possess'd of thee, swift flies each jocund hour;
 Then often visit my salubrious fount,
 And fix the bliss, whose value none can count.

LINES, ENFOLDING A WITHERED ROSE.

ON Sarah's bosom, lovely Rose!
 With stern decree, why has Fate chose,
 Thou shouldst thy ruddy bloom disclose?
 Alas! poor Flow'r!

What tho' with heavenly tints you glow,
 Amidst such eye-attracting snow
 Canst thou expect one glance? Ah! no!
 Ill-fated Flow'r!

For tho' thy station all desire,
 None there thy beauties can admire,
 Neglected then thou'lt soon expire,
 Unhappy Rose!

Alas! 'tis so,—thou'rt gone, sweet Flow'r!
 Thy charms have shone their shorten'd hour;
 Thy scents to please have now no pow'r;
 Poor Rose! Poor Rose!

But thou hast caught from Sarah's eye
 The dewy tear, and on her sigh
 Thy odours to the breeze did fly,
 Much-envied Rose!

Fresh from the bush, whereon you grew,
 I gave thee, all o'erpearl'd with dew ;
 The gift a smile from Sarah drew ;
 I thank thee, Rose !

Discarded e'en, thy wither'd form,
 As Sarah's once, retains a charm,
 Enough my doating heart to warm ;
 Blest Rose ! Blest Rose.

More precious than thy wreck I'll hold
 Than misers do their worshipp'd gold ;
 With care these lines shall thee enfold,
 Dear ballow'd Rose !

W. R.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

IF you should be for mirth inclin'd,
 The *God* of laughter call to mind ;
 The direful *pass* which Cæsar cross'd,
 And all his boasted honour lost ;
 The fair *one*, who, in beauty's pride,
 With Juno, and the Nereids vied ;
 The *island* where the Paphian grove,
 Was sacred to the Queen of love ;
 Then *him* who holds monarchic sway
 O'er those who must his will obey ;
 The *nymph* for whom Ulysses' son
 Did fair Calypso's passion shun ;
 The *King*, whose horses, Diomed,
 And grave Ulysses, captive led ;
 The Cretan *King*, who reign'd so well,
 That he was made a judge in hell ;
 The *Queen* whom Jove with love assail'd,
 And in the husband's form prevail'd ;

That venerable *sage*, whose cares,
 Were lengthen'd to three hundred years ;
 And lastly, let that *Queen* be known,
 Angry Latona chang'd to stone :
 Join the initials, and you'll find
 One trying to amuse your mind.

ARENA.

An answer to the above, for our next Number, is requested from any
 of our ingenious Readers.

STANZAS,

Addressed to a young Man with the Present of a Watch,

MARK, Edward ! mark the passing hour,
 And cultivate thy mind ;
 That, when oppress'd by tyrant pow'r,
 When all around misfortunes low'r,
 Content thou still may'st find !

For know, she waits on Learning's train,
 Tho' Pleasure's children say,
 'Tis only 'neath her gentle reign,
 That man is free from care and pain,—
 His life one happy day !

But mark the falsehood—she's carest
 Or by the proud or vain :
 But ah ! the philosophic breast,
 In other scenes supremely blest,
 Still treats her with disdain.

When youth, and youthful joys, retire,
 And passion is at rest ;
 When age has deaden'd gay desire,
 And only friendship's holy fire
 Exists within the breast :

Then the good man, whose well-form'd mind
Delights in classic lore,
Must feel a pleasure most refin'd
When, in his easy chair reclin'd,
He draws upon his store.

Far, far remov'd from riot's noise,
He seeks the golden mean ;
No care his happiness destroys,
Each social blessing he enjoys,
Unenvied and unseen !

E'en should misfortunes on him fall,
He braves their utmost shock ;
Rises superior to them all—
Nought can the good man's mind appal,
'Tis as the sea-girt rock !

But he, whose useless life has pass'd
'Midst fashion's giddy train,
No real pleasure finds at last,
His wretched days become o'ercast
With grief, and care, and pain !

Still, still at folly's fount he drinks,
Of appetite the slave ;
Dreadful his thoughts, whene'er he thinks,
Destroy'd by pleasure's draught, he sinks
Unpitied to the grave !

Then, Edward, mark the passing hour,
And cultivate thy mind ;
That, when oppress'd by tyrant pow'r,
When all around misfortunes low'r,
Content thou still may'st find.

THE SLEEPING SNAKE.

Tim :—O su gli estivi ardori
 Placida al sol riposa,
 O sta fra l'erbe e i fiori
 La pigra Serpe ascosa,
 Di Ninfa o di Pastor.
 Mâ se calcar si sente
 A vendicarsi aspira ;
 E su l' acuto dente
 Il suo veleno e l' ira
 Tutta raccoglie allor.

*Alessandro di Metastasio,
 Atto. 1mo. Scen. v.*

TRANSLATION.

THE lazy Snake, in harmless folds,
 Beneath some leaf his palace holds ;
 Or, stretch'd along, at length he lays,
 Basking beneath the sunny rays ;
 Well-pleas'd, in harmless sloth he lies,
 'Till some rude clown the *beast* espies,
 Whose nail-shod heel with sudden tread
 Attempts to bruise the serpent's head :
 Revenge quick fills his ardent eyes,
 And o'er his tongue the venom flies :
 Th' aggressing foot, which made him feel,
 Now drinks the poison at the heel.

MORAL.

From this plain story we should learn,
 " That, tread upon a worm, 'twill turn : "
 At least beware of his mistake—
 Don't rouse the venom of the snake.

R.

ABSENCE.

ASK Celia, why that downcast eye?
 Why starts the tear? why swells the sigh?
 Can Celia's breast the cause resolve?
 She fault'ring doubts, yet thinks it love.

Ask why the lovely maid denies
 To court the scene where pleasure flies?
 In sylvan grots, where sports the wind,
 Why on that snowy arm reclin'd?

To truth sincere, she'll answer you;—
 Soft melancholy here I woo,
 For here the mind may freely rove,
 Thro' all the boundless realms of love.

'Twas here, my friend, the noble youth
 To Celia swore eternal truth;
 His early vows here Henry paid,
 Here call'd his Celia nut-brown maid.

Then ask not whence the falling tear;
 Can hope look gay while sorrow's near?
 Can Celia smile, with joy imprest,
 While Henry's absent from her breast?

HENRY.

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUSH.

I SAW thee late, in ambient air,
 To zephyr fling thy sweet perfume;
 And Anna, with a mother's care,
 Would joy to mark thy op'ning bloom.

But now thy blushing pride is gone,
 And blighted all thy sweetest bloom ;
 For she, alas ! who 'tended thee,
 Now withers in the silent tomb !

DEATHS.

APRIL, 1809.

DEATH, walking round the other day,
 In search of his accustom'd prey ;
 Call'd from the world, and all its trash,
 The sugar-broker, T. H. Blache,
 Who seventy-seven long years had been
 Hard toiling thro' this mortal scene ;
 Death therefore thought it time to say,
 Come with me, you lump of clay.
 The little man small struggle made,
 And soon within the grave was laid ;
 Survivors at the change may tremble,
 Which broke the firm of Blache and Kemble.

ARENA.

APRIL, 1809.

DEATH, angry at his long delay,
 Said, Mr. Lanfear*, come away ;
 Yourself may take the way you choose,
 A razor, pistol, or a noose ;
 But come you must, 'tis of no use,
 To study longer for excuse.
 The man obey'd the grisly king,
 And from his bedstead chose to swing.

ARENA.

* Of Cheapside.

SONNET TO A SIGH.

In Imitation of Mrs. Robinson's Sonnet to a Tear.

STAY, airy wand'rer! whither would'st thou rove,
 From the warm precincts of thy ruby cell?
 Why seek abroad a cruel world, to tell
 That thou'rt the offspring of rejected love?

Would'st thou, a humid vapour, cold, unblest,
 Mix with the senseless zephyrs, or bestow
 Thy balmy fragrance on a northern blast,
 And fall a rain-drop, or a flake of snow?

Yet go, vain flutt'rer, go; nor in my heart
 Fan the bright flame a hopeless love illumines;
 Go, ere the conscious fire my peace consumes,
 Nor with untoward Fate take thou a part!
 A nobler task, sweet breath of love, be thine,
 Than, victim of Despair, to float around his shrine.

M. A. M.

 TO THE MUSES.

YE gentle Muses, to this grot repair,
 Where Genius studies for the brave and fair,
 Where Virtue beams resplendent on mankind,
 And Beauty governs, as she ought, the mind.

Here Satire points his meritorious dart,
 Protects the good, and makes the vicious smart;
 And here each harmless passion has its sway,
 Dispensing joy, and innocently gay.

Then hither wander from your sacred spring,
 Ye gentle Muses, and your tribute bring ;
 For grateful ACKERMANN the song prepare,
 And trim each laurel for the good and fair.

EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE,

On the Surrender of Martinique and Vigo.

WHEN Freedom thunders from afar,
 And calls her sons to glorious war ;
 When heroes stem the threat'ning wave,
 And death and danger sternly brave ;
 Shall it be said no Pæan rung
 Their deeds of dreadful daring done ?
 Let ev'ry Muse with rapture glow,
 And 'twine a wreath for Valour's brow :

For, wide upon the western sea,
 Waves the bright flag of victory.
 From where the martial thunders break
 On the fall'n tow'rs of Martinique,
 From where the Gallic eagle lies
 Before the conqu'ring Briton's eyes,
 Let ev'ry Muse with rapture glow,
 And 'twine a wreath for Valour's brow :

For see, beneath th' Iberian skies,
 The sacred form of Freedom rise :
 There vengeance ev'ry arm impels,
 Valour in ev'ry bosom swells ;
 And hear, from Vigo's walls profound,
 The patriot shouts of Victory bound.
 Let ev'ry Muse with rapture glow,
 And 'twine a wreath for Valour's brow.

For, tyrant! yet thy slaves shall feel
 The Spaniard's hate, the Briton's steel;
 Shall feel, that in the battle-hour,
 Freedom can blast the brow of pow'r!
 That Spain can still thy threats defy,
 Still swears to conquer or to die!
 For ah! no horror dwells in Death,
 When stern he drinks the patriot's breath;
 No arrowy terrors round him wave,
 To daunt the spirit of the brave;
 For, in the struggle of the free,
 The meed of death is Victory.

G. F.

SONNET,

To a Winter Rose in full Bloom at Christmas.

BY CLIO RICKMAN.

LOUD howls the northern blast across the plain,
 The eddying snow, high drifted, skirts the hill,
 And bare is every tree, and bound each rill,
 As Nature's beauties ne'er would glow again:
 Yet, blushing lovely ROSE! thou bloomest still,
 Pure emblem of a mind serenely gay,
 Where conscious rectitude, and nought of ill,
 Gives to its owner a perpetual MAY.
 The scourge of malice, and the gripe of pow'r,
 Assail in vain the firm unshaken soul;
 The self-approving and the virtuous breast,
 When CARE's black gathering clouds around it lour,
 Superior to the tempests as they roll,
 Blooms 'midst the storm, looks forward, and is blest.

INVOCATION TO HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS ! where art thou to be found ?
 Say, dost thou dwell on earth ?—Or is thy name
 An airy nothing ?—A mere ignis fatuus
 Rais'd by the foe of Man, to lead him on,
 Deluded, flound'ring thro' dull error's maze,
 To catch a good he's never doom'd to taste !

Oh ! I have follow'd thee, with panting heart,
 With quick advancing step, and eager eye ;
 Yet, when I've thought thee safe within my reach,
 And meant to clasp thee fast, my outstretch'd arms
 Empty return'd, and smote my vacant breast.

Thou'rt not in pleasure's cup—for tho' fill'd high
 Th' intoxicating bev'rage sparkling shines,
 And happiness seems floating on its brim :
 Let the fond vot'ry take the deep'ning draught ;
 Surly reflection tells him, he's deceiv'd.

Thou'rt not with wine—for though the circling glass
 Holds forth delusive happiness to man ;
 Tho' the full nectar'd bowl a Lethe seems,
 Whence flows a stream, to drown his ev'ry care ;
 Nay, tho' gay Bacchus fills th' enliv'ning round,
 (And who so happy as his careless sons ?)—
 Morning and reason shew how vain their bliss.

Perchance thou'rt lock'd within the miser's chest,
 Where countless thousands make the iron bend,
 And the close owner hoards thee there unknown,
 Singly to revel on thy secret charms ;
 Go, mark him, even in his gayest hour,
 (If e'er he tastes an hour he dares call gay,)
 When his lov'd treasure gluts his dotting eye,

And his full bosom owns the glitt'ring god ;
 The pallid cheek, the care-oppressed heart,
 The startling fear, which shakes his inmost soul,
 Loudly proclaim—" Here dwells not happiness."

Friendship would seem to hold the blessing up,
 And court pursuing Man to win the prize ;
 But, ah ! some idle word, some thoughtless jest,
 Which the fond utt'rer vainly strives t' excuse,
 Burns in the breast, 'gainst him so late esteem'd,
 And proves that happiness is not for Man !

But sure, if happiness was meant for Man,
 'Twould in the soft society be found
 Of lovely Woman !—her whom Nature form'd
 The partner dear, the soother of his cares ;
 Where the fond eye scarce knows to ease its gaze ;
 At whose appearance e'en the coldest heart,
 With quicken'd beatings, owns its monarch near—
 Where God has seem'd to set his seal of bliss*,
 And bade mankind to seek the treasure there.
 Vain the pursuit—ten thousand reasons throng,
 And point how false the hope !—Cold-blooded pride ;
 Fond vanity, with never-sated ear ;
 Lust of dominion ; idle love of dress ;
 Desire of novelty ; pleasure's eager chase ;
 Dash from his hand the almost tasted cup,
 And give the last, and, oh ! the bitterest proof,
 That, " Bliss was never meant for Man below."

Where shall he then seek happiness ?—In God !
 His parent wisdom has decreed it so.
 Had friends been true, had woman ne'er been false,
 Man had not sought for bliss beyond the grave !

ORLANDO.

* " Where every god did seem to set his seal."—HAMLET.

JUVENES AD POETAS.

YE ladies and gents whom the Muses inspire,
 Call forth your poetical skill,
 See you let not that spark of celestial fire
 E'er want the kind aid of the quill.

If the ladies are coy, pray court them again
 T' assist the kind Editor's plan,
 Their numbers well known, it is one less than ten,
 On Parnassus their fires they fan.

The peasant and lord, both alike here may find,
 Their labours of measure and rhyme
 Will not, like the Sibyl's, be lost in the wind,
 But known to th' remotest of time.

Here Corydon's lays, if they're breath'd thro' the trees,
 May swift be convey'd thro' this isle;
 And Thyrsis may with him contend, if he please,
 Or hear and approve with a smile.

Old Homer and Horace may here be renew'd,
 And Ovid his love-tales may tell;
 The siege of old Troy too may once more be view'd,
 And the cause why her brave heroes fell.

Let battles and sieges in measures be writ,
 And deeds great and noble be told;
 Send hither the thoughts of the critic and wit,
 And each will be written in gold.

The great and the good here may find all their deeds
 Recorded in heroic verse;
 And each may their actions applaud when he reads,
 And all their achievements rehearse.

The pangs of distress will, if plaintively told,
 Be known to this island at large ;
 The miser may here count his silver and gold,
 And sailors may new-trim their barge.

In the vale doves may coo, and lambkins may bleat,
 Or sport on the brink of some pit ;
 And epicures too here may boast of some treat,
 And scrapers astound with their kit.

My address to the minors I close with this wish,
 That each will contribute his share,
 To taste once a month of a poetic dish
 That will be both curious and rare.

TO MARIA.

Ah cease, Maria! cease to waste thy tear ;
 The precious drops no more permit to flow ;
 But stay thy anguish, and these sighs forbear ;
 Vain is thy sorrow, fruitless all thy woe.

Could grief assuage the horrors of the grave,
 Or call the spirit from its silent tomb,
 Thy Henry then might cry, " Maria, save,
 " Oh, save thy Henry from his cruel doom !"

" Oh! bid me not to stay my mournful strains !
 " Oh! bid me not to leave this spot of woe!
 " For I must pay the tribute love ordains,
 " With grief that bids my endless sorrows flow.

" Then let my sorrows with my days increase
 " For him whose virtues and whose ardent love
 " Rest with his soul eternally in peace,
 " To crown his happiness in worlds above.

GEORGIANA.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

OLD Isaac, when dying, lamented his fate,
And mourn'd for his follies committed too late ;
In his youth he a very gay liver had been,
The ways of the world, and its frolics, had seen ;
Had enter'd the lists with the wild and the free,
Had indulg'd his desires in their fullest degree.
No vice but he tried, all warning was vain,
He had money, and would not his passions restrain ;
Gave scope to his wildness, and range to his joys,
'Till he found that indulgence all pleasure destroys ;
That roving unbridled both injur'd his health,
And help'd to diminish a part of his wealth :
So, just when he'd ruin'd the best of his prime,
He thought he'd reform for the rest of his time,
Then quitting the set, he had formerly join'd,
He took a neat house, with a garden behind ;
Room enough for himself, and of servants a pair,
Fit to manage the house, and his clothes to repair :
He thought he was going to sit snugly down,
And forget all his follies committed in town ;
But cramps and rheumatics, with pains of all sorts,
Jogg'd his mem'ry, and bid him remember old sports.
With a pain in his head, and a twinge in his toe,
Th' Old Bachelor growl'd in the midst of his woe ;
He growl'd and lamented the waste of his life,
And the want of that comfort in sickness, a wife ;
For tho' many men think that a wife is an evil,
And, rather than have one, they'd go to the devil,
Yet often, like Isaac, when sorely tormented,
That they did not obtain one, sincerely repented ;
But when death points his dart, 'tis too late to repine,
For no remedy waits, but alone he must whine ;

Exhausted, neglected, worn out with disease,
 No hope to support, and no friend to appease,
 The terrors of death, or the rage of the mind,
 To soften its anguish, with tenderness kind,
 He sinks to that grave, and goes down to that bourn,
 Where all must descend, but none ever return ;
 His body's consign'd in the coffin to rot—
 His name, dying with him, is quickly forgot.

THEATRICALS.

Written for Dr. Callcott's Benefit.

O ! COULD the trumpet's martial tone
 Raise prostrate Reason to her halcyon throne ;
 Or could the soft mellifluous horn
 Bid the dead sense again be born ;
 The richest tones be sure should flow
 That ever sooth'd the breast of Woë !
 Ah ! breathe, my lute, a melting strain ;
 Plead, liquid lyre, nor plead in vain !
 And ye, whose breasts soft Pity warms,
 Who pour your griefs in Music's arms !—
 Ah ! see the soul-dissolving maid—
 In pensive sadness seek the shade :
 And, ah ! her tuneful trophies see,
 Neglected hung on wither'd tree !
 'Tis yours the drooping nymph to raise,
 And tune her lyre to melting lays :
 Then bless her votary's cause to-night,
 Yield to deep anguish brief delight :
 So shall his grateful breast respire,
 Again his harp shall glow with fire :
 It breathes !—the Master feels the glow ;
 O ! take his numbers as they flow !
 “ Like mine, may all *your* sorrows be—
 Steep'd in the spring of melody.”

G. F.

SONNET.

TO THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

You stole the orient blush of morn,
 Your cheek with softest bloom to dye !
 The glitt'ring dew-drop from the thorn,
 To give it's lustre to your eye !
 You stole, of snow, the purest flake
 That fell on Zembla's frozen plain ;
 Then laid it on that polish'd neck,
 To show each blue meand'ring vein !
 For teeth to India's shore you flew,
 And made its finest pearl your spoil !
 You robb'd the rose-bud of its hue,
 To paint your lips !—Then Hebe's smile
 You stole, around those lips to play !
 And then—you stole my heart away ! L. K.

TO ELIZA.

WHEN those azure eyes of thine
 In languid richness melt to mine,
 Eliza ! are they not the sign
 Of love ?

Do not the blushes on thy cheek
 Betray, unconscious, as they break,
 A heart that feels, but dares not speak,
 Of love ?

When slumber from thy pillow flies,
 Does not thy gentle bosom rise,
 And pant ; and then dissolve, in sighs
 Of love ?

When Morning sheds her purple beams,
 And all the orient richly gleams,
 Dost thou not wake to tell thy dreams
 Of love ?

Then come, with all thy gentle charms,
 Dismiss thy fears, thy weak alarms,
 And yield thy beauty in the arms
 Of love.

G. F.

TO MR. WOODLEY,
 ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS POEMS,

WHILST some who strike the lyre to venal lays,
 For sordid profit barter Virtue's praise ;
 And, traitors to the Heav'n-descended art,
 Seek to corrupt the inexperienc'd heart ;
 Pleas'd we behold, on thy instructive page,
 The fire of youth mix'd with the skill of age.
 The solemn church-yard, when explor'd by thee,
 No more presents a gloomy face to me ;
 Rich future scenes salute my wond'ring eye,
 And I no longer fear, but wish, to die :
 Or, should my heart require a softer lay,
 Thy verse at once is sensible and gay ;
 There wit, and ease, and majesty, abound,
 And sense delights, by being mix'd with sound,

O ! could I sing like thee, the rich bequest
Should sweetly satisfy my grateful breast,
Tho' ev'ry other comfort were withdrawn,
And fortune, friends, and health itself, were gone.

Renew, sweet Bard ! thy heart-entrancing strain,
Until their due reward thy labours gain.
Those only worthy are the bays to wear
Who, by the pleasing passport of the ear,
To virtue's and to honour's paths incite,
And yield, at once, instruction and delight.

MYRA.

MODERN SONNET.

MUSIC.

LET some the organ's pompous swell admire,
And some the flute, and pleasing violin,
Pandean reed, or sweet melodious lyre,
The drum and fife, or trumpet's martial din ;
But me, not all the music at Vauxhall,
No dulcet strains, that concert audience charm,
No operatic band, nor splendid ball,
Shall e'er with raptures fire my bosom warm,
'Tis my delight, beneath nocturnal gloom,
When floating shadows darken all the land,
And sportive fancy soars on airy plume,
O'er every brain to wave her magic wand,
Thro' dewy fields, by Luna's silv'ry ray,
Pensive to steal, and hear—a donkey bray !

April 11, 1809.

JOSEPH HAWKINS.

ON THE SUCCESSES OF THE SPANIARDS
IN 1808.

*Scene supposed to be the Camp of the Spanish Army,
after the Defeat of Dupont.*

INFLAM'D with fierce fury, the Leader of France,
To dismay and defeat, bids his armies advance,
Tho' the war-horse in gore steeps his hoof on the plain,
And with death-drops imbrued is his dark flowing mane ;
Tho' the cannon wild-flashing bids murder stalk round,
And the good, and the brave, are sunk low on the ground :
Ah, see where yon flame, thro' the deep gloom of night,
Like a meteor bursts forth on my agoniz'd sight :
Ah ! heardst thou those cries, and the shrieks of despair
Which float on the gale thro' the stillness of air ?
Tho' lawless rude ruffians spread torture and pain,
Yet know, thou false boaster, thy efforts are vain.
Napoleon, Napoleon, thy glories are past,
And thy genius black scowling shrinks back from the blast ;
Thy fame droops abash'd, and her trophies decay,
As the mists of the night at the red beam of day.
Red, red is the field where thy troops found their graves,
And the dark pine of Spain o'er them gloomily waves ;
With their backs to the field, and their face to the foe,
Tho' worthy their fame, they met their death-blow ;
Tho' blood-drench'd thy eagle, swords clotted with gore,
They no longer are fear'd, they protect thee no more ;
And e'en in thy palace, resplendent with state,
Where thy minions, and slaves, pale with terror await,
Bands of spectres around thee, each moment exclaim,
" Fix'd ! fix'd, is thy fate, all thy efforts are vain !"

THE MANSION-HOUSE MONITOR.

FAL. You make fat rascals, Doll!

DOLL. I make them! Gluttony and diseases make them,
I make them not!—

2d. part K. Henry IVth. Act 2, Scene 4.

WHEN poets ode or sonnet would indite,
They ought to have the wherewithal to write;
Now that premis'd, and finish'd their inditing,
They then deserve the wherewithal for writing;
But bards of merit, in these wicked times,
Have little custom for their brilliant rhymes,
And, having too much poetry to spare,
They rail at feasts they're certain not to share!
Approach my Muse! thy lov'd assistance lend;
Come to the succour of thy threadbare friend;
Aid me this once, assistance I expect,
At other times I'll do as you direct.
Thus having made a prelude to my tale,
I launch my barge, and spread my flutt'ring sail.

What time churchwardens for election stand,
And shilling-off'rings greet the parson's hand,
What time my Lord-May'r, prodigal of feasts,
Sends home some hundred souls dead-drunk like beasts,
There happened an event, as I'm a sinner,
Which frighten'd all the cits, and spoil'd their dinner.
Now this assertion very much is doubted;
In fact, the idea often has been scouted;
For some maintain, that, were the devil near,
Still cits would stuff their guts, without a fear;
Be that as may, for better, or for worse,
You take my story, let me steer my course,

Arrang'd in rows, the goodly elders sat ;
 Some few were lean, but most of them were fat :
 Grace being said, the shortest of the short,
 They rush'd like tigers to begin the sport.

From juicy joints, whence gravy ran in rills,
 Forc'd up by knives, it spatters all their frills ;
 Blade thrust on blade, did equal conflict wage,
 To cut those parts which others would engage :
 At length, but not without a world of toil,
 The mighty victor bears away the spoil.
 See ! at the upper end, the gravy plac'd,
 Confin'd within due bounds, the table grac'd ;
 Now stoutly grappled by contending foes,
 The ladle falls, the sauce in torrents flows ;
 Quick they retreat, for instantly it reaches
 The table's edge,—a danger to their breeches.
 What would I give to have a bird's-eye view
 Of all the victuals for this stuffing crew ?
 To tell you *ALL* exceeds my mortal art,
 Now see below a list of *only part*.

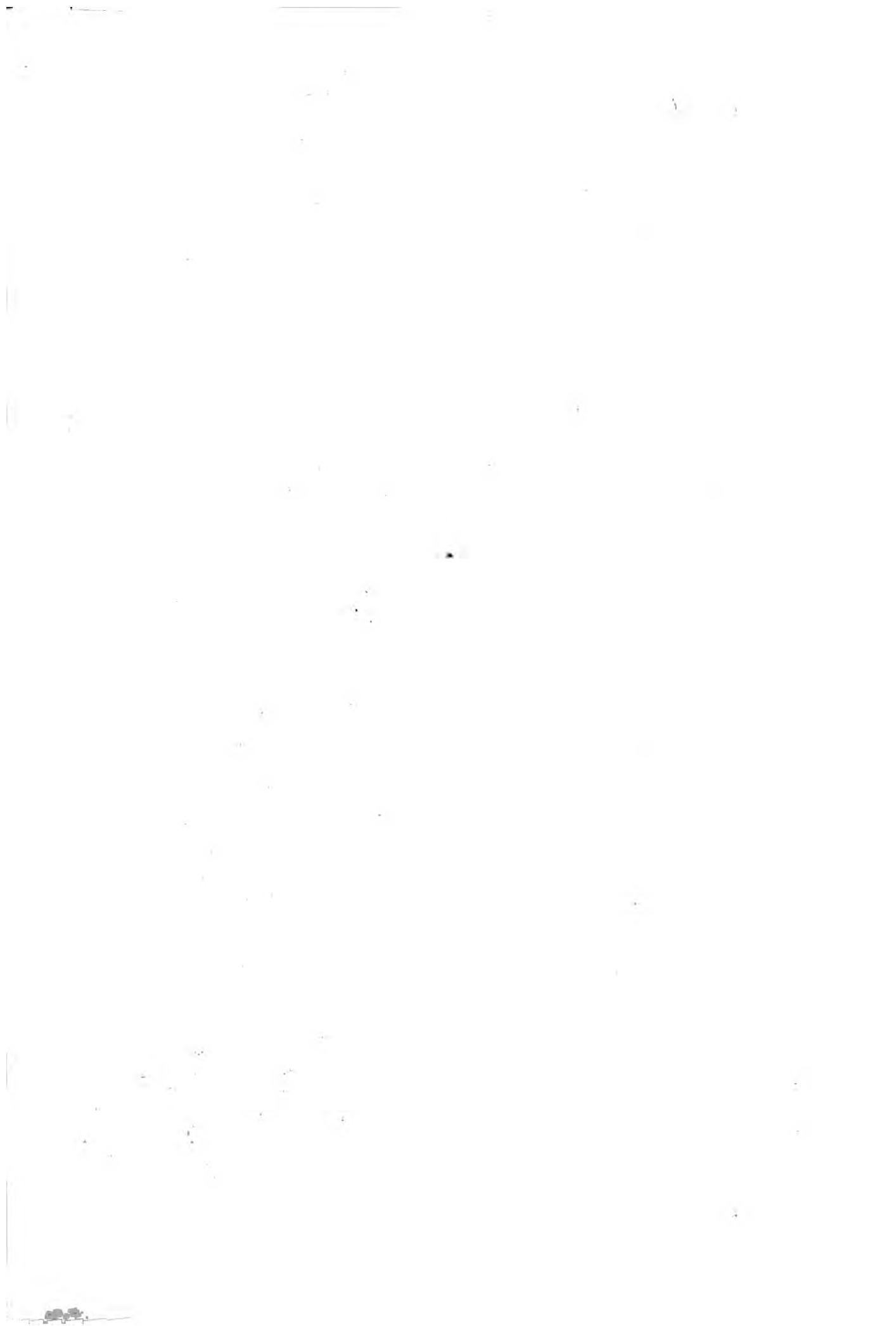
Pigs, puddings, pettitoes, pies, pippins, peas ;
 Cod, custard, carrot, cucumbers and cheese ;
 Tarts, turtle, turbot, tripe, in two tureens ;
 Beef, bouilli, bacon, butter, brawn, and beans.
 While each, in dread, his appetite to balk,
 Allow'd himself but little time to talk,
 Wedging in pieces of uncommon size,
 With wide-extended mouth, and staring eyes ;
 While some to set the mass afloat incline,
 By gulping goblets of the rosy wine ;
 Sudden a din was heard, which spoil'd their cheer,
 Their jaws were stopp'd, and all grew pale with fear :
 Forth issued from the ground a sulph'rous smoke,
 The floor, 'midst peals of thunder, crack'd and broke ;

From clouds of brimstone, mix'd with fire and flame,
 A voice was heard, and up Fitzalwine* came!
 Aid me, O Muse! in this most pressing need;
 Thou who at first didst mount me on my steed;
 Teach me in terms appropriate to describe
 The effects of terror on the guttling tribe;
 Some few there were, whose mouths were cramm'd so sore
 Their tight-strain'd jaws wou'd not accept of more,
 Too eager to possess the dainty hoard,
 They left their whole day's fare upon the board.
 Some, in their fright, let drop that knife and fork
 With which they first so gaily set to work;
 No longer grasp'd by eager griping hand,
 The steady weapon follows each command;
 Knives, forks, and spoons, lay scatter'd all around,
 Which, falling prone, they mostly touch the ground.
 Thus when the Moon, (from Sidrophel right wise,
 I learnt the fact, which no man dare despise,
 Th' attraction being weaken'd, as they know,
 Which throws her off from this our earth below,
 As by the same just reasoning they suppose,
 That daily her ellipsis narrower grows;
 No longer now withheld by altern force,
 She keeps within due bounds a steady course;
 But whirling downwards with increasing pace,
 To kiss our earth, falls flat upon her face.

On others the effect was diff'rent quite,
 What they first held their fingers grappled tight:
 One innocent and silly-looking loon
 Within his fist had clench'd a table-spoon;
 But, with the quickness of a shooting rocket,
 The piece of plate got settled in his pocket.
 Array'd in white the goodly phantom stood,
 His head encompassed by a sort of hood.

[To be Continued.]

* Henry Fitzalwine was the first Lord Mayor of London upon record, in the year 1189.



N^o. 2, of the FOETTER'S MAGAZINE, Pub. T. June 1869, at E. Ackermann's Repository of Arts in Strand.

Plate 5.



THE
Poetical Magazine,

SECOND NUMBER,

June, 1809.

_____poetica surgit
Tempestas. _____ JUVENAL.
“ The poetic Storm arises.”

THE MANSION-HOUSE MONITOR.

(Concluded from p. 36.)

THRISE-venerable ghost ! his beard of snow
Hung from his chin a full cloth-yard below,
A little frizzled, and a trifle curl'd,
A charming phantom from the other world !
Lo ! the musicians, whom my Lord appointed
Their pretty elbows all appear'd disjointed ;
Arms were unnerv'd, wide ev'ry mouth was gaping,
And their loose bows beyond the bridge got scraping ;
This movement false produc'd a din so fell,
It bade defiance to the noise in hell.
At length the angry phantom turn'd around,
And seem'd distracted with the squeaking sound :
He waved his hand ; accordant to his wish,
The instruments became as mute as fish ;—
Then gliding to the table, there he stood,
And with a grin survey'd the trembling brood :—
One turtle-stuffing wretch among the group
Was cramming in large basons of the soup,

Nor heeded he the gen'ral mighty crash,
But thrust his weapons in the calipash ;
And, having finish'd that, pray what did he ?
Why then he fell upon the calipee.—
“ Stop, bloated wretch !” at length the phantom cried ;
The Alderman then stared and turn'd aside,
Gaz'd for a moment with a wond'ring eye,
Then drew his knife athwart a pigeon-pie ;
But, ere his blade could penetrate the crust,
The pigeons vanish'd, and the pie was dust !
Not more confounded look'd that parent dear,
When Jehu's murm'ring voice assailed her ear,
And briefly told, in strains not over-mild,
Some slight particulars about her child.—
Now you must know this accident befell
About the neighbourhood of fam'd Pall-Mall.
This parent had a daughter chaste and good,
(At least so ev'ry body understood,)
As prudent as Minerva thought to be ;
But, ah ! our hopes are full as frail as we !
One afternoon went forth this lady fair,
On purpose, as she said, to take the air ;
Alone she went, but did not so come back,—
A gentle swain conveyed her in a hack.
They both alighted, when they were arriv'd,
A few short steps from where the lady lived ;
Soft was their parting in the open street,
The ardent lover hoped they soon might meet,
Press'd into Jehu's hand a shilling fare,
Which made the modest hackney-coachman stare,
Then (if for want of cash I cannot say)
The smirking puppy sily slunk away ;
But honest Jehu, wanting sixpence more,
Accompanied our damsel to her door.—
The prudent mother, anxious, full of fears,
Springs to the door when Betsey's knock she hears :

Jehu stepp'd up; says he, and touch'd his hat,
 " I'll have my fare from somebody, that's flat :
 " Madam, another sixpence is my due;
 " The gentleman won't pay me, pray will you ?
 " Forma'am," says he, " I brought 'em, you must know,
 " From that great house in — street Soho !!!"
 A thunder-clap could operate no more,
 They dragg'd the fainting mother from the door !
 Seduction stalks abroad, and loudly glories,
Et tempora mutantur atque mores !!

Thus with the rest *he* disappointment shar'd,
 (Our Alderman I mean,) but ill prepar'd ;
 With open mouths and steady anxious gaze,
 Each one attended with increas'd amaze ;
 Rapt in surprize no mortal can express
 They listen'd while he open'd this address :—
 " Think not, because from Tartarus I come,
 " Sad was my life, or wretched is my doom ;
 " I prefac'd this my coming with effect,
 " To let you know what treatment to expect.
 " Thrice did I reign this honour'd city's chief,
 " And, if historians merit your belief,
 " I govern'd well, did luxury disdain,
 " And, sought no pleasure where th' effect was pain.
 " Nature must thrive ; I ate my food, 'tis true ;
 " But then I ate it plain, and so may you.
 " Think you that this, which gluttons turtle call,
 " Was known within my may'ralty at all ?
 " Or do you fancy, in the reign of *Bess*,
 " Folk ever dined on such a heath'nish mess ?
 " But I forewarn you, hear me, one and all,
 " Your bloated bodies into dust will fall ;
 " Long ere your term of life is fairly out,
 " Loathsome disease will put you to the rout,

“ Will cow your spirits, O ! ye glutt’ning blades,
 “ And send you all, while eating, to the shades :
 “ But mark me now ; attend, behold, and see
 “ The dire effects of baneful luxury !”
 The pealing thunder now begins to growl,
 And whistling winds around the building howl ;
 Tempests arise, the Mansion-house is shook,
 And Boreas grumbles bass along Walbrook.
 The hoary phantom slowly waved his hand,
 A grisly spectre rose at his command ;
 Loathsome and dreadful was the form he bore,—
 A filthy corse, with blotches covered o’er ;
 His ferret eyes far sunk within his head,
 Distilling rheum, were of a scarlet red ;
 His bony gums of flesh were wholly void,
 Worn down with use, so constantly employ’d ;
 The teeth he had were rotten to the core,
 Which, had he lived, could masticate no more ;
 Down from his legs, which shanks we fitly call,
 The gangren’d flesh in rotten lumps did fall ;
 A purple colour overspread his face,
 And his rank breath infected all the place.
 On ev’ry visage was alarm express’d,
 Whom, seeing thus, Fitzalwine’s Ghost address’d :—
 “ Thus shall ye be, unless with conduct true
 “ Ye guide your appetites, ye glutt’ning crew !
 “ Unless, restrain’d by Nature’s golden rule,
 “ Your tutor Prudence, Temperance your school,
 “ No more ye give your wayward passions sway,
 “ But curb your gluttony while yet you may,
 “ Depart.” The spectre vanished. “ Now be wise,
 “ And learn what ills from luxury arise :
 “ No more I come, a warning to this race ;
 “ No more I visit such a lawless place :
 “ I go ; Fitzalwine warns you ere too late,
 “ Bids you repent, and tremble at your fate.

" Now sleep shall hold you in a death-like thrall,
 " Till wond'ring servitors shall force the hall—
 " Till Sol returning shall illumine the sphere,
 " And his bright beams shall dissipate your fear !"
 He said : the thunder peals, the ghost ascends,
 And to the vaulted roof his hand extends ;
 The lofty roof divides, Fitzalwine flies,
 And hastens to his *mansion* in the skies ;
 While Morpheus instantly supplies his place,
 And shakes his poppies over ev'ry face.

The morning dawns, when, freed from Magic's thrall,
 The scamp'ring waiters hasten to the hall ;
 The door quite disobedient to their knocks,
 They quickly had recourse to picking locks :
 This fail'd : the waiters waited now no more,
 But without ceremony burst the door, }
 And found the congregation in a snore !
 To luxury did Rome her ruin owe,
 And such a cause was Persia's overthrow ;
 In vain they rallied their deserted force,
 To stem the torrent, and to stop its course ;
 Vain were their feeble efforts to withstand
 The savage valour of a hardy band :
 They saw, and trembled, for they saw too late,
 The total downfall of each fertile state ;
 In seas of faction were their empires tost,
 Till both at length were conquer'd and were lost !
 Shall Britain to destruction thus be hurl'd,
 The pride, the wonder, of the modern world ?
 Shall Albion's navy, (mistress of the main,)
 Unnerv'd by luxury, forget to reign ?
 Forbid it, Heav'n ! grant gluttony may cease,
 And Freedom flourish in this Isle of Peace !

August 4, 1808,

T. W.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from p. 10.]

THE farewell ceremony o'er,
 Madam went in and bang'd the door :
 No woful tear bedew'd her eye,
 Nor did she heave a single sigh ;
 But soon began her daily trade,
 To chide the man and scold the maid ;
 While Syntax, with his scheme besottèd,
 Along the village gently trotted.
 The folks, on daily labour bent,
 Whistled and carrol'd as they went ;
 But, as the Doctor pass'd along,
 Bow'd down their heads, and ceas'd their song :
 He gravely nodded to the people,—
 And then look'd upwards to the steeple ;
 And thus, in mutt'ring tones, express'd
 The disappointments of his breast :—
 “ That thankless parent, Mother Church,
 “ Has ever left me in the lurch ;
 “ And, while so many fools are seen
 “ To strut a Rector or a Dean,
 “ Who live in ease, and find good cheer
 “ On ev'ry day of ev'ry year,
 “ So small her share of true discerning,
 “ She turn'd her back on all my learning.
 “ I in her vineyard labour'd hard,
 “ And what has been my poor reward ?
 “ I dug the ground, while some rich Vicar
 “ Press'd the ripe grape, and drank the liquor ;
 “ I fed the flock, while others ate
 “ The mutton's nice delicious meat ;
 “ I've kept the hive, and made the honey,
 “ While the drones pocket all the money.

“ But now, on better things intent,
“ On far more grateful labours bent,
“ New prospects open to my view,
“ So, thankless Mother Church, adieu !”
Thus having said his angry say,
Syntax proceeded on his way.

The morning lark ascends on high,
And with its music greets the sky ;
The blackbird whistles, and the thrush
Warbles his wild notes in the bush ;
While ev'ry hedge and ev'ry tree
Resounds with vocal minstrelsy :
But Syntax, rapt in thought profound,
Is deaf to each enliv'ning sound ;
Revolving many a golden scheme,
And yielding to the pleasing dream,
The reins hung loosely from his hand,
While Grizzle, senseless of command,
Unguided pac'd the road along,
Nor knew if it were right or wrong.
In the deep vale, and up the hill,
By roaring stream and tinkling rill,
Grizzle her thoughtful master bore,
Who, counting future treasures o'er,
And, on his weighty projects bent,
Observ'd not whither Grizzle went.
And thus did Fancy's soothing pow'r
Cheat him of many a fleeting hour ;
Nor did he know the pacing Sun
Had half his daily circuit run.
Sweet airy sprite, that can bestow
A pleasing respite to our woe,
That can corroding care beguile,
And make the woe-worn face to smile.
But ah ! too soon the vision passes,
Confounded by a pack of asses !

The donkies bray'd; and lo! the sound }
 Awak'd him from his thought profound; }
 And, as he star'd, and look'd around,
 He said,—or else he seem'd to say,—
 “ I find that I have lost my way.
 “ Oh! what a wide expanse I see,
 “ Without a wood, without a tree;
 “ No one's at hand, no house is near,
 “ To tell the way, or give good cheer;
 “ For now a sign would be a treat,
 “ To tell us we might drink and eat:
 “ But sure there is not in my sight
 “ The name of any living wight;
 “ For all around upon this common
 “ I neither see or man or woman:
 “ No dogs to bark, no cocks to crow,
 “ No sheep to bleat, no herds to low;
 “ And if these asses did not bray,
 “ And thus some signs of life betray,
 “ I well might think that I were hurl'd
 “ Into some sad unpeopled world.
 “ How could I come, misguided wretch!
 “ To where I cannot make a sketch?”
 Thus, as he ponder'd what to do,
 A guide-post rose within his view;
 And, when the pleasing shape he spied,
 He prick'd his steed, and thither hied;
 But some unheeding senseless wight,
 Who to fair learning ow'd a spite,
 Had ev'ry letter'd mark defac'd,
 Which once its sev'ral pointers grac'd.
 The mangled post thus long had stood,
 An uninforming piece of wood;
 Like other guides, as some folks say,
 Who neither lead, nor point the way.
 The Sun, as hot as he was bright,
 Had got to his meridian height;

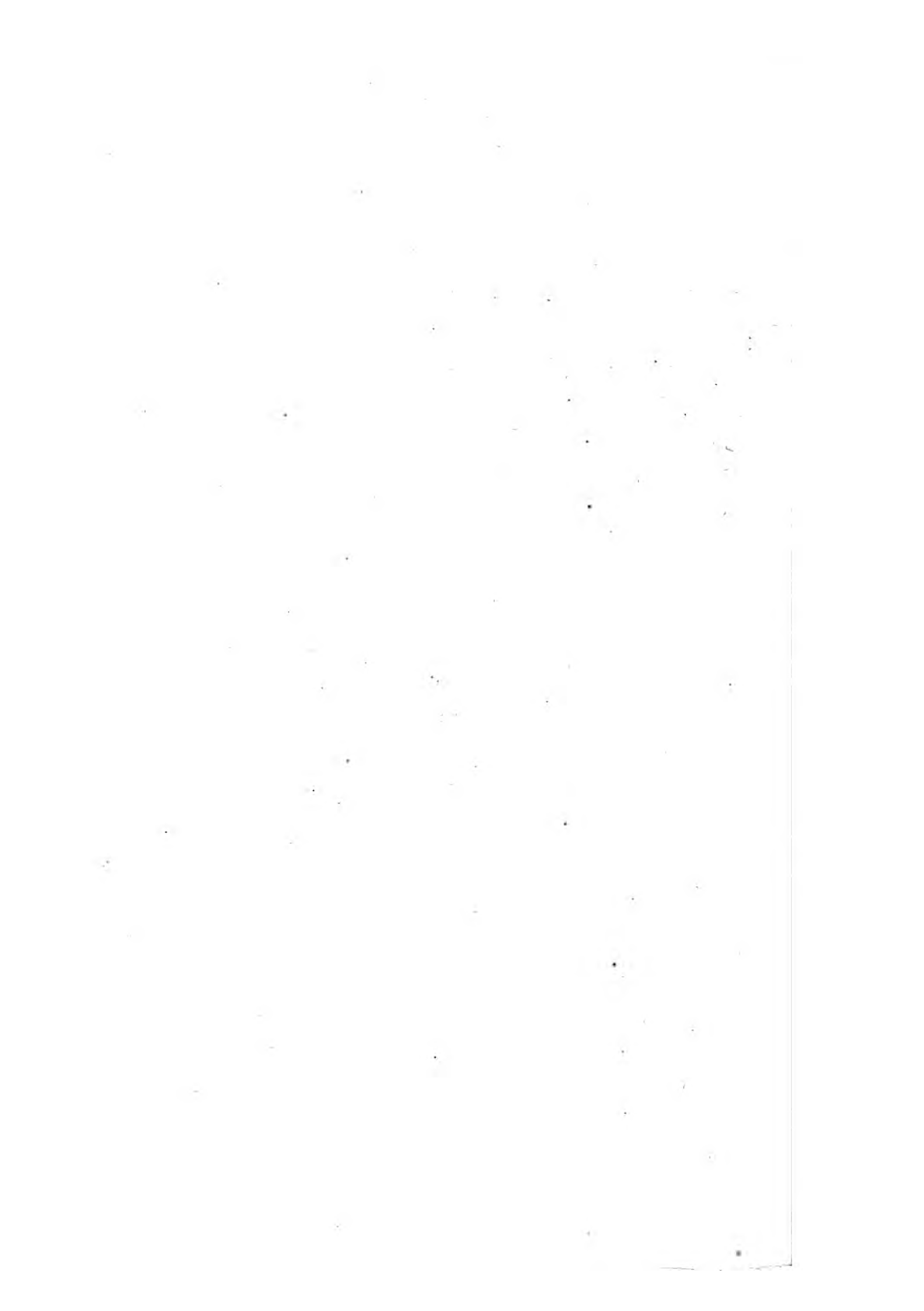


'Twas sultry noon—for not a breath
 Of cooling zephyr fann'd the heath—
 When Syntax cried,—“ 'Tis all in vain
 “ To find my way across the plain ;
 “ So here my fortune I will try,
 “ And wait till some one passes by :
 “ Upon that bank awhile I'll sit,
 “ And let poor Grizzle graze a bit ;
 “ But as my time shall not be lost,
 “ I'll make a drawing of the post ;
 “ And, tho' your flimsy tastes may flout it,
 “ There's something picturesque about it :
 “ 'Tis rude and rough, without a gloss,
 “ And is well cover'd o'er with moss ;
 “ And I've a right (who dares deny it ?)
 “ To place yon group of asses by it.
 “ Aye ! that will do : and now I'm thinking,
 “ That self-same pond where Grizzle's drinking,
 “ If hither brought 'twould better seem,
 “ And, faith, I'll turn it to a stream ;
 “ I'll make this flat a shaggy ridge,
 “ And o'er the water throw a bridge ;
 “ I'll do as other sketchers do—
 “ Put any thing into the view ;
 “ And any object recollect,
 “ To add a grace, and give effect.
 “ Thus, tho' from truth I haply err,
 “ *The scene preserves its character.*
 “ What man of taste my right will doubt,
 “ To put things in, or leave them out ?
 “ 'Tis more than right, it is a duty,
 “ If we consider landscape beauty :
 “ He ne'er will as an artist shine,
 “ Who copies nature line by line ;
 “ Whoe'er from nature takes a view,
 “ Must copy and improve it too :

“ To heighten ev’ry work of art,
 “ Fancy should take an active part :
 “ Thus I (which few, I think, can boast)
 “ *Have made a landscape of a post.*
 “ So far, so good—but no one passes,
 “ No living creature but these asses ;
 “ And, should I sit and hear them bray,
 “ I were as great a beast as they :
 “ So I’ll be off ;—from yonder down
 “ I may, perhaps, descry a town ;
 “ Or some tall spire, among the trees,
 “ May give my way-worn spirit ease.”

Grizzle again he soon bestrode,
 And wav’d his whip, and off he rode ;
 But all around was dingy green,
 No spire arøse, no town was seen :
 At length he reach’d a beaten road,
 How great a joy the sight bestow’d !
 So on he went in pleasant mood,
 And shortly gain’d a stately wood,
 Where the refreshing zephyrs play’d,
 And cool’d the air beneath the shade.
 Oh ! what a change, how great the treat,
 To fanning breeze from sultry heat !
 But ah ! how false is human joy !
 When least we think it, ills annoy ;
 For now, with loud impetuous rush,
 Three ruffians issued from a bush ;
 One Grizzle stopp’d, and seiz’d the reins,
 While they all threat the Doctor’s brains.
 Poor Syntax, trembling with affright,
 Resists not such superior might,
 But yields him to their savage pleasure,
 And gives his purse, with all its treasure ;
 But, fearing that the Doctor’s view
 Might be to follow and pursue,





The cunning robbers wisely counted,
 That he, of course, should be dismounted ;
 And still that it would safer be,
 If he were fasten'd to a tree.
 Thus to a tree they quickly bound him,—
 The cruel cords went round and round him ;
 And, having of all pow'r bereft him,
 They tied him fast, and then they left him.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, *Lib. I. Ode V.*

WHAT graceful youth, on roses soft reclined,
 Bedew'd with liquid perfumes, Pyrrha fair !
 Caresses thee, beneath
 The cavern's cooling shade ?

For whom dost thou in simple neatness bind
 The golden locks that wave around thy brows ?
 Alas ! how he will mourn
 The alter'd gods' decrees !

Unconscious he will wonder at the storm,
 Who now too credulous enjoys thy smiles,
 And dread the black'ning clouds
 That lour above his head.

Alas ! for him to whom untried thou seem'st
 Splendid in charms, great Neptune's sacred walls
 My dripping robes display,
 A votive offering.

Hatton-Garden.

J. P. C.

ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

SAY, Love, for what good end design'd,
Wert thou to mortals given ?
Was it to fix on earth the mind,
Or raise the heart to heaven ?

Deluded oft we still pursue
The fleeting bliss we sought,—
As children chase the bird in view,
That's never to be caught.

Oh ! who shall teach me to sustain
A more than manly part,—
To go through life, nor suffer pain
Nor joy to touch my heart ?

Thou, blest Indiff'rence ! be my guide ;
I court thy gentle reign :
When Passion turns my steps aside,
Still call me back again.

Teach me to see thro' Beauty's art,
How oft its trappings hide
A base, a lewd, a treach'rous heart,
With thousand ills beside.

Nor let my gen'rous soul give way
Too much, to serve my friends :
Let reason still control their sway,
And shew where duty ends.

If to my lot a wife should fall,
May friendship be our love :
The passion that is transport all
Shall seldom lasting prove.

If lasting, 'tis too great for peace,
 The pleasure's so profuse ;
 The heart can never be at ease
 Which has too much to lose.

Calm let me estimate this life,
 Which I must leave behind ;
 Nor let fond passion raise a strife,
 To discompose my mind.

When Nature calls, may I steal by
 As rising from a feast ;
 I've had my fill of life, and why
 Should I disturb the rest ?

SIGMA TAU.

ANACREONTIC.

KISSES :

ADDRESSED TO LYDIA.

GIVE me, Lydia, kisses sweet,
 Kisses, love's delicious treat—
 Honey'd kisses, from thy lip,
 Cupid's self might joy to sip ;
 Sweeter than the flow'rs which bloom,
 And around shed rich perfume—
 Softer than the zephyr's breath,
 Wafted o'er the flow'ry heath !

Freely give thy soul to joy,—
 Mercenary pleasures cloy ;
 While the voluntary bliss,
 Kiss so sweetly answ'ring kiss,
 Fills the soul with real pleasure,
 Bless'd and blessing without measure !

Mind not what dull pedants say,—
 Pleasure beckons ! let's away :
 Age will quench the am'rous flame,
 Then, like *them*, shall *we* be tame !
 But, while Nature gives the pow'r,
 Let's gaily pass each fleeting hour !

April 14, B. B.

N. GUMENT.

LINES TO HEALTH,

WRITTEN DURING A LINGERING ILLNESS.

O Health ! thou primal blessing ! thee I mourn,
 Condemn'd an hopeless wretch thy loss to weep ;
 And, whilst with bitter pangs my frame is torn,
 In vain I seek the aid of " balmy sleep."

For years I've borne the fev'rish throb of pain,
 And vainly sought relief from human skill :
 Alas ! Disease, and all her morbid train,
 Combine my cup with misery to fill.

In tearful hours and heart-consuming care
 The glory of my youth has pass'd away ;
 And Hope in vain would banish dark Despair,—
 My soul admits not of her cheering ray.

O Health ! celestial visitant ! I fear
 Thou'lt never more inhabit this sad breast ;
 I fear this cheek thy hue no more will wear,—
 But, Lord ! thy will be done, for thine is best.

O, God omnipotent ! in that dread hour,
 When mortal vanities shall fade away,
 And the soul, shrinking from thy awful pow'r,
 Shall fear to quit its tenement of clay :—

Oh ! then confirm my trembling hopes in thee,
 And guide my spirit to eternity !

OCTAVIA.

ON AFFECTATION.

I SING the praise of Affectation,
 Whose pow'r prevails in every nation :
 Extending o'er mankind her sway,
 She rules the great, the fair, the gay,
 The statesman, warrior, scholar, sage,
 And lively youth, and pensive age.

This goddess of the changeful mien
 In boarding-schools is ever seen,
 Presiding with important air,
 As chief instructress of the fair ;
 She guides young ladies through the dance,
 Bids music their soft hearts entrance ;
 And with her aid the plastic mind
 Is by French sentiment refin'd ;
 Or, soften'd by Petrarca's strains,
 With him of hopeless love complains.
 Her aid adorns the form and face
 With ev'ry artificial grace,
 Adjusts each gesture, and each limb
 To ever-varying Fashion's whim :
 The measur'd step, theatric air,
 Love's pow'rful glance, pride's odious stare,
 Th' accomplish'd modern *belle* declare. }

Foe to simplicity and truth,
 Her arts pervert ingenuous youth ;
 To Affectation Learning bows,
 The cap and bells adorn those brows
 Where sacred evergreen appear'd.
 When awful Science was rever'd.

Then studious youth, with ardent mind,
 By genuine knowledge was refin'd ;
 Elate and dignified, the boy
 Was wont each moment to employ
 In new attainments, which might raise
 His virtues to immortal praise.

By Affectation now inspir'd,
 Our youth by other hopes are fir'd :
 Mere sons of Art ! new honours now
 Adorn the lively student's brow ;
 To strut, dance, swagger, and declaim,
 Are now his utmost end and aim.

Or, if the Muses warm his heart,
 He sacrifices truth to art ;
 Affected sentiment and wit,
 For ev'ry gen'rous mind unfit,
 Pervade each dull bombastic line,
 While critics term the piece divine :
 Such Scott's and Southey's wretched lays,
 Which ev'ry coxcomb loves to praise.

Thus Affectation o'er our youth
 Presides, and thus misleads from truth ;
 Affected worth assumes the place
 Of frank sincerity and grace ;
 Politeness, with her smile and bend,
 Deceives alike both foe and friend ;
 Ev'n Scandal, with her artful sneer,
 Can in the garb of Truth appear.

Hypocrisy's assum'd grimace,
 With vicious heart and angel-face ;
 Friendship, with lib'ral hand and heart,
 Offering protection to desert ;

'Till adverse Fortune's angry eye
Compels th' affected friend to fly :
All act their part on life's wide stage,
The shame and censure of our age.

Modern Benevolence appears,—
Ye wretched ! wipe away your tears !
Lo ! mournful Indigence draws nigh,
With suppliant voice and tearful eye :
Benevolence appears no more,
She bolts with care her well-clos'd door,
And, rioting in sensual joys,
In selfish bliss the hours employs.

To commerce, learning, and the arts,
Sly Affectation now imparts
Her useful aid ; she speculates
On future wealth, her vessels freights,
To ev'ry clime extends her stores,
And Gain's wide labyrinth explores ;
While myriads hail the merchant's name,
And his vast opulence proclaim ;
But soon, too soon ! the dire Gazette
Declares his sun of glory set ;
While worldly friends affect to grieve,
And the deceiver thus deceive.

But surely Science, rob'd in light,
Requires not Affectation's sleight.
Behold the modern sage, with smiles,
Now from his loaded shelves compiles
A *new* and *costly* publication,
The glory of *his name* and *nation* !
Newspaper puffs, and the rev ews,
Widely the shameful fraud diffuse ;
And Affectation's well-tim'd praise
Public credulity betrays.

Thus o'er the head of knaves and fools,
 O'er modern manners, modern schools,
 O'er Fashion's flutt'ring useless train,
 Dissimulation holds her reign;
 Whilst firm Sincerity alone,
 Scorning to bend before her throne,
 Stands forth the advocate of Truth,
 Exhorting our ingenuous youth
 To grasp fair Virtue's precious prize,
 And Affectation's arts despise.

C.

CONTENT.

I ASK not wealth, I ask not pow'r,
 I ask not Fortune's amplest dow'r;
 No gilt alcove, no bed of state,
 No Parian floor, no splendid plate;
 I ask but what the swains can share,
 Primeval life, with little care;
 Save that, sometimes, my thoughts aspire,
 With mind at ease, to touch my lyre.

With *mind at ease!* ah! were *that* mine,
 Let old Avaro count his coin,
 Nightly survey the glitt'ring hoard,
 While Famine pale scowls o'er his board,
 And mean self-love, and envy base,
 Are stongly pictur'd in his face,
 Which, as the varying passions roll,
 Shews each dark purpose of his soul.

O! let not cold Avaro come
 To where I fix my sacred home!
 N'er let his *with'ring* steps pervade
 My lov'd, my long-lov'd, *hawthorn* shade;

O! ever hallow'd be that bow'r,
 Where Fancy deck'd my infant hour!
 Where Spring's first flow'rets in my way
 Scatter'd their sweets:—the orient ray
 Gilt the pale harebell in the vale,
 The woodbine wanton'd in the gale;
 And as my light foot frolic trod
 The cowslip'd hill, or pansied sod,
 Attendant Health on tiptoe came,
 And Freedom brought her holy flame;
 And playful Mirth—a sportive child—
 With Innocence look'd on, and smil'd!

Such were the hours of op'ning life,
 Before I prov'd this world of strife,
 Before I knew the faithless plan
 Of fickle, base, unfeeling man!
 And now, when Time's cold fingers spread
 His hoary honours o'er my head,
 May I again delighted rove
 The daisied mead, the chequer'd grove!
 Or visit oft, at early morn,
 While healthful breezes wave the corn,
 The murm'ring brook, the hawthorn cell,
 And with Content and Virtue dwell!

WILLIAM NEWTON.

*Abyssinia, near Congleton,
 Dec. 14, 1807.*

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a pretty Girl fall in the Snow, January, 1809.

“PRAY let me assist you, good Madam,” said John,
 “Ne'er heed the rude sneers of that fop;
 'Tis a treat, I assure you, that he'd be glad on,
 To gather so sweet a *Snow-drop!*”

DORA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The following Lines were written very recently, upon an occasion that caused much anxiety and distress of mind to the writer: if you think they possess any merit, they are much at your service for your intended Poetical Magazine.

Your humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

FRANTIC FLIGHTS.

THRO' many a wild, o'er many a noisome fen,
O'er rugged hills, and thro' the horrid glen,
Where savage nature sheds terrific gloom,
Frantic with grief I wail my hapless doom.

She's gone! ye hills, now as I pass along,
Echo my woes, repeat my plaintive song!
From thousand chasms, with voice tremendous, tell,
She's gone, on whom my soul delights to dwell!

Ye barren wilds, on which the wearied eye
No cheerful blade for ever shall descry,
Ye mock me too!—But all your jeers I scorn;
My head's more wild, my heart is more forlorn:
Music may charm you, love's seraphic voice
May strew the desert's rugged paths with joys;
Not so my heart! no music e'er can cheer
Its inward pangs, no sounds delight mine ear;
All, all is waste! nor can I pleasure prove
'Till to my heart I press my absent love,

Thro' morass wide see humid Vapour rise,
That death's keen darts with poisons fell supplies;
Whence fevers come, and in whose noisome bed
Consumptions, agues, palsies too, are bred;
There, straying wild, I brave the fetid air,
Laugh at it's ills, and all its fury dare:

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! see, see, its poisons rise,
 And climb in murky clouds the darken'd skies :
 Volumes on volumes from old Styx are hurl'd,
 To curse with pestilence the frightened world :
 Yet here I stand ! what dangers can appal
 The heart that mourns its love, its life, its all ?

Seest thou yon glen ? there—mark the awful gloom ;
 Would'st thou seem buried in the silent tomb,
 Go hide thee there :—there celebrate thy woe :
 Thou'rt not in love ! away—thou shalt not go :
 Alone I'll 'tempt the crag, alone explore
 Those gloomy haunts, by man ne'er seen before ;
 I'll trace the torrent, tumbling from the brow
 Of yon huge mountain, to the deep below ;
 I'll seek the vulture's nest, the viper's cell,
 The caves where wizards work the magic spell,
 Mock all their incantations, bid them prove
 Their magic pow'r by bringing back my love.

Oh, my poor brain ! when will this anguish cease ?
 When shall my soul be sooth'd again to peace ?
 One only charm my panting heart would crave,
 Or hide its sorrows in the silent grave :—
 L—a ! once the blessing of my life ;
 My lov'd, my lovely, my angelic wife !
 L—a ! fair and spotless as before,
 Give to my arms ! and I will rave no more !

CARLO.

H O P E.

I SOUGHT the silent paths of Peace,
 In solitude to roam,
 And yield my heart a short release
 From cares that filled my home :—

In vain ! for Mis'ry still pursu'd
 My steps, and mock'd my toil,
 And oft I wish'd, in madd'ning mood,
 To sleep beneath the soil :—

And soon I'd slept, but in her train
 Hope came, with placid brow,—
 She told me, when oppress'd with pain,
 Of joys I cherish now.

ALCMAN.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

Low is this roof, and rude the narrow arch
 That yields thee entrance ; thou perhaps hast dwelt
 In halls of gilded splendor, and thine eye
 Can see few charms in vale or woodland scene,
 Where only Nature reigns. Yet, hast thou ne'er,
 In some lone interval, from riot free,
 Read thine own heart, and found a voidness there,
 That mocks description ?—But seldom in the haunts
 Of Luxury doth Happiness reside,
 And thronging thousands seek her there in vain.
 Rest thee awhile ! and, if thine heart be pure,
 Tho' low my roof, thou yet may'st find her here.

ALCMAN.

FOR

A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

SILENT and smooth my limpid waters flow,
 And thou, perhaps, may'st scorn their lowly wave,
 Yet is there one who loves, at ev'ning's glow,
 In my pure stream his wearied limbs to lave.

Then, stranger ! pluck not from their humble bed
 The simple flow'rs that on my margin grow ;
 By heat oppress'd, tho' now they droop the head,
 At morn, by dews refresh'd, again they'll sweetly
 blow. ALCMAN.

SONNET,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

*On her singing in the celebrated Duet, "Where is the
 Light from Lara's Tower?"*

OH ! gentle Lady, why dost thou bewail
 That hush'd is Lara's harp, whose magic lay,
 As o'er its strings low swept the ev'ning gale,
 Could from the bosom charm all care away ?

Lady ! the hand that once those strings could sway,
 The dewy lip that lent its richer tone,
 Have moulder'd long in dust; yet, sooth to say,
 That lip's wild melody to thine seems flown.

Oh ! if the souls of those who bravely fell
 Could drink with list'ning ear a mortal's strain,
 And woman's lip the choral dirge would swell
 For those who nobly sleep on Glory's plain,
 How few would then their Country's honour sell,
 And shun the Patriot's death for love of wordly gain !

ALCMAN.

ON HAPPINESS.

TRUE Happiness is not the growth of earth ;
 Fruitless your trouble if you seek it there ;
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
 And blossoms only in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise ! thy seed is sown
 In here and there a breast of heav'nly mould ;
 It rises soon, and buds, but ne'er was known
 To blossom *here—the climate is too cold.*

DORA.

A MOVING TALE,

BY A STAGE-COACH PASSENGER.

WHEN Mammon mov'd Broad Brim
 To move, "per coach,"—to town—
 He mov'd, and got into the stage,
 Then movingly—sat down.

The bumping moves commenc'd ;
 Friend Broad Brim chew'd—his mums ;
 No spirit mov'd him to hold forth—
 He sat, and twirl'd—his thumbs.

Somnus then mov'd him—snug,
 Drabb'd Buckram's eyes they clos'd ;
 He nodded to his chums—good night !
 Thus movingly—he doz'd.

Whether he dream'd of love,
 Or other charms in store,
 I ne'er heard Quakers mov'd to sing ;
 Broad Brim, at least,—could snore.

Transpose thy dreams, I cried,
 Nor breathe them through thy nose,
 Or, verily, thou mov'st my wrath
 To tread upon—thy toes.

E. F. R.

ODE TO FANCY.

O FANCY! sportive maid,
 With thee let me retire,
 And range the chequer'd shade,
 'Mongst the wild warbling choir.
 Adown the waving grove
 A fairy train we'll lead;
 And sing the song of love,
 And dance to oaten reed.
 Perchance the wand'ring moon
 There's riding thro' the east,
 Mildly shining on the tomb
 Where Mary lies at rest.
 Ah! there the love-lorn willow
 Fondly droops its head;
 Waving poor Mary's pillow
 Beside its oozy bed.
 Away! thou plaintive scene!
 Come, Fancy! to mine eyes:
 'Twas Somnus, in a dream,
 That bid the phantom rise!
 Ye blue-ey'd nymphs, ne'er mute,
 With ruddy smiles now bring
 The tabor and the flute,
 For 'tis the frolic spring!
 Pomona, strew your flow'rs
 Profusely o'er the plains,
 And deck our sylvan bow'rs,
 And call the laughing swains.
 Let mirth and festive glee
 Each youth and maid delight,
 And sound "How blest are we
 When Cynthia rules the night!"

R. HARR.

RETIREMENT.

Loin de ces vains plaisirs qui bercent la mollesse,
 Tout à moi, tout aux lois d'une aimable sagesse.

IN this delightful solitude
 My breast no sorrows discompose ;
 Exempt from worldly cares and fears,
 My days glide on in sweet repose.

No vain desires torment my mind,
 No futile longings after wealth ;
 Not plac'd in others is my joy,
 My bliss is centred in myself.

A friend is welcome to my cot—
 No dainties rich, but humble cheer ;
 To mis'ry's sons my aid I lend,
 And o'er their suff'rings drop a tear.

Around me happiness I find ;
 My fruits are sweet, my milk is new ;
 The verdant meads delight mine eyes,
 And flow'rs fresh op'ning to the view.

If sometimes to my heart a storm
 Convey some momentary fears ;
 Soon are the darksome clouds dispers'd,
 The rainbow in the sky appears.

Permit me then, ye pow'rs above !
 Still in this solitude to dwell ;
 Let death come when it will, my soul
 With joy shall bid the world farewell.

FELICITAS,

THE SAILOR-BOY.

WHILE o'er the rough billows the vessel is riding,
 And loud blows the wind o'er the watery deep,
 The Sailor-Boy into his hammock is gliding,
 And soon he is wrapp'd in the mantle of Sleep.

Now wanders his mind o'er the regions of Fancy,
 And bright does each vision appear as it flies ;
 He fancies himself at his home with his Nancy,
 Delighted and swimming with tears are his eyes.

And while o'er his lov'd home are his senses still roving,
 Where visions of bliss flit along the gay scene,
 And while with his Nancy, belov'd and beloved,
 Too soon he's convinc'd that it is but a dream ;—

For hark ! on the deck is the boatswain loud bawling,
 “ All hands to the pump, boys, your lives haste to save,
 For into the bosom of Ocean we're falling,
 And soon shall we sink to a watery grave !”

He hastes to the deck, and now hears the dread thunder,
 And sees the blue lightning flash thro' the skies ;
 Expecting each moment the ship's burst in sunder,
 As o'er mountain billows tremendous she rides,

But the storm soon abates, and the wind blows less
 hollow,
 The hearts of the sailors no longer droop low ;
 No longer they dread that the sea should them swallow,
 Tho' rough still the bosom of Ocean does flow.

And now to that God, who watches their slumbers,
 They offer their praises with hearts most sincere ;
 Who protected them still from the bolt of the thunder,
 And averted grim Death, when they thought him so
 near.

Oh ! poor Sailor-Boy, who can tell the rude danger
 With which you're encompass'd by night and by day ?
 What bosom, but that to soft pity a stranger,
 But must heave a sigh when they read this short lay ?

But, amid all your sorrow, there's this consolation,
 The arm of Omnipotence guards you around,
 For, without the leave of the God of Creation,
 Not even a sparrow can fall to the ground.

Thetford.

R. N.

SONG.

I LONG have sought for friendship,
 And long have sought for fame ;
 The one I find a meteor,
 The other but a name.

I call'd on Love to help me ;
 The little archer came,
 And quickly in my bosom
 Arous'd a glowing flame.

I meant it as a plaything
 I soon could throw away ;
 But find myself mistaken,
 For Cupid's dart will stay.

I've tried each way to move it,
 Tho' ev'ry effort's vain ;
 Yet tho' it is tormenting,
 I dote upon my pain ;—

And would not lose the anguish
 That often fills my breast,
 For all the gold in Ophir,
 Or riches of the east.

ARENA.

SONNET.

“ Under the rocks of Vacluse, or in still more solitary retirements, Petrarch composed his finest Sonnets, lamenting the absence of his Laura, or complaining of her cruelty.”

HERE, 'neath these rocks, where airy spectres tread,
 Where rosy Sylphs their mystic revels keep,
 Recluse from noise, I'll lay my fev'rish head,
 And bathe my senses in ambrosial sleep :
 Here limpid rills in pure meanders move,
 Here Zephyrs wanton at the evening-close ;
 Here Silence dwells,—and here afflicted Love
 His sonnets oft for Laura would compose :
 Yes ! here it was that Petrarch frequent came,
 When aerial phantoms of romantic mien,
 Or leering demons riding on a flame,
 Were sporting wildly in the concave seen :
 Here, while the gales his lyre responsive strung,
 Celestial music warbled on his tongue.

Grafton-street, 1809.

J. G.

SONG.

SAY, shepherds, have ye seen a lamb,
 Which from my fold has stray'd,
 The bleatings of whose sorrowing dam
 The wanderer upbraid ?
 Ah ! see, the runaway is here !
 This morn he left his home.
 Why didst thou quit thy mother dear,
 And from thy master roam ?
 Ah ! little truant, leave this spot ;
 Come, hasten to thy pen ;
 Thy ev'ry fault shall be forgot,
 If thou'lt ne'er rove again.

CAPITUR INSULA MARTINIQUE.

EUROPA lugens regna per omnia
 Spumat rubenti flumine sanguinis,
 Urbesque concussæ vacillant,
 Et metuunt solio labanti.

Instare fracti funera Principes,
 Heu! pœnè virtus cedit Iberiæ,
 Ipsique victores Britanni
 Jam patrios repetunt penates.

Quò fugit altæ fama Bataviæ?
 Quò bellicosæ gloria Prussiæ?
 Immutata spectatrix ruinæ
 Velat Hyperboreis procellis

Concussa frontem Russia; sed tamen
 Spargit triumphos Gallia lacrymis,
 Soloque sub saxo residens
 Oceani speculatur undas,

Et surda complet marmora questibus;

“ Quid si catenas undique Gallicas,
 “ Quacunque turbatam revolvit
 “ Vistula aquam, tumefacta tellus

“ Perfert, & acer Danubii incola?

“ Valetne, celsam flectere vertices
 “ Romam superbas, & cruentis
 “ Hesperiaë fluctare campis

“ Vexilla nostri militis? Heu! manet

“ Intacta tellus clara Britanniaë,
 “ Tutata quæ circumfluenti
 “ Gurgite, vimque minasque nostras

“ Temnit superbo lumine. Quà lavat

“ Aurata Ganges flumine pascua,
 “ Quà Seres atque Indi sub ipso
 “ Axe sedent radiante Phœbi,

“ Tementur illic Anglica fulmina,
 “ Sacra & verentur nomina Barbari
 “ Honoris at nostri suprema
 “ Spes recidit, penitusque victi.

 “ Eheu ! manentem cedimus insulam !
 “ Unàque fugit gloria Galliæ.
 “ Regnumque jam totum superbis
 “ Oceani rapitur Britannis.”

CARTHUSIANUS.

Charter-house Square, April 20th.

STANZAS,

ON PRESENTING THE PICTURE OF MY FRIEND (ON THE
POINT OF LEAVING ENGLAND) TO HIS MOTHER.

Go, sweet resemblance of my valued friend,
 And to a mother's fondness be consign'd ;
 May'st thou to sooth her care-fraught bosom tend,
 And chase the pangs of absence from her mind :—

And when the raging seas and distant shores
 Her much-lov'd offspring from her arms shall part,
 Be thou the solace of her thoughtful hours—
 A balm to ease the aching of her heart !

Oft, when depicting, with maternal love,
 A mother's pleasing hope, or anxious fear,
 Her eyes shall o'er those well-known features rove,
 And wash their crystal cov'ring with a tear.

Go, then, thou image of my valu'd friend,
 'Till by his presence once again we're blest,—
 May'st thou, to soothe her care-fraught bosom tend,
 And chase the pangs of absence from her breast.

N. B. E.

TO THE SPANIARDS,

IN 1809,

*On their Ship, "El Salvador del Mundo," of 112 Guns,
taken by Admiral Sir John Jervis in 1797.*

BEWAIL no more, ye patriot Dons,
That ship which struck to Neptune's sons,
By gallant Jervis led ;
Tho' captive she in Albion lies,
To earn her name each Briton tries,—
For this his blood is shed !

When Gallia's haughty chief ordain'd
Iberia's land, with slaughter stain'd,
Should bow beneath his pow'r ;
On Britain's shore you cast your eyes,
Where on each heart was 'grav'd the prize,
" Del Mundo Salvador !"

J. H.

MY MUSE.

WHEN joyless I've sat, from some childish mishap,
And no kind of pleasure was near me,
Then often I've taken of paper a scrap,
And my Muse has been ready to cheer me.

But sometimes she's coy—which has given me pain—
And will lend me in rhymes no assistance ;
I've torn them, and wrote them, and torn them again,
And my pen and ink thrown to a distance.

And so I did now, not ten minutes gone by,
Till I seated myself and reflected,
That, like all other females, our chase she will fly ;
But follow us when she's rejected.

May 3, 1809.

ALFRED.—(Aged 16.)

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE,
 IN A DIALOGUE,
Between the Author and his Friend.
 Hint taken from HORACE, Sat. 8. Lib. 2.

— Ubi quid datur offi.
 Illudo chartis.—HOR. S. 4. L. 1.

'Twas in the month of May, and day the first,
 To see the world I felt a partial thirst,
 So left my humble cot, and country fare,
 To visit town, and see what's doing there ;
 When, strange to tell, (from absence long,) I found
 All seem'd to me turn'd topsy-turvy round ;
 And soon was lost in wonder and amaze,
 To know where first to make my grand essays.
 When calling on a friend at Lincoln's Inn,
 At court, he said, I surely should begin,
 Where I should see the best of Kings and Queen ;
 And such a family of beauty too,
 In vain I'd search their equal nations thro'.

And next engag'd me to report and tell
 How all things pleas'd me, whether ill or well ;
 And in the sequel of my tale he'll shew
 Some observations, worthy well to know.
 To court I went, where, true enough, I saw
 What instant fill'd my breast with loyal awe :
 My King and Queen all dignity and grace ;
 The best example in the highest place :
 Nor less delighted was my heart to see
 The charms and manners of their progeny ;
 Where Nature seem'd most lavishly inclin'd
 To grace the person, and adorn the mind.
 What subject then can view our present reign,
 And not feel loyalty thro' ev'ry vein ?

Yet some there are in ev'ry country known;
 Ever at war and variance with their own :
 But, like the viper and the file, in vain
 The loaves and fishes do they try to gain :
 Then let them rave and cry " Reform, Reform,"
 'Till in the end be found—an harmless storm.

But to the court I instantly return,
 And briefly tell what there I could discern.
 What struck me next in this high-fashion'd court
 Was the gay beaux and belles, who there resort
 To pay their humble duty to their King,
 And next to those encircled in the ring ;
 Where stars and garters blaz'd in high degree,
 And many a fair appear'd in highest glee,
 Engaging and engag'd in open chat,
 And talking of—I fear—they know not what,
 For by their looks, and unreflecting air,
Thinking, to me, seem'd not their present care ;
 Still they kept talking on, 'till all was o'er,
 Then pass'd in easy hurry to the door,
 Where all was bustle, noise, and pressing crowd,
 And chairs and servants call'd for far and loud.
 While I, enjoying all that I had seen,
 At length was ey'd by P——, a worthy Dean, }
 With whom in early life much love had been.
 He call'd me to his coach, in easy way,
 And kindly said, you'll dine with me to-day,
 To meet some former friends, both ins and out,
 And learn what our great folks are all about.
 For at your country vill' you little know
 How here in town our gen'ral matters go.
 I thank'd the Dean, and instant took my seat,
 And soon I found myself in Harley-street.

Lambeth-road.

[*To be continued.*]

SONNET,

Being (it is presumed) a very fair Specimen of the Pathos, or *modern Sublime*, and likewise a striking Illustration of the Bathos, or *Art of Sinking*. Respectfully inscribed to Monk Lewis, Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and William Wordsworth, Esqrs. the most celebrated Masters of those Arts in the present Day.

LOUD howl'd the wind!—the deep-mouth'd thunder
 roar'd,
 The forked lightnings flash'd around!
 The rain descending from the black clouds pour'd
 In torrents o'er the verdant ground!
 'Twas then—amid the forest's awful gloom,
 At that lone solemn hour of night,
 When rise the spirits from the yawning tomb,
 And by the moon-beam's paly light
 Hold o'er the graves their midnight rout;
 Whilst the hoarse owl, Death's awful warning bird,
 Screech'd from the yew-tree, or the ivy'd tow'rs—
 Ricardo stray'd, and, as the sounds he heard,
 Paus'd, and with palsied horror cried, “Ye pow'rs!
 The wind has blown my rushlight out!!!”

JAMES B. BROWN.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. C. MAXWELL,
Author of Alfred of Normandy, Lionel, &c. &c.

OH! ye, who, o'er departed Genius' shrine,
 With tearful eye and hearts desponding bend,
 Cease your wild wailings, and no more repine,
 Again she deigns on Albion's fields descend.
 In Maxwell, lo! her sweetest pow'rs combin'd,
 The plaintive graces, and the tender thought,
 The glowing beauties of a style refin'd,
 And polish'd verse, with thrilling cadence fraught,

With festive measures hail th' auspicious boon,
 Fair pledge of favour to the sons of Rhyme ;
 Thou, Gratitude ! our anxious shell attune,
 And teach us to deserve such bliss sublime.

J. B. N.

TO DELIA,
 ON SEEING HER PAINTED.

WHY does my Delia deck her hair
 With wreaths of fragrant hue ?
 Why does she paint her neck so fair,
 And vanity pursue ?

Say, does she think that blooming cheek
 Needs rouge to raise its charms ?
 And why does Art her vengeance wreak
 On Delia's lovely arms ?

When Nature moulds the beauteous form,
 And Virtue is her pride,
 Ah ! must foul Art the work deform,
 And o'er those gifts preside ?

Believe me, lovely as thou art,
 Graceful in form and face,
 Pure joy will flow not from thy heart,
 Whilst rank'd in folly's race.

Then will my Delia cease to spend
 Her time on pleasures vain ?
 But listen to her truest friend,
 And mental beauties gain :—

“ The mind alone is worth a thought ;”
 Beauty may charm a few ;
 But when 'tis not with goodness fraught,
 The charm is never true.

MERCATOR.

TO ELIZA,
ACCOMPANIED WITH A RING.

ACCEPT, Eliza, loveliest of the fair!
This little gift from one who loves you true;
And deign, sweet maid! the nuptial sign to wear,
Which faithful love does thus present to you.

Oh! that I were the self-same little ring,
That I might always touch that lily hand;
A greater bliss sure nought below could bring—
A greater joy I would not here demand!

Whene'er, Eliza dear! it meets your eye,
Then think on him who always thinks on thee;
Bestow him then, dear maid, one gentle sigh,
And doubly happy must he truly be!

Verge of Granta.

SINCERITAS.

A RECEIPT

FOR MAKING A COPY OF LATIN VERSES.

In Imitation of Swift.

Two or three books brought down to peruse,
Two or three soft speeches made to the Muse,
Two or three gods brought to thicken the fable,
Two or three thumps with your fist on the table,
Two or three old copies search'd o'er and o'er,
Two or three stamps with your foot on the floor,
Two or three "atques," and two or three "huncs,"
Two or three "jamjams," and two or three "tuncs,"
Two or three words look'd out in the Gradus,
Two or three verses there ready made us,
Two or three bangs from Bacchus's thyrsus,
Two or three d—ns, and two or three curses,
Will never fail making a Copy of Verses.

}
D. W.

A HOT DAY.

WRITTEN IN A HOT NIGHT.

WHAT a plague's a summer's breakfast,
Eat whate'er you will ;
A roll is but a nasty thing,
Toast is nastier still.

Then how to pass the time away
Till dinner—there's the doubt ;
You're hot if you stay in the house,
You're hot if you go out.

The dinner comes—Lord help us all !
Such frying—such a stew !—
You're hot if you don't touch a bit,
You're hotter if you do.

Then, after dinner, what to do—
No knowing where to rove ;
The Gentlemen are hot below,
The Ladies hot above.

And now the kettle comes again,—
That's not the way to cool one,—
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
And hotter still a full one.

But then, an evening walk's the thing—
Not if you're hot before ;
For he, who sweats when he sits still,
Will, when he moves, sweat more !

And now the supper comes again,
To make bad worse, I wot ;
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot !

And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin ;
For he, who sweats when out of bed,
Sweats ten times more within !

COMICUS.

A COLD DAY.



AH ! what a task it is to rise,
And leave th' inviting bed,
When nipping frost spreads cold around,
And snow hangs o'er your head !

And when at length the mighty work
By valiant effort's done,
Your tingling fingers soon announce
Your woes but just begun.

Now, creeping to the parlour-fire,
You shiv'ring take your seat,
Crying, the while your fast you break—
“ It is too cold to eat !”

When breakfast's o'er—then what to do ;
Alack ! you cannot tell ;
It is too cold to walk abroad,
'Tis colder to sit still.

The dinner-hour at length arrives,
With joy you hail the sound,
In hopes 'twill make your stomach warm,—
But cold e'en here is found :

For should fat mutton be your fare,
 You've scarce a mouthful ate
 Before the rest with grief you see
 Turn cold upon the plate.

Thus on till bed-time you complain,
 Expecting comfort there ;
 But 'twixt the sheets there's little warmth
 Allotted to your share :

For, ah ! your feet, by cold benumb'd,
 Your waking thoughts employ ;
 Or yet more cruel chilblain's twitch
 Your last sweet hopes destroy !

COMICUS.

THE NEGRO-BOY :

A SONG.

FROM friends, from home, and comfort torn,
 The source of ev'ry joy,
 Was stolen a poor lad forlorn—
 A hapless Negro-Boy !
 Condemn'd to toil 'neath burning skies,
 No rest does he enjoy,
 While o'er his head the whip oft flies,
 To lash the Negro-Boy !
 At last a Wilberforce succeeds,
 This traffic to destroy ;
 And the poor slave no longer bleeds,
 A wretched Negro-Boy !
 To home return'd, he spends his days
 In peace, without alloy ;
 And oft to heav'n for him he prays,
 Who freed the Negro-Boy !

TO THE LADIES OF LYMINGTON.

SUCH smiles your dimpled cheeks display,
 As far outvie the sweets of May :
 Not all the beauties that adorn
 The dew-bespangled robe of morn ;
 Not all the graces of the Sun,
 When he his daily course has run ;
 Not Luna, darting silver beams
 O'er some bright riv'let's purling streams,
 In beauty can compare with you,
 Ye lovely fair, meek, mild, and true !
 The fam'd enchanting Syren's tongue ;
 The fav'rite airs that Orpheus sung ;
 The nightingale's melodious notes ;
 The warbling of the linnets' throats ;
 The cuckoo in the blooming spring,
 Which makes the woods and valleys ring ;
 The cooings of the lonely dove,
 Are not so sweet, when fraught with love,
 As your delightful pleasing strains,
 Which echo thro' these verdant plains.

G. T.

EXTEMPORE,

On being asked, by a Lady, " Which was the most suffering State of Humanity ? "

THE *greatest torture*, would'st thou know,
 Unequall'd in the realms below,
 That damns each station, sex, and sense ?
 In one short word, it is—*suspense !*

CLIO.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE HENRY KIRKE WHITE,
OF NOTTINGHAM,

Occasioned by reading his "Remains," by R. Southey.

WHY on the weeping willow of the stream
Hangs my sad harp, responsive to the gale?
Once more I strike thee to a pensive theme—
Once more I tune thee to a mournful tale!

Lamented youth! for thee an humble Muse,
A Muse unknown, who holds thy mem'ry dear,
Hath dipp'd her pinions in Castalian dews,
And claims for thee the tribute of a tear!

Like thee, whose honest worth I fain would tell,
Oh! could I pour the melancholy strain!
Could I, like thee, attune my vocal shell,
Whose lyre neglected did not mourn in vain!

When, with the ardour of poetic fire,
The monarch, "Time," was clad in living bays,
Then struck to heav'n the animated lyre,
And crown'd JEHOVAH with a wreath of praise!

When, with the "harp of Judah" in his hands,
He sang the glorious—the immortal strife,—
And, o'er the standard of Satanic bands,
Display'd the banner of the LORD of LIFE!

Pure was the flame that warm'd his conscious breast—
Pure was the path, the verdant path, he trod;
His soul's salvation in his Saviour's rest;
The steadfast anchor of his faith—his GOD!

Where Trent melodious rolls its silver wave,
Nature's great secrets would the youth explore;
Arm'd with a mind the storms of life to brave,
He sought for wisdom, and he sought no more!

E'en there, where Clifton still reveres his name,
 His soaring mind would spurn the scenes of Time,
 And with the free-born sons of Truth exclaim—
 “ * Creation's heir; the world, the world is mine !”
 Nature's lov'd child, adieu ! once more, adieu !
 Accept the tributary strain of truth ;
 May thy bless'd spirit from its port review
 This sad memorial to departed youth.
 In joy eternal, which shall never fade,
 (The proud may envy,) surely thou art blest ;
 And, in the garments of the LAMB array'd,
 Art hail'd triumphant to partake his rest !

April, 1809.

EDWARD.

THE DRAMATIST.

A “ *Dramatist*” fam'd says the only true plan
 Of “ *Management's*,” doubtless, to—“ *Laugh when you
 Can !*”
 He, in youth, felt a “ *Rage*” for Melpomene's aid,
 And “ *Werter's*” sad sorrows with judgment pourtray'd ;
 But, wisely preferring the smile to the tear,
 In mirth's “ *Caravan*” he's been chasing “ *Dull Care* ;”
 By which well-adopted and wise “ *Speculation*,”
 “ *Notoriety*” gain'd with the town's approbation,
 And e'en with “ *Cheap Living*” he cheerfulness taught ;
 His “ *Will*” with judicious instruction was fraught :
 Thus, “ *How to grow Rich*” he has found out the way,
 And, tho' a “ *Blind Bargain*” he once did display,
 In the damn'd “ *Three per Cents.*” continues his aim,
 “ *Folly as it Flies*” with keen satire to maim ;
 And when “ *Out of Place*” he pursu'd the same rule,
 Which proves, tho' an “ *Exile*,” he's not “ *Fortune's
 Fool !*”

Strand.

J. P—H.

* Goldsmith.

SOLUTION

OF THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—P. 35.

IN *Momus* the gay god of laughter we find,
 May his pow'r oft be felt by the sorrow-struck mind.
 When *Cæsar* the *Rubicon* cross'd, honour fled,
 And without it a warrior's best impulse is dead.
 Fair *Andromeda*, prompted by beauty and pride,
 With the *Nereids* and *Juno* for loveliness vied.
 In *Cyprus*, held sacred to *Venus* and love,
 The fables relate was the *Paphian* grove.
 A *King* o'er his people holds sovereign sway ;
 Oh ! long may we *George's* mild mandates obey !
Telemachus shunn'd fair *Calypso's* embrace
 For the charms that he found in *Eucharis's* face :
 And *Rhesus's* horses *Ulysses* once led
 In captivity's chains, with the brave *Diomed*.
Minos reign'd over *Crete* so truly and well,
 That the gods sent him down to be judge over hell.
 To *Alcmena* old *Jupiter* went in the shape
 Of her husband *Amphitryon* ;—how could she escape ?
 And sage *Nestor*, by classical legends we're told,
 Did not die 'till three cent'ries had o'er his head roll'd :
 While *Niobe* wept till her form became stone,
 Condemn'd and despis'd by the angry *Latone*.
 The initials of each if your carefully pen,
 M. R. A. C. K. E. R. M. A. N. N.
Mr. Ackermann's name will be instantly known,
 And thus the enigma is certainly shewn.
 May his efforts to please meet with all they deserve,
 For he ne'er has been known from his promise to
 swerve ;
 I assure him, for one, that I wish him quite well,
 And remain his oblig'd,

And sincere,

May 3, 1809.

J. M. L.

ACROSTIC,

IN ANSWER TO THE CLASICAL ENIGMA.—P. 35.

M ETHINKS, Arena, I have found
 R ight truly your Enigma ;
 A nd tho', with classic fiction bound,
 C lass'd your great folk together.
 K een *Momus* laugh'd and rallied too ;
 E re half my task was brought to view,
R ubicon's waves, *Andromeda's* pride,
 M ild *Cyprus* groves, well-pleas'd I spied.
 A sov'reign *King—Euterpe—Rhesus* slain—
 N ay *Minos* and *Alcmene* sought disguise in vain ;
N estor and *Niobe* reveal'd the magic chain. }

AZELI.

JEU D'ESPRIT,

IN THE MODERN STYLE.

SAY, shepherd, seated near yon brook,
 While musing o'er thy bending crook,—
 Say, shepherd, tell me, hast thou seen
 A lovely nymph trip o'er this green,
 Of look angelic—form divine—
 In whom soft grace and ease combine ?

Where, ye gods ! whither is she fled ?
 In vain the violet's mossy bed,
 The verdant plain, the cowslipp'd mead,
 By fears ill-boding cross'd, I tread :
 Fruitless I search the gentle bow'rs,
 Where buds the rose, and woodbine flow'rs ;

Where th' humble violet is display'd,
And lilies are by scents betray'd.

She's fled! within yon streamlet's tide,
Myself, my grief, my love, I'll hide!—
But, ah! some well known footstep's nigh,
Just pow'rs! 'tis she! she comes! I fly!

SILVESTRIS.

LAW.

AT Durham Sessions, held of late,
One Dent was guilty found,
Of cruelty to mistress Wait,
Which laid her under ground.

This man was paupers' overseer;
The woman sought for aid;
But hard his heart, and deaf his ear
To what the woman said.

Straw serv'd her for a bed of rest
Within a cow-house laid;
While sacks her wasted body prest—
She had no other aid.

Death stopp'd the injur'd woman's cares,
Dent was a week confin'd,
Then paid five pounds for all repairs,
And purified his mind.

But still there is another place,
Where even kings appear,
For God, who curbs the guilty race,
Dries up the widow's tear.

ANTEUS.

S O N G.

AH! tell me, gentle Zephyr! where
 You borrow'd that soft sigh?
 Whence did you steal the pearly tear,
 That trembles in your eye?

The sigh is sure the breeze of morn
 That fans the op'ning rose;
 The tear the dew-drop on the thorn,
 Where the May-blossom blows.

No, shepherd, from the breezy morn
 I borrow'd not the sigh;
 Nor did the drop that gems the thorn
 The pearly tear supply:—

In yonder grove, that skirts the plain,
 A nymph the shade prefers—
 She mourns thy falsehood, faithless swain!
 The sigh, the tear, are her's!

Theatre, Lyceum.

T. MARSHALL.

EPILOGUE TO THE CAPTIVES,

A TRAGEDY,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS VAUGHAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. Siddons.

AT length our bark has reach'd the wish'd-for shore;
 The winds are hush'd—but is all danger o'er?
 The trembling Bard still hovers o'er the main—
 Still dreads the dancing waves that lash in vain,—
 Clings like th' affrighted sailor to the mast,
 And shudders at the dangers he has past.

Dangers indeed!—for who, in times like these,
 Would launch his ship to plough dramatic seas;
 Where growling thunders roll, and tempests sweep
 Such crowds of bold advent'ers to the deep?
 O'er his poor head the winds of malice blow,
 And waves of angry censure rage below.

Critics, like monsters, on each side appear,—
Herald, the whale; and shark, the *Gazetteer* :
 If these he chance t'escape, there comes a squall,
 From *Lloyd's*, *St. James's*, *London*, or *Whitehall* :
 Here *Chronicle*, like Scylla, guards the coast;
 There foams Charybdis—in *The Morning Post*.
 Mark how they break his rudder, cut his cable,
 Tear up plan, diction, sentiment, and fable :
 Their order is (an order they enjoy),
 To seize, to burn, to sink, and to destroy.

What wond'rous chance our author should survive,
 That in such boist'rous seas his bark's alive!
 But fond Ambition led the bark along,
 And syren Muses tempted with a song :
 Fame, like another Circe, beck'ning stood,
 Wav'd her fair hand, and bade him brave the flood.
 Who could resist, when thus she shew'd her charms,
 Sooth'd his fond hopes, and woo'd him to her arms?
 Half-rigg'd, half-mann'd, and leaky, as you find,
 He trick'd his frigate out, and brav'd the wind.

Your partial favour still may swell his sails,
 And fill his vessel with propitious gales :
 Tho' pepper'd with small shot, and tempest-toss'd,
 You still may land him on this golden coast;
 Convinc'd that those the surest path pursue,
 Who trust their all to Candour and to you.

THE DEVIL AT MALMAISON;
 AN ODE ON ST. NAPOLEON'S DAY,
Being a Parody on Dryden's "Alexander's Feast."

'Twas at a banquet, held at Malmaison,
 By *Great* *Napoléon* ;
 Aloft in gaudy state
 The fell Usurper sate
 Upon his ill-got throne:
 His *new-made* *Lords* around were plac'd,
 Their necks with *Legionary Honours* grac'd ;
 So with wrought hemp should each be brac'd.
 Beside him sat his Josephine,
 Like a fair wretch whose life has been
 Devoted to the Cyprian Queen ;
 Matchless, matchless, matchless pair ;
 None more deserve,
 None more deserve,
 None more deserve *Apollyon's care* !

Discordia, perch'd on high,
 Derang'd the Music's strain,
 Rend'ring the player's efforts vain ;
 Notes, diff'ring from their own, reply,
 Chaos was come again.—
 How strange the song did flow ;
 Satan, who left the realms below,
 Resolv'd to work Creation woe,
 Quickly assum'd with ease the form of man :
 And seem'd an humble Corsican,
 When he the Emp'ror's mother press'd,
 And rais'd an image of himself, a torment to the world.
 The horrid truths the gaping crowd confound ;
 Parbleu ! diable ! soon they shout around,
 Parbleu ! diable ! all the roofs rebound.

Like cat encag'd,
 The Monarch rag'd,
 His robe he tore,
 Then loudly swore——

At length the sounds assuage.—

The joys of murder then their alter'd song inspire :
 Of murder ever horrible and dire ;
 The gloomy chief in triumph comes ;
 Draw the daggers, beat the drums ;
 He comes with silent pace,
 Behold his blood-stain'd face !—

Now clash the gory swords ; he comes, he comes !—
 Murder, horrible and dire,
 Treachery did first impart :
 Murder here we own a treasure,
 Murder is our Emp'ror's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Oh ! 'tis sweet to stab the heart.
 Rous'd at the sound, the hilt he press'd
 Of dagger lurking in his vest,
 And oft the Emp'ror look'd around to plunge it in some
 breast.

Discord perceiv'd the madness rise ;
 His redd'ning cheeks, his eager eyes ;
 And while he Heav'n, hell, earth defied,
 Soon reduc'd his savage pride.
 She chose a theme unkind,
 To bring his crimes to mind :
 Enghien was sung : in Boulogne wood
 By too severe a fate
 Murder'd, murder'd, murder'd, murder'd,
 A victim to the tyrant's hate,
 Because of Bourbon blood ;

Robb'd of his crown, and rightful throne,
 By him for whom the deed was done ;
 With his own guiltless blood was stain'd,
 That land o'er which he should have reign'd.—

With conscious guilt abash'd the Emp'ror sate,
 Revolving in his soul to find

What render'd all his projects vain ;
 Till happy Britain cross'd his mind,
 And madness rose again.—

Delighted Discord views the deed,
 And smiles to see her plan succeed ;
 With other sounds she strikes the lyre,
 The rage for conquest to inspire :
 Loudly in Tritonian measures
 Soon she told of Albion's treasures ;
 Albion caus'd him endless trouble
 Rend'ring all his schemes a bubble ;
 Ne'er content, tho' ever winning,
 Fighting, conqu'ring, and destroying ;
 Gallia's navy ever thinning,
 And the captures rich enjoying ;
 Albion's charms invite thee over,
 Never rest till safe at Dover ;—

Bravo," cried Talleyrand, while all accord,
 And strive to animate their upstart Lord :

Their Lord, unable to conceal his pain,
 Curs'd Albion fair,
 Who caus'd his care,

And vow'd revenge, vow'd revenge,
 Vow'd revenge, and vow'd again.

O'erwearied Nature could support no more,
 And chok'd with rage he sunk upon the floor.

Now give the trumpet breath again ;
 Blow louder yet, blow yet a louder strain—

Break his fainting fit asunder,
And let him hear that rattling peal of thunder,
Hark, hark, those dismal moans
Have rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And alarm'd he deeply groans,
Revenge, revenge, Discordia cries,
See what horrors arise!
See, Kleber comes here,
Toussaint too is near,
And Pichegru reveal'd to our eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a crescent in hand,
These are ghosts of the Turks that at Jaffa were slain!
In oblivion the deed
Had for ever been hid;
But thy crimes to proclaim,
And to publish thy shame,
That mercantile crew
The intelligence gave
Abroad to the world, scarce doubting the truth.
Remember how oft thy heart bleeds,
Whene'er they enum'rate thy foul misdeeds!
The Emp'ror in rage, and with furious tone,
Seiz'd his sceptre, and cried, "Fellow soldiers,
come on."
His wife he bid to stay,
Lest she should fall a prey,
Then forth he rush'd in haste, and march'd towards
Boulogne.
But coward fear,
Soon as fair Albion's cliffs appear,
Assails his alter'd mind;
He dreads the raging adverse wind,

And raging main,
 Thinks his invading scheme might shorten much his reign:
 He therefore wisely fac'd about,
 And issued these his orders out—
 "Halt, soldiers, halt; for *we* will not expose
 " *Our sacred* life in this affair;
 " And being worth *our* care,
 " Would rather save it now, and disappoint our foes."
 Let Discord here suspend her art,
 Or quite resign the crown;
 She fir'd with rage his savage heart;
 Fear pull'd his courage down.

Lisle-street, Leicester-square.

C. S. B.

EXTEMPORE

ON THE LATE NAVAL VICTORY.

Now was the chariot of the heav'ns at rest,
 And Sol at ease, reclin'd on Thetis' breast;
 Their winged steeds in wearied slumbers lay,
 Recalling vigour for expected day;
 When, from the South, a glitt'ring light
 Reflected o'er the wat'ry main;
 The sky this motto bore in letters bright—
 " Britannia triumphs once again."

Napoleon's constellation frowning view'd
 Britons triumphant, Gallia's fleet subdu'd;
 Saw, whilst she proudly scuds the swelling wave,
 Cochrane enroll'd amongst th' immortal brave;
 With horror struck, the girdled star
 Shrunk from the planetary sphere,
 And now he curs'd the fate of war,
 And damn'd his guilty fear.

London, May 1, 1809.

JOHANNES DRINKWATER.

THE ANAGRAM OF "REAL FUN" SOLVED.

PRIMO.

Young folks, while on life's spring they tread,
Pass many a danger without dread;
Nor think what *real fun* they call
May turn into—a *Funeral!*

SECUNDO.

Old folks, who oft have *had* their *fun*,
At length come to their setting sun;
Then, whether *real fun* or not,
A *Funeral* will be their lot.

FINALE.

Both young and old
Ought to be told,
That *real fun* may lose its zest,
If, while they live,
Their mirth they give
To folly, or each idle jest.

"Life is a jest,"
When at the best;
But when it comes unto the fall,
Its end brings on—a *Funeral!*

Bloomsbury, May 1, 1809.

W. R.

CHARADE.

My first is merciful and kind;
A King of Wessex for my second find:
My whole's the name of her I love,
All other women far above.

AZELI.

LINES ON THE STAGE.

LET critics vent their venom 'gainst the stage,
 (And critics such are found in ev'ry age,)—
 Let the rank bigot still his pen employ,
 And rail against the public's pride and joy,—
 There still is one to venture in its praise,
 And sing with rapture in his humble lays
 The Stage—'Tis that which gives to passion scope,
 Exerts its influence—depictures Hope,
 Despair and Madness, and their num'rous train
 Of savage brutes, who sacrifice to Gain!
 The Stage shews Virtue in its purest style,
 Awards to Villainy and damning Guile
 Full retribution, scorn, contempt, and hate,
 And praises Honour, always good and great.
 The Stage oft fills the soul with solemn awe,
 And oft enforces meek Religion's law;
 Or else, when sadness overcomes the heart,
 Teaches the practice of a merrier part;
 While music's influence charms the flagging soul,
 And varied pleasures in succession roll.
 Hail then, thou focus of a nation's pride,
 Let wise men praise thee, and let fools deride!
Brighton, April 19, 1809. JOSH. G. MERLE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP-LUTE.

The sister Isles when joyful Union crown'd,
 The day to grace, from heav'n Apollo came,
 And with him brought an instrument of sound,
 Which his own hand had form'd of wond'rous frame;
 He touch'd the strings! the tide of rapture flow'd,
 To mortal ear was joy ecstatic giv'n;
 Then on his fav'rite *Light* the gift bestow'd,
 To charm the world—and sought his native Heav'n.

COMICUS.

DEATHS.

MARCH, 1809.—AT SEA.

To Thomas Hudson * Death did say,
 “ You’ve not to live another day.”
 “ Let me make my will,” says he;
 The King replied, “ It cannot be.”
 So when he found Death would not stay,
 He *anchor’d* safe at *Hudson’s Bay*.

W. S—N.

MAY.

DEATH, not many days ago,
 Took a walk to Cleveland-row,
 Enter’d the house of Dr. Blane,
 Whose child was lingering there in pain :
 “ Amelius, come, my dear,” quoth he ;
 And took the boy, whose age was three.
 This happen’d on the first of May,
 Death being then in need of prey.

12th May, 1809,
 38, Upper John-street.

W. S—N.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 5.

AT three o’clock, or near that time,
 Died Mrs. Greenwood †, in her prime :
 This Lady can no more be seen,
 Being clos’d in *wood* that once was *green*.

GRIZZLE.

LATELY died at Cheltenham, Mr. George Leycester,
 Brother unto Hugh, the Recorder of Chester.

AT Heathfield, near to Swansea,
 Sir Gabriel Powell’s Lady.

* Commander of the Ceylon East-Indiaman.

† Of Putney.

THE
Poetical Magazine,

THIRD NUMBER,

July, 1809.

poetica surgit

Tempestat.

JUVENAL.

“ The poetic Storm arises.”

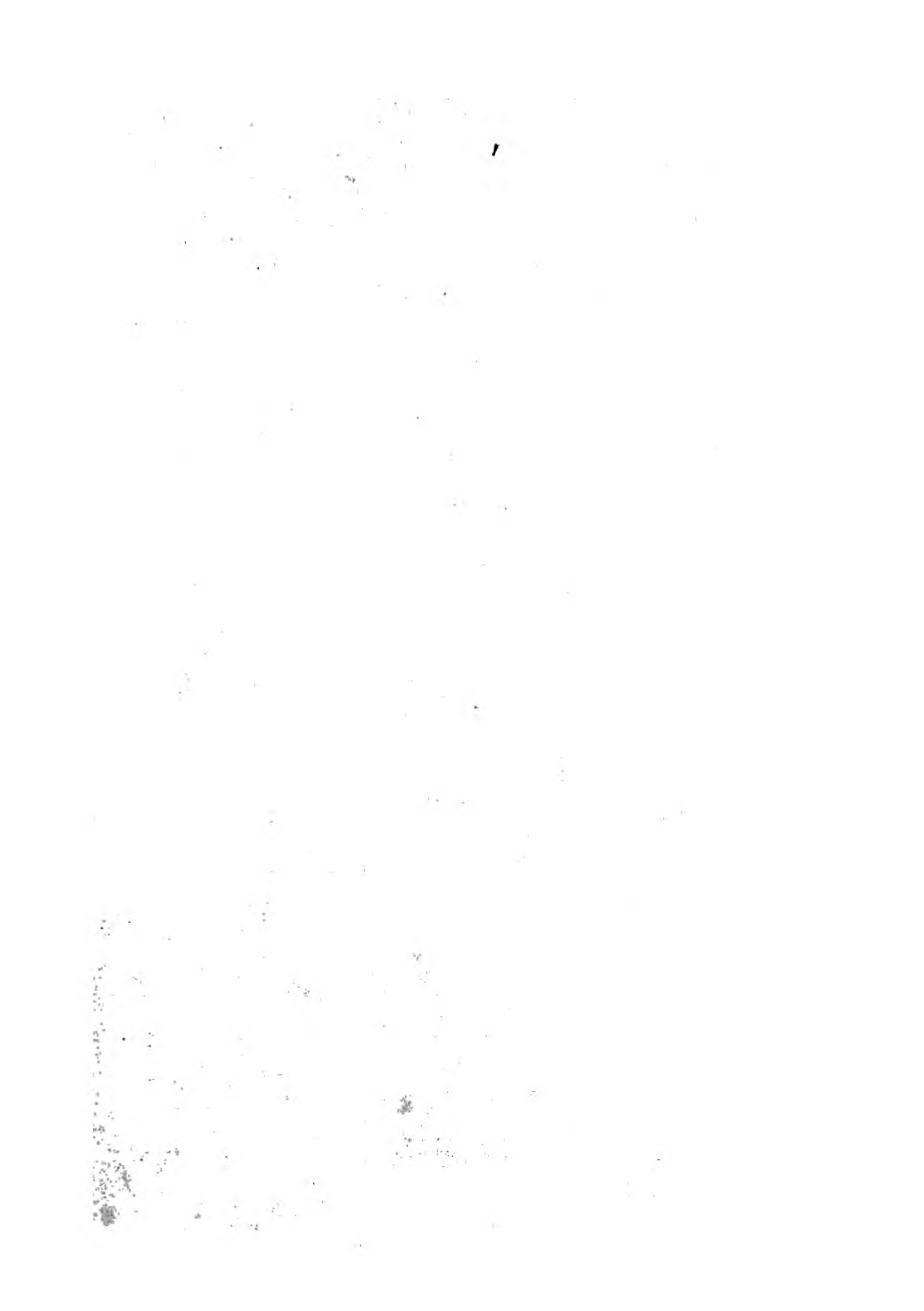
THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from p. 67.]

By the road-side, within the wood,
In this sad state poor Syntax stood ;
His bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
And tears flow'd fast from either eye.
What could he do?—he durst not bawl ;
The noise the robbers might recall :
The villains might again surround him,
And hang him up where they had bound him.
Sure never was an helpless wight
In more uncomfortable plight.
Nor was this all ; his pate was bare,
Unshelter'd by one lock of hair :
For when the sturdy robbers took him,
His hat and peruke both forsook him :
The insect world were on the wing,
Whose talent is to buzz and sting ;
And soon his bare-worn head they sought,
By instinct led, by nature taught ;

And dug their little forks within
 The tender texture of his skin.
 He rag'd and roar'd, but all in vain,
 No means he found to ease his pain.
 The cords, which to the tree had tied him,
 All power to his hands denied him ;
 He shook his head, he writh'd his face
 With painful look and sad grimace,
 And thus he spoke his hapless case :— }

“ Ah ! miserable man,” he cried,
 “ What perils do my course betide !
 “ In this sad melancholy state,
 “ Here must I impatient wait
 “ Till some kind soul shall haply find me,
 “ And with his friendly hands unbind me ;
 “ But I throughout the night may stay,
 “ 'Tis such an unfrequented way :
 “ Tho', what with hunger, thirst, and fright,
 “ I ne'er shall last throughout the night ;
 “ And could I e'en these ills survive,
 “ The flies would eat me up alive !
 “ What mad ambition bade me roam ?
 “ Ah ! wherefore did I quit my home ?
 “ For there I liv'd remote from harm ;
 “ My meals were good, my house was warm ;
 “ And, tho' I was not free from strife,
 “ With other ills that trouble life,
 “ Yet I had learn'd full well to bear
 “ The nightly scold, the daily care ;
 “ And, after many a season past,
 “ I should have found repose at last ;
 “ Fate would have sign'd my long release,
 “ And Syntax would have died in peace ;
 “ Nor thus been robb'd, and tied and beaten,
 “ And all alive by insects eaten.”





But while he thus at Fate was railing,
 And Fortune's angry frowns bewailing,
 A dog's approaching bark he hears,
 'Twas sweet as music to his ears, }
 And soon a sure relief appears.
 For, tho' it bore that gen'ral form,
 Which sometimes homeward brew'd a storm,
 It now appear'd an angel's shape
 That promis'd him a quick escape :
 Nor did La Mancha's val'rous knight
 Feel greater pleasure at the sight,
 When, overwhelm'd with love and awe,
 His Dulcinea first he saw ;
 For on two trotting palfreys came,
 And each one bore a comely dame.
 They started as his form they view ;
 The horses, also, started too :
 The dog with insult seem'd to treat him,
 And look'd as if he long'd to eat him.
 With piteous looks he humbly pray'd
 They'd turn aside, and give him aid ;
 When each leap'd quickly from her steed,
 To join in charitable deed.
 They drew their knives to cut the noose,
 And let the mournful pris'ner loose :
 With kindest words his fate bewail,
 While grateful Syntax tells his tale,
 The rustic matrons sooth his grief,
 Nor offer, but afford, relief ;
 And, turning from the beaten road,
 Their well-lin'd panniers they unload ;
 When soon upon the bank appear'd
 A sight his fainting spirits cheer'd.
 They spread the fare with cheerful grace,
 And gave a banquet to the place :

Most haply, too, as they untied him,
 He saw his hat and wig beside him :
 So, thus bewigg'd and thus behatted,
 Down on the grass the Doctor squatted :
 He then uplifted either eye,
 To give thanksgiving to the sky,
 " 'Tis thus," he humbly said, " we read
 " In sacred books of heav'nly deed ;
 " And thus I find, in my distress,
 " The manna of the wilderness.
 " 'Tis hermits' fare ; but, thanks to heav'n,
 " And those kind souls by whom 'tis giv'n,"
 'Tis true that bread, and curds, and fruit,
 Do with the pious hermits suit ;
 But Syntax surely was mistaken
 To think their meals partake of bacon ;
 Or that those rev'rend men regale,
 As our good Doctors do, with ale :
 And these kind dames, in nothing loth,
 Took care that he partook of both.

At length 'twas time to bid adieu,
 And each their diff'rent way pursue :
 A kind farewell, a kiss as kind,
 He gave them both with heart and mind ;
 Then off he trudg'd, and, as he walk'd,
 Thus to himself the Parson talk'd :—
 " 'Tis well, I think, it is no worse,
 " For I have only lost my purse,
 " With all their cruelty and pains,
 " The rogues have got but trifling gains ;
 " For nine and fourpence is the measure
 " Of all their mighty pilfer'd treasure ;
 " For haply there was no divining,
 " That I'd a pocket in my lining ;

“ And, thanks to spousy, ev’ry note
 “ Was well sew’d up within my coat.
 “ But where is Grizzle?—Never mind her,
 “ I’ll have her cried, and soon shall find her,”
 He had not pac’d it half an hour
 Before he saw a parish tow’r,
 And soon, with dire fatigue opprest,
 An inn receiv’d him as its guest :
 But still his mind, with anxious care,
 Ponder’d upon his wand’ring mare ;
 He therefore sent the bellman round,
 To try if Grizzle might be found.

Grizzle, ungrateful to her master,
 And careless of this foul disaster,
 Left him tied up, and took her way,
 In hopes to meet with corn or hay ;
 But, as that did not come to pass,
 She sought a meadow full of grass :
 The farmer in the meadow found her,
 And order’d John, his man, to pound her.
 Now John was one of those droll folk,
 Who oft take mischief for a joke ;
 And thought ’twould make the master stare,
 When he again beheld his mare
 (Perhaps the ge’mman might be shockt)
 To find her ready cropt and dockt.
 At all events, he play’d his fun ;
 No sooner was it said than done.
 But Grizzle was a patient beast,
 And minded nought, if she could feast :
 Like many others, prone to think
 The best of life was meat and drink ;
 Who feel to-day nor care nor sorrow,
 If they are sure to feast to-morrow.

Thus Grizzle, as she pac'd around
 The purlieu of the barren pound,
 In hungry mood might seem to neigh,—
 “ If I had water, corn, and hay,
 “ I should not thus my fate bewail,
 “ Nor mourn the loss of ears or tail.”

In the mean time, securely hous'd,
 The Doctor boos'd it, and carous'd :
 The hostess spread her fairest cheer,
 Her best beef-steak, her strongest beer ;
 And sooth'd him with her winning chat,
 Of “ Pray eat this, and pray take that.
 “ Your Rev'ence, after all your fright,
 “ Wants meat and drink to set you right.”
 His Rev'ence prais'd the golden rule,
 Nor did he let his victuals cool :
 And, having drank his liquor out,
 He took a turn, to look about.
 When to the folks about the door
 He told his dismal story o'er,
 The country-people on him gaz'd,
 And heard his perils, all amaz'd :
 How the thieves twin'd the cords around him ;
 How to a tree the villains bound him :
 What angels came to his relief,
 To loose his bonds, and sooth his grief :
 His loss of cash, and, what was worse,
 Of saddle, saddle-bags, and horse.
 Thus, as their rude attention hung
 Upon the wonders of his tongue,
 Lo ! Grizzle's alter'd form appears,
 With half its tail, and half its ears !
 “ Is there no law ?” the Doctor cries :—
 “ Plenty,” a Lawyer straight replies ;

“ Employ me, and those thieves shall swing
“ On gallows-tree, in hempen string :
“ And, for the rogue, the law shall flea him,
“ Who maim’d your horse, as now you see him.”
“ No,” quoth the Don, “ your pardon pray,
“ I’ve had enough of thieves to-day :
“ I’ve lost nine shillings and a groat,
“ But you would strip me of my coat ;
“ And ears and tails won’t fatten you,
“ You’ll want the head and carcase too.”

He chuckled as he made the stroke,
And all around enjoy’d the joke :
But still it was a sorry sight
To see the beast in such a plight.
Yet what could angry Syntax do ?
’Twas all in vain to fret and stew ;
And as his bags, with all their hoard
Of sketching-tools, were safe restor’d ;
The saddle too, which had been sought,
For small reward was quickly brought ;
He thought it therefore far more sage
To stop his threats, and check his rage :
So to the ostler’s faithful care
He gave his mutilated mare ;
And while poor Grizzle, free from danger,
Cropp’d the full rack, and clean’d the manger,
Her master, by fatigue opprest,
Smok’d out his pipe, and went to rest.

[*To be continued.*]

ODE.

A SCENE NEAR SEVILLE.

[With a Print.]

'T WAS on the *Bætis* * flow'ry side,
 What time the pale Moon, from her bow'r
 Threw her fair gleams across the tide,
 And mark'd on shaggy heights the dusky tow'r ;
 Her beams upon the water play'd,
 The Zephyr wanton'd in the glade ;
 While from the rocks the gushing torrents pour,
 And call the Echoes to repeat the roar.

“ Oh, what a scene !” Alonzo cried ;

“ What beauties court the wand'ring eye !

“ But, ah ! in vain these charms appear

“ To eyes suffus'd with many a tear ;

“ While the heart gives the frequent sigh ;

“ And patriot Virtue seeks in solitude to moan]

“ It's country's threaten'd ruin, and its own.

“ A ravish'd crown, a captive king.

“ Religion's holy fanes despoil'd ;—

“ The ravag'd fields no harvests bring,

“ For which the peasant vainly toil'd.

“ Insatiate rapine, deck'd with helmed crest,

“ In his fell hand the falchion bears ;

“ Arms the sharp blade at ev'ry breast,

“ And smiles 'mid infants' blood and mothers' tears ;

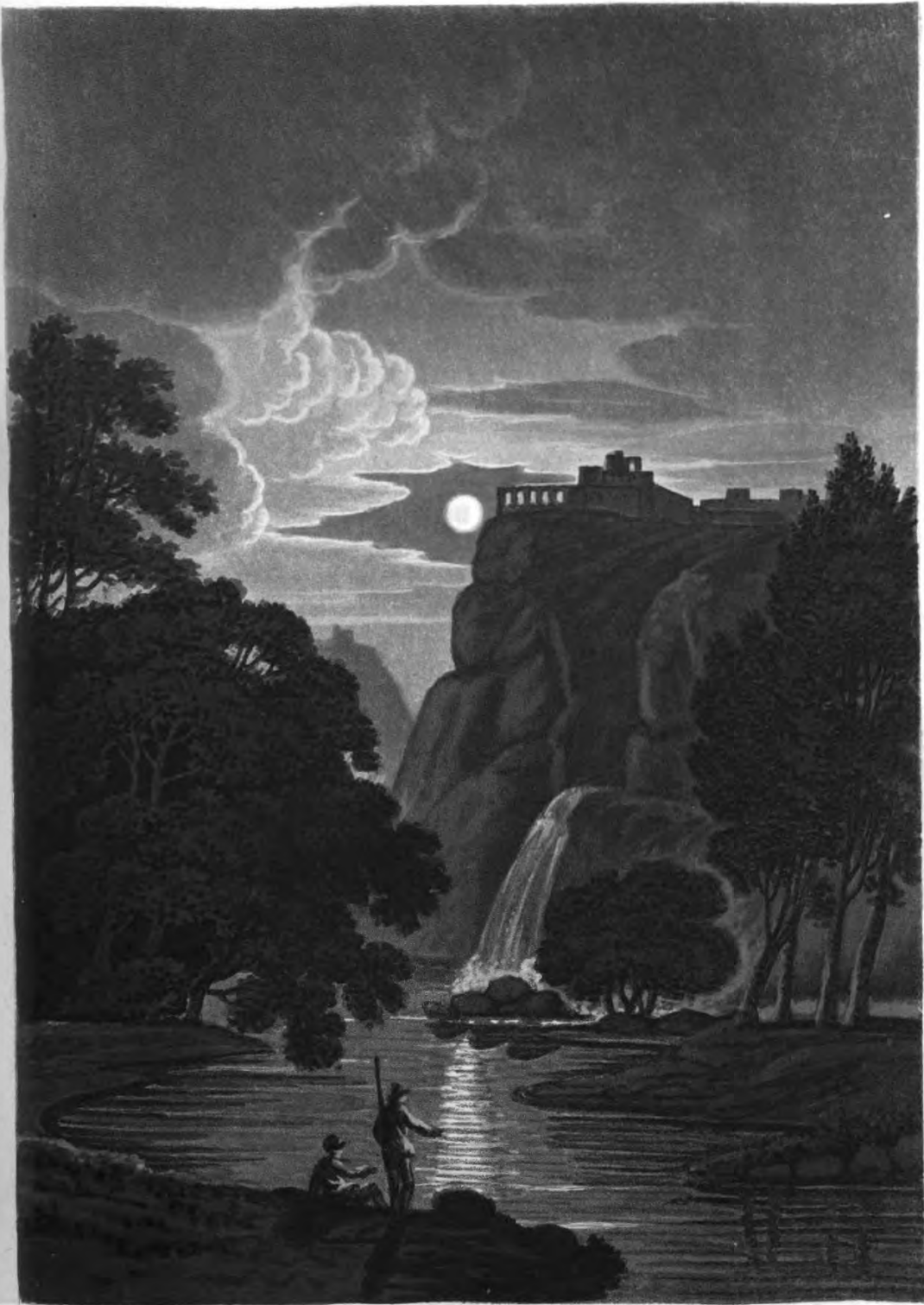
“ The fiend impatient roams to seize his prey,

“ And marks with cruel spoil th' ensanguin'd way :—

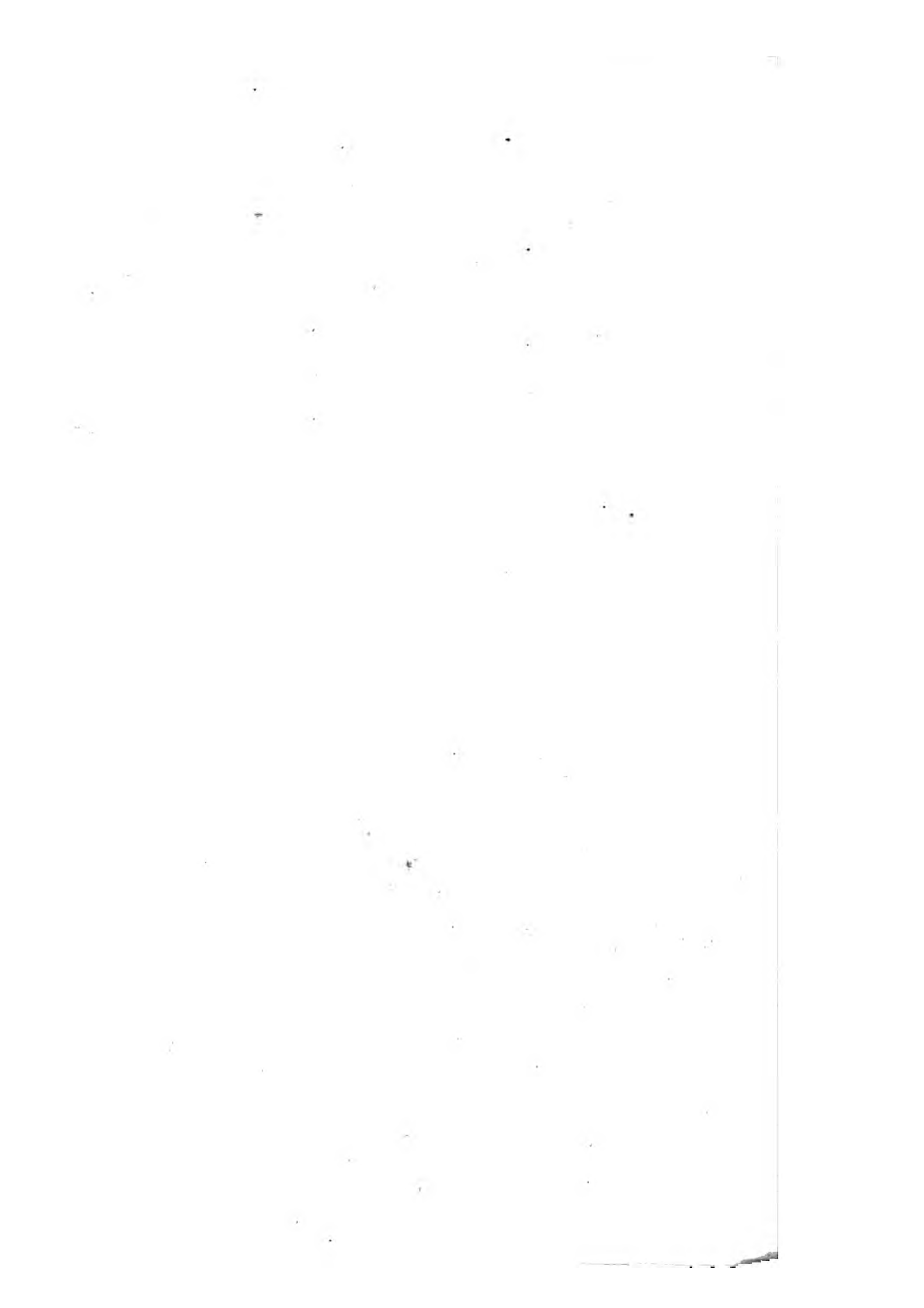
“ Offspring of war ! not that which comes to save,

“ The glory of the good, the brave ;

* Note, that in days of ancient fame,
 The *Guadalquiver* bore this name.



VIEW near SEVILLE in SPAIN,
BY MOONLIGHT.



" Where Justice bids unsheath the steel,
 " And wounds to make the tyrant feel ;—
 " Not that where Mercy hovers o'er
 " The hosts embattled on the plain,
 " To stop the streams of human gore,
 " To weep beside the heroes slain ;—
 " But that, which, clad in mad Ambition's form,
 " Awakes the fierce, the desolating storm,
 " Whose only dire delight and savage joy
 " Is to enslave the world, or to destroy."

Such is the fate Iberia's realms sustain !
 But shall she wear th' invader's galling chain ?
 The spirit that our sires inspir'd
 Again revives—with native ardour fir'd :
 We rush to arms—and vict'ry's turning tide
 Shall drive, with terror back, the Gallic host,
 And quell their tyrant's upstart pride :
 While Britain, friend of Freedom, on our coast
 Shall pour her potent and all-conqu'ring arms,
 And bid her navies ride !
 Then may we look to halcyon days of peace,
 When the rude tongue of war no more
 Shall bellow forth its loud uproar,
 And all its dire alarms shall cease :
 When Spain shall hail again her rightful lord ;
 When to her holy fanes their rites shall be restor'd ;—
 When renovatèd laws the sov'reign sway shall own,
 And loyal Love shall guard, and Freedom grace the
 throne.

THEATRICAL IMPROMPTU.

WHEN Garrick wore the Thespian crown,
 Great Shakspeare peep'd in wonder;
 Then Quin with Cibber claim'd renown
 In peals of royal thunder:—
 Old Macklin taught the English stage
 T' assume the shapes of Proteus;
 But griev'd to see this dotard age
 Applaud a puling Roscius.

R. M.

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

" Peace to the sons of the heroes, their deeds were great in
 battle; let them ride around me on clouds; let them shew their
 features of war. My soul shall then be firm in danger; mine arm
 like the thunder of Heaven!"—OSSIAN.

O'ER the inverted world the sun's last ray
 Far to the west diffus'd a dubious day;
 Night's sable empress, hov'ring o'er the slain,
 In murky mantle wrapp'd th' ensanguin'd plain;
 From realms of light slow fell the dewy show'r,
 To bless the calmness of the ev'ning hour;
 Wing'd with swift Fate, no longer, from afar,
 The cannon rolls the tumult of the war;
 The fatal Sisters fly the battle's roar,
 And weave the lurid web of Death no more.
 Spoil'd of thy Chief, in distant climes forlorn,
 What now remains but servitude and scorn?
 Weep, Anglia! weep; a direful cloud descends;
 Fraught with new fate, a darker hour impends.

Lo ! by the Prophet's hallow'd eye foreseen,
 Terrific judgments fright the sons of men :
 Warn'd by his voice, whom Hell's arch-fiends revere,
 Who conquer'd Death, whom Heav'ns blest angels fear,
 Warn'd by his voice, repent ; atone the past,
 Implore his mercy while his mercy last.
 Thus, in obedience to th' Almighty word,
 Avenging Justice shall disarm her sword :
 Thus to an erring race be mercy given,
 And Peace repel the thunderbolts of Heaven.

Lo ! undistinguish'd from the glorious dead,
 In climes remote thy patriot Hero bled ;
 And, as the ebbing tide of life decay'd,
 Tortur'd he groan'd beneath Fate's thirsty shade ;
 While trembled on his lips the parting breath,
 Ere yet his filmy eyes were seal'd in death :—
 " While yet," he cried, " this fainting heart shall beat,
 While warms my flutt'ring breast this vital heat,
 'Tis my last wish that England still approve,
 And view my actions with indulgent love.
 O, Thou supreme ! if now my doom's decreed,
 Thy searching eye my secret thoughts can read ;
 Thou know'st my zeal to serve my Country's cause,
 O ! save her King, her liberty, her laws !
 Thus shall my buoyant soul exulting soar,
 When Earth's illusive joys shall please no more ;
 A beaming ray shall pierce impending gloom,
 And Peace dethrone the tyrant of the tomb."

So, 'mid consuming flames, with empire blest,
 A phœnix shall renew her halcyon nest ;
 And, borne on eagle-pinions, shall arise,
 To wing her gladsome way, and kiss the bright'ning skies !

G. J. SKEELES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM put upon sending you the enclosed by my son Sam, who being lately returned from the house of a friend, where they take in the European Magazine, saw therein an advertisement, stating the plan of your new Poetical Publication. "Mother," says he, "I'm sure Laura's poem upon the parson's dog, that disappeared in so strange a way, would just suit Mr. Ackermann, as it may be truly called an original; and though, mother," continues he, "you know more about spindles and dough-cakes, than spondees and dactyls" (the boy has wit, and was right in what he said, for in truth I never understood a syllable of it); but as I was saying, "do mother," says he, "look after these verses of Laura's, which I gave you to take care of for me, and transcribe them from the copy in your possession; I would not enjoin you so unpleasant a task, if I could sit down to do it myself, but you know how father engages me." Well, to oblige my poor boy (for he has an inkling after this girl, which I am sorry to see, for she will never do for a wife to a plain country lad, Mr. Ackermann, though he has had some learning, and will have a pretty fortune; thanks to mine and his father's care)—as to Laura's verses about fairies and transmigrations, it appears to me an hodge-podge of nonsense, but Sam calls it imagery and imagination; the Lord help them both, and keep their brains in their right places; Amen, say I. But, as I was saying, or as I meant to say, it had escaped my memory where I had laid this fine production, and after having wasted a full hour and three quarters of precious time in the search; after having turned topsy-turvy all my drawers, in which I keep my own and husband's linen, (which, by the bye, will take me another hour and three quarters to replace,) where do you think, Mr. Ackermann, I found this bantling of Laura's brain? why, wrapped up in a woollen night-cap of my husband's, which the moth having got into, I had locked up in a deal box in the dark closet, where I keep every thing that is out of repair. I perfectly screamed for joy at sight of it, just as I had given it up for lost; not that I should have cared a pin about it, but poor Sam would have been sadly in the dumps. In future he shall keep it himself. I was in a fearful hurry and fluster whilst writing it over, for it appeared to me to be all loss of time; but Sam says the writing is of no consequence, but charged me to pay attention to the spelling, and the placing of great letters, as in the original copy. I did as he bid me, without knowing why,

glad at any rate to get it out of my hands. After all this rhodomontade about a dog, the story is simply this :—She belonged to the Rector, and suddenly disappeared one morning when walking in the fields with a young gentleman, his pupil, who would make Laura write something about it, which I am sure she never studied ; and I tell Sam she'll be angry with him for sending it to be printed ; but he's of a contrary opinion, and says nothing would please her so well, particularly if you made it the subject of one of your plates. The dog was small, beautiful, and remarkably sagacious, of the sporting kind ; its loss was much regretted. As to Laura's verses, she has a knack of rhyming, and that is all, for she never attends to rules, as I have heard her say.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.

May 5.

DORCAS DROWSEY.

UNKNOWN the grave where faithful Frisky lies !
 Unknown the fate by which that grave she found !
 Except to Fays and sylvan deities,
 Who trip the sod to many a dulcet sound ;
 Where by pale Cynthia's ray
 They revel keep when Sol shuts out the day,
 These, whom no mortal eye can view,
 When they sip the morning dew,
 Frisky ! on thy grave shall fling
 Sweetest flowers of the spring !
 Fairy elves shall mourn for thee,
 And from off the cypress-tree
 Each a tiny sprig shall take,
 And wear it, Frisky, for thy sake ;
 For thy sports, the woods among,
 Have oft amus'd King Oberon.
 Unlucky morn ! when, with ill-fated speed,
 Thou urg'dst thy course along the dewy mead !
 With nose uplifted to the scented air,
 Instinctively pursuing rabbits' lair—

Tho' Friendship's warning voice arrests thy way,
 And call'd aloud—"Oh! Frisky! Frisky! stay!"
 Nor hear nor see did'st thou! but faster sped,
 By Indiscretion and Delusion led—
 False guides!—for, *ignis-fatuus* like,
 They lur'd thee to the trap or pointed spike,—
 Uncertain what!—whether within a burrow,
 A line immur'd, or o'er a fresh-plough'd furrow,
 With haste imprudent, stooping for thy prey,
 With dislocated neck Death's victim lay;—
 Or trespassing where lurks the timid hare,
 Nor of the gunner nor his gun aware;
 Elate and panting for the destin'd prize,
 With instant death the sudden terror flies!—

Or, worst of all, disgraceful to suppose,
 Some ferret caught thee by the nose, }
 In thy research, where mole-hill rose. }
 Ignobly penn'd, thou mak'st the valleys ring, }
 Yet nought but Echo hears the ding; }
 Echo, sad nymph! to thee no help can bring: }

She hears thy moans,
 Repeats thy groans!
 And from her eye,
 To see thee die,
 A tear does fall,
 And that is all!

The insatiate red-ey'd fiend ne'er quits his hold
 Till out he sees thee stretch'd upon th' ensanguin'd
 mould.

O Frisky! in thy all-expressive eye
 I've mark'd the tender sympathy;
 The grateful joy for favours shown,
 The deep regret for faults when known.
 O Frisky! in thy animated mien
 A transmigrated soul I've seen!

In what new form no one can know,
 Or where thou art, or whither thou wilt go:—
 This very moment thou may'st be
 Of finny tribe, in lake or sea ;
 Or stalk an elephant or bear,
 Or flit an insect of the air ;
 A courtley beau, or flaunting belle,
 Or live a frog within a well ;
 Or in some Indian princess shine,
 In beads, and shells, and gaudy trappings fine ;
 Even, on some dreary heath,
 The very rabbit whom of breath
 Thou might'st deprive—wild parsley cropping,
 With ears erect, advancing, and now stopping ;
 Trembling at ev'ry passing wind,
 As if thou fear'st a foe, a Frisky, still behind.
 Yet, Frisky ! if thy memory be true,
 Thou'lt oft thy master's kindnesses review ;
 And could'st thou now his unfeign'd grief portray,
 Thou'dst be again the Rector's Dog of Cray.

LAURA.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE MEETING AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR,
 ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

WHEN affairs (as desired) in chaos are set,
 And Wardle, and Waithman, Horne Tooke, and Burdett,
 Are with pow'r to new-model the Government arm'd,
 Folks will quickly perceive, with no small admiration,
 Nought left them to pay tow'rd's the debt of the nation,
 And the system of sinecure places *re*-formed !

E.

FORGERY ;

OR, THE REFLECTIONS OF A CULPRIT, DURING THE
MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION.

WHAT sound * invades my restless hours ?
Terrific knell ! and is it morn ?
Ah, no ! still darkness o'er me low'rs,—
Death-chilling horrors wait the dawn.

Still the dread sound assails my ears,
It calls me to the dismal tomb ;
More near the fatal hour appears,
That seals the culprit's awful doom.

Adepts in pleasure ! hear his lay ;
Attend the wretch's last harangue :
Ye triflers of the age ! oh ! stay,
And feel a brother-trifler's pang.

Yes, like yourselves, I once was gay,
Sought ev'ry false destructive joy ;
Then, mark me, ere like me ye stray,
Tempted by ev'ry glitt'ring toy.

All that was mean I strove to brave,
To gain an independent fame ;
Int'rest could ne'er my thoughts enslave,—
Scorn'd flattery's arts to gain a name.

Possess'd of feelings strong and vain,
Without a check their rage to still,
Reason ne'er curb'd the slacken'd rein,
While headstrong impulse forced the will.

* This poetic appeal to the feelings of the careless commences with the culprit's alarm, on hearing the bell at midnight, that is intended to warn him of his approaching fate.

'Mid Dissipation's wild career,
 Fierce as I flew the madd'ning round,
 My greatest pleasure was the tear
 Shed where afflicted worth was found.

My bosom oft with pity heav'd,
 Oft strove the wounds of grief to heal ;
 The outcast's piteous fate reliev'd,
 Feeling as man for man should feel.

I lov'd to enter Mis'ry's door,
 Tho' worldly friends appear'd estrang'd ;
 Forgot the object's vice, if poor,
 Careless how worldly prospects chang'd,

More careless grown, I learn'd to spurn
 All that the best of parents taught ;
 In error plung'd too deep to turn,
 With ardour each new vice I sought ;

Advanc'd too rashly to recede,
 Blindly I brav'd the felon's fate ;
 Forg'd, in despair, the fatal deed
 That caus'd this ignominious state.

Just Heav'n ! may I approach thy feet ?
 Nature impels me to her God,
 Who hears the suppliant entreat
 That none but he may feel the rod.

On me thy vengeance pour alone ;
 Just God ! a too fond father shield ;
 I feel, I hear, the torturing groan
 The parent for his child may yield,

My happiness was all his care,
 To make me virtuous all his aim ;
 His slender pittance e'en he'd spare,
 To save false pride from painful shame.

And she, who nurs'd my growing years,
 Content no more shall sooth to rest ;
 Thus I repay a mother's tears,
 Thus agonize a mother's breast.

Can such a wretch humanely feel ?
 Yes ; the example's view'd in me :
 Yet, God of mercy ! still I kneel,
 Trusting all hope alone in thee.

Searcher of hearts, oh ! guide our youth,
 Speak to the young, and thoughtless gay ;
 Teach them this awful, solemn truth,
 When Death shall launch my soul away :—

While they run Error's giddy round,
 Oh ! bid them pause,—or, when too late,
 They'll find, who tread Temptation's ground,
 Destruction and Remorse await.

But, ah ! no more—the dawn appears,
 And now I leave my dismal cell ;
 Yon crowds, whose murmurs reach my ears,
 Too plain my shameful exit tell.

What fears my trembling nerves appal !
 Oh ! God of justice, bless the rod !
 Angels of mercy, aid my call !
 Oh ! God forgive—save me, my God !

S. B. FROME.

TO MYRA.

As painters, by their mimic skill,
 Portray each subject at their will,
 So little Cupid, with his dart,
 Depicts thy image on my heart.

Park-Street.

J. P.

EPIGRAMS.—BY MR. V——.

THE WRANGLING LOVERS.

WE love—and yet we disagree—
 And thus I solve the wonder ;
 There is a *charm* 'twixt you and me—
 We cannot live asunder.

THE OPEN TABLE.—TO A NOBLE LORD.

'Tis true, they say you're eloquent as Pitt,
 Have all the charms of Sheridan, the wit ;
 But know you not—of me—the same they'd say,
 Could I, like you, keep sycophants in pay ?

FORGETFULNESS.—IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

AT night, o'er the bottle, you grant me my will,
 But memory fails you at morn to fulfil :
 Then drink, morn and night, or promise no more,
 For nothing's so bad as deceiving the poor.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.—EP. 32.

The Author under a Fit of the Gout.

IN health, the whole of life too short appears ;
 But, in the gout *, one night seems twenty years.

MAN AND WIFE.—A CONSOLATORY DUET AT PARTING.

HE.—“ Bone of my bone, and flesh beside,
 Attend my dying words,” he cried :—
 “ As Death, at length, will make us twain,
 I hope we ne'er may meet again.”

SHE.—“ If that's the blessing which you give,
 I beg you'll hear me in reply ;
 My fears are only lest you live,
 So, quickly, John, I pray you—die.”

L—th—R—d.

* *μια νύξ απλτος ιστί χρονος.*

ADDRESS

TO THE PUBLISHER OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

GUARDIAN and Friend of modest Bards, all hail !
 Who, when the "*Storm arises*," spread the sail,
 And launch their vessels bold, to brave
 The fury of the critic wave,
 In *thee* confiding, to outride the gale :
 Some lightly scud before the wind,
 Others, more heavy, lag behind ;
 Whilst the young pilots, void of fear,
 Straight to thy shelt'ring harbour steer,
 And land their cargoes all to thy protecting care.

 'Mong these I fain my puny bark would freight,
 With articles, indeed, of little weight,
 Drawn from the *Parson's Barn* ; for so
 Styl'd I my storehouse, years ago ;
 Poetic Fancy's *private*, snug retreat—
 Rais'd up far distant from the ken
 Of fell Reviewers, dreaded men ;
 Aptly divided to contain,
 The tythings of the poet's brain,
 As yet disclos'd to none, save Friendship's social train.
 But for my cargo—say, what shall it be ?
 A Tale, a Sonnet, or a sportive Glee ?
 From pious Casimir, translation ;
 Or, of Anacreon, imitation ?—
 Of all, my barn has much variety :
 But hark ! my friend cries, " I'm in haste *,"
 So then, e'en dip, and send a taste."
 In his next Number, Ackermann will say
 Whether A. Z. shall send away
 More of his motley stores, some future day.

}
 A. Z.

* A friend in a passing coach takes this, written in much haste.

THE LOCAL-MILITIAMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

[IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.]

Quis fait horēdos, primus qui protulit enses
 Quam ferus, et veri ferreus ille fuit ?

STEEL'D was his heart whose dire inventive thought
 First to the murd'rous sword perfection gave,
 Whence slaughter sprung, with bloody horrors fraught,
 And op'd new pathways to th' untimely grave.
 What merited the wretch, whose brutal mind
 Thus rais'd such evils to afflict mankind ?

The seeds of war were erst by riches sown ;
 For then, when frugal neatness deck'd the board,
 The horrid clang of arms was all unknown ;
 The rampart rose not, nor the cannon roar'd ;
 Each shepherd slept securely in the dale,
 Whilst graz'd his peaceful herds along the vale.

Had I *then* haply trod the path of life,
 Ne'er had the din of war alarm'd mine ear,
 Nor spirit-sinking drum, nor shrilly fife,
 Had struck my trembling heart with panic fear—
 Dragg'd to the battle's heat, whilst now I go,
 To glut the sabre of some ruthless foe.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S ANSWER.

“ CEASE, vain complainer, check those dastard sighs,
 Thy Country calls thee, and thy King commands :
 Shall Gallic infidels,” the vet'ran cries,
 “ Plunder thy sheep-folds, and lay waste thy lands ?
 Go, seize with manly grasp thy polish'd blade,
 Nor curse the artizan by whom 'twas made.

“ What time thy faithful watch-dog growls alarms,
 Bold dost thou meet the plund’ers of thy flocks :
 Shall Anna then, be sever’d from thine arms ;
 Thy babes be dash’d against the blood-stain’d rocks ;
 And thou nor hear their cries, nor heed their tears ?
 Rouse, rouse thee, Henry, from such coward fears.”

Fire-flashing vengeance darting from his eyes,
 Quick springs young Henry from his mossy bed ;—
 “ Perish each dastard thought !” he boldly cries,
 “ Lead me, ere yet one British soul has bled—
 Lead me, good vet’ran, to th’ invaded coast,
 And Henry’s single arm shall prove an host.”

A. Z.

Devonshire, May 30, 1809.

ANECDOTE,

Not (I believe) much known.

Dean Swift being desired by his Barber, who was about to open a public house, under the sign of the “Jolly Barber,” to write some Verses to put on it, gave him the following distich---not published in his works.

Rove not from Pole to Pole, but enter here,
 Where nought excels the shaving—but the Beer.

A. Z.

ELIZA’S ANSWER TO G. F. *

AND canst thou then mistake me so,
 As to suppose the looks of wo,
 Which ever and anon I throw
 Around ;

* See page 50 of the First Number.

Devoid of art, above disguise,
He read not in my tell-tale eyes,
 Or yet my still more tell-tale sighs,
 My thoughts ;

But, judging from the scorn I feign'd,
 That o'er my heart some other reign'd,
 And that my love would ne'er be gain'd
 By him,

In haste he left old England's shore,
 And with a solemn oath he swore
 That he would *try* to think no more
 Of me :

And 'twas an easy task, I ween,
 For him, since then, I've never seen,
 Nor has my heart yet ever been
 At peace.

But still, as I recall the day,
 When, weary of my haughty sway,
 He tore himself from friends away,
 And me,

The tears will tremble in my eyes,
 And o'er my cheeks the blush will rise ;
 Nor can I *quite* suppress the sighs
 Of grief,

Which, with thy sex's vanity,
 Thou'st falsely thought spoke love of *thee*,
 And not a heart that soon would be
 At rest.

But *now*, when next thou seest those signs,
 Recall to mind these simple lines,
 And *judge* not that the fair-one pines
 For *thee*.

ELIZA.

A POET'S STATEMENT
TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE PROPERTY-TAX.

To those who would know it,
P. P. a poor Poet,
Will cheerfully shew it
 Them gratis,

That, never unwilling
To earn a good shilling,
Melodiously thrilling
 His pate is.

Tho' sad his condition,
With Phœbus' permission,
In any position
 He scribbles,

To gather some riches,
As well as good breeches,
Whilst crusts fit for witches
 He nibbles.

Castalia incites him,
Parnassus delights him,
But Poverty fights him
 Most queerly.

Yet Pegasus often
His troubles will soften,
Tho' frequently scoff'd on
 Severely.

Your poet's so poor,
With the wolf at his door,
And so small is his store
 Of good liquor ;

Fame bids me "aspire,
Ride Pegasus higher,
Poetical fire
Is your booty."

Commissioners, then,
Who are opulent men,
And who wish for the pen
Of a poet,

May easily find
A bard to their mind,
Whose heart is so kind
As to shew it;

That all advertisers,
Quack-doctors and misers,
And legal advisers
May know it.

His Pegasus offers
To fill up their coffers;
Thus gen'rously proffers
Your poet.

To lottery-people,
Like bells in a steeple
He'll chime, tho' more feeble,
But free;

And each auctioneer,
Who to fortune would steer,
May perceive his road clear,
Thro' P. P.

If lovers desire
Some poetical fire,
Fair charms to admire,
Or to rifle;

By paying P. P.
 But his regular fee,
 He is sure they'll agree
 'Tis a trifle.

The dull plodding Cit
 May secure P. P.'s wit,
 Who is constantly fit
 For these uses;

And those living west,
 Who to fashion give zest,
 May be always address'd
 By the Muses.

All tradesmen who deal
 In gold, silver, or steel,
 Or fashions reveal
 To the fair,

May hear their goods chime
 In their poet's soft rhyme,
 By rewarding his time
 And his care.

All those who would know
 How his verses will flow,
 To friend *Ackermann* go,
 In the Strand,

Who will tell in a trice
 The poetical price
 For Parnassian advice,
 Duly scann'd.

TO MARY.

AN, Mary! could the poet's art,
 Warm, glowing, tell how true my heart,
 A Ramsay's strain, a Burns's song,
 Wild warbling, Nature's flow'rs among,

Should paint my love like yonder rose,
 But stripp'd of all its thorny boughs.
 The crimson'd daisy wet wi' dew,
 My Mary, well would emblem you !
 But weak are all the poet's pow'rs,
 And faint the brightest tint o' flow'rs,
 To shew how much I Mary love,
 And by compare my passion prove.
 I scarcely value Heaven more !
 It's loss I'd scarcely more deplore !
 Forgive me, Heaven, thine is the flame,
 Thou can'st not such a passion blame.
 Forgive me, Mary, pious maid !
 I fear too strongly true I said :
 But oh ! impute my faults aright ;
 Thou art my Heaven of delight !
 Heaven's flame, alas ! too strongly fann'd,
 And 'tis thro' you I'm saved or —.

DEVERONNIS.

SIMPLE PASTORAL TRIBUTE,

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BROWN, ESQ.

*Unfortunately killed in the Attack of the French at Marie
 Galante.*

WHAT sounds, o'er th' Atlantic, so mournful and sweet,
 Bid Kindness and Pity in sympathy meet ?
 Ah ! the soft western gale dismal tidings has sped,
 And breathes, with his praises, that Thyrsis is dead !
 Remote from his country, and all he held dear,
 In life's blooming prime he was snatch'd to his bier ;
 By War's horrid hand unforeseen came the blow
 That laid his fair virtues and energies low !

Ah! why did those energies lead to the shore
 Where that murderous demon exerted his pow'r?
 Each active endeavour is now at an end
 That brighten'd his prospects, and those of his friend.
 But Heaven, perhaps, saw his course was well run,
 And call'd him away, future evil to shun,—
 Nor with ling'ring disease tried his warm feeling heart,
 Averse from each tender connection to part :
 Yet, when his last moment he threat'ning perceiv'd,
 My fancy would paint he thus inwardly griev'd :—
 “ Lov'd sister, and friends, if ye hear I'm no more,
 “ O do not too bitterly weep and deplore !
 “ Yet a fond wish remains that some tears may be shed,
 “ And a thought be retain'd for poor Thyrsis, when dead.’
 Yes, generous youth ! and thy mem'ry shall bloom,
 Enrich'd with bright Virtue's eternal perfume.
 Nor few are the tears that shall Thyrsis deplore,
 When the sad news arrives at his Erin's green shore ;
 Alas ! but too poignant the grief that will rend
 The heart of his sister—the heart of his friend !
Sweet Muse, that was wont to inspire *his* pen,
 To some favour'd mortal descend once again ;
 Give *Genius* and *Friendship* thy language, to tell
 How belov'd he had liv'd, how lamented he fell !
 Nov. 21, 1808.

REMERCI-MENS D'UN EMIGRÉ FRANCOIS

A LA NATION ANGLAISE.

AIMABLE Dêité, douce Reconnoissance,
 Des vertueux humains, sensible récompense,
 Objet chéri des Dieux, peu connu des mortels,
 Dont, l'ingrat tous les jours renverse les autels.

Avec quel vif transport, j'éprouve ta puissance !
 De t'exprimer hélas, je sens l'insuffisance
 Mais à mes bienfaiteurs, d'autres t'exprimeront
 Pulissent ils entrevoir, dans tout ce qu'ils diront,
 D'un tribut mérité, le véritable hommage
 Et le doux sentiment, qu'avec eux je partage !
 Si la timidité retint mes purs accens,
 C'est que l'expression manquoit aux sentimens :
 Tout, en vous m'enchantant, peuple par excellence,
 Ces actes éclatans de votre bienfaisance,
 Se gravant à jamais, dans mon cœur attendri,
 Y revivront sans cesse, en dépit de l'oubli.

CHEV. D. B.

PRAYER FOR PRAYER,

*Occasioned by overhearing two Females settling their
 Evening Plan.*

“ ARE you for chapel, ma'am ?” one cry'd :
 “ Oh, no ;” the younger fair replied ;
 “ I really have engag'd to go,
 And meet a friend on Clapton-row,
 He said at six he would be there,
 And that you know's the hour for pray'r :
 To-day at chapel twice I've been,
 It cannot therefore be a sin
 If I a little walk should take,
 For health and recreation sake ;
 So, when to Heaven you raise your pray'r,
 Oh think of me, who am not there ;
 Another day I'll surely do
 The self-same kindness unto you.”
 Then quickly parted, in a trice,
 The sinner, and the saint, so nice :
 But who can tell which was the best,
 The sinner, or the saint profess'd ?

ARENA.

LINES

WRITTEN FROM LEWES, IN SUSSEX,

*At the particular Request of the Young Lady to whom
they are addressed.*

HERE, where the Sussex hills majestic rise,
And tow'ring lift their green heads to the skies ;
Where rustic Lewes' modest spires ascend,
And hills and vales in rich confusion blend ;
Here would I sip the Heliconian spring,
And in the Muses' strains to Wortley sing.

Sweet Lewes ! well thy lovely bow'rs may claim
A poet's lays, to tell their rural fame :
Shall I then in the arduous task engage,
And hope to furnish the descriptive page ?
Too impotent, alas ! my simple lays,
Imagination's airy wing to raise ;
But, when requested, when desir'd by *you*,
Ah ! what, dear Wortley ! wou'd not Henry do ?

Where lofty Sussex' verdant summits rise,
Deep in the vale, encircled, Lewes lies ;
Here cluster'd hamlets rise among the trees,
And shady poplars tremble in the breeze ;
The eye, enchanted, from the depth below
Sees hills on hills in rich succession grow ;
Luxuriant fields, that teem with yellow stores,
Where smiling Plenty rich profusion pours.
The Sussex farmer shares her ample horn,
Transported views the yellow waving corn ;
While ev'ry breeze that scours along the hills
The ambient air with healthy fragrance fills.

Low in his verdant banks, meand'ring Ouse
 In silver stream his winding course pursues ;
 And murm'ring soft, delightful bow'rs among,
 Attendant Naiads listen to his song ;
 And, while within the lucid tide they lave,
 Speed with their silver urns his curling wave
 To Ocean's billows.—On the margent green
 Oft is the watchful angler sporting seen ;
 With anxious care each wily art he tries,
 And snares profound with sportive ardour plies ;
 Views with delight the painted signal glide ;
 Now gently nod—now plunge into the tide ;
 The finny tribes the latent poison seize,
 And, borne aloft, and panting in the breeze,
 Too late, alas ! they feel the hidden death,
 Landed, and gasping for their native breath !

Here, in some flow'ry brake, or daisied dell,
 Retirement, modest maiden ! loves to dwell ;
 And often, in her wild sequester'd shade,
 (For pensive minds and absent lovers made,)
 Delights her willing vot'ries to detain,
 And forge new links to Cupid's silken chain.

Such are thy pleasures, Lewes ! such thy sports,
 More valu'd far than all the pomp of courts !
 To me more dear within thy bow'rs to live
 Than all the pomp that guilty pride can give :
 Far more congenial is the babbling rill,
 The ivy'd steeple, and the rustic mill,
 The modest maiden, clad in humble brown,
 The straw-thatch'd cottage, and the simple clown ;
 More dear unpolish'd Nature to my heart
 Than all the splendid blandishments of Art.

Are these thy thoughts, O Wortley ! these the sweets
 (Enjoy'd alone in rural, calm retreats)

That please thy heart?—or is't the midnight ball,
 The festive chamber, and the lighted hall;
 Anxious to pace the splendid crowd among,
 The envied object of a flatt'ring throng?

Expect no strains from Adulation's tongue;
 However witty, beautiful, and young,
 Thy charms to flatter, or thy wit to praise,
 Shall never be the object of my lays;
 But, pure and simple, unadorn'd by Art,
 Accept my numbers, flowing from the heart;
 And they, on Fancy's pinions borne from mine,
 But hope a passport, lovely maid! to thine.
 No laureat honours I aspire to claim,
 Or blooming wreaths, to consecrate my fame;
 No Grecian triumphs grace my simple song,
 To abler bards superior themes belong;
 The richest meed I hope to crown *my* lays—
 I will not blush to own—is Wortley's praise;
 And, while her judgment and her candour blend,
 To see her spare the Poet—in the Friend.

H. T. H.

Lewes, July 2, 1808.

IMPROMPTU,

*On reading "General Observations, on the Fashions for
 June," in Ackermann's Repository.*

MR. Arbiter Elegantiarum,
 So hard the words, I really cannot bear 'em;
 Do, pray, select some easier to pronounce,
 And please the fair—or else their smiles renounce;
 For much they cavil that you should presume
 To immolate their fancies in the bloom.
 Must they, like soldier, parson, sailor,
 Wear red, black, blue, or dark, or paler,

To designate their eye of varied hue,
 From sparkling black to soft cerulean blue ?
 For shame, thus modest Beauty to disarm,
 And take away the fascinating charm
 Of fond surprise, and let the vulgar know
 Where moves Brunetta—where the fairest go ;
 And, where the rosy blush of health is fled,
 To bind forsaken green around the head.
 Much I protest against such rigid sway,
 And own these liv'ries would create dismay :
 Nor could you, mighty Sir ! with ease obtain
 The sex to yield to such a tyrant reign.
 How can you hope their colours to arrange,
 Without the liberty of choice, or change ?
 No, Sir, in this our blest, our happy land,
 Such innovating dogmas we'll withstand,
 Bid Fancy blossom in the mirror's spite,
 For, surely, Fancy may sometimes be right.
 You would prescribe to all dear lovely blue,
 Save the poor invalid, of sallow hue.
 Is it that joyous Health you deem too frail
 To wear the tint of Heaven's celestial veil ?
 And tender green (fond Nature's proudest boast)
 With sober brown deny the fairest toast.
 Would you Brunetta only should assume
 The dingy colours that would write her doom ;
 While she, perhaps, is emulous to shine
 As alabaster fair, as Love divine ?
 Ah ! never hope t' induce the female sex
 T' admit of laws that would most sorely vex :
 How could you class the fair, the pale, the brown,
 And dare to live beneath their angry frown ?
 Who shall decide where Hope ambitious reigns ?
 Who shall contend against the fair-one's claims ?

Confusion would arise, and dire contempt,
 And you'd derive no pleasure from th' attempt :
 Then, be our gentle guide, our lib'ral friend,
 And greatly to your strictures we'll attend ;
 Direct our fashions by your wise decrees,
 We will adopt them how and when we please :
 But do not hope our colours to decide,
 Those we will choose, tho' Spleen and Whim deride :
 You're much admired, spite of all vagarum,
 Mr. Arbiter Elegantiarum.
 Believe me yours, and most obsequiously
 The tantalizing, tiresome

AZELI.

 CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

NAME first the *man* who did aspire
 To steal the sun's ethereal fire ;
 Next *him*, at whose harmonious sound
 The enchanted forests danc'd around ;
 And now the *fields* of bliss below,
 Where, we are told, the happy go ;
 Then you the *dark reverse* may tell,
 Where wicked spirits ever dwell :
 That *island* where the virtuous fair
 Unravell'd all her work with care ;
 The sly malicious *power*, whose art,
 Without your knowledge, steals your heart ;
 Then *her*, whose slow and ling'ring hand,
 Delay'd to burn the fatal brand ;
 Also the *stream*, which, poets say,
 Washes all care and thought away ;
 Place Wisdom's *goddess* now in state,
 But, oh ! beware Arachne's fate ;
 Then Thetis' *son*, who chose the strife
 Of warlike fame, instead of life ;

The famous *knot*, so firmly tied,
 A soldier only could divide;
 The *nymph* whom Theseus left alone,
 His cruel falsehood to bemoan;
 The gentle *breeze* that sweetly plays,
 And cools the sun's meridian blaze;
 Then name the *mortal*, bold and proud,
 Whose hopes were cheated by a cloud;
 The *bird* who sings when Sol's at rest,
 Soothing each melancholy breast;
 The *nymph* who answers ev'ry tone,
 And sigh for sigh, when you're alone.
 Now these initials, rightly join'd,
 A publication soon will find,
 Where those who feel poetic fire,
 And own the force of Phœbus' lyre,
 May join their strains, and cheerful meet,
 To rest them at Apollo's feet;
 Each humbly off'ring their best lay,
 In hopes to catch a leaf of bay.

AUGUSTA.

An Answer to the above is requested from any of your ingenious Readers.

 SONNET.

Oh ! d'un simple hameau si le ciel m'eût fait maître,
 Je saurois en jouir : heureux, digne de l'être,
 Je voudrois m'entourer de fleurs, de riches plants,
 De beaux fruits et sur tout de visages rians :
 Et je ne vaudrois pas, qu'attristant ma fortune,
 La faim vint m'étaler sa pâleur importune.

JACQUES DELILLE.

WHEN Ev'ning decks with varied shades the west,
 And all the air a balmy fragrance yields *,
 With thee, Delille, my op'ning soul's possess'd,
 As on I saunter through the silent fields :

* " And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

And if, beguil'd by Phantasy, I steal,
 In wistful mood, along the "grassy lane,"
 Thy rural numbers ev'ry charm reveal,
 And throw a softer verdure on the plain :
 With thee, sublim'd, I contemplate the scene—
 The humble cot, where Innocency dwells ;
 Or faintly catch, while wand'ring o'er the green,
 The simple music of the village bells.
 Hail, gentle Eve! whose fanning gales impart,
 Health, vigour, life, and solace, to my heart !
Grafton-Street, 1809. J. G.

A POETICAL DESCRIPTION

OF A QUAKER AWAKENING FROM A DOZE IN A
 STAGE-COACH.

—♦—

OPE', "Sesame *!"
 See there,
 Extended wide his jaws appear !
 Oh! cease
 To give unsav'ry yawns release !
 Shut, "Sesame!"
 They close,
 And clear the wrinkles from his nose !
 He sighs,
 Then opens wide his goggle eyes,
 And stares
 Like cats when noos'd in wily snares—
 Then writhes !
 And looks around, with wonder and surprise,
 In spirit mov'd, in vain he cries—
 " Ah ! me, wherefore these jolts, this hubbub noise—

* Vide "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," or, "The Forty Thieves."

These rattling wheels,
 And coach-whip peals—
 This dinning beat
 Of horses' feet—
 That guard-horn's bray
 (To clear the way)—
 And noisy crew,
 Above my view ?

To aggravate this compound din,
 Full many a gabbling goose within,
 And none of them—my bretheren."

To 'scape the noise,
 And save his eyes,
 No wonder then
 To sleep again
 " Ti Tum"
 Tries.

TO A LADY.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL EDITION OF "THE VERNAL WALK."

ACCEPT, dear *Kate*, this trifle from a friend ;
 And, as throughout *Life's* vernal walk you rove,
 May ev'ry virtue its soft influence lend,
 And you be bless'd with happiness and love !
 For thee I'd fain attune the magic lyre—
 In lofty strains—to *Friendship's* name divine :
 Thy charms, dear *Kate*, the Muses shall inspire,
 And in soft numbers shall thy virtues shine.
 May it be thine to stray in fragrant bow'rs,
 Where vernal sweets expand on Zephyr's wing ;
 In groves Elysian cull the choicest flow'rs,
 And bloom for thee a never-ending spring !
Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE TAY, DURING THE
STORMY EVENING OF JAN. 3, 1809.

WHAT ails thee ? my child, ah ! why do thine eyes
So wildly roll with affright ?
What is it thus fills thy heart with dread,
At this gloomy hour of the night ?
Oh, mother ! come forth to the door of our cot,
And see, by the moon's pale gleam,
Yon labouring bark, on Tay's billowy wave,
And list its sad inmates' scream.
Well, well may ye shriek, ah ! wretched, wretched crew,
And mingle your cries with the blast ;
Hence no buoyant boat, fill'd with hearts prompt to save,
To snatch from the surges can haste.
Heard, heard ye that piercing cry of despair ?
'Twas the knell of departing life :
All, all are engulf'd, a luckless prey
To dire elemental strife !
Haste we to our cot, my mother, mother dear,
To our cabin of lowly form ;
There humbly implore the mercy of Heaven
For the victims of the storm.
Cupar, Fife. W.

THE VIOLET.—TO MARIA.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

A MODEST dwelling, and a modest vest,
Free from Ambition, in the grass I lie ;
If e'er I'm ta'en to bloom upon your breast,
The humblest with the proudest flow'r shall vie.
HENRY.

EPIGRAMMATIC.

Picciola è l'Ape, e fa col picciol morso
 Pur gravi, e pur moleste le ferite.
 Ma qual cosa è piu piccola d'Amore, &c.

'TASSO nell' *Aminta*.

BEHOLD yon little golden bee,
 Wrapp'd in the tulip's painted arms,
 Arm'd, like a Perseus, cap-a-pee,
 Rolling amidst her honey'd charms :
 Now see him take his ardent flight
 Amidst the regions of delight.

Bright in the sun, on golden wing,
 Laden with sweets he hovers nigh ;
 Approach, and dare his little sting,
 And you shall rue it with a sigh :
 Within his honey'd cell he wears
 A sting that rankling poison bears.

Tho' small the wound, and small the bee,
 Yet burns with fire the wounded part ;
 And Love, much smaller still than he,
 By one such wound can burn the heart :
 Oh ! then, beware of little things,
 Which carry in their tails such stings.

P.

 THE MIRROR.

SEE Fashion's tawdry childish toil,
 To make a beauty Time will spoil !
 Turn over leaf, and there you'll meet
 Of lasting beauty the receipt ;—
 A double mirror here you'll find,
 To dress the person and the mind.

PRESENTED TO MISS CHARLOTTE —,

By no jealous Lover, but by a Friend, who wishes every Body may
love her as much as he does.

—

WOULD you always be in fashion,
With such charms as never fade,
Improve your mind to govern passion—
Your beauty and your fashion's made,

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

*On her singing Burns' beautiful Song of "What ails
this Heart o' mine."*

—

You ask, fair maid, what ails your heart?
What means it's flutt'ring throb?
Why do its wand'ring thoughts your breast
Of wonted calmness rob?
What means this ever-tearful eye?
What means this falt'ring tongue?
Why pallid this once-blooming cheek?
Why hesitates my song?

Permit a friend, my charming girl,
In softest tones to say,—
'Tis love, till now unfelt, that thus
Insidious winds his way
Thro' thy pure bosom's deep recess,
And leaves his barbed dart;
Blanches the roses of thy cheek,—
With tremor fills thy heart.

W.

LINES

ADDRESSED BY A LADY TO A GENTLEMAN WITH A
NIGHT-CAP.

I REALY believe,
 When this you receive,
 It will from your face force a smile ;
 A night-cap, 'tis true,
 I have knitted for you,
 In your absence the hours to beguile.
 But it is my request,
 That into your chest
 You deposit this night-cap with care ;
 And when that you wed,
 And are going to bed,
 I wish you this night-cap to wear.
 I merely for fun
 This night-cap begun,
 In the hopes that I might be a wife,
 And wishing to shew
 My good man, you know,
 What a house-wife he'd chosen for life.
 But of that I declare
 I now wholly despair,
 As leap-year, you know, is now out :
 What am I to do ?
 I can't tell, can you ?
 " Why," say you, " be contented without."
 As for Hymen and Cupid,
 I am sure they are stupid,
 And also suspect they're both blind ;
 Could those gentlemen see,
 They'd never leave me
 A prey to despair thus behind.

E. B.

EVENING.

THE Sun's last ray still lingers o'er the scene,
 Tinting the landscape with a golden hue ;
 And Eve, with shadowy veil and placid mien,
 Now bathes the fragrant flow'rs with balmy dew,

Dear to the thoughtful mind this pensive hour,
 When, from the busy "haunts of man" retir'd,
 Fancy! thy vot'ry owns thy magic pow'r,
 And yields to the gay dreams by thee inspir'd.

But soon, superior to all worldly thought,
 My soul devoutly lifts its hopes to thee,
 Creator! and, with grateful fervour fraught,
 I hail the mercy thou hast shewn to me :
 And, as I contemplate thy wondrous ways,
 My heart pours forth to thee the hymn of praise.

OCTAVIA.

AN OLD WOMAN TO HERSELF.

LIKE an old wither'd apple I now am become,
 Tho' once I could boast of a beautiful bloom ;
 Just so was the apple, when fresh on the tree,
 But, torn from its stem, is as wither'd as me.
 Alas! it is thus we must all soon decay,
 And fall from our youth and our beauty away ;
 Age wrinkles our features, and time fades our bloom,
 Yet good-nature preserving may soften the doom,
 And make the few years we yet can enjoy
 As cheerful and pleasant as what are gone by—
 Not permitting ill-nature our comforts to stab,
 By being as sour as a wither'd old crab.

AUGUSTA.

Οἴηπερ φυλλῶν γενεή, τοιηδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.—ΗΟΜ.

Ἄνθρωπων τι δ' ἀρ' ἐστὶ γένος ; καπνός, σπόδος ἀτμή
Ἄθος ἀνήρ ὦρῃ δ' εἰαρινῇ βίβλος.

Κροίσος ἀναξ, Ἴρος τε πένης, σοφοί, ἀφρονες, ἀδῶ
Ἠλυθὸν εἰς συγερὰ κοῖνον ἀπᾶσι τέλος.

Ἀξυλὸν πολεμῶ πέφνεν κρατερός Διομήδης
Ἀξυλὸν δὲ φόνευς κ' αὐτὸς ἐπειτα θάνεν.

Ἀφνεὸς ἄλλος ἐνν, χρηστὸς, φίλος ἀνθρωποσίαν
Τῷ δ' ἀλλῷ καλὸν Πάλλας ἔδωκε κλέος.

Εἶπε γερῶν Σαμῖος, “Ψυχὴ τρία σωματ' ἔδυσε
Ἡμετέρη,” τρίτατον θέσχατον εὐρεβιον.

Ἐστὶ γὰρ ἐστὶ σοφῷ καίμη σοφῷ ἡμᾶρ ἀναγκῆς
Μοῖρα δ' ὁμῶς δεχεται καὶ Σαμίον καὶ ἐμε.

RUGBIENSIS.

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE,

(Continued from Page 90.)

I now in easy verse pursue
What at the Dean's came next in view ;
Where, strange to tell, I chanc'd to meet
A kind of Opposition treat :
For Sheridan, the wit, and Rose,
Did part the company compose ;
With Canning, Perceval, and More,
Who kept the table in a roar ;
With other wits, and Ladies too,
('Twould take up time to name them thro',)
Which to my friend I did report,
Who instant made me this retort :—

FRIEND.—Why sure, where Ladies did preside,
 All politics were laid aside:
 For why should women interfere,
 In what's so foreign to their sphere?

AUTHOR.—Indeed you never were more wrong,
 For loudest was the female tongue;
 And each their party did maintain
 In free and animated strain;
 Yet still good humour kept its place,
 And gave the chat a pleasing grace,
 Till cards and tea their summons sent,
 To which, for one, I instant went,
 Preferring, as a thing divine,
 The chat of women to my wine.
 But what, grave Counsel, will you say,
 When all was chang'd to deepest play
 (And at a Dean's, a man so grave!
 But Fashion makes the world it's slave?)
 And, ere the busy night was o'er,
 Many had lost a dreadful score;
 Till passion had so chang'd the fair,
 Their charms were sunk in deep despair.
 Shock'd at a sight so truly new,
 I join'd the Dean's remaining few;
 For some, alas! had made retreat,
 When I resum'd my former seat:
 Where still facetious wit, I found,
 By wine inspir'd, was flashing round;
 And only wish you had been there,
 T' enjoy this truly Attic fare.

FRIEND.—I thank you, but I wish you'd tell
 Which of the party bore the bell:
 Whether the wit, or gent'ler Rose,
 Did best their arguments impose;

For both have talents, there's no doubt,
 But vary—as they're in or out ;
 And often adverse in debate,
 As things go right or wrong in State.
 There was a man most aptly fit
 To rule us well, and that was **PITT**.
 Another such, where shall we find him ?
 He's gone—nor left his like behind him.

FRIEND.—Perhaps you think too deeply, Sir,
 And thence conclusively infer,
 Amongst our Ministers of State
 There's none of equal kind or weight
 To meet the cruel tyrant's scourge
 But, with your leave, I this will urge,
 That our stout ship will brave the storm,
 If all their duty well perform.
 For what can check (but hand Divine)
 If British hearts but keep the Line,
 And to one Point—their efforts join. }

[To be continued.]

TO A LADY,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER SOME VERSES INDICATING
 DISTRESS.

O could I lead to thy caress,
 The fleeting form of happiness ;
 Or, o'er thy throbbing bosom throw,
 A lenient balm for ev'ry woe ;—
 Mary ? no more thy breast should rise,
 Save but to Pleasure's extacies !
 But transient as the breeze that blows
 O'er the sweet bosom of the rose,

Is she, the nymph thou fain would'st woo,
Whom *few* can find, whom *all* pursue :
For I, like thee, have felt the stings
Sharp disappointment ever brings ;
Like thee have pray'd my path to bless
The passing shade of Happiness !
I sought her 'midst the harmonious choir,
And found her fraught with tuneful fire ;
Found all Apollo e'er could blend,
In man, in poet, or in friend :
But when from Pleasure's trance I woke,
My friend was dead, his lyre was broke !
I sought her there where most she charms,
In woman's fascinating arms ;
But quickly found how soon she dies
In Beauty's passion-streaming eyes ;
For, ah ! she only spurn'd my pray'r,
She only left me to despair ;
Left me to shew, in painful theme,
How all my hopes were but a dream !
I trac'd her down the giddy throng,
Where Folly's vot'ries flaunt along ;
But, while she promis'd bliss and fame,
She only led them on to shame !
I trac'd her where, in rural spot,
'*Tis said* she dwells in tranquil cot ;
But, ah ! what ghastly griefs were there !
Oppression, Penury, and Care !
Then let us hail the quiet gloom,
The peaceful slumber, of the tomb !
The hopes that in the bosom rise,
That point to bliss beyond the skies ;
That whisper kind, in Wisdom's ear,
" Seek not the beauteous spectre here !"

G. F.

REMARKABLE SONG,
PROPHETIC OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I transmit you for insertion in your entertaining work, if you deem it worthy of a place, the following curious production, which I lately met with. Among all the predictions of the French Revolution, many of which were never heard of till after the occurrence of the circumstances to which they allude, this piece seems to deserve particular attention, as it may be found in several *almanachs* printed ten or twelve years previous to the commencement of that explosion. So correct is the view here given of its principal features, that the reader would be disposed to consider it rather the description of a past, than the anticipation of a future event. Perhaps, if you think fit to introduce it, some of your ingenious Correspondents may feel inclined to exercise their talents upon a metrical translation, which I should be happy to see.

Yours, &c.

Z.

VIVENT tous nos beaux esprits,
Encyclopédistes,
Du bonheur François épris,
Grands Oeconomistes ;
Par leurs soins au tems d'Adam
Nous reviendrons, c'est leur plan,
Momus les assiste,
O gai !
Momus les assiste.

Ce n'est pas de nos bouquins
Que vient leur science,
En eux ces fiers paladins
Ont la sapience ;
Les *Colberts* et les *Sully*
Nous paraissent grands, mais, si !
Ce n'est qu'ignorance
O gai !
Ce n'est qu'ignorance !

On verra tous les états
 Entre eux se confondre,
 Les pauvres sur leurs grabats
 Ne plus se morfondre ;
 Des biens on fera des lots,
 Qui rendront les gens égaux ;
 Le bel oeuf à pondre
 O gai !
 Le bel oeuf à pondre.

Du même pas marcheront
Noblesse et roture ;
 Les Français retourneront
 Au droit de nature ;
Adieu Parlement et Loix
Ducs et grands Seigneurs et Rois
 La bonne aventure,
 O gai !
 La bonne aventure.

Puis devenus vertueux,
 Par philosophie,
 Les Français auront des dieux
 A leur fantaisie ;
 Nous reverrons un oignon
 A Jésus damer le pion ;
 Ah quelle harmonie
 O gai !
 Ah quelle harmonie.

Alors d'amour sûreté,
 Entre soeurs et frères ;
 Sacrement et parenté
 Seront des chimères :

Chaque père imitera
 Lot, au jour qu'il s'enivra.
 Liberté plénière
 O gai !
 Liberte plénière.

Plus de moines langoureux,
 De plaintives nonnes ;
 Au lieu d'adresser aux cieux
 Matines et nones.
 On verra ces malheureux
 Danser, abjurant leurs voeux,
 Galante chaconne
 O gai !
 Galante chaconne,

Partisans des novations,
 La fine sequelle
 La France des nations
 Sera le modèle !
 Et cet honneur nous devrons
 A *Turgot et compagnons*
 Besogne immortelle
 O gai !
 Besogne immortelle,

A qui devons nous le plus ?
 C'est à notre maître,
 Qui se croyant un abus,
Ne voudra plus l'être !
 Ah qu'il faut aimer le bien,
 Pour de roi n'être plus rien ;
 J'enverrois tout pâtre
 O gai !
 J'enverrois tout pâtre,

HORACE, *Book I. Ode 15.*

THE PROPHECY.

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus, &c.

WHEN faithless Paris Helen bore
 To Iliion, o'er the swelling main,
 Sage Nereus, skill'd in future lore,
 Thus sung their fates in awful strain:
 He smooth'd the billows of the rolling deep,
 And hush'd the prosp'rous gales t' unwelcome sleep:—

“ Wo! wo! to the unhappy land
 To which thou bear'st that beauteous dame!
 Full many a well-arm'd Grecian band
 Her at your city's walls shall claim—
 Shall snatch the crown from Priam's hoary brows,
 And rend with vengeful steel your impious vows!

“ Alas! for men and steeds what toil!
 For Troy what endless wo you store!
 Chariots shall plough the fruitful soil,
 And swords shall drench the plains with gore,
 Pallas assumes her spear and blood-stain'd shield,
 And mounts her chariot for the fated field,

“ Bold but thro' Venus' guardian care,
 In vain thou'lt touch thy love-sick lyre;
 Or bind in curls thy golden hair,
 For simple maidens to admire;
 Or, on a couch of dewy roses lie,
 In vain shall heave thy breast the swelling sigh,

“ Thou can’st not shun the sounding spear
 That bears thy well-deserved fate;
 Nor strive the battle not to hear;
 Nor fly fierce Ajax’ vengeful hate:
 Thy mangled form shall press the reeking shore,
 Thy graceful locks besmear’d with dust and gore!

“ The valiant Teucer dost thou not behold,
 And Salaminus eager stand
 With Nestor wise, Ulyssus bold,
 Destroyers of thy hapless land?
 See Sthenelus his uprais’d jav’lin wield,
 And hunt thee flying from the destin’d field.

“ There fierce Merione, in armour bright,
 With light’ning eyes, and heart on fire—
 Tydides, panting for the fight,
 E’en greater than his noble sire—
 Dauntless he roves, and searches ev’ry way,
 To seize and trample on his coward prey.

“ As when a hart a lion sees,
 Prowling perchance across the vale,
 Swiftly it flies with tremb’ling knees,
 And quits its pasture in the dale:
 So thou from bold Tydides wing’st thy flight,
 Breathless and pale, and panting with affright.

“ Achilles’ rage shall for a time delay
 The destin’d fall of Priam’s Troy—
 At length must come that fatal day,
 Which all its glory must destroy;
 When Grecian fire shall ev’ry trace confound,
 And raze its stately temples to the ground.”

Hatton-Garden, May 14, 1809.

J. P. C.

EXTEMPORE,

ON BEING INTRODUCED TO A VERY PRETTY SILLY
WOMAN.

I CAME, I saw, and felt the pointed dart,
Which wanton Cupid levell'd at my heart ;
But, kinder still, he soon remov'd my pain,
For when she spoke—" I was myself again."
Such Novels, Plays, Romances, fill'd her mind,
She seem'd for nothing but for fools design'd ;
And such there are in Bond-street, and elsewhere,
Whose *depth of learning* suits her to a hair.
To them I leave this pretty silly thing
T' enjoy her nonsense in its fullest swing ;
For one less fair, with virtue in her mind,
Gives life's best joys, and blessings undefin'd.

Lambeth-Road.

SONG.

BENEATH the smile that decks my mouth,
And sparkles in my eye,
There lurks a pain I try to hide,
Yet never can deny.
In early life, within my breast
So deep it took a place,
That all the various scenes I've pass'd
Could ne'er the pang erase.
Tho' Prudence for a while forbad
My mind to look that way,
And circumstances chain'd my thoughts,
Yet often would they stray.
And when affliction press'd me hard,
And hope almost was gone,
A transient gleam of long-lost joy
For suffering could atone.

Oft when, my heart with grief would swell,
 And sorrow fill my breast,
 Then would Remembrance take my part,
 And sooth me into rest.

For, oh ! Remembrance taught my mind
 On a lov'd name to dwell ;
 And Recollection, sometimes kind,
 Of happy hours would tell :

Of hours where Innocence and Joy
 Could rest with sweet delight ;
 And Fancy, on enraptur'd wing,
 Survey'd the vision bright.

ARENA.

THE WIDOW'S REFLECTION,

*Having a Miniature of her Husband in one Hand, and
 her infant Babe in the other.*

WHERE are those lips which kiss'd so sweet,
 Those eyes which shone so bright ?
 For ever left me to regret,
 And mourn their ravish'd sight.

Then come, sweet Patience, to my aid,
 And heal the sorrowing heart
 Of one a sudden widow made,
 By Death's unerring dart.

My infant too ! sweet pledge of love,
 How shall I sooth thy mind,
 As you in rip'ning years improve,
 And no fond parent find ?

My soul's distracted at the thought,
 And yet 'tis Heaven's decree ;
 I'll therefore arm me as I ought,
 And bear it with humility.

L— Road.

DEATHS.

MAY 29, 1809.

MOY THOMAS, of Bearbinder-lane,
 Who in this life's a debtor *,
 Left this vile mortal scene of pain,
 In hopes to see a better.
 But now he's number'd with the dead—
 May peace his ashes moulder ;
 An honest lawyer's life he led,
 And would, had he liv'd longer.
 Enough ; nor is it thine to tell,
 Rash Muse ! how he departed :
 The bell toll'd out his last farewell,
 And he dy'd broken-hearted.

MAY 30.

OLD TIME, with trav'ling out of breath,
 Call'd in to see his servant, Death,
 And bade him, ere he'd further go,
 To stop and visit Walthamstow.
 The grisly king the sire obey'd,
 And thus to David Barclay † said :—
 “ Thy race is run ; 'tis Time's decree
 That thou should'st come along with me.”
 The mortal man knew what he meant,
 And straightway to his closet went,
 His heart well fraught with hope replete
 In Heav'n to gain a happier seat.
 'Tis vanity in man to think
 That Death will stop when on life's brink :
 His glass run out, Death journey'd on,—
 Of years he liv'd near eighty-one.

* He very recently failed, which, it is supposed, in some measure hastened his dissolution.

† The last grandson of Robert Barclay, of Urie, who wrote the celebrated Apology for the People called Quakers.

THE
Poetical Magazine,

FOURTH NUMBER,

August, 1809.

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

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from p. 119.]

With a Plate.

BLESS'D be the man, said he of yore,
Who Quixote's lance and target bore !
Bless'd be the man who first taught sleep
Throughout our wearied frames to creep ;
And kindly gave to human woes
Th' oblivious mantle of repose !
Hail, balmy pow'r ! that canst repair
The constant waste of human care ;
Canst to the heart afford relief,
And give a respite to its grief ;
Canst calm, through night's composing hours,
The threat'ning storm that daily low'rs ;
On the rude flint the wretched cheer,
And to a smile transform the tear !
Thus, rapt in slumbers, Syntax lay,—
Forgot the troubles of the day :
So sound his sleep, so sweet his rest,
By no disturbing dreams opprest ;

That, all at ease, he lay entranc'd,
 Till the fair morn was so advanc'd,
 That the kind hostess thought it wrong
 He should be left to sleep so long :
 So bid the maid to let him know
 That breakfast was prepar'd below.
 Betty then op'd the chamber-door,
 And, tripping onward 'cross the floor,
 Undrew the curtains, one by one,
 And, in a most ear-piercing tone,
 Such as would grace the London cries,
 She told him it was time to rise.
 The noise his peaceful slumbers broke ;—
 He gave a snort,—and then he woke.

Now, as the Doctor turn'd his head,
 Betty was court'sying by the bed :—
 " What brought you here, fair maid, I pray ?"—
 " To tell you, Sir, how wears the day ;
 " To ask you what I should prepare,
 " To serve you for your morning's fare.
 " The kettle boils, and I can boast
 " No small renown for making toast.
 " There's coffee, Sir, and tea, and meat,
 " And surely you must want to eat ;
 " For twelve long hours have pass'd away
 " Since down upon this bed you lay."
 The Doctor rubb'd his op'ning eyes,
 Then stretch'd his arms, and 'gan to rise :
 But Betty still beside him stands,
 To wait his Rev'rence's commands.
 " Begone," he cried, " get something nice,
 " And I'll be with you in a trice."

Behold him then, renew'd by rest,
 His chin well shav'd, his peruke drest,

Conning with solemn air the news,
 His welcome breakfast to amuse.
 At length the well-fed meal was o'er,
 And Grizzle order'd to the door;
 When Betty's told without delay,
 To name the sum there was to pay.
 Betty, obedient to his will,
 Her court'sy makes, and gives the bill.
 Down the long page he cast his eye,
 Then shook his head, and heav'd a sigh.
 "What! am I doom'd, where'er I go,
 "In all I meet to find a foe?
 "Where'er I wander to be cheated,
 "To be bamboozled and ill-treated?"
 Thus, as he read each item o'er,
 The hostess op'd the parlour-door;
 When Syntax rose in solemn state,
 And thus began the fierce debate:—

SYNTAX.

"Good woman, here, your bill retake,
 "And, prithee, some abatement make:
 "I could not such demands afford,
 "Were I a Bishop or a Lord;
 "And though I hold myself as good
 "As any of my brotherhood,
 "Howe'er, by bounteous Fortune crown'd,
 "In wealth and honours they abound,
 "I cannot boast that I can pay
 "Such bills as these as well as they.
 "This paper fills me with affright;—
 "I surely do not read it right;
 "For, at the bottom here, I see
 "Th' enormous sum of—one pound, three!"

HOSTESS.

"The charges all are fairly made;
 "If you will eat, I must be paid.

" My bills have never found reproaches
 " From Lords and Ladies, in their coaches.
 " This house, that's call'd the Royal Crown,
 " Is the first inn within the town ;
 " And the best gentry, ev'ry day,
 " Become my guests, and freely pay :
 " Besides, I took you in at night,
 " Half-dead with hunger and affright,
 " Just scap'd from robbers" ———

SYNTAX.

——— " That's most true,
 " And now I'm to be robb'd by you."

HOSTESS.

" You're a vile man ; and did not I
 " Disdain rude words, I'd say—you lie.
 " I took you in last night, I say." —

SYNTAX.

" 'Tis true ;—and, if this bill I pay,
 " You'll *take me in* again, to-day." }

HOSTESS.

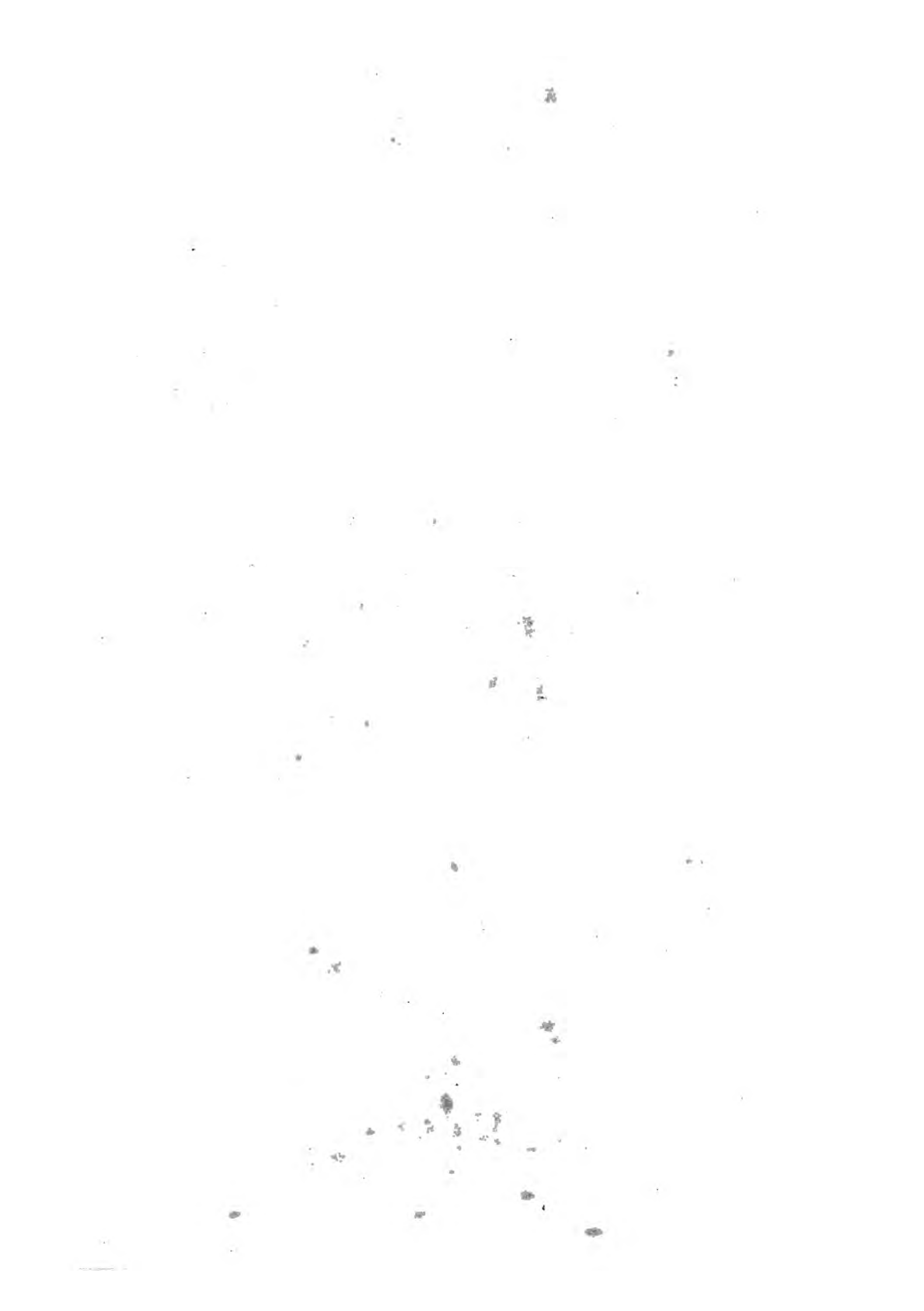
" I gave you all my choicest cheer,
 " My best beef-steaks, my strongest beer ;
 " And then you snor'd yourself to rest
 " In the best bed,—I say, the best.
 " You've had such tea as few can boast,
 " With a whole loaf turn'd into toast."

SYNTAX.

" And for your beef, and beer, and tea,
 " You kindly charge me—one pound, three!"

HOSTESS.

" 'Tis cheap as dirt,—for well I know
 " How things with country Curates go ;
 " And I profess that I am loth
 " To deal unkindly with the cloth :
 " Nay, oft and oft, as I'm a sinner,
 " I've given hungry Clerks a dinner."





SYNTAX.

" And there's a proverb, as they say,
 " That for the Clerks the Parsons pay ;
 " Which you, I trow, can well fulfil,
 " Whene'er you make a Parson's bill.
 " Why, one pound, three, the truth I speak,
 " Would keep my household for a week.
 " Dear Mrs. Syntax, how she'd vapour
 " Were she to read this curious paper !"

HOSTESS.

" If that's your living, on my life
 " You starve your household and your wife."

SYNTAX.

" I wish my wife were here to meet you,
 " In your own fashion she would greet you ;
 " With looks as fierce, and voice as shrill,
 " She'd make you, Mistress, change your bill."

HOSTESS.

" Think you, besides, there's nought to pay
 " For all your horse's corn and hay ?
 " And ointments too, to cure the ail
 " Of his cropp'd ears and mangled tail !"

SYNTAX.

" I wish the wight would bring the shears
 " Which dock'd that tail and cropp'd those ears,
 " And just exert the self-same skill
 " To crop and dock your monstrous bill.
 " But, I'm in haste to get away,
 " Tho' one pound, three, I will not pay ;
 " So, if you'll take one half th' amount,
 " We'll quickly settle the account.
 " There is the money, do you see ?
 " And let us part in charity."

HOSTESS.

" Well, as a charitable deed,
 " I'll e'en consent—so, mount your steed, }
 " And on your journey straight proceed ;
 " But well you know, where'er you roam,
 " That charity begins at home."

[To be continued.]

ODE.

A SCENE NEAR NAPLES.

[With a Plate.]

No more beneath thy genial clime,
 No more beneath thy azure sky,
 Where the bold Appenines, sublime,
 Time's corroding hand defy ;
 No more, Italia, 'neath thy citron groves,
 The peaceful Muse in contemplation roves.
 Ill-fated country ! what avail
 Thy perfum'd air, thy myrtle bowers,
 Thy golden fruitage and thy painted flowers ?
 Ah ! what avail the sacred store
 Of antique art and classic lore ;
 Thy splendid porticos, that rival Greece,
 And all the glowing arts of Peace ?
 For War's insatiate hosts thy realms assail,
 And Gallia's upstart tyrant Lord
 Waves o'er thy scatter'd states th' usurping sword.

 Rome, once the queen of arts and arms,
 Imperial mistress of the world,
 Hears, unresisting, war's alarms,
 And sees the hostile flag unfurl'd.
 Full many a tranquil age had pass'd,
 Since the loud trumpet's warlike blast



Frederick del.

A VIEW near NAPLES



Announc'd the unrelenting foe,
 That laid her stately beauties low ;
 When sacred dome, and royal tower,
 Sunk beneath the Spoiler's power ;
 When Sculpture's boasted forms, and many a patriot
 bust,

Felt the rude Victor's arms, and mingled with the dust.

But now new Vandals rise, new Goths appear,

By love of spoil and rapine led,

Who 'gainst Religion's self uplift the spear ;

Religion bows, resign'd, its mitred head,

And patient sees its holy rites profan'd ;

Its temples ravag'd, and its altars stain'd ;—

Nor other arms doth it oppose,

To stay the plunder of its foes,

Than the meek pray'r and silent tear.

Vain are its prayers ;—its tears are vain :

Gallia her legion'd robbers pours

On fair Campania's wide domain,

And Baiæ's woody shores.

But now her hostile banners fly,

And now her num'rous bands are led

To where Vesuvius rears its awful head ;—

Far less destructive, when it throws

Its burning bowels to the sky ;

When down its side the fiery river flows

T' affright the Ocean's briny wave ;—

Far less destructive than the foes,

Whose glory is to spoil, to plunder, and enslave !

But disappointment glooms the crest

Of the usurping Robber's pride ;

How sharp the rancour of his breast,

When, as the portals open wide

At his command, no regal state

Will on his haughty summons wait !

Bless'd SICILY ! that could afford
 A safe asylum to thy Sovereign Lord :
 Nor shalt thou fear the Gallic host,
 That, from Calabria's rugged coast,
 Darts the fierce threat, but threats in vain,
 While BRITAIN guards thy shores and ambient main.

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

[Continued from p. 159.]

AUTHOR.—But yet in this we must agree,
 Some opposition there should be,
 To check a Minister of State,
 Who dares our rights to violate;
 Or seize, like rav'nous birds of prey,
 The loaves and fishes of the day.

FRIEND.—Right ; but let th' Opposition plan
 Attack the measures, not the man ;
 Nor, urg'd by jealousy alone,
 Scourge ev'ry statesman to the bone :
 If guilty, bring him to the bar,
 But lay aside each pettish spar :
 'Tis faction—and the House degrades,
 And never pleases, or persuades.
 But here to politics adieu,
 And something lighter let's pursue ;
 Some subject of another kind,
 More genial to my playful mind.

AUTHOR.—You could not please me more, my friend,
 And I'll my best endeavours lend ;
 For I began, I own, to fear
 More politics were in the rear ;
 And all I wish'd was to make known
 The strange amusements of the town ;

To hear and learn a little law,
 If I, perchance, should make a flaw ;
 But here I nothing could explore—
 Mere *war of words*, or little more ;
 For what appeared to me the right
 Was argued soon quite out of sight.
 From hence to 'Change I took my walk,
 Where bulls and bears I found in talk ;
 But, such their language, you would swear
 An hundred female scolds were there :—
 Some bawling out—" I buy ! I buy !"
 Others, " I sell ! I sell !" the cry ;
 Till, almost deafen'd with their yell,
 I bade the bulls and bears farewell ;
 And next I bent my way to where
 Our painting artists have their share,
 With all that boasted classic fame,
 To which the ancients lay such claim ;
 And here our artists bring to view,
 All that a Claude or Raphael knew.
 To Garnier's, next, I took my line,
 As feeling now 'twas time to dine :
 But here I'll stop to take my meal,
 And in my next the rest reveal.

[*To be continued.*]

ANSWER TO THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA

IN NO. III. OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

KIND EDITOR,

PERMIT me to impart
 The grateful feelings of a happy heart :
 May ev'ry Muse with pleasure crown your days,
 And the sweet joyous theme of well-earn'd praise
 Assist, and bless your arduous hopes to please,
 Thro' a long life of comfort, and of ease !

VOL. I.

Z

If not fatigu'd already with my strain,
 Permit me, Sir, to versify again :
 In strange amaze I read Belinda's letter *,
 But, knowing Lady M., I went, and met her
 At the gay masquerade; she sweetly smil'd ;
 But, with no Spanish Patriot beguil'd,
 The fond protector of the lovely Nun
 Was—Arbiter *Elegantiarum*.

Is he a four-in-hand bewitching youth,
 And has she sacrific'd her vows, forsooth ?
 'Tis all discover'd now, he did indite
 What she, a love-sick maid, did fondly write.
 The fair Belinda, else, could ne'er submit
 To yield to false improvement taste and wit ;
 For we're resolv'd no liveries to wear,
 As our unalter'd protest does declare :
 With this tyrannic law he must dispense,
 Yield to our mandate, and acknowledg'd sense.
 Thus ruminating, with the throng I mixt,
 Till all my wand'ring thoughts were firmly fixt—
 Were fixt with arduous wishes to reveal
 What Classical Enigmas would conceal.
 A group, in honour to your Magazine,
 Pass'd graceful on, in emblematic mien— }
 The fair Augusta as their patron queen. }

Prometheus, once, so arrogant and bold,
 Whose dreaded torture *Heathen* tales have told,
 Rov'd here, delighted with his harmless bird,
 To scenes of bliss and harmony preferr'd :
 The tuneful *Orpheus*, erst so full of woes,
 Now in *Elysium's* groves his cares foregoes ;
 The friends of *Tartarus* have lost their pow'r
 To keep his love, or blast the genial hour.

* Vide *Ackermann's Repository*, p. 48.

To *Ithaca's* fair queen, whose constant heart
 From *Cupid's* first embrace would ne'er depart,
 Kind Fate restores the lord her bosom priz'd ;
 Again connubial bliss is realiz'd !
 Tho' dire revenge *Althea's* bosom fir'd,
 'Twas turn'd to anguish when her son expir'd ;
 The river *Lethe's* waves, in sportive glee,
 Wash'd o'er the retrospective pang of misery.
Minerva next approach'd, in martial mien,
 Tho' dazzling bright, yet temp'rate and serene.
 The stern *Achilles*, once so fam'd and fear'd,
 With calm serenity of brow appear'd ;
 A *Gordian* knot was here for skill display'd,
 Which all in sportive playfulness essay'd ;
 And *Ariadne* with fond *Zephyr* stray'd. }
Ixion paus'd, melodious sounds to hear,
 For, warbling *Nightingales* were hov'ring near ;
 While *Echos'* ever-soothing notes prolong
 The blissful scene, and charm the happy throng :
 These met together, at *Apollo's* shrine,
 To form POETICAL & MAGAZINE.

AZELI.

SOLUTION OF THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA
 IN THE LAST NUMBER.

Prometheus 'twas, who stole the Sun's pure flame
 To make clay live, and look like man's fair frame :
Orpheus it was, whose music, poets tell,
 Made trees and rocks admire, he play'd so well :
Elysium was the paradise of old,—
 This, too, by ancient poets we are told ;
 And *Tartarus*, the opposite, is known,
 Where wicked spirits raise their bitter moan.
 In *Ithaca* the virtuous fair, they say,
 Undid at night what she had done by day :

Cupid is that sly pow'r, whose artful wiles
 Steal ev'ry heart, by Beauty's winning smiles :
Althea threw the brand into the fire,
 On which a life depended—Fate, how dire !
 But *Lethe's* stream, 'tis said, can steal away
 Each thought that on the soul of man can prey.
Minerva, Wisdom's goddess, or I'm sinning,
Arachne chang'd t' a spider, for her spinning ;
Achilles, *Thetis'* son, could never feel
 A mortal blow, unless upon his heel ;
 But Paris, taking once his bow and arrow,
 Popp'd on the place, and kill'd him like a sparrow.
 The *Gordian* knot was tied so truly fast,
 That Alexander cut it through, at last ;
Theseus left *Ariadne* to lament,
 But Bacchus married her, and gave content ;
 The *Zephyr* sweetly spreads his breath around,
 When Sol's meridian beams too hot are found :
Ixion of kind favours falsely boasting,
 Upon a wheel the gods soon set a-roasting ;
 Think of his fate, ye flutt'ring sons of ton,
 Like him ye boast of bliss, when ye have none :
 Rather than that, go to the rural shade,
 And, when the robe of night enwraps the glade,
 List to the *Nightingale's* soft-murmur'd song,
 Whilst *Echo* shall the melody prolong ;
 Or, if ye like not that, look through these lines,
 And scan each word that in Italics shines ;
 Mark their initials ; and, when they're combin'd,
 POETICAL & MAGAZINE you'll find ;
 Take in the work, peruse it fairly through,
 You'll find some lessons that may better you ;
 And, if a spark of genius gilds your brain,
 Pour forth your feelings in poetic strain ;
 Send it to Ackermann, and soon you'll trace
 Each line of yours among the rhyming race ;

For Ackermann's a friendly man of feeling,
 And just, I'm sure, in his poetic dealing ;
 At least I've found him so ; for me, that's well,—
 His friend and correspondent,
July 4, 1809. J. M. L.

THE KISS, BY MOON-LIGHT.

A SONG.

ALL by the pale light of the Moon,
 I pensively stole thro' the grove,
 Where oft the sweet Nightingale's tune
 Had taught me to sing of my love.
 No sooner I warbled an air,
 And Echo repeated the sound,
 Than Corydon lent it his ear,
 And nimbly tripp'd over the ground.
 When, seizing with rapture my hand,
 He rudely proceeded to kiss ;
 I gave him the frown of command,
 And told him I took it amiss.
 If so, we must thus make amends,
 Cry'd Corydon, sighing a strain,
 By living, in future, like friends,
 And giving my kiss back again.
 I fair would his offer refuse,
 And left him a little in pet ;
 But thought I could ne'er be excus'd,
 On parting, to be in his debt.
 So blushing gave him a kiss,
 And sighing, to bid him adieu ;
 When such was my rapture and bliss,
 I could not resist giving *two*.
Lambeth-Road.



THE LAST DROP.

To cheer his half-dejected soul,
 Sir Tobit call'd for t'other bowl;
 Obsequious Jane, in due decorum,
 Obedient, set it down before him.
 "Hold," cries a critic, "search the print,
 "The deuce of e'er a Jane is in't."
 "Why, faith, that's true; 'tis as you say;
 "But we'll suppose her gone away,"

" To fetch (for she was very handy)
 " More water, tho', some think, more brandy ;
 " But be't as 'twill, concerning Jane,
 " We poets are allow'd to feign ;
 " And so, to leave all words about her,
 " I'll tell the very truth, without her."
 The bowl was brought : so 'twas ; but how,
 Concerns not me or you to know ;
 Or whether fill'd with wine or water,
 It is not worth inquiring a'ter :
 Tho' it may easily be guess'd
 Which of the two my friend lov'd best,
 Who always placed, howe'er disgracing,
 His *summum bonum* in his basin :
 (To have said bowl might have been better,
 But then we must consult our metre :)
 But to return from our digression,
 And wave this subject for a fresh one ;—
 He with delight the blessing ey'd,
 And, both his arms extending wide,
 Close grasp'd the bowl, and as he fell on,
 Toasted " The King," and drank a gallon ;
 Down his wide throat the liquor passes,
 For soakers scorn the use of glasses.
 My sad Muse, to the task unequal,
 With heavy heart relates the sequel :
 Long was Sir Tobit thus employ'd,
 Nor thought of any thing beside ;
 But grim Death, stepping in the while,
 " Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile ;"—
 Then clapp'd his cold paw on his shoulder,
 And, with a threat'ning voice, cry'd " Hold, Sir !
 " Your hour is up ; see there the glass !"—
 " And must I leave thee, then ? alas !"
 Sir Tobit cry'd ; " I prithee, stop,
 " And let me take a farewell drop :

" My life I yield with all my soul ;
 " But, oh ! in mercy, spare my bowl !
 " Let not my last suit be denied,
 " 'Tis all I ask ;"—he said, and died !

W. BOWLES.

THE POET'S DELIVERANCE.

ONE even, as solus and thoughtful I sat,
 The fire had gone out, and my candle expir'd,
 When a happy idea came into my pate,
 And, tho' frosty the weather, I felt myself fir'd.

By instinct, in transport, I caught at a pen,
 And proceeded, on paper, directly to mark
 This new happy thought, while it yet might remain,
 When I saw myself head over ears in the dark.

What was now to be done ? Most alarming the doom,
 To lose such a rapture for want of a light ;
 'Twas enough to envelop my spirits in gloom,
 And to quench the idea, which yet shone so bright.

But, lo ! on a sudden, to mid-day it grew !
 My casement was brighten'd, the glory drew nigh'r ;
 Still guarding my charge, to the port-hole I flew,
 And discover'd the opposite house was on fire !

Bad, bad is the wind that blows nobody good,—
 Had not this taken place at the time when it did,
 My idea, alas ! had been drown'd in the flood
 Of thick darkness, my ink that had recently hid.

My thought I committed to paper's good care,
 Besieg'd, as with bombshells, in danger and fright ;
 And I paid, for my pleasure, the loss of my hair—
 Ah ! the hazard of hunting ideas by night.

My hat, rather large, had dropp'd into the street,
 And a flake of combustibles lodg'd on my head,
 But was duly put out by profusion of sweat,
 And with joy I retir'd, quite in comfort, to bed.

There, never regarding the bustle without,
 By the genial warmth I recover'd my tone ;
 And ages to come will rejoice, never doubt,
 In this fire, I hope, happy for me not alone.

S.

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY C—. J—.

FROM HER MONKEY,

On his Banishment for tearing a Leaf out of a Book, requesting
 that England might be the Place of his Exile.

BY MR. HENRY E—.

THE humble petition of sorrowful Peter,
 With submission is set forth as follows—in metre :—

I think, if I'm rightly inform'd of my crime,
 For which I am banish'd, it seems thus in rhyme :—
 For tearing of books, for mischief, and stealing,
 And tricks of all sorts, from the ground to the ceiling.

As mankind pretend to be govern'd by laws,
 I claim a just right to be heard in *my* cause,
 Which I found upon reason, and wrap up in rhyme,
 Altho' not the practice of courts in our time ;
 For in law, I must say, tho' perhaps not in season,
 Proceedings are almost *without rhyme or reason*.
 All culprits are punish'd if Lord Coke says true,
 Not from love of *revenge*, but from harm that they do ;
 On this common practice my pleadings I found,
 And the cause of the *books* will soon fall to the ground.
 There never was book, I'll be bold to engage,
 Above all, in our days, but might well spare a page ;

And the public, as well as most authors, might look
 With smiles on a monkey devouring a book.
 'Tis as well for an author, I'll be on my oath,
 To be eat by an *ape* as by critic or moth ;
 And then, as for reading, all wits have confess'd it,
 You never can profit, unless you digest it ;
 And monkeys and men, from the north to the south,
 Can only digest what they put in their mouth.
 Much more might be said, if I chose to enlarge,
 But I'd rather proceed to the rest of my charge.

To blame me for *mischief*, and tax me with *stealing*,
 Is surely a want of all sense and all feeling ;
 For Nature, who ripens the figs and the grapes,
 No nearer akin is to man than to apes ;
 'Tis because you are stronger you seize upon all,
 And the weakest, 'tis certain, must go to the wall ;
 But the fair teeming earth, our beautiful mother,
 Loves Peter as dearly as Adam his brother.

As for *tricks* of all kinds, of which I'm accus'd,
 I deny that they're tricks, and protest I'm abus'd.
 Equipp'd as I am, in my shabby old gray,
 I dare not adventure what fine folks may say.
 Each pitiful, ignorant, gingerbread varlet,
 Each ape of eighteen, in gold lace and scarlet,
 Has a right, to be sure, on all subjects to chatter,
 Tho' Peter, perhaps, may know more of the matter.
 Could Peter, I speak with respect and submission,
 By some lucky chance get an ensign's commission ;
 I see you all laugh ; but, titter away,
 I'm not the first monkey, I'll venture to say ;
 'Tis no such great matter to play well at cards,
 And I think I should soon be the *ton* in the Guards :
 I'm fit for all matters, except a court-martial ;
There my likeness to man might make me too partial.

As to height, to be sure, I confess I'm not tall,
 But Ancram and I might parade thro' the Mall;
 And a bag from Miss Brace, or a good handsome wig,
 Would, I think, pretty soon set on foot an intrigue:
 What might not be done with my air and my shape,
 When the fashion of courts is to look like an ape?
 What challenges! duels! what quarrels and slaughters!
 What tears would be shed over spouses and daughters!
 What groups, in the anguish of cutting a horn,
 Would wish, in despair, I had never been born!
 Tho', faith, I'm afraid, to my shame I should see
 Five hundred much more like to monkeys than me;
 And, mad for some fair, might steal out to meet her,
 And find her eloping with some other Peter:
 Yet, in spite of those rubs, I should have the renown
 To be one of the finest young fellows in town.

Then, if exile's my fate, I implore, with a tear,
 To be shipp'd off for England, for there is my sphere:
 If to this last request you start an objection,
 My cousin Tom E. has pledg'd his protection, }
 I suppose, like the Scotch, *on account of connexion.* }

L'ARRIVEE DU PRINTEMPS.

CIEUX, reprenez l'éclat de vos couleurs !
 O, terre ! pare toi de tes plus belles fleurs !
 Bosquets, que de l'hiver depouilla la froidure,
 Ne craignez plus la rigueur des frimats ;
 De vos ombrages frais deployez la verdure.
 O, fleurs ! charmantes fleurs, renaissiez sous nos pas.

Ruisseaux, faites partout jaillir votre onde pure ;
 Le Dieu qui préside aux saisons,
 Commande aux furieux Aquilons
 De ne plus desormais troubler votre murmure.

Aimable fruit des ombres et du jour
 Croissez gazons, Zephir protege votre enfance :
 Croissez en paix et tour à tour
 Offrez des sieges à l'amour,
 Et des plaisirs à l'innocence.

Quittez l'enceinte des hameaux,
 Bergers natez les pas de vos nombreux troupeaux.
 Laissez l'agneau bondir sur ces riantes plaines ;
 Qu'il étanche sa soif aux bords de ces fontaines ;
 Qu'il se delasse aux pieds de ces ormeaux.

Oiseaux abandonnez vos lointaines retraites,
 Aimables fugitifs revenez parmi nous,
 Le ciel n'est plus en proie aux neiges aux tempetes,
 Sur nous régnent des dieux plus tendres et plus doux.
 Heureux qui dans le sein des terres etrangères
 Peut goûter comme vous le séduisant espoir
 De triompher du Sort et de bientôt revoir
 L'heureux asile de ses peres.


N. FRAISINET.

TO MARIA.

WHEN confus'd, lovely charmer! before you I stand,
 And respect does my passion to silence command ;
 Have my sighs ne'er explain'd the fond pangs of my
 breast,
 Or my eyes' downcast languor my feelings exprest ?
 Ah ! believe me my silence (as witness this tear)
 Than fluent expression is far more sincere ;
 It is caused by affectionate fear to displease,
 But eloquence springs from a bosom at ease.

Whilst a lover's fond anguish is sport to your sex,
 Who drive him to madness, his passion to fix ;
 As superior in charms, be superior in mind,
 And allow him, if constant, to hope you'll be kind.

M. C.

**THE BARBER, THE PREACHER, AND THE
BEARDS.****FOUNDED ON FACT.**


**In a village there liv'd a gay barber, we're told,
Whose principal business was shaving ;
But he sometimes drew teeth,—and the rogue was so bold,
He drew blood too,—the surgeons all braving.**

**And, would you believe it ? he was not content
With the six days, commencing on Monday ;
But must lather and shave ev'ry bumpkin who went
To be scrap'd and hear news on a Sunday.**

**We all know how famous a barber's shop is
For news and political chatter ;
So that while he was polishing man's outward phiz,
He was storing within useful matter.**

**But a neighbour he had, who was known for a saint,
Of truth a most audible preacher ;
Now he wish'd on the barber to lay some restraint,
And to be of his conscience the teacher.**

**But the barber, so wicked, lik'd pence, we are told,
At least he preferr'd them to praying ;
Or else his religion had grown rather cold ;
Kind reader, you know there's no saying.**

**Be this as it may, he pursued his sad course,
Till the preacher could bear it no longer ;
Therefore he determined to stop him by force,
As being, than argument, stronger.**

**So when Sunday arriv'd, lo ! he went to the field,
At the door of his foe, or my chart errs ;
And, to answer at once as a weapon and shield,
He took Fox's Book of the Martyrs.**

Here he stopp'd all the sinners, with beards black and
grim,
And told them that he had much rather
They'd stop and receive some good counsel from him,
For their souls stood in need of a lather;—

Said he knew that their souls were o'ergrown with sin's
beard,

And to *shave them* he long'd most sincerely ;
For *this* more than that on the chin must be fear'd,
And, says he, “ Pray don't think this a queer lie.”

Now the barber grew warm, as, indeed, who would not ?
For his good friends, the Beards, all stood neuter ;
So, arming with brush full of lather, quite hot,
And shielded by basin of pewter,

He rush'd to the charge, and the poor preacher's rear
First felt the effects of the battle ;
But he wheel'd quickly round, and, undaunted by fear,
On the barber's head bade his book rattle.

Dire and long was the conflict ; each party was brave ;
Men but seldom are seen to fight braver ;
'Twas a contest of faith 'gainst the man who could
shave,
But, alas ! Fortune smil'd on the shaver :

For, seeing the preacher's mouth open for air,
He popp'd his brush presently in it ;
Then, with basin of pewter, on head that was bare,
He dealt deadly blows in a minute.

Faith fell, gentle reader ! but soon rose again ;
Yet his head was too tender for fighting ;
Whilst the Beards, wicked rogues, wagg'd their chins at
his pain ;
Oh, shame ! in such sad scenes delighting !

The preacher then went from the field far away,
 Revenge in his bosom to harbour ;
 And he vow'd that the law should decide 'bout the fray
 Betwixt him and the villainous barber.

Now, barbers and preachers, attend to my tale,
 Nor stir up Dissension's hot ember ;
 Ye barbers no more shave on Sunday, nor fail
 Ye preachers Faith's fate to remember.

June 5, 1809.

J. M. L.

ELLEN ; OR, THE SHIPWRECK.

ONE night in December, when bleak howl'd the blast,
 All was cheerless and dark, and the rain it fell fast,
 And Nature and Peace seem'd at war ;
 The sea it beat high 'gainst the rock where I stood,
 And nought but black horrors encompass'd the flood,
 Save the watchlight that beam'd from afar.

To the inn as I wander'd, wet, weary, and cold,
 From the ruin hard by the midnight bell toll'd,
 And struck my chill'd heart with affright ;
 Thro' the gloom I but dimly distinguish'd the form
 Of a female, who seem'd not to heed the rough storm,
 Nor shrink from the horrors of night.

Her loose flowing hair and thin garments were wet,
 Her eyes wildly fix'd on the turf where she sat,
 Her senses absorb'd seem'd in care ;

“ Alas ! 'tis the damsel so sad and forlorn,
 “ Who roams from the night-fall till break of the morn,—
 “ 'Tis Ellen, the child of Despair !”

Thus answer'd the stranger, whom curious I sought,
 To account for the vision that wander'd woe-fraught,
 And murmur'd her woes to the air ;

“ 'Tis not long since poor Ellen was blooming and gay ;
 “ O'er the rocks and the mountains would cheerfully
 stray,

“ While her heart was a stranger to care.

- " Young Edward she lov'd, he was faithful and kind,
 " And peace and serenity beam'd on her mind,
 " For her friends, like her lover, were true ;
 " But how fleeting life's pleasures, how quickly they fade !
 " The stern hand of Fate, ah ! who can evade ?
 " Both the great and the good 'twill pursue.
- " Since the night big with horrors, a year is scarce past,
 " When the tempest loud howl'd, and bleak blew the
 blast,
 " And the sea it broke fearfully high ;
 " Sable Night spread her uttermost darkness around,—
 " Nought the eye could discern, but the ear caught the
 sound
 " Of distress the deep heart-piercing cry.
- " From a vessel in danger the signal-gun fir'd ;
 " Soon the landsmen were rous'd, and, with one zeal
 inspir'd,
 " All eagerly flew to the beach ;
 " The glare of their torches illumin'd the strand,
 " The ship it was wreck'd, the boat put off to land,
 " To the land never destin'd to reach.
- " Long time with the billows the suff'ers contend,
 " From the shore, they, alas ! no assistance can lend,
 " In vain all their efforts to save ;
 " Soon, soon the bark sunk ! dismal cries rent the air,
 " Death and horrors now reign amidst shrieks of despair,
 " And many that night found a grave !
- " Young Edward was prompt at humanity's call,
 " No longer his feelings keen force could control,
 " In the waves he rush'd, reckless of fear ;
 " The storm seem'd resistless, its fury increas'd,
 " Edward's strength 'gan to fail, yet his efforts not ceas'd,
 " Hope and Pity his fainting heart cheer.

" He reaches, he grasps, a poor drowning wretch !
 " Who, sinking insensate, his feeble arms stretch,
 " Unconscious that help was at hand !
 " The youth swam thus encumber'd, hope and courage
 renew'd,
 " With strength more than mortal his frame seem'd
 endu'd,
 " His burden he brought safe to land.
 " On the saviour, and sav'd, pray'rs and blessings are
 pour'd,
 " And, soon as the latter to sense was restor'd,
 " To thank his deliv'rer he sought ;
 " But pale, stiff, and cold, that deliv'rer is laid,
 " From too high-wrought exertions his spirit had fled ;
 " His triumph was with his life bought.
 " To his woe-stricken parents his lov'd corse was borne !
 " Soon the tidings reach'd Ellen ; by keen anguish torn,
 " Of reason bereft is the maid ;
 " Still nightly she visits his grave so ador'd,
 " For to her chill'd bosom sad peace seems restor'd
 " When she rests where her Edward is laid."

* * * * *

Days and months have now fled, dreary winter is past,
 No more from the ocean is heard the loud blast,
 The soft ev'ning zephyr scarce blows ;
 The calm sea reflecting the clear moon on high,
 Not a wave heard to dash, not a cloud veils the sky,
 All Nature seems hush'd to repose.

Yet still by the ruin I see the pale form ;
 It seems half ethereal, by earth scarcely borne,
 And its light garments float on the air :
 Alas ! 'tis the damsel so sad and forlorn,
 Who wanders from nightfall till break of the morn—
 'Tis Ellen, the child of Despair !

And still dost thou wander, poor victim of Fate !
 Can time not relieve, nought thy sorrows abate ?
 On thee life's gay joys smile in vain ;
 But Religion, sweet soother, the wretch's best friend,
 Whispers, " Not with this life thy existence will end,
 " But thou'lt meet thy lov'd Edward again !"

Leeds.

S. B.

LINES

COMPOSED BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF THE ISLAND
 OF JERSEY.

WHILST empires—dire disgrace ! have lost their fame,
 And added lustre to a Tyrant's name ;
 Whilst humbled nations, by one fatal stroke,
 Submit, reluctant, to his galling yoke ;
 Whilst fallen monarchs weep their people's woes,
 Mourn their hard fate, and curse their Gallic foes !
 Britannia rides triumphant on the main,
 Teaching her foes obedience to her reign.
 From pole to pole, around each hostile shore,
 In threat'ning peals her dreadful thunders roar :
 Her warlike sons, secur'd by Albion's wing,
 With loud applause great GEORGE's praises sing ;
 Our brave Allies, espousing Freedom's cause,
 Defiance hurl to a proud Despot's laws :
 Ev'n those (by Fate subdu'd) our foes become,
 Have their *hearts* with us—but their *woes* at home !
 The Despot's shafts, still drench'd in human gore,
 Would wreak destruction on our sea-girt shore :
 Vain threat ! his arts, with treachery combin'd,
 Shall forge no shackles for the free-born mind.
 Britons, for ever to themselves but true,
 Scorning to yield, shall triumph and subdue.

Peace courts the Despot ; but, alas ! in vain—
 “ Think nothing gain’d,” he cry’d *, “ till nought remain ;
 “ On Albion’s isles till Gallic standards fly,
 “ And all be mine beneath the azure sky.”
 Threats unavailing !—impotent desire !
 Phaëton thus, possess’d of Sol’s attire, }
 With mad ambition set the world on fire ! }
 Oh, curs’d Ambition ! source of ev’ry woe,
 Thou, still unmov’d, seest human mis’ry flow.
 But, Tyrant, mark ! thy reign shall soon be o’er ;
 Soon shall thy fortune ebb—to flow no more !
 Britain, by Heav’n inspir’d, shall mark thy tomb ;
 Thy laurels, blasted, ne’er again shall bloom.
 Thy lawless rage in impotence shall cease,
 And Freedom’s cause end in a lasting Peace.

St. Helier’s, Jersey.

E. L. V.

LINES

ON A MOON-LIGHT EVENING.

How Luna spreads, on ev’ry side,
 Her silv’ry veil of light so pale !
 Her am’rous beams, how swift they glide,
 To kiss each flow’ret in the vale.
 Glow-worms, now, their light are shedding,
 Gilding cowslips with their ray ;
 Around their lucid charms they’re spreading,
 To light the beetle on his way.
 Ah ! gently tread the humid ground,
 Where’er the dewy drops are seen !
 Ah ! spare the gems, which, glitt’ring round,
 Bedeck each trembling leaf so green.

Ardrwick, Manchester.

J. P.

* Alluding to the period of the last Negotiations.

THE POET TO HIS RUSHLIGHT.

Occasioned by hearing a Gentleman say, when a poetical Thought struck him in the Night, he got up and wrote it down.

DEAR friend of the night,
 Pray give a clear light,
 For a thought has just come in my head,
 Which I must indite,
 So I'll get up and write,
 Tho' I don't like to leave my warm bed,
 Yet, as good lines are rare,
 And these now appear
 As if they would jump on their feet ;
 I'll e'en be so bold,
 As venture the cold,
 And the pencil and paper shall meet.
 Methought, as I lay,
 I heard a voice say,
 " Awake, and make Friendship your theme ;
 " The blessing you prize,
 " So open your eyes,
 " And lose not her smiles for a dream."
 I listen'd, and thought
 I the phantom had caught,
 When the gipsy away from me skips ;
 And left for my prize
 But a glance of her eyes,
 And a touch from her flattering lips.
 O, Muse ! I entreat
 You the tale will repeat,
 And bid the sad baggage no more
 Appear in my sight,
 For fear, in my fright,
 I should make her acknowledge my pow'r.

Now, Rushlight ! good night ;
 I no more want your light,
 So straight will return to my bed,
 Where I'll try to get warm,
 And effectually charm
 The maggot that's got in my head.

And next time I dream
 On so airy a theme,
 I will certainly put out your light ;
 For I never again
 Will take up the pen,
 When desir'd by so saucy a sprite.

AUGUSTA.

THE DOVE.—AN ODE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF " THE LASH," A SATIRE.

Go range the field, my little dove,
 Go, wanton, wild, and free ;
 I'll sit, and tune my harp to joy,
 Beneath this alder-tree.

With sparkling wine my veins are fill'd,
 I feel its pow'r divine ;
 And Love and Fancy warm my soul,
 To sing the praise of wine.

A sprightlier, yet a sprightlier note,
 A glow celestial fires me ;
 It cannot be the force of wine,
 Some god, some god inspires me.

But, hark ! I hear an infant's cry,
 That penetrates my heart ;
 A sigh that, 'midst the wildest joys,
 Would bid the tear-drop start !

'Tis *Pity*, with an orphan boy,
 Cold, naked, drench'd in rain !
 Cease, lyre !—ah ! cease thy drunken noise,
 She loves a soothing strain.

Ah ! now thy softly-pensive note
 Flits slowly from my fingers ;
 It melts—it sinks into the soul,
 As o'er the *chords* it lingers.

And see, my dove has caught the sound,
 And cooing hovers nigh'r ;
 How sweet her plaintive wailings join,
 Perch'd on her master's lyre !

Oh ! happy Muse, to pity dear,
 That wins her kind regard ;
 Between her breast she's lodg'd my dove,
 And kiss'd the weeping Bard.

Thus all my fancy'd pleasures end,
 Yet will I not repine,
 Since the sweet lux'ry of a tear
 Outweighs the joys of wine !

EXTEMPORE LINES

*To a Lady, who is particularly fond of DRIVING, and
 who invariably demands the REINS.*

TAKE heed, Eliza, what you do !
 To *yield the reins* I'm glad ;
 But recollect, some time ago,
 You *drove me*—almost *mad* !

Single-Horse Chaise,
 In the Green-Lanes, Middlesex.
 July 3, 1809.

SINCERITAS.

IMPROMPTU LINES

*On seeing a BEAUTIFUL, though distressed little Girl,
at the Grave of her Mother.*

SEE on yonder blooming rose
The dew-drop sweet appears ;
Thy roseate cheek more lovely glows,
Deck'd with those pearly tears.
Remembrance of thy solemn grief
With me must ever live ;
Ah ! soon I'd freely give relief,
If it were mine to give.

Verge of Granta.

SINCERITAS.

LINES

*On the Death of a rich Jew, who was a charitable Man, written
the Day of his Funeral.*

O ! THOU, who view'st each son of earth,
Whate'er his race, or whence his birth ;
Who know'st no diff'rence in the name,
But Christian, Jew, and Turk the same,
If from the heart he truly show
His faith by pious acts below ;
Who, thro' this life of good and ill,
Submissive bows, before thy will ;
And, howe'er taught in early youth,
Adores Thee for the God of Truth ;
Whose breast, tho' mortal faults assail,
Ne'er lets them o'er his faith prevail ;
Confiding in thy power, who gave
A soul to live beyond the grave.
O, Thou ! who truly know'st the heart,
Whose grace the virtuous deeds impart,

Look down with mercy on the dead,
Whose bounteous hands the hungry fed ;
Who friendly cloth'd the naked poor,
Ne'er turn'd the wretched from his door ;
Ne'er let the widow cry in vain,
But sooth'd the sick, and eas'd their pain ;
Who us'd the wealth thy lib'ral hand
Bestow'd so free at his command
In gen'rous deeds ;—for many an eye
Will weep his death, and heave a sigh ;
Will mourn the man, whose actions prov'd
He ev'ry Christian virtue lov'd.
No narrow mind confin'd his store,
It was sufficient they were poor
Who sought his aid, and told their woe ;
His hand was ready to bestow :
No harsh reflection damp'd the mind
Of those to whom his gifts were kind.
Oh ! then, thou Ruler, high above,
We pray thy mercy and thy love
For him now resting on his bier,
Whose voice and smile no more can cheer
Those he from many woes did save,
Whose sorrow will bedew his grave ;
Lamenting him, who joins, to-day,
Beneath the sod, his kindred clay ;
Resting within that narrow room,
Alike of ev'ry sect the tomb.
The prince, the peasant, and the slave,
Finds peace within the silent grave,
Where free from care they meet repose,
Reliev'd from this world's anxious woes.
Oh ! may all those, who sink below,
The happy satisfaction know,
And feel as good ALVAREZ must,
When drooping to their parent dust,

That oft they tried the heart to cheer,
 And dry Affliction's bitter tear.
 Such thoughts must sooth the dying hour,
 And rob the grave of half its pow'r;
 To the survivors must bestow
 A real bliss, this truth to know—
 That God, who judges all mankind,
 A proper recompense will find
 For all, whate'er the faith profess'd,
 Who on this earth have done their best.

May 10, 1809.

AUGUSTA.

FEMALE LOQUACITY.

And there was silence in Heaven about the space of **HALF AN HOUR!**
 REV. viii. 1.

IN Heav'n, if St. John from truth has not swerv'd,
 For half an hour silence was given;
 Is it possible it could so long be preserv'd,
 If WOMAN's admitted in Heaven?
 If *she is admitted*, I much for her fear,
 The *tongue* from her mouth she must sever;
 Even *then*, as I think, if CLEONE goes there,
 Dame Silence is banished for ever!

El Dorido, near Bakewell.

JOHN HOWE.

ENIGMA.

POSSESS me complete,—your religion is gone,
 And you surely have cause for alarm;
 But take out both my eyes, the bus'ness is done,
 I am void, and can do you no harm.

M. H.

THE RISING SUN.

How beauteous is the rising Sun !
 What glories strike my ravish'd eyes !
 See now his race is just begun,
 With all its rich varieties.

The Lark, up-rising, tunes his song,
 And swells his little notes on high ;
 The lowing herds the theme prolong,
 And praise the God who built the sky.

The rook, with anxious care and pain,
 Seeks to procure her young some food ;
 And, as she flies across the plain,
 Proclaims aloud, the Lord is good.

Nor do the fishes of the deep
 Neglect their orisons to pay ;
 They, waking from their wonted sleep,
 Up near the surface sport and play.

The wat'ry mirror too, the grave
 Of many a mother's darling son,
 On bosom of the trembling wave,
 Would fain reflect the rising sun.

But man, ungrateful man, forgets,
 Tho' beasts, and birds, and fishes know ;
 He scarcely thinks how great his debts
 To Him from whom all blessings flow.

Abingdon.

B. S.

LAURA.

ONE night, when loud the thunders roll'd,
 And lightning fill'd the sky ;
 When oft the angry tempest growl'd,
 And every wind blew high ;

Across a dreary waste, with fear
 Laura pursu'd her way ;
 While on her lovely cheek the tear
 Of rankling sorrow lay.

No home the fair-one now could boast,
 No parents' tender care ;
 To all her friends, a wand'rer lost,
 She nearly felt despair !

Tho' once before her youthful sight
 Hope's fairest prospects rose ;
 They all, alas ! had wing'd their flight,
 And nought remain'd but woes.

Now up to Heav'n she lifts her eyes,
 While loudly howls the blast ;
 In supplicating pray'r, she cries,
 While briny tears flow'd fast :—

“ O, Lord of all ! who rul'st above
 “ In mercy save ; oh, save !
 “ I sinn'd ; but thou art full of love,
 “ Oh, snatch me from the grave !”

In vain she casts a glance around,
 Thro' Night's surrounding shade,
 To find a friend to heal the wound
 That fell Misfortune made.

No human form could she behold
 Across the barren heath ;
 Her pallid cheek grew deadly cold,—
 She sunk inwrapp'd in Death.

Bristol, June 15, 1809.

W. B. C.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN WHO DISLIKED CATS.

You blame me, dear friend, for admiring of cats,
 Which, (except for destroying of mice and of rats,)
 You say, are a creature you cannot abide,
 That it is the opinion of hundreds beside:
 "The beast is ungrateful," you scornfully add,
 And what is ungrateful, must surely be bad;
 And that all the favours I lavish so kind
 Will be paid by a bite or a scratch I shall find,
 'Tis true, I acknowledge, fair reasoning elf;
 But say, can much better be said of yourself?
 Since, thro' the whole course of creation's vast plan,
 What creature exists so ungrateful as man?
 I know my cat's failings, and those I excuse,
 For her beauty I like, and her gambols amuse;
 But the wand'ring caprice of man's fickle mind,
 Can friendship, can love, or compassion, e'er bind?
 And of scratches and bites, how transient the smart,
 To what man, cruel man, can inflict on the heart!
 Yet such the forgiveness in females that's found,
 And such the soft kindness with which they abound,
 So gentle in mind, to exculpate so prone,
 They're blind to your faults, as they are to their own;
 And tho' they of man shocking instances prove,
 And know you ungrateful, yet still women love;
 Like me with my cat, when I say the poor creature
 Only follows exactly the bent of its nature.

G. C. M.

LINES TO A FAVOURITE LARK,

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF A LADY.

SWEET bird! while list'ning to thy lay,
 How swift the moments pass away!

Thy song begins at rise of sun,
 And ev'ning finds it scarcely done.
 Regret you not the fatal day
 When, torn from a sad mate away
 By man, who wily spread the snare,
 And found in thee a prize so rare ?
 Condemn'd within a prison cage
 To linger out thy little age ;
 To sit, perhaps, in sullen grief,
 Disdaining for thy woe relief :
 That little breast indignant swell,
 'Gainst thy peace-destroyer fell ;
 Or, grateful for such gen'rous care,
 Forget a captive's chains you wear ;
 Forget there's pleasure in the fields,
 Pleasure that freedom only yields.
 But woods and meads no more can please,
 The time is past you valued these ;
 For years you've dwelt amid a throng,
 And in a city tun'd your song,
 Here, kindly tended by the fair,
 No dread of either gun or snare ;
 Stay then, content, nor wish to fly,—
 Unus'd to wander, soon you'd die.

DELIA'S REPLY TO MERCATOR.

(Vide Poet. Mag. for June, p. 92.)

FOR man I dress my auburn hair,
 And study ev'ry grace ;
 For man I aim to be more fair,
 And paint my youthful face.
 Why does he praise external charms,
 And tell me I'm divine ?
 And why extol my snowy arms,
 And kneel at Beauty's shrine ?

Did he ne'er sigh for sparkling eyes,
 But value *sense* alone ;
 Did he ne'er vow my form a prize
 For monarchs on the throne ;
 The *mind* would be my only care,
 My first, my best, desire ;
 Nor would I deck my flowing hair,
 If he'd my *heart* admire.
 Cease then, upbraiding ; your's the crime
 That I for dress am fain ;
 Had man ne'er flatter'd forms like mine,
 Woman had ne'er been vain.

DELIA.

AN INVOCATION TO MORPHEUS *,
 ON A TERMAGANT WIFE.

QUICKLY, Morpheus, come to me,
 And ease me from the cares of life ;
 It matters not whate'er your fee,
 So you relieve me from my wife,
 Whose tongue is ever on the go,
 And, right or wrong, I'm still her slave,
 And is, besides, so d—d a shrew,
 I often wish her in her grave ;—
 And, what is worse, if I give way,
 And yield to all she wishes most,
 She's more outrageous ev'ry day,
 And haunts my spirits like a ghost.
 Then come, and, in some kindly hour,
 Instil your opiate o'er her eyes ;
 Or with you bring Death's instant pow'r,
 That I may chant—at length SHE LIES.
Lambeth-Road.

* The god of sleep.

THE RAZOR-STROP MAKER ;

A PARODY ON PART OF SHENSTONE'S PASTORAL.

MY benches are furnish'd with strops,
 My razors invite to sit down ;
 My windows are shaded with caps *,
 And my shelves are white over with down † :
 I seldom have met a rebuff,
 Such keenness my razors possess ;
 Be the beard e'er so stubborn or tough,
 I promise to give you redress.

Not a hair on my chin is there seen,
 But smooth is the surface, observe ;
 Not a peach is more downy and clean,
 And the whiskers most tastefully curve.
 No strop that e'er yet did appear
 Than mine can more beauties unfold ;
 No beards are more comely and clear
 Than of men to whom strops I have sold.

One would think all would wish to embrace
 A strop that such charms doth combine ;
 Of all I have seen, not a face
 Hath smoothness superior to mine.
 Oh ! how wishful that Jew seems to stop,
 With a beard, such a length, and so gray ;
 Sure he longs for my razor and strop,
 To prune the incumbrance away !

From the warehouse, the pantry, the hall,
 What strains of sharp agony flow !
 From the butler, the 'prentice, and all,
 The blood streams in torrents below :

* Living next door to a milliner.

† Puffs.

But, if *my* famous strop should appear,
 Each shaver shall cheerfully join
 In saying " My razor-strop dear,
 " I never from hence will resign."

Mary's found out a gift for her swain,
 She has found where the *goldfinches* * breed ;
 His chin now will never know pain,
 He now will shave cleanly indeed.
 Tho' she oft her dear William had heard
 Call'd a man of politeness and taste ;
 He ne'er can be clean, she averr'd,
 Who neglects to use goldfinches' paste.

Oh ! I heard her with prudence express
 How a razor was due to—the chin ;
 That it ever attended on dress,
 And she call'd it, " of scissors the twin ;"
 But its use such a comfort bestows,
 And so little my beard I deplore,
 Let me shave—and, the sooner it grows,
 Methinks I shall shave but the more.

† But where can my customers stray ?
 Ah ! where do they wander so late ?
 Ah ! where is it safer to stay
 Than my shop near the George and the Gate ?
 Cheapside may boast speeches as fair,
 And Fleet-street-perfumery shine ;
 But their razors they ne'er can compare,
 Nor have razor-strops equal to mine.

* In a round wicker basket placed in the shop-window, where small boxes of paste are called " goldfinches' eggs."

† In the original this is the last verse, but the cause of the change is sufficiently obvious.

Can a beard so ungentle remain
 To be stiff, when my razor applies?
 Will a youth, who's not partial to pain,
 My strop and my goldfinch despise?
 Dear sources of comfort and wealth!
 Pure streams of contentment and ease!
 To Worcester * I go for my health,
 Let my successors do as they please.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN A FAVOURITE CHAIR OF DEAN SWIFT'S,
 BY CLIO RICKMAN.

HERE seated,—erst where Swift oft musing sat,
 And form'd his *Gulliver's* immortal tale;
 Or entertain'd his friends in witty chat,
 Or bade sublimer topics to prevail;—
 Here seated,—deep Reflection takes her range,
 And contemplates the altering hand of Time;
 With retrospective eye marks ev'ry change,
 Since Swift herewrote his prose, or sportive rhyme;—
 Here seated,—while enamour'd Mem'ry dwells
 On Genius, Talent, Learning most profound,
 With mortified regret the bosom swells,
 And proud Humanity receives a wound,
 That Swift, endow'd with gifts the wisest crave,
 Should sink a senseless madman to the grave.

ON THE
 BURNING OF THE FRENCH BRIDGES OVER THE
 DANUBE, BY THE AUSTRIANS.

So proud of his conquests and absolute sway,
 Bonaparté call'd Heaven to witness his glory;
 The Danube he cross'd, but th' Archduke by the way
 Burn'd down his *bridges*, and *abridg'd* half his story.
 X. Y.

* The country residence of our hero, whither he is about to retire with a fortune.

A SONG.

TUNE—CRAZY JANE.

WITH hasty step and frantic action
 The love-lorn Henry cross'd the vale ;
 His broken accents spoke distraction,
 Sunk was his eye ; his cheek, how pale !
 Oft he'd extend his sun-burnt arms,
 " Now, now," he'd cry, " I clasp my fair ;
 " 'Tis heav'n to gaze upon her charms ;"
 Then ghastly smil'd, and grasp'd the air.
 " She's gone," he cry'd, " I cannot find her,"
 Then gave a deep horrific moan ;
 " Can't pity, love, or madness bind her ?"
 He swoon'd, exclaiming, " Emma's gone !"
 Thus have we seen a flame, expiring,
 More brilliant near its exit burn ;
 So Henry's vital flame, retiring,
 Recall'd by love, seem'd to return.
 " I feel, I feel," he said, " I'm dying,"
 Then rais'd his eye, and saw a dove ;
 " Oh ! do assist me," said he, sighing ;
 " Bear this last errand to my love.
 " Tell her in death I wish to rest me
 " Beneath yon hawthorn's blooming shade ;
 " Where with her heav'nly smiles she bless'd me,
 " When first my tender vows I paid.
 " All I possess, to her I leave it,
 " Except this ringlet of her hair ;
 " I'll keep it, love it ; Emma gave it ;
 " Yes, e'en in death, I'll keep it there."
 This said, he loos'd his tatter'd garments,
 And press'd the ringlet to his heart ;
 Death here advanc'd, to end his torments,
 And with effect dismiss'd his dart.

TERMINIA.

SONNET,

MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED TO MISS LOUISA G*****.

(With a Copy of Hammond's Poems.)

Thus, if the tempest, from the warring spheres,
 Should shake the welkin with its hideous roar;
 And in thy bosom rouse ungenial fears,
 Thus * would I clasp the female I adore!
 Thus would I press her in my guardian arm,
 To sooth the wild sensations of her breast;
 Thus would I ponder on each hallow'd charm,
 Till Nature lull'd the elements to rest!
 For who unmov'd could ever bear to view
 A woman's sweetness to the storm a prey?
 Who, when the lightnings pierce the dense clouds thro',
 Could steal from soft Timidity away?
 If such there be, ne'er let him hope to prove
 The joys of friendship, or the thrills of love!

G. S. July 14, 1809.

OCTAVIAN.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

THE YOUTH for whom *Diana* sigh'd
 On *Latmos*' high and ancient hill;
 HE who young *Ædipus* espy'd,
 And did that parent monarch kill;
 THE CHILD a cruel mother slew,
 Then serv'd him up as food to eat;
 HE who with young *Amphion* grew,
 Took *Thebes*, then *Lycus* did defeat;
 And HE who with *Adrastus* strove,
 Ere by the hand of him he fell;
 Join each initial, and they'll prove
 The name of her that I love well.

Verge of Granta.

SINCERITAS.

A Solution from any of your Poetical Readers will be acceptable.

* The original Sonnet was written on a blank leaf, to face the beautiful little plate belonging to Hammond's Poems (Sharp's edition).

ANSWERS TO THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA

In No. III. of the *Poet. Mag.* p. 148.

YOUR Enigma, Augusta, with care I've perus'd,
 And several times on the subject have mus'd;
 Having studied it well, the answer I ween,
 Is Ackermann's POETICAL MAGAZINE.

J. P. Park-street, aged 13.

Prometheus was the man who stole
 Ethereal flame, to form a soul;
 And, as the poets all advance,
 'Twas *Orpheus* made the forests dance,
 Th' *Elysian* fields all classics know,
 And *Tart'rus*, gloomy scene of woe;
 In *Ithaca* the fair one toil'd,
 And all her suitors' hopes beguil'd.
Cupid is that sly pow'r, whose art
 So often steals th' unconscious heart;
 And 'twas *Althea's* vengeful hand
 At length destroy'd the mystic brand.
Lethe's the stream, who'er goes there,
 Bids long adieu to grief and care;
Minerva next, those who deride her
 Are oft suspended like a spider;
Achilles was the man who chose
 A life of fame, and spurn'd repose;
 The *Gordian* knot of endless cord
 Was sever'd by a Conqu'ror's sword;
 'Twas *Ariadne* Theseus left
 On *Naxos'* isle, of hope bereft;
 The cooling *Zephyr* flutt'ring plays,
 And mitigates the solar rays;
Irion, bold and proud, as you know,
 Mistook a fleeting cloud for *Juno*;
 The *Nightingale*, at close of day,
 Warbles forth her soothing lay;

Echo's the nymph, we all can tell,
 Responding from her airy cell;
 If order now th' arrangement grace,
 And each initial take its place,
 Then op'ning to our view is seen,
 Our POETICAL MAGAZINE;
 Where all Apollo's vot'ries may,
 Unenvied, claim a leaf of bay.

THEOPHILUS.

YOUR first *Prometheus* brings to view,
 Who sacred fire from Heaven drew;
 Your second, *Orpheus*, whose lyre
 Would rocks, and stones, and trees inspire;
 Your third presents th' *Elysian* fields,
 Which to the just such rapture yields;
 To black *Tartarus* next we go,
 Those realms of darkness and of woe;
 Then we to *Ithaca* repair,
 Penelope resided there;
Cupid now appears in sight,
 The source of torment and delight;
 Then *Althea*, whose raging hand
 Consum'd Meleager's fateful brand;
 That stream, so pow'rful o'er the mind,
 You will in far-fam'd *Lethe* find;
Minerva next your Muse supplies,
 Goddess of wisdom and the wise;
 Then great *Achilles*, fam'd in arms,
 Secur'd by Thetis' pow'rful charms;
 You'd next, or I've the name forgot,
 Describe the famous *Gordian* knot;
 And *Ariadne*, hapless maid!
 Who was by Theseus' arts betray'd;
 Then *Zephyr*, whose soft breathing gales
 O'er summer's sultry heat prevails;

Next *Ixion*, who, on the wheel,
 Was endless torments doom'd to feel ;
 Your Muse then gives the *Nightingale*,
 Who chants at eve her mournful tale ;
 With *Echo* you conclude the lay,
 Who, sportive, mocks each word you say.
 All these initials, rightly join'd,
 Present what oft delights the mind,
 And give us what I think you mean,
 The POETICAL MAGAZINE.

JOHANNES.

FROM Fifan plains, a youth unknown to fame
 Would fain some corner of Parnassus claim,
 And in his humble lay thus clearly shows
 That he your Classical Enigma knows :
 First comes *Prometheus*, who the god of day
 Robb'd of his beams, to animate vile clay ;
Orpheus is next, whose fascinating strains
 Tam'd the wild tenantry of eastern plains ;
Elysian fields now in bright vision spread,
 Throng'd with the shadowy forms of virtuous dead ;
 But, ah ! what dismal groans of deepest woe
 Strike on my ear from *Tartarus* below !
 A peerless queen in *Ithaca* once dwelt,
 'Fore whom imploring suitors daily knelt,
 Whose loose desires to keep in bounds she strove,
 By night unrav'ling what by day she wove ;
 Now soft Persuasion's deity appears,
Cupid, his wings dripping with lovers' tears,
 And fann'd by sighs breath'd from each wounded heart ;
 Quick now, *Althea*, come ; as quick depart,
 For *Lethe's* stream demands its share of verse,
 Whose wave oblivious can all woes disperse ;
 Hail ! Wisdom's goddess, at thy throne I bow,
 Do thou, *Minerva*, with my verses flow ;

Thy valu'd spirit in each couplet dwell,
 And guard my stanzas from bombastic swell ;
 Now let the trumpets sound, beat loud the drums,
 Lo ! Thetis' son, the great *Achilles*, comes !
 So great the clangour, I had near forgot
 Next to divide the far-fam'd *Gordian* knot :
 And, hark ! a female voice in mournful tone !
 'Tis *Ariadne* weeps her hero gone ;
 Propitious now, ye gentle *Zephyrs* ! blow,
 As into realms beneath once more I go ;
 Where bold *Ixion*, on his rolling wheel,
 Revolving torment must for ever feel ;
 Far sweetest, songstress of the leafy grove !
 Thy warblings wild, O *Nightingale* ! I love ;
 At eve's still hour, upon the raptur'd ear,
 Thy cadence steals, while viewless *Echo*, near,
 Sends soft responses from her mountain cave,
 And in the breeze the pendant branches wave.
 Now, sons of *Helicon* ! I'll take my leave,
 Clear the *Enigma* now you all perceive ;
 Place each initial in its proper station,
 Will spring to view that pleasing publication,
 In whose rich soil, shielded from critics keen,
 Parnassian flow'rs in monthly bloom are seen,
 Vive Ackermann's POETIC MAGAZINE.

Cupar, Fife, July 13, 1809.

W—

Prometheus stole of heav'nly fire
 Enough to kindle him a match ;
Orpheus strumm'd upon his lyre,
 And trees and woods the sounds did catch ;
Elysium the best parlour is,
 Where all good folks do eat and drink ;
Tartarus shews his ugly phiz,
 For souls by sin dy'd black as ink ;

Ithaca is the country village
 Where the good lady rov'd her spinning ;
Cupid, that wond'rous man of pillage,
 Intrudes unseen, he is so winning ;
Althea, being short of wood,
 The billet stuck into the fire ;
Lethe is that wond'rous flood,
 Of which some men to taste desire ;
Minerva has, as some folks say,
 A pate quite full of wit and sense ;
Achilles thought to fight a day
 Was better than to live time hence ;
Gordian was the knot's queer name,
 Which thro' and thro' the soldier cut ;
Ariadne, Don Theseus left,—oh, shame !
 Upon a lonely rock—poor slut !
Zephyrus, sliding, trips about,
 And tips the wink to master Gale ;
Ixion made a bustling rout,
 Tho' in a cloud ended his tale ;
Nightingale with a song oft cheers,
 When Somnus will not come to bed ;
Echo repeats each thing she hears,
 For instance, let this piece be read.
 Join these initials, and then at them look,
 And you will see the Title of this Book.

Liverpool.

K.

EPIGRAM.

"YOUR coat is very short," said John,
 One day, unto his brother ;
 "It will be *long enough*," cried Tom,
 "Before I get another."

W. S—N.

THE
Poetical Magazine,

FIFTH NUMBER,

September, 1809.

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

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from p. 174.]

With an Engraving.

THE Doctor smil'd,—the bill was paid,
The hostess left him to the maid :
When Betty stood in humble guise,
With expectation in her eyes ;
That he was, surely, so good-hearted,
He'd give her something ere they parted.
Now, Nature, in her wanton freaks,
Had given Betty rosy cheeks ;
And caus'd her raven locks to break
In native ringlets on her neck.
The roving bee might wish to sip
The sweetness of her pouting lip ;
So red, so tempting to the view,
'Twas what the Doctor long'd to do.
“ You're a nice girl,” he smiling said,
“ Am I ?” replied the simp'ring maid.
“ I swear you are, and if you're willing
“ To give a kiss, I'll give a shilling.”

" If 'tis the same thing, Sir, to you,
 " Make the gift two-fold, and take two."
 He grimly grinn'd with inward pleasure,
 And soon he seiz'd the purchas'd treasure.
 " Your lips, my dear, are sweet as honey,
 " So one smack more,—and there's your money."

This charming ceremony o'er,
 The Parson strutted to the door;
 When his poor palfrey now appears
 In cruel state of tail and ears.
 The neighbours all impatient wait,
 To see him issue from the gate;
 For country-town, or village-green,
 Has seldom such a figure seen.
 Labour stood still to see him pass,
 While ev'ry lad and ev'ry lass
 Ran forward to enjoy the feast,
 To jeer the Don, and mourn the beast.
 But one and all aloud declare
 'Twas a fit sight for country fair,
 Far better than a dancing bear.

At length, escap'd from all the noise
 Of women, men, and girls and boys,
 In the recesses of a lane
 He thus gave utt'rance to his pain :
 " It seems to be my luckless case,
 " At ev'ry point, in ev'ry place,
 " To meet with trouble and disgrace.
 " But yesterday I left my home,
 " In search of fancied wealth to roam ;
 " And nought, I think, but ills betide me—
 " Sure some foul spirit runs beside me ;
 " Some blasting demon from the east,
 " A deadly foe to man and beast,
 " That loves to riot in disaster,
 " And plagues alike both horse and master.

“ Grizzle, who full six years, and more,
 “ A trumpeter in triumph bore ;
 “ Who had in many a battle been,
 “ And many a bloody conflict seen ;
 “ Who, having ’scap’d from cut and scar,
 “ And all the angry threats of war ;
 “ When his best days are almost past,
 “ Feels such ignoble wounds at last.
 “ Ah ! what can thy fond master do ?
 “ He’s cut and slash’d as well as you :
 “ But tho’ no more with housings gay,
 “ And prancing step, you take your way ;
 “ Or, with your stately rider, lead
 “ The armed troop to warlike deed ;
 “ While you’ve a leg, you ne’er shall cease
 “ To bear the minister of peace.
 “ Long have you borne him, nor e’er grumbled,
 “ Nor ever started, kick’d, or stumbled.”

But mildest natures sometimes err
 From the strict rules of character :
 The tim’rous bird defends its young,
 And beasts will kick when they are stung.
 ’Twas burning hot, and hosts of flies,
 With venom’d stings, around them rise ;
 They seiz’d on Grizzle’s wounded part,
 Who straight began to snort and start,
 Kick’d up behind, rear’d up before,
 And play’d a dozen antics more.
 The Doctor coax’d, but all in vain,
 He snorted, kick’d, and rear’d again.
 “ Alas !” he cried, “ could I but pop
 “ Just now upon a blacksmith’s shop,
 “ Whose cooling unguents would avail
 “ To save poor Grizzle’s ears and tail !”
 Now, scarce had he his wishes spoke,
 When he beheld a cloud of smoke,

That from a forge appear'd to rise,
 And for a moment veil'd the skies ;
 While the rude hammers, to his ear,
 Proclaim'd the aid he wish'd was near:
 By the way-side the cottage rose,
 Around it many a willow grows,
 Where Syntax, in a tone of grief,
 Shew'd Grizzle's wounds, and pray'd relief:
 The sooty Galen soon appear'd,
 And with fair hopes the Doctor cheer'd.
 " Trust me, good Sir, I've got a plaster
 " Will cure the beast of his disaster ;
 " And while the dressing I prepare,
 " With all becoming skill and care,
 " You in that arbour may regale
 " With a cool pipe and jug of ale :
 " I've long a two-fold trade profess'd,
 " And med'cine sell for man and beast."

Syntax now sought the cooling shade,
 While Galen's dame the banquet made :
 She well knew how her guests to please,
 And added meat, and bread and cheese :
 Besides, she told the village-tale—
 Who came to drink their home-brew'd ale ;
 How that the laughter-loving Vicar
 Would sometimes walk to taste their liquor ;
 That their gay landlord was renown'd,
 For hunting fox, with horn and hound ;
 That he'd a daughter passing fair,
 Who was his Honour's only heir ;
 But she was proud, nor could a 'Squire
 Approach to tell his am'rous fire ;
 A Lord alone, as it was said,
 She would receive into her bed.
 Throughout the village, ev'ry name
 Became a subject for the dame ;

And thus she play'd her chatt'ring part,
Till Syntax thought it time to start.

And now poor Grizzle reappears,
With plaster'd tail and plaster'd ears,
Which, thus cas'd up, might well defy
The sharpest sting of gnat or fly.
The Doctor, having had his fill,
Without a word discharg'd his bill ;
But, as it was the close of day,
He trotted briskly on his way ;
And, ere the Sun withdrew his light,
An inn receiv'd him for the night :
His frame fatigu'd, his mind oppress'd,
He smok'd his pipe, and went to rest.
The morning came, when he arose
In spirits from his calm repose ;
And, while the maid prepar'd the tea,
He look'd around the room, to see
What story did the walls disclose,
Of human joys, and human woes.
The window quickly caught his eye,
On whose clear panes he did descry
The motley works of ev'ry Muse ;
There was enough to pick and choose ;
And " faith," said he, " I'll strive to hook
" Some of these lines into my book ;
" For here there are both grave and witty,
" And some, I see, are very pretty."
From a small pocket in his coat
He drew his book,—and thus he wrote :—

" If my breast was made of glass,
" And you could see what there doth pass,
" Kitty, my ever-charming fair !
" You'd see your own sweet image there."
" I once came here a free-booting,
" And on 'Squire Jones' manor went shooting ;

“ And if 'Squire Jones this truth denies,
 “ This glass shall tell 'Squire Jones—he lies.”

“ Dolly's as fat as any sow,
 “ And, if I'm not mistaken,
 “ Dolly is well-dispos'd, I trow,
 “ To trim her husband's bacon.”

“ Jenny, while now your name I hear,
 “ No transient glow my bosom heats ;
 “ And when I meet your eye, my dear,
 “ My flutt'ring heart no longer beats.
 “ I dream, but I no longer find
 “ Your form still present to my view ;
 “ I wake, but now my vacant mind
 “ No longer waking dreams of you.
 “ I can find maids, in ev'ry rout,
 “ With smiles as false, and forms as fine ;
 “ But you must hunt the world throughout,
 “ To find a heart as true as mine.”

“ I hither came down
 “ From fair London town
 “ With Lucy, so mild and so kind ;
 “ But Lucy grew cool,
 “ And call'd me a fool,
 “ So I started, and left her behind.”

But while poor Syntax was in heav'n,
 At what the Muse by chance had giv'n,
 A hungry dog, and prone to steal,
 Ran off with half his breakfast meal ;
 While Dolly, ent'ring with a kettle,
 Was follow'd by a man of mettle,
 Who swore he'd have the promis'd kiss,
 And, as he seiz'd the melting bliss,
 From the ill-poised kettle's spout,
 The boiling stream came pouring out,

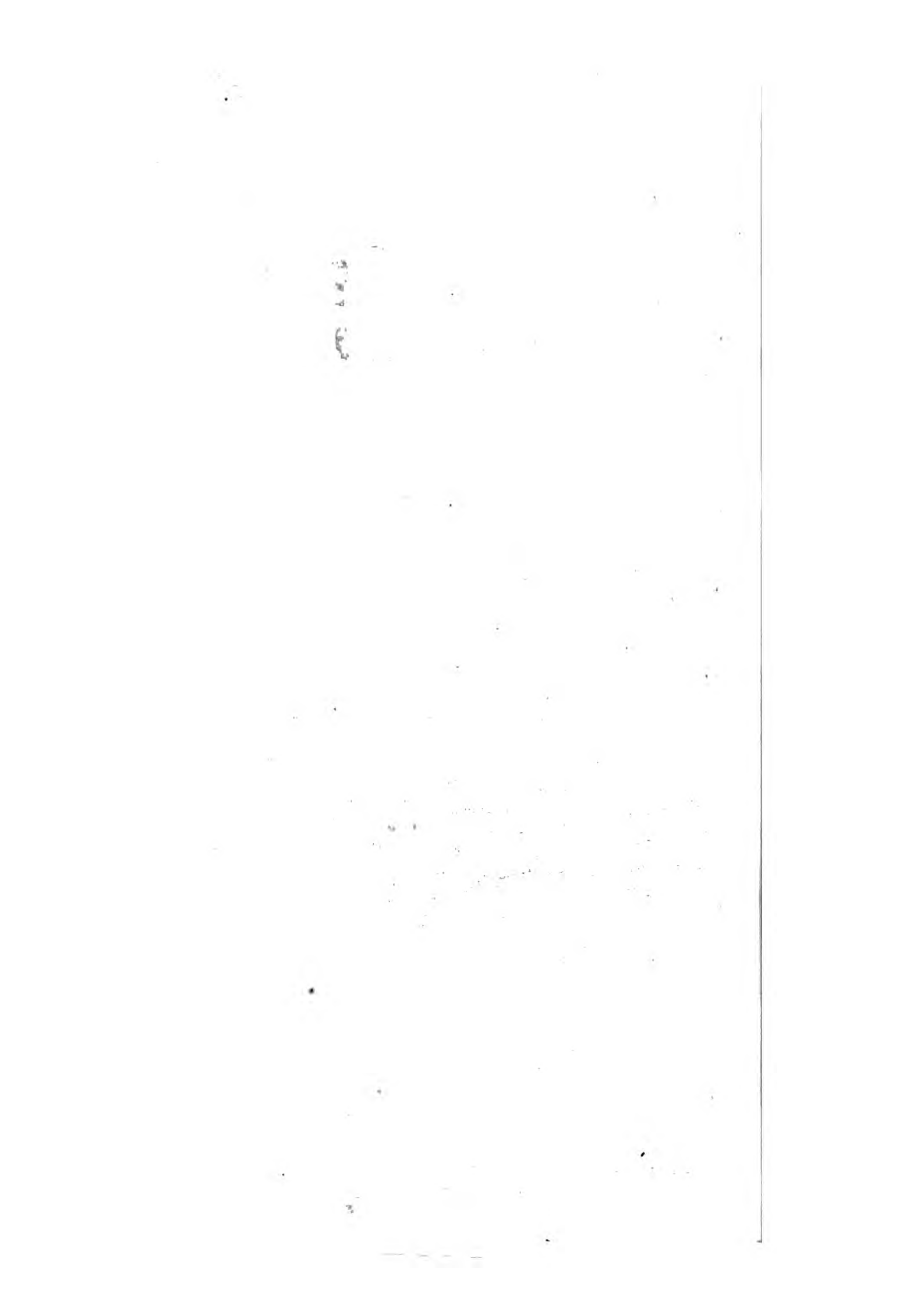
No. 5 of the POETICAL MAGAZINE. Pub. Sept. 27th 1800 at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101 Strand.

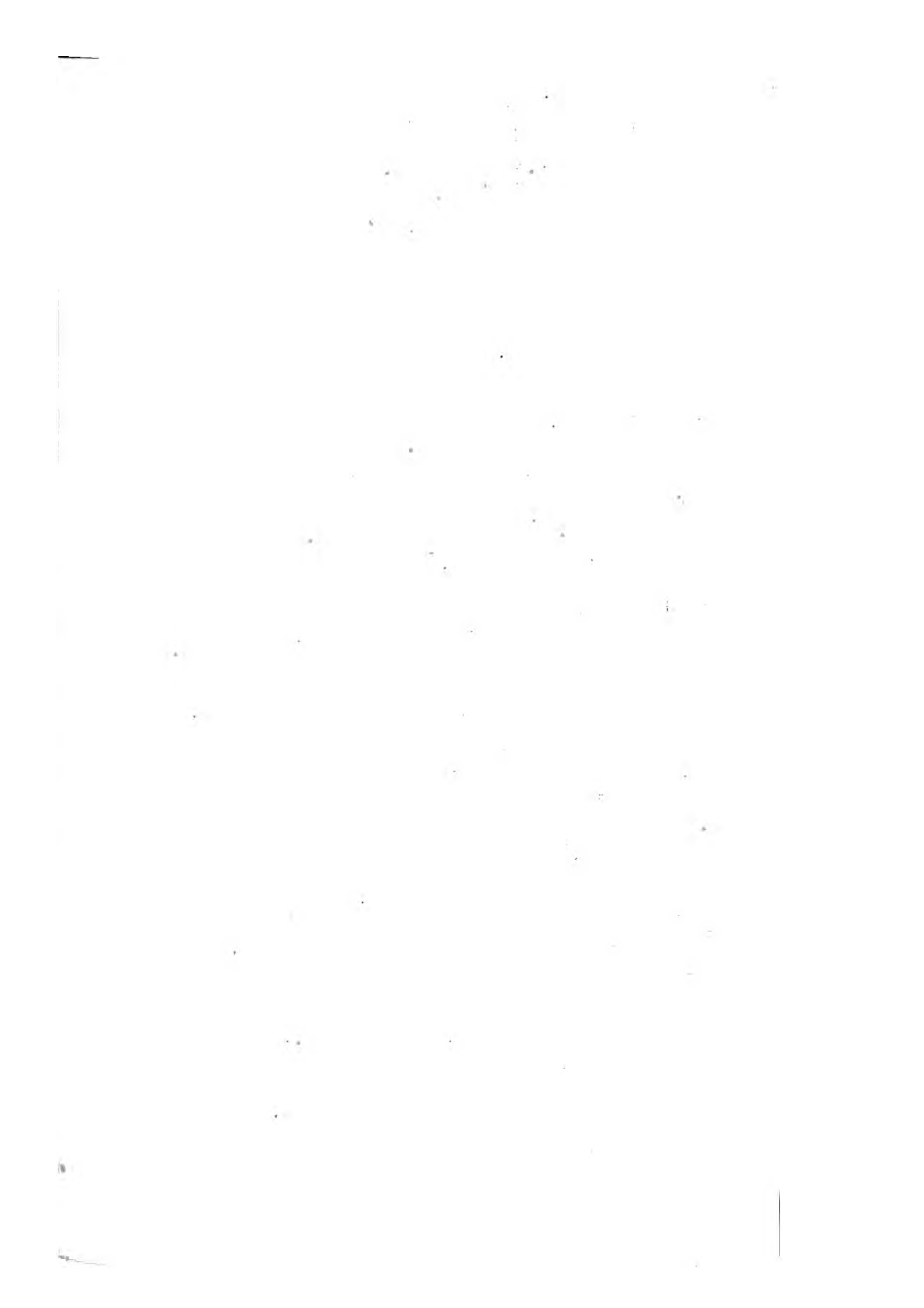


Plate 10.

DOCTOR SYNTAX.

111







A VIEW on the LAKE of COMO.

And drove the Doctor from the Muse,
 By quickly filling both his shoes ;
 And tho' 'tis not the Christian's plan
 To turn aside from helpless man,
 When ills, and pains, and sorrows grieve him,
 Yet here we are oblig'd to leave him.

[*To be continued.*]

THE LAKE OF COMO.

[With an Engraving.]

How many years, alas ! are past and gone,
 Como, since first I trod thy fairy ground,
 When early life's gay season flush'd my cheek,
 And when young Pleasure sparkled in my eye !
 By Science led, I sought the sacred spot
 Where Pliny's infant eyes first saw the sun ;
 Where the stern rigid Cato oft retir'd,
 And Cæsar his all-conqu'ring eagles bore.
 But, tho' so much of life has pass'd away,
 Lost in the gulph of all-devouring Time,
 Tho' now my hairs are grey, and wrinkled age
 Points to the confines of the peaceful tomb,
 Still fond Remembrance doth delight to dwell
 On scenes where Nature, with her lavish hand,
 Has scatter'd her enchanting beauties round.
 The vine-clad hill, with purple fruitage gay ;
 The orange groves, and bow'rs with myrtle crown'd ;
 The dusky olive, dark'ning in the glade ;
 The woods, that leave half-bare the rocky brow ;
 And the rude mountain, warring with the skies,
 Which, tho' eternal spring appears below,
 Bears one eternal winter on its head !
 These various objects meet the ravish'd eye—
 While the resplendent lake, now stretching wide
 Its vast expanse, a silver mirror shews,

Reflecting all the wonders of its shores :
 Now, within narrow banks, adorn'd with flow'rs,
 Where the tall poplar to the zephyr sighs,
 It looks a village-stream that glides along
 Thro' some retired vale, where peasants dwell.
 Nor these alone ;—the castle's mould'ring tow'r,
 The scatter'd hamlets, and the villas gay,
 And many a sail by humble Commerce spread,
 Or fann'd by Pleasure's more propitious gale,
 At once enliven and enrich the scene.

When the sun glitter'd on the mountain's top
 At early morn, how oft, with eager step,
 I've pierc'd the tangles of the pendent wood,
 To mount some rugged all-commanding brow,
 Where I could sit and view th' expanse below,
 And meditate on Nature's wondrous works,
 And lift the pray'r to Him who Nature made !
 How oft, when fainter rays, at ev'ning hour,
 Threw o'er the landscape vast its purple hue,
 And the soft gale its fresh'ning pleasures gave,
 Have I by Como's lake in rapture stray'd,
 Nor ceas'd to wander, till th' ascending moon
 Play'd on its wave, and clad the scene around
 In the mild splendour of her silver beams !—
 Ah ! where,—ah ! where are they who with me stray'd,
 Who knew my ev'ry thought, and shar'd my heart ;
 Whose words gave Nature's charms a warmer glow ;
 Whose classic minds illum'd the classic page ;
 Whom Science lov'd, and Virtue call'd her own ?
 They are no more !—Long in the silent grave
 Have they repos'd !—Long has the tear been dry
 Which Friendship dropp'd upon their honour'd dust !
 But still Remembrance wakes the tender thought
 That makes the bosom heave.—Como, farewell !
 I shall behold thy charming scenes no more !

ALIBEG; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE:

A POEM.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
 Ut prisca gens mortalium;
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis.

In Tempé's vale, (a calm sequester'd scene,
 Whose fields were cloth'd with everlasting green,
 Where scented woodbines form'd a pleasing shade,
 And limpid streams in clear meanders play'd:
 Deep in that vale there liv'd an humble youth,
 The simple emblem of unspotted truth;
 Fresh as the blooming fields from whence he came,
 Pure as the streams, and Alibeg his name.—
 Oft would he strive, in wild and rural lays,
 The tuneful voice of Harmony to raise;
 Th' enraptur'd swains his wondrous skill approve,
 And ev'ry virgin's soul is fill'd with love.

With such nice art the shepherd play'd and sung,
 That on each note the list'ning audience hung;
 Th' admiring swains, and ev'ry rural maid,
 Delighted, sought the consecrated shade:
 And, while he warbled, woods and plains among,
 Apollo listen'd, and approv'd the song.

One morn, great Abbas (tir'd of gay resorts)
 Thro' Tempé's vale pursued his rural sports;
 When lo! sweet music quivers thro' the shade,
 As if the strain some sylvan god had play'd.
 Struck with the music of the tuneful reed,
 He seeks the place from whence the notes proceed;
 Where soon the shepherd strikes the monarch's view
 (The fairest swain of all the sylvan crew):
 His seat a moss-grown bank, a crook he bore;
 His pipe was rais'd, a shepherd's garb he wore;

He watch'd the rippling fountain's silver tide,
The while his flocks skipp'd round the mountain-side.

Enwrapp'd in silent awe, great Abbas stood,
And thus address'd the shepherd of the wood :—

“ O ! youth celestial ! whosoe'er thou art,
“ That with such melting airs enslav'st my heart,
“ Say, dost thou here descend, with heav'nly strains,
“ To sooth the wretch's woe, the lover's pains ?
“ For sure such notes as charm this mystic bow'r
“ Are play'd by some divine superior pow'r !”

The youth replied—“ I'm one of humble swains
“ Who lead their flocks o'er Tempé's blissful plains ;
“ Of parentage obscure, I love to view
“ The lowly spot from whence my breath I drew ;
“ O'er rising hills my gentle flock I lead,
“ And to soft rural music tune my reed ;
“ While all the birds on ev'ry bloomy spray
“ Will raise their notes to imitate the lay.

“ And oft my pipe will secret charms impart,
“ To sooth the sorrows of a wounded heart :
“ When lovers plead in vain, one melting air
“ Will charm to pity th' unrelenting fair.
“ 'Twas early Instinct taught me first to sing,
“ And bade my hand awake the silver string ;
“ And when I warbled thro' the sacred shade,
“ 'Twas Nature's voice, and Nature I obey'd.

Thus spake the humble swain ; the King, amaz'd,
At the fair youth with secret rapture gaz'd.

“ Pity” (he cried) “ that Virtue's purest ray
“ Should in a desert wither and decay ;
“ That Truth and Merit, with such wisdom join'd
“ As dwells within this lovely shepherd's mind,
“ Should thus lie hid, uncherish'd and forlorn,
“ As vi'lets blow, conceal'd beneath the thorn.

" Sweet youth ! so vers'd in ev'ry gentle art ;
 " If grandeur once can captivate thy heart,
 " With me to cities and to courts repair,
 " And let thy matchless talents flourish there :
 " Let not such wisdom wither in a wild,
 " Emblem of Virtue ! Nature's fairest child !
 " But leave these plains, and tend thy sheep no more,
 " And taste of pleasures unenjoy'd before."

A crimson blush o'erspread the shepherd's cheek ;
 His will consented, tho' he fear'd to speak :
 He long'd to go, yet lov'd his dear retreat,—
 His heart exulted, and his bosom beat.
 From the blue hills a rural band appear
 With ev'ry vestige of the purple year ;
 While Health and Beauty, with a native grace,
 Bless'd ev'ry form, and shone in ev'ry face.
 They ask the swain to join the sportive scene,
 In all the harmless gambols of the green ;
 In circling dances with the nymphs unite,
 On the deft toe, fantastically light !
 But, when the kingly Abbas struck their view,
 They gaz'd in silence ; still their wonder grew ;
 Whilst he himself (unskill'd in rustic lore)
 Beheld a sight he never met before.

He now exerts his pow'r and gentle sway,
 To lead the shepherd from the fields away
 To splendid courts, where Pride triumphant reigns—
 A sad exchange for Tempé's blissful plains !

The shepherds wept, and ev'ry rural fair
 Beat her white breast, and rent her auburn hair ;
 Deep sighs are heard, while tears incessant flow
 In all the sad vicissitude of woe.

But one fair nymph rush'd forth into his arms
 (The first in sorrow, as the first in charms) ;

From her bright eyes the tears in torrents pour'd ;
She clasp'd his hand, and, kneeling, thus implor'd :—

“ Oh ! stay content, for in our native plains
“ No pow'r oppresses, and no force constrains :
“ Let Sylvia's love thy wand'ring steps arrest,
“ And Tempé's vale shall not remain unblest.
“ Aw'd by thy virtue, and compell'd by shame,
“ Long have I cherish'd, but conceal'd, the flame ;
“ Oh ! let thy breast that gen'rous passion feel,
“ Which this sad moment bids me here reveal ;—

“ For Love first breath'd his sighs in sylvan air,
“ And taught the swains to prize the rural fair ;
“ In humble climes he wounds the yielding maid,
“ Dwells in dark woods, and warms the silent shade :
“ Sweets bloom around, and own a magic pow'r,
“ While Venus haunts the consecrated bow'r.”

When thus the swain—“ Oh ! hush thy griefs awhile,
“ And for each tear shall soon succeed a smile :
“ Dispel those sighs, nor sadly mourn in vain ;
“ We part, indeed ! but 'tis to meet again :
“ Where'er I go, whatever realms to see,
“ My heart, unchang'd, shall fondly turn to thee ;
“ Those sighs, which now thy heaving bosom fill,
“ Shall in my sad remembrance murmur still.”

The swain departed, and with him he took
His sylvan music, and his shepherd's crook ;
He left the former scenes he lov'd so well,
And bade to Tempé's vale a sad farewell.

They slowly pass o'er ev'ry hill and glade,
Explore each grot, and pierce the thickest shade.
As the fair youth some well-known object met,
He heav'd a sigh, and parted with regret.
Now distant cities from afar they view'd,
Which seem'd t' extend as onward they pursu'd ;

He wept in silence, while his ling'ring feet
Reluctant bore him from his dear retreat.

They reach the spot; the stranger's wond'ring eyes
See lofty spires of palaces arise;
While hallow'd domes appear with sacred pride,
And Trade's wide marts are seen on ev'ry side.
Th' admiring swain with secret rapture gaz'd
At ev'ry pile the pow'rs of Art had rais'd;
Yet mourn'd to think these mighty labours all
Must join great Nature's universal fall.

To Court the youth was led, in glitt'ring vest;
Each noble heart admir'd the humble guest;
His manly beauty and superior worth
Made all forget his lowliness of birth;
Such native sweetness, mix'd with decent pride,
Brav'd Slander's sting, and Envy's scorn defy'd.

Great Abbas lov'd the youth, well-pleas'd to view
That ev'ry year his talents riper grew;
And fondly oft presag'd his future fate,
To rise a shining figure in the state.

As some fair flow'ret in a wild conceal'd,
Where no kind pasture bids its blossoms yield,
Chok'd in its growth, it needs a fost'ring hand
Quickly to move it to some fertile land;
But, when transplanted to more genial earth,
The bloom appears, and gives its beauty birth;
Urg'd by warm suns, and mild refreshing dews,
The buds burst forth in all their lively hues;
Its lovely form rewards the planter's care,
And with ambrosial fragrance fills the air.

While thus the swain enjoys his virtuous deeds,
Great Abbas dies—the sorrowing nation bleeds;

His sudden fate, by Death's terrific dart,
 Fills ev'ry eye, and saddens ev'ry heart :
 The rich and poor alike his smiles did share,—
 Wealth claim'd his justice, Poverty his care ;
 The weak and lowly never sued in vain,
 And gentle Mercy mark'd his pious reign.

But now the son, a youth of noble fire,
 Succeeds his honour'd and lamented sire ;
 Bless'd with each virtue that can e'er create
 A monarch truly wise, and truly great.

Still humble Al'beg (un aspiring swain !)
 With judgment rul'd, beneath a blissful reign ;
 His noble mind all baser actions scorn'd,
 And thought mankind with all his worth adorn'd :
 But baneful Envy strove to blast his fame,
 And blend with hateful infamy his name.

'Twas falsely rumour'd (with a dire intent)
 The realm was injur'd, and it's treasures spent ;
 That certain jewels were obtain'd by stealth,
 Drain'd by deep fraud from out the nation's wealth.

When Alibeg the shameful rumour heard,
 And knew each tale that Slander had preferr'd,
 He wept alone ; his heart, o'ercharg'd with grief,
 Sought in a peaceful solitude relief :
 But Virtue bade his soul to truth aspire,
 Restor'd his courage, and renew'd his fire,
 Inflam'd his ardour, strengthen'd Honour's tide,
 So, scorning base Reproach, he thus replied :—

“ Oh, King ! this fate has taught my heart to know
 “ Few are the joys that riches can bestow ;
 “ E'en I (the humblest of the splendid throng)
 “ Have felt the sting of Slander's baneful tongue.
 “ My mansion search, each secret place explore,
 “ Drag into light the rich and guilty store ;

“ If such be found to slur my spotless name,
 “ My death shall end your anger and my shame.”

Thus spake the swain ;—the King went forth to find
 The hidden treasure said to be purloin'd ;
 While the whole court (a persecuting race !)
 Presag'd his future ruin and disgrace.

They search'd each chamber with peculiar care,
 And found no stores nor hidden treasures there ;
 In vain they all each dark recess explor'd,
 No means are found to trace the guilty hoard.

Enrag'd at this, the angry Monarch cried—
 “ Thy worth, Oh, youth ! has now been fairly tried ;
 “ Drag forth thy sland'ers vile, and shew the age
 “ They perish all, as victims of my rage.”

Thus spake the King ;—a pamper'd son of Pride
 Rose from the trembling crowd, and thus replied :—
 “ 'Tis true, as yet, our search has been in vain,
 “ And Fortune favours still her artful swain ;
 “ But vain are all endeavours to conceal
 “ A foe so daring to the public weal :
 “ A place there is (unknown to public eye),
 “ Where close conceal'd, the gold and jewels lie ;
 “ Of curious structure, where the artist's skill
 “ Has tried to thwart the bold intruder's will :
 “ Oft is he seen to ope the secret door,
 “ And look with rapture on the hidden store ;
 “ With gestures strange his sordid joy to shew,
 “ While dread of parting causes tears to flow.”

Back went the King the hidden store to seek,—
 A flush of joy o'erspread the shepherd's cheek ;
 His conscious virtue scorn'd the least disguise,—
 The secret door is open'd to their eyes, }
 And all behold the long expected prize. }
 No precious gold or jewels meet their sight,
 'Twas humbler treasures gave the swain delight ;

All they beheld, the knotty crook he bore,
 The sylvan pipe, the shepherd's garb he wore
 When first he met the royal Abbas' view,
 And with his music charm'd the sylvan crew,
 Before he felt the force of Slander's tale,
 And left the joys of Tempé's blissful vale.

“ Take all,” he cried, “ with pleasure I restore
 “ All that your honour'd father gave before ;
 “ No wealth I crave, no titles I require,
 “ The unask'd gift of your departed sire :
 “ Such fleeting honours I with joy resign,
 “ All are your own, but these are truly mine.
 “ Oh ! let me to my native shades repair,
 “ And once more learn to tend my fleecy care ;
 “ Let my deluded heart but learn to know
 “ The source from whence our purest pleasures flow ;
 “ That simpler joys alone delight the soul,
 “ While sweet Contentment waits to bless the whole.

“ Before my heart from Tempé's vale withdrew,
 “ My joys were many, and my cares were few ;
 “ If e'er I wept, my fav'rite lamb had stray'd,
 “ Love rais'd my fears, or Friendship prov'd a shade :
 “ But then my pipe supply'd a soothing strain,
 “ Which lull'd my sorrows, and which eas'd my pain.
 “ How bless'd the days before I learn'd to roam,
 “ When Fortune smil'd upon my peaceful home ;
 “ No guilt was cast upon my humble name,
 “ I thought no road but Virtue led to Fame ;
 “ For, tho' a shepherd, Honour's spark divine
 “ Within this breast has not refus'd to shine ;
 “ And, tho' by Fortune plac'd so near a throne,
 “ No deeds I've done my heart disdains to own—
 “ Then let me once more join the sylvan crew,
 “ And bid the world and all its cares adieu,
 “ Tune my sweet pipe, and wear the rustic vest
 “ In which your father found me, truly blest ;

“ Before I knew the mis’ry to be great,
 “ The sad memorials of my happier state.

“ But should thy wrath an injur’d shepherd doom
 “ To seek the dark and solitary tomb,
 “ Let friendly Silence o’er my fate prevail,
 “ Nor with the tidings sadden Tempé’s vale :
 “ Think on those days of innocence and joy
 “ When you beheld me first, a shepherd-boy ;
 “ Rais’d by your sire, unworthy and unknown,
 “ To form his councils, and to guard his throne :
 “ Think, if I e’er (since first your grace I won)
 “ Deceiv’d the father, or betray’d the son,
 “ Abus’d that pow’r your honour’d parent gave,
 “ And let my wrongs lie buried in the grave.

“ Short is the date of sublunary joy !
 “ What sudden griefs our present peace destroy !
 “ He who, to-day, each earthly bliss may share,
 “ To-morrow falls a victim to Despair :
 “ But still from earth th’ ethereal spirit flies
 “ To brighter honours, treasur’d in the skies,
 “ Bids earthly strife and earthly tumult cease,
 “ And soars to realms of piety and peace.

“ Then let your vengeance haste me to my fate
 “ (Less dreadful far than infamy and hate) ;
 “ But spare that fame my bosom fondly rear’d,
 “ Nor scorn the object whom you once rever’d ;
 “ And, should fair Virtue o’er my humble bier
 “ Pour the deep sigh, or drop a holy tear,
 “ Such hallow’d gifts as weeping Virtue pays
 “ Shall bless my mem’ry, and my tomb shall raise,
 “ Bid future times each worthy deed recall,
 “ Tho’ envious traitors glory in my fall.”

Thus spake the injur’d youth of Tempé’s vale ;
 Vice was appall’d, and Slander’s face grew pale :

Such modest worth each gen'rous bosom charm'd,
 And pois'nous Envy, trembling, stood disarm'd ;
 While lynx-ey'd Malice yields to virtuous Fame,
 And hides its head in everlasting shame.

“ Oh ! matchless worth ! (the wond'ring Monarch
 cried,)
 “ Blush, ev'ry child of supercilious Pride !
 “ See in this youth fair Virtue's purest fire,
 “ With which the gods all nobler minds inspire ;
 “ 'Tis his to range the spheres of Fancy bright,
 “ And shew mankind the force of Reason's light,
 “ Shall sland'rous Envy lift aloft its head,
 “ And all around a dire contagion spread ?
 “ Shall Pride, Deceit, and Folly, guard my throne,
 “ While modest Worth is perishing unknown,
 “ And Vice rewarded ? shall great Abbas' son
 “ Disgrace the palms his ancestors have won ?
 “ Hence from my sight, ye persecuting race !
 “ No more the Monarch or his realm disgrace ;
 “ Let upright men my people's freedom guard,
 “ And modest Merit meet its due reward ;
 “ Let Worth once more my injur'd kingdom sway,
 “ No more let humble Virtue Vice obey ;
 “ But all be chang'd, and royal Abbas' son
 “ Bestow the laurel where 'tis nobly won.”

Thus spake the Monarch, flush'd with honest rage ;
 None dar'd to speak, his fury to assuage ;
 But conscious Guilt in silence stole away,
 And Virtue won the honours of the day.

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

[Continued from p. 177.]

AUTHOR.—At Garnier's (where I last left off)
 I met a friend, and College Soph;
 With whom (when compliments were paid,
 And John, the waiter, cloth had laid)
 I took my chop, and cheerful glass,
 In bumpers to our King, and lass.
 The cloth remov'd, we talk'd of news,
 Of Popham * and his gallant crews,
 Who first attack'd, then took, the Cape,
 And thanks receiv'd in ev'ry shape;
 Which made us think 'twas somehow wrong
 To bring the late Court-Martial on;
 As first applaud, and then condemn,
 Seem'd dang'rous with our Navy men,
 As likely, in some future case,
 To check their ardour in a chase;
 And after bring them to a trial,
 Tho' good their will—beyond denial.
 But change of men, we often find,
 Will strangely change both things and mind.
 Would this have been (observ'd my friend)
 If Pitt had liv'd to see the end?
 Or, if it had, it surely would
 Been more *pro forma* understood.
 But what is wrong, when men are *out*,
 When *in*—will strangely turn about.
 Thus, having canvass'd these things o'er,
 We saunter'd to the op'ra-door;

* Such was the order of the day, and the circumstances, at the time this Tale was begun.

Which reach'd, we took a gall'ry-seat,
 And then enjoy'd the richest treat
 That human powers could refine,
 From scen'ry, dance, and song divine ;
 For, in the notes the warbler * sings,
 She's queen of all harmonious things,
 Beyond what amateurs will tell ye,
 The pow'rs and voice of Farinelli ;
 And while enraptur'd we behold,
 Like him †—she'll touch our English gold.
 The op'ra o'er—we join'd a rout,
 Where cards and dancing went about
 Till call'd to supper, just at four,
 Tho' somewhat late I thought the hour ;
 Yet pipe and tabor did recall
 The merry dancers to the ball ;
 When suddenly a buzz went round
 That Lady C— had left the ground,
 And Col'nel F. was also gone,
 Leaving his partner all alone ;
 But, strange as you may think—the cause
 Gave to the dance but little pause ;—
 And Miss, neglected, soon stood up,
 Enliven'd by a Rhenish cup,
 And bore her loss with true *sang froid*,
 Enchanted with the hand of ——
 And tripp'd, till six, the mazy dance,
 Regardless of the late mischance ;
 But whisper'd, as they left the door,
 'Twas what was look'd for long before ;
 And only thought her Lord to blame,
 To leave such lovely charms, to game.

* Catalani.

† It is said, when he returned home, he built him a superb mansion, or villa, and most gratefully called it "The English Folly!"

FRIEND.—And, nine times out of ten, you'll trace
 That husbands cause their own disgrace ;
 For if to beauty men are blind,
 And are to gaming more inclin'd, }
Neglect will warp the chastest mind ; }
 Nor can Example's weighty plea
 Be urg'd to aid Inconstancy.
 And why should lordly man alone,
 Have legal power to disown
 A wife—if chance she goes astray—
 When he himself thus leads the way ?
 'Twere better, sure, for Virtue's sake,
 If equal law a wife could take,
 And got dissolv'd from marriage ties,
 When in her Lord the error lies ;
 Divorces then would fewer be,
 And all things tend to harmony.

[*To be continued.*]

THE PRIEST, THE PILGRIM, AND THE PURSE.

A TALE.

Two rogues, the Gusmans of the day,
 Roving about in search of prey,
 After a long and fruitful dance,
 Met at a pretty town in France :
 Their first inquiries being made,
 As, How was hemp ? How flourish'd trade ?
 Agreed to make a common purse,
 And join for better or for worse.
 This done, it now remain'd to find
 The gen'ral bent of people's mind ;
 What characters of ev'ry sort
 Were fittest subjects for the sport :

After much converse to and fro,
 With ev'ry class, both high and low,
 They found the idol of the place
 Was one fat Father Firebrace *.
 This priest usurp'd supreme control,
 And boldly domineer'd the soul,
 Held common sense in woful thrall,
 Had beggar'd some, and cheated all :
 Of reliques he'd a monstrous store,
 Saints' elbows, eyes, and thumbs galore ;
 He had, to keep the devil from us,
 Jaggs from the toe-nails of St. Thomas ;
 The slippers of the Virgin Mary,
 And good St. Jerome's Breviary ;
 The saint's own glorious act and deed,
 And written when he cou'dn't read !

No tongue but with his praises wagg'd ;
 In his behalf no virtue lagg'd :
 So pious, generous, and free,
 This worthy soul was said to be,
 That ev'ry one, in ev'ry station,
 Kept trumpeting his commendation :
 They said 'twas conscience void of guile,
 That gave his face a smirking smile ;
 They said, of all the crimes accurst,
 He reckon'd avarice the worst ;
 They said, in short, they thought this priest
 A very saint on earth, at least.
 Methinks I hear some reader say
 He was the Phœnix of his day ;
 'Tis true, he was, in inclination,
 For ev'ry vice and dissipation ;
 To skim the cream of worldly pelf,
 He beat Hypocrisy itself ;

* Derived, I presume, from Fierbras.

With such a saint-like cover hid,
He seem'd devout in all he did.

Our rogues (too roguish for his guile)
Thought him an object worth their while ;
And, wishing much to view the face
Of famous Father Firebrace,
His chapel happening to pass,
Call'd in to take a slice of Mass.—
The priest, true son of Mother Church,
Was elevated on his perch ;
And, holding forth with ostentation,
Thus thunder'd to the congregation :—
“ Of all the sins which curse our race,
“ Av'rice usurps the foremost place ;
“ But trust me, brethren, 'tis a crime
“ Will meet its own reward in time.
“ A gen'rous heart, with sense replete,
“ Will frustrate knav'ry and deceit ;
“ While he who covets worldly pelf
“ Does nothing but deceive himself !”
The service o'er, our rogues depart,
And hug the maxim to their heart.
The elder thief thus spoke his brother :—
“ All men are rogues to one another ;
“ Then wonder not, 'twixt you and me,
“ That some rogues thrive as well as we.
“ Observe what dupes the folks are made ;
“ Sure, preaching is a thriving trade ;
“ To cheat such simple fools as these
“ Can surely be no master-piece ;
“ But hear ! and Merc'ry be my teacher,
“ I will not only cheat the preacher,
“ But, like a very lad of leather,
“ Dupe priest and people all together.—
“ Now listen to my fertile scheme,
“ And realize the golden dream.

“ You know our common stock, of course,
 “ Three hundred ducats in a purse ;
 “ Of these, two hundred will I take,
 “ And boldly venture as a stake ;
 “ I’ll pledge, that e’er two days be o’er,
 “ To bring you in two hundred more.”

This plan, propos’d with resolution,
 Was quickly put in execution.
 The elder thief, disguis’d with care,
 Appear’d a pilgrim to a hair ;
 His cheeks seem’d haggard, pale, and lean,
 And Famine reign’d throughout his mien,
 Worn down with penitence and grief—
 A famous object for relief.
 The other rogue, with equal art,
 Ready to play the second part,
 Just like a wealthy merchant drest,
 Waited the issue of the jest.
 Our pilgrim, eager to begin,
 And thinking all delay a sin,
 Barefoot, with proper staff in hand,
 Near the priest’s mansion took his stand ;
 A mansion much too good for those
 Who style themselves the devil’s foes
 Yet have no scruples to intrigue
 With Satan’s self, and make a league,
 Provided, ’till a certain day,
 He will not hurry them away.
 The priest appear’d among the poor,
 Who daily visited his door ;
 For ostentation made him give,
 To have his reputation live ;
 But read his heart : it said at bottom—
 “ As for the poor, why, devil rot ’em.”
 Our pilgrim, shuffling thro’ with grace,
 Obtain’d at length a foremost place,

And, right within the Pastor's view,
 He stood in front of all the crew :
 He had, by help of sundry leeks,
 Forc'd tears of anguish down his cheeks,
 And, making up a woful phiz,
 He thus address'd the saint-like quiz :—
 “ Behold my weak exhausted frame ;
 “ From weary pilgrimage I came :
 “ To beg the Virgin's grace divine,
 “ I've visited Loretto's shrine ;
 “ But on the way, good worthy Sir,
 “ Satan has tried to make me err,
 “ In sending me, by way of curse,
 “ The sad mishap to find a purse ;
 “ In using which I should be bold,
 “ Since Satan tempts mankind with gold ;
 “ But, pious Father, if you please
 “ To set my troubled heart at ease,
 “ Accept, in trust, this weighty trash
 “ (Two hundred ducats in hard cash) ;
 “ And if, before the week is gone,
 “ It be not own'd by any one,
 “ Divide these ducats with the poor,
 “ And bring a blessing to your door.”
 The priest was thunderstruck past measure
 With offer of this princely treasure ;
 And still more thunderstruck to find
 A fool so desperately blind.
 In haste he pocketed the pelf,
 Resolv'd to keep it all himself,
 And, striving to conceal his glee,
 Address'd our prince of mummery :—
 “ Brother, thy duty thou hast done ;
 “ Rejoice therein ! nay, boast, my son !
 “ For such a well-intended deed,
 “ Be sure thou wilt receive thy meed ;

" Go to my kitchen, get thee food,
 " A little wine might do thee good,—
 " 'Twill to thine action give a zest,
 " And lull thy conscience safe to rest."
 " Stop!" quoth the pilgrim, with a face
 Distorted into sad grimace;
 " Since, Father, I've resign'd this purse,
 " Which might have prov'd my bitter curse,
 " My conscience feels not any qualms
 " To ask pecuniary alms;
 " Since 'tis my trade, you know, to thrive
 " By trifles which good Christians give;
 " To-morrow, if you will confer
 " This favour on me, worthy Sir,
 " I'll stand indebted to your pains
 " More than the sum of worldly gains;—
 " When Mass is truly sung and said,
 " When all the pray'rs are duly read,
 " Relate the merits of my case
 " With all your energy and grace;
 " And beg the alms of pious men,
 " To set me on my way again."
 " This, brother, will I do for thee;
 " To-morrow morning come to me;
 " Then to my chapel we'll repair,
 " And take the needful measures there."
 The wary pilgrim humbly bow'd,
 Withdrew to mingle with the crowd,
 Saw each his charity receive,
 And trudg'd home, laughing in his sleeve.
 Next morning, well equipp'd, he goes,
 Still barefoot, and with tender toes;
 He follow'd Firebrace to chapel,
 Elated with the promis'd grapple,
 And, shuffling up the aisle, he stood
 As near the Father as he could.

The priest, before the congregation
 (Mass being o'er) could quit their station,
 Summon'd his eloquence together,
 And thus held forth with lungs of leather :—
 “ Friends ! I have something strange to say,
 “ Which does not happen ev'ry day ;
 “ A story singular and true,
 “ Which doubtless will astonish you.
 “ This pilgrim, brethren, whom you see,
 “ Came a few days ago to me,
 “ And brought a purse, which he has found
 “ With store of ducats, on the ground :
 “ But, as his vow will not permit
 “ That he should make an use of it,
 “ He laid this present at my door,
 “ As distribution for the poor,
 “ Provided that no proper claim
 “ Shall be establish'd to the same
 “ Before the present week be out
 “ (A most unlikely thing, no doubt.)
 “ This is a noble deed ; in fact,
 “ 'Tis a most pious, gen'rous, act ;
 “ I'm very sure you'll not refuse
 “ A contribution * for his use,
 “ And offer farthings, shillings, pence,
 “ A tribute to his pious sense.
 “ Now I, who am the pauper's feeder,
 “ Must set example, as your leader ;
 “ For such beneficence, of course,
 “ I always keep an open purse :
 “ Here is a sum, my zeal to vouch,
 “ Twenty good ducats from my pouch ;

* Contributions were not then so *common* as at present: vide
 Contribution for the *amiable* Miss Taylor.

" But as, in such a situation,
 " Considering this great occasion,
 " To lose a penny were a sin,
 " My mantle shall collect it in."
 This said, he twitch'd at both the strings,
 And from his back the vestment flings ;
 'Twas quickly catch'd at by the rabble,
 And who should hold it was the squabble.
 The garment was expanded wide,
 And handed on from side to side ;
 The priest his benefaction threw,
 The very first of all the crew ;
 Each something in the mantle pops,
 And alms pour in as thick as hops.
 The pilgrim, with a thankful face,
 Pockets the cash, and quits the place ;
 When instantly, amid the throng
 A man came elbowing along :
 Attired in a *merchant's* dress,
 He made his way among the press ;
 And, having pass'd thro' all the throng,
 He thus gave utt'rance to his tongue :—
 " Stop ! stop !" he cried, renown'd Divine,
 " That purse the pilgrim found is mine ;
 " For proof at once, contains well told
 " Two hundred ducats sterling gold ;
 " Is green, and tied with silver strings,
 " With two gold knobs, and three brass rings.
 " How very lucky 'twas I came
 " Just time enough to make my claim :
 " I faint for joy ! Hand out the purse,
 " For fear suspense should make me worse,"
 So saying, out he stretch'd his hand,—
 The priest comply'd with his demand,
 Reluctantly resign'd his store,
 Now gone, alas ! for evermore ;

While the sly thief withdrew apace,
And joy illumin'd all his face !

The merchant gone, the crowd dispers'd ;
The priest remain'd ; he swore, he curs'd.
For ever cheated of his hopes,
In vain his empty pouch he gropes ;
Stares like a madman at the feat,
And comprehends at once the cheat ;
Wails his evaporated pelf,
Withdraws to execrate himself,
His heavy losses to deplore,
And gull the multitude of more !

T. W.

THE COTTAGE ON THE HEATH.

NIGHT.—A STORM.

When by the taper's trembling light

I waste the lonely hour,
And hear the boding bird of night
Scream from her ivy'd bow'r ;

When thro' my half-illumin'd room
The hurrying lightnings glare,
Pale Melancholy stalks the gloom,
And leads the fiend Despair.

The sullen thunder's distant roll
Adds terror to the scene ;
And moaning blasts, that thrill the soul,
Drive far the thought serene.

When the dull bat, ill-omen'd thing,
Seeks shelter from the storm ;
And round my cot, on leathern wing,
Flits its detested form ;

In such an hour, whence can the heart
 Draw comfort or repose ?
 Pierc'd by Ingratitude's keen dart,
 And sinking 'neath its woes !

The dying embers fade away
 In silent, dull, retreat ;
 While my *sole* friend, my faithful Tray,
 Creeps closer to my feet.

Emblem of constancy and truth !
 Had man been just, like thee,
 Then had the blossoms of my youth
 Not wither'd on the tree ;

But, firmly fix'd on sturdy root,
 Had flourish'd fair above,
 And the green branches borne the fruit
 Of Friendship and of Love !

Th' increasing storm howls o'er the waste,
 Fast falls the rattling rain ;
 And, hark ! I hear some steps in haste
 Press onward o'er the plain :

And now they reach my cottage-door,
 Led by the glimm'ring light ;
 I hear an humble voice implore
 A shelter for the night.

For help implor'd shall I refuse,
 And bar the surly gate ?
 Shall fear its chilling doubts infuse,
 And bid the wand'rer wait ?

No ; when the wretched ask for aid,
 And I that aid deny ;
 When I not cheer the drooping maid,
 Or bid the orphan fly ;

Or, when the widow'd soul, forlorn,
 I banish from my cot,
 Be poverty, distress, and scorn,
 And man's contempt, my lot !

I ope the door, the stranger greet,
 He seems a vet'ran tar ;
 His breast, compell'd the storm to meet,
 Is mark'd with many a scar.

I wipe the storm-drench'd seaman's head,
 I heap the kindling log,
 Place on my board cold meat and bread,
 And mix the cheering grog.

Where is the heart, in Nature's round,
 Her influ'nce can withstand ?
 E'en Tray leaps up in friendly bound,
 And licks the stranger's hand.

He tells his tale, describes the storm
 That drove him on the shore ;
 Tells how dark clouds the skies deform,
 How pealing thunders roar :

And, as he mourns his shipmates dead,
 Quick starts the trickling tear ;
 Bow'd down with grief, his manly head
 Bends o'er their wat'ry bier !

I strive to chase his cares away,
 And ply the sparkling bowl ;
 And bid him hope a better day
 Shall glad his honest soul.

Banish despair !—Be this our toast !
 “ May Mem'ry cheer the gloom,
 “ And from past joys we mourn as lost
 “ Wake hope of joys to come !”

THE INVALIDS OF A MIDDLESEX VILLAGE.

A FEW days since, as you shall hear,
 I went to see a neighbour near ;
 Six months it was since last I'd been,
 The Lady wore a distant mien.
 We bade good-morrow, and convers'd
 Of weather, which is always first ;
 Then I inquired her spouse's health,
 That was a subject full of wealth :
 " O, Ma'am, he's ill, he's almost dead,
 " A vertigo is in his head ;
 " It took him, Ma'am, the other night,
 " And put me in a grievous fright :
 " He's kept his bed, Ma'am, ever since,
 " And takes confection, made of quince,
 " With Iceland moss, and Greenland wood,
 " Together stew'd, to do him good."
 " He must be very bad," said I,
 " When such a compound doctors try ;
 " I hope he'll quickly ease attain,
 " And th' vertigo soon leave his brain."
 A pause ensu'd, when, quite forgetting
 The story she had been repeating,
 I thoughtless ask'd, " Pray, did our friend
 " The meeting * yesterday attend ?
 " I saw the sheriffs as they went,
 " But knew not then for what intent.
 " Were many there, and did they seem
 " T' approve of this new thanking theme ?"
 The Lady, lifting up her eyes,
 In terms like these express'd surprise :—
 " Lord, Ma'am ! he was so bad, you know
 " That out of bed he could not go :

* To thank Col. Wardle.

" Have I not just this moment said,
 " That all the day he kept his bed ?
 " Indeed, he was so ill, I thought
 " Some dreadful fever he had caught :
 " He was so ev'ry-way distrest,
 " Poor creature ! he could get no rest."
 " I trust he's better, Ma'am," said I,
 " I thought I did him just espy
 " Walking the garden, as I came,"
 " O dear !" says she, " he's much to blame ;
 " But I suppose he went for air :
 " Poor soul ! I hope he's taken care
 " To wrap himself against the cold ;
 " You know, dear Ma'am, we're growing old :
 " As for myself, I am so weak,
 " I scarce have strength enough to speak ;
 " All night I was so very ill,
 " I was oblig'd to take a pill ;
 " And really now I feel so low,
 " Across the room I scarce can go."
 Thus on she went with sad complaining,
 And I from laughter scarce refraining :
 After a little lighter matter,
 Which men say women always chatter,
 We pass'd about an hour away,
 Then up I rose, and said, " Good day !"
 Now any person must suppose
 People so sick would choose repose ;
 But they mistake the matter quite,
 For, soon as Phœbus dimm'd his light,
 These invalids, who could not bear
 To breathe a little morning air,
 Full dress'd, paraded to a party
 To play at cards, quite blithe and hearty.
 Sure cards must have a magic spell,
 So soon to make the sick so well ;

Charms must abound in ev'ry ace,
 So easy illness to displace ;
 And potent, surely, are the springs,
 That rule the hist'ry of four kings,
 They finding means, for many an hour,
 T' amuse the fretful and the sour.
 Sometimes I think, if Death was near,
 The gamester would forget to hear,
 And drive the tyrant from his gate,
 And tell him he must longer wait ;
 Nor at the present call his name,
 But let him finish t'other game ;
 That seeing him quite makes him sick,
 And, blund'ring, he shall lose th' odd trick :
 Tho' Death, perhaps, won't mind his moan,
 But take him, ere the rubber's done,
 To settle honours, tricks, and stakes,
 Where no one any blunder makes.

AUGUSTA.

**THE CAST OF THE EYE ; OR, THE ARROWS
 OF CUPID.**

TO MISS H. S. OF RICHMOND, IN VIRGINIA.

—
Si pæta es, similis Veneri.—OVID.

That cast in your eye makes you look like a Venus.

—

THAT lovers should smart for the arrows of Cupid ;—
 Romantic, fantastic, nonsensical, stupid !
 The archer is blind, as recorded by Fame,
 Then how can his godship, pray, ever take aim ?
 What say you, ye sportsmen, ye friends of the gun,
 Could you shoot at a woodcock, if eyes you had none ?
 Then how can this archer, pray, e'er hit the mark,
 Whose arrows at random are shot in the dark ?

No ; the arrows of Cupid are these, I declare,
The death-darting eyes of the sure-aiming fair.

Ah ! who would have thought, when I cross'd the
Atlantic,

These arrows with passion had made me so frantic ?
Well, Cupid, I own it is certainly true,
We sooner or later are conquer'd by you.
In England, in Flanders, and frolicsome France,
I ne'er felt the smart of a sure-killing glance ;
There, Cupid, your darts, tho' you scatter'd them all,
Could never touch me, indeed I'm so small.
By this my good luck, I evaded each dart,
Despis'd all your love-tricks, not knowing their smart ;
But at length I'm subdu'd thro' my folly by thee,
And this in a world independent and free.
At Woodstock, so noted for Rosamond's Bow'r,
You play'd the sly trick, and exerted your pow'r ;
In the eyes of gay Hannah, that magical fair,
Your darts you surrender'd, and fix'd them all there :
What mischief they scatter'd I'm sensibly taught,—
No sooner I gaz'd, but, alas ! I was caught :
Let the youth then beware, lest to Woodstock he rove,
And feel to his sorrow the arrows of Love ;
For Hannah of Woodstock, so bewitching and sly,
Will kill him, I'm sure, by that cast in her eye :
To me it was fatal, such mischief was in't,
She shot me the first time, and all by a squint ;
Then let him not venture, tho' ever so brave,—
His courage, in that case, must make him her slave ;
Like me he'll become either frantic or stupid,
For who can resist all the arrows of Cupid ?

P. W.

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE
BATTLE OF ASPERN.

SEE on the plain a steely circle stands
In deep array, and spreads in radiant bands ;
Hark ! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground :
The surly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of a war ;
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies ;
The heav'ns above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and shine with death ;
In fiery storms descends a murd'ring show'r,
Thick flash the light'nings, fierce the thunders roar ;
Death shakes aloft his dart, and, o'er his prey,
Gigantic stalking, marks with blood his way ;
Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,—
The shape of man half-buried in the wound.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain ?
Serene, while engines from the hostile tow'r
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron show'r,
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
Hews thro' the thickest ranks his desp'rate sway ?
'Tis *Archduke Charles* the brave, who leads the train
Of martial heroes o'er the bloody plain.

But see the Gallic squadrons wildly run,
In thronging crowds, to meet the death they shun ;
They quit the field, their wretched lives to save,
But in the river * find a wat'ry grave.
May Heav'n preserve this hero long below—
A hero born to scourge our Gallic foe !
But tho' Ambition his just vengeance feel,
He fights to save, and only strikes to heal.

W. F. K.

* Danubé.

ANSWERS TO THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA

In No. IV. of the Poet. Mag. p. 211.

TO SINCERITAS.

Endymion was the tender swain
 For whom the chaste Diana sigh'd ;
Laius the hapless father slain,
 When first by *Ædipus* espy'd :
Itys the child that *Progne* slew,
 And to old *Tereus* serv'd for food ;
Zethus, *Amphion's* brother, who
 Took *Thebes*, with *Lycus's* blood imbru'd :
Atys, the son of *Cræsus*, fell
 By arrow from *Adrastus's* bow ;
 Th' initials, join'd, disclose your belle,—
 ELIZA is the name you'd know.

H. I. W.

Endymion was he whom *Diana* admir'd,
 They frequently met on the hill ;
 And *Laius* the King, who (by anger inspir'd)
 His son did unknowingly kill :
Itys the child whom a mother destroy'd,
 To avenge a lov'd sister's disgrace ;
 And *Zethus* it was who poor *Lycus* annoy'd,
 Took *Thebes*, and then reign'd in his place.
Atys, we know, by *Adrastus* was slain,
 As he valiantly hunted the boar ;
 Hence ELIZA's the name of the nymph, I'll
 maintain,
 Whom you love—may you still love her more !

August 4, 1809.

THEOPHILUS.

TO G. F.

ON READING HIS LINES ADDRESSED TO ELIZA IN THE
FIRST NUMBER OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

IMPASSION'D Bard ! of kindred soul
With him who pens this rhyming scroll,
Whose young pulse throbs without control
To Love ;

Permit a brother in the art
In mimic numbers to impart
How much devoted is his heart
To Love.

Like thee, a beauteous fair I prize,
Of form seraphic, " azure eyes,"
Whose bosom breathes its warmest sighs
To Love.

The fair does not my passion spurn,
Nor hopeless does my bosom burn,
For I have met a kind return
To Love.

How blissful is the junction sweet,
When hearts do thus in concord meet !
O God ! how rapturous they beat
To Love !

I cannot think, O Bard ! that *you*
Could long a feeling fair pursue,
And fail the darling girl to woo
To Love.

Castle-Street, August 7, 1809.

M. S.

TOO MUCH LOVE.

" Oh ! Lubin, do you love me ?
" Prithee tell me, or I die :"
" Oh ! dear Moggy," Lubin said,
" You teize me so—I wish you dead."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS TURTON, BART. M. P.

On his Exertions in Parliament in behalf of Insolvent Debtors.

BY JOHN MOOR.

TURTON ! example to the great ! attend ;
 Thy fame I'll sing ;—Fame calls thee Poor Man's Friend ;
 Thy deeds proclaim thee gen'rous, good, and kind ;
 Thy actions are an index to thy mind :
 Words are imperfect to proclaim thy praise,
 But Imperfection strives her voice to raise.
 What hast thou done to merit such applause ?
 What hast thou not done in the debtor's cause,
 Where families were lost in wretchedness,
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, wand'ring in distress ?
 Thus wives and husbands were immerg'd in grief,—
 Thou art the man who first propos'd relief !
 Thus children cry'd " When will my father come ?
 " Oh ! how I wish to see him safe at home !"
 Thus fathers said, " What will my children do ?
 " I cannot give them bread, where can they go ?"
 Thus families by thousands were distress'd,—
 Thou art the man who first their wants redress'd.
 Tho' creditors have menac'd, they have found
 Their threat'nings spurn'd at—trampled on the ground ;
 And each unfeeling monster must agree
 Thy only object was philanthropy.
 Go on, brave man ! happy, thrice happy, he
 Who grants relief, and sets the captive free ;
 For, when oppressors to their doom are hurl'd,
 Reward will reach thee in a better world.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

SOMBRUNA was daughter of Norack the brave,
 For his years and his courage held high ;—
 With hatchets and tomahawks deck'd was his cave ;
 His sons were all warriors ; and each, as his slave,
 Obey'd the least glance of his eye.

Sombruna was short, but, so graceful her air,
 It made the heart throb to behold her ;
 As ebony black was the shine of her hair,
 Her cheeks were tattoo'd, and the skin of a bear
 Hung carelessly over her shoulder.

Sombruna was happy ; for Tonky, the son
 Of a Cherokee chief, young and tall,
 Had sigh'd and had knelt, till her heart he had won,
 As she sat by the side of the waters that run
 O'er the rocks of Ni'gara to fall.

Tho' her Tonky was kind, tho' her Tonky was true,
 Yet at times he drank deep of the bowl ;
 One day, overcome by its pow'rs, he withdrew
 To sleep off its fumes, in his safe-moor'd canoe,
 Whilst Sombruna watch'd o'er her lov'd soul.

Her charms, too alluring, a passenger saw,
 As he trod the green banks of the deep ;
 And proffer'd his love to the beautiful squaw,—
 She scorn'd his embraces forbidden by law,
 And ran to rouse Tonky from sleep.

Sombruna ran swift, but her speed was in vain,
 The stranger ran swifter before,
 Loos'd the rope that made fast the canoe to the plain,
 Down the stream her dear Tonky now drifted amain,
 Whilst Sombruna wept loud on the shore.

Now, struck with new horror, she utter'd a scream,
 As toward the rough cataract's verge
 She beheld the canoe gliding down the full stream,
 She beheld Tonky rous'd, like a man from a dream,
 By the thund'ring roar of the surge.

Tonky seiz'd his strong paddle, but seiz'd it too late !
 All his strength, skill, and art, were too slow ;
 So he wav'd a farewell to his agoniz'd mate,
 Coolly laid himself down, and, submitting to Fate,
 Was plung'd in the deluge below *.

P—n's Barn, Devonshire.

A. Z.

SUICIDE.—A SONNET.

WITH anguish'd heart did sad Alcander view
 The thread-bare remnants of his tatter'd clothes ;
 Gloomy and dark his meditations rose,
 And thick'ning o'er his soul fresh horrors grew !—
 “ The struggle's past !” he cried ; “ the deed I'll do !
 “ This be the desp'rate cure for all my woes,
 “ This be my passport to a *long repose* !”
 And from his pouch a pocket-pistol drew.
 “ Yet, 'tis a happiness *too dearly bought* ;—
 “ But, hence Irresolution's cold attacks !”
 Then, while his rigid soul, to phrenzy wrought,
 Scorn'd from its fatal purpose to relax,
 (Imagination shudders at the thought !)
 He loaded, prim'd, and—drank a *glass of max* !

JAMES FREDERICK BLAKE.

* The precipice down which this unhappy Indian was hurried is said to be 163 feet high ; the quantity of water that passes over it every minute is estimated at 670,255 tons ; and not one-third of the different things that happen to be carried down the Falls ever reappear at the bottom.—*Vide Weld's Travels through America.*

PARODY ON LOCHINVAR *.

" OH ! young Lochinvar is come out of the west †,"
 All bepowder'd, and frizz'd, and most splendidly drest ;
 Of weapons he'd none—save his broad-sword so good ‡,
 Two daggers, a gun, and a club made of wood :
 Thus, arm'd at all points, both for women and war,
 Was this dashing fine gentleman, young Lochinvar.
 He stopp'd not for mountain, he staid not for steep,
 And he jump'd down a precipice fifty feet deep :
 Tho' he took this short cut to the Netherby-gate,
 " Yet the bride had consented, the gallant came late ;"
 For a *Chartres* in love, and a *Whitelocke* in war §,
 Was to wed dumpling Dolly of brave Lochinvar.
 " Then boldly he enter'd the Netherby-hall ||,
 " Which served them for parlour, and kitchen, and all."
 Then spoke the bride's father, " Young stripling, I say,
 " I've dispos'd of my girl in another guess way ;
 " You must troop off without, tho' you've travell'd so
 far ;"—
 " If I do, I'll be d—d, then," said young Lochinvar.
 " I'm come, if you will but attend to my tale ¶,
 " Just to dance a courant, and to drink some more ale ;

* Lochinvar, Lady Heron's Song.—*Vide Marmion*, p. 258.

† " Oh ! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 " Thro' all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
 ‡ " And, save his *good broad-sword*, he weapons had none,
 " He rode *all unarm'd*, and he rode all alone."
 § " For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 " Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar."
 || Then boldly he enter'd the Netherby-hall,
 'Mongst bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
 ¶ Long I courted your daughter, my suit you denied,
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
 And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
 To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine ;
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be *bride* to the young Lochinvar.

“ I have courted your daughter, and sued her in vain,
 “ So I’ve given my hand to a girl in our lane ;
 “ A girl to my liking, much better by far
 “ Than your carrotty daughter,” said young Lochinvar.

Then he seiz’d on the tankard, and gave it a hug *,
 And he drank all the beer, and he threw down the mug :
 She look’d up to laugh, and she look’d down to cry,
 For he’d broke their best jug, and she cou’dn’t tell why ;
 Then he grappled her fist, ere her mother could bar,—
 “ Strike up, catgut-scrapers !” said young Lochinvar.

Then he whipp’d off his buskins in less than a jiff,
 And he danc’d the courant till his trotters were stiff ;
 “ While the mother did fret, and the father did fume †,”
 And the bridegroom kept kicking his hat round the room ;
 And the girls they all titter’d, “ ’Twere better by far
 “ If the Chaplain had splic’d her to young Lochinvar.”

One pinch of her finger, one gripe of her fist ‡,
 And they sunk thro’ the floor in an ugly Scotch mist ;
 The father, thus finding them pop out of sight,
 “ Oh ! where are you going ?” he cried, in a fright ;
 “ Why we’re going to hell, and, as that’s *rather far* §,
 “ You’ll have good steeds that follow !” quoth young
 Lochinvar.

* Then the bride kiss’d the goblet, the knight took it up,
 And he quaff’d off the wine, and he threw down the cup ;
 She look’d down to blush, and she look’d up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye :
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar ;
 “ Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

† While the mother did fret, and the father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
 And the bride-maidens whisper’d, “ ’Twere better, by far,
 “ To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

‡ One touch to her hand, and one word to her ear,
 And they reach’d the hall-door, where the charger stood near.

§ She is won ! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur ;
 “ They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mongst Macs of the Netherby clan*,
 Mac Daniell, Mac Dougall, Mac Donald, Mac Dann ;
 They rac'd, and they chas'd, thro' brake, brier, and dell,
 And they tried all they could to get down into hell ;
 But report doesn't say if they ventur'd so far
 As to meet with the Lady and young Lochinvar.

T. W.

TO SALLY.

Un aimable enjoument, une douce langueur,
 Mêlés également, font sa charmante humeur ;
 Son enjoument ravit ; et même sa tristesse
 Ne sert qu'à faire voir qu'elle a de la tendresse.

MADAME DESHOULIERES.

WHAT means that coy bewitching smile,
 So sweetly playing o'er thy face ?
 Say, is it meant my heart to 'guile,
 This doting heart, from place to place ?

And what imports that modest look,
 Shot from those blue enamour'd eyes,—
 Those eyes that, o'er the poet's book,
 Steal for my youthful rhapsodies ?

Why am I sought, at eve and morn,
 To roam along the woodlands still ;
 To wander thro' the blushing corn,
 Or down beside the lowland rill ?

And, when the Moon expands her ray
 Across the mountain's verdant height,
 Why do we leave our friends, to stray
 Among the fragrant dews of night ?

* There was mounting 'mongst Græmes of the Netherby clan,—
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran.

This all results from that pure flame,
 Which none but genuine lovers share,
 Which can the wildest passion tame,
 And sooth the poignant stings of care.

Hence gently emanates desire,
 That in my swelling bosom reigns ;
 Hence, Sally, I resume the lyre,
 To warble wild my simple strains.

What, tho' I'm doom'd to leave thee here,
 To bend to Fate's imperious sway,
 Shall absence dry Affection's tear,
 Or wipe my Sally's love away ?

Nor absence, nor a change of sphere,
 Shall from my ardent bosom wrest
 The passion thou hast kindled there,
 By vows and melting kisses blest.

Nor wilt thou e'er forget the youth
 Who foster'd it with care benign ;
 Whose numbers breathe *the force of truth,*
Who hopes to join his soul with thine !

Grafton-Street, 1809.

J. G.

IMPROMPTU

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, SEEN BY THE AUTHOR
 BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

OH ! if thy fascinating face delight,
 When candles only feeble pow'rs display,
 How must it gratify the raptur'd sight,
 When seen by the improving blaze of day !

C. S. B.

SONNET.

TO MY MISTRESS.

AH me ! how wretched, hapless, and forlorn,
 Is he, who, pining in the dungeon's gloom,
 Hopes, fondly hopes, that each revolving morn
 Will send some friend to mitigate his doom !
 But oh ! what pleasures in his bosom swell,
 If cherub Mercy, bursting on his sight,
 Leads him triumphant from his dreary cell,
 And gives again to liberty and light !
 Thus I, who late, by fell Despair opprest,
 Spurn'd ev'ry thought of happiness as vain,
 Again feel Hope's gay influence cheer my breast,
 Rais'd by th' enchanting magic of thy strain :
 Thy syren tongue has hush'd each doubt to rest,
 And Fancy softly whispers "*Thou may'st yet be blest !*"

M. N.

ACROSTIC.

TO T. W. ON HIS MANSION-HOUSE MONITOR.

THE Romans, in Augustan days,
Had Bards who modest Worth might praise,
Or censure upstart Pride ;
Misers of Satire fear'd the song,
And spendthrifts felt the galling thong
Severely oft applied.
Well hast thou done,—the task pursue ;
Intemp'rance shall, with all her crew,
Lash'd by thy pen, decline ;
Spur on thy steed,—renew the strain,—
Oh ! wake the moral Muse again,
Nor blush to own her thine !

C. S. B.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AMIABLE MOTHER OF MR.

In Merit's cause do I attempt the lay ?
Oh ! deign, ye heav'nly Nine ! your aid t' impart :
Here let me Friendship's sacred laws obey ;
No laws so soothing to the feeling heart.

May he, for whom I breathe this humble pray'r,
Unnumber'd days of blessings ever prove ;
Rever'd, admir'd, Heav'n's own peculiar care,
Dear to a mother's heart, a sister's love !
On him, ye Pow'rs ! your choicest gifts bestow ; }
Cherish his bosom free from ev'ry woe ; }
Health, peace, and love, e'er be his lot below ! }

FRANCESCA.

**TO A LADY WORKING A WAISTCOAT FOR
 THE AUTHOR.**

If, charming girl ! for one of those,
 Who can't their pretty selves expose,
 Unless the monitors be on,
 Or shoulder-straps are brought by John ;
 Or stays to pinch him to a span,
 To look like any thing but man—
 If, charming Anne ! to match his best coat,
 For such a one you'd work a waistcoat,
 A very little stuff and time,
 Would make him look prodigious fine.
 But 'tis indeed a bold affair
 To take the trouble, time, and care,
 To make a waistcoat for the Bard,
 Whose bulk is nearly twice a yard !

CLIO.

EXTEMPORE,

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH BEAUTIFUL BLACK EYES, BUT
RATHER INCLINED TO THE COQUETTE.

YOUR laughing eyes bewitch the heart,
And make mankind adore ;
But lay aside your female art,
Or soon they'll lose their pow'r.
Oft have I seen them with delight,
And wish'd myself but twenty ;
That then, perhaps, *for smiles*, I might
Return you *kisses* plenty.

V—.

SONNET,

*On reading a Passage in the Novel of "The Children
of the Abbey."*

HUSH'D be Creation round,—Amanda sleeps,
And calm'd for one short moment are her fears ;
Night's sable curtain o'er her eyelids creeps,
And kindly checks the wretched mourner's tears.
Tho' rough the couch that bears thy lovely form,
Long, long by Sorrow's iron hand opprest,
Repose awhile shall lull the bitter storm,
And sooth the anguish of thy tortur'd breast.
And while, by busy Fancy's fairy throng,
Thy gentle spirit's borne to Tudor-grove,
Gay Hope shall warble forth her sweetest song,
And lead thee back to Mortimer and Love ;
To scenes where oft, 'neath Ev'ning's twilight shade,
Warm from the lip of Truth, Love's purest vows were
paid.

PROSPERO.

LINES

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO HIM WHO WILL
BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

OH! say, thou enemy to *Rhyme and Reason*,
Whose strains to ev'ry reader's ears are treason,
What can induce thee thus to break the fence
Which Nature plac'd 'twixt thee and *Common Sense*?
'Twas ne'er design'd thy grov'ling brains should soar
Beyond the limits of a garret-door!
No Muse thy pen inspires; thy verses shew it;
And they are fools indeed who ape the poet.
Whene'er thy language runs on hills and groves,
And thou would'st sing of shepherds and their loves,
No plaintive notes thy poor rehearsals fire,
No wand'ring wood-nymphs rouse thy slumb'ring lyre;
But hosts of useless words thy meaning mar,
And *Rhyme and Reason* wage eternal war.
Leave rhyming then at once, and strive no more,
" *In prose run mad,*" Parnassian heights to soar;
To thee the poet's wreath can ne'er belong,
Arcadian scenes have never grac'd thy song;
For such the language which thy brains dispense,
It flows as void of *Melody* as *Sense*.
What tuneless demon prompted thee to tell
The happy meeting of thy *Sam* and *Nell*?
We found their names, but in the feeble lay
We nowhere found Affection's glowing ray:
No mother's tender smiles her joy bespeak,
No filial transports beam'd on Sammy's cheek;
Their hearts were strangers to each tender tie,
And both insensate as thy tale, S. Y.;
For, when the clash and din of arms were o'er,
And Sammy's wafted to his native shore,
Homeward he hied, where, with a sailor's grace,
He gap'd and gaz'd upon his *mother's* face,

And, grinning, greeted with this uncouth strain,
 * " *Ahoy! my Nelly! here I am again!*"
 Oh! strange perversion of the graceful charms
 With which the Muse the *poet's* bosom warms!
 Thy *feeble, falt'ring* pen, can ill impart
 The warm effusions of the feeling heart.
 Dull are the strains thy folly would prolong,
 And duller still the subjects of thy song!
 Yet not alone to *Sam* and *Nell* I turn,
 Thy poor productions, *one* and *all*, I spurn.
 Who that has ever read could yet approve
 Thy late ridiculous "*Adieu to Love?*"
 The gentle maid, for whom, the groves among,
 Thy Muse prolific tun'd her *monthly* song,
 Was once thy all in all, thy sole delight,
 By day thy idol, and thy dream by night;
 But *she*, like *us*, grew weary of thy strains,
 And both the poet and his love disdains!
 Vex'd at her pride, for such thy spirit deems
 Her just rejection of thy limping themes,
 Thy hapless Muse would fain attempt to prove,
 In one vile piece, which spoke rejected love,
 How easily, without a world of care,
 Thy prying eyes could find a nymph as fair.
 Look for her then at once, thy sorrows smother,
 For she, poor Bard! has long since got another.
 Some twelve months since, thy nerves with anguish
 quaking,
 And thy sad brains in melancholy taking,
 A Tale appear'd, the best thou hadst to give—
 It came a "*Melancholy Narrative.*"
 Was ever, gentle Reader! under heaven,
 A juster title to a story given?
 Resolv'd its varied beauties to explore,
 I read the strange production o'er and o'er,

* The author's own words in the poem here alluded to.

Saw in each line a host of hopes and fears,
 Eliza frantic, and o'erwhelm'd in tears;
 But, as I slowly thro' each sentence crept,
 I nowhere found why thus the fair one wept;
 And, oh! the dire misfortune that befell us,
 What's worse than all, thy *wit* could *never* tell us.
 Such was thy story to the heart address,
Incomprehensible, and bad at best.
 Then, since the rhymes thy folly may have priz'd
 By one and all are equally despis'd,
 Since *once* we've read thy *senseless ditties* o'er,
 And, having read them, hope to read *no more*,
 Be wise, and give to Lethe's murky streams
 Thy *lame, unmeaning, despicable* themes;
 And think how well these words to thee apply—
 "*Poeta nascitur, non fit,*" S. Y.

PHILO.

 SONNET.

LOVE once was my happiness, once was my pleasure,
 My innocent joy, and my only delight,
 My choicest, my richest, my idoliz'd treasure,—
 All Nature, compar'd with it, vanish'd from sight:
 'Twas then I was frolicsome, frisky, and merry,
 Join'd concerts and balls with the ladies and beaux;
 Reel'd well, after drinking champaign or strong sherry,
 Cross'd up and down neatly, and turn'd out my toes.
 But Time, that rough, change-about, thieving old fellow,
 Has robb'd me of youth, and has given me years,
 Chang'd rose-bloom for that of a dirty brown-yellow,
 And laughter for wrinkles, and furrows, and tears:
 Yet, Time, in thy goodness, pray spare me to-morrow,
 And change into bliss the dull moments of sorrow.

CHARLES.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN OF FASHION.

“ A man, young lady, such a man ! Why, he’s a man of wax !”

SHAKESPEARE.

COME listen, ye beaux ! to what I’ll advance,
 And attend to the lesson, tho’ not dated from *France* ;
 For *France* we outdo in *dressing* and *fighting*,
 And your poet, he flatters, he beats too in writing.
 ’Tis the *dress* of the day that I am about ;
 In the first place, endeavour to look rather *stout* ;
 Let your *boots* be the *jockey*, with toes that are square,
 Made for right foot and left, and to fit to a hair.
 The *tops* they must be of a *yellowish-white*,
 And the *bottoms* well varnish’d with “ *Day and Martin’s*
Black” bright ;
 Let your *small-clothes* be long, tied with a large bow,
 And the bigger they are, why the greater the shew.
 Then a *bit* of a *watch* you must have in your fob,
 And *six* or *eight seals* will complete *that there* job ;
 A *waistcoat*, *shawl-pattern*, now in fashion prevail,
 And a *coat* with *huge sleeves*, but *short* in the *tail*.
 A large *Norwich shawl* your neck must surround,
 And mind, when you walk, you ne’er look on the ground ;
 Let your *hat* be the *vermint*, set skew-whiff with an air,
 To shew the neat tail, and nicely curl’d hair.
 Let your *talk*, like your *dress*, be *fantastic* and *queer*,
 Then of the *Beau Monde* you’ll the tippy appear.

Verge of Granta.

SINCERITAS.

AN ENIGMA.

I AM a little saucy thing,
 Made up with seven letters ;
 Within my tail I hold a sting,
 And often bite *your* betters.

RUSTICUS.

HINTS TO A MODERN LOVER HOW TO
GAIN A FEMALE'S AFFECTIONS.

DEAN SWIFT IMITATED.

Two or three times treat your fair to a ball,
Two or three times with a coach to Vauxhall ;
Two or three times to the op'ra and play,
Two or three verses write on her birth-day ;
Two or three ballads to sing in her praise,
Two or three trifles to send with your lays ;
Two or three hints of your learning profound,
Two or three books that are handsomely bound ;
Two or three vows of your ardour and bliss,
When two or three times you steal a soft kiss ;
Two or three times you must dress fine and gay,
Two or three times keep a long time away ;
Two or three times in a joke play the fool,
Two or three times you must look very cool ;
Two or three times in a week, if you choose,
Send two or three billet-doux cramm'd full of news ;
And then, just by way of inditing the better,
Drop two or three kisses of wax in each letter ;
Two or three times well apply these directions,
'Twill seldom fail gaining your fair-one's affections.

REUBEN VERITAS.

ANAGRAMS SOLVED.

NO, STOP, IT RAINS.

No, stop, it rains, might teaze the brains
Of a profess'd logician,
Unless his view were to pursue
The art of TRANSPOSITION.

C. K.

RED NUTS AND GIN.

RED nuts and gin are meat and drink ;
 But, what is more commanding,
 If well *transpos'd*, they'll learn to think,
 And turn to UNDERSTANDING.

C. K.

RICHARD HOPS.

'Tis true that *Richard hops*, yet, trust my word,
He and his *hops* make a sweet HARPSICORD.

C. K.

NIP A CAT.

To nip a cat some courage is requir'd,
 As poor Grimalkin may with rage be fir'd ;
 And a bold CAPTAIN, fearless in the wars,
 May dread *her scratches* more than *deeper scars*.

W. R.

O ! MIND PETER.

Peter, 'tis said, of heav'n's gate keeps the key,
 And lets none enter who can't plead exemption
 From punishment, and prove from sin they're free,
 Or have, thro' grace and mercy, found REDEMPTION.

W. R.

HONOR EST A NILO.

" His honour's by the Nile"—but not alone
 At that fam'd river was his valour shewn ;
 The *Baltic* and *Trafalgar* have their share,
 HORATIO NELSON's *honour* to declare :
 It is not river, sea, or cape, that gives
Honour to him, who on Fame's topmast lives.

W. R.

LINES

On hearing Eliza speak of the personal Beauty of a certain young Lady, but warmly reprov'd her having a little Bit of a Beard.

WHEN *Eliza* first this maiden view'd,
She own'd her wondrous fair ;
 Said, " *Nature* o'er her face had strew'd
 " Sweet living *roses* rare."

When *she* the just encomium gave,
She said, " it was a sin,
 " That such a pretty girl should have
 " Soft *down* upon her chin."

I love the rural hedge-wild rose,
 In blooming sweetness drest ;
 But, if the truth *I* must disclose,
I love the *moss-rose* best.

Verge of Granta.

SINCERITAS.

ON SEEING A ROSE

IN THE BOSOM OF THE AMIABLE MISS SARAH S. H.
 OF SUDBURY.

RETURN, soft-blushing, fragrant, flow'r !
 " Thy native bow'r to grace :"
 How heav'nly sweet would pass each hour,
 Might I supply thy place !

Sudbury.

J. H. R.

IN VINO VERITAS.

IN Wine there is truth, *Bibo* heard the folks say ;
 To discover the fact, therefore, drank all the day,
 And confess'd to his friends, the next morning, when cool,
 He had found out *this truth*—*Bibo* knows he's a fool.

P-n's Barn.

A. Z.

IMITATION OF A FRAGMENT OF
SIMONIDES.

Woman, the Grecian Sage defines
Man's blessing or his curse ;
So does the *church*—we take our wives
For better or for worse.

P—n's Barn, Devonshire.

A. Z.

HINT FROM THE SAME.

To man the first great blessing giv'n
Was lovely woman, sent from *heav'n* ;
So sacred writers tell :
I freely own it *may* be true,
But oh ! d' you ask our neighbour Hugh,
He'd say, " She came from hell."

P—n's Barn, Devonshire.

A. Z.

DEATH.

MAY 14, 1809.

THE grim king Death, in angry mood,
To Beilby Porteus * thus did say ;—
" Prepare, for now I must intrude,
" With me to take thy dubious way."
Cheerful he saw man's foe draw nigh,
For Death he'd known some years ago ;
He taught the good man how to die,
In faith to leave this world below.
Ah ! now he gave one smile serene,
A welcome to his parting breath ;
Then gently breath'd his last, unseen,
A prey to hoary Time, and Death.

REUBEN VERITAS.

* Lord Bishop of London, in his 78th year. This truly pious and learned Prelate was author of many eminent literary productions, particularly " Death, a Poem," which the second stanza alludes to.

THE
Poetical Magazine,

SIXTH NUMBER,

October, 1809.

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

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With two Engravings.

[Continued from p. 223.]

WHAT various evils man await,
In this sad sublunary state !
No sooner is he cheer'd by joy,
Than sorrow comes, and pains annoy ;
And scarce his lips are op'd to bless
The transient gleam of happiness,
Than dire Misfortune shews its pow'r,
And the black tempest 'gins to low'r.

Thus, while the Doctor smiling stole
From the clear glass each witty scroll,
He felt, to interrupt the treat,
The scalding torment in his feet ;
And, thus awaken'd from his trance,
Began to skip, and jump, and dance.
“ Take off my shoes,” he raving cried,
“ And let my gaiters be untied :”
When Dolly, with her nimble hand,
Instant obey'd the loud command ;

And, as he loll'd upon the chair,
 His feet and ankles soon were bare.
 Away th' impatient damsel run,
 To cure the mischief she had done ;
 And soon return'd with liquid store,
 To rub his feet and ankles o'er :
 Nor was her tender office vain,
 She soon assuag'd the raging pain.
 A tear was seen in Dolly's eye,
 And her kind bosom heav'd a sigh.
 " Be not, my girl, with care opprest ;
 " I'm now," says Syntax, " quite at rest ;
 " My anger's vanish'd with the pain,
 " No more, my dear, shall I complain,
 " Since, to get rid of my disaster,
 " So fair a maid presents the plaster."
 Thus did he Dolly's care beguile,
 And turn'd her tears into a smile :
 But, while she cool'd the raging part,
 She somehow warm'd the Doctor's heart ;
 And, as she rubb'd the ointment in,
 He pinch'd her cheeks, and chuck'd her chin ;
 And, when she had redress'd his shanks,
 He with a kiss bestow'd his thanks :
 While gentle Dolly, nothing loath,
 Consenting smil'd, and took them both.
 " I think," said she, " you'd better stay,
 " Nor travel further on, to-day."
 And tho' she said it with a smile,
 His steady purpose to beguile,
 The Doctor clos'd the kind debate,
 By ord'ring Grizzle to the gate.
 Now, undisturb'd, he took his way,
 And travell'd till the close of day ;
 When, to delight his wearied eyes,
 Before him Oxford's tow'rs arise.

" Oh, Alma Mater !" Syntax cried,
 " My present boast, my early pride ;
 " To whose protecting care I owe
 " All I've forgot, and all I know ;
 " Deign from your nurseling to receive
 " The homage that his heart can give.
 " Hail ! sacred, ever-honour'd, shades,
 " Where oft I woo'd th' immortal maids ;
 " Where strolling oft, at break of day,
 " My feet have brush'd the dews away !
 " By Isis and by Cherwell's stream,
 " How oft I wove the classic dream,
 " Or sought the cloisters dim, to meet
 " Pale Science in her lone retreat !
 " The sight of you again inspires
 " My bosom with its former fires ;
 " I feel again the genial glow
 " That makes me half forget the woe,
 " And all my aching heart could tell,
 " Since last I bid these scenes farewell,"

Thus Syntax mov'd, in sober pace,
 Beset with academic grace ;
 While Grizzle bore him up the town,
 And at the *Mitre* set him down.
 The night was pass'd in soft repose,
 The clock struck nine ere he arose.
 The barber now applies his art,
 To shave him clean, and make him smart :
 From him he learn'd that *Dicky Bend*,
 His early academic friend,
 As a reward for all his knowledge,
 Was now the Provost of his college ;
 And Fame declar'd that he had clear,
 At least, twelve hundred pounds a year.
 " O ho !" says Syntax, " if that's true,
 " I'm sure I cannot better do

" Than further progress to delay,
 " And with *friend Dicky* pass a day."
 Away he hied, and soon he found him,
 With all his many comforts round him,
 The Provost hail'd the happy meeting,
 And, after kind and mutual greeting,
 To make inquiries he began,
 And thus the conversation ran :—

PROVOST.

" Good Doctor Syntax, I rejoice
 " Once more to hear your well-known voice ;
 " To dine with us, I hope you'll stay,—
 " There is a college-feast to day.
 " Full many a year is gone and past
 " Since we beheld each other last ;
 " Fortune has kindly dealt with me,
 " As you, my friend, may clearly see ;
 " And pray how has she dealt with thee ?" }

SYNTAX.

" Alas ! alas ! I've play'd the fool ;
 " I took a wife, and keep a school ;
 " And, while on dainties you are fed,
 " I scarce get butter to my bread."

PROVOST.

" I grieve to hear your plans miscarried ;
 " For my part, I have never married :
 " I hope then that your visit here
 " Is with some view to mend your cheer.
 " My services you may command,
 " I offer them with heart and hand ;
 " And while you think it right to stay,
 " You'll make this house your home, I pray."

SYNTAX.

" I'm going further, on a scheme,
 " Which you may think an idle dream ;

“ At the fam'd Lakes to take a look,
 “ And of my *Journey* make a *Book*.”

PROVOST.

“ I know full well that you have store
 “ Of ancient and of classic lore ;
 “ And, surely, with your weight of learning,
 “ And all your critical discerning,
 “ You might produce a work of name,
 “ To fill your purse, and give you fame.
 “ How oft have we together sought
 “ Whate'er the ancient sages taught ?”

SYNTAX.

“ I now perceive that all your knowledge
 “ Is pent, my friend, within your college :
 “ Learning's become a very bore,—
 “ That fashion long since has been o'er,
 “ A Bookseller may keep his carriage,
 “ And ask ten thousand pounds in marriage ;
 “ May have his mansion in a square,
 “ And build a house for country air ;
 “ And yet 'tis odds the fellow knows
 “ If Horace wrote in verse or prose.
 “ Could Doctor G—— in chariot ride,
 “ And take each day his wine, beside,
 “ If he did not contrive to cook,
 “ Each year, his Tour into a book ;
 “ A flippant, flashy, flow'ry style,
 “ A lazy morning to beguile ;
 “ With, ev'ry other leaf, a print
 “ Of some fine view in *aqua-tint* ?
 “ Such is the book I mean to make,
 “ And I've no doubt the work will take ;
 “ For, tho' your wisdom may decry it,
 “ The simple folk will surely buy it.
 “ I will allow it is but trash,
 “ But then it furnishes the cash.”

PROVOST.

" Why things are not the same, I fear,
 " As when we both were scholars here ;
 " I therefore wish you all success,
 " And all good luck and happiness ;
 " Myself, and all my college tribe,
 " Depend upon it, will subscribe."

At length, the bell began to call
 To dinner, in the college-hall ;
 The guests did not delay to meet,
 Lur'd by the bounty of the treat.
 The formal salutations over,
 Each drew his chair, and seiz'd his cover ;
 The Provost, in collegiate pride,
 Plac'd Doctor Syntax by his side ;
 And soon they heard the hurrying feet
 Of those who bore the smoky meat.

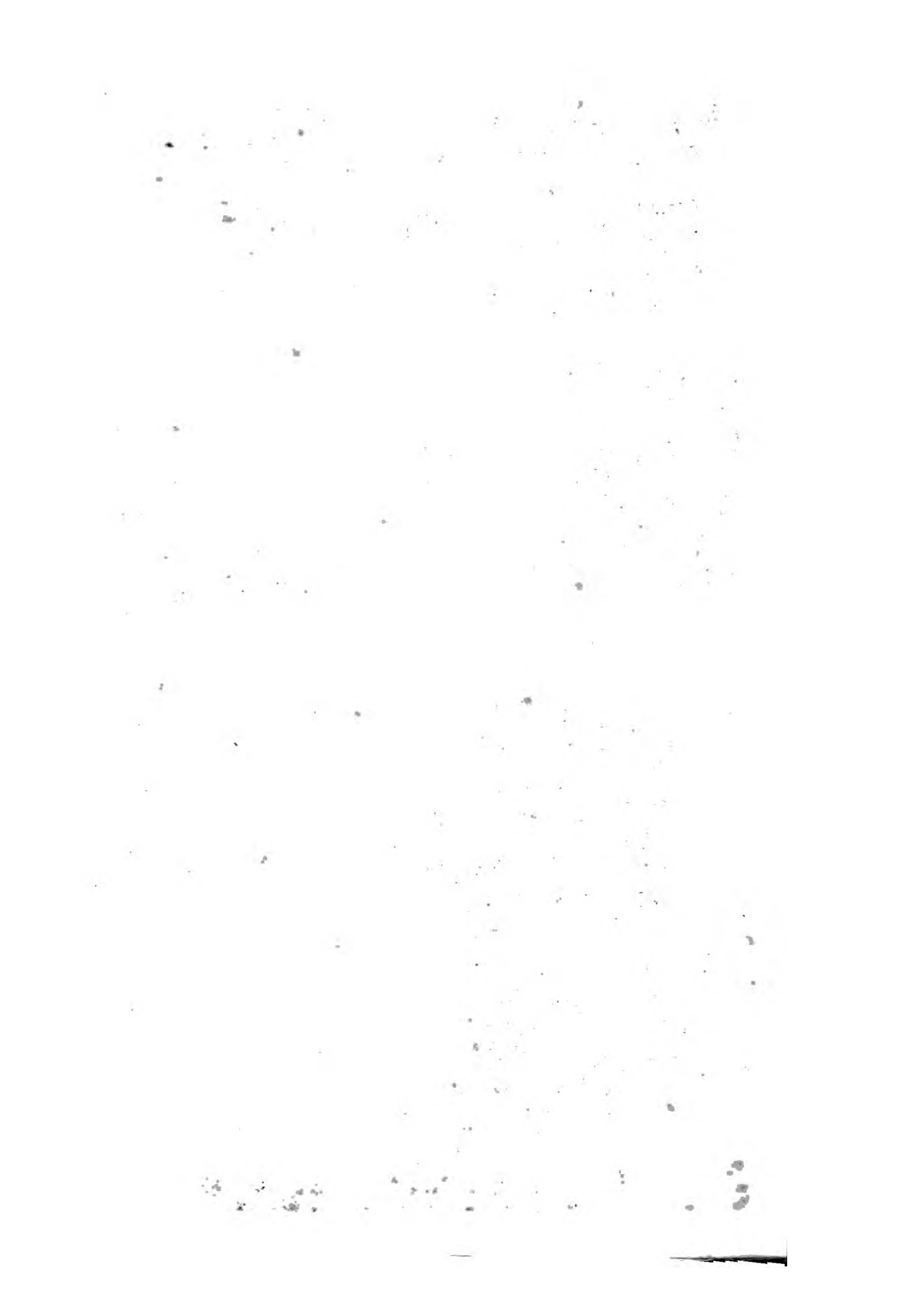
Behold the dishes due appear—
 Fish in the van, beef in the rear ;
 But he who the procession led,
 By some false step or aukward tread,
 Or curs'd by some malignant pow'r,
 Fell headlong on the marble floor !
 Ah, heedless wight ! ah, hapless dish !
 Ah ! all the luxury of fish
 Thus in a moment spoil'd and wasted,
 Ah ! never, never to be tasted !
 But one false step begets another,
 So they all tumbled one o'er t'other :
 And now the pavement was bestrew'd
 With roast and boil'd, and fried and stew'd.
 The waiters squall'd, their backs bespatter'd
 With scalding sauce ; the dishes clatter'd
 In various discord ; while the brawl
 Re-echoed thro' th' astonish'd hall.

No. 6. of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE. Pub. Oct. 1st 1809. at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101. Strand.

Plat. 1.



DOCTOR SYNTAX ENTERTAINED AT COLLEGE. 27.

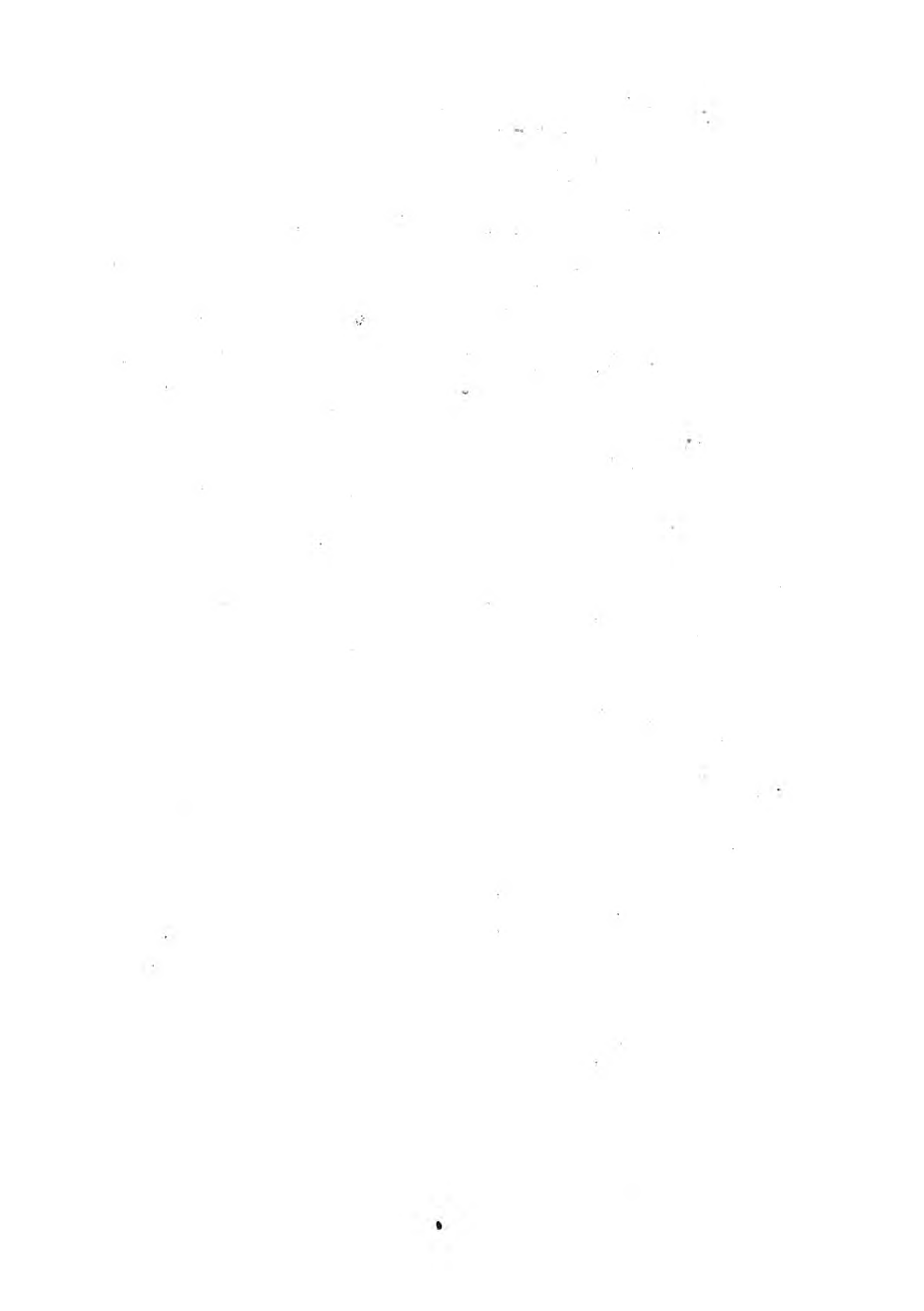


" Well," said a Don, " as I'm a sinner,
 " We must go elsewhere for a dinner."
 " 'Tis no such thing," the *Head* replied,
 " You all shall soon be satisfied :
 " We are but ten ; I'm sure there's plenty ;
 " I order'd full enough for twenty.
 " I see, my friends, the haunch unspoil'd,
 " With chickens roast, and turkey boil'd ;
 " The ven'son pasty is secure,
 " The marrow pudding's safe and sure ;
 " With ham, and many good things more,
 " And tarts, and custards, full a score.
 " Sure, here's enough to cut and carve ;—
 " To-day, I think, we shall not starve :
 " But still I'll make the boobies pay
 " For the good things they've thrown away."
 Thus soon each eager eye was cheer'd
 With all the plenty that appear'd ;
 They ate, they drank, they smok'd, they talk'd,
 And round the college-garden walk'd ;
 But the time came (for time will fly)
 When Syntax was to say—good-bye.
 His tongue could scarce his feelings tell,
 Could scarce pronounce the word, farewell !
 The Provost too, whose gen'rous heart
 In those same feelings bore a part,
 Told him, when he should want a friend,
 To write, or come, to *Dicky Bend*.

Next morning, at an early hour,
 Syntax proceeded on his tour ;
 And, as he pac'd along the way,
 The scene of many a youthful day,
 He thought 'twould give his book an air,
 If *Oxford* were well painted there ;
 And, as he curious look'd around,
 He saw a rising piece of ground,

From whence the spires of the city
Would make a picture very pretty ;
Where *Radcliffe's* dome would intervene,
And Magd'len-tower crown the scene.
So Grizzle to an hedge he tied,
And to the spot impatient hied ;
But, as he sought to choose a part
Where he might best display his art,
A wicked bull no sooner view'd him,
Than loud he roar'd, and straight pursu'd him.
The Doctor, finding danger near,
Flew swiftly on the wings of Fear,
And nimbly clamber'd up a tree,
That gave him full security ;
But as he ran to save his bacon,
By hat and wig he was forsaken ;
His *sketch-book* too he left behind,
A prey to the unlucky wind ;
While Grizzle, startled by the rout,
Broke from the hedge, and pranc'd about.
Syntax, still trembling with affright,
Clung to the tree with all his might ;
Then call'd for help,—and help was near,
For dogs, and men, and boys appear ;
So that his foe was forc'd to yield,
And leave him master of the field.
No more of roaring bulls afraid,
He left the tree's protecting shade ;
And, as he pac'd the meadow round,
His hat, his wig, his book he found.
“ Come, Grizzle, come,” the Doctor said ;
The faithful steed his call obey'd :
So Grizzle once more he bestrode,
Nor look'd behind,—but off he rode.

[To be continued.]





DOCTOR SYNTAX PURSUED BY A BULL.

A TRIBUTE
TO THE VIRTUES OF MR. WILBERFORCE.

Umbrata gerit civili tempora quercu.

Lo! where the son of Chatham sleeps!
 In solemn pomp Britannia weeps,
 To unblench'd honour true;
 And, lo! she bids her banners wave,
 And wreathes, to crown her Nelson's grave,
 The laurel mix'd with yew.

'Tis meet she should; with patriot might,
 In council one, and one in fight;
 His glorious cause achiev'd!
 But will she slight a gallant son,
 Whose virtue hath a conquest won,
 Nobler than Valour gain'd, or Wisdom e'er conceiv'd?

What! tho' to swell his trophied pride,
 From Spain, or Nile's Egyptian side,
 No navies sweep along;
 Nor Gallia shrink appall'd to hear,
 Bursting the iron gates of war,
 The thunder of his tongue?

Touch'd by that tongue of murky hue,
 The fiend Oppression starts to view
 And own Ithuriel's spear;—
 Shout, Afric! as the monster flies,
 And see, to glad thy longing eyes,
 Bright Faith and golden Hope,—calm Peace and
 Love, appear.

Nor thou, Britannia! scorn the strain
 That hails thee wash'd from crimson stain,
 More vig'rous, and more fair:
 Far less the praise, the triumph less,
 Mankind to injure than to bless,
 To ravage than to spare.

Shame and Destruction, like a flood,
 O'erwhelm'd a city built in blood,
 And 'stablish'd upon wrong;
 But justice is the purest gem
 That decks a royal diadem,
 "As Uriel's visage bright, as Michael's buckler
 strong."

Warm in his country's cause, a Bard remote
 From cities, thus declar'd the dictates of his soul:
 When straight a voice, more sweet and clear
 Than Alpine honey, on his ear in heav'nly accents stole,
 "O, mortal! Slander may assail
 "The Christian patriot's course, and veil,
 "Tho' not obscure, his fame;
 "But holiest feelings rule above,
 "And, bending at the throne of Love,
 "Celestial spirits smile on WILBERFORCE's name."

TRANQUILLITY.

The following beautiful Ode is from Mr. Coleridge's "Friend."

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name
 Than all the family of Fame!
 Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age
 To low Intrigue, or factious Rage:
 For, O! dear child of thoughtful Truth,
 To thee I gave my early youth,
 And left the bark, and blest the steadfast shore,
 Ere yet the tempest rose and scar'd me with its roar,
 Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine,
 On him but seldom, Power divine,
 Thy spirit rests! Satiety
 And Sloth, poor counterfeits of thee,
 Mock the tir'd worldling. Idle Hope
 And dire Remembrance interlope,

And vex the fev'rish slumbers of the mind :
The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind !

But me thy gentle hand will lead,
At morning, thro' th' accustom'd mead ;
And in the sultry summer's heat
Will build me up a mossy seat ;
And when the gust of autumn crowds
And breaks the busy moonlight clouds,
Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune,
Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding moon.

The feeling heart, the searching soul,
To thee I dedicate the whole !
And while within myself I trace
The greatness of some future race,
Aloof with hermit eye I scan
The present works of present man—
A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile,
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile !

MES ADIEUX AUX MUSES.

ÉPITRE A MR. D * * *.

MUSES, n'attendez point, par des vœux superflus,
Que je fatigue encor, les Echos assidus ;
Et séduit de nouveau, par de vaines promesses,
Que mon cœur alluré compte sur vos caresses.
L'enchantement finit, assez et trop longtems
De l'erreur j'ai suivi le fantôme imposant ;
La Vérité détruit votre aimable Féerie—
Ces palais enchantés, cette rive fleurie,
Par degrés obscurcis et dans l'ombre perdus,
Tels que ces feux follets, sont déjà disparus.
Je puis, vaines Circés, malgré votre magie,
Découvrir les ressorts de votre perfidie.

Prodigues de vos dons, avares à la fois,
Pour d'autres sont vos fleurs, les épines pour moi !
Vous montrez le bonheur, même il semble sourire,
Mais desqu'on le saisit, comme un songe il expire ;
Et ne laisse à notre sens, bientôt désabusé
Qu'un regret d'un sommeil que nous avoit flatté.
Sur les ailes du tems, j'ai franchi la jeunesse,
Ce cercle de plaisirs, de délire et d'yvresse,
Où le prisme imposteur de la prévention
Fait un être réel de toute fiction.
Où l'esprit exalté dans ce qui l'environne,
Voit d'une Déesse, la main qui le couronne.
Et pour mieux l'égarer, l'imagination
Prête d'un corps, la forme, à son illusion.—
Alors tout se transforme et se métamorphose,
Et déjà du plaisir, il croit cueillir la rose ;
Il distingue dans l'air, des Sylphes amoureux
Des Nymphes dans l'eau, et des Sylvains fougueux,
Poursuivant dans les bois, les Dryades timides ;
Aurore tout en pleurs, les paupières humides,
Attendant le retour des volages zéphirs.
De l'Echo, les accents, sont pour lui les soupirs,
D'une nymphe cruelle à gémir condamnée
Pour avoir dédaigné le fils de Cythérée.
Six lustres effacés, sans espoir de retour,
De ma raison trop lente, ont avancé le cours ;
Et trente ans depuis hier, expirés, sur ma tête,
De votre télescope, ont troublé la lunette.
Ce qui paroissoit grand, en atôme changé,
Rentre dans le néant, à peine envisagé.
Déjà, sur vos faveurs, du vrai, la main active,
A passé, de l'oubli, l'éponge destructive—
Vos berceaux fabuleux, ne m'intéressent plus,
Et je plains les momens, qu'avec vous j'ai perdus.
De mon tems, j'aurois pu faire, un meilleur usage,
Des fleurs du sentiment embellir son passage ;

Voir au sein du présent un trésor véritable,
Lire, dans l'avenir un charme inaltérable,
Voir dans des biens si doux la pure volupté,
M'enivrer à longs traits de ma félicité.
Ce regret qui me touche, et l'ardeur, qui m'enchanté,
Me dévoilent, des Dieux, l'influence puissante ;
En un être nouveau je me sens transporté,
Pour les plaisirs du vrai, tout homme fût formé,
Un rayon de clarté, en m'éclairant m'enflamme,
Dans chacun de mes sens, il repartit mon ame.
Adieu ! Muses, adieu ! vos dons, votre faveur
En égarant l'esprit, ne touchent point le cœur ;
Différens en leurs goûts, l'un chérit la chimère,
L'autre fuit d'un faux jour la lueur mensongère,
En vous divinisant, l'un fut un étourdi,
Par l'autre son encens fût toujours démenti ;
De prestiges nourri, l'un suivit l'imposture,
Ennemi de tout art, l'autre suit la Nature ;
Dépouillant vos tableaux, d'un brillant emprunté
J'y cherche mais en vain un trait de vérité.
Cessez de vous vanter, de vaines gloriolles,
Aujourd'hui l'amitié renverse vos idoles ;
Et sans plus différer, je vais sur ses autels,
Abjurer mon erreur par des vœux solennels.
Je dépose à ses pieds, mon encens, vos guirlandes,
Puisse mon repentir embellir mes offrandes !
La balance à la main, au poids de l'équité,
L'illusion le cède à la réalité.
C'en est fait ; loin de moi méprisables coquettes,
Allez à d'autres fous, débiter vos sornettes ;
Vantez votre Hélicon et Pégase forbu,
Endormez vos mignons, d'un conte rebattu,
Je rirai, désormais de votre extravagance,
De leur crédulité, de leur folle ignorance !
Pour amuser le sage, il faut en convenir,
Furent formés les sots, qui peut le démentir ?

Ils se trouvent parfaits, et tous croient savoir plaire,
 Et cette indemnité les venge du contraire.
 Pour modèle je prends le sage Sésostris ;
 Un jour, deux Détés, à ses regards surpris
 S'offrirent à la fois, l'une étoit séduisante,
 C'étoit la Volupté, l'autre étoit imposante ;
 Elle avoit l'abord froid, mais plein de majesté,
 C'étoit de la raison, l'aimable Dété,
 Sésostris d'un baiser, aborda la première,
 Pour toujours il donna son cœur à la dernière ;
 Quoique jeune il sentit que le vuide du cœur,
 Est le foyer des maux, des vices, de l'erreur
 Calme et sans nul remord, à l'abri de l'orage
 Le jour qui menaçoit, fut pour lui sans nuage
 Il fut bon, généreux, il connût l'amitié,
 Pour les cœurs corrompus, le sien fût sans pitié.

* * * * *

Ami dans ce tableau, que j'expose à ta vue,
 J'admire, de ton cœur la peinture ingénue !
 Mais pourquoi t'écrier, qu'un crayon indulgent,
 Sous des traits si flatteurs t'offre tout différent ;
 Et me poussant à bout, par trop de modestie,
 Taxer ma Muse à tort d'un grain de flatterie ;
 La vérité broya les couleurs du portrait,
 La justice assembla jusqu'au plus petit trait ;
 L'amitié les transmet chacun sous sa nuance,
 Et l'œil non prévenu, saisit la ressemblance.

Great Dean's Yard.

CHEV. DU B.

GENEALOGIA.

AULE atavis lautè jactas te ingentibus ortum,
 Virtutem et laudem te retinere patris ;
 Degener Aule ! tuis majoribus omnia debes,
 Debebit, credo nil tibi posteritas.

CLIO.

ORIANA.

WHAT dulcet tones, from those majestic trees,
Close by the side of yonder purling stream,
Hang languishing upon the southern breeze,
And dance on chaste Diana's love-sick beam ?

How soft, how faint, how sweetly thrill the notes,
Like some good genius on enchanted ground !
How slow the music in the mid air floats,
And casts a pleasing melancholy round !

'Tis Oriana, seated on the grass
(Her hair dishevell'd and her bosom bare),
Tells to the flying moments, as they pass,
Her days of pleasure, and her years of care.

Her warbling flute hangs loosely by her side,
And sorrows Beauty sets upon her face ;
Her sad black eyes look pensive at the tide,
And speak her feelings with a silent grace,

She once was happy, fortunate, and gay,
Nor ever dreamt of a less happy doom ;
A cruel cannon tore her love away,
And sent him bravely to an early tomb,

Her father's fortune, now her only stay,
By frequent indiscretion quick was gone ;
Her friends retire one by one away,
And Oriana now remains alone.

Like a lost lamb, that from the flock has stray'd,
She knows not where to lay her aching head ;
But ev'ry villager, by pity sway'd,
Will ne'er refuse her shelter, milk, and bread.

RPLV. AGS. EDTN.

A POETICAL EFFUSION
ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

Spoken by Mr. Fawcett, in the Character of a Post-Captain, at the
Theatre Royal, Birmingham, with unbounded Applause.

—

CEASE, fruitless tears! Why, Britain, dost thou mourn?
Thy Nelson lives in Life's eternal morn;
His soul, ennobled, flew from whence it came;
He liv'd to die, and died to live again:
Born but to conquer, conquer but to save,
And scatter freedom o'er the abject wave!

His glorious conquests mock historic fame,
And partial Vict'ry's pregnant with his name;
With Fame triumphant sweeps surrounding skies,
Disdaining earth, to claim a heav'nly prize, }
And shame proud France with prouder victories. }
Tho' calm his soul when peaceful Commerce smil'd,
His manners gentle, and his accents mild,
When jealous anger wounded Britain's rest,
Indignant courage fir'd his manly breast!
Where danger blaz'd, the gallant Chief was found,
Like angry Jove, hurling destruction round.
Unknown to Fear, but Danger well he knew,
And, where she thunder'd, there he thunder'd too;
His *single arm* united pow'rs defied,—
He liv'd in glory, and in glory died.

How shall I paint, on Thought's sublimest wing,
His latest triumph, and his glories sing?
The mighty strife the trident-god beheld,
Where able chiefs, repelling and repell'd,
In battle dreadful, burning with desire,
For Britain's proudest claim, fire flash'd on fire,
Ship grappl'd ship, whilst Havoc trembling stood,—
Up sprung old Neptune from the foaming flood,

And thus address'd his brave, his darling son:—
 " The contest's hard, the battle not yet won ;
 Yet Vict'ry smiles, and Vict'ry e'er shall smile
 On *Britain*, Freedom's truly favour'd Isle.
 But thou, my son, must leave this spot of earth,
 For mortals now grow jealous of thy birth :
 Know thou'rt immortal, and command is giv'n
 In Vict'ry's arms to bear thee home to Heav'n.
 Hark ! Glory calls thee to the blest abode,
 To live in peace with an eternal God !
 And may each Briton, true to Britain's cause,
 Like thee, defend her liberties and laws !
 Her sacred rights, secur'd by Freedom's wing,
 Her golden *Commerce*, and her gracious KING !"

J. FAULKNER.

DEDICATED TO Mr. ACKERMANN.

WELL, indeed, Mr. ACKERMANN, here we have got
 A book full of rhymes, and the devil knows what,
 And with rapture I gaze on your pages ;
 For, so choice your selections, they're form'd to delight,
 I could con o'er each subject from morning till night,
 And read them for ages and ages.
 You have certainly furnish'd a wonderful treat,
 And with good honest welcome each Number I greet,
 In whose leaves such rich gaiety revels ;
 Your stanzas will put all our cares to the rout,
 Cure the phthisic, the vapours, the colick, and gout,
 And drive away all the blue devils.
 When perusing the jaunts of old Syntax and such,
 I confess that each anecdote pleases me much,
 And with me time flies pleasant and cheerly ;
 Your Editor, Sir, is a good jolly soul,
 Seems fond of his friend, of the Muse, and his bowl,
 And I love such a character dearly.

I applaud him right well for his judgment and taste,—
 His language is pure, and his verses are chaste,
 In his stanzas no libertine bellows ;
 They're a set of odd subjects, in very odd rhymes,
 Made up at odd moments, in very odd times,
 By a medley of very odd fellows.

Even prudes may look on, but 'twill nothing avail,
 Their sneers and remarks will all certainly fail,
 And their preaching opinions miscarry ;
 Could I at this moment give Vengeance her scope,
 I would tie them all tight round the neck with a rope,
 And bundle them off to old Harry.

Then heed not what poor needy critics may say,
 Whose opinions can only exist for a day,
 I know you're good-natur'd and willing ;
 So much on each forthcoming Number I doat,
 That, to keep your *poetical budget* afloat,
 I would willingly spend *my last shilling*.

AN ODD FELLOW.

ANACREON.—*Ode XXIII.*

COULD riches e'er add to short life but a year,
 What a stingy old miser I'd be ;
 That when with his summons grim Death should appear,
 To depart I might give him a fee.
 But since this on earth is not granted to man,
 Oh ! why should we toil or complain ?
 If to die 'tis decreed, do the utmost we can,
 All our labour and riches are vain.
 The bus'ness henceforth of this life let it be,
 And to *this* will I ever attend,
 To join in the bumper, the catch, and the glee,
 Or converse with a sociable friend.
P—n's Barn, Devonshire.

A. Z.

WILLIAM AND MARY ; OR, LOVE AND
MURDER.

A TALE.

“ ’Tis *false !*” he cried, “ she is not gone ;
 “ Such goodness cannot stray.”
 “ William, indeed thy Mary’s flown,
 “ And with a soldier gay.
 “ I saw them by yon spreading tree,
 “ That shades the village-green ;
 “ Till the box-hedge ’twixt them and me
 “ They pass’d, and were unseen.”
 “ Distracting thought ! ah, Mary ! curst
 “ That fatal hour shall be ;
 “ When, lur’d by Music’s charms, I first
 “ Went ’cross the vale with thee.
 “ How happier far had been my fate,
 “ In lasting deafness bound ;
 “ Had I ne’er heard the cymbal’s beat,
 “ Nor trumpet’s shrilly sound.
 “ Yet I’ll ascend the mountain’s brow,
 “ I’ll search the valley deep,
 “ Where she was wont to milk her cow,
 “ Or tend her grazing sheep.
 “ I’ll ford the little silver stream
 “ That murmurs round the grove ;—
 “ The grove, where first, ah ! bliss supreme,
 “ She, blushing, own’d her love.”
 Vain, William search’d the mountains brow,
 In vain the valley deep ;
Here graz’d, unmilk’d, his Mary’s cow,
There fed, unwatch’d, her sheep.

Now o'er the stream he lightly bounds,
 And penetrates the grove ;
 Now stays his course, alarm'd by sounds,
 But not the sounds of love,

New terrors seiz'd his anguish'd soul,
 Led on by groans and sighs ;
 No platted thorns nor briers controul,
 As thro' each path he flies.

As when some tigress, seeking prey,
 Her young, endanger'd, hears,
 Bends tow'rd's their cries her rapid way,
 Impell'd by vengeful fears ;—

So William flew, and, in the bow'r,
 Form'd by their mutual care,
 Where Love had shorten'd many an hour,
 He found the frantic fair.

Whence gloom'd the darkest, thickest shade,
 The trembling maiden stood ;
 Her hand sustain'd a polish'd blade,
 That reek'd with human blood !

Approaching steps increas'd her fear,
 “ Dost thou yet live ?” she cried ;
 “ Ah, villain ! were my William near,
 “ Thou long ere this hadst died.

“ But shouldst thou dare insult me more,
 “ The Heav'ns will take my part ;
 “ Thy sword, already stain'd with gore,
 “ Shall plunge into thine heart !”

“ Then art thou to thy William true ?
 “ Unrifled are thy charms ?”
 The shepherd cried, as swift he flew,
 And press'd her in his arms.

Now, as around his neck she hung,
 " Where, cruel, didst thou stay ?
 " My love !" she cried, Joy chain'd her tongue,
 She sigh'd, and sunk away.

A thousand mingled passions rose,
 And William's bosom tore ;
 He saw her livid eyelids close,
 Perchance to ope no more !

Not haply so, her deep-drawn sighs
 Soon banish'd ev'ry fear ;
 Soon he perceiv'd her swimming eyes
 Suffus'd with many a tear.

" And dost thou, Mary, live for me ?"
 Exclaim'd th' enraptur'd swain ;
 " Ah ! tell me, is thine honour free
 " From foul pollution's stain ?"

" Yes, she is pure !" in hollow tones,
 A deep faint voice reply'd ;
 " As pure as snow ;" here sighs and groans
 All further speech denied.

Not twice three paces from the bow'r
 A bleeding soldier lay ;
 Again he spake—" Oh ! give me pow'r
 " To clear all doubts away,

" William, when lur'd by Music's charms,
 " 'Twas thine to cross the Mole *,
 " Mary, then resting on thine arms,
 " With love entranc'd my soul.

" I told thee tales by Falsehood feign'd,
 " And play'd so well my part,
 " Thine honest friendship soon I gain'd,
 " But lost, alas ! mine heart.

* A river in the north of Devon.

" Companions now, we reach'd this spot,
 " I mark'd yon green alcove ;
 " We went with Mary to her cot,
 " Nor spake I then of love.

 " This day again, ill-fated hour !
 " I sought her calm retreat,
 " And basely led her to the bow'r,
 " Her William's self to meet.

 " She came !" now falter'd ev'ry word ;
 " I would, but Heav'n denied ;
 " Th' insulted virgin seiz'd my sword"—
 This said, he groan'd, and died.

P—n's Barn, Devonshire.

A. Z.

July 22, 1809.

HORACE.—*B. I. Ode IV.*

STERN Winter with a frown retires,
 His icy fetters melt away,
 Dissolv'd by Spring's enliv'ning fires,
 And sportive zephyrs gently play.

 The sailor to his vessel hies,
 Her pendants waving in the wind ;
 Swift o'er the trackless main he flies,
 And leaves his native cliffs behind.

 The ploughmen quit their smoky huts,
 And, whistling, drive their teams a-field ;
 Each polish'd share its furrow cuts,
 And stubborn soils to labour yield.

 The kine, hous'd safely from the fall
 Of hail and snow in Winter's reign,
 Forsake with joy their dingy stall,
 And nibbling flocks o'erspread the plain.

Now lovely damsels, fresh as morn,
In troops to yonder meads repair,
And, lightly tripping o'er the lawn,
Inhale the fragrance of the air ;—

And weave the wreath and garland gay,
'Gainst dewy eve, when they advance
With shepherd swains at close of day,
Beneath pale Luna's beams to dance.

The Cyclops kindle Vulcan's fire,
And roundly ply their sturdy blows ;
Nor from the sultry heat retire ;
Each at the sounding anvil glows.

Come, crown'd with wreaths of fragrant flow'rs,
Which teeming Nature plenteous yields ;
Invoke the fauns in sylvan bow'rs
To bless your toil and guard your fields.

Impartial Death, with equal fate,
In palace or in cot destroys ;
Nor here, in this uncertain state,
Should we expect unfading joys.

The ruby lip, the sparkling eye,
The cheeks where now fresh roses bloom,
Must soon grow pallid, droop and die,
And moulder in the silent tomb.

Soon thou, my friend, shalt be forgot,
Tho' now of ev'ry scene the pride ;
Nor e'er again shall be thy lot
At festive table to preside.

June, 1809.

J. BROWN.

MUNDESLEY*.

MUND'SLEY! lone village! shall no Bard display
 Thy varied scenery? the ocean's reach
 Seen from thy tow'ring heights? the settled beach?
 The hill? the vale? meet subjects for his lay!
 Albeit, like the labours of that hand,
 Which traces letters on thy tide-wash'd strand.
 What! shall the cliff my boyhood has explor'd
 (Task arduous, but not forc'd—the more desir'd);
 The beach, with jet-cornelian amber stor'd,
 The toil forgotten in the prize acquir'd;
 Say! shall these pass unnotic'd as a dream?
 The village alehouse on the tall cliff's brow?
 The spring too in the vale below?
 Hence, thought profane! live all! live in the poet's theme!
 Upon thy cliffs sublime
 (Where grows the harebell, and that simple flow'r †
 Which blooms but in the noon-tide hour)
 Oft has he paus'd,—what time

* A small bathing-place, in Norfolk, about six or seven miles from Cromer, and not quite so many from North Walsham; it has two machines for the convenience of the bathers; its beach is occasionally sprinkled with "*jet-cornelian and amber*;" and its cliffs, in many places, are picturesque. It cannot, however, boast of affording much accommodation for temporary visitors; as of two ale-houses (for such they are commonly called), the one mentioned in the poem is by far the best; and which, although poetical licence has placed it in Mundesley, properly speaking, is situated in the adjoining village, Paston, separated, however, from Mundesley, only by the "spring which turns the mill." Its situation, upon the extreme edge of a cliff, gives to those who are in the room "for better sort reserved," and which is adorned with the pictures of the Prodigal Son in all his stages, the idea of being in the cabin of a vessel, the which, however pleasant to those who frequent the place solely for the sea-air, it is much to be feared will compel its tenants to seek another residence ere the winter is over, as the sea makes large encroachments at Mundesley.

† Pimpernel, or shepherd's weather-glass.

Descending to the wave,
 Soft lustre to the scene the mellow'd sunbeam gave.
 Meantime, the freighted bark's light oar,
 Dashing the wave, in safety gain'd the shore.
 Lash'd to the beach, the skiff—
 Lo ! yonder train
 The wearied mariner and boy, attain
 By gradual ascent the well-known cliff;
 Where soon the lighted pipe, " the nut-brown ale,"
 The social converse, and the casual tale,
 Haply of storm, of good or ill success,
 Give to the hour a zest no poet can express !
 And oft too, in the neatly white-wash'd room,
 For better sort reserv'd, where seen around
 The Prodigal's Return, his early doom;
 The fennell'd fire-place, and the sanded ground;
 'Reft of its treasures gay, the closet's hoard,
 " Which cheers, but not inebriates," crown'd the board.
 There, Cromer ! distant from thy scenes away,
 Thy pier with fashion throng'd, thy ball-room gay,
 Memory ! thou lov'st to trace
 The chosen few !
 The mischief-plotting heart, but serious face ;
 The poet, reckless of the trick design'd ;
 The chasten'd smile which spoke the happy mind,
 And in the present seem'd past pleasures to renew !
 Say, are these joys to be pass'd by ?
 Oh, no ! not e'en the sigh
 Breath'd when in mood not joyous and not grave ;
 Slowly the wave succeeding wave
 Points to the poet's heart the moral lay ;
 Thus hour succeeds to hour, thus day succeeds to day.
 These harmless joys—
 E'en as the colours of yon bow prevail,
 Giving to glow yon distant sail—
 A charm to life impart, which Time too soon destroys.

Along yon winding way,
 Conducting to the vale, where brawling still
 The busy current turns the mill ;
 Then seeks the ocean, haply seen,
 Sweet sea-skip, from the cliffs between,
 At noontide oft the poet lov'd to stray.

Flow on, pure spring, and, as thou flow'st,
 Till in yon boundless ocean lost,
 Tell, as thou steal'st along the vale,
 Tell to the heart this plaintive tale—
 “ That, ah ! like thee, life's sever'd dream,
 Advent'rous youth, and cautious age,
 Its ardent hope, its counsel sage ;
 The poet's minstrelsy, whose pow'r
 So oft beguil'd the passing hour ;
 The poet's self, whose grateful toil,
 That hour lov'd fondly to beguile ;
 When, Mund'sley ! in thy praise, I ween,
 Perchance, the poet's lay was seen ;
 These, as in ocean lost thy simple stream,
 All, all shall pass away, forgot each transient gleam.

North Walsham.

I. C.

ON VIRTUE.

SAY, dost thou wish to gain a lasting praise ?
 Oh ! then, let *virtue* be thy constant aim ;
 'Tis that alone thy deathless name can raise,
 E'en to the summit of immortal fame.

For, ah ! the nodding plumes, the pompous hearse,
 With all the idle pageantry of show,
 The blazon'd scutcheon, or the poet's verse,
 Are empty grief, and mockery of woe.

ALBION,

THE DREAM :
ADDRESSED TO MARIA.

As, wrapp'd in sleep, by dreams opprest,
 Death plac'd his cold hand on my breast;
 Methought I felt Life's fev'rish day,
 Declining, sink and die away;
 Before mine eyes the cheerful light
 To twilight chang'd, and then to night;
 Press'd by thine hands their lids were clos'd,
 And now in death my limbs repos'd.
 The soul awhile yet linger'd nigh,
 And drank thy tear, and breath'd thy sigh!
 As, when the taper's form expires,
 Th' exhausted flame by fits retires,
 Yet still th' expiring taper burns,
 The flame, retiring, still returns;—
 So on my lips the vital flame
 Yet burn'd, to breathe thy hallow'd name;
 Thy trembling hand then snatch'd the lyre,
 And stay'd the spark of vital fire;
 Till, rous'd to life by thy sweet breath,
 I felt retire the hand of Death:
 My bosom glow'd, my heart beat high,
 Thy radiant image fill'd mine eye;
 With sweet delight thy form I press'd,
 Then woke, caressing and caress'd.

P.

ADDRESS TO THE NATIONS OF EUROPE.

MARK ye that vast infatuated host,
 That gathers hostile on you threat'ning coast?
 See their proud banners glitt'ring as they fly;
 Hear, hear their voices shouting to the sky!

'Tis "Victory or Death" they madly call ;
 Ah ! Death, too surely, soon awaits them all.

Think ye, deluded sons of wretched France,
 Britons will shrink to see your ranks advance ?
 Think you they fear to hear your cannons roar,
 With unavailing fury, on their shore ?
 Ye know them well ; ye also know their cause ;
 They fight to shield their country, King, and laws !
 A glorious cause ! 'twill nerve each Briton's arm,
 Mock your vain efforts, all your pow'r disarm.
 But ye have basely and ignobly bled,
 To place a foreign savage o'er your head ;
 Whose wild ambition, in its boundless range,
 Seeks ev'ry ancient Government to change ;
 Enslaves all Europe, his base heart to please,
 And hopes to gain the empire of the seas.
 Oh, shame to France ! Europeans, blush with shame,
 To give so mean a thing so great a name !
 See Britain only dare the Tyrant's arms,
 Spurn at his pow'r, and mock his rude alarms.

Are all these liberties for ever fled,
 For which your fathers oft so nobly bled ?
 Will ye thus basely to the Tyrant yield,
 Nor bravely dare him to the hostile field ?
 The shades of warriors, which the peaceful grave
 Long held, now nightly in your cities rave—
 " Degenerate race ! was it for thee we fell ?
 " Shall future ages to their children tell
 " Ye sold your country's freedom—basely flew
 " From a foul ruffian, and his savage crew ?
 " Your ruin'd cities shall declare your shame ;
 " Your fruitless fields your cowardice proclaim."

Rouse ! let the clarion swell its warlike note,
 And high in air your ancient streamers float.
 Italia ! call to mind the glorious days,
 When Rome her eagles did in battle raise ;

When your brave sons, with virtuous passions blest,
 Humbled all tyrants, succour'd the distrest ;
 When e'en the name of Roman was a charm
 That could a nation with a word disarm.

Gallant Hispania ! oft thy valiant hosts
 Have gathered laurels on far-distant coasts,
 Thro' ev'ry clime have spread thy warlike name,
 By Mars enroll'd with those of deathless Fame.
 Not foreign climes alone thy valour lov'd—
 Thy native soil thy great forefathers lov'd :
 When fierce Moriscos, with ferocious bands,
 Spread desolation o'er their smiling lands,
 Then were great deeds of noble daring done,
 Then many a well-fought battle too was won ;
 And then was spread the bright chivalric flame,
 That will immortalize the Spanish name.

Fly quick to arms ! the dreadful conflict wage,
 And tame the fury of Napoleon's rage ;
 Then ancient Lusitania shall unite
 Her ranks with yours, to brave the vengeful fight :
 Let Liberty but warm each warrior's breast,
 With glorious Vict'ry shall your arms be blest.

On Alpine hills, whose tow'ring summits rise,
 In matchless grandeur, to the nether skies,
 A hardy race had long in freedom rang'd,
 Whose simple virtues ages had not chang'd.
 No wild ambition e'er their passions fir'd ;
 No mighty conquests were by them desir'd.
 Tho' Nature form'd them brave, contented still
 They sang, and danc'd, or toil'd, from hill to hill :
 Or, like the chamois, climb'd the craggy steep,
 There tun'd the lute, and watch'd the playful sheep.

Yet martial honours never were despis'd,—
 Valour by ev'ry youthful Swiss was priz'd.

Did hostile foes their native fields invade,
 Each hardy peasant was a soldier made ;
 Each cloud-topp'd mountain, and each blooming vale,
 Pour'd forth its heroes, ready to assail.
 Their noble deeds would many a volume swell,
 And many a hero envies William Tell,
 Who for his native mountains often bled,
 Was lov'd when living, is rever'd now dead.

Not only thus their valour was display'd,
 They oft from home in whole battalions stray'd ;
 Surrounding nations well their prowess knew,
 Purchas'd their aid, and still more potent grew.
 Oft did their sons with dauntless fronts advance,
 To fight the battles of ungrateful France :
 Ah ! dire event ! she bought their dearest blood
 Paid them with vices ! and unrivall'd stood,
 In deeds of deadly ill. Their virtues fled ;
 Their long-lov'd fields in ev'ry quarter bled.
 Discord, with fiend-like joy, beheld the day,
 When blood and slaughter mark'd her cursed way ;
 When Desolation, by Napoleon urg'd,
 A misled, unoffending, nation scourg'd.

Thy plains, Germania ! drench'd with human gore—
 Thy thousands slain, thy heroes now no more—
 Thy plunder'd cities, that in ruins lie—
 Thy orphans' tears, the widow's heartfelt sigh—
 Call for revenge ! nor shall they call in vain,
 For great in arms shalt thou appear again.
 But, first, among thy sons seek Heav'n-born Peace ;
 Unite thy kingdoms, let all discords cease.
 Thy jealous feuds the arch apostate views,
 Smiles at thy weakness, and his wiles renews—
 More dreadful than his thund'ring cannons' roar,
 Most dreadful when apparent danger's o'er ;
 Which, like a secret canker in the bud,
 Destroys thy vitals, drinks thy bravest blood.

When the weak limbs against the head complain,
 When one bold limb another would restrain,
 When each would act without the other's aid,
 What wild confusion in the whole is made !
 Soon a sad wreck the ruin'd trunk shall lie,
 Nor claim from Pity e'en a single sigh.

Wake, brave Germania ! e'er it be too late ;
 Rest not supinely in thy humbled state :
 Thy sons no more their brothers' blood must shed,
 By fierce Napoleon and his minions led ;
 Thou must learn wisdom from the evils past,
 Join thy brave armies in a league so fast,
 That all the machinations of the foe
 Henceforth no fatal jealousies shall sow.
 The hungry tigers still with fury growl,
 The dreadful bloodhounds for more carnage howl ;
 Napoleon, like the fox, but stays his rage,
 That more destructive warfare he may wage :
 For arms prepare ! trust not the crocodile,
 Who whines to lure, and d—ns thee with a smile.

Oh, thou fell monster ! dar'st thou to survey
 The scenes that mark thy desolating sway ?
 View the fair cities by thy fiends destroy'd,
 Which long each peaceful blessing had enjoy'd ;
 View towns and villages, to ruin tost,
 Curs'd by thy madness, and for ever lost ;
 Hear groans of anguish from the wounded rise,
 And call down vengeance from the angry skies ;
 Then say what demon can possess thy soul ?
 What child of darkness does thy mind control ?
 Say, if thou dar'st, thou dost not live in dread
 That Jove's loud thunders soon may strike thee dead—
 Avenge the world with one terrific blow,
 And send thee, howling, to the shades below.

Holland, enslav'd, bewails with many a sigh
 Her days of splendour, and of liberty ;

When her proud vessels did in safety sail
 With ev'ry breeze, and sported in the gale,
 Extending commerce to each distant coast—
 Their country's strength, its int'rest, and its boast :
 Fam'd for industry did her merchants roam
 To climes far diff'rent from their native home :
 The distant east, e'en Java's noisome soil,
 Check'd not their ardour, but beheld their toil ;
 The scorching west has seen their painful care,
 Each source of traffic and each gain to share ;
 Where'er was profit, thither would they steer,
 Nor winds, nor seas, nor climates, ever fear.

In battle too she has distinguish'd shone ;
 Her hardy tars with Britons have alone
 Dar'd to contest the empire of the main,
 And many a bloody conflict did maintain.
 Now, sad reverse ! by Poverty oppress'd,
 Their country by a foreigner possess'd,
 Their commerce gone, their wonted spirit droops,
 And to Napoleon's puppet monarch stoops :
 Yet, let them find the Tyrant is no more,
 Or let them hear his dreadful dying roar,
 They'll break their chains, their truest int'rest see,
 Destroy their King, and make their country free !

Mistaken Gallia ! tell me what you gain
 By this vile Corsican's detested reign ?
 What are the joys his conquests can impart,
 To warm the soul, or animate the heart ?
 Surely your breasts with ev'ry blessing glow ;
 You can no sorrow, no distresses, know :
 His arms, to you, must peace and plenty give—
 Ye must most happily and safely live.

Ah ! say, say truly, he your reason blinds,
 That empty sounds of conquest fill your minds ;
 Say for false fame your gallant youths are torn
 Far from their homes, to distant nations borne,

By fierce Barbarians! doom'd to swell the host
 Of licens'd murd'ers! vile Napoleon's boast:
 To wade in blood, each gen'rous tie disown,
 To place some creature on a conquer'd throne;
 For these your children live a tyrant's slaves,
 Or sink, unpitied, to their early graves!

Do ye not sanction these atrocious deeds?
 Yes, 'tis thro' you distracted Europe bleeds:
 You arm'd the viper with his deadly sting;
 You made him Emperor! Italia's King!
 You, who for Freedom did the world defy,
 And nobly fought for sacred Liberty,
 Now meanly stoop to the Usurper's will,
 Bear his oppressions, suffer ev'ry ill:
 Ye are his slaves! his power to advance,
 Ye curse for e'er the name of abject France.
 He is a Conqueror! and that alone
 The want of ev'ry virtue must atone.

Short-sighted man the present only views;
 Fearless of change, a phantom he pursues;
 As if all-wise, he forms the airy plan,
 Presumes each method and each mean to scan;
 Pursues with eagerness the wish'd-for prize,
 Which mocks his grasp, and from him further flies;
 Plunges in guilt, his happiness destroys,
 Each art of deep duplicity employs
 To gain that end, which, should he e'er attain,
 Proves all his labour and his wisdom vain.
 The Power ethereal acts from secret laws,
 The first, the last, the only righteous cause;
 He, whose omniscience does the world survey,
 Will, in his season, his dread pow'r display;
 His arm omnipotent shall peace restore,
 And proud oppressors shall destroy no more.

Britons, be firm! your justly-envied Isle
 May at the frowns of haughty despots smile;

Bless'd by indulgent Heav'n, your sea-girt shore,
 Hears billows dash, the howling tempests roar,
 The thunders break, the piercing lightnings blaze,
 The battle's rage fill Europe with amaze:
 The fate of war whole nations may deform,
 But thou shalt rise superior to the storm.

In vain does France her pygmy boats prepare;
 To face thy bulwarks let them madly dare!
 Not all the force Napoleon e'er can gain
 Shall wrest from thee the empire of the main!
 Oh, glorious race! to thee all nations fly,
 True sons of Honour and of Liberty!
 Thy rocky coasts are sacred to her name,
 Thy tars are arm'd by Freedom's purest flame;
 With them her lucid standard does she rear,
 Which ne'er shall droop, nor threat'ning Danger fear.
 While mad Napoleon of invasion raves,
 Britons shall sing, "Britannia rules the waves."

But, should yon host our gallant tars elude,
 And on our Isle in fierce array intrude,
 Led by their mighty chief, each man will cry,
 "Fly to avenge the world! brave Britons, fly!
 "The Tyrant falls on Britain's happy shore,—
 "Europe is free! shall be enslav'd no more!"

"Launch ev'ry boat;"—I hear the dire command,
 "Loose ev'ry sail, and quit the Gallic land;
 "Britain is ours! her haughty banners furl'd,
 "France with a nod shall rule the frightened world."

Now, Britons, arm! the Conqueror draws nigh,
 Curs'd be the wretch who e'en attempts to fly!
 Your honour, homes, your wives, your children call;
 Conquer or die! be free, or nobly fall!
 Your country ne'er to hostile France did bow,
 She shall not humble to her armies now;
 True to your country, for its rights contend,
 And prove Britannia Europe's firmest friend!

Shadwell, Aug. 7, 1809.

R. B.

TO ROSA.

WHILE yet the vital spark burns bright,
 While youth permits each fond delight,
 And ev'ry pulse beats high,
 Ah! let us, Rosa, seize the hour,
 Nor check the joys within our pow'r,
 For youth will quickly fly.

The blooming cheek, the auburn hair,
 The sparkling eye, the face so fair,
 Alas! must lose their charms;
 For age, with slow, yet certain, pace,
 Steals on, and rifles ev'ry grace,
 Nor yields to mortal arms.

H. S.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF CŒLEBS.

LONG had a false but specious taste prevail'd,
 Thro' which our youths were fatally assail'd;
 The great palladium of the British laws,
 The British press, became th' unconscious cause.

Here all are readers, from the prelate down
 To him who makes the mitred prelate's gown;
 Or from the fair, who glitters at the court,
 To her who toils for ev'ry day's support.
 Hence public libraries in ev'ry street
 Attract our notice, and our wishes meet,
 Where the young virgin, and the servaut wench,
 The 'prentic'd lad, and student for the bench,
 Procure the floating novels of the day,
 Imbibe their principle, and learn their way.
 As these were wrong, so they were wrongly taught,
 And big with mischief was the method fraught:

The writers all were venal, or, at best,
 Morals and manners were their only test ;
 Ev'n they, whose names stood foremost on the roll,
 Wrote for the body, but forgot the soul ;
 None dar'd to take *Religion* for a theme,
 But dipp'd their pens in Error's wand'ring stream.

'Twas left for thee to form the grand design,
 To make a NOVEL speak of truths divine,
 Explain Salvation's great and glorious plan,
 The Christian covenant 'tween God and man ;
 That faith alone is not approv'd above,
 Unless it works by charity and love ;
 And our best works may yet be good for nought,
 Unless in *pure obedience* they are wrought.

These are the truths that gild thy ample page,
 And catch th' attention of a giddy age.
 As doctors oft, to cure their patients' ill,
 Are forc'd to cheat them with a gilded pill ;
 So hast thou us'd a laudable disguise,
 To gain our reading, and to make us wise ;
 To lash our vices, yet conceal the rod,
 And lead our views to goodness and to God.

Thine be the meed of well-deserv'd applause,
 Of self-approval from a righteous cause.
 Oh! then, no longer seek to hide thy name,
 But in the temple of terrestrial Fame
 Let Time enrol it, with the world's acclaim. }

SIMILES NON SEMPER CONVENIUNT.

OLD Roger gets drunk ev'ry day of his life,
 And seldom seen sober is Dorcas his wife ;
 A pair better suited were never by Nature,
 He a drunkard in grain, she a dram-drinking creature :
 Worse wife or worse husband there cannot well be—
 'Tis strange, so alike, they should never agree.

Devonshire.

A. Z.

ENIGMA.

As poetry charms me, I like to intrude
 Where genius and language at once may be view'd;
 And as in reality these may be seen,
 The pages delight me of your Magazine.
 But lest some, on perusing these verses, should say,
 That in flattery only my visits I pay,
 An exordium I'll wave, and likewise dispense
 With all panegyric, and boldly commence.
 First find the young *god* who from *Semele* sprung,
 Whose fame in all ages the toper has sung;
 Next the name of the nymph (I pray do not refuse)
 Whom *Jove* in the form of a bull did abuse;
 The beautiful maiden present to our view,
 Expos'd to a monster whom *Perseus* slew;
 A title of *Juno*, majestic in mien,
 The daughter of *Saturn*, and Heaven's great queen;
 Now *Hercules'* son, who much torment endur'd,
 But by the same arrow was wounded and cur'd;
 The damsel whom *Isis* transform'd to a man,
 And *Ætolia's* king, whom fair *Idas* outran;
 Now lastly relate, and my Muse asks no more,
 The *river* of hell, by which deities swore.

When in one word th' above initials meet,
 Pleased we behold with what this work's replete.

EXTEMPORE,

*On reading the Lines of Philo, in No. V. of the Poet.
 Mag. p. 265.*

Poor S. Y.'s Muse for to defeat,
 What pains did the great *Philo* take;
 His *censure* and his *self-conceit*,
 Nay, almost made *Parnassus* shake.

ALIQUIS.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO PETER PRY, ESQ. AUTHOR OF
 "MARMION TRAVESTIED."

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW your inclination
 To gain the public approbation,
 But doubt your power to succeed,
 Unless we take the will for deed ;
 A thing I'm very loath to do,
 From such a gentleman as you.

Authors in ev'ry age were prone
 To censure writings not their own,
 And this, as far as I can see,
 Will fit the present century ;
Ergo, to prove the matter true,
 From the same cause I censure you.—
 You know this proverb, I dare say,
 " Pull out the beam," and so forth ; eh ?
 But you're a writer much too bold,
 To practise rules so very old ;—
 This well-known maxim you despise,
 By plucking motes from other eyes,
Rememb'ring to forget alone,
 That d——d great beam that's in your own.
 Truth is, I'm griev'd for lack of pence ;
 I bought your book, (Jove help my sense !)
 For which I mean, when time be meet,
 To practise penance in a sheet.

Say ! what the devil urg'd thee on,
 To write burlesques of Marmion ?
 A task for which thou art not fit,
 From total lack of rhyme and wit.
 Take thy production, friend, and look
 Throughout the compass of the book ;

Thy pages ev'rywhere abound,
 With tricks on grammar, sense, and sound :
Such little faults as these are not
 In ev'ry page of Walter Scott ;
 Nor do I mean to say is he
 From various errors wholly free ;
 His many imperfections shew
 That no true poet breathes below ;
 Yet ev'ry stupid scribbling elf
 Thinks he can rival Scott *himself*.

Dar'st thou, unblushing, look upon
 Thy " Travestie of Marmion,"
 And call it reason, verse, or sense,
 To which it can have no pretence ?
 And yet, whenever rhymes appear,
 So bad, they crack both tooth and ear,
 Thou add'st a comment thereupon,—
 " *Just such a rhyme in Marmion !*"
 Whereas, in fact, this smart rebuff
 Is meant as shelter to thy stuff.
 I think that Mrs. C——y's ditty
 Is not intended to be witty,
 Because, in such a case, no doubt,
 Some sort of wit had been found out ;
 But this, however, all may see,
 It does not want obscenity.

Wouldst thou *commend thee* to the Muse,
 Pursue the plan I'd have thee choose ;
 Burn thy production, eat thy pen,
 Nor ever *try* to rhyme again !

FORCEPS.

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

[Concluded from p. 237.]

AUTHOR.—YOUR virtuous system I commend,
 But Vice, I fear, will have its end,
 While such examples, high in life,
 Exist 'twixt modern * man and wife:
 But here we'll leave this moral theme,
 As moral writing few esteem;
 Besides, my tale is not yet o'er,
 Having a trifle still in store,
 Which I'll proceed in to explore. }
 I next paid visit to the play,
 But how unlike a former day,
 When Garrick, Woodward, Yates, and King,
 Were Nature's self—the very thing,
 And, by the powers of their art,
 Could raise a laugh, or wring the heart,
 And so possess the mind and soul,
 As at their will the crowd control.
 But now (I have them in my eye) }
 There are, who give us mimicry,
 And simple Nature they defy;
 And, by strange comic pow'rs of face,
 Oft turn what's serious to grimace.
Let this avoided be with care,
 They're tricks the ignorant ensnare.
 Yet here, in justice, I admit,
 Many there are of actors fit,
 Who do strict justice to the part,
 And touch the feelings of the heart:
 As Kemble, Bannister, and Young,
 All actors of the first renown;
 With Siddons, Jordan, and a few,
 Who act to Life and Nature true.

* Quicquid est boni moris liatate extinguitur.—SENECA.

In Garrick's days were brought to view }
 The traits of Nature Shakspeare drew, }
 Both pleasing and instructive too. }
 But modern Bards with this dispense,
 And give us tinsel for *his* sense ;
 And if they make the gall'ries roar,
 They think their stuff's *of richest ore* ;
 And next turn critics, (modest men !)
 T' applaud what issues from their pen ;
 And boldly hint (with equal ease),
 The oft'ner seen the more they please
 But here I'll stop, lest you, my friend,
 Should think I mean them to commend ;
 Whereas, in truth, I've wish'd before
 That these same wits would write no more ;
 And managers alone give way
 To ev'ry good and well-wrote play,
 Regardless of all int'rest made
 To turn the drama to a trade.
 Let Sheridan and Colman write,
 In whom both taste and wit unite ;
 And leave all sing-song airs and grace,
 To charm us in its proper place ;
 And keep the British stage confin'd }
 To what it was at first design'd, }
 To charm and moralize the mind, }
 And here my little Tale I'll close,
 Leaving all censure to my foes ;
 For such, no doubt, each author makes,
 Who such-like scribbling undertakes.

FRIEND.—And yet, if well I know your heart,
 You think you've topp'd the scribbling art ;
 And all your modesty's a snare,
 In hopes the critic-lash they'll spare :
 But let me tell you, as a friend,
 There are who never do commend ;

For if like * Colman you could write,
 And all his talents could unite,
 Still some there are, call'd Envy's elves,
 Would damn, because they write themselves;
 Who never spare, but cut and hack,
 Till you're laid open to the back.
 But, courage, friend! and boldly tell
 These pioneers you know so well,
 That if they scalp or you or I,
 They on the wheel but break a fly;
 And whether censure or applause
 Attends your little rhyming cause,
 They'll ne'er disturb your rest at night,
 Or check your cacoethes by't;
 For men will write, and some will read,
 Tho' critics flay you till you're dead,

L—b—th—R—d.

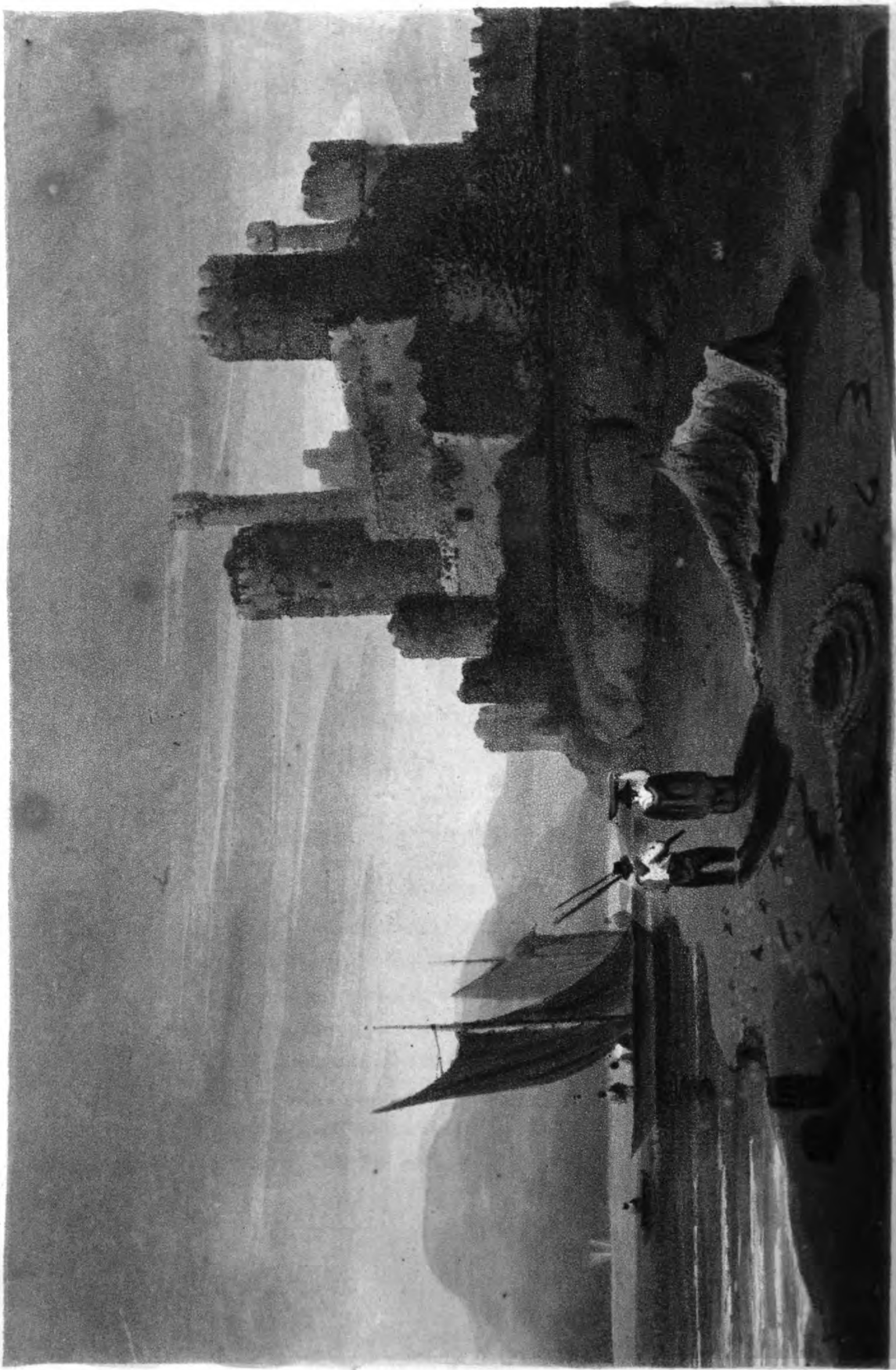
V—.

TO THE CANDID READER.

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.—HOR. Ode 3. Lib. 4.

SHOULD I have pleas'd, as please I may,
 'Tis your good humour makes the play;
 For, let us write whate'er we will,
 If you're not pleas'd, our work goes ill:
 Then let me hope, nor hope in vain,
 You'll here and there excuse—a stain.

* On whom the playful Muses ever smile,
 Smooth flow his lines, and humorous his style.



CONWAY CASTLE,
CARNARVONSHIRE

CONWAY CASTLE.

[With an Engraving.]

"HIGH-BORN Hoel's harp" no more
 Was heard upon the craggy shore;
 Freedom's all-inspiring strain
 No more was wafted to the western main;
 The trembling strings were silent, that could charm
 Cambria's brave sons to meet th' invading foe;
 And mute the voice that call'd to arm
 From the high mountain and the vale below:
 Nor did the tyrant's will afford
 The pow'r to sheath the bloody sword,
 Till his encrimson'd banners wav'd
 O'er vanquish'd valour, and a realm enslav'd.

Conway! then thy tow'rs arose
 'Mid thy bleeding country's woes!
 It was not pride, it was not state,
 That rais'd thee high and made thee great;
 But fell ambition, to control
 Cambria's brave and stubborn soul.
 Within thy walls no sacred Bard appear'd,
 Nor was the harp's loud clangor heard,
 To sing th' heroic deeds of times long past;
 No sacred Bard surviv'd, the last
 Of all the slaughter'd band, to tell
 That in their country's cause they fell;
 To Heav'n's high throne for vengeance cried,
 Then grasp'd their tuneless harps, and died!

But many an age has pass'd away,
 Conway! since thy halls were gay;
 Since, within thy courtly bow'rs,
 Pleasure wak'd the laughing hours;
 But the ling'ring hand of Time
 Still leaves the awful form sublime,

To charm th' exploring eye ;
 While woods bedeck the mountain's side,
 Impending o'er th' impetuous tide,
 In wild variety.

Britain, now with freedom crown'd,
 Leaves these proud turrets to decay ;
 She wants no castle's strength, or high-rais'd mound,
 To check the battle's stern array,
 Secure in his benignant sway,
 Whose sceptred virtues guard the throne,
 Who feels his people's happiness his own ;
 And, when for war she doth prepare,
 Looks in each British heart, and sees a fortress there !

EPITAPH

To the Memory of Mr. JOSEPH NOEL, an Artist of the most distinguished Abilities, who died in the 25th Year of his Age.

COULD soundest judgment, tho' in manhood's prime—
 Could Truth or Merit ward the stroke of Time—
 Could Genius, Science, Worth, or Virtue save—
 Thou hadst not tenanted this dreary grave !
 How great thy loss too evident appears
 In thy fond parents' sighs, thy widow's tears ;
 In the affliction of each tender friend,
 Who to this sacred spot their footsteps bend,
 Where, tho' no titles deck the modest stone,
 No blazon'd arms, no trophied pomps, are shown,
 It yet records a greater, nobler, fame—
 Unblemish'd honour and a spotless name !

G. C. M.

LINES
ADDRESSED TO MARY.

MARY, farewell ! it must be so !
 The mandate from high Heaven proceeds ;
 Yet can I help this bitter throe,
 When thus my ravag'd bosom bleeds ?
 Long have I lean'd on Hope and thee,
 Entwin'd my wishes round thy form ;
 Now, like the woodbine from the tree,
 Bend, rudely rent by Fortune's storm.
 Rave on, ye winds ! up-tear the wood,
 And crush me with some rock's descent ;
 But may the closing oaks defend
 The tender stem from which I'm rent !
 Still may the summer-breeze refresh,
 And genial Sun upon it smile ;
 And sooth its morn, and deck its eve,
 Transplanted to a better soil.
 And do we part to meet no more ?
 And shall our stems no more entwine ?
 Ah ! must I, on a distant shore,
 Complain that Mary is not mine ?
 Then unenjoy'd will Summer shine,
 Unheeded too the Winter rave ;
 On Bogie's banks I still must pine
 Or muse upon the cruel wave.

DEVERONNIS.

TO AN ENVIOUS AND CHURLISH CRITIC.

SUPPOSE it true my verse is bad,
 And here and there a faulty line ;
 They still are surely not so sad,
 As to improve, kind Sir, by thine.

L—th—R—d.

V—

LINES

On some very high Rocks or Scars, concerning which there is a Prophecy that they shall be the last Refuge of the British, in case of Invasion.

How steep are yon scars ! how tremendous their height !
 How gloomy and sad are the mountains around !
 Aloft, thro' the mist, shrieks the bird of the night,
 While it fluttering sails o'er the dazzling profound.

Why mourn'st thou, thou dark-plumed bird of the rock,
 Thy high airy nest independent and free ?
 Not nations that meet in the fierce-striving shock
 Can boast that proud freedom which centres in thee.

How rudely uprear'd are the rocks around spreading !
 How lonely the cataracts awfully sound !
 The wild bounding sheep here are fearfully feeding
 'Midst the ruins of Time, which envelop the ground.

'Twas here that the Prophetess boldly bespoke
 That the last shatter'd remnant of happier lands,
 Indignantly spurning the harsh foreign yoke,
 Should burst from thy scars on the slaughtering bands.

'Tis here that young Hope, still contemptuously scorning
 The shackles which Idleness forms for the brave,
 As the gray rising sun that bright beams in the morning,
 Still light from Misfortune, and fresh from its grave.

From Luxury's lap, where, detain'd by soft pleasures,
 Relax'd are the sinews and strength of the soul,
 Where, reeling around with the mirth-varying measures,
 The passions impetuously break thro' control.

But brac'd by such glooms is the heart's warm emotion,
 The strong heartfelt fire to glory attain,
 Conspicuous to blaze in the battle's commotion,
 To shine in the senate, or sweep o'er the main.

MARCUS.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.—EP. 84.

Εἰ με φιλεῖντα φιλεῖς, διττὴ καρὶς, εἰ δὲ με μισεῖς,
 Οὐ τοσσόν μισεῖς, ὅσσόν ἐγὼ σε φίλω.

IF you love me as I love you,
 To kiss is all we have to do ;
 But should your love, my dainty Kate,
 On sudden change, and turn to hate,
 I swear by Love, and swear it true,
 You cannot *hate* as I *love* you.

L—th—R—d.

V—.

EPIGRAM.—FROM MARTIAL.

BY THE SAME.

I KEEP, you say, a house so poor,
 It makes you often pass my door ;
 But let not this your mind torment,
 For, to be plain, I'm quite content.

SOCRATES AND HIS COT.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN Socrates was building him a cot,
 In some retired and adjoining spot,
 His neighbours wonder'd, and would oft dispute
 How such a cot so great a man could suit :
 To which the sage philosopher replied,
 I've known the world, and all its *friendship* tried ;
 And, small as this same spot and cottage seem,
 'Twill hold the friends I value and esteem,

THE PRIMROSE.

SWEET modest flow'ret, that beneath the thorn
 Unfold'st thy beauties in the lonely dell,
 I meet thy fragrance in the breeze of morn,
 In wilds where Solitude and Silence dwell.
 How like the rustic poet's lot is thine,
 Whom Nature taught the simple song to raise;
 Doom'd in oblivion's darkest shades to pine,
 He chaunts, but seldom gains the meed of praise!
 So in some pathless desert thou art known
 To shed thy sweet perfume, and fade unknown.

P I E.

LINES

On the Question being proposed at one of the Debating Societies,
 "Whether Woman has a Soul?"

WHEN you, Sir, thus yourself express'd,
 "Is woman of a soul possess'd?"
 There was no doubt with me;
 I felt that, if no souls were giv'n
 To women,—there were none in Heav'n;
 And then—*no Heaven* for me.

X. Y.

THE CONTENTED MAN.

ALTHO' for Wealth I never ask,
 Contented in my sphere,
 Yet, Poverty, be this thy task,
 Ne'er set your footing here;
 For there's in both so much amiss,
 I neither wish for that or this.

L—th—R—d.

V—.

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
Poetical Magazine,

COMPLETING VOL. I.
FROM MAY TO OCTOBER, 1809.

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

ODE.

YE pow'rs of Poesy and Song!
To you belong
To rouse to active deeds, or sooth to rest
Each passion of the human breast.
Thro' all th' extended range of time,
When Jubal struck the sounding shell,
Or fabling Greece was fond to tell
That on Parnassus' mount the Sisters nine
Breath'd their symphonies divine—
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
'Mid Lapland snows, or where the spicy gale
Of ever-blooming Summer scents the vale,
Your wondrous pow'r doth mortal man obey,
And own your universal sway.

It is an heav'nly voice that sings!
Some hand immortal sweeps the strings!
To Jesse's lyre the magic notes belong:—
He sings,—and, lo! the potent song

Makes Israel's King affrighted stand,
 The jav'lin trembles in his nerveless hand ;
 And Vengeance, weaken'd by the melting strain,
 Strives to strike,—but strives in vain !
 Each raging passion in the Monarch's breast
 Yields to the dulcet sounds, and sinks to rest.

Again he listens to the lyre—
 The yielding tyrants of the heart
 Spread their black wings, and quick depart ;
 While the pleasing notes inspire
 A purer flame, a gentler fire.

But hark ! I hear a loud tumultuous strain
 Rise on the breezes of the troubled main !
 From Mona's heights the Druid throng
 Sing to their harps the dying song
 Of Liberty !—The awful sounds inspire
 Their hallow'd bosoms with impetuous fire :
 Enrag'd, they hurry to the war,
 Where grim Death threatens in his scythed car.
 Their madd'ning fury scorns to fear
 Th' uplifted sword, the hissing spear ;
 The grisly warriors they defy—
 They liv'd for freedom, and for freedom die ;
 They strike their harps in death,—the solemn sound
 Spreads havoc and confusion round :
 Beside those harps their mangled forms remain,
 To glut the vulture and pollute the plain.

Why, gentle shepherd, on the mountain's brow,
 With dang'rous footsteps dost thou love to go ?
 Careless where thy flocks shall stray,
 Why dost thou sometimes take the dubious way,
 Within the thorny tanglings of the wood,
 Or where the willow weeps beside the flood ?
 Has Amaryllis' voice thy bosom charm'd,
 And all thy tender feelings warm'd
 With anxious love and soft desire ?
 Return, thou pensive swain, the am'rous fire !

Oh! make the reed declare thy flame,
 And teach the Echos Amaryllis' name;
 Thy notes shall steal into her breast,
 And with their soft'ning pow'r control
 The secret wishes of her soul;
 Oh! let her hear thy tender strain,
 Lur'd by the sound, she soon will quit the plain;
 She soon, like thee, devoid of rest,
 Will stray amidst the tanglings of the wood,
 Or with the willow weep beside the flood;
 Thy warblings sweet will her fond passion move,
 And charm her alter'd heart to thee and Love.

Oh! turn not thine attentive ear
 To those sweet sounds, thou lovely boy!
 Those magic sounds 'tis death to hear,
 They only charm thee to destroy!
 'Tis Circe sings, to tempt thee to her bow'r—
 There she has scatter'd ev'ry fragrant flow'r;
 But 'midst those flow'rs the pois'nous adders lie,
 And her enchanting pow'rs but lead to Infamy.
 Oh! turn thine eyes to where yon circling train
 Enjoy the pleasures of the plain!
 Go join the dance,—go join the song,—
 With them the festive hours prolong,
 In harmless sports, and merry glee,
 To sound of rural minstrelsy:
 Their pleasures Virtue doth attend,
 For Pleasure there is Virtue's friend.

The passions rise,—again, they die
 By the power of Harmony:—
 The soft lute soothes the lover's pains;
 The trumpet sounds in martial strains—
 And lo! the vet'ran, mark'd with many a scar,
 Hastes impatient to the war:
 While to the sacred choir 'tis given
 To raise th' enraptur'd soul to Heaven!

ODE TO UNCERTAINTY;

WRITTEN DURING A SUSPENDED NEGOTIATION.

WHILE thro' the air fast fly the driving clouds,
 And veil by fits the swift declining sun ;
 Then, when the raven has his flight begun
 To the dark wood, that with deep gloom enshrouds
 The distant hill—

When the bat begins his flight,
 And seeks his prey in eve's despite ;
 When the owl, with solemn hoot,
 Mocks the lover's lonely flute
 By yonder rill—

When the beetle wings his way,
 Joyous, at the close of day ;
 When from yon roof, with moss o'ergrown,
 (Whence wanders wide the fearful clown,)
 Loud the pealing organ pours
 On the neighbour-river's shores
 The vesper hymn—I bend the knee
 To thee, dull pow'r—UNCERTAINTY.

'Tis thou, who, o'er th' enraptur'd lover's kiss,
 Throw'st the suspicious damp that poisons bliss ;
 The youthful warrior's promis'd glory shrinks,
 When at thy chilling fount he fated drinks ;
 His laurels fade—

The love-lorn shepherd, curs'd by thee,
 No longer seeks the fav'rite tree,
 Where the fond sculpture mark'd his flame ;
 He trembles at a rival's name,

 And seeks the shade—
 Thou bid'st the merchant start with fears,
 When the rattling storm he hears ;
 Thy pow'r unnerves the bravest tar,
 Who dauntless met the bolts of war ;

The greatest Monarch 'midst his state
 Shrinks at thy touch, and doubts his fate—
 Then from thy influence set me free,
 I'll bend to thee—UNCERTAINTY.

Would the dread Lord who rules this tearful world,
 Who oft has cross'd me in my joyful hour,
 Who on my bliss UNCERTAINTY has hurl'd,
 And made me, trembling, own his holy pow'r,
 Oppress'd to earth—

Who, when I've thought to clasp an ardent friend,
 Has chill'd me with a hated foe's embrace;
 One who has bade me all my cares unbend,
 Then stabb'd my hopes beneath a smiling face,
 And seeming mirth—

Presumptuous fool! recall the pray'r;
 Man's joy must be commix'd with care;
 And happiest he, who, in life's feast,
 Tastes of UNCERTAINTY the least.
 Then, 'midst the scenes decreed by Fate,
 Which on my chequer'd being wait,
 My doubts be few, and still to thee
 I'll bend the knee—UNCERTAINTY.

Lyceum Theatre.

T. MARSHALL.

THE BIRCH.

Tho' the oak be the prince and the pride of the grove,
 An emblem of power, and the fav'rite of Jove;
 Tho' Phœbus with laurel his temples has bound,
 And with chaplets of poplar Alcides is crown'd;
 Tho' Pallas the olive has grac'd with her choice,
 And old Mother Cybel in pines may rejoice;
 Tho' Bacchus delights in the ivy and vine,
 And Venus her garlands with myrtle entwine;

Yet the Muses declare, after diligent search,
 No tree can be found to compare with the *Birch*.
 The Birch, they aver, is the true *tree of knowledge*,
 Rever'd by each *school*, and remember'd at college.
 Tho' Virgil's fam'd tree might produce, as its fruit,
 A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims for each shoot,
 Yet the *Birch*, on each bough, on the top of each switch,
 Bears the essence of grammar—the *eight parts of speech* !
 'Mongst the leaves are conceal'd more than Mem'ry can
 mention,

All cases, all genders, all forms of declension.
Nine branches, when cropped by the hands of the *Nine*,
 And duly arranged in a parallel line,
 Tied up in *nine* folds of a mystical string,
 Then soak'd for *nine* days in cold Helicon's spring,
 A sceptre composed for a pedagogue's hand,
 Like the fasces of Rome, a true badge of command.
 The sceptre thus finish'd, like Moses's rod,
 From flints can draw tears, and give life to a clod.
 Should darkness Egyptian, or ignorance, spread
 Their clouds o'er the mind, or envelop the head,
 This rod thrice apply'd puts the darkness to flight,
 Disperses the clouds and restores us to light ;
 Like the *virga divina*, 'twill find out the vein
 Where lurks the rich metal, the gold of the brain,
 Should Genius a captive by sloth be confin'd,
 Or the witchcraft of Pleasure prevail o'er the mind,
 This magical wand but apply with a stroke,
 The spell is dissolv'd, the enchantment is broke !
 Like Hermes's rod, these switches inspire
 Rhetorical thunder and Poetry's fire ;
 And if Morpheus our temples in Lethe should steep,
 These switches untie all the fetters of Sleep.
 Here dwells strong Conviction, of Logic the glory,
 When 'tis used with precision, *à posteriori*.

I've known a short lecture most strongly prevail,
When duly apply'd to the head through the tail ;
Like th' electrical shock in an instant 'tis spread,
And flies with a jerk from the tail to the head,
Promotes circulation and thrills thro' each vein,
The faculties quickens and purges the brain.
By sympathy thus, and consents of the parts,
We're taught, *fundamentally*, classics and arts ;
The *Birch*, *à priori*, apply'd to the palm,
Will settle disputes or a passion becalm ;
Whatever disorders prevail in the blood,
The Birch can correct them like guaiacum-wood ;
As the fam'd rod of Circe to brutes could turn men,
So the twigs of the Birch can unbrute them again ;
Like the rod of the Sibyl, that branch of pure gold,
The twigs can the gates of Elysium unfold ;
That *Elysium* of learning, where pleasures abound,
These sweets that still flourish on classical ground.
Prometheus's rod, which, mythologists say,
Fetch'd fire from the sun, to give life to the clay,
Was a rod well apply'd, his new man to inspire
With taste for the arts, and their genius to fire :
This bundle of rods may suggest this reflection,
That the arts with each other maintain a connexion.
Another good moral this bundle of switches
Points out to our notice, and silently teaches ;
For, as twigs well united can scarcely be broken,
Of peace and *good neighbourhood* these are a token.
Then, if such are its virtues, we'll bow to the tree,
And Birch, like the Muses, immortal shall be.

TO AMELIA.

SOME say you're fair ; I think so too ;
 Have many charms, and eyes divine ;
 And yet, Amelia, 'tis too true,
 To love you, truly, is not mine :

For, such your vanity and whim,
 You lend each idle fop your ear,
 And care alike for all with him
 Who does but hand you to your chair.

Then learn from me (nor take it ill),
 Ere beauty in its blossom dies,
 Our sex are govern'd at your will,
 But *female rangers* we despise.

V—.

FRENCH EPIGRAM.

A YOUNG STUDENT AT COLLEGE WROTE ON THE TOP OF
 HIS LATIN EXERCISE THE FOLLOWING DISTICH :—

C'est a elle je donne mon cœur,
 Qui fait ma *joie*, et *mon bonheur*.

WHICH HIS MASTER ANSWERED THUS :—

Quoi ! tant de joie pour votre Belle,
 L'amour n'est plus q'une bagatelle ;
 Mais si vous etes si amoureux
 De chercher tant un soin heureux ;
 Choisissez donc en diligence,
Minerve la Belle de la science.

IMPROMPTU,

ON OBSERVING SOME PERSONS LAUGH AT A CRIPPLE.

OH ! why thus laugh with seeming scorn,
 And view yon cripple with disdain ?
 Know, to misfortune all are born,
 And all susceptible of pain.

The roseate cheek, the sparkling eye,
 External beauty may impart ;
 But in the breast of sable die
 We often find the purest heart.

The potter forms his work of clay,
 And fire and salt complete the pan ;
 Thus Nature only stamps the form,
 But *manners always make the man.*

RUSTICUS.

RHAPSODY.

As thro' the grove I took my careless way,
 Along the skies a vivid meteor flew ;
 With horror struck, the Moon declin'd her ray,
 The stars grew faint, and from the scene withdrew !
 As back I hurried thro' the gloomy wood,
 With magic sounds each hollow cavern rung ;
 Amaz'd, in thoughtful attitude I stood,
 While thus some spirit exquisitely sung :—

“ Her tuneful tongue, in silence clos'd,
 “ No more shall glow with numbers sweet ;
 “ Upon yon bank she oft repos'd,
 “ When Ev'ning view'd the sun retreat :
 “ There oft I saw her musing wild—
 “ Sweet Fancy's unassuming child !

" For well she knew the harp to string,
 " And to its tones sublimely sing:—
 " There oft I've seen her, wrapp'd in thought,
 " Fast in the arms of Genius caught;
 " Or down the sweetly rippling stream,
 " Deep-musing o'er the Poet's theme;
 " Or where yon weeping willows mourn
 " Around immortal Shakspeare's urn.
 " But, ah! no more shall I behold
 " Those eyes serene, with pity flowing;
 " Nor hear at eve her harp unfold
 " Its music nervous, wild, and glowing.
 " On yonder rock's terrific height,
 " That mocks the circumambient sky,
 " Amid the sulph'rous glooms of night
 " She watch'd the red-wing'd meteors fly!
 " Hence, much, I ween, she lov'd to dwell
 " Remote from all unholy cares;
 " And with her deep sonorous shell,
 " To wrest a soul from lowest hell,
 " Or lure an angel from the spheres*!
 " One night I saw her, when the clouds
 " Ingulf'd the moon's ethereal ray,
 " Toss'd on a bark's precarious shrouds,
 " Of whirlwinds and of waves the prey!
 " But, ah! no more shall I behold
 " Those eyes serene, with pity flowing;
 " Nor hear at eve her lyre unfold
 " Its music nervous, wild, and glowing."

Charm'd with the strain the spirit sung,
 My soul resign'd it's former dread;
 The lamp of Heav'n suspended hung,
 And, as the stars their lustre flung,
 I saw the fav'rite's lowly bed.

* "She drew an angel down."

It stood beside as pure a stream
 As Genius ever lov'd to view—
 As ever nurs'd a Poet's dream,
 Or bland Imagination drew :
 Th' inscription-stone these words supplies—
 " Here, stranger ! plaintive Seward lies !"

Grafton-Street, 1809.

J. G.

APOSTROPHE TO " BEECH-GROVE,"

A BEAUTIFUL SPOT, SITUATED NEAR BURFORD, IN
 OXFORDSHIRE.

AH ! peaceful spot ! where Nature's loveliest bloom
 In rich luxuriance spreads a thousand charms,
 Tho' long a stranger to thy woodland gloom,
 The fond impression still my bosom warms :—
 Tho' torn for ever from thy walks so green,
 Thy paths entangled and thy rural bow'rs,
 Yet Mem'ry still retains the distant scene,
 And forms the solace of my pensive hours.
 The wild Elysium of thy woodbine shade
 First taught my tongue to lisp the measur'd line ;
 The hallow'd thickets of thy silent glade
 First saw me bending at the Muses' shrine.
 How oft, while stretch'd upon thy leafy ground,
 Each anxious trouble lull'd to sweetest rest,
 Burst on the gale that gently sported round
 The warm effusions of my raptur'd breast ?
 Oh, bless'd retreat ! where, pensive and alone,
 So oft I've watch'd the close of parting day,
 How oft I've listen'd, while, in mellow tone,
 The blackbird warbled from the distant spray !

How have I caught, with exquisite delight,
 The varied sounds that struck my ravish'd ears ;
 And o'er the landscape, fainting on the sight,
 Cast a wide glance, and melted into tears !

Oh ! I have stray'd amid thy lofty trees,
 And paus'd in ecstasy, devoid of speech ;
 While o'er my head the gentle ev'ning breeze
 Died in soft murmurs on the nodding beech.

Such was my lot in childhood's happier days,
 Ere my young bosom felt Affliction's storm,
 Ere Absence snatch'd the prospect from my gaze,
 And cank'ring Sorrow rear'd her meagre form.

But, doom'd, sweet spot ! thy rural charms to fly,
 Far from thy shades, from all thy pleasures, torn,
 I cherish Mem'ry with a pensive sigh,
 And trace them but to weep—remember but to mourn.

OSCAR W. COVE.

ASPERN.

SANGUINE and dubious was the fight,
 Its sullen issue lost in night ;
 None could yet boast the victor's right,
 Nor feel the vanquish'd shame.
 On Danube's banks exhausted stood
 The sev'ral armies, while the flood,
 Strew'd with wild ruin, red with blood,
 And clogg'd with corpses, came !
 But diff'rent thoughts each host possest—
 It rais'd the pride of Austria's crest,
 And Gallia's eagle-wings deprest,
 That day of doubtful fame.

New feelings throb at Europe's heart ;
 Balanc'd, for once, the armies part,
 And France's force, her leader's art,
 For once are tried in vain.
 And (thus fond Expectation dreams)
 His fated star declining seems,
 His fortune's full and flowing streams
 Begin to ebb again.
 What tho' he rule unnumber'd hosts,
 What tho' he drain an hundred coasts,
 Tho' conquest in his grasp he boasts,
 Yet Heav'n may break the chain.
 Woe to the world ! that dreadful chain
 Will not be broken ! Aspern's plain,
 Still red, still loaded with the slain,
 Shall be his triumph-seat !
 The night glooms round, the waters rise,
 Earth shakes, the howling tempest flies—
 Scar'd by the omens of the skies,
 The sentinels retreat !
 Now is the Tyrant's hour to arm—
 He rides the waves, subdues the storm,
 Plans the vast battle into form,
 And Austria's at his feet.
 What pow'r, what valour, now shall keep
 Foul Slavery's cup from Europe's lip,
 And from her flesh the torturing whip,
 And from her limbs the gyves ?
 Oh ! none but Britain, Ocean's queen !
 She, angel-like, from seat serene,
 Descends upon the stormy scene,
 Where suff'ring Virtue strives—
 Descends to aid, protect, inspire,
 To brave and foil the Oppressor's ire,
 And warn mankind that Freedom's fire,
 While she exists, survives !

W. S.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH.

YE lovely scenes, where, warm in youth,
 Thro' Fancy's paths, to radiant Truth
 I hail'd the flow'ry way ;
 Where once the star of Genius shed
 Around her Shakspeare's laurell'd head
 The beams of heav'nly day ;
 Still, on thy banks' poetic stream,
 Methinks, in Rapture's brightest beam,
 I see his eyeballs roll !
 Beyond Creation's narrow bound,
 High soars, by hands celestial crown'd,
 His Heav'n-directed soul.
 On yonder hill I see thy state !
 The sons of song around thee wait,
 To catch the honied strain.
 Ye scenes of glory ! worlds of light !
 Spare, oh ! spare, my aching sight,
 Nor fire my madd'ning brain !
 To humbler themes my harp is strung ;
 To humbler themes my feeble tongue
 Shall wake the rural note :
 The shepherd's simple reed is mine ;
 To thee, unenvy'd, I resign
 The trumpet's brazen throat.
 Still, ling'ring on thy native plain,
 Where Nature, Genius, Virtue, reign,
 To bright-ey'd Fancy true,
 I gaze on scenes where joys are past,
 Whose mem'ry shall for ever last,
 And kindle at the view.
 A thousand airy forms appear—
 Thy phantom, Hope, thy shadow, Fear,

That now disturb no more :
 Again I feel the sudden joy,
 Again from Pity's glist'ning eye
 The streams of sorrow pour.

Say, Mem'ry ! say, shall Friendship glow
 With equal warmth amid the flow
 Of Life's tumultuous tide ?
 When furies ride the angry storm,
 Shall Friendship shew her angel-form,
 My shatter'd bark to guide ?

Yes, Mem'ry ! yes ; while Nature bears
 The storms of Fate, the flood of years,
 That flame shall warm my heart ;
 And, till the lamp of life expires,
 The name that this fond bosom fires
 Shall never thence depart.

A. RUGBEAN.

 SONNET.

WHY do I roam these silent bow'rs among,
 When all seems hush'd in darkness, and in sleep,
 List'ning attentive to the night-bird's song,
 That even now thrills exquisitely deep ?

Why here, at eve, from Dissipation's throng,
 When the far moon adorns the cloudless sky,
 Do I my visit anxiously prolong,
 Profoundly musing on eternity ?

Because 'twas here, at ev'ning's holy hour,
 What time the wild bee hies him swiftly home,
 My pensive soul felt Inspiration's pow'r,
 And sweet Ophelia on my arm would roam :—

'Twas here we rov'd, enamour'd of the scene,
 Far from the eyes of Jealousy and Spleen.

J. G.

ADDRESS OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND,
ON THE EVE OF A BATTLE.

HARK ! the trumpet calls to battle,
Calls my Edward to the fight ;
Hark ! the signal-cannons rattle—
Nature shudders at the sight.

Oh, my Edward ! must thou leave me ?
Must thou seek a foreign shore ?
Will these arms no more receive thee ?
Will they never clasp thee more ?

Oh ! how fearful is the story !
Oh ! how quickly fall the brave !
Oh ! how sad the thirst for glory,—
How insatiable the grave !

Think, my Edward ! how alarming,
Think how dire the scream of death !
See, Revenge itself disarming,
Sadly flows the parting breath !

See the slaughter'd ghosts, arising,
Ask for vengeance from the skies !
Wild their looks, and agonizing—
Pale their cheeks, and sunk their eyes !

See, the demon Desolation
Hovers o'er the fallen dead !
Soft and sad, in lamentation,
Pity hides her gentle head !

Loudly sounds the pealing thunder,
Swiftly fly the balls of death !
See those limbs all torn asunder—
Feel, oh ! feel, the parting breath !

Heard you not the pris'ners, kneeling,
Ask for mercy,—but in vain ?
Oh ! how dreadful is the feeling !
Oh ! how exquisite the pain !

Edward! Edward! think and tremble,
 Think upon the soldier's state;
 Lest thine own perhaps resemble
 Their severe, tho' glorious, fate.

Think no more on martial story,
 Let not war my Edward move;
 Quit, oh! quit the plains of glory—
 Yield the victory to Love.

S. R. A.

THE FOOT-BALL MATCH.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their *homely joys*, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

WHILE George, illustrious, rules our happy land,
 Dispensing Justice with benignant hand;
 While smiling Health trips cheerly o'er the fields,
 And the rich soil a gen'rous harvest yields;
 Be mine the task, in rude untutor'd strains,
 To sing the pleasures of the village-swains;
 In jarring verse those heartfelt joys to shew,
 Which oft I've felt, and rustics only know,
 When the round foot-ball seeks the welcome goal,
 And ardour burns in each determin'd soul.

In Hunts' fair county is a village shewn,
 That Agriculture fondly calls her own,
 Where ev'ry morn invites to daily toil,
 And ev'ry eve athletic sports beguile:
 There liv'd, unknown to Folly's wanton throng,
Henry, the hero of my humble song.

When active swains contended on the green,
 What youth so strong, so finely form'd, was seen?

His manly features, richly ting'd with health,
 Confus'd the pallid cheek of lordly wealth;
 While his superior skill in ev'ry play
 Obtain'd the highest honours of the day.
 'Twas his to throw the bowl, to pitch the quoit,
 And bid the foot-ball tire the aching sight;
 To dance or wrestle on the verdant mead,
 To guide the ploughshare, and the team to feed.
 Nor will his wond'rous leap be e'er forgot,
 Nor how the children gamboll'd o'er the spot;
 Full twenty feet he cover'd at a bound,
 And bore the hat, triumphant, off the ground:—
 In short, his cot was fill'd with prizes won,
 And ev'ry father wish'd for such a son.

Thus, lov'd by all, he liv'd in much renown,
 When *Tom the Tinker* journey'd to the town.
 Oft had young *Henry* heard that champion's fame,
 Yet knew the dusky hero but by name;
 While *Tom*, no stranger to his praises too,
 Resolv'd to learn, *incog.* if all were true.

Not long the gallant *Tinker* lay conceal'd,
 For ev'ry eve our hero's might reveal'd;
 Frankly then *Tom* his rival's pow'rs confest,
 And emulation fir'd his swelling breast;
 He sought his comrades, told them such a tale,
 When o'er their cups, and warm'd with gen'rous ale,
 That ev'ry honest youth indignant swore
Henry's fair fame should soon be heard no more.
Ralpho propos'd a challenge should be wrote,
 And *Edward* offer'd to convey the note;
 But here stern Learning cross'd the bold design,
 For not a soul could write a single line.

Amazement reign'd—each hero wip'd his face,
 Laid down his pipe—and ponder'd o'er the case;

Dull Disappointment hover'd round the room,
 And cast on ev'ry face a dismal gloom ;
 Envy, awhile, the rustic heart possest,
 And Discord, doubting, mingled with the rest.

Thus, torn by various passions, all the throng
 Their ale neglected, and forgot their song ;
 At length, my friends, the gallant *Tinker* cried,
 This sad deficiency may be supplied ;
 Be our's to make old Goodman Dobbs a friend,
 He'll write, for sixpence, all we wish to send.—
 Huzza ! they cry'd, and Discord sneak'd away,
 Envy retir'd—and ev'ry face was gay.

Just as they spoke, old Dobbs came stalking in,
 Stiff as a poker, and almost as thin ;
 His solemn gait and frozen face bespoke
 The small regard he bore for mirth or joke ;
 A settled sneer, that curl'd his snubby nose,
 Express'd contempt alike for friends and foes :
 While his sharp eye (for one, alas ! was gone)
 Disdain'd to notice merit—not his own.
 His was the art to sing—without a tune,
 Or pump hoarse thunder from the harsh bassoon ;
 Self-taught, he play'd the choicest airs—by rote,
 And scorn'd the trifling nonsense of a note ;
 He also toll'd the bell, and bore the spade,
 And many an artful task perform'd—if paid ;
 For well the ways of worldly men he knew,
 And never gave advice, and credit too.

This truth his present conduct clearly prov'd ;
 At first he heard their little tale unmov'd ;
 Said he'd consider, hemm'd, and turn'd his wig,
 And paus'd awhile—and look'd amazing big.
 Tom took the hint, and, as their rhet'ric fail'd,
 Produc'd the shining tester—and prevail'd,

These facts premis'd—'twill now suffice to say, }
 The chiefs of either party fix'd the day, }
 And ev'ry youth was eager for the play. }

At length the swains assemble on the place,
 Health's rosy glow on ev'ry honest face ;
 The ground is mark'd, the diff'rent goals prepar'd,
 The purpose of their meeting next declar'd ;
 All thoughts of enmity these youths disclaim,
 And nobly strive for conquest and for fame,

Say then, my Muse, who first the game began ?
 'Twas honest *Simon*—John the cobbler's man ;
 A hand-kick sent the harden'd globe on high,
 The tim'rous pigeon scarce so swift can fly ;
 Each rustic's eyes, observant, mark'd its fall,
 And *Hal the Butcher* met the welcome ball,
 Which, by his sturdy foot impell'd along,
 Sought, with rapidity, the eager throng,
 When *Ralpho's* lofty forehead stopp'd its force,
 And by the contact chang'd its furious course :
 He rubb'd the place, and, smiling at the pain,
 Resum'd his wonted hardiness again.

Now dire Contention madden'd o'er the ground,
 And artful *Bob* was slyly circling round ;
 For oft that youth by nicer skill prevail'd,
 When those with far superior strength had fail'd ;
 But here, alas ! his deep designs were cross'd,
 And half the lustre of his laurels lost ;
 The *Blacksmith* saw, pursu'd the heedless swain,
 And threw him headlong on the verdant plain.

The conqu'ring *Smith's* success was quickly seen,
 And gain'd the hearty plaudits of the green ;
 When *Ralph*, in Friendship's ties excell'd by none,
 Revengeful grappled Vulcan's brawny son ;

And, ah ! the *Blacksmith's* arm avails no more,
 He falls where luckless *Robert* fell before ;
 And furious, rising, blam'd the slippery place
 While shame and anger flush'd his manly face.

The solid orb with double swiftness flies,
 And noisy shouts and laughter rend the skies ;
 Each side, by turns, some small advantage gains,
 And pleasing hope in ev'ry bosom reigns.

Meantime, a youth, excell'd perhaps by few,
 To face the gallant *Henry* nearer drew ;
 With haughty looks the adverse rustics meet—
 How flash their eyes, how clash their sturdy feet !
Henry, impetuous, kick'd the ball away,
 And *Edward* on the ground extended lay ;
 While *Simon*, hast'ning to his comrade's aid,
 By *Hal the Butcher* on the turf was laid.

Here *Ralph* encounters *William*, on the plain,
 So chance contrives, or so the Fates ordain ;
 Their gen'rous breasts with manly ardour beat,
 But *William* quickly laid him at his feet,
 Then flew with eager haste to seize the ball,
 And, laughing, bade defiance to them all ;
 When *Tom*, who saw with grief the recent fray,
 And found his gallant friend had lost the day,
 Chagrin'd to hear the braggart's noisy mirth,
 Advanc'd with speed, and dash'd him on the earth—
 And there, while senseless with the fall he lay,
 The *Tinker* bore the stiffen'd globe away ;
 Onward he rush'd, and all was nearly lost,
 When frowning Fate the hardy chieftian cross'd ;
 At that nice moment, *Dusty Dick* was seen
 To grasp the swarthy hero of the green :
 Careless the *Tinker* seiz'd his youthful foe,
 And scornful cry'd " Such children ought to know"—
 But here the active miller laid him low. }

His ample shoulders press'd the beaten ground,
 And peals of heartfelt mirth were heard around.
 He rose indignant, rais'd his voice aloud,
 And soon derang'd the laughter of the crowd ;
 Furious he leap'd amidst the merry throng,
 And many a rustic on the verdure flung :—
 So sweeps the rapid torrent o'er the plain,
 And little ramparts lift their heads in vain.

Now as the dusky chief came thund'ring on,
 And his vain partners thought the vict'ry won,
Henry, intrepid, sprang before them all,
 Stopp'd his career, and kick'd aloft the ball :
 Th' affrighted ball with ten-fold fury flew,
 And where it fell the rustics never knew.

Abruptly thus the hardy contest ends,
 And ev'ry swain shook hands, and parted friends.

SONNET.

HUSH, Zephyr ! hush ; methinks some magic sound,
 Sublimely awful, penetrates the gloom
 Where yonder willows spread their branches round
 The lov'd Ophelia's solitary tomb !
 Again it rises on the feverish gale,
 But still imperfect on mine ear it seems ;
 Sure 'tis some spirit mourning in the vale,
 Scar'd at the lightning's melancholy gleams.
 Behold, where, sweeping the ethereal shell,
 Yon spirit stalks majestically slow !
 'Tis she, the maid my genius lov'd so well,
 Burst from the dreary solitude below—
 Fondly retracing where so oft, at night,
 Those walks we roam'd, beneath the moon's pale light !

J. G.

TO MATILDA IN TEARS.

SAY why those eyes of liquid fire,
 Whose balmy tenderness delight,
 Whose languid sweetness fan desire,
 O'erflow with tears, yet are so bright ?

Yet, if 'twere Pity drew them there,
 And if 'tis Sorrow melts thine eyes,
 Then, dearest girl, thy grief I'll share
 With kindred tears, with kindred sighs.

And, if 'tis Love floats in those orbs,
 Oh ! say why tears obstruct their sight ?
 Yes, speak the feeling that absorbs
 Their sparkling lustre, dazzling light.

Yet if those tears, enchanting fair,
 Exist thy innocence to prove,
 May Heav'n preserve them ever there,
 Sacred to Constancy and Love.

S. B. FROME.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE SPLENDID VICTORY OF TALAVERA.

At the foot of an oak lay Britannia, reclining,
 Oppress'd by despondence and gloom ;
 Her bosom to troubled emotions resigning,
 And faded her once lovely bloom.
 On Futurity's clouds her eye fearfully glanc'd,
 Her breast heav'd convulsive with sorrow,
 As she vainly endeavour'd to pierce the dark mist
 That shrouded her view of to-morrow.

Vain, vain, she exclaim'd, is my constant endeavour
 Fell Tyranny's torrent to stem ;
 How vainly each patriot-struggle I favour,
 Each act of oppression condemn.
 The ruthless destroyer moves vengefully on ;
 I contemplate o'erloaded with sorrow ;
 Nor dare my sad bosom indulge the dear hope
 Of a better and brighter to-morrow.
 She spoke, when before her, with radiance beaming,
 The goddess of Liberty stood ;
 Ah ! cease, my lov'd daughter, those tears, which, fast
 streaming,
 Pour out in so copious a flood :
 Cease thy sad lamentations, thy energies rouse,
 No longer indulge thus in sorrow ;
 On Tajo's rich banks see a bright star arise,
 To shine on a happier to-morrow.
 Lo ! at fam'd Talavera Napoleon's fell legions
 Thy terrible vengeance have felt ;
 Brave Well'sley, once more, in Iberian regions,
 On thy enemies ruin has dealt :
 Then rouse, my Britannia, their efforts assist,
 Bid adieu to Despondence and Sorrow ;
 Let Hispania resolve now to shake off the yoke,
 And bright sunshine shall gild her to-morrow.
Cupar, Fife. W.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies, beneath a solitary stone,
 A lover's bliss, which once he thought his own :
 His feeling heart these trembling lines inscrib'd,
 For her who budded, blossom'd, bloom'd, and died.
 Oh ! could his feelings touch her pensive ghost,
 They'd tell her that 'twas he who lov'd her most.

P. W.

TRANSLATION OF DE BARREAU'S HYMN.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

GREAT God ! thy righteous judgments we confess ;
 To be propitious is thy pleasure still ;
 But such my crimes, so great, so numberless,
 Offended Mercy shrinks at so much ill.

Be thou regardless of my bitter tears,
 Withhold my pardon for thy justice sake ;
 Cut short my few unprofitable years,
 And let my forfeit life atonement make.



Thy precious gift of grace, O Lord ! mispent,
 Leaves to thy power only choice of pain ;
 My God, I fall beneath thy punishment,
 O, glorious thought ! that I may rise again.

'Tis true, O Lord ! my life thou should'st demand,
 And strike a sinner that has dar'd rebel ;
 But, as thou strik'st, my hope shall firmer stand—
 A Saviour's blood was shed—on me it fell !

TWILIGHT.

SAD solemn hour, when Fancy's busy flight,
 In forms fantastic, soars to visions bright !
 Now, ting'd with Sol's last beams, thy mantle gray
 Veils ev'ry object of departing day.

That whistle spoke the shepherd's labour o'er ;
 His sheep safe penn'd, around his humble door
 Crowd wife and babes ; all hearts with pleasure bound—
 Neighbours assemble, ale and jokes go round.

Slow midst the grove the hapless lover strays,
 His eyes with rapture on her portrait gaze ;
 Sudden he starts, upbraids the faithless fair,
 Recalls his curse, and sinks in mute despair.

Pale Cynthia's rays thro' clouds ethereal break,
 Gilding the moss-grown tow'r that heads the lake ;
 Sweet Philomel attunes her warbling near,
 And cooing turtles break upon the ear.

Hail, hour I love! when, free from bustling crowds,
 My soul, absorb'd in musing, gains the clouds,
 With rapture contemplates the joys of Heaven,
 And grateful pray'r ascends for favours given.

Once could these scenes still greater joy impart,
 When Cath'rine, much-lov'd sister of my heart,
 With fond affection on my bosom hung,
 And unfeign'd love flow'd from her seraph's tongue.

Those joys are pass'd, my throbbing heart o'erswells,
 Whilst fond remembrance on thy image dwells ;
 The sad sigh heaves, big tears my cheeks bedew,
 Stern Separation's cruel pangs renew.

Yet why these bitter sighs, these selfish tears ?
 My Cath'rine's absence Pleasure's aspect wears ;
 Where'er she turns, some rosy joy finds birth,
 Diffusing round content and social mirth.

This thought shall hush each murm'ring wish to rest,
 And Hope, sweet fairy, paints the hour so blest ;
 When to this throbbing heart thy form I press,
 My feeble pen lacks pow'r our bliss t' express.

M. S.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING,
 WITHOUT THE ADVANTAGE OF EDUCATION.

As when some lord has found a golden mine,
 And Av'rice grudges his manorial right ;
 So, when neglected Worth begins to shine,
 Pale Envy sneers, and sickens at the sight.

The leading features of my artless lay
 Describe how rustics, fill'd with Learning's love,
 By force of Genius urge their destin'd way
 Thro' all obstructions, talents to improve.

Yes, ample minds are ever most alert,
 Their pow'rful feelings like a furnace glow,
 And evermore Herculean strength exert,
 To charge and conquer ev'ry rising foe!

Great minds wax strong where little spirits tire,
 Rais'd up by Heav'n for purposes unknown;
 Surrounding dangers only give them fire
 To push their purpose till the prize be won.

If oft repuls'd, like strong elastic springs,
 Their mental pow'rs assume redoubled force;
 Whilst Perseverance, with assiduous wings,
 Pursues the object with unwearied course.

But little minds resemble tim'rous hares,
 Which start and tremble at a falling leaf;
 The great soul, like the lordly lion, dares
 A host of foes, altho' besieg'd with grief.

Most men are govern'd by their foolish whims,
 For no decision marks the way they take;
 In mercy hope, and keep from flagrant crimes,
 Then brave the chilling frown, or sword, or stake.

“What man has done, that man can surely do,”
 Was once a motto fix'd upon a school;
 A dunce, I've heard, its sense was taught to know,
 And gain'd improvement from the pithy rule.

We know that Genius far surpasses Art,
 But lesser talents surely may improve;
 Will not a youth, whose nymph has gain'd his heart,
 Try ev'ry means to win her modest love?

The minds of some appear as fast asleep
 As weary peasants at the midnight hour;
 Their lazy pow'rs a sluggish motion keep
 Around the orbit of the days of yore.

Far in the country, near a lonely dell,
 Where spacious woods hedge up the trav'ler's way,
 And nought in hearing but the tinkling bell
 Of bleating flocks, which o'er th' enclosures stray,
 The youth was born, whose early taste to learn,
 Tho' education never favour'd him,
 Within his breast continually did burn,
 Until it rose unto a quenchless flame.
 His infant manners had a curious taste,
 And seem'd to mark the features of his plan,
 For all his habits wore a native cast,
 And subtle knowledge thro' his actions ran,
 A studious air appear'd in ev'ry look ;
 He always fled the herd of vulgar boys,
 To muse alone, or ponder o'er his book,
 Which shortly wean'd him from all childish toys,
 A perfect stranger to the form of schools,
 Which, if improv'd, contain a good design ;
 But thousands, dragg'd thro' all the classic rules,
 Come out untutor'd as they enter'd in,
 But, knowing well the sense of right and wrong,
 By conscious instinct unto mortals given,
 He glean'd instruction from his mother-tongue,
 But wholly favour'd by the gift of Heaven.

S. Fox,

 ASPHAR THE MOOR,

BY MR. UPTON.

MARK, mark yon proud structure, that soars to the skies,
 How awfully grand to the passenger's eyes !
 How sculptur'd, attention to win !
 But pass it, ye pilgrims ! oh ! pass it with speed,
 For each stone is engrav'd with some murderous deed,
 And the foul fiends of Death lurk within !

Black Asphar, the Lord of the hellish domain,
 There holds with his harpies his mischief-fraught reign,
 To Mercy and Virtue a foe :
 Soft pity ne'er mov'd in his flint-callous breast,
 Where lust-burning passion is nurs'd as a guest,
 To lay blooming Innocence low.

Ye virgins, who dwell near the fatal retreat,
 Ah ! trust not his cunning, nor promises sweet ;
 Hence ! away from the dire abode !
 With gold and with jewels he's born to ensnare ;
 But shun his black arts, of his proffers beware,
 Nor turn out of Purity's road.

What means that dread shriek, which the senses appal ?
 'Tis the cry of distress, and no one hears the call ;
 'Tis the scream of some victim for aid !
 Again, hark ! it bursts with new force on the ear,
 List ! list ! but, alas ! no assistance is near,
 Save Heaven, to comfort the maid.

'Tis over ! all's quiet, and silence profound
 Once more throws a mystical horror around,
 A terror no tongue can make known ;
 And yet, gracious Powers ! from whence came that sigh ?
 'Twas fancy !—or else but the wind rushing by,
 Ah ! no ;—hark, again ! what a groan !

There, there, up to Heaven a soul wing'd its course,
 Sent thither by Villa'ny, Rapine, and Force ;
 Now Murder, thy reign's at the flood :
 List ! hark, how it thunders !—that clap shook the spheres !
 The castle-gate opens—a female appears—
 Her dagger all dripping with blood !

'Tis Ravia ! and see, from her bosom of snow,
 How fast the red drops of vitality flow,
 Hot, hot from her heart's bleeding core !
 She moves not, she speaks not of sorrow or mirth,
 But suddenly sinks thro' the wide yawning earth,
 Ingulf'd to be witness'd no more.

Ye pilgrims, who chance near the forest to stray,
 Avoid the Black Castle, turn quickly away,
 And tell it to far distant climes—
 There *Asphar the Moor* is permitted to dwell,
 Till the fiat of Justice consigns him to hell,
 “To suffer the pain of his crimes,”

ORIENTAL SONNET.

THE sun had sunk behind the western hills,
 The waters gently flow'd in murm'ring rills ;
 By artless Love inspir'd, thus Hamet sung,
 While Bagdat's plains with the soft echos rung :—

My Selima, my only love,
 Ah ! whither would'st thou fly ?
 By Alla's self, who reigns above,
 Unless thou'rt true I die.

Not Fatima was half so dear
 To our great prophet's breast,
 For, when my Selima is near,
 I'm more divinely blest.

More beauteous she than is the rose
 That o'er fair Sharon reigns ;
 Not half so sweet the lily blows
 On Cyprus' happy plains.

If Selima will grant my pray'r,
 If she regard my sighs,
 No other beauty shall have pow'r
 To charm her Hamet's eyes.

But, greatly bless'd, with her alone
 A constant heart I'll share,
 And envy not the pompous throne
 Of Asia's royal pair.

ALBION.

ADDRESS

OF A WOE-FRAUGHT HEART TO THE SUN, AT HIS RISING.

OH, Sun ! on me thine earliest beaming
 Vainly darts resplendent rays ;
 For a heart with sorrow teeming
 Tints with gloomy hue my days.

Bursting forth in crimson morning,
 Nature hails thy potent sway ;
 Flow'ry fields, thy beams adorning,
 Drain their pearly dews away.

Yet, not thy enliv'ning powers
 Can one cheering ray impart
 To the darkling gloom that lowers
 O'er the region of my heart.

Frowning Fortune, unpropitious
 To my fancy's dearest hope,
 Opening views, howe'er auspicious,
 Ever clouds with envious scope.

Cupar, Fife.

W.

TO FANCY.

WHAT lovely nymph, with airy feet,
 Emerges from yon grove's retreat ?
 What varied playful beauties grace
 The soft expression of her face !
 What fascination in her eyes !
 What pleasure in her steps arise !
 Say, is the lovely fair one known ?
 Or does she dwell in shades alone ?
 Ah ! sure I know the charming pow'r—
 She oft beguiles the lonely hour !

'Tis Fancy, with her lucid train
 Of joys, hopes, wishes, grief, and pain!
 She just has left the fond retreat,
 Where ideal phantoms fleet :
 With her I fondly love to stray
 Where Joy and Pleasure lead the way :
 Lur'd by the goddess, oft I see
 The care-worn child of Misery,
 And mark her tender pow'r restrain
 Heart-rending grief and cruel pain ;
 Or hear her sooth despairing love,
 And ev'ry anxious care remove.
 To her I yield unbounded sway,
 She soothes my mind, and lulls dismay ;
 With Fancy, in her loose attire,
 I often wander to aspire
 The balmy breath of summer-fields,
 And taste the sweets which morning yields :
 With her I rove the flow'ry mead,
 And gather many a blooming weed,
 Or listen to the feather'd throng,
 Warbling sweet their matin song ;
 And now she beckons me away—
 Her call I willingly obey ;
 To all my cares I bid adieu,
 Except what Fancy brings to view,
 And they are such as her sweet pow'r
 Can raise and banish in an hour.

AZELI.

A PASTORAL.

WITH the song of its tenants the grove now resounds,
 In verdure array'd is the plain ;
 Rigid Winter is gone,—and the streams in their bounds
 Now flow, softly murm'ring again.

How the sun's cheering beams the gay landscape adorn,
And brilliance, unusual, display !

They in honour of Cœlia make brighter the morn,
And gild with new splendour the day :

Then, with Spring's sweetest chaplets adorn'd, to the
green

Ye shepherds and maidens, repair ;
Let the music and dance give a zest to the scene,
And innocent pastime be there.

You remember, last year, we for Cœlia did meet,
Our homage respectful to pay ;—
This again is the season ; then join me to greet
The gladsome return of the day.

How, since yesterday's eve, on the fresh-looking mead,
The daisies and cowslips are grown ;
And behold ! tho' the mazy dance swiftly we tread,
No flow'ret as yet is press'd down.

'Tis the presence of Cœlia ! Mark yonder those lambs,
Observe how they frolicsome play ;
They would seem, as they fearlessly stray from their dams,
To hail the return of the day !

Oh ! in scenes such as these how contented I'd live,
And covet not grandeur or state ;
For these rural delights that tranquillity give
Which flies from the haunts of the great.

Many years may the sun of thy happiness shine,
And blessings descend on each ray !
Lovely Cœlia ! may health and enjoyment be thine,
And happy returns of this day !

C. S. B.

AN ADDRESS TO MY FATHER,
ON MY BIRTH-DAY.

NIGHT's veil withdrawn, in yonder eastern skies
Aurora's modest blushes now appear ;
And this fair day, whose dawning beams arise,
Crowns of my life another happy year.
Gaily their annual round his short-liv'd train
Of fleeting days the hand of Time has led ;
Still in my heart does happiness remain,
And still sweet peaceful Sleep attends my bed.
Indulgent source, whence such enjoyments flow,
May'st thou ne'er cease to be the care of Heaven !
To thee, my father, I these pleasures owe,
By thy paternal love they all are given.
And ever shall my gratitude have breath,
While Life's warm current fills this mortal frame ;
Till, clasp'd within the cold embrace of Death,
My fav'rite theme shall be thy honour'd name.
Full often, when Reflection turns to thee,
Thy num'rous kindnesses this wish inspire—
That ev'ry son, as fortunate as me,
Could boast so generous, so good a sire.
How quick with airy steps the hours have mov'd,
While they a brilliant cloudless day attend,
And bring to me an age that oft has prov'd
The wealth-expecting minor's welcome friend.
But wealth I never shall desire to have,
Nor stately mansions, nor wide-spread domains ;
An humble competence is all I crave,
In some retreat where Peace for ever reigns.
Thrice happy those, remov'd from Splendour's blaze,
And all the ills of Fashion's restless life,
Who pass in quiet temperance their days,
To courts unknown, and Pride's contentious strife :

And still more happy, if, perchance, they know
 How great the bliss, how exquisite the charms,
 A parent's love, a parent's smiles, bestow,
 And filial gratitude their bosoms warms.

So blest am I; for 'tis my pleasing pride
 A sire of rarely-boasted worth to own,
 Who ne'er to me fair Reason's suit denied,
 But all the kindness of his heart has shewn.

Then Heav'n direct my path ! nor let me swerve
 From filial Love, nor Duty's well-known way ;
 But grant me aid in studying to deserve
 These valued blessings I can ne'er repay.

C. S. B.

NIGHT.

Now hath the Sun his lumin'd lamp blown out,
 And all the world is veil'd in murky darkness ;
 The cricket now chirps forth his midnight song,
 And chaunts his praises 'mid the silent gloom ;—
 'Tis at this hour the miser, too, creeps forth,
 To count, in solitude, his hidden store ;—
 See where he goes, and in his hand is plac'd
 A lighted candle, which a farthing cost ;
 (Enormous sum !) this lights him to his joy,
 And, as he goes to view his much-lov'd gold,
 He mutters half a curse against the eve,
 That puts him to such vast expense for light.
 The sotted, bloated wretch, who, all day long,
 In drinking hath regal'd, now hastens home
 To 'venge on patient wife th' imagin'd wrongs
 He from his toping comrades hath receiv'd.
 Silence now reigns thro' ev'ry street and lane,
 Save where the aged watchman bawls, in sounds
 Unseemly, the unheeded hour ;—or where

The cats, with high-rai'd rumps, and growling voice,
 Perform love's rites, and make the silence drear,
 The great church-clock with dismal sound tolls one ;
 Somnus now pays a visit to mankind,
 And, here and there, a generous mortal
 Greeteth his presence with a son'rous snore.
 The dying embers tell the night's advance ;
 The Poet's candle too burns dim and pale,
 And seems inclin'd to bid the world good night.

Liverpool.

JAMES ROSCOE.

ODE—TO A ROBIN-REDBREAST.

IN IMITATION OF THE AUTHORS OF THE REIGN OF
 QUEEN ELIZABETH,

HAIL ! lyttle minstrel, with the scarlet throte,
 That carrolleste so sweetelye on yon spraye ;
 Thou gaylye trillest thyne owne natyve note,
 And tell'st thy joy to meete the god of daye,
 How diff'rente nowe from when with snowe the grounde
 Was cover'd o'er, and hedge, and bushe, and brake ;
 When nought was seene but Wynter sterne arounde—
 Then droopynge hung thy wynges, and mute thy beke,
 Then camest thou unto mye humble cote,
 With looke so pyteous, seemyng to implore ;
 And then I gave thee foode, for who would not ?
 Who would not spayre a morsel from his store ?
 A loddgeinge too I gave thee in myne hut,
 To shelter thee from colde, and wynde, and raine ;
 For who agaynste such innocence could shut
 His doore, or let suche meekenesse beg in vaine ?
 And when mylde Summer did returne agen,
 And clad in greene was ev'rye spraye and bushe,
 For lybertye thy bosome then did bren,
 And thou didst flye to joyne the sweete-ton'd thrushe,

And now, each morn, thou sittest on yon bushe,
 And carrollest to mee thy sweeteste laye,
 Excelling Phylomela, or the thrushe,
 Thus former kyndnesse stryveinge to repaye.

Sith, little birde, thy song is dere to mee,
 To mee full dere the warbleinge of thy throte ;
 Thou tellest mee thy joy at beeinge free,
 And gratytude is payntede in ech note.

Sing on, sweete birde ! and tell thy lyttle tale,
 Whyle Summer gladdens ev'rye hille and grove ;
 Flye to and fro, and flicker in the vale,
 And carrolle to thy mate sweete songs of love.

And when agen sterne Wynter rules the yere,
 And Summerre with her tendant joys is gon ;
 Wen cladde in sylver whyte the trees appear,
 And lyttle birdes for foode do make sad moan ;—

Then, minstrel sweete ! returne unto mye cote,
 And brynge with thee thy mate and callow younge ;
 There piercyng hunger shalle not be yere lot :
 I'll giv ye Wynter's foode for Summerr's song.

Liverpool.

JAMES ROSCOE.

A PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

TO THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FIFE LOCAL MILITIA.

In days of old, when, o'er the trembling world,
 The sons of Romulus their thunders hurl'd ;
 When Roman eagles, big with " crested pride,"
 O'er fallen nations wav'd their pinions wide,
 And Roman banners floated in the gale
 From Magnum's * western point to Tigris' vale ;
 When ev'ry nation own'd Rome's sov'reign pow'r,
 From sultry Media to Iberia's shore ;—

* Now Cape Roca, in Portugal.

Her fell ambition, goading, urg'd her on
 To add Britannia to the realms she'd won!
 But when great Julius led a hostile band
 Of fierce invaders to our native strand,
 From ev'ry point our rude forefathers flew,
 No thought but vengeance their brave bosoms knew:
 Arm'd with the firmness of their native rock,
 Prepar'd they stood to meet the mighty shock.
 The hostile prows indented Albion's coast,
 And from their vessels leap'd th' invading host,
 Where the fierce rage of Britain's hardy race
 Cover'd the haughty legions with disgrace,
 By the rough boughs, from knotted ashes riven,
 Back to her ships defeated Rome was driven!
 Our painted sires great Cæsar's laurels soil'd,
 And vet'ran bands by savage clans were foil'd.
 So Fife heroes may your valour shew
 (If, madly vent'rous, the infuriate foe
 Collect her legions, spread th' expansive sail,
 And dare our happy sea-girt isle assail)
 That, to your King and Country ever true
 Old Scotia's martial spirit glows in you;—
 The spirit of a Bruce, a Wallace, burns;
 All peaceful thoughts each honest bosom spurns.
 That fire, which erst your patriot sires imbu'd,
 And taught to perish for their Country's good,
 Will, with unceasing vengeance, hunt the foe,
 Resolves no rest, no pleasure, e'er to know,
 Till from our shores, with dreadful fury driven,
 He prove us favour'd by approving Heaven;
 And, taught by dire experience, learn to see
 That "Britons are, and ever will be, free."

Cupar, Fife.

W.

TO-MORROW.

“Dum deliberamus quando incipiendum, incipere jam serum fit.”

QUINTILIAN.

SEE, o'er yon tomb a mourner weeps,
 And heaves the heartfelt sigh;—
 In that cold tomb a father sleeps,
 Hid from each mortal eye:
 But, Grief's first dreadful tumult o'er,
 Delusive hopes return;
 And whisper—Mortal, weep no more,
 “Man was not made to mourn.”
 He listens to the syren lay,
 And whilst his heart o'erflows with sorrow,
 Looks for a brighter, better day,

To-morrow!

And does to-morrow's sun arise,
 To bring his heart relief?
 And does it find his languid eyes
 Free from the tear of grief?
 No! he still lingers o'er the sod,
 To bid a last adieu;
 And scenes, which once a father trod,
 Affection brings to view:
 He finds the hapless child of grief,
 Who keenly feels the dart of sorrow,
 May seek, in vain, to find relief

To-morrow!

'Tis thus with many a happy scene
 We form of future joy;
 The clouds of sorrow intervene,
 And all our hopes destroy:
 Nought but the present moment's ours,
 This we may call our own;
 But the events of future hours
 Are known to God alone:

For he who now is careless, gay,
 Who laughs at future days of sorrow,
 May sleep beneath a heap of clay

To-morrow!

JAMES B. BROWN.

TO FANCY.

HAIL! goddess, hail! whose potent wand
 Dispels the gloom of care,
 Draws smiles from frowns,—and whose command
 E'en brightens dark Despair.

As o'er the swelling wave the vessel glides,
 The darken'd clouds oft mark approaching storm;
 Th' affrighted sailor sees, with angry stride,
 The spirit of the deep's gigantic form
 Driving tremendous forward—Fancy there
 Can hush the tempest, still the troubled air; }
 And for each billow draw a landscape fair; }
 Arrest the lightning, fix the thunder's roll,
 And bring sweet comfort to the seaman's soul.

To him, poor wretch! who, on a foreign strand,
 Casting his eyes towards his native land, }
 For many a day has ta'en his cheerless stand. }
 Thou art a sympathetic pow'r,
 For quickly thou canst him restore,
 To much-loy'd Albion's rocky shore,
 Where he has spent so many a happy hour;
 Retrace each joyful moment gone,
 And call back many a day, no more his own.

Oh! ne'er, I fear, can my weak line disclose
 Those joys which to thy aid thy vot'ry owes!
 By thee I paint the future bright,
 Tho' all around is dark as night:
 Of Fate I only ask, to let me live
 In such ideal bliss as thou canst give.

ALFRED.

IMITATION OF HORACE.—*Ode XII.*—*Book I.*

HE ne'er shall heed impoison'd arms,
 Or feel the curse of war's alarms,
 Whose soul from crimes is free ;
 Whether he seek the distant land,
 Where Syrtes' deserts burn with sand,
 Or tempt the dang'rous sea :

For while I sung my lovely maid,
 And far beyond the limits stray'd,
 A tiger, trembling, fled ;
 Not even Afric's scorching plains,
 Where lions gaunt preserve their reigns,
 Has such a monster bred.

Then place me where the summer-breeze
 Shall never fan the dying trees,
 But tempests howl around ;
 Where Nature fails beneath the heat,
 And burning sands assail the feet
 That seek to press the ground.

Still, heedless of the tempest's ire,
 I'll tune my sweet melodious lyre,
 And sing my Rosa's charms ;—
 Rosa ! whose sweet enchanting kiss
 Can even swell the tide of bliss
 I feel within her arms.

Cambridge.

H. S.

THE PATRIOT'S DYING HOUR.

WHEN plund'ring armies take the field,
 And Treason's blood-stain'd trophies fly,
 The Patriot's soul, unborn to yield,
 Glories in Freedom's cause to die.

With bold indiff'rence taught to scan
 Death, and the slaves who dread its pow'r,
 By wrongs provok'd he feels the man—
 This cheers the Patriot's dying hour.

Like lightnings flash his ardent eyes,
 The foes of Freedom to engage ;
 Fierce to the sanguine combat flies,
 And foremost dares the battle's rage !
 Zealous his *Country's cause* to clasp,
 Whom Treach'ry's blood-hounds would devour,
 Her rights to rescue from their grasp,
 Cheers the brave Patriot's dying hour.

Proud to revenge his Country's woes,
 Inspir'd by Heav'n and Liberty,
 He feels, e'en as the life-stream flows,
 It flows—to make his children free :
 Heav'n aids the spirit that she gave
 To vanquish base Oppression's pow'r ;
 Those rights secur'd he fought to save,
 Cheers the brave Patriot's dying hour.

S. B. FROME.

* MONS TERRÆ CLEVEANÆ.

MONS hic qui circa nubilosus in æthere surgens
 Vallibus hic torvus marmoreoque mari,
 Ingens apparet speculis, nocturnaque flamma.
 Fluctibus assiduis igne cometa micat,
 Surgens hæc diris jam tempestatibus acer
 Ostendit rupes lux salus alta rati ;
 Olim nec montis nunc incola permanet atrox
 Brigantes audax ceruleanus aquis,

* Rosberry Topping mons circularis, raræ celsitudinis, intra seriem collium haud infimorum Cleveanæ regionis.

Hic olim exiliens currus, nunc pondus aratri,
 Horriferens saltus, nunc decorata domus,
 Quo vaga lux nunquam non insidiosa micabat
 Jasminea exultans igne fenestra casæ
 Sunt procul his visi se pandere montibus altis
 Campus, et amnis, oves, bos, generosus equus;
 Villaque se exfert semàspecta arboribus alba,
 Flumen et exundans, Teutonitumque mare,
 Regnarunt olim solio glacialis uterque
 Et Scythicus Boreas Nix hyememque ferens,
 Advenit illa furens haud incomitata, ministrant
 Frigoris asperitas et furibunda fames,
 Illæ dissimiles nostris felicibus horis,
 Agricolam auscultat propitianda dea
 Ætas ecce choros ducit nemorosa sub umbrâ
 Hæc pede vix tetigit florigerumque solum
 Lauguorem spargens zepheri spirantibus auris
 Carbasa et hic agitans ambrosiasque comas :
 Nunc recubans et circa mox Hamadryades ornis,
 Atque agilis Nymphæ Tibia dulcesonans ;
 Virgineus Chorus et puerorum carmine lætus,
 Te surgente vocat te periunte die ;
 Flava tuam matrem Proserpina sarta coronant,
 Dum Pomona rubens luxuriosa beat ;
 Exhibet has sacras has sola Britannia scenas,
 Invicta assurgens fulminiaque rati,
 Et pulchrâ pro libertate tridentifer undis
 Is circumvolvens imperiosus adest,
 Tu quoque frustratâ rabie tumefacta minoris,
 Atque effræne ferox Napoleone petis,
 Fluminis egregii ripas signare triumpho,
 Sanguineat Asperno Pons laceratus ovat,

Milvius illa avis, haud mavortia, pessima pestis
 Deterit imbelles persequiturque leves
 Acta rumpebat jam vis Aquilina, retortis
 Alis et cauda desiliente fugit
 Cœlivolans se fert majestas regia, dextra
 Et cito per nubes altitonantis adest ;
 Arciducis sic rix aquilino lumine Corsus
 Clade haud in memori præcipitatus abit.

JUVENIS.

EPITAPH ON CHLOE *.

BENEATH this earth a female lies,
 Of many singularities :—
 She never from her earliest youth
 Once falsified the voice of Truth ;
 Tho' neither widow, maid, nor wife,
 She tasted all the joys of life ;
 Tho' many gayer scenes might see,
 None made a greater *noise* than *she* ;
 Content domestic joys to share,
 A cheerful house was all her care ;
 To one kind patron's favours true,
 No more she sought, no more she knew ;
 Rich in *his* love, she all defied,
 And *his* great fav'rite liv'd and died.

ELEGY.

TIBULLUS IMITATED.

YES ! I will fly the mansions of delight,
 And shade my sorrows in the dark-mouth'd cell,
 Mix my sad wailings with the bird of night,
 And catch the echoes of each parting knell.

* A noisy lap-dog.

For me shall Grief her cypress garland wreath !
 For me Despair the blood-stain'd scroll shall hold !
 Anguish for me shall all her horrors breathe,
 And black Revenge his mystic rites unfold !

When the last falt'ring breath, no more delay'd,
 To ling'ring Hope shall pay the parting tear,
 Wilt thou, Maria, curse thy Henry's shade,
 Whose only crime for thee was love too dear ?

Wilt thou, Maria, strew the vernal flow'r,
 To deck the green sod of thy Henry's tomb ;
 Chant the last requiem to his fleeting hour,
 And waste the beauties of an early bloom ?

Camberwell.

ELLEN.

RURAL RECREATION.

WHEN Phœbus opes his lucent eye,
 And skirts with gold the azure sky,
 Where purling streams, unfetter'd, flow,
 And hawthorn blossoms, scented, blow—
 Where daisies drink prolific dews—
 Oh ! there I love to woo the Muse :—

Or where the heifer loves to stray,
 To shun the burning noontide ray ;
 In silent vale, or sombre grove,
 Where sings the thrush, and coos the dove,
 Whilst vernal gales their sweets diffuse,
 Oh ! there I love to woo the Muse !

And, when the owl forsakes her nest,
 And lab'ring bees on roses rest ;
 Or when the glow-worm's lambent ray
 (Which indicates expiring day)
 With splendour and effulgence glows,
 Oh ! then I woo the rustic Muse.

RUSTICUS.

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN RAWDEN M'CREA, WHO
FELL IN THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

A MOMENT, comrades, halt the blood-stain'd bier!—
So soon, then, terminates thy bright career?
So early lost, when scarce in manhood's bloom,
Thy laurels gather'd but to grace the tomb?
Lamented M'Crea! Mem'ry now surveys
The gallant deeds which mark'd thy youthful days;
Spar'd till in glory, not in years mature,
Death pausing—but to strike the blow more sure;
While Honour's tongue shall tell thy fate severe,
Affection's eye will drop the briny tear;—
Such sorrows Fame herself permits to flow,
Nor Victory can chide the mourner's woe!
Now forward, comrades! my poor tribute's paid—
Let Worth and Valour in the grave be laid.

J. SETON, JUN.

HOPE.

OH! dear delusive Hope! how bright
Thy vivid lustre shines;
Bereft of thee, Misfortune's child
In weak'ning sorrow pines.
But, lur'd by thy too-dazzling charms,
We future prospects cherish;
'Tis better thus to vainly live,
Than in despair to perish.

CHARLES.

THE RETROSPECT.

EMBARK'D on the vast sea of Life,
 A slave to Passion's doubtful strife,
 While blown by Youth's unsteady gales,
 Which toss'd my bark, and tore my sails,
 I sigh'd, and wish'd for calmer hours,
 When, free from such uncertain pow'rs,
 I should repose on smoother seas,
 Wafted by Reason's steady breeze :
 The time arrives, the storm subsides,
 Smoothly along my vessel glides ;
 But, looking back, I many see,
 Who, far less fortunate than me,
 Are by opposing passions crost,
 Aloft in whirling eddies tost,
 Then plung'd beneath th' oblivious main,
 From which they never rise again.

HORATIO.

TO A FLEA.

INSATIATE insect ! can thy ruthless maw
 From a poor Poet any nurture draw ?
 In vain thou putt'st the drowsy god to flight ;—
 Why seek'st thou not some *Aldermanic* bed,
 Where bloated *Luxury* reclines his head ?
 There thou may'st freely revel all the night.
 Know, vile disturber of my airy dreams !
 Soon as the orient sun displays his beams,
 Thee in each latent cranny will I seek ;
 Then, should I seize thee, lo ! th' avenging nail,
 Spite of thy brilliant coat of polish'd mail,
 With dread concussion all thy bones shall break !
 Hence, then, I warn thee, ere it be too late—
 Tempt not my deadly wrath, provoke no more thy fate !

T. MUNGEN.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE.—*Ode XV.*

EPODON LIBER AD NEÆRAM.

'Twas night, Maria! when the lunar ray
 Shot thro' the jasper sky its starry way;
 'Twas then, regardless of the pow'r invoc'd,
 You gave your plighted faith; that faith revok'd:—
 You swore you ivy, that enamour'd hung
 Around the lofty oak, ne'er fonder clung;
 You swore, while, prowling o'er the neighb'ring rock,
 The blood-gaunt wolf appals the timid flock;
 While the bold sailor ploughs the surgy wave,
 Yet fears Orion, with his wat'ry grave;
 Whilst the fair son of light shall still unfold
 His azure ringlets, flush'd with virgin gold;
 Till such should change, thy promises should hold.

Would'st thou, Maria, quench Love's purest flame,
 Erase each vestige of a once-lov'd name,
 Chill the warm hope that prun'd its infant wing,
 By kindness foster'd, on the breast of spring?
 Beware, too-fickle maid! while Beauty smiles
 With wanton mirth, and sportive joy beguiles,
 Flush'd with these charms, he hugs the rosy chain,
 A willing captive, while such charms remain.

Now mark, Maria! when thy cheeks disclose
 The lily fading, with the blushing rose,
 Wing'd with the votaries of health he flies,
 And spreads his lures t' enchant Lavinia's eyes.

But thou, proud youth, secure in beauty's call,
 Taught by my overthrow, beware thy fall!
 What tho', with num'rous herds, may Fortune yield
 Pactolus' riches, grant the cultur'd field,
 In vain thy ev'ry art attempts to bind
 A soul by Nature fram'd *to love mankind!*
 Another smiles,—her passion glows confest;
 Farewell, my friend!—she seeks another guest.

HENRY.

HORACE.—*Ode II. Book XVI.*

TO GROSPHUS.

FOR ease the anxious sailor cries,
When howling tempests rend the skies,
And hide the wat'ry moon ;
The Median, quiver'd for the war,
The furious Thracian in his pray'r,
Makes ease his chiefest boon.

Grosphus, 'tis not for gems nor gold,
Nor proffer'd honours, to be sold,—
'Tis not the purple's pride,
Nor all the joys which office brings,
Can cure those ever-rankling stings
That in the heart reside.

For he, of just enough possest,
In the small cottage is more blest
Than is the pamper'd Lord :
Content and ease are never found
Where fear and avarice surround,
But shun the costly board.

What folly 'tis for men to boast
Of riches, which so soon are lost,
And must be left behind.
Can those who over empires roam
Ease all their inward pangs at home,
Or drive them from the mind ?

For Care pursues by rapid flights,
And on the painted galley lights
Quicker than eastern gales ;
Not all the pomp and din of war
Can chase the hated form of Care,
Which inwardly prevails.

If happy now, then why explore
 What ills may still remain in store,
 What griefs may damp thy morrow?
 Be wise, and, with a gentle smile,
 The little moment still beguile—
 No state is free from sorrow.

The great Achilles e'en was slain,
 Tithonus found his gift was vain,
 Still doom'd in age to pine;
 To you what Fortune ne'er will grant,
 Tho' you most urgently may want,
 A moment may make mine.

For you an hundred flocks abound,
 Sicilian heifers low around
 The mansion you possess;
 The sprightly courser neighs for you,
 And Afric lends her richest hue
 To die your costly dress.

A little farm, and small abode,
 Kind Fortune has on me bestow'd,
 And turn for Grecian song;
 And, what of all I chiefly prize,
 An upright heart, that can despise
 The world's malignant tongue.

SEVERUS.

ELEGIAC TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

DEPARTED shade of her! ah! late, how dear,
 Accept the tribute of a pensive tear;
 For thee the Muse her humble off'ring brings,
 In solemn strains thy artless worth she sings:
 Mild as thy soul may all my verse be found,
 And, like thy virtues, spread a grace around;

Sweet child of Sympathy ! by early doom
 Consign'd, alas ! to the unsparing tomb ;
 Whose life was lent to sooth a mother's cares,
 To share each grief, and wipe away her tears ;—
 How oft, when she with bitter pangs would tell
 The dire mishaps that all her life befell,
 Thy soul would melt with agonizing woe,
 While tears of duty from thy eyes did flow ;
 Then thou wouldst try each fond engaging art,
 To calm her woes, and ease her aching heart.
 To thee the secrets of her breast were known,
 For all her num'rous sorrows were thy own ;
 The words of comfort from thy lips distill'd,
 Sweet as the spices from Arabia's field,
 Gentle as are the soft, the vernal showers,
 That charm the earth and animate the flowers.
 Oh ! thou wert all a mother's hope could frame,
 Her expectation paint, or Fancy name !
 Nature in thee so happily did blend
 The duteous daughter, and the tender friend.
 Yet, ah ! thy worth was from the world conceal'd,
 And few but friends thy mental pow'rs beheld.
 'Tis thus on Jura's height the lily grows,
 Its head environ'd by eternal snows ;
 Far on the Alpine cliffs, from human eyes,
 It blooms unknown, and, disregarded, dies.
 Ten annual suns had not their course gone round,
 Ere fell Disease did all thy form surround ;
 Thy mind, too sensible, receiv'd the smart,
 For oh ! the canker, Grief, usurp'd thy heart ;
 Convulsive pangs thy tender frame assail,
 Prey on thy heart, and o'er thy youth prevail :
 Calmly resign'd thou didst thy suff'rings bear,
 To sooth thy mother's woe was all thy care :
 Such matchless virtue and such filial love
 Drew plaudits from the realms of bliss above ;

For Skill and Industry with speed have rais'd
A pile more noble than the one which blaz'd.

Corruption's force, with hungry tigers' howl,
For posts or pensions never cease to prowl;
So managers, with thirst for sordid pelf,
Rais'd pit and boxes for the love of self.
Mistaken plan!—the peasant restive grew,
Who kick'd, and plung'd, at length his burden threw.
And now the storm, which long had gather'd round,
Flow'd down in torrents, with a hideous sound;—
A show'r of watchmen's rattles, cow-horns, papers,
Fell and extinguish'd eke both lamps and tapers;
Whether indeed the devil came or no,
I cannot say, for I was not below;
My Muse, when'er her purse affords the treat,
Presumes amongst the gods to take her seat;
Certain I am Confusion bore the sway,
For all was tempest in the middle way;
Never elsewhere such damning scenes were seen,
Save at Guildhall, 'mongst Common-Councilmen.

Black clouds, which long collected o'er their head,
Now blacker grew, and darker horror spread:
Dissensions from above in volleys fell,
Guildhall became the royal seat of hell;—
Where "purse-proud citizens," "in high divan,"
Convene of dinners and of feast to plan;
Where oil'd-tongu'd Taycho like a jackdaw prates,
Condemns each minister, and royal states.
Yet oft (forgive the bard,) the patriot strays
Himself from virtue, into muddier ways.

Who votes for turtle? 'tis the fiftieth year
Since George began Britannia's crown to wear.
All! all like turtle! why should we oppose?
Sir Balaam shews his hobby by his nose.

"Alas!" cried Taycho, "ev'ry thing is dear—
 "We can't afford to keep the fiftieth year;
 "Candles and oil continue to advance,
 "And we must buy a peace with haughty France;
 "Therefore, in this our sad impoverish'd state,
 "I won't afford a groat t' illuminate."

Now he sat down, but first he hop'd, believ'd,
 All calls for dinners would be negativ'd;
 Not so,—for turtle was the chiefest thing
 For which they met, 'twas not to bless the King;
 One said he'd look'd o'er Johnson's page, to see
 The definition of a jubilee;
 Upon inquiry found, that all it meant—
 A solemn hearty feast, for this event.
 That all would vote for turtle was his hope—
 Who voted otherwise deserv'd a *rope*.
 But now debate begins, their blood grew warm,
 The spell was out, here brok the Sybil's charm;
 Each man "look'd daggers," horror reign'd around,
 And Discord rose from out the yawning ground.
 My Muse, who ne'er before had known dismay,
 Skulk'd out affrighted! longer durst not stay;
 No sight so brutish had she seen before,
 She quite exulted when she gain'd the door.
 Now safe at home, no more she'll venture out
 To Common-Councils, or a Guildhall rout;
 Therefore alone let gluttons 'tend the feast,
 Each rogue and democrat become a beast;
 Till then I'll cease to wield with ire my pen,
 Yet arm with satire if there's need again.

Hill-Cross, Bakewell.

JOHN HYDE.

EDGAR AND ANNA.

MARK where yon humble cottage stands,
Those aged trees among ;
Near where that willow-shaded brook,
Meand'ring flows along.

Once in that peaceful mansion dwelt,
Oppress'd with age and cares,
A man long taught in Mis'ry's school,
And deck'd with silver hairs :

Of ancient line and name he was,
To ample prospects born ;
But ceaseless ills had stamp'd his days,
And many a furrow worn.

One only treasure still remain'd
To cheer his pensive years ;
One blooming child to sooth his pain,
And kiss his flowing tears.

In Anna's fond and duteous care
He ev'ry joy possest ;
Affection sparkled in her eyes,
And Truth inspir'd her breast.

A mind so innocent and pure,
A heart so kind and warm,
Heav'n, to enhance the gift, had clad
In Beauty's fairest form.

Celestial sweetness grac'd her looks,
And beam'd in ev'ry smile ;
Guileless herself, and void of art,
She ne'er suspected guile.

Edgar, a youth of Fortune, proud,
The lovely maid desir'd ;
And sought her with the guilty flame
Which lawless passion fir'd.

In Edgar each attraction shone,
Which tempts the artless maid ;
Gay health, with manly beauty join'd,
And talents to persuade.

So, oft, the vi'let-cover'd bank
Conceals the crested snake ;
So, oft, the pois'nous nightshade grows
Among the flow'ry brake.

Anna his winning story heard,
Nor heard, alas ! unmov'd ;
Soft kindling sparks of nature rose,
And soon, too soon, she lov'd.

Too well the base deceiver knew
To urge the treach'rous tale !
Too soon the hapless maiden found
His wily arts prevail !

With impious vows and faithless tears
The love-sick fair was won ;
She listen'd, trembled, and believ'd—
Yielded, and was undone !

The fatal, fond, delusion flew,
On Pleasure's rapid wing ;
And keen Reflection swift return'd,
And aim'd her sharpest sting !

Her honour lost !—fair Peace no more
Her beauteous form portray'd,
Gave lustre to each varied charm,
And o'er her features play'd.

Sad mem'ry of forbidden love
Her anxious bosom tore ;
And Sorrow's pale and mournful hue,
Her alter'd aspect wore.

Her charms with fell corroding care
Haste quickly to decay ;
And he, who all those charms had reft,
Soon threw the gem away,

Maturing Time and envious tongues
Reveal'd poor Anna's shame,
And to her aged sire display'd
His daughter's murder'd fame.

Long under sharp Affliction's dart
The father's heart had bled ;
But this last stroke clos'd the sad scene,
And bow'd his hoary head.

The bursting anguish of his soul
In vain he strove to hide :
The effort kill'd !—he press'd her lips !
Forgave her ! bless'd, and died !

What mind can think the mourner's grief,
Her pangs, and rending throes,
And pardon not the dark resolve
Which in her bosom rose ?

With look convuls'd, and eager gaze,
One last embrace she gave,
Then rush'd, distracted, to the stream,
And, plunging—found a grave !

Dear parted shade ! the pitying tear
Drops o'er thy early fate ;
And he, who laid thy beauty low,
Sheds it, alas ! too late.

The dismal tidings, widely spread,
Pierc'd his astonish'd ear !
His slumb'ring conscience starts, and wakes,
His cheek is “ blanch'd with fear !”

Her injur'd ghost, in ev'ry place,
 His tortur'd fancy sees !
 Nightly she seems his bed to press,
 And speaks in ev'ry breeze !

The raging pains which tear his breast
 Destroy his youthful bloom,
 And Death directs th' unerring shaft,
 And marks him for the tomb.

'Tis wing'd—exhausted Nature sinks,
 He kneels, and faintly cries—
 “ Pardon, O Heav'n ! my great offence ;
 “ Pardon, dear saint ! ”—and dies.

J. U.

BREAD.—A POEM.

By S. N. Esq. M. M. S. P. L. S. M. & C. S. A. O. E. & P.

'Tis hard my *titles* will not give me bread !

CANTO I.

How can I sing, by Poverty depress'd ?
 Can Genius, in a narrow garret cramp'd,
 Expand her eagle-wings ? For bread I write :
 Be BREAD my theme : let me not want its aid.
 O thou, our chief, our best, support below !
 Suppliant I thee invoke, to aid my song ;
 For without thee can I have pow'r to sing ?
 Say, whether brown, by homely Joan prepar'd,
 T' allay the hunger of her strong-nerv'd spouse,
 Or, white as new-fall'n snow, of choicest grain,
 Thou grace the table of some wealthy Lord,
 Is there without thy presence who would dine,
 From him with labour-whetted appetite,
 To him with dainties cloy'd, not satisfied,
 Save only those Duke Humphry's table grace ?

'Tis thee we worship : 'tis for thee we toil ;
 Basis of ev'ry meal !—In various shapes
 Thou, Proteus-like, delight'st to charm our sight ;
 The same in all. Now roll diminutive,
 At Bagnigge-Wells, the barber's Sunday-feast ;
 Or at White-Conduit-House now swallow'd down
 By some fat citizen ; who, long pent up
 Near where the men of steel, with wondrous charm,
 Attract the gaping clown, or that fam'd mart,
 The dread of beaux, for Amazons renown'd,
 Whose tongues alone would rout a host of foes,
 Stow'd in a hackney coach this journey takes,
 T' inhale the country air ; pleas'd he returns,
 And dreams of years of future health obtain'd ;—
 Years which he ne'er must know ! November comes,
 And, panting underneath the sav'ry haunch,
 He falls an easy prey to callipee—
 A glorious death ! a martyr to the cause !
 Where first his leader plac'd him, from that spot
 He scorn'd to fly ; midst heaps of slain he fell,
 The weapon in his hand, whose sharpen'd edge
 Had thinn'd their ranks, and glorious havoc made.
 Two marrow puddings and a troop of tarts,
 Bewail'd by all who saw, were crush'd beneath
 His cumb'rous load, destructive e'en in death.

Now in thy largest size, the full peck loaf,
 Thou deign'st to visit where mouths numerous
 Demand a large supply. Yon ancient hall,
 For ages past the seat of festive mirth
 To particolour'd mortals, slaves to ease,
 Nor less for hospitality renown'd,
 Thy presence boasts. Oh ! do not e'er forget,
 Ye sons of Plenty, him who long has felt
 Misfortune's lash, superior to her frowns :
 Depriv'd of all the comforts life can give,

Yet bravely dares live on, nor, coward-like,
 Deserts the post assign'd him by his God.
 See, clad in rags, he lifts the useless limb !
 His wrinkled brow shaded with silver locks,
 But thinly scatter'd o'er his wo-worn head :
 A staff supports him : fix'd his suppliant eye,
 While in an humble tone he begs for bread.
 And shall he be denied ? Good Heav'n forbid !
 O smooth, if possible, his thorny way !
 So shall you taste that luxury of bliss,
 Which true Benevolence alone can feel.

Nor shalt thou, biscuit hard ! remain unsung ;
 Not as of thinnest form, and whitest hue,
 With negus by the ready waiter brought,
 Or baneful mixtures, boldly christen'd wine,
 When, from the country fresh, the rural 'squire,
 In search of pleasure, to some tavern's led,
 Near Covent-Garden, or fam'd Drury-Lane,
 By one who nightly plies the well-known street.
 O do not, Muse ! profane thy guiltless page,
 To paint the scenes which Riot's sons pursue,
 Foul-ending, 'midst ten thousand thorns a rose,
 Pluck'd with extremest hazard, if obtain'd.
 Forbear, ye youths ! nor tread the dang'rous ground ;
 None yet unhurt has 'scap'd, who dar'd their wiles.

Thou biscuit, food of Ocean's darling sons,
 Britannia's noblest boast, 'tis thee I sing !
 To thee their lives, their hardy deeds, they owe,
 Whether to India's sultry clime they steer,
 Or Greenland's drear inhospitable coast :
 Alike to those who freeze around the pole,
 Or those who dare the sun's intensest ray
 Beneath the torrid zone, welcome support.
 Oh ! were my pen but equal to the task,
 To sing in strains immortal as my theme,

Thy commerce, London, ranging all the globe,
 That makes the produce of all countries thine !
 The brightest gems that glow in eastern climes :
 The richest silks e'er wrought in Asia's looms :
 Arabian perfumes, scatt'ring odours sweet :
 The dust of Guinea's floods ; those snowy teeth,
 The gate, as Poets sing, of flatt'ring dreams :
 Potosi's far-fam'd ore, which misers view
 With pleasure, if a pleasure such can know :
 Whate'er to grandeur or convenience adds,
 Or for our wants, or luxury create,
 In thee we find nought wanting man can wish.
 Is there a distant coast unsought by thee ?
 How many nations have thy ships explor'd !
 Nations unknown amidst the vast expanse
 That ocean spreads around the southern pole,
 Or where Kamschatka's rugged shores extend.
 Among the foremost stands thy deathless name,
 Immortal Cook ! explorer of new worlds.
 Fall'n in her service, shall thy Country fail
 In gratitude to him who greatly dar'd
 Extremest toil, the utmost hardships bore,
 Dauntless at death, by danger undeterr'd ?
 O'erpower'd by numbers, see, their Captain falls !
 Does not each bosom feel the fatal wound ?
 How much less painful were the wound his own !

Nor yet for commerce only fam'd thy sons.
 When discord-frighten'd Peace retires to Heaven,
 They ride triumphant o'er the subject main ;
 Dare, unassisted, face the world in arms,
 And greatly humble haughty Gallia's pride.
 Say, who can calmly hear great Nelson's name,
 Nor feel his breast with fiery ardour glow ?
 See where the pride of Gaul, back'd by the sons
 Of injur'd Spain, advances to the fight !
 Old Ocean groans beneath the cumb'rous load.

Confiding in his strength, he moves secure :
How weak that strength, to Britons when oppos'd !
What but a Muse of fire could paint the scene,
Terrific, awful, glorious to the chief,
Who unappall'd in such a conflict stands,
Destin'd to breathe his last in Vict'ry's arms,
While thousands fall around—a glorious fate !
Nor shall their country e'er forget their worth,
Brave sons of valour, worthy so to fall ;
And while Fame wreaths the laurel for their brow,
Shall kindred youths, with emulation fir'd,
By following their example praise them best.

From these bright objects I must call mine eyes
To diff'rent scenes, obtruded on my view.
With horror I approach yon prison-walls,
Fram'd to exclude the cheerful light of day :
Awful without a solemn stillness reigns,
Gloomy Despair and Terror lurk within !
See that poor wretch, stretch'd on the noisome floor,
Benumb'd with wo ; his once most poignant grief,
Now self-consum'd, no longer racks his mind,
In dull lethargic stupor fast bound up.
Once gladsome did he toil the live-long day,
And sweet Content his peaceful slumbers crown'd.
A num'rous progeny, Health's joyous race,
With all the charms of lisping Innocence,
Welcom'd him from the labours of the field,
With eager fondness ran to clasp his knees,
To strive who first should reach the father's lips,
Their greatest joy imparted by his smiles.
Alas ! he's envied by the wealthy Lord,
Whose vast possessions spread around his field,
His little field—his sole support—refus'd
To the proud wretch, who sickens at the sight
Of that content his riches fail to give.

Threats to commands succeed : the lawyer's fee,
 Not spar'd, would prove the worse the better cause ;
 In vain would prove ; for stubborn Equity
 Maintains her right against the pow'r of gold.
 Would I could add no more ! but, tho' maintain'd
 His right, yet ruin follows, and the fiend
 Triumphant drags his victim to that cell,
 Whose dark unwholesome walls must soon consume
 The lamp of life : this now his only hope.
 His wife, unable to support her grief,
 Bereft of reason plunges in the stream,
 Her infant at her breast—she could not leave
 In such a world such helpless innocence.
 The rest, depriv'd at once of their support,
 Wand'ring unfriended, from a stranger's hand
 Must beg that bread a father once could give.

Indignant feels the Muse, that Britain's laws
 Should deign to aid Oppression's iron hand.
 While in her senate, from the distant shores
 Of India, heard the voice of Afric's sons,
 To slav'ry long inur'd ; yet, being men,
 Britons e'en these would free, who never knew
 Thy blessings, Liberty ! most precious good !
 Alas ! how many of her children, born
 To idolize thee, mourn in vain thy loss !
 Once useful citizens, and still might be,
 Who brav'd all dangers, shed for thee their blood ;
 Now, while their well-fought battles they recount,
 The truth attested by full many a scar,
 They cry—" My country *thus* rewards my toils !"

Are there not patriots yet to wipe that blot
 From Britain's brow ? tear off fell Slav'ry's badge,
 That, 'midst her boasted freedom, still she bears ?
 Open her prison-gates ? set free her sons,
 Who for misfortunes suffer more than crimes ?

I hear the ruthless creditor exclaim—
 “ Give me my due ; ’tis mine ; I ask no more.”
 Alas ! he cannot. Will a prison then ?
 Take, take his all : but leave him liberty.

O George ! beneath whose kindly fost’ring hand
 The plains of Albion in freedom smile !
 Thou father of thy country, first of men,
 Of Princes first, thou truly patriot King !—
 May such example fire many a breast
 To copy him who wears the crown of Britain !
 While to the skies a grateful people’s voice
 Ascends in songs of everlasting praise,
 His hand benevolent extends to all
 Pure satisfaction, happiness, and joy !
 He truly feels, the wretched too shall feel,
 The bliss of liberty receiv’d, bestow’d.

CANTO II.

Various in size, in shape, and hue, say whence
 All these their source derive ? ’Tis thee we thank,
 Beneficent Creator of the world !
 Who, from the bosom of the fertile earth,
 Hast order’d corn to spring. See yonder vale,
 Waving its golden harvest, courts the hand
 Of Industry, to reap its just reward.
 ’Twas Industry first taught with skill the plough
 To cleave the grateful soil ; first sow’d the field,
 Secure of that increase her wants demand.
 Nor that increase alone repays her toil :
 Offspring of Labour, see where ruddy Health
 Paints the sweat-water’d cheek ; Content beams forth
 ’Midst heartfelt smiles ; Tranquillity and Joy,
 By turns attendant, wait on Industry ;
 While all the blessings mortals can acquire,
 Health, Virtue, Competence, make up her train,
 See with what glee, his sickle in his hand,

The happy peasant views the ripen'd corn,
 As to the shade he from the noontide sun
 Retires, to take his short repast, and rest
 His limbs, to gain fresh vigour for his task.
 Here half the field already prostrate lies ;
 There the new harvest calls him to fresh toil.
 His waggon, slow, in state majestic moves,
 Heap'd high with golden sheaves ; his barn unfolds
 Its ample gates, proud to receive its store,
 The future life of thousands. Can we view
 Thy blessings, bounteous Heav'n ! with hearts unmov'd ?
 Do they not burn within us, while we feel
 Thy gifts bestow'd with an unsparing hand
 On us thy children ? not unworthy them,
 If not ungrateful for them. Oh, my soul !
 With gratitude enjoy what Providence
 Shall give to cheer thee : drive, with horror drive,
 Far from thee all those gloomy thoughts, which they,
 Who from mistaken piety would make
 This life a scene of misery and pain,
 Ungrateful spurning their Creator's gifts,
 Inculcate to the superstitious mind,
 In monkish cells, unsocial and unblest :
 Be't thine to taste each gift that God shall send :
 Know, that to thank him best is most t' enjoy *,
 And most t' enjoy is to bestow the most.

Yet not of ev'ry soil, of ev'ry clime,
 The same the produce, nor the same the fruits,
 While genial sunshine, soft descending show'rs,
 In change alternate, fertilize thy soil ;
 Or kindly snows preserve th' internal heat,
 Shielding from wintry frosts the tender grain ;
 Thy sons, by native liberty secur'd

For God is paid when man receives ;
 T' enjoy is to obey.

POPE.

From the tyrannic grasp of lawless pow'r,
 Thrice happy Britain! see, with gladsome hearts,
 The plenteous tribute each revolving year
 Pays to their industry, nor fear the gripe
 Of meagre Famine (in thy fruitful vales
 Scarce known to Rumour), or of sterile climes
 Spontaneous offspring, or attendant fell
 On ruthless War, who age or innocence
 Spares not, oppressing most who least deserve.

When fill'd thy gran'ries with her bounteous gifts,
 Nature forsakes thee not; still lends her aid.
 View yonder fabric, whose mechanic pow'rs,
 By Art constructed, Art still fails to move.
 Assisting Nature pours th' unwearied stream,
 With ease effecting all that strength could do,
 Task'd to the utmost: or where hills refuse
 The river's aid, her winds its want supply.
 Here the spread sail catches the useful gale,
 Which, while its nobler task requires its pow'r,
 Again to vital purpose to restore
 The tainted air, that else would soon destroy
 The wonderful machine it pure preserves,
 Disdains not meaner offices; rejoic'd
 The sum of gen'ral happiness t' increase.
 There, within narrow bounds confin'd, the stream
 Pours all its weight on the retreating stave,
 That, follow'd by its fellows, still returns,
 Its flight restrain'd, its course by Art prescrib'd.
 Meantime, how toils, at the laborious quern,
 Th' Hebridian dame, scarce able to prepare
 The scanty meal her barren fields afford!
 If the crop fail, and ah! how oft it fails!
 To all the miseries of want expos'd;
 Unknown thy harvests, and thy arts unknown.

Yet climes more fertile e'en than thine are found;
 How fam'd thy valleys, Sicily! when Rome
 Gave laws to half the globe, her gran'ry thou.

Who can recall those days with heart unmov'd?
 How sunk her glories! How obscur'd her fame!
 Where Tully thunder'd, and where Cæsar bled,
 A race of slaves, of superstition's slaves
 (Of all most abject), with their pois'nous breath
 Now taint that air, which Freedom once inspir'd.
 Where, too, unknown the cool refreshing show'r,
 Her fruitful slime th' o'erflowing Nile bestows,
 Abundant crops succeed. Yet not secure
 Of plenty Egypt; tho' for plenty fam'd.
 What oft her blessing, oftentimes proves her curse.
 If the flood fail, dire Famine's tooth she feels:
 If too abundant, from the stagnant pool
 Stalks horrid Pestilence, and thins the land.
 Youth, Beauty, Health, to squalid sickness turn'd,
 Vanish before her irresistless grasp.

Thus, tho' more fruitful, yet more favour'd none.
 If, where the burning sun enervates man,
 To toil unequal, Nature kindly grant
 Spontaneous harvests; happier far thy sons,
 Whose labour gives each muscle all its force.
 Robust and hardy; nor by too much toil
 Exhausted, all the finer springs o'erstretch'd
 Their task refuse; nor, sunk in too much ease,
 Unbrac'd their nervés: in happy medium plac'd.

In various countries, various means pursu'd
 Attain the same great end. Thy fruitful fields
 Nutritious wheat afford, the choicest gift
 Of Nature, to the palate grateful most,
 As best to renovate the wasting frame.
 Wheat, to thy brethren of the North scarce known;

A hardier grain to them its place supplies,
 Congenial to their soil. Their oats they boast,
 Which if obtain'd, the hungry Scotchman knows
 No want of other food : that all to him.
 So from Earth's bosom Ireland's sons obtain
 The farinaceous root, their chief support.
 If to this frugal meal kind Fortune add
 The bowl of buttermilk, 'tis luxury.

How cheaply Nature's satisfied ! How soon !
 While Art for flavours ransacks ev'ry clime,
 Adds poignancy to ev'ry sav'ry dish,
 Till stimulus on stimulus applied
 Fails to affect the gustatory nerve,
 Excited till sensation's quite destroy'd ;
 Nature by simple means attains her end.
 Hunger and health give zest to ev'ry food,
 Howe'er insipid to the boasted gout,
 Skill'd to distinguish thousand tastes combin'd
 In artful order, none predominant.
 Untaught, untrammell'd in your vicious ways,
 The wiser palate loathes the monstrous mass,
 Fraught with disease, the curse of Luxury.
 Thus when some coxcomb of that art divine,
 Which wraps the soul to Heav'n, exhausts his skill,
 T' excite the wonder of the critic world,
 Each connoisseur would fain seem lost in bliss,
 While noise alone salutes th' unlearned ear :
 But give true melody in simple strains,
 The soul in unison moves with each note,
 Dissolv'd in pity, or to fury fir'd,
 As Nature prompts ! 'Twas thus Timotheus sung,
 E'er Art had robb'd us of this magic pow'r.

Let the mind's eye with comprehensive ken
 Traverse the globe : each region gives to view
 Produce adapted to its soil and clime.

Far tow'ring o'er our pigmy harvests, see
 The sturdy stalk supports the weighty ear,
 Which to three portions of the globe gives food.
 Here, without culture yielding native bread,
 The artocarpus' fruitful boughs extend ;
 Cassava there supplies its friendly root.
 Yet these, produc'd in more luxuriant climes,
 Demanding little toil, vie not with thee,
 Nutritious wheat ! in taste or strength'ning pow'r.
 By hunger prompted, from the birch or pine
 The northern Swede strips the insipid bark,
 That, well-prepar'd, gives bread, which serves his turn,
 Who ignorant of our best blessing lives.
 While grain, or farinaceous root, unknown,
 Or fruit, or bark, that can their place supply,
 Taught by necessity, the Laplander
 Seeks from the sea that bread the land denies.
 Since, buried by almost eternal snows,
 How cultivate the land, that hardly yields
 Of vegetable product for his deer
 Sufficient, tho' inur'd to such a clime ?
 Yet Nature here neglects not man. The sea
 With living harvests swarms. Enjoying these,
 The rude Borandian heaps his simple hut
 With well-dry'd fish : no other bread he seeks.

No clime, all-gracious Heav'n ! thy hand neglects ;
 Dispensing bounteous, from the fruitful stores
 Of Nature, more than man can want, can ask,
 If uncorrupted by the blasting hand
 Of Luxury, that mars thy fairest works.
 Sweet maid, Simplicity ! where art thou flown ?
 O, tell me where, if still on earth thou dwell,
 I may thy footsteps trace, find out thy bow'r,
 And once embrace thee, Nature's darling child !
 Let us together live, far from the haunts
 Of man, most savage when most civiliz'd.

THE OTAHEITAN WARRIOR.

RAISE on high the fun'ral pile,
And yield the sacrifice to Death ;
Sons of Otaheite's isle,
Give all your martial music breath !
Raise the song, and weeping tell
In Friendship's cause how Avah fell !
Long our isles, in savage war,
Fiercely strove against each other,
And many a warrior from afar,
Counting honours in each scar,
Rush'd to battle 'gainst his brother.
With glaring eyes of bloody red,
Slaughter gaz'd upon the dead.
Arm'd in all their martial pride,
Avah and great Taho went,
Rushing thro' the purple tide,
And bravely fighting side by side,
Many a man to earth they sent :
Round their heads (a deadly show'r !)
Spears and stones loud-rattling pour.
As lightning rends the sturdy oak,
So did their force our foes appal ;
Fraught with death, a heavy stroke
Full on Taho's helmet broke ;
Avah saw the hero fall !
And, striding o'er his murder'd corse,
Dauntless stood the battle's force.
Throngs arrest the champion's pow'r,
Hundreds round the hero prest ;
Long he stood the furious show'r,
Mortal brav'ry could no more ;
He fell upon dead Taho's breast !
He stretch'd him by his bloody side,
And thus it was our hero died.

Raise on high the fun'ral pile,
 And yield the sacrifice to Death ;
 Sons of Otaheite's isle,
 Give all your martial music breath !
 And to each list'ning stranger tell
 In Friendship's cause how Avah fell.

September 25, 1809.

JUNGE.

THE PARTNERS,

A TALE.

TOM STILES and HODGE, a little time ago,
 Purchas'd a barn, and parted it in two.
 Tom fill'd his side with grain still more and more,
 While Hodge's half was empty to the floor.
 As Stiles was plodding thro' his grounds one morn,
 Towards this barn, to view his store of corn,
 He chanc'd to meet his partner by the way.
 Hodge held a lighted faggot in each hand ;
 Cries Tom, surpris'd (and then he made a stand),
 " What dost thou want with fire-light by day ?
 " I verily believe thy noddle's wood,
 " And setting fire to that might do me good.
 " What deuced nonsense art thou hatching now ?
 " Thou always wast a stupid blund'ring calf,
 " Witness the barn, of which I've fill'd my half ;
 " You ha'n't a grain in all the place, I vow."
 Says Hodge, " I scorn the thing that is'n't right,
 " I mean to bring my *measures to the light* :
 " About that barn I won't be call'd a calf :
 " In this here land a body does, d'ye see ?
 " Just as he pleases with his property :
 " I'll tell'ee what,—I means to burn my half!"

T. W.

ADDRESS
TO THE BROTHERS OF **** LODGE.

YE gay, who in pleasure immerse,
Attend—a sad tale I'll unfold;
A prison's the theme of my verse,
A Brother's within the strong hold.
Ah! stay then your pleasures awhile,
The scene of distress is in view;
Let the tear now take place of the smile,
Ah! would that my tale were untrue.
Within the damp dungeon confin'd,
By sickness and sorrow oppress'd,
Behold a lov'd Brother—resign'd,
Tho' anguish deprives him of rest.
See his wife with dim eyes wear a smile,
While her heart is o'erburden'd with grief;
Yet she hopes his sad thoughts to beguile,
And endeavours to give him relief.
And see the big tear in his eye,
When his *six* helpless babes are in view:
"Your parent in prison must die,
"He, alas! can leave nothing to you.
"Dear cherubs, forbear that sweet smile,
"For Sorrow so bows down my head,
"That in vain you'd attempt to beguile!
"To all pleasure, alas! I am dead."
Not so,—let sweet Hope give you cheer;
Like Brothers, the little we have
We'll give, to repress the sad tear;
The father—the husband—to save.
The thoughts of my Brothers I shew,
Alive to the sorrows I've told;
The heart of a Mason, I know,
Did never assistance withhold.

With what joy does this hope cheer my breast !

Ah ! how sweet are the feelings of those
Who so kindly relieve the distrest,
And endeavour to lighten their woes.

By them be each pleasure enjoy'd—
Long life, with the blessings of health ;
For well are their moments employ'd,
Distributing part of their wealth.

C. D. B.

LANDSCAPE.

O NATURE ! kind benignant goddess, hail !
Thou o'er the world in sweet profusion spread'st
Thy choicest scenes—the beauteous or sublime !
The craggy rock, that rears its barren head,
And kindly screens the smiling vale beneath,
Where beauteous Ceres waves her golden locks,
And peaceful Plenty gladdens ev'ry eye—
The gentle placid stream, that smoothly glides
Thro' mazy labyrinths of endless sport—
The lofty cataract, that foaming rolls,
And strikes the mind with reverential awe—
Are heav'nly scenes, to Meditation dear !
Oft, at the first approach of blushing morn,
Enraptur'd let me seek thy verdant plains,
Or climb thy steep ascents, with hasten'd step,
To catch the landscape, rising into view ;
There let me gaze, in contemplation lost,
And trace those varied animated charms
My pencil tries to imitate in vain.

W. G. J.

THE DYING HERO.

Now, that the battle's din is o'er,
 And all its demons fled ;
 Sweet Rest, I hail thee here once more,
 To cheer my drooping head.

My thoughts, which late on honour turn'd,
 Now flow in humbler strains ;
 I, who at morn Achilles spurn'd,
 Now groan with cruel pains.

O Mem'ry ! let my pristine fame
 Excite thy future praise ;
 Oh ! give me an immortal name,
 And tune for me thy lays !

Let thy fair page, O Hist'ry ! tell
 Of all my former deeds ;
 Tell how a hero fought and fell,
 Who now for England bleeds !

CORYDON.

THE EXILE ; OR, THE INTENDED SUICIDE.

PACING the summit of yon mountain-cliff,
 All barren, desolate, and drear, expos'd
 To the rude raging of the winter blast,
 Woe deep depicted on his pensive cheek,
 Ah ! who is he, that wanders all forlorn,
 His tatters flutt'ring to the passing gale,
 Of ev'ry comfort, ev'ry hope, bereft,
 Save one, that he may shortly hail that land
 Where sorrow is no more ; where weary souls
 Welcome their Sabbath-morning ; where alone
 The Anchoret is blest ?

An exile he,
 Far from thy sunny fertilizing plains
 And smiling valleys, Albion, queen of isles !
 Was doom'd to roam !—His country's injur'd laws
 Sustain'd his violation—Mercy pleads ;
 Justice admits no rival !—would she did !
 From all to life so dear, unwilling, sad,
 The social converse, the domestic tie,
 He sighs a heartfelt and a long farewell !
 In foreign cheerless wilds condemn'd to roam,
 A weary wand'rer, thro' the world's bleak waste,
 Abandon'd and forlorn.

And now he stays
 His erring step, and near yon tow'ring steep,
 That overhangs the ocean, pensive stands :
There green Savannah's open on his view ;
 And here the bounding billows, which must ne'er,
 No, never bear him to his long-lost home !
 His throbbing heart is full !—he strikes his breast !
 He sighs responsive to the passing gale,
 And thus the sorrows of his bosom flow :—
 “ Curs'd be the day that bore me to these shores,
 A persecuted exile : but a curse,
 A tenfold horror, e'er attend that hour,
 That hour, alas ! when injur'd Britain's laws
 Demanded vengeance on the guilty head
 Of their aggressor, and condemn'd me here,
 By the wide world abandon'd and forgot,
 To waste the spring-time of life's dreary day
 In sad remembrance of departed joys,
 Where Peace display'd her banner—pleasures past,
 (Oblivion, o'er them draw thy dusky veil !)
 Ah ! never to return !—

No one to share
 The solitary sigh, or aid the soul
 With heartfelt aspiration to ascend

In solemn prayer. Witness'd by none,
 Save by yon pale majestic orb of light,
 That gilds the pensive evening, and pursues
 Thro' starry regions her immortal course,
 Steering her devious unmolested path
 Thro' the nocturnal hemisphere of clouds—
 Save by the billows of majestic Ocean,
 That, wildly roaring with tumultuous dash,
 Carol my ev'ning serenade!—

This only source,
 This only consolation to my woe,
 That the same Heav'n which canopies my father's hall,
 With undiminish'd radiance shines on me;
 That the same sun which smiles on Solitude,
 With heav'nly lustre gilds my native land.
 Oh! had I perish'd ere I left thy shores,
Albion, of many waters! Had the sword,
 Drawn nobly in my Country's valiant cause,
 In glory seal'd my fall; or had the blast
 Infuriate shed its vengeance, or the might
 Of whirlwinds laid me low; then had I found
 To rest this care-worn head, upon the soil
 That shelters my forefathers.

But, alas!
 No kindred soul prepares the fun'ral rites!
 No kindred spirit chants the fun'ral hymn.
 I die!—I fall unknown!—No friendly pray'r
 Scales the bless'd ramparts of triumphant day
 For exil'd Arno. Gracious God of Hosts!
 Thou! Thou who ridest on the wings of wind,
 And speak'st in thunders! Everlasting One!
 Pardon the crime. Behold! Great King! behold
 I rush, unbidden, to thy judgment-bar,
 And, at the footstool of thy mercy-seat,
 Implore protection. Lo, Great God! I come

To share thy banquet-hall. Forgive! forgive,
 Immortal King! 'tis Misery compels
 To seek a refuge in the jaws of Death,
 Tho' shudd'ring Fancy falters!

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Why do I pause?—

Yes, my heart fails; it must not, must not be;
 Never shall after-generations say
 Self-murder bath'd my hand. Almighty One,
 Whose eye beholds the sons of Solitude,
 Pardon the thought of darkness! Lo! I bow
 To thy all-wise behest. I drink the cup,
 And say—*Thy will be done!*

E. H.

ACROSTIC, EXTEMPORE.

N OT one look more? Sweet spot, adieu!
 E ndear'd by ev'ry tender tie;
 W ith unfeign'd grief I lose thy view,
 T o seek that town I wish to fly:
 O n thy sweet hills I would reside,
 N or envy all the world beside.

C. D. B.

EPITAPH ON MY WIFE.

How oft we find, while musing o'er the dead,
 What worth, what beauty, what perfections fled!
 Must thou, unnotic'd, singly rest alone,
 No deed of grace to sanctify thy stone?
 The proudest tomb boasts not a fairer she,
 Nor tells one virtue that was not in thee.

FAULKNER.

Qualis in sylvis gelidæ vetustis
 Anglia, nigrans aliquando floret
 Quercus, et ramos foliis virentes
 Tollit ad astra ;

Hæc viget duris columen Britannis
 Inclytum, longum viridans per ævum
 Hanc videns umbrâ capitis decoram
 Gallia friget.

Gloria oh Princeps tua sic vigescit
 Curixæ sanctum populoque votum,
 Sicque durabit volucres per annos
 Nomen amatum

Hæc dies semper memoranda cunctis
 Te dedit lucem populis nitentem
 Te dedit magnum decus atque stellam
 Gentibus almam.

Victimis aram cumulate pictam,
 Ferte gemmatas pueri coronas,
 Celsa dum crebris precibus Deorum
 Tempa Replebo.

Jupiter regi pretiosa sparge
 Munera è cœlo radiis micanti
 Redde ejus vitam studiis quietam
 Paceque dulcem.

Phœbe qui splendes radiante luce,
 Hæc dies quando populis refulget,
 Latus afflato placidum sereno
 Lumine cœlum.

Sept. 11, 1809.

L.

ENIGMA.

THE Grecian chief whose justice rais'd his fame,
 With him who humbled Persia's haughty name ;
 The man who died for sacred Freedom's cause,
 And the fierce King who outrag'd Nature's laws ;
 The wretch, whose tongue seem'd form'd to give offence,
 With coward mind, devoid of manly sense ;
 The party-colour'd messenger of Jove,
 Who paints with varied hues the skies above ;
 The warrior Bard, whose animating strain
 Rous'd the bold chiefs of Morven's woody plain ;
 Saturn's great son, whose empire girts the strand,
 And guards from foreign foes our native land ;
 The initials join'd, that restless pow'r appears,
 Who bathes th' ensanguin'd ground with orphans' tears.

JUNNERITUS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA

In No. VI. of the Poetical Magazine.

OF *Bacchus* the toper we sing with delight,
 'Twas *Europa* whom Jove did abuse ;
 The beauteous *Andromeda* bring to your sight,
 Nor the goddess *Unxia* refuse.
 Next we speak of King *Telephus*, Hercules' son,
 Of *Iphis* transform'd we now tell ;
Evenus, the monarch by Idas outrun,
 And *Styx* is the river of hell.

Then join these initials, and all must be blind,
 If *Beauties* appear not to suit ev'ry mind.

Oct. 2, 1809.

C. D. B.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF THE FIELD
OF BATTLE,

After the fatal Victory which Dumourier obtained over the Au-
strians *, on the 5th of November, 1792.

HARK ! 'tis the signal of retreat they sound—
 The vanquish'd Austrians bite the bloody ground !
 The French, victorious, scour the wasted plain,
 And furious Vengeance broods o'er thousands slain.
 In heaps the slaughter'd and the wounded lie,
 Whilst the deep groan, or shrill convulsive cry,
 Bespeaks a human soul in fiercest agony !
 Here mangled limbs, disfigur'd trunks, are seen,
 And gore distains the turf so lately green !
 Here men and horses heaps on heaps are laid,
 In one promiscuous rank of death array'd ;
 Guns burst, and broken swords, bestrew the ground,
 And ev'ry shape of Ruin stalks around.

Where golden harvests wav'd nought now remains,
 Save carnage foul, and blood-polluted plains !
 Nor tree, nor lowly shrub, uprears its head,
 Such havoc reigns as Nature's self were dead.
 From smoking ruins, princes, peasants, fly,
 Their habitations in destruction lie.
 Shrouded in darkness dull November low'rs,
 And deluges the plain with icy show'rs.
 Twice the sun rose, and twice withdrew his light,
 Still many a victim curs'd the bloody fight ;
 Wrung with dire anguish, call'd on welcome Death
 To ease his pain, and stop his ling'ring breath.

Come and behold, ye who in war delight,
 Yon dreadful scene, which strikes the shudd'ring sight—

* This bloody battle was fought at Gemappe, near the city of Mons, in the Netherlands.

A murder'd husband and a dying wife,
 Whose gaping wounds pour forth slow ebbing life!—
 Upon her breast a boy, now orphan, lies,
 To gain his wonted food he vainly tries;
 Whilst milk and blood, one intermingled tide,
 Stain her soft bosom and her iv'ry side!

Thou Pow'r supreme! whom heav'n and earth obey,
 And hell's deep dungeons own thy mighty sway,
 For mercies past, to Thee our songs we raise,
 And pay the tribute due of grateful praise:
 Still guard thy favour'd isle from horrid war,
 And shield thy suppliants with unslumb'ring care!
 May no rude spoiler tread on British ground,
 To scatter ruin and confusion round!
 May no French eagle mock our peaceful sky,
 Flashing blue lightning from his piercing eye!
 May no domestic treason, foul and fell,
 No impious folly, leagued with fiends of hell,
 With deadly venom fraught, in England's bosom
 dwell!
 May all their off'rings to Christ's altar bring,
 True to their God, their Country, and their King!

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

FIRST *Phrygia's King*, we read, of old,
 Whose touch turn'd ev'ry thing to gold;
That Mount whose top with beauty vies,
 Where *Venus* was adjudg'd the prize;
Th' Arcadian Nymph who nurtur'd *Pan*,
 Till with affright she from him ran;
Who, when from his attempt was freed,
 Was quickly turn'd into a reed;
The River of those dread domains,
 Where, we're inform'd, *old Pluto* reigns;

Take next the mighty *god of War*,
 Whose fame of old spread wide and far ;
 That love-lorn youth, *Alecto's* son,
 By Love so speedily undone ;
That Nymph by Pyramus belov'd,
 • But unkind friends their ruin prov'd ;
The god who 'tends each wedded pair,
 Whene'er Love reigns triumphant there.
 Join each initial, and you'll find
 The name of one both good and kind ;
 The name of one I deem a friend, that's true,
 A friend not only, but companion too.
Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

SUR LA MORT D'UN JEUNE PAYSAN RUSSE.

IL est sensible et bon le Dieu, dont la puissance
 Au printemps de tes jours borna ton existence :
 L'orgueil t'eut fait sentir le poids de ta misère,
 Il t'insultoit déjà dans le sein de ta mère ;
 Privé pour toujours et d'espoir et d'appui,
 Tes jours n'auroient connus que la peine et l'ennui,
 Deplorable héritier du destin de ton père,
 Tes mains auroient envain fructifié la terre,
 L'astre du jour dorroit tes fertiles moissons,
 Et le ciel epuisoit le tribut des saisons.
 D'un maitre avare et dur la cruauté sauvage,
 Du prix de ton travail eut fait son héritage ;
 Et recueillant pour lui le fruit de tes sueurs,
 N'auroit laissé pour toi que la honte et les pleurs :
 Tant la fortune aux grands si douce et si propice
 Pour le payvre toujours est pleine d'injustice.

N. FRAISINET,

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME,

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