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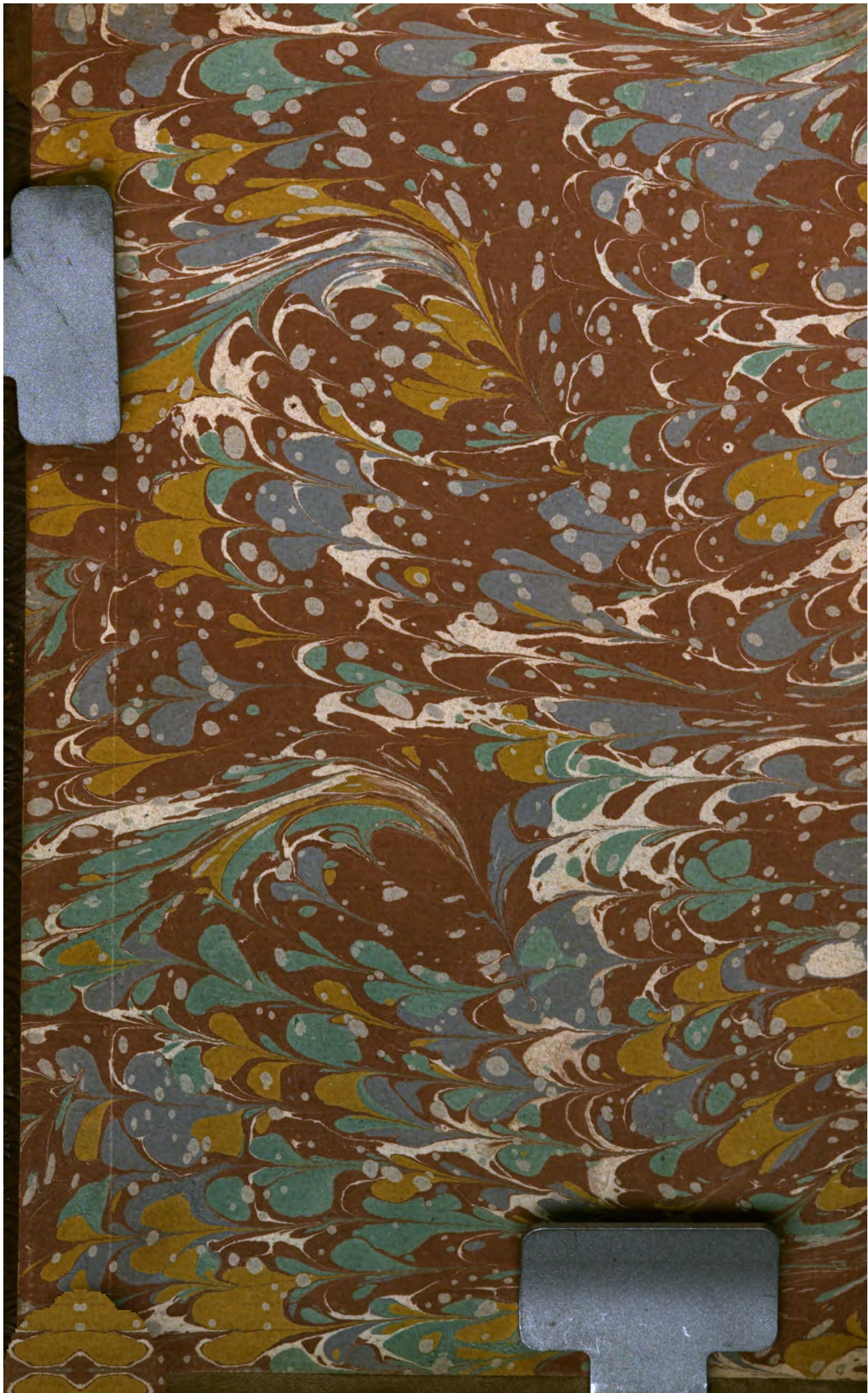
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Dedicated
To the Lovers of the
Muse
By their humble Servant
R. Ackermann.

VOL. IV



THE
Poetical Magazine,
NINETEENTH NUMBER—VOL. IV.
November, 1810.

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

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 248.]

With an Engraving. Plate I.

THE Sun arose in all his pride!—
“Hail the bright orb,” the Doctor cry'd,
“That makes the distant mountains glow,
“And clears the misty vales below.
“O! let me bless the Pow'r divine
“That bade its splendid fires to shine;
“Th'invigorating warmth to give
“To all that grow, and all that live;
“Which, in the bowels of the earth,
“Brings the rich metal into birth;
“Or, piercing thro' the secret mine,
“Makes rubies blush, and di'monds shine:
“While man, the first, the head of all
“That breathes upon this earthly ball,
“As fully feels its force as they
“Of insect tribe, who, in its ray,
“Pass the short hour, and pass away. }
▲

POETICAL MAGAZINE,

“ O, what a picture greets my sight !
“ How my heart revels in delight,
“ While I behold th’ advancing day
“ O’er the wide scene its pow’r display !
“ While, as I gaze, th’ enchanted eye
“ Drinks in the rich variety !
“ How the gleam brightens yonder tower !
“ How deep the shade within the bower !
“ The spreading oak and elm between,
“ How fine those blushes intervene !
“ Those brilliant lights, that would demand
“ Claude’s pencil, or a Titian’s hand !
“ E’en while the distant hills I view,
“ Their orient colours change to blue.
“ The stream, within whose silver wave,
“ Poets might see the Naiads lave,
“ Now, lost in shade, no more is seen
“ To flow amid the alders green ;
“ But, let the eye its course pursue,
“ Again it brightens in the view,
“ Reflecting, as its current flows,
“ Each flower that on the margin blows.
“ Hail, favour’d casement !—where the sight
“ Is courted to enjoy delight ;
“ T’ ascend the hill, and trace the plain,
“ Where lavish Nature’s proud to reign :
“ Unlike those pictures that impart
“ The windows of Palladian art,
“ From whence no other object’s seen
“ But gravel-walk, or shaven green ;
“ Plann’d by the artist on his desk ;—
“ Pictures that are not picturesque.
“ But I should not perform my duty,
“ Did I relinquish all this beauty ;
“ Nor snatch, from the expansive view,
“ Some pretty little scene, or two.

" The cot, that's all bewhiten'd o'er,
 " With children playing at the door ;
 " A peasant hanging o'er the hatch,
 " And the vine mantling on the thatch ;
 " While the green coppice, on the hill
 " Behind it, hangs above the rill, }
 " Whose stream drives on the busy mill. }
 " Nor shall I miss the branchy screen }
 " Of those fine elms, that hide the green, }
 " O'er which the tap'ring spire is seen.
 " I'll add no more, for, to my mind,
 " The scene's complete—and well design'd.
 " There are, indeed, who would insert
 " Those pigs, which wallow in the dirt ;
 " And, tho' I hold a pig is good
 " Upon a dish, prepar'd for food,
 " I do not fear to say the brute
 " Does not my taste in painting suit ;
 " For I most solemnly aver, }
 " That he from genuine taste must err, }
 " Who flouts at grace or character ; }
 " And there's as much in my old wig
 " As can be found about a pig :
 " For, to say truth, I don't inherit
 " This self-same *picturesquish* spirit
 " That looks to nought but what is rough,
 " And ne'er thinks Nature coarse enough.
 " Their system does my genius shock,
 " Who to a flow'r prefer a dock
 " Whose eye the picturesque admire
 " In straggling bramble, and in brier ;
 " Nay, can a real beauty see
 " In a decay'd and rotten tree :
 " I hate with them the trim of Art ;
 " But from this rule I'll ne'er depart—

" In grandame Nature's vast collection,
 " To make a fair and fit selection,
 " Which, when in happy contrast join'd,
 " Delights th' inform'd well-judging mind."

But, lo! the Farmer, at the gate,
 Aloud proclaim'd the hour of eight;
 And Syntax now in haste descends,
 To join his kind expecting friends.
 " Well," said his Host, " another day
 " I trust your Reverence will stay."
 " I thank you for the offer made,
 " But that can't be," the Doctor said:
 " I have a weary way to go,
 " And much to see, and more to know:
 " Indeed, so far I've got to roam,
 " A fortnight scarce will take me home;
 " And, thanking you for all your care,
 " I must beg leave to seek my mare."
 Grizzle was quickly to be found;
 And, as the good folk stood around,
 Syntax thought proper to discourse
 Upon the virtues of his horse;
 Nor did he fail at large to tell
 That she had serv'd him passing well;
 And he forgot not to bewail
 Her loss of ears, and loss of tail:
 But tho', among the passing folk,
 His beast created many a joke;
 And tho' the foul and sad disaster
 Oft forc'd a laugh against her master;
 They should not part while he was able
 To keep himself and keep a stable;
 Nay, to the last he'd cut and carve,
 That his poor Grizzle might not starve.

Thus, as her hist'ry he recounted,
 Into the saddle up he mounted ;
 And there for some time having sat,
 He clos'd, at length, his farewell chat.
 He thought it best t' avoid caressing ;
 So gave no kiss, but gave his blessing.

On home, on books, on fame, intent,
 The Doctor ponder'd as he went :
 At night he look'd his papers o'er,
 And added to the learned store.
 But, the next morn, another scene,
 The vast expanse of liquid green—
 The ocean's self—broke on his eye,
 In inexpressive majesty.
 There, as he look'd, full many a sail
 Gave its white canvass to the gale ;
 And many a freighted vessel bore
 Its treasures to the British shore :
 When, as he trac'd the winding coast,
 In praise and admiration lost,
 There, rising in the distant view,
 Half-seen thro' the ethereal blue,
 A city's stately form appear'd ;
 Upon the shore the mass was rear'd ;
 With glist'ning spires ; while below
 Masts like a forest seem'd to grow.
 'Twas Liverpool, that splendid mart,
 Imperial London's counterpart,
 Where wand'ring Mersey's rapid streams
 Rival the honours of the Thames ;
 And bear, on each returning tide,
 Whate'er by Commerce is supply'd ;
 Whate'er the winds can hurry o'er
 From ev'ry clime and distant shore.
 Thus Syntax pac'd along the strand,
 Thro' this fine scene of sea and land.

But nearer now the town appears ;
 The hum of men salutes his ears ;
 And soon amid the noisy din
 He found the comforts of an inn.
 He ate, he drank, his pipe he smok'd,
 And with the Landlord quaintly jok'd ;
 But, e'er he slept, he pass'd an hour
 In adding something to his Tour ;
 Then sought his couch, in hopes the morn
 Would with new thoughts the page adorn.
 The morning came,—he sally'd out
 To breathe the air, and look about.
 Where'er he turn'd, his ev'ry sense
 Grasp'd one vast scene of opulence :
 In all he saw there was display'd
 The proud magnificence of trade.

Syntax, an humble scholar bred,
 With nought but learning in his head ;
 Profound, indeed, in classic art,
 And goodness reigning in his heart ;
 Yet forty pounds a year was all
 He could his fix'd revenue call ;
 For which, on ev'ry Sabbath-day,
 He went six miles to preach and pray.
 This brought him in but little gains,
 And scarce repaid him for his pains :
 It gave, 'tis true, to drink and eat ;
 It furnish'd him with bread and meat,
 And kept the wolf without the door ;
 But Syntax still was very poor.
 His wife, indeed, had got the art
 To be sometimes a little smart ;
 Yet he, good man, was always seen
 With scanty coat, and figure mean.
 But still he never threw aside
 The pedant's air,—the pedant's pride ;—

Thus, thro' the streets of this rich place,
He strutted with his usual grace ;
And thus he walk'd about the town,
As if its wealth had been his own :
But of his wealth he could not vapour,—
Ten pounds, and a small piece of paper
(The present of a noble Lord),
Was all his pocket did afford :
And now he thought 'twould not be rash
To turn the latter into cash.
Thus at his breakfast, while he sat,
And social join'd the common chat,
He took occasion to inquire
Who would comply with his desire ;
Who would his anxious wish fulfil,
And give him money for his bill.
An arch young sprig, a banker's clerk,
Resolv'd to hoax the rev'rend spark,
And counsell'd him to take a range
Among the merchants on the 'Change.
“ Some one, perhaps, may want to send
“ A payment to a London friend ;
“ He'll in your wishes gladly join,
“ And take the draft and pay the coin.”

The Barber now the Doctor shear'd,
And soon whipp'd off his three-days' beard.
His wig, which had not felt a comb,
Not once, since he had quitted home,
Was destin'd now with friz and twirl
To be tormented into curl :
His coat, which long had ta'en the rust,
Was soon depriv'd of all the dust :
His gaiters too were fresh japann'd ;
Such was the Doctor's stern command :

And now, with spirits fresh and gay,
 To the Exchange he took his way,
 To try, in this commercial town,
 A little commerce of his own.
 Th' Exchange soon met his wond'ring sight ;
 The structure fill'd him with delight.
 " Such are the fruits of trading knowledge !
 " Learning," he cry'd, " builds no such college.
 " Indeed, I entertain a notion
 " (I speak the thought with due devotion),
 " Tho' we in holy Scriptures read
 " That Tyre and Sidon did exceed
 " In wealth the cities of the world,
 " Where ships their wand'ring sails unfurl'd,
 " That e'en her merchants bore the bell
 " In eating and in drinking well ;
 " Were richer than the lordly great,
 " And vy'd with princes in their state ;
 " Yet, with all their power and rule,
 " I think that they ne'er went to school
 " In such a 'Change as Liverpool." }

He enter'd now,—and heard, within
 The crowded mart, a buzzing din,—
 A sound confus'd,—the serenade
 Of ardent gain, and busy trade :
 At length his penetrating eye
 Was thrown around him, to descry
 Some one in whose sleek smiling face
 He could the lines of kindness trace :
 When soon a person he address'd,
 Whose paunch projected from his breast,
 And, looking with good humour fraught,
 Appear'd the very man he sought ;
 When, with an unassuming grace,
 Syntax thus disclos'd his case :—

“ I beg this paper you'll peruse ;
 “ And then, perhaps, you'll not refuse
 “ The favour which I ask to grant,
 “ And give the money which I want ;
 “ The draft is good, and, on my word,
 “ It was a present from a Lord.”

MERCHANT.

“ That may be true ; but Lords, I fear,
 “ Will find but little credit here :
 “ 'Tis a fair draft upon the view,—
 “ Yes ; he's a Lord,—but who are you ?”

SYNTAX.

“ Look, and an honest man you'll see—
 “ A Doctor in divinity,
 “ Whose word's his bond ; nor e'er was known
 “ To do a deed he would not own.”

MERCHANT.

“ I've nought to say,—all this may be,—
 “ But have you no security ?
 “ Pray, Doctor, can't you find a friend
 “ To answer for what you pretend ?”

SYNTAX.

“ That I have none ;—I am not known
 “ Within the precincts of this town.”

MERCHANT.

“ And do you come to Liverpool
 “ To find a poor good-natur'd fool ?
 “ With all your learning and your worth,
 “ Pray have you travell'd so far north,
 “ To think we have so little wit,
 “ As by such biters to be bit ?
 “ To learning we make no pretence ;
 “ But, Doctor, we have common sense.

" For learned men we do not seek ;
 " And, if I may with freedom speak,
 " I take you for a very Greek. }

SYNTAX.

" To know the Greek I do profess—
 " 'Tis my delight and happiness ;
 " And Homer's page I oft have read,
 " Thro' the long night, with aching head, }
 " When my wife wanted me in bed."

MERCHANT.

" Then go to Homer, if you will,
 " And see if he'll discount your bill.
 " But the clock strikes. Good bye, old sinner!
 " 'Tis time for me to go to dinner."

" You want the monies ?" said another,
 A bearded Israelitish brother.
 " 'Tis a suspected bill, I find ;
 " But you look poor, and I am kind.
 " Well, we must take the chance of trade ;
 " For twenty pounds the draft is made.
 " It is too much, as I'm alive !
 " But give it me,—and, here—take five."

" Patience, good Heav'n !" the Doctor said ;
 " Is this the boast and pride of trade—
 " Each man they do not know to treat
 " As an incorrigible cheat ;
 " And, when he does his want prefer
 " To play the base extortioner ?
 " Commerce, I envy not thy gains,
 " Thy hard-earn'd wealth, thy golden pains !
 " (For that's hard-earn'd, tho' gain'd with ease,
 " Where Honour's sacred functions cease ;)
 " The dangers which thy vot'ries run,
 " Or to undo, or be undone ;

" Whose hungry maws are daily bent
 " On the fine feast of *cent. per cent.* ;
 " Whose virtue, talents, knowledge, health,
 " Are all combin'd in that word—*wealth.*
 " 'Tis a proud scene of money'd strife
 " Forms this magnificence of life :
 " But poor and rich, with all they have,
 " Will find at length a common grave.
 " Continue, bounteous Heav'n ! to me,
 " A feeling heart, and poverty.
 " These wights despise me, 'cause I'm poor ;
 " But yet the wretched seek my door.
 " I fear no Duns, I'm not in debt,
 " I tremble not at the *Gazette* :
 " 'Twould to my profit be, and fame,
 " Did but its page display my name ;—
 " Can these proud merchants say the same ?"

More he had said,—but now his bell
 The Beadle rang aloud, to tell
 That the good folks should vanish straight,
 As he must shut the pond'rous gate.
 But Syntax did not seem to hear,—
 So the man rang it in his ear.

SYNTAX.

" I pray, my friend, what's all this rout
 " With your fierce bell ?"

BEADLE.

" To ring you out."

SYNTAX.

" I have been us'd to hear the din
 " Of bells that always rang me in."

BEADLE.

" All I've to say, for you to know,
 " I'll shut the gate if you don't go.

“ I sure shall leave you in the lurch,
 “ For, my good Sir, you’re not at church.”

SYNTAX.

“ Indeed, my friend, you speak most true :
 “ I know all that as well as you.
 “ This is no temple ; for, ’tis clear
 “ I find no *money-changers* here ;
 “ Nor will I say my mind conceives
 “ It may be call’d a *den of thieves*.
 “ Howe’er, I’ll quit these sons of pelf,
 “ And keep my paper to myself :
 “ They shall no more at Syntax scoff ;—
 “ Grizzle and I will soon be off.
 “ Thanks to my stars, I’ve got enough
 “ Of that same yellow, useful, stuff,
 “ As will my ev’ry want befriend,
 “ And bear me to my journey’s end.
 “ Arriv’d in town, I’ll see my Lord,
 “ Who’ll welcome me to bed and board ;
 “ ’Twill make that witty noble sport,
 “ When I these trading tricks report—
 “ How near I was the being cheated ;
 “ And how his Lordship’s name was treated.”

[To be continued.]

THE THAMES.—A FRAGMENT.

With an Engraving. Plate I.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Thames ! the most lov’d of all the British streams !
 Whether we view the wealth that loads its wave ;
 The stately structures that adorn its shores ;
 Th’ imperial city that its waters lave ;

The various fabrics, in their various forms,
 Where Art and Labour ply the daily toil;
 The pond'rous engine, and the active mill,
 Whose wheels it turns in never-ceasing roar;
 Or that which to the winds its fans displays,
 And with its tap'ring form divides the scene.

Thames! the most lov'd of all the British streams!
 Whose springs first rise within the distant vale,
 Where the flocks pasture, and the hawthorn blooms,
 And o'er the verdant cresses bubbling flow:
 Then glides a narrow rill, whose shelving banks
 The meagre willow and the alder crown.
 Nor long it takes its silent, secret, way,
 Till the small skiff the wid'ning current bears.
 But soon the barge, with broad expanding sail,
 Marks where the navigable course begins;
 Which still increases as it flows along,
 Thro' many a rich and many a woody vale,
 Till it encounters the old ocean's tide;—
 Then rushes on impetuous to the sea.
 How the masts rise aloft, which Commerce plants,
 Like a vast crowded forest, on its wave!
 Nor less the naval scene, where many an arm
 Frames the huge bulks, with vivid lightning fraught,
 Which, round the circuit of th' astonish'd world,
 Where'er the winds expand the swelling sail,
 Or the rough ocean's surging billows roll,
 Bear British valour forth to ev'ry clime,
 And bring returns of laurell'd glory home.

Thames! the most lov'd of all the British streams!
 Nor wealth nor grandeur are its only boast;
 Nature, in all the forms of rural charm
 And varying beauty, thy green banks adorns.
 The verdant mead, where lowing herds enrich

The tranquil scene ; while, on the swelling hill,
The white flocks stray, and tell the bleating tale.
The neighb'ring uplands with fair beeches crown'd ;
The oak wide-spreading in th' embosom'd vale ;
The fisher's hut, that rears its humble thatch
Amid the willows ; the poor peasant's cot,
Gay with some flaunting flower ; while the farm,
In trees embower'd, with the pointed spire,
Present the lovely scene to his fond eye
Who guides the sail, or plies the dashing oar ;
While, the companion of his wat'ry way,
The stately swan rows on its native tide.
Nor these alone :—full many an eddyng rill
Strays from its distant secret springs, to pay
Its wat'ry tribute to the sov'reign flood.

But not to Nature are thy beauties bound,
Imperial stream ! Art too, with lavish hand,
Adorns thy realm. The stately mansions rise
In proud magnificence along thy shores :
The column's airy height,—the Attic porch,—
The villa seated on the shaven lawn,
Gay with each flow'r and tree of Beauty's growth,—
The marble form and urn, half-seen beneath
The cypress,—and the poplar's quiv'ring leaf,
And pendent willow that for ever weeps :
While many an arch, in long successive chain,
Stretches with vast expanse across the flood.
Such are thy beauties,—such thy native pride,—
Thames ! the most lov'd of all the British streams !

LINES,

WRITTEN IN CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE.

SWEET is the exhalation of the rose,
 When May unfolds her variegated charms;
 When Sol around his warm effulgence throws,
 And Spring's remaining energy disarms.

Sweet are the kisses that I often steal,
 At ev'ning hour, from Catherina's mouth;
 And sweet the pangs affection made me feel,
 When Fate propell'd us to the genial south.

But these are nought to that sonorous strain,
 That bold, majestic, richly-vary'd tone,
 Which Genius heard along the heav'ns complain,
 Amid the thunders of the torrid zone.

Immortal Campbell! thy Athenian shell
 Shall sound till Time's dominion be no more;
 And, when Hope bids the blazing world farewell,
 She'll bear its virtues to another shore.

Grafton-street, Oct. 1810.

J. G.

LINES,

Most respectfully inscribed to William Gifford, Esq. Author of
 the Baviad and Maviad.

GIFFORD! to thee no venal poet sings
 A flatt'ring, loose, and incoherent song;
 Pleas'd with thy lash, my fancy curbs her wings,
 And scorns to mingle with th'aërial throng!

Bless'd with the succour of thy grateful smile,
 Augustan Bards the learned might amaze;
 Of barb'rous trappings purge the northern style,
 And give to Taste the coronet of praise!

But how shall Genius reassume her sphere,
 Clogg'd as she is by indigence and wo?
 How can she triumph o'er such foes severe,
 Or feel her breast with inspiration glow?
 Led by thy hand, she might to heav'n ascend,
 And prove that still Mæcenas is her friend.

Grafton-street, Oct. 1810.

J. G.

GRATITUDE.

In yonder vale a hawthorn blows,
 That ne'er repines at frosts nor snows;
 Tho' clad its place, tho' lone its lot,
 It buds, it bears—it murmurs not.

Content with what the season brings,
 Down in the dale the linnet sings;
 Tho' coarse and scant what it acquires,
 Nor more nor better it desires.

The swain that holds the useful plough
 (Tho' deep the mire he must go thro')
 Whistles and sings, and thinks that he
 Shall happiest among mortals be.

Nor shrub, nor bird, nor ploughman, knows
 The blessings Heav'n on thee bestows;
 Higher gifts thy soul should higher raise
 To satisfaction and to praise.

A. M.

Sometime Vicar of Himbleton.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

Oh! often vaunted, often sung,
 Whose name from pole to pole has rung,
 To ev'ry people dear ;
 In whose defence the slaught'ring spear,
 The crested helm, the polish'd shield,
 The war-horse stalking thro' the field,
 Have fill'd the tyrant's breast with fear ;—
 Hail, Freedom ! daughter of the skies !
 For thee th' uncultur'd savage dies
 Ere from thy standard flee :
 To thee the wise and truly brave,
 From India to the western wave,
 All bow the prostrate knee !
 Cold and insensate are their hearts
 To whom thy breath no life imparts :
 Void of all honour is his breast,
 Who can behold thy martial crest
 O'er fallen slaves and foemen wave,
 And yet not snatch a freeman's glave :
 Dead to all good, all bliss, is he,
 Who, having once been bless'd with thee, }
 Can yield himself to slavery.
 Shame, shame on him, whose icy soul
 Can read, unmov'd, the story'd scroll
 In which thy deeds embody'd shine !
 For me each flame-exciting line
 To such wild phantasies gives birth,
 And lifts so far above this earth,
 That I forget my tenement of clay,
 And soar, unshackled, to the realms of day.
 But soon th' illusive vision's o'er,—
 Soon am I call'd to view this globe again,—
 To feel that Liberty exists no more,
 Such as I pictur'd to my fever'd brain.

No! whilst we're doom'd to wander here below,
 Whilst passions are the inmates of our breast,
 A dawn of Freedom's all that we can know—
 Bless'd spirits only can enjoy the rest.
 Yet e'en this dawn, which as a minor star
 Amidst each brighter planet scarcely beams,
 Is to the eye of Wisdom dearer far
 Than wealth, and all Ambition's golden dreams.
 Hark! still our Albion kindles at the name,
 Still hurls defiance at the threats of Gaul,
 Still lifts the sword at outrag'd Freedom's call,
 And, like the Magian priests, still feeds its sacred flame.
 See, from her ashes in Iberia's land,
 See, phoenix-like, the mountain-nymph arise!
 The glowing welkin echoes back her cries,
 Whilst loud she shouts "To arms!" and waves her laurel
 wand.
 See! Iberia's sons obey;
 See! they lift th' avenging spear!
 "Death or conquest," hark! they swear,—
 "Freedom, or our kindred clay."
 Hail, patriotic spirit! holy fire,
 That animates the Spanish nation's soul;
 That sets at nought the fell relentless ire
 Which in Napoleon's breast, without control,
 Burns with a raging flame!—Hail, Liberty!
 Not such as late in Gallia's realm was seen,—
 An axe in hand, stalking, with murd'rous mien,
 To lave with civic blood her hell-engender'd tree:
 But such as long has held her reign
 In England's ever-fair domain;
 But such, with noble vengeance fraught,
 As now Iberia's sons have caught;
 Such as of old a chosen band
 Ensur'd to brave Helvetia's land,

When Tell, when Staufacher, and Furst,
 When Werner, Austria's bondage burst ;
 Such as when Winkelried the bold
 Dar'd to his glowing heart enfold
 A host of spears, whilst on the foe
 Helvetia's sons resistless flow,
 And spread with carnage all the plain below ;
 Nor shall, whilst Freedom tunes my lays,
 Remain unsung Sicilia's praise,
 Whose monarch scorns to yield
 (Whilst yet he can the sceptre wield)
 To Gallic fraud and treachery
 His natal independency ;
 Nor, Lusitania, shall thy name
 Be e'er deny'd the meed of fame !
 What tho' thy court be forc'd to roam
 Across the deep to seek a home ?
 Still, when Iberia rais'd the cry
 Of genuine freedom to the sky,
 Thy sons, excited by the blast,
 Asham'd of all their errors past,
 Loose to the winds their standards bright unfurl'd,
 And from their realms their base invaders hurl'd,
 Giving a lesson to the crouching world.
 Lo ! where the tyrant's blood-stain'd couch is spread ;
 Lo ! where is laid that tyrant's restless head !
 In vain he strives to snatch a short repose ;
 Dread visions haunt his sleep,—before his eyes
 In fearful shapes a thousand victims rise ;
 “ Despair,” they cry, “ for Heav'n and thou are foes !
 “ Think of the blood of Bourbon spilt by thee !
 “ Think of the plains of Jaffa ! think with glee
 “ Of thine own soldiers butcher'd ! think of Spain,
 “ Rous'd by thy perfidy to break thy chain !
 “ Lo ! where, with old Castilian honour fir'd,
 “ Th' Iberian legions, by their wrongs inspir'd,

" With Albion and with Portugal unite,
 " To lift the sword in Freedom's holy fight.
 " Mourn, tyrant, mourn! the voice of Liberty
 " Shall shortly sound for thy departing knell!
 " Then will Ambition in thy bosom be
 " A subject of despair, an ever-gnawing hell!
 " E'en now thy sorceries have ceas'd to charm,—
 " Justice once more uplifts her iron arm;
 " Reason, Religion, to all nations call,—
 " They come to glory in a tyrant's fall;
 " All nations shall the blest appeal obey;
 " All nations join to crush thy impious sway,
 " And send thee breathless to thy kindred clay. }
 " Fall, Gallic despot! fall,
 " Loudly resounds the universal cry;
 " Fall, Gallic despot! fall,
 " And to the earth restore sweet Liberty!"

A. E. S. T. V.

SUR CERTAINE REVOLUTION.

TEL un feu dévorant, poussé de son foyer,
 S'irrite, s'aggrandit, devient plus meurtrier,
 Et forcé par le vent, qui propage sa flamme,
 Pour tout anéantir, il prend une nouvelle ame.
 Tel un affreux volcan, s'échappant en fureur,
 Fait jaillir de son sein la mort et la terreur;
 Torrent non moins affreux, la révolution
 S'échappant de son lit, avec commotion,
 Porte partout les flots des fureurs homicides,
 Les soucis, les remords vengeurs des paricides.
 De nos dieux outragés, trop juste châtement,
 Pour les avoir bravés, dans notre aveuglement.
 La terreur et la mort nous marquent son passage
 Dans son rapide essor, son seul guide est la rage,

La vertu, l'age, hélas ! il n'est rien de sacré ;
 Sous un fleau commun, gémit l'humanite.
 Tel, le vautour cruel farouche et destructeur,
 Déchire la colombe emblème de douceur.
 De son antre sorti, tel l'horrible aquilon
 Fait expire les fleurs l'ornement du gazon.
 De la destruction tout nous offre l'image,
 Et l'œil épouvanté n'aperçoit que ravage ;
 Des palais abattus ; là des peuples aux fers,
 Je vois couler le sang en mille endroits divers !
 Plus loin j'entends gémir l'innocence opprimée,
 Et les derniers soupirs de la pudeur souillée,
 Sur son axe ébranlé, ce monde chancelant
 De crimes inondé, touche au sort qui l'attend,
 Ami le Phlégéon débordé sur la terre
 Ménace de ses flots, l'une et l'autre hémisphère ;
 Il doit effectuer, par l'ordre du destin,
 Ce qu'un affreux déluge entreprit mais en vain.

CHEV. DE B——.

A PASTORAL,

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF CELIA.

SCENE—A spacious Lawn, with a Party of Villagers surrounding
 a Bower made of Evergreens, into which *Celia* is introduced by her
 Friend *Daphne*, crowned with a Chaplet of Flowers, and presented
 with a Nosegay of Jessamine. *Thyrsis*, the Village Poet, sings :—

COMPANIONS in mirth, now our sports we'll resume ;
 For *Celia*, the sweetest of maidens, is come :
 Then join in the dance, and let music's gay sound,
 With your voices in concert, make echo rebound ;
 And let this glad chorus, ye joyful and young,
 When the signal I give you be merrily sung :—

“ Let nought but gay faces of pleasure be seen
 “ On the birth-day of Celia, our fair Village Queen.”

To your wishes responsive, the Spring all its pow'rs
 Has resum'd, to give birth to the sweetest of flow'rs,
 To weave the gay chaplet was Daphne's the care,
 And to place it herself on the brows of the fair ;
 She cull'd the white jess'mine to grace her soft breast,
 More adorn'd by the virtues it ever possest.

Chorus.—Let nought, &c.

Behold how the chaplet appears with more grace,
 And borrows fresh beauties from her lovely face !
 The jess'mine its enviable place seems to know ;
 More sweets to exhale, and far whiter to blow :—
 So the landscape, improv'd by the sun's cheering rays,
 New beauty assumes, and new pleasure conveys.

Chorus.—Let nought, &c.

On thy cheek, fairest maid ! may the soft blushing rose
 Long continue its loveliest bloom to disclose ;
 May thy bosom the jessamine's whiteness excel,
 And within it the Spring's sweet serenity dwell ;
 And, oh ! may'st thou, loveliest Celia, be long
 The pride of the village, the theme of my song !

Chorus.—Let nought, &c.

With thee be each good that the gods can bestow ;
 And more would I wish thee if more I might know :
 Yet greater than this thou canst hardly desire—
 That all who behold thee or love or admire ;
 And when love shall diminish, and beauty's bright beam,
 Thy age shall be cheer'd with respect and esteem.

Chorus.

Then with equal rejoicings may often be seen,
 The birth-day of Celia, our fair Village Queen.

C. S. B.

PSALM XLVII.

TO THE CHIEF MUSICIAN, A PSALM FOR THE SONS OF
KORAH.

O, CLAP your hands, ye people ! ev'ry voice
In shouts triumphant to the LORD rejoice.—
What name so great ? what pow'r on earth so high ?
King of the world, and Prince of majesty !
How dreadful is the LORD, when, cloth'd in might,
His arm descends unerring in the fight ;
When prone beneath his rod the nations fall,
And, trembling at his word, rocks the terrestrial ball !
What tho' to us his tender goodness yield
A fruitful soil, an ever-fertile field ;
No merit of our own we dare to claim,
But thankful take the boon in holy Jacob's name.—
GOD is gone up ! let all the earth resound,—
Bid trumpets echo,—bid the clarion sound :
Sing, loudly sing ! these welcome shouts repeat ;
Borne on the breeze, they reach the mercy-seat ;
In pealing notes the pious orgies rise,
And joyful clamours rend the vaulted skies.
One anthem more,—yet once prolong the strain,—
It swells, it mounts, it reaches Heav'n again !
Where GOD, who ruleth o'er the world alone,
Sits shrin'd in glory on his lofty throne !

TO MISS *****.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

O ! CLEAR that cruel doubting brow ;
I call on mighty Jove
To witness this eternal vow,—
'Tis you alone I love !

“ Ah! leave the god to soft repose,”
 The smiling maid replies;
 “ For Jove but laughs at lovers’ oaths,
 “ And lovers’ perjuries.”

By honour’d Beauty’s gentle power,
 By Friendship’s holy flame!
 “ Ah! what is beauty but a flower,
 “ And friendship but a name?”

By those dear tempting lips! I cry’d;—
 With arch ambiguous look,
 Convinc’d, my Chloe glanc’d aside,
 And bade me—*kiss the book!*

SONNET,

WRITTEN NEAR A MINERAL SPRING, IN THE MOUNTAINS
 OF JAMAICA, 1763.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

In these soft solitudes the tepid spring
 Pensive I sought, by pale-ey’d Sickness led;
 Quaff’d the pure stream, and soon my sorrows fled;
 For Health show’r’d gladness from her balmy wing.
 Shall then the Muse no grateful tribute bring?
 Not thus unmindful shall the Muse be said;
 Come, my Eugenio, where yon palm-trees spread
 A verdant canopy, we’ll sit and sing.
 From Albion far, while wastes my vernal prime,
 Lost the lov’d scenes that charm’d my infant hours,
 Thy magic voice beguiles the sultry clime,
 And calls th’ accordant Muse to tropic bow’rs,
 Come then, my friend, and aid the votive rhyme,—
 An off’ring to the health-restoring pow’rs!

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 262.]

YET once again, thou faithful Lyre!
 I strike thy boldly-warbling string ;
Yet once again I feel the fire
 Of inspiration round me cling.
Oft have I smote, with rebel hand,
 At midnight's calm and silent hour,
 Thy plaintive chords, while Zephyr fann'd
 The foliage of the lilac bow'r :
And must I still the theme prolong,
 Still sing the conqu'ror's dark career ?
And must I pour the mournful song
 In Britain's adamant ear ?
O, start not ! Britain ne'er hath seen
 The horrors of the martial fight ;
 She ne'er hath trod the battle green,
 Beneath the dusky shades of night :
 She ne'er hath stood on Wien's proud tow'rs,
 To ponder o'er the conflict dire ;
 Nor seen afar the glitt'ring pow'rs
 Rushing amidst a field of fire !
No ! she may hear the clarion shout,
 But hears it in a fleeting dream ;
 May view the sanguinary rout
 In bright Imagination's beam :
But, when the morning rays illume
 Her mountain-tops and valleys green,
 She hurries from the battle's gloom,
 To wander o'er a calmer scene.
 Her fields are fields of endless joy,
 Where Nature's charms serenely glow ;
 Where War shall ne'er his pow'rs employ,
 Or lay her costly beauties low.

Yet, when I think, how many woes—
 How many stern vindictive foes—
 Her factious schemes create,
 I blush my native land to own,
 And, rushing to another zone,
 Mourn for Iberia's melancholy fate.

There are to whose infernal ears
 The cannon's deep and sullen roar,
 The clashing of a thousand spears,
 Yield rapture unenjoy'd before!
 Charm'd they behold the writhing slave
 Of princely despotism yield;
 And hear his tortur'd spirit rave,
 Swift rushing o'er the purple field!
 Swords, bay'nets, chargers crush'd and slain,
 Scatter'd across the dusky plain,
 Amuse their swimming eyes;
 But have they ever lost or sire
 Or son amidst the conflict dire,
 Or heard the widow's cries?
 Have they e'er seen, in madness lost,
 The love-lorn maiden left to weep
 Beside the youth whom death had cross'd,
 And lull'd in everlasting sleep?
 No! these are pictures never seen
 By those who tread not foreign shore;
 Else might the wo-bewilder'd scene,
 Where horses, steep'd in human gore,
 Plunge their bold riders in the thickest war,
 And, seated on his iron car,
 Stern Havoc ploughs his desolating way,—
 Else might it teach the callous soul
 To mourn War's unsubdu'd control,
 And rush disgusted from the dark affray!

Full oft beside the wintry fire
 I've heard the loud loquacious tongue,
 Big with the deeds which books inspire,
 Extol the feats old Homer sung :
 Aye ! I have heard the stripling shout—
 " Methinks amidst the furious rout
 " I urge my glorious way !"
 Unconscious youth ! he never trod
 The misty, gore-envelop'd, sod,
 Where many a human body lay !
 He never sought the dire abode
 Where lank Ambition rear'd his crest ;
 The field where plumed squadrons rode,
 Trampling on Mercy's naked breast !
 Hence little move his chilly heart
 The pictures I've presum'd to trace ;
 Hence Truth herself can ne'er impart
 To him th' indelible disgrace
 Attach'd to War's barbarian horde,
 That, blasting Heav'n's sublimest end,
 Brandish the widely-desolating sword,
 And slaughter to the world portend.

But there are minds so sweetly wrought,—
 Adorn'd with such transcendent thought,—
 So prone to dwell on ev'ry deed
 By Princes and their slaves decreed,—
 That, for the wrongs mankind have borne,
 Within themselves in secret mourn,
 And, pond'ring, can discern afar
 Rebellion's red and angry star
 Urging its unobstructed way
 O'er realms where Learning shone, and Freedom once
 held sway !

Yes; there are souls that still can feel
 The dreadful havoc war creates;
 That shudder at the naked steel,
 Fierce blazing thro' the German states,
 To-day all nature seems to smile;
 From field to field Contentment strolls;
 To-morrow Slaughter crowds the soil
 With myriads of departed souls!
 And, where the peasant's cottage stood,
 Now flows a stream of patriot blood!
 Pale Desolation looks around,
 And, bounding o'er the crimson ground,
 Leads forth her savage children to the fight;
 But Mercy's long and wretched cries,
 And uplift hands, and Heav'n-directed eyes,
 Shall nought avail where Pride and Pow'r unite!

O War! thy rash inexorable pow'r
 Clouds ev'ry scene Futurity displays;
 And, at the present melancholy hour,
 Throws darkness o'er Hope's vivifying rays!

Lost Lusitania! thy romantic heights
 Already groan beneath compatriot worth;
 But, where the Gaul his giant strength unites,
 Red smoking hecatombs deform the earth!
 Hold, mighty Chief! nor let thy ruthless hand
 Deal pain and slaughter that were ne'er provok'd;
 Spare Nature's homely sons, nor let the land
 With unoffending innocents be chok'd.

Grafton-street, Sept. 1810.

J. G.

[*To be continued.*]

THE BUD AND DEW-DROP.

LUR'D by the fragrance of the morn,
I early sought the glade,
Where tufted moss and flow'rs adorn
The hawthorn's grateful shade;

And there, beneath a bud that round
Profuse its odours flung,
Impending o'er the verdant ground,
A sparkling dew-drop hung.

The blooming bud with pride (I deem'd)
Its lovely burden bore;
And, thus suffus'd, to me it seem'd
More beauteous than before.

My busy fancy these portray'd;
Methought the charms of youth
With all their lustre shone, array'd
In purity and truth.

Well pleas'd that either lovely guest
A safe retreat should find,
I, fraught with pleasure, thus exprest
The dictates of my mind :—

Here Beauty, careless and secure,
Each wanton charm shall wreathe,
With balmy redolence allure,
And choicest odours breathe.

Here nought can Innocence assail
Within this lonely dell :
Arrested by the passing gale,
The hapless dew-drop fell ;—

It fell, but, ah! no pitying tear,
 No sympathizing sigh,
 Bemoan'd the loss of friendship dear,
 By cruel destiny!

No fruitless marks of fond regret
 Around the spot were shed;
 With op'ning leaves no longer wet
 The flow'ret rais'd its head.

And can (thought I) thy blooming charms
 Such apathy betray,
 To spurn for ever from thine arms
 What kept thee fresh and gay?

Can Beauty part with Innocence,
 And shed no parting tear?
 With Virtue's dearest gem dispense,
 Nor trace of sorrow wear?

And dost thou friendship thus requite?
 Farewell, inconstant flow'r!
 No more I view thee with delight—
 Thy charms have lost their pow'r.

Bemoaning thus its hapless lot,
 I pensive turn'd away;
 And, lonely musing, soon forgot
 The blooming flow'ret gay.

But oft, as I thro' life have stray'd,
 My 'wilder'd wand'ring eyes
 Have seen, in youthful charms array'd,
 The bud of Beauty rise;—

And well have mark'd the blooming fair,
 With pride aspiring high;
 And haply deem'd an emblem rare,
 Of spotless purity.

But time has woful changes wrought,
 And many a spot betray'd ;
 And oft to my remembrance brought
 The dew-drop in the glade.

GEORGIUS.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

SAY by what spirit rous'd do yonder sounds
 Of discord and of murmur thus intrude
 On rights of philosophic solitude ?
 O, ruthless world ! couldst thou not mark the bounds
 Of separation so distinct 'twixt thee
 And joys that breathe an atmosphere divine ?
 Or can Disguise so base felicity
 Assume, and own her pleasing image thine,
 That thus (so wishful to disseminate,
 Or joy, or wo, when folly gives the weight)
 Thy murmurs rising high,
 In tumults to the sky,
 Impatient to disturb Retirement's happier state ?
 Whence such presumptuous industry to spread,
 Thro' scenes of more than rational delight,
 (Scenes that absorb mortality's weak sight,
 And give the soul " high converse with the dead,")
 The seeds of riot, malice, and revenge,
 Comprising all thy boasted happiness,
 Debasing as it is ?—Inversion strange
 Of all that reason bids, or fears confess !
 Say, is it that thou enviest him who lives
 Afar from pride, and dreading all it gives,—
 And, most contented there,
 In silence, like the pray'r
 Of true philanthropy, his care relieves ?

Distracting scenes, adieu ! fond Muse, return !
 Deep in the bosom of the woods, again
 My harp attune to some more welcome strain
 Of gratitude ! where nobler passions burn,—
 Scenes that enliven and expand the soul,—
 Joys that inspire and animate the good ;
 Where the full streams of mental ardour roll
 In consecrated bliss of solitude !
 There let me rest awhile each busy thought—
 The sportive fancy—mind with sorrow fraught—
 And, lull'd to soft repose,
 Forget my latest woes ;
 Then sink enraptur'd 'neath the shedding joys ;
 While with ethereal wing the zephyr plies
 The breathless air !—all fades—the soul in slumbers
 caught !

O, bless'd oblivion to a world of care !
 Thrice-welcome shade of renovating peace !
 Where Discord's howl and Envy's whispers
 cease ;
 Nor Folly's guilt, remorse, or anguish there !
 What tho', from visionary scenes of ill,
 E'en sleep itself denies a kind retreat,
 'Tis but the picture of our fancy still ;
 No rankling wounds the throbbing bosom wait.
 Nor often thus the mind to virtue dear
 Lives not the sport of vicious mem'ry here ;
 Or, if its anguish prove
 The pains of sleeping love,
 The coming morn shall wipe th' involuntary tear !
 But now the interrupting stranger's lost ;
 The woody choristers their notes resume—
 Leave, for a task more grateful, nest and plume,
 And with sweet minstrelsy their mates accost.

Nor long the silken cords of Morpheus hold
 Th' enchanted pris'ner;—soon the fibres break;—
 Soon to his view attendant nymphs unfold
 Declining day, and bid the slumb'rer wake,
 He, to the call submissive, rises : then,
 Or by the thicket path, or woodland glen,
 As pleasing Nature guides,
 Or careless will presides,
 Seeks the unwelcome dissipating world again!

Dulwich.

E.

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANT :
 WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE DEATH OF LORD
 NELSON.

WHEN diff'ring nations meet no more in peace;
 When mutual good and friendship cease
 At Discord's dreaded word;
 War's bloody flag is then unfurl'd,
 And armies o'er th' affrighted world
 Unsheath th' avenging sword.

The Tritons sound the martial strain,
 While Neptune from his wat'ry reign
 Uprears his hoary head,
 And joys to see proud Gallia meet,
 In greater force, his fav'rite fleet,
 By gallant Nelson led.

But that, alas! he sees no more,—
 Nelson is gone!—th' Elysian shore
 Forbids his glad return.
 Weep, Britain! of thy son bereft,
 But bear in mind that sons are left
 Who yet for vengeance burn.

Dread Retribution's hour is near,—
 Fame shall within the circling year
 Of glorious triumphs tell ;
 And France shall rue the wound she gave,
 When Albion's hero—great as brave—
 By lurking Treach'ry fell!

E'er now far distant shores resound,
 While British thunder roars around
 Domingo's sea-girt reign :
 True valour swells in British hearts,
 While ev'ry blow this truth imparts,—
 " Britannia rules the main."

The welkin rings with Duckworth's name ;
 And, hark ! the loud-ton'd trump of Fame
 Proclaims his glory's dawn ;
 Where Nelson's valiant deeds are trac'd,
 There Duckworth's name his pen has plac'd
 Next Collingwood and Strach'n.

CAROLUS.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

YOUTHFUL mortals, ah ! beware
 How you come fair Rosa near !
 For, within her sparkling eyes,
 Cupid, hid in ambush, lies ;
 And from thence his arrows fly,
 Tipp'd with pain and misery.

Youthful mortals, ah ! beware
 How you come fair Rosa near !
 For there's honey in her lips,
 Which, 'tis said, that Cupid sips ;
 Then, with sweet delusive tongue,
 He bewitches old and young.

Youthful mortals, ah! beware
How you come fair Rosa near!
In her locks, as black as jet,
Cupid spreads his magic net;
And, once caught, you may in vain,
Wish for liberty again.

Tho' her eyes shoot liquid fire;
Tho' her lips to love inspire;
Tho' her glossy locks enslave,
Cold her heart is as the grave;
And, whilst riveting their chains,
She glories in her captives' pains.

A. E. S. T. V.

THE FRUITLESS CAUTION.

THE thrilling transports of the heart,
The pleasing pains and sweet emotions,
Which Love alone can e'er impart,
My friends declare are merely notions;
All such-like thoughts delusions call,
And warn me never to receive them;
But, when on thee I turn my eyes,
I feel I never can believe them.
Then thus remind me of my youth,
And talk of Time's effacing pow'r;
But, dearest maid! I've lov'd with truth,
And love thee still thro' ev'ry hour:
E'en let them rave at Cupid's joys,
Look wise, and bid me ne'er receive them;
For, whilst with life this bosom beats,
I'm sure I never shall believe them.

Jan. 4, 1810.

M. C.

THE LADIES' HOLIDAY; OR, WEEKLY DELUGE.

Ride si sapis.

The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the day;
 Th' important Saturday;
 The great, th' important, humid Saturday,
 Big with the fate of bucket and of broom.

Parody on Addison's CATO.

MATRONS, and maids, and servants, all attend!
 Since woman's work, 'tis said, will never end:
 My gentle wife's immaculately neat,
 Unless when cleansing kitchen, yard, or street;
 Each in their turns her industry confess,
 To prove her cleanliness in vast excess.
 All weathers ready, either fine or foul,
 Yield to aquatic madam's stern control:—
 Each day we scrub and scour house, yard, and limb;
 But ah! on Saturday, ye gods! we swim.
 The stairs, supremely scour'd, we must ascend
 Barefoot and chill, nor dare call up a friend.
 Long in the morning ere Sol's beams are seen,
 You hear the servants scrubbing what is clean;
 The scow'ring operation then takes place,
 And Saturday must yield a novel grace:
 Each chink, each shelf, each corner, dusted out,
 Nothing escapes this universal rout.
 Breakfast arrives; but, ah! 'tis hard indeed
 To reach my seat with all my diut of speed;
 Pails, brooms, and fuller's earth, infest my way—
 While frowning Madam curses my delay:
 Y. t. with good speed from mat to mat I hop;
 If careless, break my shins across a mop.

So delicate, so clean, must all appear,
 My meals are short, and shorten'd more by fear;
 Tho' cold the weather, windows open fly,
 To air the rooms and make the chambers dry.
 Sound reason with my wife has no avail;
 Charm'd with the eloquence of mop and pail,
 The word most prevalent with her is 'Wash,'
 While all around is one continued splash;
 Then prostrate on her knees she'll boldly scrub,
 And praise the excellence of soap and tub.
 From cellar up to attic all must float,
 And scarce can I egress without a boat;
 E'en puss is routed by the watry scene,
 And longs, like Noah, for the "olive green."
 'Tis not enough I starve with thorough airs,
 My empty stomach woful witness bears.
 The Saturday's dread deluge frights me more
 Than all my trials ever did before:
 For, ah! the more she cleans, more dirt I see;
 And that's a paradox, and so is she.

R. H. JEFFERSON.

A THOUGHT.

Who dares to blame the conduct of the state?
 Who would repine because he is not great?
 What man in any land shall guide the realm,
 And hope to please by conduct at the helm?
 Vain are the schemes which sagest pilots form,
 To still the tempest or to brave the storm;
 'Mid adverse winds, and elemental shocks,
 We strike on sandbanks, or we split on rocks;
 Unceasingly tremendous whirlwinds blow,
 And overwhelm our vessel in the gulf below.

C.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO, AND WRITTEN ON, THE BACK OF
A BANK NOTE.

OH! tell me, sweet note, why to me thou art dear?
 Why the gay tint of rapture enlivens my face,
 As, devoid of all terrors that trouble us here,
 I possess the rich promise to Henry Hase?
 There's a magical sweetness in features like thine,
 Which beats all the beauties that I have seen hollow;
 It runs thro' each number, each letter, each line,
 And with rapture the words on thy surface I follow.
 Old Claude drew fine pictures; but what of all that?
 No more on the charms of his paintings I doat;
 The language they speak is insipid and flat,
 Compar'd with the speech of an English Bank-Note.
 Tho' his landscapes, descriptive of exquisite scenes,
 May have furnish'd rich subjects for gilding and
 carving;
 They never, like thee, could afford us the means,
 To preserve us for ever from begging and starving.
 Oh! Note, lovely Note! I could gaze on thy charms,
 Till each eye with perusing would start from its socket;
 But thy space won't allow it, and therefore again
 I return thee, dear creature, at once to my pocket.

ODD FELLOW.

EPIGRAM.

LORD Pension, when lately haranguing aloud,
 In praise of his country addressing the crowd,
 Amongst other fine things which he dinn'd in their ear,
 Cried, You've ev'ry thing round you to fight for that's *dear*:
 That's true, roar'd a wag; but this news you may keep—
 By my soul we have nothing to fight for that's *cheap*!

CLIO.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. IV. p. 12.]

With an Engraving. Plate I. Vol. IV.

THUS as he spoke, there pass'd along,
 Among the crowding grinning throng,
 One who was quite in fashion drest
 In coat of blue, and corded vest,
 And seem'd superior to the rest. }
 His small-clothes sat so close and tight;
 His boots, like jet, were black and bright;
 While two gilt spurs on either heel,
 In equal rounds, their points reveal.
 Loaded with seals, and all bespangled,
 A watchchain from his pocket dangled;
 His hat a smiling face o'erspread,
 And almost hid his well-cropp'd head.
 He swung his whip about, to greet
 The friends he met with in the street.
 Just as he pass'd, all big with rage,
 Syntax appear'd upon the stage,
 And still continued talking loud
 For the amusement of the crowd.

The well-dress'd man now stopp'd, to know
 What work'd the angry Doctor so;
 And, in a pleasant friendly way,
 Demanded where his grievance lay;
 When Syntax bowing, on they walk'd,
 And thus the social strangers talk'd:—

SYNTAX.

"These traders, Sir, I can't admire:—
 "You, I presume, Sir, are a 'Squire.'"

Mr. ———.

“ I have (and here there pass’d an oath),
 “ To say the truth, a spice of both :
 “ For now you have within your view
 “ A Trader, and a ’Squire too.
 “ Here I can some importance claim,
 “ And ——— is my well-known name :
 “ Nay, there are few within this town
 “ Of more substantial renown.
 “ My house of trade is in this street ;
 “ A few miles off, my country-seat ;
 “ Where I most frequently reside
 “ ’Mid all the charms of rural pride ;—
 “ And I’ll be ——— if e’er you see
 “ A Lord who better lives than me.”

SYNTAX.

“ Fie, fie, good Sir ! I cannot bear
 “ To hear a fellow-Christian swear.
 “ You must well know such profanation
 “ Is a foul trick in ev’ry station ;
 “ And will draw down celestial ire,
 Or on a trader, or a ’Squire ;
 “ And ’tis the duty of my cloth,
 “ Whene’er I hear, to check an oath.
 “ I’m a poor Parson,—very poor,—
 “ I keep a school, and hold a cure ;
 “ But when I’m in the parish church,
 “ Or when at home I wield the birch,
 “ I know the dignities that wait
 “ Upon the pow’r of either state :—
 “ I keep them always in my view—
 “ Ay, Sir, and I maintain them too ;
 “ Nay, in your ’Change, where riches reign,
 “ I did that dignity maintain ;—

" In that proud place, where, I am told,
 " There sometimes pour down show'rs of gold ;
 " But not like that we read of Jove ;
 " For that, you know, was pour'd for love :
 " And nothing like it did I see ;
 " No love, nor e'en civility :
 " I only ask'd a common grace,
 " When the man mock'd me to my face,
 " Had I an arrant swindler been,
 " He could not with more scornful mien
 " Have my polite proposal greeted :
 " Indeed, I was most foully cheated ;
 " And by this dolt was made a joke
 " To all the rude surrounding folk,
 " Thus was I work'd into a stew,
 " By Turk, by Gentile, and by Jew :
 " How bless'd am I to meet with you !
 " For, know, Sir, I've the art to scan
 " The well-bred finish'd gentleman ;
 " And, therefore, I shall lay before you
 " Some items of my honest story.
 " The object of the Tour I make
 " Is chiefly for the profit's sake ;
 " At the same time, I trust, my name
 " May gain some literary fame.
 " You, if you please, may take a look
 " At what I've finish'd of my book.
 " A noble Peer doth condescend
 " To be my patron and my friend :
 " I saw him late in York's fair county,
 " And was the object of his bounty.
 " This draft, with most becoming grace,
 " The smile of goodness on his face,
 " He soft convey'd unto my touch ;—
 " He said, indeed, it was not much ;

" But, could I visit him in town,
 " He'd make his further friendship known ;
 " And here, alas ! I was so rash
 " To try to get it chang'd for cash ;
 " For which myself and this great Peer
 " Of these rude raffs became the jeer.
 " Permit me, Sir, to shew the paper
 " That made these purse-proud tradesmen vapour :
 " To its full value you'll accord ;—
 " Perhaps, Sir, you may know my Lord."

Mr. ——.

" I know him well,—'tis his hand-writing,—
 " It is his Lordship's own inditing.
 " I'll give the coin.—Why, blood and 'ounds !
 " I wish 'twere for five hundred pounds !
 " He is a Lord of great discerning ;—
 " His friendship proves your store of learning :
 " He's not more known for ancient birth
 " Than for the charm of private worth ;
 " For all that elegance and grace
 " Which decorate a noble race.
 " Come here with me, and you shall find
 " At least one trader to your mind."

Syntax now smooth'd his angry look,
 And straight prepar'd to shew his book.
 In a fine room he soon was seated ;
 With all attention he was treated ;
 And, while they at their luncheon sat,
 Ten minutes pass'd in friendly chat.
 At length the bus'ness was arrang'd ;
 The deed was done, the draft was chang'd ;
 And, as the Doctor plac'd his note
 In a small pouch within his coat,

“ There,” said the ’Squire, “ there’s another ;
 “ I’ve match’d it with its very brother ;
 “ The Bank of England is their mother ;
 “ And, when they’re offer’d to her eye,
 “ She’ll own them as her progeny.
 “ So tell my Lord that I, for one,
 “ Am proud to do as he has done :
 “ Nor is this all, my learned friend ;
 “ Here our acquaintance must not end ;
 “ My carriage and my servants wait,
 “ All in due order, at the gate :
 “ So you shall go along and see
 “ My rural hospitality.
 “ For a few days we will contrive
 “ To keep your spirits all alive.
 “ I’ll send a groom to fetch your mare,
 “ So laugh at thought, and banish care.”
 Thus off they went, and, four-in-hand,
 Dash’d briskly tow’rds the promis’d land.
 Syntax first told his simple story,
 And then the ’Squire detail’d his glory.

Mr. ———.

“ Now we’re away in chaise and four,
 “ I am a Merchant, Sir,—no more :
 “ At least, whene’er I thus retire,
 “ To flourish as a country ’Squire ;
 “ When you will see how I prepare
 “ An opiate for mercantile care.
 “ In learned labours some proceed,
 “ But I prefer the racing steed :
 “ Some to Ambition’s heights ascend ;
 “ I to the Racing-Course attend.
 “ In study I ne’er wander far ;—
 “ Mine is the Racing Calendar.

" While with keen eye the Heralds see
 " The long-trac'd line of ancestry,
 " Give me a horse's pedigree. }
 " Others some pow'rful station boast ;
 " But let me gain the winning-post.
 " It may be sweet with babes to play,
 " But I prefer the filly's neigh.
 " You talk of men of wit and parts,
 " Of the deep sciences, and arts ;
 " Give me the science that will teach
 " The knowing-ones to overreach :
 " And, as for pictures and such things,
 " Which Taste from foreign countries brings,
 " A brood-mare, in maternal pride,
 " With a colt trotting by her side,
 " Is to my eye more pleasing far
 " Than hero in triumphant car,
 " Or sea-born Venus weeping o'er
 " Adonis, wounded by a boar."

SYNTAX.

" These points, good Sir, I can't discuss:
 " I know no steed but Pegasus."

Mr. ———.

" Cut off his wings,—I've got a horse
 " Shall run him o'er the Beacon Course ;
 " And, tho' Apollo should bestride him,
 " I'd back my horse,—for I would ride him."

Thus as he spoke, a row of trees,
 Which a full age had felt the breeze,
 And half that time, at least, had made
 A long cathedral aisle of shade,
 Appear'd in view, and mark'd the road
 Which led up to the 'Squire's abode,

Whose stately chambers soon possess
 The Doctor as a welcome guest.
 The dinner came—a sumptuous treat—
 Nor did the Parson fail to eat
 In the same way he us'd to do—
 As much as any other two.
 The cakes he munch'd,—the wine he quaff'd ;—
 His tales he told,—the Ladies laugh'd ;—
 And thus the merry moments past,
 Till cap and slippers came at last.
 At length, his balmy slumbers o'er,
 Morn came, as it had come before,
 And as, without our care or pain,
 It will not cease to come again ;
 When Syntax, having prov'd as able
 At breakfast as at dinner table,
 He begg'd, with rev'ence due, to say
 He must pursue his anxious way.
 “ No,” said the 'Squire, “ before you go,
 “ I shall my stud of racers shew.”
 So off they went ;—from stall to stall
 He shew'd the steeds, and nam'd them all ;
 Describ'd their beauty and their birth,
 Their well-earn'd fame and golden worth ;
 The various feats they all had done,
 The plates which they had lost and won.
 At length th' astonish'd 'Squire saw
 Poor Grizzle to her girths in straw.
 “ That, Sir,” said Syntax, “ is my steed ;
 “ But, tho' I can't detail her breed,
 “ I sure can tell what she has won—
 “ Those scars, by Frenchman's sabre done.
 “ I cannot brag of what she cost ;
 “ But you may see what she has lost.”
 “ Where,” said the 'Squire, “ are her ears ?”
 Quoth Syntax, “ you must ask the shears ;

“ And now, perhaps, her switchy tail
 “ Hangs on a barn-door from a nail !”
 The Doctor then began to state
 Poor Grizzle’s character and fate.

“ Who was her dam, or who her sire,
 “ I care not,” says the merry ‘Squire :
 “ But well I know, and you shall see,
 “ Who will her famous husband be ;—
 “ Yon fam’d grey horse, of Arab birth—
 “ A princely steed, of nameless worth.”
 “ The match is very grand indeed,”
 Said Syntax, “ but it won’t succeed ;
 “ Our household is not form’d to breed. }
 “ My dearest Dorothy and I
 “ Have never had a progeny.
 “ Our fortune has more wisely carv’d ;
 “ Had she borne babes, they must have starv’d.
 “ What should we do with such dear elves,
 “ Who scarce know how to keep ourselves ?”
 “ I’ll hear no more,” the ‘Squire reply’d ;
 “ The scheme shall be this instant try’d ;— }
 “ Grizzle shall be young Match’em’s bride. }
 “ You are a very worthy man,
 “ And may the depths of learning scan :
 “ But in these things you’re quite a dolt ;
 “ You’ll get a hundred for the colt.
 “ I’ll have my whim,—it shall be carry’d ;”—
 So Grizzle was that morning marry’d.

And now the ‘Squire invites the stay
 Of Syntax for another day.

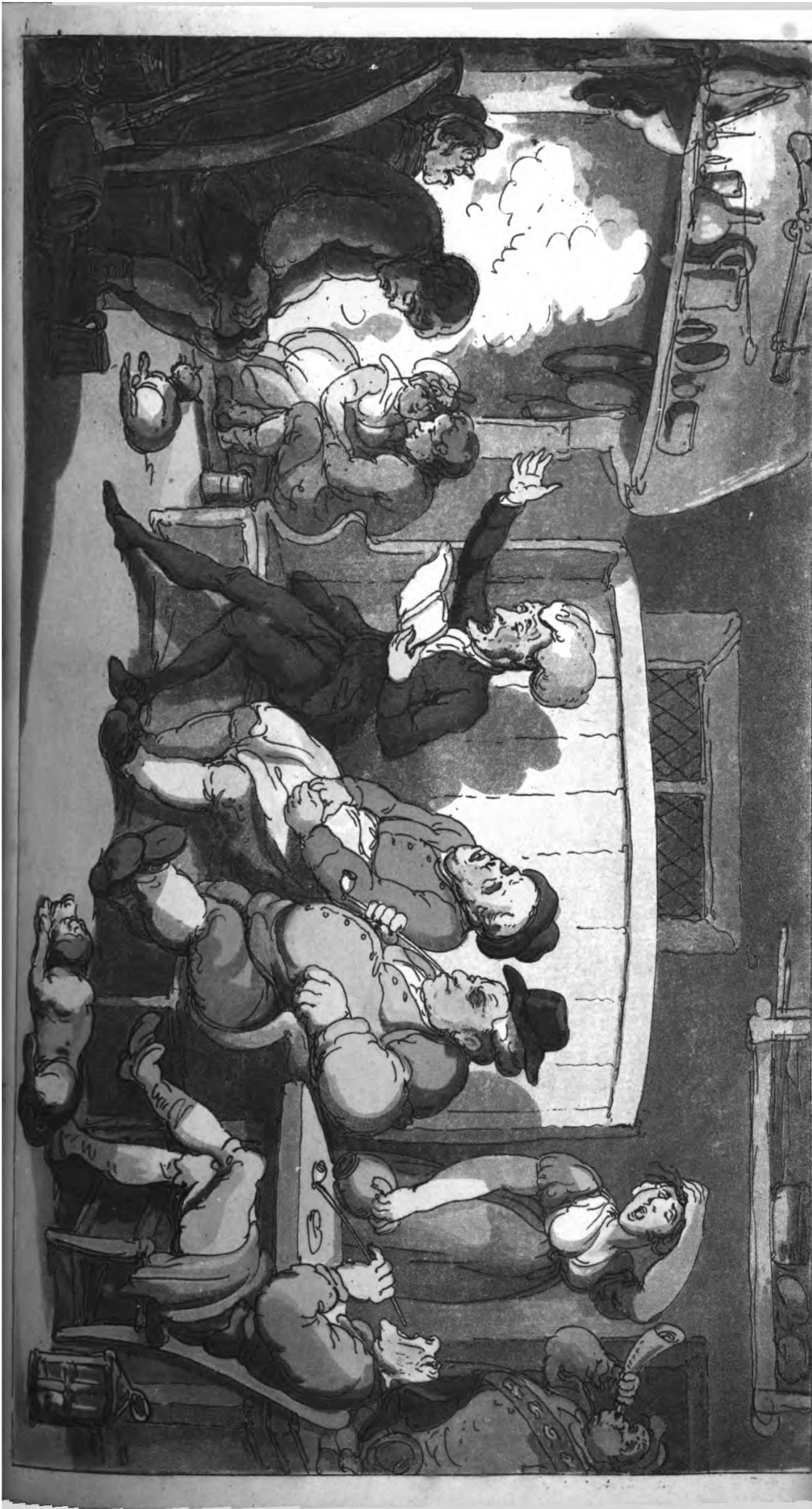
“ Your mare,” he said, “ we’ll onward send,
 “ Ty’d to the London waggon’s end :
 “ When she’s got forty miles, or more,
 “ We’ll follow in a chaise and four :

" At the *Dun Cow*, upon the road,
 " Grizzle shall safely be bestow'd ;
 " And there, my friend, or soon or late,
 " Her master's coming may await :
 " You'll neither lose nor time nor space,—
 " Your way I'm going to a race,
 " Where I've a famous horse to run;
 " And, if you do not like the fun,
 " Why you may then proceed to town,
 " With my best wishes that renown
 " And profit may your labours crown. }
 " To-morrow, by the close of day,
 " We shall find Grizzle on the way."
 " Just as you please," the Doctor said ;
 " Your kind commands shall be obey'd :
 " I think myself supremely bless'd
 " By noble minds to be caress'd ;
 " The kind protection you impart
 " Pours oil of gladness on my heart."

The Ladies now desir'd to see
 His Journey's pictur'd history.
 The book he shew'd, which prov'd a bribe
 For those kind fair-ones to subscribe ;
 And, while they felt the gen'rous pleasure
 Of adding to his growing treasure,
 The Squire, to keep his joke alive,
 Had bid his stable-folk contrive,
 Ere the good Doctor's Grizzle mare
 Was given to the carrier's care—
 Ere on her voyage she set sail,
 To furnish her with ears and tail.
 Grizzle was soon a crop no more,
 As she had been some weeks before ;
 Nor was it long before her stump
 Felt all the honours of the rump :

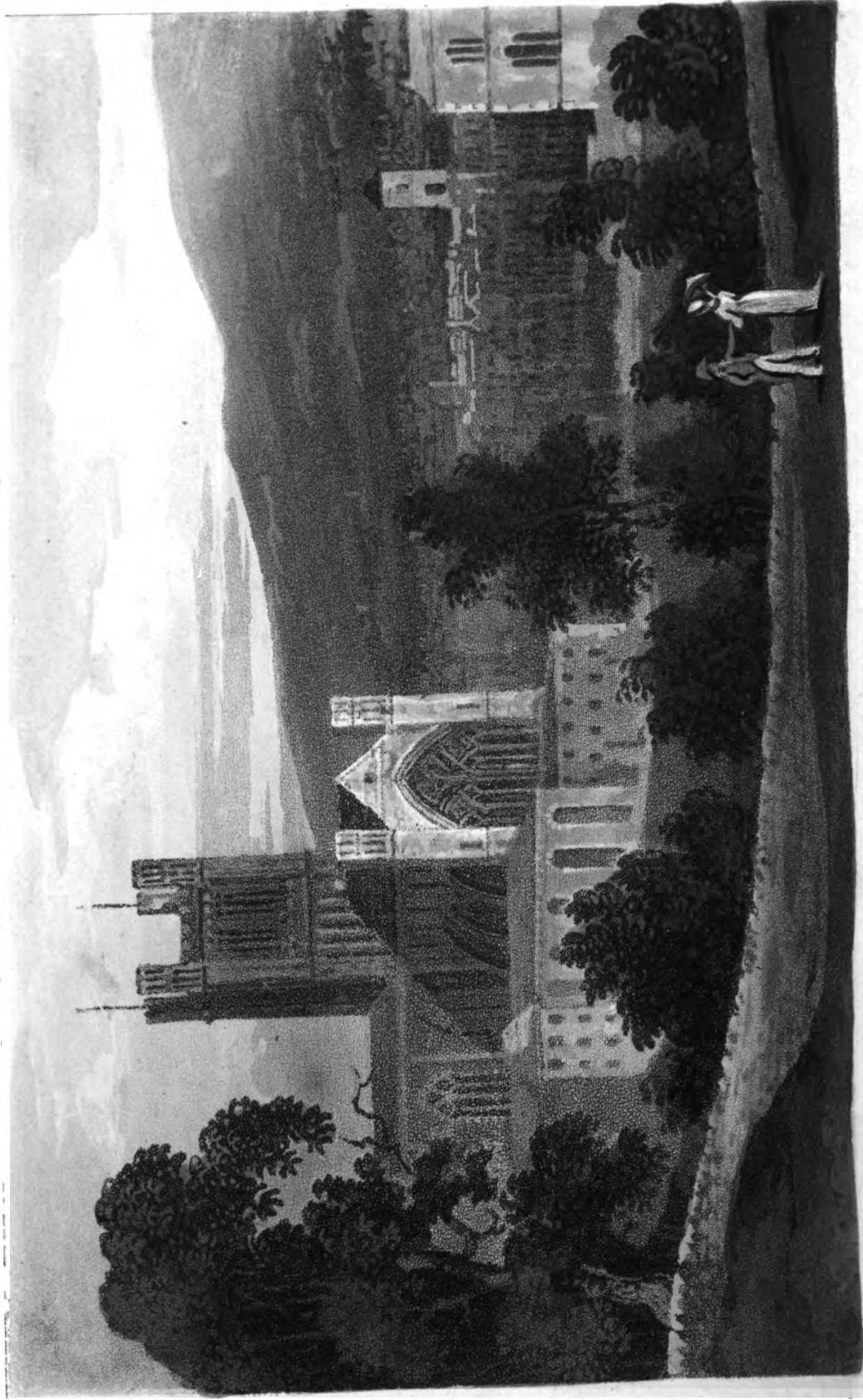
And, thus equipp'd with specious art,
 She pac'd behind the carrier's cart.
 Their breakfast done, the following day,
 The Squire and Syntax bounc'd away ;
 And, ere the sun had set at eve,
 The *Dun Cow* did the sage receive,
 Where Grizzle, her day's journey o'er,
 Had a short time arriv'd before.

Syntax now felt a strong desire
 To smoke his pipe by kitchen-fire,
 Where many a country neighbour sat ;
 Nor did he fail to join the chat :
 When, having supp'd and drank his ale,
 And silence seeming to prevail,
 He slowly from his pocket took
 His trav'ling memorandum-book ;
 And, as he turn'd the pages o'er,
 Revolving on their curious lore,
 Th' exciseman, a right village sage,
 (For he could cast accounts and gauge,)
 Spoke for the rest—who would be proud
 To hear his Rev'rence read aloud.
 He bow'd assent, and straight began
 To state what beauty is in man ;
 On the exterior of the earth,
 Or what finds in its entrails birth ;—
 With all things, in their due degrees,
 That are on earth, in air, and seas ;—
 In all the trees and plants that grow,
 In all the various flow'rs that blow ;—
 Of all things in the realms of nature,
 Or senseless forms, or living creature :
 In short, he did attempt to show,
 Through all the vast expanse below,
 From what combined state of things
 The varying form of beauty springs.









ABBAY CHURCH BATH.

But, as he read, tho' full of grace,
 Tho' strong expression mark'd his face,—
 Tho' his feet struck the sounding floor,
 And his voice thunder'd thro' the door,—
 Each hearer, as th' infection crept
 O'er the numb'd sense, unconscious slept!
 One dropp'd his pipe—another snor'd—
 His bed of down an oaken board;—
 The cobbler yawn'd, then sunk to rest,
 His chin reclining on his breast.
 All slept at length but Tom and Sue,
 And they seem'd rather drowsy too.
 Syntax heard nought; th' enraptur'd elf
 Saw and heard nothing but himself:
 But, when a swineherd's bugle sounded,
 The Doctor then, amaz'd—confounded—
 Beheld the death-like scene about him;
 And, thinking it was form'd to flout him,
 He frown'd disdain—then struck his head—
 Caught up a light, and rush'd to bed.

[To be continued.]

BATH.—A FRAGMENT.

With an Engraving. Plate IV. Vol. IV.

Nullus in orbe Sinus Bæiis præluceat amœnis.

HOR. EPIST. 1.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

Far have I wander'd!—Or by science led,
 Or lur'd by Pleasure's fascinating song,
 Or forc'd unwilling by imperious Care,
 Thro' many a-varying scene and distant clime
 My feet have stray'd: and what great Nature's pow'r,

Creative, has produc'd ; or Art has form'd
 With cunning skill ; or chast'ning Taste has smooth'd
 With harmonizing magic into beauty,
 My wond'ring eye has seen !——Have I not view'd
 The Alpine heights that rise magnificent
 From the far lower world, and threaten Heav'n ?
 Have I not stray'd amid the classic groves
 Of fair Campania, ravish'd with delight ?
 Have I not sought those scenes of rural pride,
 Where Claude, painter divine ! fond Nature woo'd
 To give her glowing pencil to his hand ?
 What proud imperial cities have I seen,
 Where sceptred monarchs dwell, and hold their state
 With dazzling pomp ! Yet ne'er have I beheld,
 In all my wanderings—nor has the sun,
 In its vast circuit, shed its golden beams
 On a more gay or more resplendent haunt
 Of social life than Bladud's city yields
 To busy, languid, pleasurable man.

When from the fir-clad hill's impending brow
 The eye looks down, and glances o'er the vale
 Where Baia stands, how splendid is the sight
 Of stately buildings in th' expanding scene ;
 Such as might vie with those that Athens form'd,
 When Pericles her sov'reign councils rul'd !
 And, tho' of other days, the Abbey rears
 Far o'er the rest its venerable form,
 And crowns the whole, and sanctifies the scene,
 — What tho' the tufted column we admire,
 And Attic porch, and proudly swelling dome,
 That meet the eye where it delighted turns ;
 Nor these alone that form fair Baia's pride,
 For she doth boast of many a healing spring,
 That can the weak and palsy'd limb restore,
 And give new brightness to the jaundic'd eye,
 Hygeia has her spacious temple there,

Where crowds her altar venerate ; and where,
 As we have read of fam'd Bethesda's pool,
 Her streams give health and wondrous potency,
 Where baffled med'cine oft has try'd in vain.
 Nor is thy beauteous front, nor rills of health,
 Baia ! thy only boast :— Pleasure demands
 Her portion of thee, and her revels keeps
 Within those fanes where Clio tunes the lyre,
 Where all the Graces join in festive dance,
 And Thespis rules the drama's varying art.
 Thus, happy city ! do thy walls combine
 Beauty, and health, and pleasure, all in one.

THE POET'S INVITATION TO VAUXHALL GARDENS.

COME, haste ! let us join in the sports of yon scene,
 The night's gloomy hours to beguile ;
 Mirth beckons us thither, and Pleasure, bright queen !
 To her revel invites with a smile.

Hark ! sounds of sweet harmony swell on the gale,
 And the notes of the syren prolong ;
 O'er care and o'er sorrow these pleasures prevail,
 And festivity reigns thro' the throng.

The green foliage glitters with light's mingling rays ;
 How beauteous—how brilliant—the sight !
 Clouds, darkness, and shade, quickly yield to the blaze ;
 It illumines the gloom of the night.

Here Art shall with wonder the senses confound ;
 Now the pipe's sprightly notes fill the grove,
 As the swains in the dance's wild maze lightly bound
 With the daughters of Beauty and Love.

Here dainties the choicest invitingly please,—
 Charm the palate—refreshen the soul ;—
 There smiling old Jollity sits at his ease,
 And quaffs the rich juice of the bowl.

Then haste ! let us join in the sports of the scene,
 The night's gloomy hours to beguile ;
 Mirth beckons us thither, and Pleasure, bright queen !
 To her revel invites with a smile.

J. C.

A TRIFLING TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP,
 ON THE RECOVERY OF MISS ——— FROM A SEVERE
 ILLNESS.

No fulsome flatt'ries shall disgrace my lays,—
 Else were I quite unfit to wear the bays ;
 'Tis friendship's tribute, unadorn'd and plain,—
 No pompous nonsense swells the hollow strain.

When health so lately fled that fairy form,
 (Sad emblem of the flow'ret in a storm,)
 O'er Pain's pale couch thy parents fondly hung,
 While grief with fault'ring accent fraught the tongue ;
 With tender cares attentive strove to prove
 The forceful strength of true parental love :
 Still were they doom'd to see thee weaker grow,
 And mourn the pow'r of pain with heartfelt woe ;
 Ling'ring they gaz'd, expecting thy last breath,
 That awful summons to the realms of death !

But, lo ! thro' air a form angelic flies,
 On wings cerulean sinking from the skies ;
 'Tis blest Hygeia ! goddess pure of health,
 Dearer to man than grandeur, fame, or wealth ;

To thy sad bed she swiftly seeks her way,
 And bids thee hail once more life's rosy day ;
 But also bids thee bend in fervent pray'r
 To Heav'n's high God, who makes thy life his care !
 Then back she soars, beyond the sun's bright ray,
 To bliss seraphic and eternal day !

Soon Convalescence comes, with gentle pow'r,
 And gives thee back the renovating hour ;
 But when full health shall bless thy form again,
 No more the victim of consuming pain,
 Remember well thy parents' fost'ring aid,
 And let the debt with twofold care be paid :
 So, should disease, with dark and direful aim,
 O'er either spread his heart-destroying flame,
 Be thine the task to watch the sleepless eye—
 Be thine the care to bring each comfort nigh ;
 And, should the heavy heart incline to rest,
 Pillow the suff'rer's head upon thy breast !
 Then shall bright Mercy listen to thy pray'r,
 And, to reward such unremitting care,
 A mandate from the Throne of Grace shall give,
 And bid thy honour'd parent rise and live !

Nov. 13, 1810.

J. M. L.

ON MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

WHEN, with an angel's pow'r, thy lofty verse
 Essay'd in tuneful numbers to rehearse
 How at th' Almighty word the radiant sun
 First o'er the realms of gloomy chaos shone ;
 How lab'ring Earth her jarring atoms join'd,
 And her vast womb the raging floods confin'd ;

How the blue Sky its starry mantle spread,
 How the rude Sea retreated to its bed,
 And new-born Nature rear'd her infant head;
 O'er thy vast work GOD cast his guardian eye,
 And bless'd it with celestial harmony.
 Led by thy Muse our feasted fancies climb,
 Taste Eden's sweets, or view the dread sublime;
 See, all dismay'd, embattled legions wield
 The biting falchion, and the massy shield;
 Lost angels fall'n, immortal Furies rise,
 And brave, with horrid blasphemies, the skies,
 Which Heav'n requites with deathless agonies.
 Wonder of Britain! whose gigantic mind
 This mighty fabric with such art combin'd,
 That in this space th' admiring world may see
 The whole Creation's grand epitome.

G. W.

 SONNET.—TO PATIENCE.

DESCEND, meek Patience! delegate of Heaven!
 And with thee bring such balsam on thy wing,
 That e'en the wretch by sad misfortune driven
 Shall bear with fortitude her keenest sting;
 That he, beneath whose eye has seldom thriven
 The ever-cheering balm Hygeia brings,
 Shall meet with firmness (when thine aid is given)
 The weak'ning ill that from affliction springs.
 Oh, Heav'n-born Patience! search those drear recesses,
 Where many a son of ling'ring sickness wends,
 And with thy solace lighten the distresses
 Beneath whose weight th' unhappy suff'rer bends!—
 Oh! cheer th' impatient soul when aught oppresses,
 That knows no hope but what thy bounty lends.

W. T*Y**R.

SONNETS.

I.

WHOE'ER thou art, unknown, whose soothing verse
 Pierian sweetness breathes thro' ev'ry vein,
 O! for thy lyre, bless'd minstrel! to rehearse
 The beauties of thy early votive strain!
 Tho' Poverty's chill dews may keenly try
 Of life's fair bloom too soon the bud to blast,
 Still let the Bard on heav'nly themes rely,
 Nor let despondency his soul o'er cast;—
 Heed not the Critic's cold unfeeling breast,
 That would depress the Muse's ardent flight;
 Rise like the lark, with melody invest,
 And chant thy song majestically bright.
 So shall thy brows be crown'd erewhile,
 And o'er them British beauty smile.

II.

SEE Cynthia, beauteous gem of Eve!
 Thro' heav'n's clear azure take her flight,
 Lighting with silv'ry rays the brow of Night,
 The doubtful pilgrim to relieve!
 Empress! of gentle and of placid mien,
 Thee I salute, sweet Pity's queen!
 And if my strains can woo awhile
 A gentle look thro' thy soft veil,
 Deign on thy votary to smile;
 And on my harp Æolian airs reveal;
 Nor, Goddess! from the Muse conceal
 One ray of intellectual light;
 But give to Mem'ry pow'r and might,
 And visit and repay my toil.

III.

I SING the hamlet and the rural scene,
 The village sports and rustic pastimes gay,
 Where many a youth and many a maid are seen,
 With faces blooming as the buxom May;
 Where cheerfulness and health their rosy tints display.
 Mark o'er the rill you innocent awhile
 In playful gambols laugh the hours to scorn;
 With ruddy lips and soft endearing smile—
 The parent's image in life's early morn;
 But ah! how soon from these the flow'ret torn!
 Death aims at all; we droop, and, soon or late,
 We seek the grave, to ev'ry mortal given,
 Which opes a passage to the wish'd-for gate;
 And happy they whose dearest hope is heaven!

IV.

METHOUGHT, as late I melancholy stray'd
 By bank of Thames' translucent stream,
 While marking the clear moonlight scene,
 'Twas sweet to view its willow'd shade!
 When Vesper, beauteous star of night,
 Trembling shot forth emblazon'd light,
 To hail the sons of Genius as they rise;
 And bid them sing aërial strains
 To Him who peopled the pure azure plains—
 The **LORD** of life!—of earth and skies!
 O, thou great Pow'r! whose works I now survey,
 I strike my lyre,—O! consecrate the lay!
 For thou art good, and pow'rful is thy hand,
 That bids them bloom one amaranthine band!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

Upon her complaining of the Depravity of Human Nature, and
wishing to retire from the World.

CHRISTIAN.

VEX'D with the world, its vice, deceit, and strife,
Poor Christian leads a melancholy life ;
Pants for some shelter where no fops intrude,
Where Silence reigns, and peaceful Solitude ;
There, calmly seated on the moss-clad stone,
To make romantic happiness her own.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Sweet Solitude ! thou balm divine !
Our rest and pleasure both are thine ;
For on thy couch, and in thy cell,
Content and Contemplation dwell :
At some pure fountain's glassy brink,
With thee the maid shall sit and think ;
With thee on Nature calmly meditate—
Forget the bustling crowd, and idle pomp of state.

With thee the tranquil soul, retir'd,
By virtue warm'd, with rapture fir'd,
At blush of morn shall duly pay
Glad homage to the God of day ;
Whilst harmless flocks that round her bleat,
And lowing herds, the praise repeat ;
Whilst the plum'd choristers around her throng,
And with melodious notes complete the matin song.

With thee she'll wander round thy cell,
By mossy crag or bushy dell,
Where waters, hurrying down the steep,
In murmurs lull the soul to sleep ;

There, seated in the friendly shade,
 For heav'nly contemplation made,
 In peace the fair shall pass the noon-tide hour,
 Tho' sultry Titan scorch, or gushing torrents pour,

Tho' tempests howl around her head,
 Still sacred is thy happy shed ;
 Still shall she sit from danger free,
 Secure in virtue, worth, and thee ;
 Whilst blushing roses wildly bloom,
 And round her spread their sweet perfume,—
 Whilst the wild herbage and the fruits supply
 The temp'rate wants of chaste Necessity.

At ev'ning, when the glorious sun
 His gay diurnal course has run ;
 When the rich gilded western ray
 Foretels the latest gleam of day ;
 When the pale moon, with silver light,
 Proclaims the empire of the night ;
 When worlds unnumber'd grace the wondrous tale,
 And softer shadows rise, and lengthen in the vale ;—

Then, with rapt heart, the happy maid,
 In fair rob'd innocence array'd,
 On thy bless'd couch shall own thy charms,
 And sink to rest within thy arms,
 Thus, Solitude ! within thy cell
 In bliss shall modest Virtue dwell ;
 Far from the world, deceit, and strife,
 And from the painful pomp of fashionable life,

Let then the proud, the giddy, and the gay,
 In various ways enjoy the busy day ;
 But let no worldling's unchaste steps intrude
 On poor meek Christian's happy solitude :
 Peace and old Silence watch the bless'd abode,
 For Virtue's mansion is the house of God,

G. W.

ON THE DUTIES OF A CRITIC.

CRITICS, who wish the public faith to bind,
 Should hold an even balance in the mind ;
 Not led by spleen to stain the public trust,
 But be severely kind, and kindly just ;
 And, in those nicer points, when doubt shall seem
 To hold its umpire o'er the trembling beam,
 Rather than give to spleen the casting weight,
 Should suffer candour to preponderate.
 Judges like these would awe invidious men,
 And lib'ral talents grace the Critic's pen.

Beneath the sacred oak's protecting shade
 The modest ivy rears its infant head ;
 Propp'd by its trunk the feeble tendrils climb,
 And reach at last their Patron's great sublime ;
 Then o'er each branch their verdant foliage spread,
 And deck with second youth its aged head :
 The smiling oak, with recent verdure crown'd,
 Thus reigns triumphant all the forest round.

Like to the rev'rend oak, our Critic seers,
 Rever'd in judgment, and mature in years,
 The early fruits of Genius should improve,
 And nurse its blossoms with a Patron's love.
 If, all-luxuriant, youthful fancy shoots,
 And vagrant branches sap the tender roots,
 Prun'd by the Critic's hand the nurselings thrive,
 Cling round their Patron's trunk, and stronger live ;
 And, as the swelling buds their charms display,
 Proclaim their Patron's glory to the day.
 Virtues like these should ev'ry Critic shew ;
 Like these, conspicuous shine in each Review.—
 No Cynic, arm'd with spleen's envenom'd dart,
 Should darkly wound a trembling Author's heart ;

Nor, sway'd by int'rest, false to Candour's laws,
 Refuse to any man his just applause ;
 Lest to himself Correction's hand apply
 The wholesome scourge of matchless sympathy.

G. W.

TO MY FRIEND.

“ THE thund'ring surge my vessel bore,
 “ And billows tow'ring to the shore
 “ ‘Assail'd her side ;
 “ Prone to the breeze she wildly flies,
 “ Now courts the deep, now seeks the skies,
 “ Rock'd by the tide.
 “ Yet, 'mid this elemental jar,
 “ This whirlwind-contest, ocean-war,
 “ Secure I stand ;
 “ Nor shall the waves my bark o'erwhelm,
 “ While Friendship, steady at the helm,
 “ Holds firm command.”
 Thus have I spoke of Friendship's pow'r—
 Sweet solace of the gloomy hour—
 Zest of my joys ;
 But vainly speak to common souls,
 Whom sordid Avarice controls,
 Or Thrift employs.
 Long have I rov'd this nether sphere ;
 But few my friends ; those few sincere,
 Unstain'd with pride :
 Nor can I linger to impart
 I fondly hail thy kindred heart,
 Nearly ally'd.
 Bless'd be that ruling Pow'r above,
 Whose mercy, providence, and love,

POETICAL MAGAZINE.

Were kindly shewn ;
Who gave a mind of equal frame,
Ideas and sentiments the same,
To join my own.
If praise be meet for mortal ear,
Bestow'd unconscious of a fear
To render vain ;
In giving and receiving blest,
Let me return thy friendship's test
With praise again.

THE SPRITE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

A POOR unlucky blameless host
Was nightly troubled by a ghost ;
Three exorcisers play'd their parts,
But wholly fail'd with all their arts ;
E'en parsons had no pow'r to banish,
Or cause this hated sprite to vanish ;
Still, ere the chapel-bell toll'd one,
The spirit's visit was begun.

One night, not much inclin'd to rest,
By fear most wofully depress'd,
While striding round his room,
He recollected that below it
Dwelt a sublime dramatic Poet,
Proper companion for the gloom.

The Poet's company entreated,
He forthwith came, and, being seated,
Produc'd a Tragedy in verse,
Of such a standard kind of merit,
It fairly puzzles those who hear it
To pick out any thing much worse.

At twelve o'clock, precisely, came the ghost,
 But visible to none except our host,
 And seem'd to listen with attentive ear;
 But scarce two verses had the Poet read,
 When, shaking terribly its monstrous head,
 It quickly vanish'd, and the coast was clear.
 "Oh!" cry'd the Landlord, chuckling as he past,
 "I've found a way to lay you then, at last;
 "You don't much like the Tragedy, I guess.
 "The Poet certainly shall come to-morrow,
 "Or, if he can't, his play I'll try to borrow;
 "For that I know's the cause of your distress."

Next night, however, when the ghost appear'd,
 Its sallow face express'd how much it fear'd;
 The bell was rung, the servant loudly call'd:
 Elate with prospect of his ending cares,
 With hurry'd step our host bestrode the stairs,
 And to his man vociferously bawl'd:—
 "Here, John, you numskull, run with all your might,
 "And tell the Poet, who supp'd here last night,
 "To send his Tragedy—The Treach'rous Wife."
 The ghost no sooner heard this dreadful speech,
 Than straight it vanish'd, with a horrid screech,
 And left the Landlord undisturb'd for life.

And now from this a moral I'll deduce;
 No verse too bad for profit, or for use.
 'Tis all a falsehood that the rhymes won't sell,
 As grocers know, and buttermen can tell;
 Should all the ghosts in Tartarus assail,
 In wretched verses we can never fail.

ODE TO HOPE.

SAY, hast thou not seen, 'mid the shades of the night,
 And the curtain of darkness that shadow'd the sky,
 The Moon all resplendent revealing her light,
 While Nature cast heav'nward a smile of delight,
 As she caught the bright beam from on high?

And hast thou not seen, in the night of the soul,
 A ray of refulgence unspeakably fair;
 When sorrow has fled at its boundless control,
 As it bid the rude billows in silence to roll,
 As it shone thro' the clouds of despair?

More fair than the moonbeams in majesty drest,
 'Twas Hope, in soft accents, that whisper'd—be still;
 That silenc'd, with peace, the loud storm of the breast,
 And hush'd the rude tumult of passions to rest,
 And stemm'd the strong tide at her will.

When man, as the fruit he was tempted to taste,
 Was cast from the seat of unclouded delight,
 The fiend of despair from his bosom she chas'd,
 And shed her glad dawn o'er the desolate waste,
 That was dreary and dark as the night.

'Mid the sentence of death, and the doom of the grave,
 Behold the bright blessing by Mercy is given;
 See the seraph, commission'd the sinner to save,
 Her pinions of light o'er the cherubim wave
 That wield the dread thunder of Heaven.

As a plank of the wreck that conveys to her shores
 The mariner, shipwreck'd, obeying her call;
 So the tempest-toss'd soul to its home she restores,
 In the cup of affliction her cordial she pours,
 And mingles her sweets with the gall.

But seek not where Fancy is leading the way
 The joys that her bounty bestows on the mind;
 That path all uncertain shall lead thee astray,
 And darkness succeed to her heart-cheering ray,
 As she flies on the wings of the wind.

But when on Religion's fair altar arise
 The flame of devotion, the incense of praise,
 Hope's day-star ascends to enliven our skies,
 Nor its joy-shedding beam to the pilgrim denies,
 Till lost in Eternity's blaze.

S. M. W****e.

TO A ROSE,

SEEN IN BLOSSOM VERY LATE IN THE SEASON.

TELL me, thou solitary flow'r,
 That blossom'st in this wintry hour,
 Why thus alone dost thou uprear
 Thy dauntless head,
 When the sweet smiles that erst adorn'd the year
 To happier climes are fled?
 Too rude, too keen,
 For thee, I ween,
 Is Winter's harsh unfeeling pow'r;
 Too bleak the bitter blast that blows
 Around thy bed of snows,
 Thou lovely fragile flow'r!
 Hark! how the bellowing whirlwinds rise,
 With hoarse discordant yell!
 The storm, that sweeps along the skies,
 Deep tolls thy fun'ral knell!
 And can I see thee droop and pine
 Without one pitying tear?
 Or view thy beauteous head decline,
 Nor stretch my hand to rear?

Haste, let me snatch thy op'ning charms
 From ruthless Winter's palsy'd arms,
 And frost-encumber'd reign;
 And place thee in some safe retreat,
 Round which the clatt'ring hail may beat,
 And tempests howl, in vain!
 There mayst thou flourish—there display
 Thy brightest tints, and pour thy sweets around;
 While, on the dreary ice-cold ground,
 The rustling leaves are blown from off each shiv'ring
 spray!
 And may the eye that beam'd with moisten'd glance
 On this fair flow'ret's pain
 Ne'er view with scornful look askance,
 Or insolent disdain,
 The wretch, whose bleeding bosom torn
 By Disappointment's rankling thorn,
 Weeps the sad hour when cheating Hope beguil'd!
 But, gentle Pity! heav'n-born maid!
 Come, and with seraph smiles array'd,
 Teach me to heal the woes long past,
 And screen from Mis'ry's shudd'ring blast
 Pale Sorrow's hapless child.

ALPHONSO.

 THE SUN.—A SONNET.

ONCE more the Sun puts forth his beams,
 And gladdens all the face of day;
 Once more the farmer, on yon plains,
 Beholds with joy his fervid ray.
 The feather'd songsters, on each spray,
 With hymns of gladness hail his rise;
 They joy to meet the God of day,
 And greet his journey thro' the skies!

Now, stirr'd by his all-pow'rful beam,
 The insect tribe wing to and fro ;
 With gentle hum his praise proclaim,
 Their tiny gratitude to shew !
 All nature feels his cheering ray !
 All nature owns the God of day !

J. R.

 S O N G .

SWEET is the breath of early morn,
 That o'er yon heath refreshing blows ;
 And sweet the blossom on the thorn,
 The violet blue, the blushing rose :
 But not the fragrant breath of morn,
 Nor rose's blush, are half so sweet
 As those which Emma's cheeks adorn
 Whene'er our lips in kisses meet.
 To her I told my tender tale ;
 A glist'ning tear began to start ;
 The roses fled, her cheek was pale,
 And Nature triumph'd over Art :
 But soon a smile dispers'd the tear
 (Like sun before the silver dew) ;
 She bade my passion prove sincere,
 Nor blush'd to own that she was true.
 Oft with my pipe, on yonder hill,
 I charm the careless hours away ;
 The shepherds praise my rustic skill,
 Tho' rude and simple is the lay.
 But, oh ! how sweet within the grove,
 By Luna's chaste propitious beam,
 To warble artless notes of love,
 If Emma listen to the theme.

With wreaths I'll bind her auburn hair,
 For her the choicest garlands seek ;
 Tho' not a rose or lily there
 Can emulate her glowing cheek :
 Yet still shall Nature's breathing bloom
 In vernal pride-around her spring ;
 The flow'rs shall waft a rich perfume,—
 The streams shall flow, the birds shall sing.
 Mine be the task her fleecy care
 To lead by day and watch by night ;
 Such pleasing toils I long to share,
 For love shall make the labour light.
 And thus, while mutual passion warms,
 What more can mortals have in view ?
 We bow to its superior charms,
 And bid all meaner thoughts adieu.
 Sweet are the charms of her I sing !
 (To whom my faithful heart is given ;)
 Fair as the blossoms of the spring,
 Mild as the genial dews of heaven.

G—E D—N—L.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
 PRINCESS AMELIA.

THE trembling Muse her mournful tribute sings,
 While Pity hovers o'er the plaintive strings.
 Thou bless'd inhabitant of realms divine !
 Let thy all-soothing influence ever shine ;
 Prompt genuine virtue to afford relief,
 While sadly list'ning to the tale of grief ;
 To ev'ry breast thy glowing fire extend,
 And bid us view the mourner as a friend.

Departed shade! deservedly endear'd,
 By Virtue and by Sympathy rever'd,
 Applauding numbers shall thy worth enshrine,
 And sweet Affection's tribute long be thine.
 Ah! could then nought arrest the fleeting breath,
 And, life reviving, foil the hand of death?
 Could for a while no friendly spirit save
 This gentle blossom from the dreary grave?
 Yet, Princess, while as mortals we deplore
 The nation's loss, and view that form no more,
 Superior views bid better hopes arise,
 And trace thy place of rest beyond the skies.
 Ye, then, who mourn her transitory bloom,
 And hang in anguish round the closing tomb,
 No longer vent your unavailing wo;
 Tho' fair Amelia shines no more below,
 The long impending stroke was only given
 To raise the suff'rer to her "native Heaven."

RHAPSODY.

PREGNANT with song, I seize the sleeping lyre;
 Yet undetermin'd what shall be my theme:
 Come, lovely M^{use}! my lowly mind inspire,
 And lead me to some lov'd poetic dream.

Oh! backward turn my intellectual view,
 Then onward trace the steps of childhood's reign;
 In sweet succession ev'ry charm renew
 That bids me taste of happiness again:—

The fertile meads, in verdant grandeur drest,
 Nurtur'd by streams that playful Naiads guide;
 The balmy bow'rs where gentle zephyrs rest,
 And Health, reclining, woos me to her side:—

The smiling hills that with Parnassus vie,
 The dales that Pan with rural lustre crowns;
 Elysian prospects, luring to the eye—
 Joys less delusive than the pomp of towns.

All hail, my cot! and hail the kindred dear,
 Whom Heav'n has taught in humble sphere to move!
 To manhood rear'd by their parental care,
 Shall I forget their tenderness and love?

Idea hence, ungenial to my soul!
 While round my heart the vital tide shall glow,
 Tho' still reserv'd to share Misfortune's dole,
 To them my gratitude shall daily flow.

How oft Imagination opes her eye,
 And views them anxious toiling thro' the day!
 Ah! then dejection prompts the struggling sigh,
 O'erpow'rs the Muse, and mars her vary'd lay.

Thus when some songster, warbling in the vale,
 Hears a lone step that may intrusive stray,
 He stops amidst his soft mellifluous tale,
 Expands his wings, and trembling soars away.

Oh! ye that own Golconda's shining ore,
 And ev'ry good that bounteous Nature lends,
 O! spare a trivial portion from your store,
 To those whose being on their toil depends.

A. K.

 EPIGRAM.

JACK for his scolding master held the light,
 When Tom declar'd his friend was far too civil:
 Jack smartly cry'd, "I think it is but right
 "Sometimes to hold a candle to the devil."

G—E D—N—L.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

Written immediately after reading the very animated Austrian
official Account of the Battle of Aspern.

Long have I sung, in mournful strain,
 Of fancy'd wo and love-drawn sighs ;
 But quit the follies of a youthful brain,
 And turn, O pensive Muse ! thy wond'ring eyes
 To yonder plains, where fiercest fight
 In crimson terrors bursts upon the sight !
 Where Mars, with pestilential breath,
 Speeds the hurry'd work of death ;
 Where aged Danube's rolling flood
 Swells with the tide of human blood ;
 Where Slaughter reigns, and countless heroes die,
 From home and country driv'n ;
 Where caunons, thund'ring thro' the vaulted sky,
 Mock the artillery of Heav'n ;
 Where battle rages with a deaf'ning sound,
 And pale Destruction hurls her shafts around !
 Oh ! turn to Aspern's crowded street,
 Where the hostile squadrons meet ;
 Where, with looks denouncing fate,
 And eyes that glance eternal hate,
 Plunging on to dire alarms,
 Fierce they clash their glitt'ring arms !
 Hark ! how swells the din of battle !
 Widely spreads the dreadful rattle ;
 Dust and smoke obscure the sight,
 Thick and heavy grows the fight ;
 Discord shouts amid the storm,
 Carnage rears her bleeding form ;
 Front to front, and foe to foe,
 Fury dwells on ev'ry blow ;
 Death smiles triumphant o'er the heaps of slain,
 And the red torrent pours along the plain !

Waving her banner high in air,
 There Liberty undaunted stands ;
 Here glory, mingled with despair,
 Spreads frantic valour thro' the bands !
 Night swells the horrors of the strife,
 Nor checks the lavish waste of life ;
 Its gloomy shades no fear inspire,
 Tho' all is tumult ! all amaze !
 Tho' Aspern totters in a cloud of fire,
 Amid the falling ruin's awful blaze
 Onward each hero flies,
 With loud repeated cries ;
 And, fill'd with ardour, plunging 'midst the flame,
 Tears from the burning pile the laurell'd wreath of
 Fame !

Oh, Aspern ! it was thine to view
 The deadly horrors of the fray ;
 To count the slaughter as it grew,
 And mark th' eventful day !
 Perch'd on thy walls, with eye sedate,
 The Genius of the battle sate ;
 There Vict'ry all her chaplets hung,
 And there the fury of the combat clung.

But who is he, that, bursting from afar,
 Rides thro' the fainting ranks of War ?
 His glaring eyeballs speak a soul
 To vengeance bent ;
 Resign'd to mad Despair's control,
 On dreadful deeds intent.
 Oh, Europe ! it is he whose wondrous pow'r,
 In spite of heroes brave,
 Forg'd thee a chain in luckless hour,
 And made thee slave !
 With anger sparkling from his eyes,
 In falt'ring tone the tyrant cries—

" Frenchmen, be firm ! lo, here the spot to claim
 " Death, glorious vict'ry, or eternal shame !
 " The broken bridge no further aid can give ;
 " Then turn the fortune of the day, and live !
 " For, oh ! if back we fly,
 " The rapid Danube stops us, and we die ! "

Fir'd at their leader's voice, once more,
 With shouts that echo round the shore,
 With desperation on their brows,
 And breathing vengeance in their vows,
 The daring troops advance !

But long the shining page of glory
 Shall boast the world-applauded story ;
 Shall tell the unexampled stand
 That gave, O, Charles ! to thy immortal hand
 To curb the pride of France ;

To strike the vaunted eagle down,
 And tear from Gallia's head the long-unshaken crown !

Europe re-echoes with thy fame,
 And whispers blessings on thy name ;
 Hails with distracted joy the hour
 That burst the fetters of a tyrant's pow'r ;

That gave to Liberty a second birth,
 And spread her cheering influence thro' the earth :
 For, lo ! with drooping crest and wild affright,

The vanquish'd hero back retires,
 Where shelt'ring Lobau, and the glooms of night,

Stay the dread flashings of the wrathful fires
 That o'er his scatter'd ranks destruction hurl'd,
 And spoke in thunder to the list'ning world :—

" Where all, uniting in the glorious cause,
 " Defend their country, liberty, and laws—
 " Where patriot spirit only bears control,
 " Lives in each project, and directs the whole—
 " Where valour breathes, and loyalty is true,
 " Tyrants may shake, but never can subdue."

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

WHAT solemn slumbers thus prophetic steal
O'er thy shrunk form, and ev'ry motion seal ?
Are the strong pangs of life's last struggles o'er ?
Wake, wake, Amelia ! wake, and breathe once more !
Oh ! why so calm ? what awful sleep profound
Hangs to thy pallid lip, and wraps thee round ?
Convulsive tremors quiver on thine eyes ;—
Ah ! the dread scene is clos'd !—Amelia dies !

Unhappy suff'rer ! doom'd thro' many a year
To fade with sickness ling'ring as severe,
Where shall we turn, tho' millions droop and pine,
For rending sorrows that can equal thine ?
Or, fruitless thought ! where hope again to see
The vary'd charms that ever smil'd in thee ;
Such native worth, such gentleness of mind,
Virtue so pure, and meekness so resign'd ?
But ah, 'tis done !—thy wearying griefs are fled,—
And the cold earth now pillows soft thy head !
Death's kind oblivion bids thy anguish cease ;
Hush'd are thy woes ; and all is gentle peace !
Yes ! all is peace around thy mould'ring dust ;
But say, can Faith exalt no loftier trust ?
Is it in vain we fondly cherish here
The sacred warmth of piety sincere ?
Say does the sullen grave, with stern control,
In midnight chaos bind the struggling soul ?
Ah, no ! those adamantine chains are riven,
And thy freed spirit lives a saint in Heaven !

Then mourn not, thou, whose dear paternal hand
Still sways the sceptre of Britannia's land ;

For base Indiff'rence never rais'd a frown,
 To press with heavier pangs the suff'rer down ;
 No cold neglect, no chiding voice, was there,
 To probe each grief, and deepen ev'ry care,
 Or rudely sting with harsh unfeeling pow'r
 Thy lov'd Amelia in her dying hour ;
 But tender Pity, and Affection mild,
 Shed all their blessings on thy hapless child ;
 And softly whisper'd comfort to the last,
 Till Nature sunk, and ev'ry throb was past.
 Then weep no more ;—far, far beyond the tomb
 She smiles angelic, with immortal bloom :
 Attentive seraphs mark'd her closing sigh,
 And joyful snatch'd her to the blissful sky !
 See, from those regions of celestial day,
 With outstretch'd arms she beckons thee away—
 Points to the glorious mansions of the blest,
 And sweetly calls thee to eternal rest !

Oh ! thou hast liv'd thro' many a circling year,
 Firm to thy trust, and to thy country dear :
 Oft have thy virtues claim'd our grateful song,—
 We've shouted praises, and we've hail'd thee long,
 E'en from the op'ning dawn of manhood's spring,
 Thy people's Father, as thy people's King !
 May then kind Mercy deck thy parting hours
 With cloudless sunshine and Elysian flow'rs !
 May rosy Hope diffuse, with brightest gleam,
 Wide on thy ev'ning's close her lucid beam !
 And, when the transient scenes of life are o'er,
 When the warm vital spark illumines no more,
 When o'er thy pallid frame slow-gliding creep
 The icy chills of Nature's final sleep,
 Oh ! may'st thou wake, by holy saints upborne,
 'Mid all the blaze of Heav'n's refulgent morn !

And, ere I drop the sadly pensive lay,
 Fain would the Muse an humble tribute pay
 To thee *, who, ling'ring o'er Amelia's grief,
 Shar'd in each pang, or minister'd relief ;
 Who left the world, renounc'd each selfish end,
 And prov'd at once the sister and the friend ;
 Who sweetly sooth'd, with consoling breath,
 The suff'ring victim on the bed of death ;
 Hung o'er her joyless couch with sad delight,
 Cheer'd thro' the day, and watch'd her thro' the night !
 May Heav'n reward thee for an act like this,
 And crown the deed with everlasting bliss !
 When Death's cold slumbers hover o'er thy head,
 May guardian angels circle round thy bed,
 And gently tend thee with a love as fair,
 As soft a pity, and as fond a care !

Nov. 8, 1810.

W. C**E.

LINES,

WRITTEN UNDER A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING, EMBLE-
 MATICAL OF HOPE.

How happy he who trusts with firm reliance
 On thee, sweet Hope ! for, by thy bless'd control,
 The virtuous mind may safely bid defiance
 To all the terrors that invade the soul.
 The seaman thus, when storms convulse the ocean,
 By thee buoy'd up, can brave the threat'ning sky ;
 Tho' o'er his head the thunder's wild commotion
 Foretel Destruction's baneful horrors nigh.
 Tho' on the troubled wave, 'midst fell confusion,
 Death unrelenting stalks with ghastly stride,
 Thou, holy Hope ! canst, by thy lov'd delusion,
 Disperse the dangers of an angry tide.

W. T**Y**R.

* The Princess Mary, whose affectionate attendance upon her sister has been so highly spoken of in the public papers.

MATILDA.

AH! say, can proud pre-eminence or wealth
 Screen from Affliction's desolating blast?
 Say, can the vernal blooms of jocund Health
 Compel unstable happiness to last?

No!—stern Misfortune, with impartial hate,
 Frowns on the lofty as the humble head;
 Strikes at the gilded palace of the great,
 Nor spares the peasant's ivy-cover'd shed.

The eye that sparkles with the morning ray,
 Ere night may languish in the tears of sorrow;
 And the warm cheek, that glows with health to-day,
 Pale on the couch of Death may fade to-morrow.

How oft the blushing rose (sweet fragile flow'r!)
 Bends to the earth's cold bed its lovely form,
 Resigns its beauties in a luckless hour,
 And falls the victim of some ruthless storm.

Matilda once with happiness was blest;
 No rending pangs her tender bosom knew;
 No sorrows wasted, and no cares opprest,
 But wing'd with pleasure all her moments flew.

Stranger to ev'ry mean deceit and guile,
 Bright in her looks fair Innocence was seen;
 Simplicity appear'd in ev'ry smile,
 And virgin sweetness deck'd her graceful mien.

But ah! where Beauty holds her seraph reign,
 Temptation, lurking, gently whispers near;
 And the dread poison of the honey'd strain
 Flows in soft music to the list'ning ear.

For, oh! that Innocence, so void of art,
 Kiss'd the black treach'ry of Seduction's snare;
 And found, too late, what vices stain the heart,—
 What vary'd forms foul Flattery can wear.

Antonio saw the maid; with warmth admir'd;
 In Friendship's name oft visited her cot;
 With winning fraud her soul to love he fir'd,
 Then basely lur'd her from the peaceful spot.

Here died Matilda's joys;—for o'er her mind
 Grief quickly frown'd, and prey'd upon her frame;
 Untaught to hear reproach, she fled mankind,
 And sunk oppress'd with infamy and shame.

But now, fond maid! the transient scene is o'er—
 A scene replete with complicated wo;
 Affliction's pang shall rend that heart no more—
 Too finely strung to bear the dreadful blow.

For chilling Death, with adamant chain,
 Wide o'er thy griefs Lethean slumber throws;
 The sullen grave protects thy heart from pain,
 Stills ev'ry sigh, and locks thee in repose.

Then let the world with ignominy brand;—
 The silent dust supports Matilda's head;
 And willows, planted by a friendly hand,
 Now wave majestic o'er her grassy bed.

Ah! wretched victim to a villain's tale!
 Quick fled the sunshine of thy chequer'd sky!
 Yet comes the hour when Sorrow's black'ning veil
 Shall dim the lustre of Antonio's eye!

Sad Mem'ry painting thee when once so fair,
 Array'd in innocence and youthful bloom,
 Relentless Anguish and forlorn Despair
 Shall cloud his passage to the darksome tomb!

INCOGNITO.

POLLIO :
AN ECLOGUE FROM VIRGIL.

This Version is intended more strikingly to mark the Parallel of
the Original with Pope's "Messiah."

ARGUMENT.

In this Pastoral the Poet is supposed to celebrate the birth of Salo-
ninus; or, according to De la Rue, of Gallus, the son of Pollio,
born in the Consulship of his father, under Augustus. Many of the
verses are said to be translated from the writings of one of the
Sibyls, which foretold the birth of our Saviour; the latter might
possibly be taken from Isaiah himself.

SING we some loftier strain, Cicilian Maids * !
The lowly tam'risks and the sylvan shades
Delight not all; yet woodland song may bear
Notes (not unworthy) to a Consul's ear.
Behold the age Cumæan verse foretold;
Another tide of years, from other source, behold!
See bright Astrea tread this earth again,
And Saturn reassume his ancient reign!
Heav'n's new creation see the world adorn;
And, chaste Lucina, bid this babe be born!
With him no more the iron age remains,
But golden times begin—thy own Apollo reigns †.
On thee, O Consul! all these honours shine;
This glorious era, favour'd Pollio! thine.
While mighty months bring their eventful train,
If fear of judgment or if sins remain,
The pardoning Pow'rs (as we thy rule obey)
Shall wipe the stain, and chase that fear away:

* "Musæ."

† "Thy own Apollo reigns." As in Dryden; inserted here on
account of its similarity with the last line of the "Messiah." In
this, and several places, the expressions of other writers are
used.

Thy son with gods the life divine shall share,
Seeing, and seen, where gods and heroes are;
Hold his sire's virtues, with his sire's command,
And wave his sceptre o'er a peaceful land.
For thee, O infant ! shall uncultur'd Earth
(The early off'rings of her vernal birth)
With colocasia gay acanthus bind,
And wand'ring ivy, with baccharis twin'd :
The goats shall homeward bear their milky store,
Nor herds shall tremble at the lion's roar ;
Gay rising flow'rs in smiling bloom shall shed
Their sweetest fragrance round thy natal bed :
Where serpents, or where pois'nous herbage dies,
Syrian amomum in its place shall rise :
But, when parental deeds, and heroes' praise,
And science, shall thy soul to virtue raise,
The yellower grain shall ripen'd fields adorn,
And grapes hang blushing from uncultur'd thorn ;
While knotted oaks, all rugged to the view,
Distil sweet honey like the mellow dew.
Of ancient fraud some vestige yet shall be,
To prompt the ships to tempt the dang'rous sea ;
Each hostile town with rampir'd walls defend,
And the drest soil in length'ning furrows rend :
Then shall (with other Tiphys' guiding care)
Another Argo chosen heroes bear ;
Again, when other direful wars annoy,
Mighty Achilles shall be sent to Troy ;
But, when thy youth shall manhood's stamp receive,
Ocean's wide waves the mariner shall leave ;
Nor pine-built ships shall bear the merchant's store
Of produce, native now on ev'ry shore :
No more shall earth admit the cleaving plough,
Nor sharpen'd hook shall prune the vineyard bough ;
The vig'rous swain's less arduous task shall be
To loose the yoke, and bid the ox be free :

Nor his to die the wool with vary'd shade—
 The ram himself, in flow'ry meadows laid,
 With glowing purple shall his fleece imbrue,
 Or steal the bright Lutea's yellow hue :
 The pasture lamb, amid his grassy fare,
 Spontaneous sandyx' vermeil tint shall wear.
 The Fates urge on their spindles' rapid speed,
 Draw swift the thread of years, and bid these times proceed :
 Approaching Time now brings these honours nigh,
 Lov'd child of gods, and Jove's great progeny !
 See Earth, rejoicing, shake his mighty round !
 And Land, and Sea, and Shores, and Heav'n profound, }
 All hail the coming age, and all return the sound !

Oh ! for long life, the lengthen'd song to raise !
 And warmth of soul, to make its theme thy praise !
 Not skill'd Orpheus should that song excel,
 Tho' his great parent * string the Thracian's shell ;
 Nor heav'n-born Linus, tho' the while he sung
 His graceful sire Apollo tune his tongue ;
 E'en Pan himself, should Pan my rival be,
 Vanquish'd, should yield th' Arcadian prize to me.
 Fair boy ! with smiles † thy mother's face regard,—
 A mother's pains may claim that sweet reward ;
 Oh, infant, smile ! lest, chas'd by frowns of care,
 No goddess bless the bed, nor god the banquet share.

S. M. W****G.

ON VISITING KIRKSTALL-ABBEY.

HAIL, ruin'd Kirkstall ! thy deep shades I love,—
 Thy moss-green turrets, mould'ring to decay ;
 Among thine ivy'd walls 'tis sweet to rove,
 When Phœbus, rising, ushers in the day.

* Calliope.

† This passage is so ambiguously expressed by Virgil, that it remains a disputed point whether the *risus*, or smile, belong to the mother or child ; it is here applied to the latter : Quintilian reads it thus, but Servius is of the opposite opinion.

The murm'ring breeze sighs gently thro' the woods ;
 The early huntsman winds his echoing horn ;
 His way the merry shepherd onward plods ;
 And all the face of nature hails the morn.

Thy crumbling walls, with spreading lichen crown'd,
 Thy broken roofs, each ivy-mantled tow'r,
 Thy ruin'd heaps that overspread the ground,
 Proclaim the force of Time's destructive pow'r.

Amid thy cells, with hoary age now bent,
 Oft has the sound been heard of solemn pray'r ;
 Loud midnight dirges top the air have rent,
 And pious requiems have been chanted there.

All Nature now is hush'd in silence deep,
 Save where the nightingale attunes her throat ;
 Or croaking raven, from its dark retreat,
 Pours forth its hoarse admonitory note.

When all these tow'rs are levell'd with the ground,
 When all thy grandeur in the earth shall rot,
 Then—even tho' no trace of thee be found—
 Dear to the Muse shall be the sacred spot !

Leeds, July, 1807. THOMAS GREENWOOD.

A CELUI QUI PEUT SE RECONNOITRE.

COMME un singe, rusé, sans en avoir l'esprit,
 Des moyens de tromper il s'occupe sans cesse,
 Mais pour y réussir, il lui manque l'adresse.

Il ne s'en doute pas, et cela lui suffit.

Parle-t-il du prochain, il ne sait que médire
 Les vices qu'il y voit ne sont rien que les siens,
 Jaloux de son bonheur, envieux de ses biens

Tout être vertueux fût toujours son martyre.

CHEV. D. B.

ALVAREZ; OR, THE PORTUGUESE.

RETIRING from the horrors of the fight,
 Amidst the gath'ring darkness of the night,
 While from his wounds the streaming current ran,
 Alvarez sheath'd his sword, and thus began :—
 “ Once more has Gallia triumph'd ! once again
 “ Her eagles fly victorious o'er the plain ;
 “ Where heaps on heaps in mingled carnage lie,
 “ And death-devoted victims groan and die.
 “ The Sun, obscur'd beneath the western flood,
 “ No more beholds the waste of human blood ;
 “ The wounded warrior sinks, beset with woes,
 “ In broken slumbers, and disturb'd repose.
 “ Too soon that Sun shall gild the reeking plain,
 “ And mad Ambition triumph o'er the slain ;
 “ The warrior's ardent breast with glory burn,
 “ The dying groan the slaughter'd host return ;
 “ The clang of arms re-echo from afar,
 “ And rouse the ravage of relentless War :
 “ Where late the golden harvest wav'd around,
 “ And cluster'd vines adorn'd the fruitful ground,
 “ Proud patriot bands their ling'ring pangs await,
 “ And heroes tread the wine-press of their fate ;
 “ The crimson current streams from ev'ry vein,
 “ And pours libations o'er the thirsty plain.
 “ Ah ! what avails to bear unequal arms,
 “ And tempt the dire extreme of war's alarms ?
 “ When foes resistless brave the bloody field,
 “ The strongest arm—the firmest heart—shall yield.
 “ Already have we fought with patriot fire,
 “ And done what courage could alone inspire ;
 “ With feigned fear we fly the martial ground,
 “ And darkling spread nocturnal toils around :
 “ In vain we ev'ry hostile art oppose,
 “ Or rush with devastation on the foes :

“ Ardent for fame, insatiate for his prey,
 “ Th’ inexorable Gaul pursues his way ;
 “ Reeking with slaughter, flush’d with savage joys,
 “ He sacks our cities, and our towns destroys.
 “ Vain we ascribe the ills that round us low’r
 “ To war’s disasters, and a tyrant’s pow’r,
 “ When gath’ring woes proclaim around the land
 “ A mightier judgment, and a stronger hand.
 “ My boding soul, fill’d with prophetic fear,
 “ Saw the bar’d arm of Justice hov’ring near,
 “ When, fir’d with fame, the Gallic despot bore
 “ His vaunting minions to th’ Iberian shore :
 “ His brow begirt with war’s vindictive frown,
 “ The victor’s aims were conquest and renown ;
 “ Nor knew he, while he sought the destin’d goal,
 “ That murder’d Mexicans inspir’d his soul !
 “ Accursed be the hour when first we hurl’d
 “ A yoke of bondage on the western world !
 “ Ye dreary shades, hang heavy on that day !
 “ Hide it in clouds—o’ercast it with dismay !
 “ Make it reproachful to the rolling year—
 “ A day of darkness and supreme despair !
 “ For this, when hosts with mutual fear await
 “ The dread decision of impartial Fate,
 “ The stars of Heav’n malignant interpose,
 “ And, in their courses, magnify our foes.
 “ For this the wrathful Ruler of the skies
 “ Unmov’d receives our supplicating cries ;
 “ Bids ev’ry raging storm and threat’ning blast
 “ Howl o’er our heads, and scourge us for the past.
 “ Oh, Lusitania ! tho’, with forceful hand,
 “ Affection binds me to my native land ;
 “ Tho’ filial piety constrains my breast
 “ To love thee most when injur’d and opprest ;
 “ Yet, as a child by Virtue taught betimes
 “ Will mark the progress of a parent’s crimes,

“ I mourn thy guilty deeds ! 'Twas thine to place
“ A heavy burden on a wretched race ;
“ To fill the widow's bleeding heart with fears,
“ And drench thy spotted robe in orphans' tears !
“ Thy flagrant crimes beyond th' Atlantic flood
“ Now shout aloud, and cry to Heav'n for blood !
“ While yet Europa's sons, with just disdain,
“ Beheld the traffic of ungodly gain,
“ 'Twas thine to teach them Virtue to deride,
“ And gratify their luxury and pride.
“ Thou wert the first that cross'd the wat'ry main,
“ The sacred rights of Nature to enchain ;
“ To tear the negro from his natal soil,
“ And waste his strength in unremitting toil ;
“ Or force him to inhale polluted air,
“ To groan in bonds, and perish in despair.
“ Why sinks, oppress'd, on Affric's burning shore,
“ The hapless wretch, whose pleasures are no more ?
“ Why o'er her paths are doubt and terror spread,
“ And ever-circling sorrows round her head ?
“ Her babe, embosom'd on her languid breast,
“ Plays with her hair, and fondles to be prest ;
“ No mother's arm the prattling charge entwines—
“ The little trembler fretfully repines ;
“ With piteous cries, what Nature scarce can give
“ Demands—the wretched privilege to live !
“ To live !—and long to mourn, with murm'ring breath,
“ A father's bondage and a mother's death :—
“ That mother, drooping with her sorrows wild
“ (The wretched parent of a friendless child),
“ Despair and hopeless anguish in her eye,
“ Clasps her poor babe, and lays her down to die !
“ 'Twas thou, my country, that with dread alarms
“ Tore her lov'd consort from her longing arms ;
“ With matchless fury dragg'd him o'er the flood,
“ And rudely revell'd in a brother's blood :

“ On yonder shore, far from his native land,
“ The warrior stood, and rais'd his fetter'd hand ;
“ The madd'ning thought of what he once possest,
“ Tumultuous rush'd, and agoniz'd his breast.
“ Convuls'd with anguish and heart-rending wo,
“ And ev'ry pang a negro's soul can know,
“ 'Twas then (while toil-drops spent his wasted form)
“ He call'd aloud on demons of the storm,
“ The god of negroes, and each angry pow'r
“ That rules with vengeance o'er the midnight hour,
“ To burst in twain Oppression's iron bands,
“ And blast the spoiler of his native lands.
“ That malediction mocks our martial pains,
“ Destroys our hosts, and ravages our plains ;
“ For, when in bitterness of soul arise
“ The wretch's curses to th' avenging skies ;
“ Tho' peaceful days shall lull in soft repose
“ And spare awhile the authors of his woes ;
“ Tho' long-delay'd, the flaming bolt shall spread,
“ And burst with thund'ring ruin on their head.
“ O, sacred Liberty ! by all carest,
“ How art thou barter'd by the selfish breast !
“ E'en Britons once forgot thee ! bought and sold
“ Their fellow-man with thirst of cursed gold ;
“ But, rous'd at Freedom's call, profusely shed
“ Repentant sorrows on his captive head ;
“ With keen remorse abjur'd the dread decree,
“ Unbound their victim, and pronounc'd him free.
“ With all thy gifts reward the gen'rous toil
“ Of Albion's happy independent isle !
“ Ill can the rugged rocks around impart
“ The native warmth and ardour of her heart :
“ Still may she flourish, with deserv'd acclaim,
“ While humbled tyrants tremble at her name ;
“ Stretch her strong arm to save a falling state,
“ And snatch desponding nations from their fate !

" Arouse, my countrymen ! with stern command
 " Awake the drowsy Genius of our land :
 " Arouse ! nor more let Lusitania feel
 " The bleeding wounds that she refus'd to heal :
 " Break but the negro's chains—his pray'rs shall rise,
 " And call down blessings from the vaulted skies ;
 " For Liberty shall yield his sickly form
 " A sacred refuge from the rising storm ;
 " Abundant streams of joy 'mid thirsty sands,
 " And shadows broad in ever-weary lands.
 " Yon glorious Sun ! his freedom-sparkling eye
 " Shall gaze in bliss and silent ecstasy ;
 " Adown his cheek the gushing tear shall roll,
 " And speak the gladd'ning raptures of his soul :
 " Break but the negro's chains, and thou shalt spread
 " Invulnerable bucklers round thy head :
 " Tho' prowling myrmidons, with slaught'ring hand,
 " Gaunt as our wolves, shall overcome the land ;
 " Tho' Gallia's hosts in number shall outvie
 " The sparkling stars that glitter in the sky ;
 " Her hosts—her armies,—all shall be withstood,
 " And crush'd the war-hounds that delight in blood !"
 The murky clouds of darkness gather'd round ;
 Alvarez ceas'd, and sunk upon the ground :
 Soft pleasing slumbers o'er his senses roll,
 And soothe awhile the anguish of his soul,

GEORGIUS.

WINTER.

SEE awful Winter at the North appear !
 With heavy flight the frowning god draws near ;
 His flaggy wings shed fog, and mist, and rain ;
 Gloom, darkness, horror, follow in his train :
 Advancing slow, he Nature's throne ascends,
 And half the world to his dominion bends.

Hail, snow, and vapour, wreath the monarch's brow,
While angry winds around his temples blow.

And now Aquarius opes his wat'ry urn,—
Tempests, subservient to his will, return;
Diffusive drop the penetrating show'rs,
And Æolus emits his raging stores.
Rivers, high swelling, now disdain their bounds,
And rush impetuous o'er the fertile grounds;
Seeking new paths beyond their oozy bed,
They scatter devastation as they spread.
Loud roars the tempest o'er the darken'd plain;
Tall leafless elms a contest fierce maintain,
And nod their branches to the blast's attacks;
Beneath the mount the clay-built cottage shakes;
From marshy fens moist exhalations rise,
Obstruct the sun, and blot the purer skies.
No more gay Flora strews the gardens o'er;
No more Pomona spreads autumnal store:
Each warbler, silent thro' the sadden'd day,
To warmer climates wings th' aerial way.
No more the eye o'er vernal scenes can rove,
For desolation fills the leafless grove;
E'en Phœbus flings an ineffectual ray,
And a thick gloomy mantle cloaks the day.

Meanwhile the storm, with hoarse impetuous strain,
Now wings the deep, now howls across the plain:
On foaming seas dismasted navies roll,
While fear unmans the sailor's daring soul:
High on the beach the sad spectator stands,
With woe-fraught look and wildly-lifted hands;
He views, alas! the storm, relentless, sweep
The shatter'd vessel thro' the angry deep.
Borne on Imagination's airy wing,
The dying cries of drowning seamen ring

Full on the list'ning ear. He can no more!
But with sad presage hurries from the shore.

Congealing frost, in rigorous extreme,
Bids icy bondage chain the fluid stream;
The nerve, relax'd in sickness' wasting hour,
Feels Winter's bracing, renovating, pow'r;
The deep-hid treasure of fair Nature's wealth,
Firm, strong, and vig'rous, springs to life and health:
Dim fogs dispell'd, which stain'd the limpid air,
See twinkling stars in Heav'n's blue arch appear;
With Luna's beams they shed their peaceful light,
And guide the trav'ler thro' the lonely night,
Till low'ring clouds the desert earth surround,
And snows descend, and spread the flinty ground.
The shepherd, careful of his fleecy fold,
Now hastes to pen them from the piercing cold;
From snow-clad fields he drives his past'ral care,
And shields them from the storm and freezing air;
Then to his peaceful cottage he returns,
Where on the blazing hearth the fire-wood burns:
Already met, his honest neighbours share
His hearty welcome and his humble fare;
The homely jest, the laugh, the merry song,
The winter-evening's cheerful hours prolong.
As on the frothy jug his friends regale,
Some aged villager spins out the tale
Of the past wonders of his early years;
Each youthful swain with mute attention hears;
And, as the good old man the tale relates,
Each dearly loves, admires, and emulates.
But night now calls them to their wonted rest;
They close their eyes, with sweet contentment blest.
Thus years revolve, and Time, on rapid wings,
The wond'rous change with ev'ry season brings:

Soft flow'ry Spring, bright Summer's rip'ning ray,
 Rich bounteous Autumn, and the Winter's day,
 Proclaim th' Almighty's wisdom, pow'r, and skill—
 Hence calms preside; hence storms his word fulfil;
 Hence the stars sparkle, and Sol darts his rays,
 While fiery comets in their order blaze;
 Hence, ever-floating in the space immense,
 When chaos clouds the much-bewilder'd sense—
 But cease, Presumption! daring, cease to climb,—
 'Tis wisdom vast—'tis knowledge too sublime!

J. C.

BOLUS; OR, THE FATAL MISTAKE.

A TALE.

Qui vult decipere decipiatur.

AH! silly John Bull, or John Ass,
 Deserving full many a drub,
 Thy long ears can with pleasure let pass
Any lie—any Tale of a Tub.

Surrounded by knaves—a gaunt pack—
 With reports of strange cures they all fill thee,
 And so thick is thy head-piece, poor Jack!
 Thou suspect'st not their plan is—to *kill* thee.

Bolus was once a quack of high renown,—
 His pills and reputation fill'd the town;
 Loud puffs and lies his princely fortune made;—
 Now, I suppose, relinquishing the trade,
 He sleeps in down; on dainties cuts and carves;
 Like B—m and some others?—Reader, No—
 —It is not so.—

For Bolus in a garret starves!

His reputation being fix'd in town,
 As he imagin'd, on a solid basis,
 North, South, East, West, in style he hurry'd down,
 To deal out poison in the country places :
 Stock'd with a fund of never-ending lies,
 The bumpkin mind he very soon bewitches ;
 Credulity can stretch to any size,
 Just like an outside pair of Dutchman's breeches.
 His pills, if chang'd to twenty diff'rent papers,
 Cur'd tertian, quartan, and quotidian fevers,
 Hip, cholic, gout, spleen, rheumatism, vapours,
 Disorder'd lungs, and half-departed livers ;
 In short, the patient might be very sure
 There wasn't a disease they wouldn't cure.—
 However, when I say they cur'd him,
 I don't infer they brought him back to health ;
 Had Bolus done but this, it had ensur'd him
 Mines of old gold, and treasuries of wealth,
 No, Sir ! such feats belong'd not to his order,—
 He kill'd the man, then master'd the disorder !
 The patients' friends discover'd, when too late,
 That Death help'd Bolus to remove their ills,
 And (shewing tow'rds mankind his deadly hate)
 Mix'd grains of opium with the Doctor's pills.
 Five left their mortal lodgings out of seven ;
 Or (to express it in a milder phrase,
 As some polite and courtly poet says)
 " He bid his patients go to Heaven ;"
 Altho' he knew, on quitting this abode,
 Whole scores of them wou'd take a diff'rent road.

 As ill-got money seldom bodes much good
 (No question too that Bolus so obtain'd it),
 He liv'd with all th' extravagance he cou'd,
 And lost his cash as quickly as he'd gain'd it.

Now, cry'd he then, "once more I'll sally forth ;
 " Once more resume my well-accustom'd practice ;
 " I'll send for a diploma from the North,
 " And shew the people what to be a quack 'tis :"
 But Bolus now no longer had ability
 To carry on the money-making trade,
 For other quacks, of twenty-fold agility,
 Outpuff'd all puffs that Bolus ever made.
 Of course, 'twas easy to foresee th' effect,—
 The greatest liar gain'd the most respect !
 Disorder'd both in body and mind,
 And destitute of Fortune's cheering smiles,
 Sighing for days now far enough behind,
 He took an humble garret near St. Giles ;
 But Bolus had an humourous pretext
 For taking up his residence so high ;
 He quaintly said, that, nearer to the sky
 He ne'er should get—in this world or the next.

One morning, with a countenance of fear,
 Poor Bolus call'd,
 And, knocking up a fellow-garreteer,
 Thus boisterously bawl'd :—
 " Run ! run ! my friend, with all your expedition ;
 " I'm dying fast ! go call in some physician !"
 Quickly a Doctor came to his relief,
 And, entering his apartment near the roof
 (Which of his wretchedness gave proof),
 He found him groaning, swearing, sweating,
 In a wild rage his forehead beating,
 And rolling on his bed in floods of grief.
 Friend, quoth the Doctor, prithee be more calm ;
 Come, come, this violence of grief appease ;
 And, when your mind's a little more at ease,
 I'll see what ails you. It will do you harm

To storm and rave in this way, I assure you ;
 Be quiet, and I'll undertake to cure you.
 "Cure me ! Ah, no !" the frantic Bolus cries,
 Oft interrupted by his sobs and sighs :—
 "Cure me ! no, never ! dearly have I paid
 "For this infernal blunder that I've made !"
 "Stop, Mister Bolus ; pray, good Sir, explain ;
 "What is the matter ? prithee where's your pain ?
 "For, really, out of ev'ry thing I've heard,
 "Hang me, if I can comprehend a word !"
 Well might the Doctor say that not a word
 He comprehended out of all he heard ;
 For Bolus, craz'd by fury and repentance,
 His speech disjointed and imperfect, flings
 Not the whole body of a grieving sentence,
 But only heads, and tails, and legs, and wings.
 "Here, Doctor, feel my pulse—'tis very high ;—
 "Ah, my dear friend ! I certainly must die !"
 The Doctor felt, and made a solemn pause ;
 Then with grave look,
 His head he shook,
 And thus his learned sentiments express'd :—
 "A little fever—don't be so distress'd ;—
 "A *trifling* illness from some minor cause."—
 "Trifling !" roar'd Bolus, with a wild grimace,
 While tears most pea-like trickled from his eyes,
 First looking gravely in the Doctor's face,
 Then bursting out into a storm of sighs ;—
 "Doctor, not trifling neither are my ills,
 "For, by mistake, *I've taken my own pills !*"

P. P.





THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. IV. p. 49.]

With an Engraving. Plate V. Vol. IV.

SLEEP, to the virtuous ever kind,
 Soon hush'd the Doctor's turbid mind,
 And, when the morning shed its dew,
 He rose, his journey to pursue.
 Of tea and toast he took his fill,
 Then told the Host to bring the bill :
 But, when it came, it made him stare
 To see some curious items there.
 " Go, tell your Ostler to appear ;
 " I wish to see the fellow here."
 The Ostler now before him stands,
 And bows his head, and rubs his hands.—
 " In this same bill, my friend, I see
 " You're witty on my mare and me :
 " For all your corn, and beans, and hay,
 " 'Tis a fair charge which I shall pay ;
 " But here a strange demand appears,—
 " *For cleaning of her tail and ears !*
 " Now know, my lad, if this is done
 " On me to play your vulgar fun
 " (For ears and tail my mare has none),
 " I'll make this angry horsewhip crack
 " In all directions on your back."
 The man deny'd all ill intent ;
 He knew not what his Rev'rance meant ;
 So thought it best to say no more,
 But bring up Grizzle to the door.
 Of painted canvass were her ears ;
 Upon her stump a tail appears :
 So chang'd she was, so gay, so smart,
 Deck'd out with so much curious art,

That even Syntax hardly dare
 To claim his metamorphos'd mare.
 He said no more,—he knew the joke
 Was not the sport of vulgar folk ;
 So trotted off,—and kindly lent
 His smile to aid the merriment.

Now, as his journey he pursu'd,
 He thus broke forth in solemn mood :—
 “ Tho' time draws on when those at home
 “ Expect that I should cease to roam
 “ (Tho' I have objects in my view
 “ Which are of great importance too) ;
 “ Yet, as this is the day of rest
 “ Appointed both for man and beast,
 “ To the first church I will repair,
 “ And pay my solemn duties there.”
 Thus as he spoke, a village chime
 Denoted it was service-time :
 And soon a ruddy Curate came,
 To whom he gravely told his name,
 His rank, and literary fame ;
 And said, as he'd been us'd to teaching,
 He'd give him half an hour's preaching.
 This was accepted with a smile,
 When they both strutted up the aisle ;
 And in due time, and with due grace,
 Syntax display'd his preaching face ;
 When in bold tones, tho' somewhat hoarse,
 He gave the following discourse :—

“ The subject I shall now rehearse,
 “ Is Job the fifth,—the seventh verse :—
 “ ‘ *As sparks rise upwards to the sky,*
 “ ‘ *So man is born to misery.*’
 “ This is a truth we all can tell ;
 “ In ev'ry state we know it well.

“ The infant in his cradle lies,
“ And marks his trouble as he cries :
“ From his young eyes the waters flow,
“ The emblems of his future wo :
“ His cheeks the varying signs display
“ That mark a changeful April day :
“ Symbols of joy and wo appear,
“ And now a smile, and then a tear.
“ The years of puling childhood o’er,
“ The Nurse’s care he knows no more :
“ To Learning’s discipline resign’d,
“ The Tutor forms his early mind.
“ Now hopes and fears alternate rise
“ In all their strange varieties.
“ How oft, disdainful of restraint,
“ His voice lifts up the loud complaint,
“ While stern Correction’s pow’rful law
“ Keeps the fond urchin-mind in awe ;
“ And some dark cloud for ever low’rs,
“ To shade his bright and playful hours.
“ Nor, when fair Reason’s steady ray
“ Begins to light Life’s early day ;
“ Tho’ the thick mist it instant clears,
“ It dries not up the source of tears ;
“ Nay, ’tis its office, as we know,
“ Sometimes to make those tears to flow :
“ For now the Passions will impart
“ Their impulse to th’ unconscious heart ;
“ Will mingle in Youth’s ardent hours,
“ And plant the thorns amid the flow’rs ;
“ While Fancy, in its various guise,
“ With plumage of a thousand dies,
“ Flits round the mind in wanton play,
“ To bear each serious thought away :
“ Nor Pleasure seldom tempts in vain
“ To join her gay deluding train ;

“ Courting the easy heart to stray
 “ From Reason’s path, and Wisdom’s way.
 “ And oh ! how oft the senses cloy
 “ With what is call’d the height of joy !
 “ While pale Repentance comes at last,
 “ To execrate the pleasure past !
 “ At length, to finish’d manhood grown,
 “ The world receives him as its own.
 “ Life’s active busy scenes engage
 “ Each moment of maturer age.
 “ Here Pleasure courts him to her bow’rs,
 “ Where serpents lurk beneath the flow’rs ;
 “ Ambition tempts him to explore
 “ The heights where daring spirits soar,— }
 “ While Wealth presents the glitt’ring ore,
 “ Which mingles with each mortal plan,
 “ And is the great concern of man.
 “ Thus pleasure, wealth, or love of pow’r,
 “ Employ man’s short or lengthen’d hour.

“ In youth or manhood’s early day,
 “ Pleasure first meets him on the way.
 “ The Syren sings ;—his eager ear
 “ Drinks in the sounds so sweet to hear.
 “ To the delicious song a slave,
 “ He leaves his vessel to the wave :
 “ The helm forsaken, on it goes ;
 “ The lightnings flash, the whirlwind blows ;
 “ When, by the furious tempest toss’d,
 “ The gay, the gilded, bark is lost !
 “ But should he, ’mid the ocean’s roar,
 “ Be cast upon some welcome shore ;
 “ Then, wand’ring on the lonely coast,
 “ He’ll sigh to think what he has lost ;
 “ Health, ease, and ev’ry joy that Heaven
 “ Had to his early wishes given.

" Life still is his,—but life alone
 " Cannot for follies past atone,
 " When pain assails, and hope is flown. }
 " He feels no more the sunny rays
 " Of smiling hours and prosp'rous days ;
 " Th' world turns from him, nor will know
 " The man of sorrow and of wo ;
 " But bids him to some cell repair,
 " In hope to find contrition there.



" Nor is Ambition more secure,
 " Nor less the ills which they endure
 " Within whose bosom there doth dwell
 " The vice by which the Angels fell.
 " The love of rule, the thirst of pow'r,
 " Ne'er gives a peaceful, tranquil, hour ;
 " 'Tis the fierce fever of the soul
 " That maddens for supreme control ;
 " Whose burning thirst continual glows,
 " Whose pride no lasting pleasure knows ;
 " While Hatred, Envy, jealous Fear,
 " Wait on the proud and bold career.
 " Contention ev'ry act attends ;
 " Now friends are foes,—now foes are friends :
 " Enjoyment quickens new desire,
 " And Hope for ever fans the fire.
 " Whene'er the nearer height is gain'd,
 " A loftier still must be attain'd ;
 " And then the eye looks keenly round
 " In hope another 's to be found ;
 " One,—such is the aspiring soul,—
 " Whose tow'ring height shall crown the whole.
 " But oft, as the aspirant gains
 " The object of his toil and pains,
 " The giddy view each sense appals,—
 " In vain for some kind aid he calls ;—

" The faithless friend, th' insulting foe,
 " Rejoice as to the gulf below
 " He headlong falls,—the prey to lie
 " Of grinning Scorn and Infamy.

" Now riches next demand our thought ;
 " E'en gold may be too dearly bought :
 " Tho' in each clime, and ev'ry soil,
 " It wakes the universal toil.
 " For this, defying health and ease,
 " The Sailor ploughs the distant seas :
 " This shares the Soldier's daring aim,
 " Who fights for wealth as well as fame ;
 " And, tho' all wish its pow'r to share,
 " Yet 'tis the source of many a care.
 " Of all the vices that infest
 " The purlieus of the human breast,
 " The love of mammon is the worst,
 " The most detested and accurs'd.
 " Pleasure's gay moments may impart
 " Some gladness to the gen'rous heart ;
 " Ambition, too, we often find
 " The inmate of a noble mind ;
 " But love of riches ever bears
 " The tokens of the lowest cares :
 " We see one base unvarying vice
 " In the pale form of Avarice ;
 " It only lifts its pray'r to Heaven
 " T' increase the store already given ;
 " Nor does it e'er the gift repay,
 " By shedding one kind cheering ray
 " Upon the weather-beaten shed,
 " Where Want scarce finds the scanty bread ;—
 " By wiping from the widow's eye
 " The flowing tear of misery ;
 " Or giving to the naked form
 " The vestment that will keep it warm.

" For gold it courts the sleepless night,
 " And toils thro' day's returning light.
 " Nor these alone ;—the cool deceit,—
 " The treach'rous art,—the hidden cheat,—
 " The ready lie,—the hard demand,—
 " And Law's oppressive griping hand ;—
 " These demons never fail to wait
 " At Mammon's dark and dreary gate.
 " What does he love ?—Can that be told ?—
 " Yes, I can tell :—He loves his gold.
 " In that one term he comprehends
 " His kindred, neighbourhood, and friends.
 " But e'en should Fortune daily pour
 " Her treasures to increase his store,
 " Say, is he happy ?—Does he feel
 " A pleasure which he dare reveal ?—
 " Ah, no !—His throbbing anxious breast
 " Continued doubts and fears molest.
 " But how he trembles with affright,
 " When Justice claims the widow's right,
 " And bids him at the bar appear,
 " To answer to the orphan's tear,—
 " By restoration to atone
 " For many a wrong that he has done.
 " Nay, a still far severer doom
 " May aggravate the time to come :
 " The scourge without—the scourge within—
 " May lash the unavailing sin ;
 " And, after all his toil and care,
 " 'Tis well if he escape despair.
 " But, e'en when Pleasure is not cross'd
 " With ruin'd health and fortune lost,
 " Yet still it leaves a void behind—
 " No vigour to impel the mind.
 " The season of enjoyment o'er,
 " The phantom then can please no more :

" Brief is its time, it soon is past,—
 " A vernal bloom not made to last.
 " Say, what presents its longest doom ?
 " A flow'r, a fever, and a tomb !

" What tho' Ambition holds its pow'r
 " To life's extreme, but certain, hour,—
 " Is not its most exalted joy
 " Encumber'd with some base alloy ?
 " And, on its proudest, loftiest, height,
 " Say, does it always find delight ?
 " Say, could it ever guard its heart
 " From Fear's assaults, and Envy's dart ?
 " Nor can it shut th' averted eye
 " From passing life's mortality.
 " E'en from its elevated brow,
 " It must behold a grave below.

" Tho' wealth should, haply, be obtain'd
 " By fair pursuits, with honour gain'd,
 " Yet, in its train, how oft we see
 " The pallid forms of misery.
 " Intemp'rance yields its foul delight,
 " And feeds th' obnoxious appetite ;
 " While Lux'ry, in a thousand ways,
 " To sensual carelessness betrays,
 " And lights up in the mortal frame
 " Disease's slow-corroding flame.
 " Fortune, in fickle mood, may frown ;
 " The firmest base may tumble down :
 " While it appears in strength secure,
 " It falls, and leaves its owner poor.
 " The largest heaps of treasur'd wealth
 " Cannot restore declining health ;
 " They cannot bribe the Sun to stay,
 " And mitigate his burning ray ;

" Nor will the North's imperious cold
 " Dissolve to genial warmth for gold.
 " Time will not one short moment stay,
 " Tho' millions lay athwart his way ;
 " Nor all the wealth that Cræsus bore
 " Can add to life one moment more.
 " The regal palace and the cot
 " Are subject to one common lot :
 " The rich and poor, the small and great,
 " Alike must feel the stroke of Fate :
 " Virtue alone, we ought to know,
 " Is real happiness below ;
 " And yet how oft her kindness proves,
 " By toil and pain, the child she loves.
 " Honour, of noble minds the flow'r,
 " Too oft's betray'd by Treachery's pow'r ;
 " And Charity we often see
 " The dupe of base Hypocrisy.

" Who then will venture to declare
 " That man's mistitled Sorrow's Heir ?
 " But, Brethren, let us not complain
 " That Heav'n's unjust when we sustain
 " Th' allotted term of care and pain. }
 " Our life in such a mould is cast,
 " 'Tis plain it is not made to last ;
 " 'Tis but a state of trial here,
 " To fit us for a purer sphere ;
 " A scene of contest for a prize }
 " That in another region lies,
 " In better worlds and brighter skies :
 " Here doom'd a painful lot to bear,
 " Our happiness is treasur'd there.
 " To struggle with the woes of life,
 " To wage with Evil constant strife ;
 " T' oppose the Passions as they rise,
 " And check our wild propensities ;

" T' improve our nature, and to bear
 " With patience the allotted share
 " Of human woes,—and thus fulfil
 " The wise and the Eternal will ;—
 " That forms the grand mysterious plan
 " For mortal and immortal man.

" Man is, indeed, by Heav'n's decree,
 " As happy as he ought to be ;
 " As suited to his state and nature,
 " A restless, frail, and finite creature.
 " His work well done,—his labour o'er,—
 " Evil and sorrow are no more ;
 " And, having pass'd the vale of death,
 " He claims the never-fading wreath ;
 " Glory's eternal crown to share,
 " Which cherubs sing, and angels wear.
 " Then is complete th' amazing plan,
 " And mortal is immortal man."

Here Syntax thought it fit to close ;—
 Th' admiring congregation rose ;
 And, after certain hems and ha's,
 The Squire nodded his applause :
 Nay, such attention he had given
 To the sage Minister of Heaven,
 That neither did he sleep nor snore,—
 A wonder never known before.
 Then, quickly issuing from the pew,
 He came to thank the Doctor too :—
 " Sir, your discourse, so good and fine,
 " Proves you to be a great Divine ;
 " While I, alas ! am but a sinner,
 " So you'll go home with me to dinner ;
 " And, shortly after ev'ning pray'r,
 " The Curate too will meet you there."

'The Doctor found the house well stor'd;
 A chatt'ring wife, a plenteous board.
 The dinner was a pleasant sight,
 For preaching gets an appetite;
 And Syntax could perform at both
 As well as any of his cloth.
 At length, the eatables remov'd,
 The Squire began the talk he lov'd.

SQUIRE.

"Have you much game, Sir, where you live?"

SYNTAX.

"An answer, Sir, I scarce can give:
 "I never hunt, nor bear a gun;
 "I have no time, nor like the fun:
 "Learning's the game which I pursue;
 "I have no other sport in view:
 "But I have heard the country round
 "With hares and partridge does abound:
 "Tho' on my table it is rare
 "To see or one or t'other there.
 "Oft when I rise at early morn,
 "And hear the cheerful echoing horn,
 "I'm forc'd, from the inspiring noise,
 "To hunt a pack of idle boys;
 "And, when they babble in their din,
 "I am a special whipper-in;
 "And, if they should be found at fault,
 "I crack my whip, Sir, as I ought."

Syntax now told his story o'er,—
 A story told so oft before;
 When soon the Squire began to feel
 A slumber o'er his senses steal.
 The Curate, too, bemus'd in beer,
 Was more dispos'd to sleep than hear.

Said Syntax, " See th' effect of drink !
 " Heav'n spare the souls that cannot think !
 " But I will not their sleep molest,
 " For Sunday is a day of rest."
 In short, his words ceas'd to prevail ;
 There now were none to hear his tale :
 He strove another pipe to smoke ;
 But there were none to hear his joke :
 So on his elbow he reclin'd,
 And thus the sleeping party join'd.
 The clock struck ten ere they awoke,
 When a shrill voice their slumbers broke :
 In such a tone it seem'd to come,
 That Syntax thought he was at home.
 So having yawn'd, and shook their heads,
 They wish'd good night, and sought their beds,

[*To be continued.*]

LINES,

ON A VIEW OF BRISTOL.

With an Engraving. Plate VI. Vol. IV.

THO' Thames may boast its proud imperial name,
 Tho' palaces may range along its shore,
 And its waves bear the wealth of ev'ry clime ;
 Yet other rivers rise, to claim a share
 In that wide-spreading pow'r which Commerce gives
 To Britain, the glad mistress of the main.
 Chief among these is Avon's sluggish tide ;
 And tho' not much of beauty it can boast,
 Nor offers to the eye a crystal wave,
 Yet its deep bosom is to Commerce dear,
 As it divides the ever-busy scene,
 Where Bristol smiles upon the ceaseless toil
 Of thousands on its long and winding shores.

These ply the shipwright's art, or weave the sail ;
 While others (as the Cyclops fam'd of old
 In Etna's mount) the pond'rous hammers urge,
 To forge whate'er the wants of man demand.
 Nor these alone :—more tranquil labours fill
 The streets, where Art in ev'ry form appears ;
 While the rich-laden ships, down Avon's tide,
 Between its lofty rocks securely move,
 Till the hoarse Severn takes them to its flood,
 And bears them on triumphant to the sea.

But Bristol was renown'd ere the white sail
 Was seen on Avon's stream ; and in the page
 Of many an annal old its records stand.
 'Twas then Sir Baudyn, that brave gallant Knight,
 As he pass'd onward to receive his doom
 For valour in the cause his heart approv'd,
 Reproach'd the tyrant King who nam'd him Traitor ;
 And, rising from his sledge, threw his last glance
 Of proud disdain, and calmly met his fate !

Still the Cathedral rears its awful head ;
 And, tho' despoil'd by those disloyal hands
 That tore a Monarch from his rightful throne,
 And dy'd the guilty scaffold with his blood,
 It still displays its mutilated form
 In venerable grandeur, and conveys
 The choral song of praise from man to Heaven.
 Along its walls the sculptur'd marbles tell
 The tributary grief of many a Muse.
 There sleeps the angel-wife whom Mason's strains
 Lament, and melt the heart of all who read !
 There Colman gave the well-earn'd meed of praise
 To Powel, in his day Actor renown'd,
 When Nature was not banish'd from the stage ;—
 And there Eliza's ashes rest, whom Sterne
 Has made immortal.—'Neath its pavement lie

Full many a youth, and many a lovely maid,
 Who sought the neighb'ring springs, and ask'd for health;
 But ask'd in vain, and left their parents wretched!

But, tho' for commerce and for wealth renown'd,
 Bristol has yet a boast few cities know:
 For ev'ry want our feeble nature feels
 Some kind asylum opes its friendly door.
 Nor, while I dwell on this delightful theme,
 Can I forget to crown his honour'd worth
 With such a wreath as humble Muse can weave,
 Who gave in life and death his princely store
 To cheer the friendless poor, or young or old,
 Or sick or in decay, from Fortune's frowns,
 And be a blessing thro' each future age!—
 —Colson, with thy bright name I close my lay!

HORACE.—Ode XIV. Book III.

TO THE ROMANS, ON CÆSAR'S RETURN FROM SPAIN.

Lo! Romans, Cæsar homeward bends his way,
 Grac'd with the laurels of a well-fought day;
 Like potent Hercules behold him come
 From Spain's proud shore to bless impatient Rome!
 How late our realms, our anxious realms, deplor'd
 As slain, tho' crown'd with bays, their sov'reign lord!
 His wife, the chaste, the pious Livia, see
 (Her pray'rs scarce utter'd to the Deity),
 And fair Octavia, with the matrons come,
 To bid the conqu'ring hero welcome home.
 Thankful for sons restor'd, the female band
 Approach, with suppliant vine in ev'ry hand.
 Ye stripling youths, ye virgins form'd for love,
 Let none but pious vows ascend to Jove!
 Oh! happiest day since first I drew my breath!
 No fears molest of rapine or of death

While Cæsar reigns !—Go, boy, the garlands bear,
 With wine stor'd up when rag'd the Marsian war,
 If yet a single cask has 'scap'd the fang
 Of Spartacus, and all his thievish gang.
 Go tell Neæra hither to repair,
 And bind in knots her sweetly-scented hair ;
 But if access her porter stern denies,
 Hither return, nor let your choler rise.
 Old age, alas ! has damp'd my gen'rous fires,
 My love of vengeance, and my proud desires ;
 But this denial in my youthful day
 I'd not have borne, when Plancus bore the sway.

S. H. C*****.

HORACE.—Ode XIX. Book III.

TO TELEPHUS.

FROM Argive Inachus, of high renown,
 You trace, my friend, the long-drawn annals down
 To gen'rous Codrus, bravely courting Fate
 To save th' Athenians, and th' Athenian state :
 Of Æacus' stern race you proudly tell,
 And of the wars by which fam'd Ilium fell :
 But at what price to buy the Chian wine,
 How to prepare the bath, with whom to dine,
 Or in what hour of the wintry day
 To chase the keen Pelignian frosts away,
 Your works give no account.—But come, my friend,
 Partake the banquet, and your hist'ries end.
 Go, bring the sparkling wine without delay,
 To fill our goblets now at close of day ;
 And, when the night in dreary pomp shall reign,
 Renew our bowls, and thus carouse again ;
 For great Muræna this auspicious hour
 Is rais'd to exercise Pontific pow'r.

Three cups or nine the Muses' friend shall drain,—
 Unequal numbers please the tuneful train;
 But more than three, the lovely Graces say,
 May turn to strife the pleasures of the day.
 Why cease the strains of Berecynthian flute?
 Why hang the lyre, and soft pipe so mute?
 I hate your churlish souls; spread roses, boys!
 Let surly Lycus hear our madd'ning noise.
 Young, and adorn'd with so much flowing hair,
 Methinks you personate the ev'ning star.
 The smiling Chloë, ever bright and fair,
 Seeks, my dear Telephus, your fondest care;
 While I am doom'd to pass the live-long day,
 Wasting with love for beauteous Glycera!

S. H. C*****.

SONNET.

MARK the fond mother, as her anxious eyes
 O'er her sick babe with care incessant rove;
 Mark the big tears, the bosom-rending sighs,
 And dread forebodings of maternal love;—
 And say what pow'r can stem the ruthless tide
 Of grief that labours in her tortur'd breast;
 Or bid the tempest into peace subside,
 Hush all her fears, and soothe her into rest?
 'Tis thine, meek Resignation! thine alone
 To check her sorrows in their hapless flow;
 To lull each pang, repress each struggling groan,
 And mingle comfort with the draught of wo;—
 To calm the soul by frantic passions driven,
 And raise the weeping eye from earth to heaven!

ALPHONSE.

SONNET.

O COME, Feronia ! guide my willing feet,
 And lead me to the woodland's lonely dell,
 Where pensive Solitude, in secret cell,
 Delights to ponder o'er those pleasures sweet,
 That charm th' aspiring soul with bliss replete,
 To string the tuneful harp, and fondly tell
 Of him, who lov'd at evening hour to dwell
 Where Solitude and Meditation meet.

For lov'd Erato, from my earliest years,
 Has ever been the guardian of my theme—
 Has taught this heart to know the charm of tears ;
 Tears emanating fast from Pity's stream ;
 Whose inspiration bland Affection cheers,
 And fills the soul with Joy's ecstatic dream.

W. T*Y**R.

ANECDOTE.

FROM JOINVILLE'S MEMOIRS.

A WORTHY man, of Paris town,
 Came to the Bishop there ;
 His face, o'erclouded with dismay,
 Betray'd a fix'd despair.

“ Father,” said he, “ a sinner vile
 “ Am I, against my will ;
 “ Each hour I humbly pray for faith,
 “ But am a doubter still.

“ Sure, were I not despis'd of God,
 “ He would not leave me so,
 “ To struggle thus, in constant strife,
 “ Against the deadly foe.”

The Bishop to his sorrowing son
 Thus spoke a kind relief :—
 “ The King of France has castles twain ;
 “ To each he sends a chief.
 “ There’s Montelhery, far inland,
 “ That stands in place secure ;
 “ While La Rochelle, upon the coast,
 “ Doth sieges oft endure.
 “ Now, for these castles both preserv’d,
 “ First in his prince’s love
 “ Shall Montelhery’s chief be plac’d,
 “ Or La Rochelle’s above ?”
 “ Oh, doubtless, sire, the sinner cry’d,
 “ The King would love the most
 “ That man whose task was hard, to keep
 “ The castle on his coast.”
 “ Son,” said the Bishop, “ thou art right ;
 “ Apply this reas’ning well :
 “ My heart is Montelhery-fort,
 “ And thine is La Rochelle.”

J. P. C.

ON JEALOUSY.

A THOUSAND torments wait on love—
 The sigh, the tear, the anguish’d groan ;
 But he who never learnt to prove
 A jealous pang—has nothing known.
 For Jealousy, supreme of wo,
 Nurs’d by distorted Fancy’s pow’r,
 Can wound the heart, bid mis’ry grow,
 Which darkens with the ling’ring hour ;—
 While shadows, blanks to Reason’s orb,
 In dread succession haunt the brain ;
 And pangs, that ev’ry pang absorb,
 In wild convulsive tumults reign.

At morn, at eve, the fever burns,
 While phantoms tear the aching breast ;
 Day brings no calm, and night returns
 To mark no soothing hour of rest.—

Nor, when the bosom's wasted fires
 Are all extinct, is anguish o'er ;
 For Jealousy, that ne'er expires,
 Still wounds, when Passion lives no more.

AMERICAN SAVAGES*.

“ HENCE from my roof, old man ! away !
 “ Worn out with age and pain,
 “ Think not that I can still maintain
 “ Thy body, loathsome in decay ;—
 “ Hence from my roof, old man ! away !”

An Indian thus his sire address'd,
 Whose bitter sighs his grief confess'd.

“ But whence comes that reproaching sigh ?”
 Inquires the warlike son,
 “ I do but that which thou hast done ;
 “ Our custom's worth thou'lt scarce deny,
 “ Which thou hast us'd, and so must I :—
 “ Hence from my roof, old man ! away !
 “ Sunk is the planet of thy day.

* These people, when they perceive their parents have lost all vigour and activity in the infirmities of age, unwilling (often, perhaps, unable) to supply the increasing wants of impotence, drive them peremptorily from beneath their roofs ; at the same time testifying some small sense of gratitude to the authors of their being, by covering their aged limbs with a blanket, that they may not perish under the accumulated horrors of cold and hunger.—A scene of this nature, that was actually witnessed by some British officers in America, is the subject of these lines.

" Presented from affection's call,
 " The warmest of my store,
 " This blanket take : we meet no more."
 The Indian ceas'd.—An urchin small,
 His son, exclaims, " Nay, give not all,
 " But, father, the rich gift divide,—
 " Those wither'd limbs one half can hide."
 " And why but half?" the father cries ;
 " Why grudge thy grandsire half?"
 " Why," says the urchin, with a laugh,
 " The other half will thee suffice,
 " When, heedless of thy bitt'rest sighs,
 " I send thee forth, in turn, to curse
 " Thine offspring's mother and his nurse *!"

J. P. C.

TO A ROBIN,
 ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

SWEET bird ! still, on some leafless spray,
 Thy melody my heart will cheer,
 When gloomy hangs the chilly day,
 And Winter frowns severe.

Soon Desolation's hand will spread
 The landscape o'er with fleecy snow ;
 Then fly beneath my humble shed,
 Secure from ev'ry foe.

* As this is a true story, it may not be improper to add, that such an incident had power even to touch the feelings of a savage.—The old man was maintained, during the remainder of his life, by the redoubled labours of the Indian ; and he, who was so quickly sensible to a son's reproof, learnt, ere long, to appreciate a father's blessing.

Nor trap nor springe shall e'er confine
 In Danger's path thy thoughtless feet ;
 Of food the choicest shall be thine,
 And mine thy song so sweet.

Basingstoke.

J. N.

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

ALL hail the solemn silence of this hour !
 When Night, in sable majesty array'd,
 Has seal'd the world in slumber.—Busy crowds,
 Who pass'd the day in active scenes of life,
 Forget their labours, and retire to rest ;
 The hapless child of misery and want
 Profoundly sleeps upon his bed of straw,
 And, wrapp'd in smiling dreams of future bliss,
 Forgets he ever wept.—

Thy praises, Night ! how oft remain unsung,
 While, wrapp'd in listless slumbers, we forget
 The vary'd beauties of thy sombre reign :—
 The moon emerging from the silver cloud,
 And gliding thro' the vaulted arch of heaven—
 The glitt'ring stars that spangle yonder sky—
 The solemn aspect of this tranquil hour—
 Inspire the heart with gratitude to Him,
 The Author and Bestower of our good !
 Ah ! why should man this awful scene pollute,
 Whose guilty mind, insatiate after gold,
 Prompts him to elevate his impious hand
 Against his brother ; thoughtless that from Him,
 Who sees thro' all, no darkness veils the crime !

And now the bell proclaims the lapse of time,
 And speaks this lesson to the thinking mind :—
 Improve the present day, and know that life
 Is but a transient scene, which soon shall close,

Where we, like vessels on a stormy sea,
 Are form'd to struggle with the waves of fate.
 Oh ! thou mild orb, whose beams illumine the night !
 And ye, refulgent stars, that gild yon sphere !
 While you proclaim His pow'r that bade you shine,
 Instruct proud man to humble his desires,
 And bend the knee of gratitude and praise
 To the great Author of these wondrous works.

SPINSTERIA.

DESCRIPTIVE ODE.—TO ECHO.

WHEN, at morn, the shepherd's clock
 Warns him to his bleating flock ;
 When, at noon, the feather'd choir
 Their dulcet songs to heav'n respire ;
 When, at eve, adown the steep
 The lazy heifers slowly creep ;
 When tuneful pipes the shepherds play,
 List'ning will I with Echo stray.

When the trumpet sounds to battle,
 And when thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 When the martial drum and fife
 Drown the din of mortal strife ;
 When, along the crimson'd ground,
 Death unheeded stalks around ;
 Echo, from her airy car,
 Mocks the cries of wretched War !

When black clouds the sky obscure,
 And the rains in torrents pour ;
 When the rolling thunders crash,
 And the vivid lightning's flash,
 Streaming from the troubled sky,
 Strikes with awe the trav'ler's eye ;
 Echo, sounding from afar,
 Mocks the elemental jar !

Echo ! sweet responsive maid !
 Queen of summer's verdant glade !
 Down in yonder valley low,
 Or upon the mountain's brow—
 Where the rugged rocks arise,
 With tow'ring heads, toward the skies ;
 Or in the gloomy cavern's cell,
 Oh ! there, sweet Echo ! deign to dwell !

W. T*Y**R.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

FAITH, like the Bethlehem star, may guide mankind,
 And beam her radiance o'er the human mind,
 Repel each doubt that shades with black control,
 Avert despair, and cheer the fainting soul ;
 May firmly plant a reverential trust
 In some great awful Pow'r, supreme as just,
 Who views creation with omniscient eyes,
 And round whose throne, eternal 'mid the skies,
 Wisdom and glorious strength divinely blend,
 And boundless Mercy, that shall never end.—
 Faith, while as journeying in this vale below,
 May lift our thoughts above this waste of wo,
 And, boldly flutt'ring on exalted plume,
 Point up to realms—far, far beyond the tomb !

Hope, fondly glancing thro' the dark abyss,
 May deck those worlds in all the charms of bliss,
 And, tracing out the captivating scene,
 May tell, in whispers soft and smiles serene,
 Such shall be our's when transient life is o'er,
 And the warm vital pulse can throb no more ;—
 May sweetly promise to the anxious breast
 Seraphic peace, and everlasting rest !

But stops salvation here?—Ah! what avails
 Faith's lucid dawn, or Hope's enchanting tales,
 If fleeting life glide on devoid of thee,
 Spirit of heav'n! benignant Charity!
 Where thy angelic virtues hold not reign,
 Where thou art absent, Faith shall gleam in vain;
 Like ev'ning meteors, burn with useless light,
 And, like those gilded meteors, set in night!

Hope, too, shall perish, like a broken reed,
 When the bleak north-wind sweeps the verdant mead;
 Shall sink abash'd, and, stripp'd of all her wiles,
 Her tinsel flatt'ry, and her treach'rous smiles,
 Shall prove, at last, a false delusive theme,
 An airy phantom, and an idle dream!

Sept. 1810.

W. C**E.

SONNETS.

I.

QUEEN of the heav'ns! how, thro' the silent night,
 While, hush'd to rest, all Nature sleeps serene,
 Breaks the full splendour of thy tranquil light
 On the soft grandeur of the sylvan scene!
 Creation slumbers in a death-like trance,
 Save where, sweet murm'ring o'er the limpid stream,
 From their green bed the curling waters dance
 In the pale lustre of thy silv'ry beam.
 Oh! while my uplift' adorative eyes
 Gaze on the starry vault illum'd by thee,
 Tir'd of the earth, and panting for the skies,
 My soaring spirit struggles to be free;
 Views yon bright realms with Rapture's holy tear,
 And pants to claim them as her native sphere!

W. C**E.

II.

ON silent pinions, sweeping o'er the earth,
 Resistless Time, unpitying, glides away,
 And, circling quick, once more unfolds to birth
 The fateful period of my natal day !

Fain would the Muse, on wings of rapture borne,
 Exulting triumph o'er her pensive tears,
 And hail, with joyful shout, yon glimm'ring morn,
 As the blest harbinger of happier years !

But ah ! while Mem'ry drags my ling'ring sight
 Tow'rd's many a scene where bloom'd Elysian flow'rs,
 Doubt, unrelenting, checks each fond delight,
 Scowls on my soul, and points to future hours :—
 At the sad view prophetic griefs arise,
 And trembling sorrows veil my drooping eyes !

Dec. 6. 1810.

W. C**E.

III.

SEE, rob'd in frowns, dread Winter comes at last !
 And where, soft whisp'ring the tall groves among,
 Late the gay Zephyr gently sigh'd along,
 Now from the dark cloud pours the northern blast,
 And, wildly sweeping o'er the verdant plain,
 Strips nature bare !—Rudely the cold storms blow
 Thro' thick'ning torrents of descending snow,
 And bind the stream-floods with an icy chain !
 Summer, farewell !—smiling I hail'd thy birth,
 And, fill'd with rapture at the gladd'ning sight,
 Joyful I mark'd thy rosy footsteps light,
 Bounding in sweetness o'er the flow'ry earth !—
 But now, sad gazing on the dying year,
 I mourn thy faded charms with Sorrow's pensive tear !

W. C**E.

H Y M N.

CELESTIAL Spirit ! wont to pour
 Thine influence o'er the solemn hour,
 And prompt the sacred song,
 Thy beams of heav'nly lustre shed
 In full redundance round my head,
 And guide my falt'ring tongue.

Or whether thou art wont to throw
 Thy streams of light from Sinai's brow,
 Or Oreb's hoary crest,
 Awhile with seraphim descend,
 With energetic praise distend
 Mine adamantine breast.

'Tis thine with lenient hand to bind
 The sorrows of the bleeding mind,
 And gild the low'ring day ;
 To bid the widow's bosom sing,
 To dry the orphan's tears, and bring
 The wand'rer on his way.

To thee, in peril's darkest hour,
 Dejected Virtue looks for pow'r,
 E'en when the viewless form
 Of fell Destruction swiftly flies,
 Unbolts the thunders of the skies,
 And guides the angry storm.

Ye whisp'ring gales, His name adore !
 Ye madd'ning winds, confess the Pow'r
 Who can your rage control !
 Ye clouds by winged angels trod,
 Ye heav'nly orbs, proclaim the God
 Of seasons as ye roll !

The swelling notes of praise resound,
 What time thy bounty scatters round
 The melodies of morn;
 A thousand minstrels wing the sky,
 A thousand rapt'rous songs of joy
 On ev'ry breeze are borne.

Creator ! teach us to adore,
 And laud and praise, but doubt no more
 Thy pow'r and will to save ;
 Oh ! bid our vain desponding breath
 Despise the pomp and pangs of death,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

What wondrous proofs of pow'r were giv'n,
 What time th' astonish'd host of Heav'n
 With horror stood aghast ;
 When Satan, with a with'ring look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew the battle-blast !

Thy will the trembling ground bedy'd
 When floods from out thy pierced side
 And wounded temples ran :
 What crimson streams of love were shed
 When JESUS bow'd his sacred head,
 And agoniz'd for man !

Oh ! strike the golden lyre again !
 A loud, and yet a louder strain !
 And aid the vast desire,
 To peal on high the last, the first,
 The sweetest song that ever burst
 From seraph's lip of fire :—

“ The Prince of peace ! whose pow'r alone
 “ From Heav'n's high everlasting throne
 “ The arch-apostate hurl'd !

“ Omnipotent ! Original !
 “ The Lord of Life ! the God of all !
 “ The Saviour of the world ! ”

Ye Angels and Archangels, join !
 Let blissful strains of love divine
 Reverb around the skies ;
 To Him one rapt'rous peal of praise,
 One chorus, let all beings raise,—
 All Nature's incense rise.

Yet, tho' the spacious earth shall ring
 In praise of thee, eternal King !
 And Heav'n's high arch resound ;
 Yet, ever-blest JEHOVAH ! deign
 Responses to the falt'ring strain
 That whispers from the ground !

Hear, 'mid the gen'ral jubilee,
 The worm that rudely carols thee,
 Thy choristers among ;
 Awhile with heav'nly themes inspire
 Thy meanest minstrel,—string his lyre,
 And aid his stamm'ring tongue.

Still may the bleeding image be
 Of Godhead in humanity
 The rainbow to his sight !
 Of all his fondest hopes the goal,
 The dearest object of his soul,—
 The heav'n of his delight !

And may his soul, divest' of clay,
 In grateful rapture soar away,
 And seek the realms above ;
 Where streams of vary'd bliss shall rise,
 Truth, purity, immortal joys,
 And everlasting love !

GEORGIUS.

SONNETS.

OFT as my wand'ring feet, at ev'ning tide,
 Monastic pile! thy dark recesses tread,
 With noxious flow'rs and ivy overspread,
 My mind reverts to scenes ere Laura died,—
 To scenes of joy, where Summer scatter'd wide
 Her unexampled glories,—where I read,
 Amidst the ruins of the honour'd dead,
 In her pure eyes, eternally ally'd,
 Truth, Love, and Virtue,—all that man holds dear,
 Or yields the soul pre-eminent delight!
 But, ah! how alter'd is my earthly sphere,
 Since thou, sweet maid! hast vanish'd from my sight!
 To me the world and all its pleasures seem
 Like the faint outlines of a maniac's dream!

ON HOPE.

WHEN torture racks the breast, and Beauty's eye
 Swells with the tears of mingling joy and pain,
 Thy spirit, Hope! can ev'ry aid supply,
 And bring back pure serenity again.
 'Tis thou who spread'st with amaranthine flow'rs
 Each upland path and desolated way;
 That giv'st to Sorrow's melancholy hours
 A bliss beyond what Campbell can portray.
But Love perplex'd, and in his high career
 Compell'd to humble to insidious Fate,
 Looks with delight to thy celestial sphere,
 Whence Greatness smiles upon his future state;
 And, urg'd by nat'ral energy of mind,
 Darts forth, and leaves his enemies behind!

Grafton-street, Dec. 1810.

J. G.

HORACE.—Book III. Ode IX.

—
 Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.
 —

TO C—.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORATIUS AND C—.

HORATIUS.

WHILST ev'ry day some present brought,
 And still I prais'd your bosom fair,
 You lov'd me, and confess'd you thought
 My worth pre-eminently rare:
 Then too I swore my joys complete,
 And kiss'd (Love's humblest swain) your feet.

C—.

True, you were once my only bliss;—
 But, when you prais'd Laretta's charms,
 And left the girl whose balmy kiss
 Had won a thousand to her arms,
 I felt my tow'ring nature spurn
 The youth for whom 'twas wont to burn!

HORATIUS.

Laretta, matchless nymph! can wake
 A tone superlatively wild
 On those sweet chords you could not shake
 Aught more than yonder paling child:
 To spare her life, my own I'd brave,—
 Nay, yield, my fair-one's charms to save!

C—.

For him, whose wild untutor'd tongue
 Made ev'ry neigh'bring wood reply,—
 Who fill'd my breast while still too young,—
 For him, Horatius! would I die;
 For he, unalter'd, claims the heart
 From which you long have strove to part.

HORATIUS.

Hold ! must our passion ne'er resume
 Its ardent fire, and bind us fast ?
 What if Laretta's rosy bloom
 Be left to wither in the blast ?
 What if within these faithful arms
 I clasp your long-forsaken charms ?

C—.

Tho' he be lovelier than the morn,
 Your manly sense and sprightly air,
 And e'en your unexampled scorn,
 Still makes Horatius passing fair !
 With him I only wish to live,—
 To die with him, my life I'll give !

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

THE SEPARATION.

BLEST are the souls (above all others blest)
 Whom tender thoughts and mutual love unite,
 Whose noble flames stern Malice ne'er repress'd,
 Whose days are days of innocent delight.
 And must we part ? must Fortune's angry frown
 Damp the pure flame Affection smil'd to boast ?
 Must I ne'er press those humid lips, nor own
 That virtuous spirit which another lost ?
 Must all the hopes our youthful hearts enjoy'd
 Sink in oblivion,—slumber, and decay ?
 Must all our fair-form'd pleasure be destroy'd,
 And sadness cloud our separated way ?
 Why did we love ? why to each other give
 Those tender tokens of unfeign'd esteem,
 Which taught our hopes to flourish and to live,
 If all must vanish like a fev'rish dream ?

And must we part? must ev'ry bond be broke,
 Which friendship, truth, and constancy, inspire?
 No! still beneath Love's pleasurable yoke
 A slave, I swear they never shall expire!
 Oft o'er the joys irrevocably past,
 When thro' the verdant pasturage we stole,
 Her musing eyes shall Recollection cast,
 Still pressing thy fair semblance to her soul!
 And oft shall Sorrow to that spot return,
 Where, 'neath the gloom of Winter's sullen reign,
 Thine eyes were taught my passion to discern,
 And thy lov'd bosom to relieve my pain.
 Thy canker'd tongue, foul Defamation, cease!
 Ferocious Malice, wave thy torch no more!
 But what shall lull the struggling heart to peace,
 That's 'reft of all 'tis prompted to adore?
 Tho' still we part, shall hope remain to cheer
 The low'ring prospect of the future heaven;
 Nor Friendship scorn, for many a coming year,
 To blend the souls stern Destiny has riven!
 May sland'rous Anger feel the pangs of shame,
 Who pluck'd the roses from my fair-one's cheek!
 And Virtue, still enamour'd of thy name,
 Shall prove, Lauretta, that her arts are weak!
Grafton-street, Sept. 16, 1810. J. G.

THE ADMONITION.

TRUST not that wild enchanting eye,
 Nor o'er that lovely bosom hang;
 That orb may cause thee many a sigh,
 That bosom many a cutting pang!
 Trust not her words, however fair,
 And doubt her when the truth she speaks;
 Of all her fondling arts beware,
 Nor kiss delusion from her cheeks!

Ne'er press her lips, for they enclose
 A venom that may blast thy frame,
 Thy future prospects discompose,
 And rob thee of the crown of fame!

Nov. 1810.

J. G.

THE RETORT.—BY MR. VAUGHAN.

'Tis true, my Delia, I have said,
 With thee I'd live, with thee I'd wed;—
 Ah! then I was but young;—
 Since which, Florella, lovely fair!
 With looks and shape so debonair,
 Has made me change my song.
 I know you'll blame my fickle mind,
 And call me trait'rous and unkind,—
 Perchance the fault may vex;
 But then, my Delia, to be plain,
 Howe'er *the truth* may give you pain,
 "I learnt it of your sex."

L—th—R—d.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

[Written in America.]

Nemo te lachrymis decoret neque funera fletu
 Faxit: cur? volitis vivu per ora virum.

In these uncultur'd wild dominions,
 Where Av'rice holds her tyrant sway,
 And Luxury, in proud array,
 Swells her long train with Fortune's minions,—
 Can aught inspire a Bard to raise
 The tributary song of praise?
 To pour the soul-enchanting lay,
 And soaring wing his airy way
 On Fancy's rainbow-tinted pinions?

Alas ! the lyre neglected lies ;
 And Genius proud, deserted dies ;
 Or, forced with swelling heart to bow
 To some unjoyous cold pursuit,
 Which damps each fine romantic feeling ;
 The tuneful voice now hush'd and mute ;
 The pallid cheek and frowning brow
 His inward high disdain revealing ;
 Down his wan cheek the big tear stealing ;—
 I see him breathe an ardent vow,
 And dash to earth his shatter'd lute !
 Oppress'd he leaves the Muses' court ;
 His piercing eye and lofty port
 But ill a broken heart concealing.
 Yes, Scott ! such cruel fate attends
 In this rude clime the Muses' friends !
 Here all must bow to Law and Trade ;
 And humble homage must be paid
 To Folly, if in wealth array'd !
 E'en Vice can purchase fair renown,
 If Wealth her base exertions crown !
 But talents languish in the shade ;
 While Poësy, enchanting maid,
 And tow'ring Genius, here are born
 To brook the world's malignant scorn :
 Or sad retire to some wild mountain,
 And sigh beside the murm'ring fountain.
 Yet, e'en in this unblest retreat,
 The pensive Poet still shall meet
 One guerdon to his soul most dear,
 In woman's angel smile and tear.
 Yes, lovely woman ! thou shalt cheer
 With sweetest smile his prospect drear ;
 And, when his spirits sink beneath
 A broken heart, and close in death,

Benignant thou shalt spread his pall,
 Shalt kindly weep his early fall ;
 And Spring's first violets shall bloom,
 Rear'd by thee, around his tomb.
 Sweet Minstrel ! here, tho', care-infected,
 Too sure the Poet's laurels die ;
 Tho' oft, by such sad scenes dejected,
 Columbia's Genius heaves the sigh ;
 Think not thy Border-Muse, neglected,
 E'en here shall pass unhonour'd by ;—
 No, in thy praise one son of Song,
 Ere yet he leaves the vocal throng,
 Tho' low his voice, unknown his name
 Among the favour'd sons of Fame,
 Shall, trembling, strive to tune the lyre,
 And catch one spark of heav'nly fire.
 Oh ! could he sweep like thee the wire,
 And notes of softest tune inspire,
 He'd boldly echo back again
 Thy feeling, wild, romantic strain ;
 Then sounds so soft, so loud, and clear,
 Should break on thy enraptur'd ear,
 That thou shouldst think the gales of even
 Came freighted with the songs of Heaven ;
 And, as he pour'd the deathless strain,
 Self-kindling with a rapture holy,
 He'd proud repel the cold disdain
 Of wretches born to wealth and folly.
 Yet tho' no bright, no dazzling, ray
 Of Genius round his pencil play,
 Still shall thy glowing strain impart
 A joy to soothe his troubled heart.
 When Fancy sees thy "champions proud"
 Meet like the "bursting thunder-cloud,"
 Scarce can that heart restrain a sigh
 Amid the battle's storm to die !

And when in Cranstoun's noble mind
 He sees the "courtly Baron bold,"
 By tow'ring valour, love-refined,
 His Margaret's fond affection hold,—
 He sighs to think those days are o'er,
 And knightly feats can charm no more.
 When Clara's image blooming breaks
 Upon his mind, and fondly wakes
 His soul to scenes so deeply trac'd,
 In colours ne'er to be effac'd,—
 He'll think upon his early youth,
 And his own Stella's matchless truth,—
 Who, seven long years besieg'd by fiends
 In human shape, in guise of friends,
 Tho' thick malignant scandal flew,
 Still own'd her Henry just and true.
 When, victor in the ev'ning fight,
 Stands fam'd De Wilton's injur'd knight,—
 When vengeance rais'd the flaming brand,
 And scarce he stays his lifted hand,—
 She'll see her Henry in the one
 Who spar'd the guilty Marmion.
 For joys like these, much-honour'd Scott!
 Accept this strain,—ah! scorn it not;—
 Accept the tribute of a youth
 Unskill'd in Flatt'ry's art;
 It bears, howe'er in sounds uncouth,
 The homage of a feeling heart,
 Trac'd in the sacred characters of truth.

HENRY.

 EPIGRAM.

DEAR Fabius, *me*, if well you know,
 You ne'er will take me for your foe;
 If right *yourself* you comprehend,
 You ne'er will take me for your friend.

MEPHITIS* ; OR, CITY POLICE.—A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

BY PHYSIGNATHUS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

“The green mantle of the standing pool.”—SHAK.

CANTO I.—A CITY EVENING.

The Muse invoked in the old Style.—She instructs the Bard.—The Stagnant Pool.—Exhalations.—Hydrogen and Mephitis.—The Air-Balloon.—Curious Insects.—Limuades, or Nymphs of the Pool.—City-Evening Recreations.—The Caution.—The Frog-Concert.

THE earth, bedew'd with vernal show'rs—
 The verdant woods, the blooming flow'rs—
 The budding oak, the fragrant pine—
 The jasmine sweet, the eglantine—
 The mock-bird, with his mimic note,
 That near the mansion strains his throat—
 The turtle cooing in the shade—
 The partridge whistling on the glade—
 All Nature gay invites to sing,
 O Muse! the sweets of rising Spring.
 “Tempt not,” she cries, “such idle things”
 (Twitching my ear) “as Maro sings :
 “To stagnant pools attune thy lyre ;
 “On these pour out poetic ire :
 “At city police, in thy sweep,
 “And city pastimes, take a peep :
 “But what is written never blot ;
 “How few will read it matters not.”
 Now first admitted to thy school,
 Propitious Muse! I chant the pool

* In the above piece, some of the gases of modern chymistry have been personified; with what effect, it is left to the reader to determine.

Which here, on city common seen,
 Is always mantled o'er with green."
 Let poets sing their grots and shades,
 Their crystal fountains, smooth cascades ;
 Harmonious let their numbers clink,
 Of flowers lolling on their brink ;
 And let them dive into the stream,
 To praise the trout, the perch, and bream ;
 In stagnant waters we shall find
 New beings, of a diff'rent kind :—
 Here Hydrogen *, of airy form,
 Is rais'd in clouds to brew the storm ;
 Mephitis †, too, oft hovers here,
 Dank, foul, and low in atmosphere.
 The Muse foretels that these, ere long,
 Will be the theme of modern Song ;
 And Truth and Nature, thus combin'd
 With Fancy, shall improve the mind :
 Some Bard their wonders shall unfold,
 As Homer did his gods of old ;
 And raise a name, as yet unknown,
 That Fame shall proudly call her own.
 On Hydrogen the air-balloon
 Shall overlook our secrets soon ;
 Be they aloft in climes of snow,
 Or in the chambers down below.
 Thus convalescents shall repair
 Towards the clouds for change of air,
 And wholesome climates quickly find
 By easy journeys on the wind.

* "Hydrogen."]—Inflammable air. "It is lighter than common air. The theory of balloons is founded upon this levity."—*Chaptal's Chymistry*, Am. Ed. 91, 93, 94.

† "Mephitis;" or Azot.]—Foul air; that which deprives of life. Its proportion to atmospheric air is as 73 to 27; nearly three-fourths. When fire is placed in it, it is instantly extinguished without noise.—*Rees's Cyclopaedia*, title *Azot*.

Thus shall the soph, on tempest toss'd,
Seek wisdom in the realms of frost ;
And warriors thus shall never fail
With ease the city walls to scale :
Thus belles, their coaches laid aside,
Like sylphs upon the wind shall glide ;
Nor dust nor prancing horses fear
While lightly fitting on the air :
Bucks too shall thus thro' windows creep
To gaze at Beauty when asleep ;
And in her balmy slumbers scare
The trembling and astonish'd fair.
Such are thy wonders, stagnant flood !
Where others see but filth and mud ;
And poets too, in passing by,
Have view'd thee with disdainful eye.
Sure never yet did running stream
Like pools with curious insects teem,
That, ever at the close of day,
In airy circles round you play,
And make approaches without fear,
To whisper music in your ear.
Yet half their beauties none descry,
Unless with microscopic eye :
Wings aptly form'd by Nature's laws,
More fine than Brussels lace or gauze ;
Bills too with points more sharp and burnish'd
Than cambric needle ever furnish'd.
Can Birmingham or Soho vend
A work so fitted to its end ?
Can Watt and Boulton by their skill
Form one mosquito's wing or bill ?
Can Art with Nature e'er contend
The meanest of her works to mend ?
In genial Spring, when songs of love
Echo alike from house and grove,—

When Nature loose from Winter's seen
 To gad abroad in robes of green,—
 Then nymphs of pools (for nymphs be there)
 Thro' all the night love-ditties hear ;
 Green limnades, with sparkling eyes*,
 Are wont to raise their suitors' sighs.

'Tis twilight gray, and Sol his car
 Hath driven to the westward far ;
 To stony mountains shapes his course,
 Whence great Missouri has his source.
 Dame Luna fain would take his place,
 But clouds of dust besmirch her face ;
 Nor would thy beauties, Queen of night !
 Be priz'd altho' disclos'd to sight,
 Where he is thought a silly elf
 Who studies Nature more than pelf.

Now city-lamps, in order lit,
 Cast a faint glimmer o'er the street :
 The watchman's station'd for the night
 To bawl the hour with all his might,
 That rogues his place may nicely mark,
 And fix their object in the dark.
 Now chariots to the playhouse fly,
 And amateurs to concerts hie ;
 Cooper to-night will play *Macbeth*,
 So horses may be driv'n to death.
 When he's to play, you know, one must
 Abide the heat, the crowd, and dust.
 Thus in the Spring you venture out
 With safety to a play or rout ;
 But if Canicula appear,
 Or sickly Autumn rule the year,

* "Sparkling eyes."]

"'Tis said the lark and loathed toad change eyes."—*Shak.*

Beware ! Mephitis, dank and foul,
 Will view your pleasures with a scowl ;
 And fevers, waiting at her beck,
 Should ev'ry ev'ning frolic check.
 Your pastimes freely I permit,
 Tho' mine your fancies may not hit :
 Frog-concerts*, then, that would affright
 Sleep from *your* eyes, are *my* delight.
 If, amateurs, you blame in haste,
 I'll pray the gods to mend your taste ;
 And any bet with you I'll hold,
 That mine is new, and yours is old ;
 For bets, you know, if logic fail,
 In knotty points will oft prevail.
 Come, listen, if you wo'n't believe,
 And pleasure by your ears receive.
 The leader now, on his bassoon,
 At proper pitch has set the tune ;
 The smaller fry to treble rise,—
 To counter-tenor, second size ;
 The third assume a lower note,
 Full tenor they have got by rote ;
 While rana bovis, in deep bass,
 A stranger from the pool might chase.
 O city ! may the frogs prolong
 In all thy pools their pleasing song ;
 Nor let disturbance e'er be made
 By sound of either hoe or spade,
 Until, Mephitis ! at thy nod,
 I'm doom'd to lie beneath the sod !

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

* "*Frog-concerts.*"—See Miss Edgeworth's popular tale "*Tomorrow*," vol. ii. p. 277. Also Priest's "*Travels*."

E L I Z A.

The following Lines appeared, two or three years since, in a little
Village-Newspaper in New England.

HAD Nature, ere Eliza's birth,
Her soul to homelier clay consign'd,
And plac'd her lovely form on earth,
With some inferior mind,
We still had lov'd the heart that Virtue warms,
Nor mourn'd the absence of external charms.

When Beauty strikes our ravish'd eyes,
And Reason seems no longer free,—
When all the pow'rs of sense arise
In wild'ring mutiny,—
'Tis Fancy then exerts her 'witching pow'r;—
A triumph,—but the triumph of an hour.

When intellectual graces shine,
Tho' in the plainest person drest;
When virtue, truth, and sweetness, join
T' enrich the female breast;
Tho' Fancy frown, our better thoughts approve,
And Reason's 'suasive voice confirms our love.

But when to each external grace
True excellence of heart is join'd;
When in the sweet expressive face
We read the lovelier mind;
Each social passion kindles as we gaze,
Till stoic souls "grow wanton in their praise."

No borrow'd graces dress the smile
Which Nature bade Eliza wear;
The artful glance, the study'd wile,
Are more than strangers there:
She fascinates by native charms alone,
And Art might blush to see herself outdone.

Soft mantling o'er her cheeks is seen
The vermeil tint of modesty;
While the pure soul that reigns within
Speaks in her melting eye.
Why was so sweet a spirit sent below,
And made to animate an angel too?
Sweet maid! forgive the artless lay;
Sincerity may plead desert:
Then let the passing stranger pay
The "tribute of the heart."
The honest sigh should never meet disdain,
Nor Friendship's blessing e'er be breath'd invain.
May Heav'n its choicest gifts bestow,
Nor leave you, lovely maid! to prove
The loss of happiness below,
Till call'd to bliss above!
Live blest, the child of Heav'n's distinguish'd care,
And kindly hope to meet your stranger there!

THE FIRE-OFFICE.—A PARODY.

Now in robe of bombasin
Sable Night enshrouds the air;
Coaches, "few and far between,"
Rattle thro' the darken'd square.
Where the million lately trod,
Now the watchman seeks to tame
Vot'ries of the reeling god,
Daughters of the Paphian dame.
Hark! an echoing scream I hear,
Harbinger of blows and battle;—
Guardians of the night draw near,
Summon'd by the watchman's rattle.

In a hack that carries four,
 Slow I move the streets along ;
 Tree *, that once a Monarch bore,
 Forms the axle stout and strong.

Pelican, embowell'd maid !
 Eagle, Rock, and Atlas, see !
 Followers of th' insurance trade,—
 Hark ! they sing the mournful glee !

Ere the shades of night retire
 Wheels shall rattle, engines shake,
 Streets and lanes re-echo " Fire !"
 Wakers bawl, and sleepers wake.

Vulcan, fir'd with deadly hate,
 Limp to Lemnos back again :
 Where we nail our brazen plate,
 Roars th' ignipotent in vain.

Now the engines, rang'd complete,
 Bid the Pagan god retire ;—
 Phoenix, pride of Cockspur-street,
 With thy pinions shroud the fire !

We the pipes to Fortune give,—
 Ours to quell each anxious throb ;
 Firemen roar out " By your leave !"
 Clear the streets, and duck the mob.

Tides which late the plugs confin'd
 Under ground, unknown to Fame,
 Now, in many a kennel join'd,
 Tumble to the banks of Thame.

Low in sleep see *Rolla* lie,
 Dreaming of Peruvian dames ;
 Wake ! to Covent-garden lie,
 See thy Theatre in flames.

* Royal Oak.

Long its loss shall London rue,—
 Sing its dirge in Drury-lane ;—
 Ne'er again its likeness view,
 Till they build it up again.
 O'er the chok'd piazza wide
 Banners sleep, with Moon and Sun.
 Firemen, point the irriguous tide!
 Firemen, cease! the mischief's done.
 Sisters! each inspect her book;
 Some will wail, and some will frisk:
 Wo to those who premiums took;
 Happy, who declin'd the risk.
 Mortals, who remain in doubt,
 Wisdom learn from what ye view;
 And, if your policies be out,
 Quick your policies renew.
 Hence! to guard your household store,
 Goods and chattels keep secure!
 Each produce th' unwilling ore;
 Hurry, hurry, to insure!

†††

LINES

Written in a blank Leaf of Milton's "Paradise Lost," on returning it to a young Lady, from whom the Author had borrowed it.

THY book from *Paradise* had stray'd
 When thou didst lend it me;
 In pity therefore, lovely maid!
 I send it back to thee:—
 Oh! had it, by some mystic art,
 The gift of life obtain'd,
 It soon would feel, with joyous heart,
 A "*Paradise Regain'd!*"

CORNELIUS.

ADDRESS TO —.

THE foreign plant "Forget me not"
 Blossom'd in Autumn's sunny hour ;
 Transplanted to my native cot,
 It bloom'd a parlour-window flow'r.
 Its clust'ring buds their fragrance drew
 From tender Friendship's fost'ring care ;
 And, gemm'd with Pity's sparkling dew,
 The sweet exotic flourish'd fair.

When dark November's chilling show'r
 Deepen'd the forest's gloomy shade,
 I saw the angry tempest low'r,
 And, oh! I fear'd my plant would fade.

Oft as its verdant glossy leaves
 With gentle hand were lightly press'd,
 The charm that fairy Fancy weaves
 Clings to my vacant aching breast.

The Sun has left its parting beam,
 And tipp'd with gold the distant hill ;
 Its roseate tints but faintly gleam,
 And all the Autumn gales are still.

The Muse, with timid anxious eye,
 Now glances o'er her lov'd retreat ;
 And Hope exhales a trembling sigh
 From buds so frail, and bloom so sweet ;

Yet still shall I those sweets inhale
 Which scent the ambient air for me,
 And still shall kiss those blossoms pale
 Which gave their balmy breath to thee ;—

And when I twine around my cot
 The tendrils of my native bow'r,
 The foreign plant "Forget me not"
 Shall be my parlour-window flow'r.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

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

With an Engraving. Plate VII. Vol. IV.

THE clock struck five when Syntax woke—
 The sounding door his slumbers broke—
 When a soft female voice related
 That breakfast and her master waited.
 Up rose the Doctor ; down he went,
 With joyful look, and heart content.
 “ Well,” said the Squire, “ I hope you’ll stay,
 “ And pass with me another day :
 “ The sporting season’s coming on,
 “ And something now is to be done ;
 “ For I must breathe my dogs a bit,
 “ And try my gun at some tom-tit.
 “ You’ll take a stroll around the fields,
 “ And see what game my manor yields.”
 Says Syntax, “ ’Tis not in my pow’r
 “ To pass with you another hour :
 “ While you perform your sporting feats,
 “ I must be tramping London streets :
 “ You, therefore, will my thanks receive ;
 “ For now, Sir, I must take my leave.”
 The Squire reply’d—“ All I can say—
 “ Another time a longer stay.”
 He then walk’d off with dog and gun,
 While Syntax slowly travell’d on ;
 And, o’er the hill or on the plain,
 Indulg’d the contemplative strain :—

“ I cannot, while I Nature view,
 “ Cloth’d in her robe of verdant hue,—
 “ Or when the changeful veil is thrown
 “ Of Summer’s gold or Autumn’s brown,—

“ Or midst the scenes of snow and frost,
“ When her gay colouring is lost,—
“ I cannot but the Pow’r admire
“ That gives such charms to her attire :—
“ Nor do her wondrous shapes, that rise
“ In countless forms to meet the eyes,
“ Mark with less force th’ unerring soul,
“ Which gives such beauty to the whole :—
“ The mountain’s top, that seems to meet
“ The height of Heav’n’s imperial seat ;—
“ The rocks, the valleys’ guardian pride,
“ Or when they bound the ocean’s tide,
“ That oft, in grand confusion hurl’d,
“ Appear the fragments of a world ;—
“ While the low hill and vale between,
“ Delightful, variegate the scene.
“ But lesser forms invite to trace
“ Fair Nature’s ever-varying face :—
“ The humble shrub, the spreading tree,
“ In this same principle agree :
“ Along the ground the brambles crawl,
“ And the low hyssop tops the wall ;
“ The bulrush rises from the sedge,
“ The wild rose blossoms in the hedge ;
“ While flow’rs of ev’ry colour shed
“ Their fragrance from their native bed :
“ The streamlet, winding thro’ the glade,
“ The hanging wood, the forest shade ;
“ While the bold river’s flowing wave
“ Doth many a peopled margin lave,
“ Till, with increasing course, tis seen
“ To blend its white waves with the green.
“ Nor these alone ;—how various they
“ Who cleave the air, or skim the sea ;
“ Or range the plains ; or, from the brow,
“ Look down upon the vale below ;

“ The cygnet’s snow, the peacock’s dies ;
 “ The pigeon’s neck, the eagle’s eyes !—
 “ Nor in less beauty do they rove,
 “ Who form the music of the grove.
 “ The elephant’s resistless force ;
 “ The strength and spirit of the horse ;
 “ The ermine’s softness ; and the boar,
 “ With rising bristles covered o’er.
 “ Thus, throughout Nature’s ev’ry state,
 “ Or living, or inanimate,
 “ In ev’ry diff’rent class we see
 “ How boundless the variety !
 “ What playful change in all we know
 “ Of this mysterious world below ;
 “ In all where instinct motion gives ;
 “ In what by vegetation lives !
 “ But these are trivial when we look,
 “ By Reason’s light, in Nature’s book ;
 “ When, half-inspir’d, we’re taught to scan
 “ The vast varieties of man.”

Thus, in deep metaphysic mood,
 Syntax his shorten’d way pursu’d ;
 And many a system had been brought
 To ripen in his learned thought :
 But none arose which did not tend
 Poor human nature to befriend ;
 None but were aptly form’d to prove
 The firm support of social love.
 Thus, all-bemus’d, he took his way,
 Unconscious of the passing day ;
 And, thus employ’d in cogitating,
 No wonder he ne’er thought of baiting ;
 No wonder that it came to pass,
 When Grizzle saw a little grass,

That he, contemplating the view
 Of knotty questions, never knew
 She stopp'd to take a bite or two;
 Or, when they pass'd a limpid brook,
 That she a plenteous bev'rage took;
 Or if, by chance, upon the road,
 They found a cart with hay well stow'd,
 She lagg'd behind to crop the fare,
 And levy contributions there.

But now a trumpet's warlike sound
 'Woke Syntax from his dream profound;
 While Grizzle frisk'd, and mov'd on straight,
 With many a prancing, to the gate,
 Where, in gorgeous cap of fur,
 Stood the proclaiming trumpeter,
 With face as the old *Lion* red,
 That dangling hung above his head.
 " Oh!" he exclaim'd, " I now could swear
 " I see again the grizzle mare;
 " I know her well by that same scar
 " Which she got with me in the war;
 " For she receiv'd that angry hack
 " While I was sounding on her back:
 " A furious hussar onward came,
 " And struck at me, but miss'd his aim;
 " When my poor horse received the blow,
 " And straight the blood began to flow;—
 " Nay, the same sword had crack'd my crown,
 " But my brave comrade, Stephen Brown,
 " Came up, and cut the Frenchman down.
 " I have been borne by that same gray
 " Thro' many a rough and bloody day:
 " Her ears well know the martial strain;
 " I'm glad to see her once again."

" That well may be ;—but for her ears,—
 " A wicked clown's infernal shears
 " Have robb'd her," Syntax smiling said,
 Of the fair honours of her head :
 Nor did one tender thought prevail,
 From the same fate to save her tail.
 He then proceeded to relate
 Her past mishap and present state ;
 And ask'd the trumpeter to share
 A flowing bowl and ev'ning fare.

Now Syntax sat and heard the story
 The soldier told of England's glory ;
 How British columns fought their way,
 And drove the foe, and won the day ;
 How oft he did his breath enlarge,
 To call to arms and sound the charge.
 Tho' oft he rous'd to many a feat,
 He never sounded a retreat ;
 But still he spoke in modest tone,
 For England's glory was his own :—

" Oft have I seen, in bright array
 " (Sure promise of a glorious day),
 " The martial bands alive to meet
 " Their foes, and lay them at their feet ;
 " And, when my breathing trumpet told e'm
 " To go and conquer,—to behold 'em
 " At once their beaming blades display,
 " And rush on their victorious way,—
 " I felt the inexpressive joy
 " Which grim-fac'd Danger could not cloy.
 " If that same grizzle steed you rode
 " Could speak, she'd tell the ground she trod
 " Was oft, alas ! all cover'd o'er
 " With soldiers slain, and clotted gore.

“ Full many a hair-breadth ’scape I’ve seen ;
“ In many a peril I have been :
“ And soon again the time may come,
“ When, order’d from our native home,
“ We may be call’d abroad, to share
“ The dangers and the din of war.
“ So be it, I’m prepar’d to go,
“ Wherever I can meet the foe ;
“ And, should it be my lot to die,
“ I have no wife or babes to cry ;
“ And, wheresoever I may fall,
“ There’ll be an end of Thomas Hall.”

Said Syntax, “ It is well, my friend,
“ To be prepar’d to meet one’s end :
“ To do that well, I’m call’d to preach,—
“ ’Tis a prime duty which I teach.
“ But thoughts of a far diff’rent kind
“ Just now employ my anxious mind :
“ The present busy hours must claim
“ Attention to my purse and fame ;
“ And, as I think ’twould prove a joke
“ To show my mare to London folk,
“ It just has come into my mind
“ To leave poor Grizzle here behind,
“ And let some stage or mail convey
“ My bags and me my onward way.
“ Perhaps, for old-acquaintance sake,
“ Of my poor beast the care you’ll take.
“ If so”——The trumpeter reply’d—
“ ’Twill be my honour and my pride.
“ God bless your Rev’rence ;—never fear,—
“ Your mare shall have protection here :
“ When you come back, Sir, you shall find
“ She has been treated to your mind.”

A horn now told the near approach
 Of some convenient rapid coach;
 And soon a vehicle and four
 Appear'd at the *Red-Lion* door.
 Into his place the Doctor pounc'd;
 The coachman smack'd, and off they bounc'd:
 The scene around was quite composing,
 For his companions all were dozing;
 So he, forsooth, conceived it best
 To close his lids, and try to rest.
 When the morn dawn'd, he turn'd an eye
 Upon his slumb'ring company:—
 A red-fac'd man, who snor'd and snorted,—
 A Lady, with both eyes distorted,—
 And a young Miss, of pleasing mien,
 With all the life of gay sixteen.
 A sudden jolt their slumbers broke;
 They started all, and all awoke,
 When Surly-boots yawn'd wide, and spoke:—
 “ We move,” said he, “ confounded slow;”
 “ La, Sir!” cried Miss, “ how fast we go!”
 While Madam, with a smirking face,
 Declar'd it was a middling pace.
 “ Pray what think you, Sir?”—“ I agree,”
 Said simp'ring Syntax, “ with all three:
 “ Up hill, our course is rather slow;
 “ Down hill, how merrily we go!
 “ But, when 'tis neither up nor down,
 “ It is a middling pace, I own.”
 “ O la!” cried Miss, “ the thought's so pretty!”
 “ O yes!” growl'd Red-face, “ very witty!”
 The Lady said, “ If I can scan
 “ The temper of the Gentleman,
 “ He's one of those, I have no doubt,
 “ Who loves to let his humour out;

" Nor fails his threadbare wit to play
 " On all who come within his way :
 " But we who in these stages roam,
 " And leave our coach-and-four at home,
 " Deserve our lot when thus we talk
 " With those who were ordain'd to walk !
 " And now, my niece, you see how wrong
 " It is to use your flippant tongue,
 " And chatter, as you're apt to do,
 " With any one—the Lord knows who."
 Surly turn'd round, and friendly Sleep
 Soon o'er his senses 'gan to creep ;
 So Syntax thought he'd overlook
 The embryo of his future book.
 Thus all was silence till they came
 To that great town we London name.

Our Sage thought wisely that the din
 Which he should hear about an inn
 Would not assist his studious hours,
 Nor aid his intellectual pow'rs
 To make his volume fit to show
 The Dons of Paternoster-row ;
 And as his patron of the North,
 That Lord renown'd for sense and worth,
 Had bid him make his house a home
 Whenever he to town should come,
 He was resolv'd to try his fate
 In knocking at his Lordship's gate.
 At that same gate he soon appear'd ;
 My Lord with smiles the Doctor cheer'd :—
 " You have done well, my learned friend,
 " Hither your eager steps to bend ;
 " Bus'ness has brought me up to town,
 " And thus you find me all alone.

“ Here pitch your tent, and pass your hour
 “ In working up your pleasant Tour ;
 “ And, when 'tis done, I'll aid your scheme,—
 “ It shall not prove an idle dream.”

Syntax receiv'd his Lordship's grace
 With moisten'd eye, but smiling face,
 And for ten days, at morn and night,
 He toil'd to bring his book to light ;
 While the few intervening hours
 Were render'd gay with wine and flow'rs *.

My Lord, by gen'rous friendship mov'd,
 Now read his volume, and approv'd :

“ Think not,” he said, “ I idly give
 “ Opinions tending to deceive :
 “ That I'm sincere, my friend, you'll see,
 “ When I declare that you are free
 “ To dedicate your book to me :
 “ Nor is this all,—I'll recommend
 “ My very pleasant learned friend
 “ To one who has as gen'rous feeling
 “ As any in this kind of dealing :
 “ And, when this letter you present,
 “ He'll take the work, and give content.
 “ Thus, my good Sir, I've done my best ;
 “ You'll see him, and explain the rest.”

The Doctor now receiv'd his papers

In spirits almost to cut capers ;
 Nor did he then delay to go,
 Not to the realms of sights and show,
 But those of *Paternoster-row*.

The shop he enter'd ;—all around
 He saw the shelves with volumes crown'd,
 In Russia and Morocco bound ;

* Huc vina et unguenta, et nimium brevis,
 Flores amœnos ferre jube rosæ.

HOR.

And, when he had with fond delight
 Glanc'd o'er the literary sight,
 "Go, call your master," Syntax said
 To an attendant on the trade;
 "Tell him that a D. D. is here :"—
 The lad then answer'd, with a sneer,
 "To no D. D. will he appear ;
 "He would not come for all the knowledge
 "Of Oxford or of Cambridge College :
 "I cannot go, as I'm a sinner ;
 "I dare not interrupt his dinner :
 "You know not how I should be blam'd"—
 Stamping his foot, Syntax exclaim'd—
 "Apollo, and the Muses nine !
 "Must Learning wait while tradesmen dine ?"
 "They're common hacks," reply'd the boy ;
 "We never such as those employ :
 "I've heard their names, but this I know,
 "They never come into the *Row*."
 The master, who had fill'd his crop
 In a smart room behind the shop,
 On hearing a loud angry voice,
 Came forth to know what caus'd the noise ;
 And left his wife and bottle too,
 To see about this strange to-do.
 He was a man whose ample paunch
 Was made of beef, and ham, and haunch ;
 And, when he saw the shrivell'd form
 Of Syntax, he began to storm.

BOOKSELLER.

"I wish to know, Sir, what you mean,
 "By kicking up, Sir, such a scene ?"
 "And who you are, and what's your name,
 "And on what errand here you came ?"

SYNTAX.

"My errand was to bid you look
 "With care and candour on this book ;

No. 22. of the Political Magazine. Pub. Feb. 9, 1841, at Raskemann's Repository of Arts 101, Strand.



Plate 7, Vol. 4.



“ And tell me whether you think fit
 “ To buy, or print, or publish it ?
 “ The subject which the work contains
 “ Is Art and Nature’s fair domains ;
 “ Tis form’d the curious to allure ;—
 “ In short, good man, it is a Tour ;
 “ With drawings all from Nature made,
 “ And with no common skill display’d :
 “ Each house, each place, each lake, each tree,
 “ This hand did draw—these eyes did see.”

BOOKSELLER.

“ A Tour, indeed !—I’ve had enough
 “ Of Tours, and such-like flimsy stuff.
 “ What a fool’s errand you have made
 “ (I speak the language of the trade),
 “ To travel all the country o’er,
 “ And write what has been writ before !
 “ We can get Tours,—don’t make wry faces,—
 “ From those who never saw the places.
 “ I know a man who has the skill
 “ To make you books of Tours at will ;
 “ And from his garret in Moorfields
 “ Can see what ev’ry country yields ;
 “ So, if you please, you may retire,
 “ And throw your book into the fire :
 “ You need not grin, my friend, nor vapour ;
 “ I would not buy it for waste paper !”

SYNTAX.

“ Blockhead ! and is it thus you treat
 “ The men by whom you drink and eat ?
 “ Do you not know, and must I tell ye,
 “ Tis they fill out your monstrous belly ?
 “ Yes, booby ! from such skulls as mine
 “ You lap your soup, and drink your wine,

" Without one single ray of sense
 " But what relates to pounds and pence,
 " Thus good and evil form the whole,—
 " Heav'n gave you wealth, and me a soul ;
 " And I would never be an ass
 " For all your gold, with all your brass.
 " When humble Authors come to sue
 " (Those very men who pamper you),
 " You feel like Jove in all his pride,
 " With Juno squatting by his side."

BOOKSELLER.

" How dare you, villain, to defame
 " My dearest wife's unsully'd name ?
 " Yes, she's my wife ;—ten years ago,
 " The parson join'd our hands at Bow, }
 " And she's the flower of our Row.
 " As for Miss Juno, she's a harlot,
 " You foul-mouth'd and malicious varlet !
 " A prostitute, who is well known
 " To all the rakes about the town ;
 " First with a footman off she ran,
 " And now lives with an Alderman."

SYNTAX.

" Have done,—have done ! pray read that letter ;
 " And then I think you'll treat me better."

BOOKSELLER.

" Sir, had you shewn the letter first,
 " My very belly should have burst
 " Before I would have said a word
 " Your learned ears should not have heard ;
 " But, in this world wherein we live,
 " We must forget, Sir, and forgive.
 " These little heats will sometimes start
 " From the most friendly gen'rous heart.

" My Lord speaks highly of your merit,
 " As of the talents you inherit :
 " He writes himself supremely well ;
 " His works are charming,—for they sell.
 " I pray you take a glass of wine ;
 " Perhaps, Sir, you have yet to dine :
 " We now, I fear, have nothing hot ;—
 " My dear, put something in the pot ;
 " 'Twill soon be done ; or tell our Nan
 " To toss a cutlet in the pan.
 " His Lordship here expressly says
 " Your work transcends his utmost praise ;
 " Desires the printing may commence,
 " And he'll be bound for the expense.
 " The book will sell, I have no doubt ;
 " I'll spare no pains to bring it out :
 " A work like this must not be stinted,
 " Two thousand copies shall be printed.
 " And if you please"—

SYNTAX.

" I cannot stay ;
 " We'll talk of this another day :
 " When I came out, I gave my word
 " To take my dinner with my Lord."

BOOKSELLER.

" Perhaps some other time you'll come,
 " When my good Lord may dine from home ;
 " It will be kind, indeed, to share,
 " Quite as a friend, our humble fare :
 " In the mean time you may command,
 " In ev'ry sense, my heart and hand."

Thus (such are this world's odds and ends)
 Tho' foes they met,—they parted friends !

[To be continued.]

EQUALITY.

FROM ROG. HOVEDENUS.

With an Engraving. Plate VIII. Vol. IV.

A WAGGISH Priest (John Scotus was his name)
 Contain'd much humour in a little frame :
 Once at the board of France's King he sat,
 Where, facing him, two Prelates, tall and fat,
 In all the pomp of mitred grandeur shone,
 And look'd with sneering eyes on little John.
 "John," cry'd the King, "I send these fish to you ;
 "Carve for yourself, and help your neighbours too."
 Three fish there were ; two salmon plump and vast,
 The third a puny sprat :—this Scotus pass'd
 To his proud opposites, who well might stare
 To see him take two salmon for his share.
 "Ha !" quoth the King, "'twould seem, methinks,
 "more pat,
 "If those the salmon had, and thou the sprat."
 "Sire," reply'd John, "I'll prove that I divide
 "With strictest justice, thus, to either side :
 "Equality now reigns throughout your hall,—
 "Here are, you see, two big ones and one small ;
 "And, if your Highness looks, you'll hardly blame
 "To see on that side, too, the very same."



J. P. C.

SONNET.

ETERNITY ! as, from the rock of Time,
 I view thy noiseless waves majestic roll,
 What awful wonder and what dread sublime
 Steal o'er the pensive silence of my soul !
 Yet, while around I gaze with mournful eyes,
 By gloomy doubts and anxious fears oppress,
 Hope, like a seraph bending from the skies,
 Calms the rude terrors of my throbbing breast.



Oh! when my soul directs her trembling flight
 To the dark confines of thy boundless shore,—
 When the wide world recedes before my sight,
 And all its glitt'ring splendours charm no more,—
 In peaceful course may my frail vessel bound
 O'er the dread billows of thy vast profound!

ALPHONSO.

“ SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.”

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE—1810.

WE gaze on a billow with wonder and awe,
 Swelling high as it threatens the shore,
 Till, broken and lost, we forget what we saw,
 And think of that billow no more;—
 So the pomp of the great, so the fame of the brave,
 So the treasures of glory and pride,
 Tho' they mount on the flood like the high-swelling wave,
 Like that, too, must ebb with the tide!

J. P. C.

L O V E.

HAST thou not seen a dewy gem
 Impearl the op'ning rose;
 While, thus refresh'd, the drooping stem
 With new-born vigour glows?
 Has thou not seen a lucid ray
 Gleam thro' an April show'r,
 While brighter glories seem to play
 Around each smiling flow'r?
 Yet not the dewy gems of morn
 The rose that soft enshroud,—
 Nor lucid rays that sweetly dawn
 Behind an April cloud,—

Can with such rapture fill the heart,
 Or all its woes beguile,
 Assuage each pang, remove each smart,
 As Love's enchanting smile!

Go where the fervid lamp of day
 Pursues his bright career,
 And, arm'd with many a scorpion ray,
 Afflicts the torrid sphere,—

Or where bleak round the polar sky
 The howling north-winds blow,
 And gelid mountains tow'r on high,
 Capp'd with perennial snow,—

Where'er great Nature teems with birth,
 Where'er your footsteps rove,—
 At home, abroad—in sea, on earth—
 You'll find the seraph Love!

The wretch forlorn, condemn'd to roam
 Far from his native shore,
 Whose eye upon his much-lov'd home
 Shall beam, alas! no more,—

Tho' rending grief's impetuous tides
 His soul awhile molest,
 Each bitter pang ere long subsides
 Upon his lov'd one's breast!

Then since such joys to thee are given,
 Spark of ethereal fire!
 Oh! from thy blissful seat in Heaven,
 My kindling breast inspire!

Still pour thy cheering influence round
 Each sojourner below;
 And in each bleeding heart be found
 The comforter of wo!

ALPHONSO.

MEPHITIS; OR, CITY POLICE.—A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

BY PHYSIGNATHUS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

[Continued from Vol. IV. p. 133.]

“The green mantle of the standing pool.”—SHAK.

CANTO II.—A CITY MORNING.

A new Goddess invoked.—City-Morning Scenes.—Scavengers.—
The Visit to the Pool.—Grief of the Bard.—Iris.—Aroma.—
Dialogue with the Reader.—Sinks and Sewers.—Yellow Fever.—
Speech of Mephitis.

COME, Oxygen*! around me fling
Thy breezes, pure as breath of Spring!
Perch'd on a zephyr fresh and fleet,
From buds bedew'd my senses greet.
Bring in thy train each vernal flow'r
That blooms in garden or in bow'r;—
Bring roses; honeysuckles bring;
And violets, where'er they spring:
Accession to thy power gain
From ev'ry tree upon the plain;
Thy breath benign from these will flow,
Whether on hill or dale they grow:
Spread pine and poplar in my way,
As onward with the Muse I stray;
Thy vital fluid round me spread,
Secur'd thro' damps and muck to tread:
From foul Mephitis me defend,
Lest here my life and song should end.

Now in the morn the sun has broke
Thro' all the maze of city smoke;
On steeple-tops has cast his eyes,
While scarce a soul has mark'd his rise.

*“Oxygen.”]—“Pure vital air; that which is fit for respiration.
On land it is chiefly supplied by vegetables.”—*Chaptal*.

How can the morn afford delight
 To those who only live at night ?
 Or who the rising sun would view,
 When guineas have a milder hue ?
 Of chimney-sweepers loud the yell,—
 Ill-natur'd folks wish them at — ;
 Which wicked wish could they obtain,
 They might be neighbours there again.
 Of social clubs some members snore,—
 Till nine they fail to open store ;
 But who last ev'ning could refrain
 From such madeira and champaign ?
 Champaign's the nectar gods did sip ;
 What mortal shoves it from his lip ?
 Some, hungry, to the market fly,
 While scavengers their carts supply ;
 Of these the int'rest is ally'd,
 As learned Counsel will decide ;—
 On use, 'twill settle in the first ;
 Remainder to the last in trust ;
 The office can be no disgrace,—
 Epaminondas fill'd the place ;
 But nuisances from cities mov'd,
 In suburbs pests have often prov'd :
 Their load remov'd, 'gainst city rule,
 Is carted straightway to the pool.
 Half there immerg'd I'll not rehearse,—
 The Muse would blush to own my verse.
 Ah, pool ! how chang'd is now thy face !
 Canst thou survive this foul disgrace ?
 See how, upon thy speckled flood,
 Urg'd by the winds, a lifeless brood
 Of kids and kittens drift along,
 Whose lives fond dams could not prolong.
 But, since most ills bring something good,
 Around the margin of the flood,

Nourish'd by soil and air impure,
 Fair flow'rs my optics still allure.
 Sweet Iris blue ! it was thy fate
 'Mong scents profuse to have thy seat !
 In fragrance tho' thou might'st have vy'd
 With pink or rose, the garden's pride ;
 Yet, mix'd with vapours so intense,
 Thy fragrant sweets are lost to sense ;
 While carrion, stirr'd by carrion-crows,
 Stops ev'ry av'nue to the nose,
 And thus becomes a vast depôt
 From whence Aroma* oft doth flow.
 So if two bullets, in their course,
 Each other strike with equal force,
 Momentum, neither having most,
 Together both will take their post ;
 But add to one more speed and weight,
 Suppose, *e. g.* as ten to eight,
 The weighty forward moves at length
 Proportion'd to its compound strength ;
 And, as it onward runs its race,
 The light at angles will displace :—
 Just so the great all lesser smells
 By aromatic force repels.—
 Aroma ! you can quickly ape,
 Most Proteus-like, each form and shape ;
 So vary'd, that you can with ease
 Send fragrance, or a dire disease :
 From the parterre you can assume
 Of mingled flow'rs the rich perfume ;
 Or from a vault or vapour kill,
 Despite of Rush and human skill,

* "*Aroma.*"—“ A subtle principle, in which the smell of all odoriferous bodies is supposed to reside.”—*Rees's Cyclopaedia*, title *Aroma*.—“ The aroma appears to be of the nature of gas, and to vary prodigiously. It sometimes has a poisonous effect.”—*Chuptal*.

If, reader ! you're a stranger here,
 You then have reason much to fear ;
 The very breath you here inhale,
 To cause disease can scarcely fail.
 'Tis better now this scene to leave,
 Lest friends and kindred for you grieve.
 You linger still !—Ah ! why so weak ?
 Soon to your spirit thus you'll speak :—
 “ Fond pleasing soul ! no more at rest,
 “ Long of this frame the friend and guest,
 “ That late in mirth hadst such delight,
 “ Now whither wouldst thou take thy flight ?
 “ What region, gloomy, scorch'd, or bleak,
 “ Far distant hence, wouldst thou go seek * ?”
 But, to return :—'tis poets' right,
 From theme to ramble out of sight.
 Accumulated air mephitic
 Will plague produce, if I'm prophetic ;
 'Tis all exotic doctors state,
 While cities think they wisely prate :
 Neglected sew'rs will aid the work,—
 Contagions dire within them lurk ;
 But to full sinks that cities stifle
 Pandora's box is but a trifle.
 Hail, Yellow Fever ! here 'tis meet ;
 On murky wing, come, take thy seat ;
 Thro' darkness float on air azotic,—
 Here is thy throne ! come, rule despotic !
 Amid those various birds of prey
 Thou'lt come and make a three-months' stay ;
 With crows and buzzards in thy suite,
 Contagion spread thro' ev'ry street ;
 For men, tho' taught thy pow'r to fear,
 Sit still, neglecting common care ;

* See Adrian's " Address to his departing Soul."

Till, urg'd by thy destroying sword,
 No care can safety then afford.
 Ah! stay, frail mortal! stay thy hand!
 Wouldst thou "deal judgments round the land?"
 If Heav'n such evils doth permit,
 For thee to sentence is it fit?
 But cease, vain Bard, thy useless lay;
 Did not I hear Mephitis say—
 "Amphion*, once, by sound of lyre
 "A city built, 'tis said, entire:
 "The trees came running at his call,
 "And stones hopp'd pat upon the wall:
 "But never yet that Bard was seen
 "Whose song could keep a city clean.
 "Should Bards their powers all combine,
 "My kingdom they shall ne'er confine,
 "Whose vast extension doth embrace
 "Three-fourths of atmospheric space.
 "Diffus'd, or fix'd, I'm also found
 "In depths of sea and solid ground.
 "When plac'd in me, devouring fire
 "In silence quickly shall expire;
 "And suddenly I doom to death
 "All creatures that inhale my breath:
 "Great cities to my sov'reign sway,
 "Like eastern tribes, dread homage pay;
 "Nor, where in noisome damps I reign,
 "Do they presume my floods to drain."

†††.

* "Dictus et Amphion. Thebanæ conditor areis
 "Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blandâ
 "Ducere quò vellet." *HOR. de Arte Poet.* 394.

MARY IN LOVE.

Tho' Mary loves, still do we feel
 'Tis sweet each ling'ring blush to view,—
 To mark what 'witching glances steal
 From her dark eye of brilliant blue :—
 And, tho' that fair and sylphid form
 Enshrines no more her virgin heart,
 Her ruby lips still boast the charm
 A glow of rapture to impart.
 Tho' Mary's heart (too rich a prize)
 Shall ne'er its plighted faith reclaim
 From him who wak'd her glowing sighs,
 Who lighted first the hallow'd flame ;—
 Still do we love that pensive air,
 Where soft emotion is express'd ;
 Still dwell upon those features rare,
 With tenderness and hope impress'd.
 Tho' her affection's opening flow'r
 Reserves its fragrance to reward
 The youth who, in the nuptial hour,
 Shall reign supreme "her bosom's lord,"—
 A bright bewitching bloom remains,—
 Still to her form attraction lends ;
 Her cheek its vestal glow retains,
 And purity with sweetness blends.
 But tho' that eye of dazzling beam,
 That lovely cheek's enchanting hue,
 Display each feeling's faintest gleam,
 To Nature and to Passion true ;—
 Can these with Mary's voice compare,
 Her dulcet tones and syren song,—
 That melody which floats in air,
 And steals the raptur'd soul along ?

Oft, when the vesper-planet reigns,
 Illuming Night with splendours pale,
 Fancy might feign such plaintive strains
 To linger in the sighing gale:—
 Or sounds so sweet, perchance, might flow
 From some chaste convent's sacred shrine,
 Where nuns with holy fervour glow,
 And virgins chant their hymns divine.
 Yes! could we hear the anthem swell,
 When some pure spirit wings its flight,—
 Some sainted sister's requiem knell,
 Which wafts the soul to realms of light,—
 Then should we think 'twas Mary sung
 Of pray'r and praise, and sins forgiven;
 While angels o'er the minstrel hung,
 To guide the seraph notes to Heaven.
New York, 1810. †††.

APOSTROPHE;

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF E. C. A. E. T. V.

DEAR little innocent! thy artless smile,
 Thy prattling tongue, so sweet, so voluble,
 Full oft have sooth'd the weary hours of care
 That press the mother's heart! Deceitful Hope,
 In Expectation's fondest dreams, had smil'd
 On thy fair promise!—Thou hast left us now!—
 Like a cold frost that nips the tender bud,
 Death, with relentless hand, thy thread has cut,
 And bade Affliction mourn thy early loss.
 His rapid march thy beauty could not stay,
 Nor thy infantile smile his purpose move.
 No more thine eyes with liquid lustre shine;
 Thy little hands their fairy skill have lost;
 And mute is now the tongue that charm'd old age,
 And won with fond delight the ears of all.

With heart untainted by Corruption's ways,
 Thy spirit upward soars to seats of bliss,
 Where no rude cares molest,—where endless joy
 Bright and unmix'd, shall greet thy happy flight
 To realms where all the weary are at rest,
 And wicked men no longer persecute!

Baltimore, March 15, 1809.

SEDLEY.

LINES,

Spoken at the annual Examination of the Pupils in an Academy at
 Capar, Fife.

IN early times, when Learning's sacred dome
 Rose o'er the heroes of imperial Rome—
 When Tully thunder'd, and Quintilian taught
 Her warlike sons, with noble science fraught,
 By learning polish'd, and with virtue stor'd,
 To grace alike the toga or the sword,—
 These splendid talents, these endowments rare,
 Flow'd from the sage patrician's anxious care,
 Who form'd and follow'd the judicious plan,
 By careful discipline to form the man,—
 To plant the seeds of virtue in the mind,
 And thus improve, adorn, exalt mankind.
 Such Romans were till Luxury stepp'd in,
 Allur'd from good, and led to deepest sin,—
 Sapp'd the foundations of her mighty pow'r,
 An awful presage of that direful hour
 By the stern fiat of resistless Fate
 Decreed the last of that illustrious state:
 From the drear regions of the savage North
 Hordes of barbarians wildly sally'd forth,
 And with insulting vengeance madly hurl'd
 From her proud throne the mistress of the world.
 At her o'erthrow Learning affrighted fled,
 And for four cent'ries durst not lift her head.

At length in this fam'd isle a King appear'd,
 Who her fair seats on Isis' banks uprear'd,—
 Chas'd the dark clouds of ignorance away,
 And show'd the dawn of this our brighter day.
 How oft would ancient Bards enraptur'd sing
 The splendid actions of that parent King,
 By whose strong arm such wondrous deeds were
 wrought—

A realm deliver'd, and a nation taught,—
 Instruction's gifts diffus'd o'er all the land,
 And Science foster'd with a lib'ral hand!
 From that auspicious time each passing year
 Has seen the tree of Science higher rear
 Its tow'ring stem;—while its expanded head,
 With fairest bloom and richest fruit o'erspread,
 Shews to a groaning world that in this isle
 The flame of Genius glows in Freedom's smile.
 Now you, our sires, with kind observant care,
 And periodic scrutiny, prepare
 For Virtue's noble paths the rising age,
 Who cull her treasures from th' instructive page.
 Fir'd by the bright examples we review,
 Ardent we glow such footsteps to pursue;
 Our souls enkindle, emulous to claim
 The envy'd prize, dear badge of youthful fame;
 From your much-honour'd lips to hear sweet praise,
 And throw a lustre round our early days.

Cupar, Fife.

W—

THE SOFA AND BOOKCASE.—A FABLE.

BLESS'p be the Bard who may inherit,
 Tho' small, a portion of his spirit,
 Who gave, as erst he sweetly sung,
 To things inanimate a tongue!

Spirit of Cowper, kindly spread
 Thy mantle o'er a poet's head,
 Who covets not the dazzling blaze
 The genius of the *Task* displays;
 But only seeks the playful flame
 Which e'en the Sofa gave to fame!

And wouldst thou cheer too, gentle Gay!
 The pensive Poet on his way,—
 Wouldst thou benignly but impart
 A portion of that cunning art
 Which taught proud Barley-mows* to sigh,
 And humble Dunghills to reply,—
 Or gave (more genial task, I know it)
 The Rose † to argue with the Poet,—
 Would ye, united, but inspire
 The Muse with half your wonted fire,
 A Sofa's eloquence would shine
 And e'en a Bookcase could rejoin.

'Twas when the scorching dog-star shone,
 Within a certain market-town }
 There dwelt, unknowing and unknown—
 Say, shall the Muse describe him?—No!
 A non-descript 'twere vain to shew;
 Suffice it, one whose noddle teem'd
 With whimsies, well if harmless deem'd;
 Wholly to sit at rest unable
 Unless in place were chair and table;
 Particularity his *forte*—
 A formal bachelor, in short.
 Our hero's room, which one might deem
 A cabinet, himself the gem
 (For there he sits, as 'twere enthron'd,
 With medals, shells, and seals, around),

* See Gay's 35th Fable.

† See Gay's 45th Fable.

Had at one end (no matter which)
 A sort of a recess, or niche ;—
 To fill it up had puzzle been
 A Sofa and Bookcase between,
 Counsel for Sofa sought, forsooth,
 (Nor did he far exceed the truth,)
 “ Its many virtues to declare ;
 “ Its graceful look ; inviting air ;
 “ Its aptitude, which all must see,—
 “ The place it suited to a T.
 “ But these were trifling points to those
 “ He purpos’d further to disclose ;
 “ In summer, when the sultry hours
 “ Oppress with sleep the mortal pow’rs,
 “ In listless length (as Gray has said)
 “ How sweet to seek the Sofa’s bed ;
 “ While, careless, ’neath the head are thrown
 “ Two pillows of the softest down !
 “ ‘ When winter rules th’ inverted year,’
 “ And all abroad is cold and drear,—
 “ When round the fire, as Eve descends,
 “ The magic circle of our friends
 “ We trace (devoid of anxious care),
 “ How sweet to wheel the Sofa there !
 “ And even when from tedious ride,
 “ Or walk the dusty road beside,
 “ Gladly hard-bottom’d chair we greet ;
 “ Much more the Sofa’s easy seat.”
 Further to say were but to prose ;
 Here let the Sofa’s Counsel close ;
 When straight upon his legs appear’d
 Counsel for Bookcase to be heard :—
 “ To compliment my learned friend,
 “ Or e’en that chymic skill commend
 “ Which well can gold from dross divide,
 “ Making the worse the better side,

“ ’Twere vain,—’twere useless as to trace
 “ My proofs that such has been the case :
 “ *I* trust the cause *I* have to plead
 “ By its *own* merit will succeed.
 “ My client here puts in his claim,
 “ A station in the niche his aim ;
 “ And sure no mortal will dispute
 “ How aptly does a Bookcase suit
 “ The room where, snail-like, in his cell
 “ A bachelor’s content to dwell.
 “ Loth to take up the court’s attention,
 “ Were I still further but to mention
 “ Its various shelves, whereon appear
 “ (The best in front, the worst in rear)
 “ Fair-chosen books, in binding gay,
 “ Rang’d side by side, in due array ;
 “ Or were I slightly to explore
 “ The virtues of its neat scrutoire,—
 “ Its useful draw’rs—its *verdant* baize,
 “ Whereon to pen harmonious lays ;
 “ Content—my anchor Reason’s laws—
 “ On that alone I rest my cause.”

Fragile support ! nor rhyme nor reason
 Can aught avail, when out of season.
 The dog-star reign’d in all its fury,—
 Our Bachelor, both judge and jury,
 At length thus settled the debate—
 His yea or nay the client’s fate :—
 “ What Mr. Bookcase has set forth,
 “ His outward beauty—inward worth—
 “ Should gain him, freely, I confess,
 “ The wish’d-for place in my recess ;
 “ But really, what with sultry weather,
 “ Or long debate, or both together,
 “ I’m free to own I should prefer
 “ (’Tis true we all are apt to err,

“ Yet better truth to be confest)
 “ The Sofa’s soft indulgence best.”

MORAL.

’Tis thus the Poet would observe:—
 Men from their duty idly swerve:—
 In vain may Virtue point the way,—
 The wishes of the heart bear sway.
 If ’chance they lead the captive swain
 Learning’s fair summit to attain,
 A heart so tun’d, of men most blest,
 Who hails it tenant of his breast,—
 But if, alas ! they sigh for ease,
 If indolence alone can please,—
 The *talent*, to all men assign’d,
 Within a napkin, if confin’d,—
 See what the words of life record—
 “ Most surely they have their reward.”

C.

 THE PEASANT’S SABBATH*.

(In Imitation of Burns’ “Cotter’s Saturday Night.”)

INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS. B*****.

I.

To you, kind friends ! whose sweet engaging smile
 Gilded my morn of life’s eventful days,—
 To you an honest heart, devoid of guile,—
 To you a rustic Bard, his homage pays.
 Yet fruitless here indeed the loftiest lays :
 Vain the proud off’rings of the polish’d Muse ;
 You ne’er would prize the flatt’rer’s artful praise,
 Heedless tho’ fame each gen’rous act pursues,
 Whilst still you soothe distress, and peace and joy
 diffuse.

* Written about twelve years ago.

II.

Ah! will you dare to patronise the strain
 I write with trembling, hopeless to excel,
 Which feebly strives to paint the village swain,
 And simple manners of the lowly cell?
 Yet often here Content and Virtue dwell;
 Oft spotless truth and honour warm the breast;
 No need of studied sounding words to tell
 With what heart-bounding rapture, and how blest,
 The humble peasant hails each hallow'd day of rest.

III.

When bounteous Ceres all her treasure yields,
 And pours in Autumn's lap her golden store,
 The sunburnt swain, long lab'ring in the fields,
 Sees with delight six days of toil are o'er;
 He flies with rapture to his op'ning door,
 Anxious his children and his wife to greet;
 And, tho' his scanty cupboard boasts no more
 Than homely fare,—no precious costly meat,—
 He finds in home, dear home, the best, the sweetest, treat.

IV.

His morning-slumbers no loud summons break,
 No horn deep-sounding hastens him away;
 Happy he feels,—allow'd himself to seek
 The decent comforts of the Sabbath-day;
 To mark the artless youngsters' sportive play;
 His spouse's soft endearing smiles to prove;
 And now, when all attir'd in best array,
 With serious thoughts and solemn steps to move,
 Aud pay his homage due before the GOD of love.

V.

He pours his inmost soul in fervent pray'r;
 He supplicates the LORD of hosts on high
 Still to extend his kind protecting care,
 To view his failings with a parent's eye:

Yet not for envy'd titles does he sigh,
 Nor glitt'ring fortune would he gain by stealth ;
 Full well he learns, tho' humble, to descry
 That happiness springs not alone from wealth,
 Without those richer treasures—innocence and health.

VI.

What tho' the "*little great*," the sons of Scorn,
 The peasant's simple off'ring will deride,
 And treat the virtues that his breast adorns
 With supercilious insolence and pride,—
 Vainly by pomp their vices would they hide ;
 In vain their crimes gloss o'er with specious art ;
 The God of truth still turns his head aside,—
 No joy to him can costly gifts impart,
 For he alone will prize the pure and upright heart.

VII.

The Gospel blessings (O exalted theme !)
 To no one state are partially confin'd ;
 The holy JESUS suffer'd to redeem
 From death, from pain, and mis'ry, all mankind !
 The poor access may justly hope to find
 To Heav'n's bright joys, who *here*, from envy free,
 Contented liv'd, nor at their lot repin'd ;
 In virtue only will the diff'rence be
 'Twixt men of highest rank and those of low degree.

VIII.

The solemn service o'er—obeisance made—
 His parting vows in silent pray'r address—
 The peasant finds his suff'rings all repaid,
 And feels new transport glow within his breast,
 On CHRIST, on GOD, dispos'd his fate to rest :
 No penury can chill, no cares annoy,
 No anxious troubles can his peace molest ;
 Far other subjects *now* his thoughts employ,—
 He looks beyond the grave for scenes of endless joy.

IX.

Now home returning to his frugal board,
 He views the smiling group with placid eye ;
 His wife, on Sunday, bacon may afford ;
 And peas or beans his garden will supply :
 He ne'er indulg'd in pamper'd luxury ;
 No rich pernicious sauce his hunger craves,
 Beneath whose winning form diseases lie,
 Which mark the glutton for the worst of slaves,
 And sink his abject soul 'mid Passion's troubled waves.

X.

O Temperance ! thou nurse of gen'rous deeds,
 Still pleas'd to fan the patriot's glowing flame,—
 Each noble act whose high-born spirit feeds,
 Who guid'st the hero to the fields of fame !
 O ! how I prize, how venerate, thy name !
 Thou foe to fraud, to rapine, and to wrong,
 Whose keen indignant glance must surely blame
 All vile excess, charm'd with the Poet's song—
 Man wants but little here, nor wants that little long*.

XI.

Their cheerful meal dispatch'd, the decent grace
 Concludes the humble peasant's plain repast ;
 Hope, beaming brightly on each infant face,
 Delights to promise bliss that long shall last.
 No mem'ry have they of the troubles past,
 They ne'er regard what evils are to come :
 Their artless smiles no gloomy fears o'er cast ;
 They ne'er abroad for fancy'd sorrows roam ;
 But, bound in mutual love, find peace and joy at home.

XII.

The thrifty wife with conscious pride displays
 Her gleaned corn before her husband's sight ;
 Remarks how hard she toil'd for six long days,
 And tells her simple tale with much delight.

* Goldsmith's "Edwin and Angelina."

The youngsters too in this discourse unite ;
 Bring forth their tied-up bunches not a few,
 Pick'd up with patient care from morn till night ;
 And, whilst their eyes still glisten at the view,
 Shew what 'mid swarming fields their little hands can do.

XIII.

Their eldest, Mary, Nature's artless child,
 O'er whose fair form had eighteen summers flown,
 Produc'd a larger heap, and inly smil'd
 To think the rustling treasure quite her own.
 Her tender parents had before made known
 That for this year her gleanings should she have,
 To use as best might please herself alone,
 With all the gains from spinning she could save,
 And profits of the hen her doating grannam gave.

XIV.

How beats with ardent joy her throbbing heart !
 How anxiously she labours to prepare,
 By industry, a dress so new and smart,
 To cut a figure at next Easter fair !
 'Tis this indeed attracts all females' care ;
 'Tis this inspires the gay or serious mien ;
 What best becomes, what charms will most insnare,
 At balls or wakes,—still anxious to be seen
 In flowing muslin robes, or gown of gaudy green.

XV.

The peasant now surveys his garden neat,
 His thriving crops, and Nature's vig'rous shoots,
 Pleas'd to anticipate his annual treat
 From branches bending low with blushing fruits.
 Next he beholds his well-pil'd stack of roots,
 That Winter's sternest rigours can defy,
 Still beaming welcome after day's pursuits,—
 And his lone pig, now fatt'ning in the sty,
 From which they strive to find a twelvemonth's scant
 supply.

XVI.

O ye, possessing apathy of soul,
 Whose flinty hearts imperious passions sway,—
 Who scorn to follow Reason's mild control,
 And shun Religion's pure and upright way,—
 O! ere too late the voice of GOD obey!
 Behold the humble peasant, and repent;
 Affectious warm within his bosom play;
 Seek then the treasure of a life well spent,
 And learn at length to feel the value of content!

XVII.

Now, sallying forth, their cottage-door unbarr'd,—
 No anxious fears of robbers intervene
 (For poverty requires no watchful guard),—
 They quickly reach the well-known village-green.
 Here many a gay and smiling group is seen;
 Happy is each his simple tale to tell
 (No scandal taints their speech, no whisp'rings mean),
 Pleas'd to recount at harvest what befell,
 And on their own exploits and prowess great to dwell.

XVIII.

Whilst thus engag'd in talk, young William saw
 His beauteous Mary, blooming like the rose,
 And, stealing round, he beckon'd to withdraw,
 Almost afraid his errand to disclose:
 The maiden's cheek with deeper crimson glows;
 Her heaving bosom throbs with mild delight
 When softly he declares that her he chose,
 That her of all her sex he would invite,
 To pass, when toil was o'er, their jovial harvest-night.

XIX.

To care unknown, with harmless mirth beguil'd,
 Unheeded, thus the rapid moments fly,
 In social converse spent, till Evening mild
 The fading landscape views with dewy eye;

Then each to other wishes plain "Good-b'ye,"
 And to their sev'ral homes they all depart;
 The youthful lovers breathe a tender sigh;
 Untaught are they by deep dissembling Art,
 Nor ever think to hide th' emotions of the heart.

XX.

Such simple manners mark the peasant's life,
 'Tis thus he joys to spend his hours of rest;
 Proud of his children, happy in his wife,
 Once more he fondly clasps them to his breast;
 Rich in content, in mutual love how blest;
 But gath'ring night no more admits delay,
 So, supper done, and kindest thoughts express,
 "Farewell," he cries; then takes his devious way,
 Anxious again to hail the hallow'd Sabbath-day.

XXI.

Long be these comforts his!—Thou Pow'r supreme,
 Whose mighty arm directs this earthly ball,
 Whose eye omniscient still delights to beam
 Parental love and tenderness on all!
 O Thou, before whose throne the nations fall!
 Still be the poor man's guardian and his guide,
 Protect his rights, and raise at Britain's call
 A hardy peasantry, to worth ally'd,
 Their country's best support, her treasure and her pride!

M.

NIGHT-REFLECTIONS.

THE day is past—and will repass no more;
 Its scenes are noted by unerring Pow'r!
 Ere, prone to slumber, close my weary eyes,
 And rests my bosom on th' Almighty care,—
 My thoughts, from roving o'er a mazy world,
 Seeking mellifluous taste from unsweet flow'rs,

Return, and centre on my soul within ;
 And Conscience—faithful wakeful monitor,
 Who know'st the wand'rings of my infant mind—
 Arraign and search them at thy awful bar.
 How has my heart been to my Maker fram'd
 Since from the arms of sleep I last arose ?
 To Heav'n then did my morning song aspire,
 And God I fix'd the object of my praise.
 But, ah ! my thoughts how negligent and low !
 How Nature strove and marr'd the praise I meant !
 My tongue how vagrant from its purpos'd theme !
 My ear how listful to the syren's song !
 My heart—how few divine affections there !—
 O Thou, above, who hear'st the humble pray'r,
 Which as sweet incense rises to thy throne,
 Forgive my daily wanderings from thee,
 And lead my footsteps in the paths of peace ;
 Whisper sweet consolation to my soul ;
 Tell me that I am thine, and truly thine,
 And in blest union let me live with thee :
 Then shall thy praise my wakeful hours employ ;
 Then shall I sleep secure in midnight gloom ;
 Prepar'd await the final welcome hour
 When Death shall draw his curtain o'er my soul,
 And shut the faded landscape from my view :
He that supports me *will* support me then—
 And bear me, far above these meaner scenes,
 To heav'nly transport—everlasting bliss !

J. N.

THE FAREWELL.

ADIEU ! ye scenes of soul-entrancing love,
 The flow'ry vale, the music-breathing grove ;
 Enchanting glades, where lowing heifers stray,
 When Eve expands her robe of sombre gray ;

Adieu, endearing scenes! no more I roam
 Where lustrous glow-worms light their suitors home,
 Or where the beetle winds his sounding horn,
 And warblers rest till Phœbus gilds the morn;
 Stern Winter reigns, and, hoary as old Care,
 See hills and dales a gloomy aspect wear:
 There, Virtue's type, the snow-drop smiles alone,
 Nor zephyrs rove, nor parted turtles moan.
 Tho' Sol withdraws afar his radiant light,
 The scenes of mimic art shall cheer my sight;
 Blest with content, all rankling cares shall end—
 My cot a bow'r, my Muse a faithful friend.

Jan. 1811. A. K.

IMITATION OF THE EIGHTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

“Nobilitas sola est atque unica Virtus.”—JUV.

WHAT are those pedigrees which but declare
 The sires illustrious of a worthless heir?
 What busts, or portraits, to the son who shames
 His ermin'd fathers in their gilded frames?

That idle tradesman merits just reproach,
 Whose sire sits painted in his may'ral coach.
 If ill your life be spent whilst they're in view
 From, and with whom, your name and honour grew;
 If wealth or time abus'd that name disgrace,
 Nor drive the noble blood into your face;
 Why boast—why own—of ancestry a line
 Which but unwillingly we credit thine?
 Oh, how unlike the ancestors you shame,
 Whose merits gain'd them just reward from Fame,—
 Whose reason taught them evermore to see
 “In Virtue only true nobility!”
 Strict in your morals, as a Noble should,
 A warm promoter of the public good,

Be just and generous;—behold your task;
 Such 'tis, my Lord; nor find it much to ask
 All then shall readily a Noble own,
 Proclaim'd no longer by descent alone.
 Descent how vain! how impotent to save
 From scorn, degen'rate children, fathers brave!
 Tell me, my Lord,—for this perhaps you'll know,—
 Praise we the horses that are weak or slow?
 But o'er the plain the swiftest courser flies,
 And crowds proclaim him great that wins the prize:
 Tho' rais'd with tend'rest care from noblest breed,
 Still each is valued by his strength and speed.
 Tho' honour due we to the sire allow,
 That cannot save his offspring from the plough;
 If worthless, brought to sale, the vendor's tongue
 Alone shall tell the race from which he sprung.
 Shew by your conduct, then, your parents' worth,
 Nor owe them ev'ry thing as well as birth;
 But haste to pay the debt—already great—
 The debt you owe your parents and the State:
 Let Pride admonish, so make Pride your friend,
 On others' worth not meanly to depend,
 Despis'd whilst known, and soon to be forgot,
 A blank amidst your line, unless a blot.
 The burnish'd honours which your birth adorn
 Keep bright, and wear them as they should be worn,
 For heroes' titles, as their armour, sleep,
 If rust obscures the long-forgotten heap.
 Engage your heart and hand in Virtue's cause;
 Dare not pervert or trifle with the laws:
 Attentive list'ning to the high appeals,
 Let Honour truly speak what Honour feels:
 Honour should bribes attempt, or force oppose,
 Meet this with firmness, with abhorrence those;
 'Twixt life and honour if constrain'd to choose,
 One instant doubt not which you ought to lose.

Should influence, or wealth, or royal grace,
 Or future worth, bestow some envy'd place,
 Adorn the pow'r in which thou'rt so array'd
 With all that's fit, nor doubt to be repaid.
 Should you, like some, all obloquy despise,
 And think convenient plunder lawful prize,
 From open justice, true, your black offence
 May rest secure in high pre-eminence;
 But how escape the vengeance from within?
 How lull a conscience that's oppress'd with sin?

The man whose servants vie with him to share
 Not ill-got plunder, but the poor man's pray'r,
 Whose stream of life flows clear and undisturb'd,
 Whose heart is free, and ev'ry passion curb'd,
 May choose his lineage where'er he will,
 The noblest pedigree he'll honour still;
 But they whom proud Ambition guides, or lust,
 Receive no honour from their parents' dust,
 Whose virtues shine an ever-burning flame,
 That makes conspicuous their children's shame.
 Low rogues may pass unnotic'd in the dark,
 But coronets will shine, and dogs will bark;
 Not seldom so the coronet makes clear
 A titled swindler, and adult'rous peer.

This age has found a new ambitious aim,
 Has made the King's highway a road to fame:
 Swift thro' the dust my Lord on coach-box flies,
 Pleas'd with the tribute of admiring eyes;
 E'en to the senate drives thro' public streets,
 Cracking his whip to ev'ry friend he meets;
 Behind, the coachman sits, depriv'd of rule,
 More like a Lord, and far less like a fool:
 Nor are the coachman's seat and coachman's clothes
 Folly enough,—he adds the coachman's oaths;
 And with more relish swallows alehouse gin
 Than Bourdeaux claret from his choicest binn:

His talk, his thoughts, perhaps have often worse
 (But never better) subject than a horse.
 Here you may say, and say perhaps with truth,
 " Fools were their fathers in the days of youth :"
 Let this be granted,—they desisted when
 The use of razors warn'd them they were men :
 We pardon faults in boys ; but men should know
 How mean a vice ambition is, when low.

Should e'er the Sov'reign, on emergence great,
 Th' hereditary counsellors of state
 Summon to meet and aid him with support,
 How best collect them on a notice short ?
 Let not his messengers with fruitless pains
 Visit their Lordships' houses or domains ;
 But watch each coach-box on the turnpike-road ;
 Search the frequenters of each vile abode :
 When brothels and when gaming-houses fail,
 Search ev'ry haunt of rogues,—except the gaol !
 But should you say, " There lives yet many a peer
 " Free from the vices that are mention'd here ;"
 Declare not those too rashly free from stain,
 In whom, perhaps, some worse dishonours reign.
 Ye shades of H——ds, C——ys, and of those
 Whose blood thro' channels most unworthy flows,
 Rise from your graves, give warning, nor refrain
 Because old Villiers * warn'd his son in vain ;
 It may be that one rising from the dead
 Shall teach e'en fools a future state to dread.

He that would view the peerage and commend,
 Should most survey it at the lowest end ;
 There newborn stars far brighter shine than they
 That, higher plac'd, are lost in milky way ;

* Alluding to what is related by Clarendon of the ghost of Sir George Villiers appearing to warn his son the Duke of Buckingham of an untimely end, if he persisted in his irregular courses.

There valour, learning, there intrinsic worth,
 Lay claims to honour, stronger far than birth.
 From humble rank great Nelson's genius rose—
 Pride of his country, terror to her foes;
 Titles not him so much adorn'd as he,
 By well deserving, grac'd nobility.
 Should we for him a pedigree compile,
 Pure as the Ocean, endless as the Nile,
 In vain with Nile and Ocean this should claim
 To form a third supporter of his fame;
 He needs no pedigree,—and those that need,
 My Lord, will find it but a feeble reed:
 Trace, if you have no worthier pursuit,
 Yours with exactness to its deepest root,
 Until it end (for end at last it must)
 In Adam sinful—Adam, made of dust.

J. P. C.

 LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE STATE OF EUROPE.

Written in 1809.

WHEN first stern Mars with pestilential breath
 Blew the loud trump, and rais'd the work of Death—
 When jealous nations caught the dire alarms,
 And sought for vengeance in the clash of arms—
 Frantic with joy, *Ambition* hail'd the hour,
 And, bath'd in slaughter, grasp'd at future pow'r—
 Wav'd high the torch by fierce Contention hurl'd,
 Fann'd the dread flames, and spread them thro' the
 world;
 Till frighted *Peace*, her throne defil'd with gore,
 Controls the actions of mankind no more;
 But, trembling, quits the universal jar,
 Drops the meek wand, and leaves the earth to War,—
 From the wild blaze of angry Discord flies,
 And, pale with terror, seeks her native skies.

Curs'd be the period when Ambition rose,
 The bane of angels, and the source of woes !
 Tho' heights celestial claim its hated birth,
 Curs'd be the day when first it trod the earth !
 Oh ! had it perish'd in the vengeful hour
 When bolts of wrath proclaim'd Almighty pow'r !
 Oh ! had it wither'd in the scorching light,
 Or groan'd in chains of everlasting night !
 But, doom'd to live, Ambition felt the blow,
 Yet sunk surviving to the gulf below :
 Tho' hurl'd impetuous down, and headlong driven,
Hell caught the monster as it dropp'd from Heaven,—
 Nurs'd the dread fiend, and taught its baneful mind
 To shake the world, and desolate mankind !

Go, search the records of th' historic page,
 And mark War's progress from the earliest age :
 With Xerxes combat on the Spartan shore,
 With Persia's monarch wade in streams of gore ;
 Go, stalk with Pyrrhus o'er the heaps of slain,
 And tread with Cæsar on the sanguine plain :
 Say, is it Justice that commands the deed,
 That points the steel when gasping thousands bleed ?
 Say, is it here we trace the source of strife,
 The floods of slaughter, and the waste of life ?
 Oh ! say if war from public inj'ry springs,
 Or wild ambition in the breasts of kings ?

Let orphans' tears, the mother's frantic cry,
 The soldier's scar, the parent's fruitless sigh,
 The ruin'd merchant, and the groaning poor,
 The beggar shiv'ring at the open'd door,—
 Let the rich honours that on monarchs wait,
 Their gilded trappings, and their lofty state,
 Their boundless pow'r, and arbitrary laws,—
 Let *these* decide, for *these* can tell the cause.

Go, search those realms where Gospel first was spread,
 And Christianity uprear'd her head,

Where men no longer to an idol bow,
 Or breathe to images the ardent vow,—
 Go, search the vaunted Creed, and loudly say
 If in these realms Devotion holds her sway;
 If there mankind, unlike the Pagan throng,
 Tread the fair paths where Virtue guides along,—
 Their passions temper'd and their manners tame,
 Christians in deeds, in spirit, as in name?
 If there Ambition, exil'd from her throne,
 Drops the red brand, and perishes unknown?
 O Europe! answer;—'mong the first 'twas thine
 To hear from lips of truth the word divine;
 A word that freed thy long-misguided sight,
 And brought Religion to the glare of light;
 That, pointing to the skies, bade battle cease,
 And gently whisper'd Universal Peace!
 Is thine a land the pattern of reform,
 Where fierce Contention cannot raise a storm?
 Is such thy glory?—Speak, thou crimson flood!
 Is such thy boast?—Oh! speak, ye streams of blood!

Ill-fated clime! the reign of Peace is o'er,
 And Discord rages on thy furthest shore!
 'Tis thine, forgetful of each blessing given,
 To fly rebellious in the face of Heaven!
 See, drench'd with blood, no more thy fruitful plains
 Reward the labours of thy frugal swains;
 See hostile squadrons rear their glitt'ring arms,
 And shake thy wasted realms with dire alarms.
 With ruthless fury and insatiate spite
 Man murders man, nor shudders at the sight;
 But on thro' slaughter drives his guilty way,
 To stretch the limits of unrighteous sway,—
 To shackle nations where impartial Heaven
 An equal right to liberty has given!
 Yes, thine, O Europe! is the blaze of war,—
 Thy rulers breathe one undistinguish'd jar;

Wide Desolation hovers round us all,—
Thy kingdoms totter, and thy sceptres fall !

Say, can thy boasted worship reach the skies
While acts like these offend Almighty eyes ?
Yet round thy shrines the bloodstain'd thousands meet,
And bow submissive at Devotion's feet ;
There breathe their vows, and waft them to the air
In loud professions, or in pompous pray'r.
Oh, impious sight !—Shall mortals, as they kneel,
Call down a blessing on the murd'ring steel ?
What hidden cause averts JEHOVAH's ire,
Curbs the dread bolt, and chains the wrathful Sire ?
If Mercy stay the high uplifted rod,
And soothe the vengeance of an angry God,
'Tis Mercy infinite, too great to name,
No tongue can utter, and no mind can frame.

Ah ! thus, while war, with unresisted force
Thro' Europe bends its desolating course,
Why boast we arts that civilize mankind,
That polish nature, and improve the mind ?
Can deeds like ours, that blot the face of day,
Proclaim the glory of Religion's sway ?
Tho' grac'd with Learning's scientific store,
Say, are we render'd BETTER than before ?
Oh ! if to Conscience were alone resign'd
The ruling empire of the dazzled mind,
How the proud thought would vanish from the heart,
What sorrows kindle, and what blushes start,
As, list'ning sad, we caught with frighted ear
The awful whisp'rings of her truths severe !
If round the world we cast impartial eyes,
What shame would follow, what confusion rise !
Not Europe's plains, with streaming gore bespread,
Could match the crimson of the guilty red.

Distracted land ! say who, alas ! can gaze
O'er thy wreck'd scenes, nor, shudd'ring with amaze,

Weep the dread horrors of thy tragic stage,
 And mourn the vices that deform the age ?
 How have we turn'd each blessing to a curse,
 And learnt from knowledge only to be worse !
 Since Art and Science first their dawn began,
 Expanding reason, and exalting man,
 Wide thro' the world has spread the stream of gore,
 And weapons flourish'd never known before :—
 Such the wrong bias to invention given,
 Such the perversion of the will of Heaven !

But, oh ! if civiliz'd and polish'd climes
 Can 'gender deeds so foul and black with crimes,
 Then hail, ye realms, where Science, never known,
 Leaves simple Nature to enjoy her own ;
 Where, wild in manners as devoid in mind,
 The untaught savage ranges unconfined ;
 For, oh ! if learning only end in this,
 Wisdom is folly—ignorance is bliss*.

Yes, thine, O Europe ! is the sinful land
 Where fell Oppression lifts an iron hand ;
 Where mad Ambition shackles Freedom down,
 To stretch a kingdom, or usurp a crown ;
 Where Devastation holds triumphant reign,
 And shapeless Ruin wastes the fertile plain !
 Well may Humanity such acts disown
 As rend the basis of her tranquil throne ;
 And Christianity with blushes mourn
 Her aims perverted, and her banners torn !

Say, ye whose wranglings shake the solid ball,
 Who grasp at pow'r amidst a nation's fall,
 Say, thoughtless monsters ! thus, from age to age,
 Must thousands die to glut unfeeling rage ?
 Ye sceptred kings, by righteous Heav'n design'd
 As faithful guardians to protect mankind,

* " For, oh ! where ignorance is bliss,
 " 'Tis folly to be wise."

Say, when shall war and dire contention cease,
When Rancour sheathe her sword, and Europe rest in
peace?

Far, distant far, the glorious morn appears,
Deep sunk in clouds, and wrapp'd in gloomy fears;
No bright'ning prospect cheers with smiles serene
The low'ring aspect of the dreary scene;
Back on the past we turn with downcast eye,
And trace the future with a boding sigh.

Oh! thou whose throne for ever stands secure,
Its form eternal, and its basis sure,—
Around whose head the rays of glory beam,
Thy wisdom infinite, thy pow'r supreme,—
To thee all nature lies expos'd to view,
Thy sight unbounded, as thy word is true!

How art thou hid from man's inquiring gaze!
What veil mysterious shrouds thy latent ways?
As, sadly glancing o'er the world afar,
I weep the progress of destructive War,—
And mark where Rapine, flush'd with crimson glow,
Gigantic tow'ring, swells the tide of wo,—
Thro' the black horrors of the frightful storm,
Thro' the dread battle's sanguinary form,
Fain would my erring senses gladly trace
Thy ruling mercy, and thy arm of grace!

Almighty Pow'r, dread sov'reign Lord of Fate!
Tho' on thy silent course attendant wait
The awful shadows of impervious Night,
Yet shall my soul acknowledge thou art right!
Yet will I own thy secret purpose good,
Tho' Slaughter's deluge fill the earth with blood;
Tho' wide Oppression rule without a bound,
And Reason, stag'ring as she looks around,
Views thy *permission* with a wond'ring eye,
And, lost in darkness, dares to ask thee "Why?"
Humbled I bow, and, prostrate in the dust,
Confess thee *wise, beneficent, and just.*

W. C**E.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. IV. p. 151.]

With an Engraving. Plate IX. Vol. IV.

" WHATE'ER of genius or of merit
 " The child of labour may inherit,
 " They will not, in this mortal state,
 " Or give him wealth, or make him great:
 " Unless that strange capricious dame,
 " Whom Pagan poets Fortune name,
 " That unseen, ever-active, pow'r,
 " Propitious aids his toilsome hour.
 " Throughout my life I've struggled hard;
 " And what has been my lean reward?
 " What have I gain'd by learned lore,
 " By deeply reading, o'er and o'er,
 " What ev'ry ancient Sage has writ,
 " Renown'd for pure and Attic wit;
 " Or those rich volumes which dispense
 " The strains of Roman eloquence?
 " No fav'ring patrons have I got,
 " But just enough to boil the pot.
 " What tho', by toil and pain, I know
 " Where ev'ry Hebrew root doth grow,
 " And can each hidden truth descry
 " From *Genesis* to *Malachi*;
 " Yet I have never been decreed
 " To shear the fleeces that I feed:
 " No, they enrich the idle dunce
 " Who never saw his flock but once,
 " And meanly grudges e'en to spare
 " My pittance for their weekly fare.
 " Have I made any real friends
 " By wasting eyes and candles' ends?
 " And tho' a good musician too,
 " What did my fiddle ever do?

" I sometimes might employ its pow'r
 " To soothe an over-anxious hour ;
 " But, tho' it with my temper suits,
 " It never yet could soften brutes.
 " My sketching pencil, too, is known
 " In ev'ry house in our town ;
 " For, to replace some horrid scrawl,
 " My drawings hang on ev'ry wall :
 " And yet, 'tis true, as I'm a sinner,
 " They seldom paid me with a dinner.
 " What do I get poor boys to teach,
 " And drive in learning at the breech ?
 " A task, which, Lucian says, is given
 " As the worst punishment of Heaven.
 " While Fortune's boobies cut and carve,
 " I may be said to teach and starve ;
 " Too happy, if, on Christmas-day,
 " I've just enough the duns to pay.
 " Tho' sometimes I have almost swore,
 " When from the threshold of the door
 " My poverty repell'd the poor ;—
 " When the cask, empty'd of its ale,
 " No more the thirsty could regale.

" At length the lucky moment came
 " To fill my purse and give me fame ;
 " And, after all my labours past,
 " Hope bids me look for rest at last :
 " For scarce had I one prosp'rous hour
 " Till Fortune bid me *write a Tour*.
 " Oft have I said, in words unkind,
 " That strumpet Fortune's very blind :
 " But now I think the wench can see,
 " Since she's become so kind to me.
 " To say the truth, I scarce believe
 " The favours which I now receive :

“ In a Lord’s house I take my rest,
 “ A welcome and an honour’d guest :
 “ The favours on my tour I found
 “ Are by his noble friendship crown’d.
 “ I’d always heard that these same Lords
 “ Were only friendly in their words ;
 “ But truth alone my patron moves,
 “ Whose deeds his faithful friendship proves.”

Thus Syntax did his feelings broach,
 As he reclin’d within a coach ;
 For, pond’ring, as he walk’d along,
 He was sore pummell’d by the throng :
 Now by a porter’s package greeted,
 Now on the pavement he was seated ;
 While deafen’d by a news-boy’s din,
 A fruit-girl’s barrow strikes his shin ;
 And, as his cautious course he guides,
 The passing elbows punch his sides ;
 While a cart-wheel, with luckless spirt,
 Gives him a taste of London dirt.
 At length, to get in safety back,
 He sought the comforts of a hack.

His little journey at an end,
 The Doctor join’d his noble friend :
 Together they in comfort dine,
 Then munch’d their cakes, and sipp’d their wine ;
 When Syntax, in few words, display’d
 His parley with the man of trade.

“ I owe unto your Lordship’s name
 “ My future gains in gold or fame.
 “ My uncomb’d wig—my suit of black,
 “ Which had grown rusty on my back—
 “ My grisly visage, pale and thin—
 “ My carcass, nought but bones and skin—

“ Presented to the tradesman’s eye
 “ The ghastly form of Poverty :
 “ Nor would he deign to cast a look
 “ Upon the pages of my book ;
 “ But, with the fierceness of a Turk,
 “ In sorry terms revil’d my work ;
 “ And let loose all his purse-proud spleen
 “ Against a work he ne’er had seen.
 “ But your kind note, where it was said
 “ That all expenses should be paid,
 “ New-dy’d my coat, new-cock’d my hat,
 “ Powder’d my wig, and made me fat.
 “ His eye now saw me plump and sleek,
 “ With not a wrinkle in my cheek ;
 “ And strength, and stateliness, and vigour,
 “ Completed my important figure.
 “ While in my pocket his keen look
 “ Glanc’d at your Lordship’s pocket-book,
 “ ’Twas now,—‘ I’m sure the work will sell,
 “ And pay the learned author well :’
 “ Then grac’d his shrill and sputt’ring speeches
 “ With pulling up his monstrous breeches ;
 “ And made me all the humblest bows
 “ His vast protuberance allows ;
 “ For, had he come with purse in hand,
 “ E’en Satan might his press command ;
 “ So that the book had not a flaw
 “ To risk the dangers of the law.
 “ Prove but his gains,—and he’d be civil,
 “ Or to the Doctor,—or the devil.”

Thus Syntax and his patron sat,
 And thus prolong’d the ev’ning chat.

MY LORD.

“ Your rapid pencil fairly traces
 “ The characters as well as faces.

“ Your latter sketch is true to Nature,
 “ And gives me *Vellum's* ev'ry feature.
 “ With all your various talents fraught,
 “ So deeply read, so ably taught,
 “ I feel a curious wish to know
 “ From whence your high endowments flow ;
 “ And how it happens that a man,
 “ Whose worth I scarce know how to scan,
 “ Should ne'er have reach'd a better state
 “ Than seems to be your present fate.”

SYNTAX.

“ My Lord, a very scanty page
 “ Will tell my birth and parentage :
 “ A mod'rate circle will contain
 “ My round of pleasure and of pain,
 “ Till you, my ever-honour'd friend,
 “ Bade my horizon wide extend,
 “ And lighted up a brighter ray,
 “ To beam upon my clouded day.

“ My father was a noble creature
 “ As e'er was form'd by pregnant Nature :
 “ A learned Clerk, a sound Divine,
 “ A fav'rite of the Virgins nine,
 “ Who dwell upon Parnassian hill,
 “ Or bathe in Heliconian rill.
 “ In the sequester'd vale of life,
 “ An equal foe to pride and strife,
 “ He pass'd his inoffensive day
 “ In teaching Virtue's peaceful way ;
 “ A shepherd, form'd his flock to bless
 “ In this world's thorny wilderness,
 “ And lead them, when their time is o'er,
 “ To where, good man ! he's gone before.
 “ Ambition ne'er disturb'd his rest,
 “ Nor form'd a serpent in his breast

" To sting his peace : no sordid care
 " Corroded the contentment there :
 " While he possess'd an income clear
 " Of full five hundred pounds a year.

" My mother, first of womankind,
 " In figure, feature, and in mind,
 " In her calm sphere contented mov'd,
 " The counterpart of him she lov'd.
 " Form'd to adorn the highest lot,
 " She grac'd the Vicar's rural cot
 " With all those manners that became
 " The Parson's wife, the village dame.
 " They liv'd and lov'd—and might have wore
 " The *Fitch* when twenty years were o'er.

" An only child appear'd, to prove
 " The pledge of fond connubial love.—
 " I was that child,—a darling boy ;
 " Their daily hope,—their daily joy.
 " My anxious father did not spare
 " The urchin to another's care ;
 " He taught the little forward elf
 " To be the image of himself ;
 " And from the cradle he began
 " To form and shape the future man.
 " When fifteen summer suns had shed
 " Their lustre on my curly head,
 " To *Alma Mater* he consign'd,
 " With pious hope, my rip'ning mind.

" There, sev'n short years, (for short they were,)
 " Fair Science was my only care ;
 " I gave my nights, I gave my days,
 " To Tully's page and Homer's lays.
 " Whate'er is known of ancient lore
 " I fondly study'd o'er and o'er.

“ I follow'd each appointed course,
“ And trac'd up learning to its source.
“ But in my way I gather'd flow'rs ;
“ I sought the Muses in their bow'rs ;
“ And did their fav'ring smiles repay
“ With many a lyric roundelay.
“ Nor did I fail the arts to woo
“ Of music and of painting too,
“ Thus was my early manhood pass'd
“ In happiness too great to last.
“ My father dy'd,—and, ere his urn
“ Had fill'd my arms, I had to mourn
“ A mother, who refus'd to stay,
“ When her lov'd mate was ta'en away.
“ What follow'd ?—I was left alone,
“ And the world seiz'd me as its own.
“ I sought gay Fashion's motley throng,
“ On Pleasure's tide I sail'd along ;
“ Till, by rude storms and tempests toss'd,
“ My shatter'd bark at length was lost ;
“ While I stood naked on the shore—
“ My treasure gone, my pleasures o'er.
“ Now, chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
“ The friends I cherish'd prov'd unkind :
“ All those who shar'd my prosp'rous day,
“ Whene'er they saw me, turn'd away ;
“ And, as I almost wanted bread,
“ I undertook a bear to lead ;
“ To see the brute perform his dance
“ Thro' Holland, Italy, and France :
“ But he was such a very Bruin,
“ To be with him was worse than ruin :
“ So, having pac'd o'er classic ground,
“ And sail'd the Grecian Isles around
“ (A pleasure, sure, beyond compare,
“ Tho' link'd in couples with a bear),

“ I took my leave, and left the cub
 “ Some humble Swiss to pay and drub;
 “ Yet, when I reach'd my native shore,
 “ Determin'd to lead bears no more,
 “ No better prospect did I see
 “ Than a free school and curacy ;
 “ The country tradesmens' sons to teach ;
 “ In lonely village church to preach ;
 “ With the proud sneer and vulgar taunt
 “ That's thrown at Learning when in want :
 “ All which you'll think, my noble friend,
 “ Did not to ease or comfort tend.
 “ But now another act displays
 “ The folly of my former days :—
 “ A new scene opens of my life ;
 “ For faith, my Lord, I took a wife.”

MY LORD.

“ I should have thought a married mate
 “ Must have improv'd your lonely state ;
 “ That a kind look and winning smile
 “ Would serve your labours to beguile.”

SYNTAX.

“ Love, in itself, is very good,
 “ But 'tis by no means solid food ;
 “ And, ere our honeymoon was o'er,
 “ I found we wanted something more.
 “ This was the source of all our trouble ;
 “ My income would not carry double ;—
 “ But, led away from Reason's plan
 “ By Love, that torturer of man,
 “ In our delirium we forgot
 “ What is life's unremitted lot ;
 “ That man, and woman too, are born
 “ Beneath each rose to find a thorn.

“ We thought, as other fools have done,
 “ That Hymen’s laws had made us one ;
 “ But had forgot that Nature, true
 “ To her own purpose, made us two.
 “ There were two mouths that daily cry’d,
 “ At morn and eve, to be supply’d :
 “ Tho’ by one vow we were betroth’d,
 “ There were two bodies to be cloth’d :
 “ And, to improve my happiness,
 “ Dolly is very fond of dress.
 “ My head’s content with one hat on it,
 “ While Dorothy’s has hat and bonnet :—
 “ In short there’s no day passes thro’,
 “ But I and my dear Doll are two.
 “ One good has my kind fortune sped ;
 “ Dolly, my Lord, has never bred.
 “ Thus, tho’ we’re always two, you see
 “ We happ’ly yet have ne’er been three.
 “ She came a beauty to my arms ;
 “ Her only dower was her charms :
 “ But much she’s sav’d me, I must own,
 “ By never bringing brats to town.”

MY LORD.

“ Another time, my rev’reud guest,
 “ I hope you will relate the rest.
 “ I truly wish the whole to know,
 “ But bus’ness calls, and I must go.
 “ I need not, sure, repeat my words ;—
 “ Command whate’er the house affords.”

The Peer thus with the Doctor parted,
 And left him gay and easy-hearted ;
 While many a pipe his thoughts digest,
 Till his eyes told the hour of rest.

When the next morn and breakfast came,
 Said Syntax, “ I should be to blame,

" As twenty years and more have past
 " Since I beheld fair London last,
 " Did I not wish t'employ the day
 " In strolling calmly to survey
 " What changes time and chance have made,
 " What Wealth has done, what Art essay'd,—
 " What Taste has, in its fancies, shown,
 " To give new splendour to the Town.
 " That being done, I'll take my way
 " To Covent-Garden,—to the play."

Then, said his Lordship, " when we meet,
 " I shall expect a special treat,
 " To hear my learned friend impart
 " His notions of dramatic art."
 The Doctor bow'd, and off he went,
 Upon his curious progress bent :
 He pac'd the Parks,—he view'd each square,—
 And, staring, he made others stare.
 At length, at the appointed hour,
 He sought in haste the Playhouse door,
 And took his place within the pit,
 Beside a critic and a wit ;
 As wits and critics now are known
 To hash up nonsense for the Town ;
 And in the daily columns show
 How small the sum of all they know.

" I think," said Syntax, looking round,
 " It is not good, this vast profound.
 " I see no well-wrought columns here,
 " No Attic tracery appear ;
 " Nought but a washy wanton waste
 " Of gaudy tints and puny taste ;
 " Too large to hear,—too long to see,—
 " Full of unmeaning symmetry.

" The parts all answer one another ;
 " Each pigeon-hole reflects its brother ;
 " And all, alas ! too plainly show
 " How easy 'tis to form a row ;
 " But where's the grand, the striking, whole ?—
 " A theatre should have a soul."

" Excuse me, Sir," the Critic said,—
 " These theatres are all a trade :
 " Their owners laugh at scrolls and friezes ;
 " 'Tis a full house alone that pleases :
 " And, you must know, it is their plan
 " To stick and stuff it as they can.
 " Your noble architect'ral graces
 " Would take up room, and fill up places."

" That may be true, Sir, to the letter ;
 " But Genius would have manag'd better,"
 Syntax reply'd.—" Nay, I am willing
 " To let them gain the utmost shilling ;
 " But surely talents might be found,
 " (The natives, too, of British ground,)
 " Who could have blended Attic merit
 " With this proprietary spirit."

Thus as he spoke the curtain rose,
 And brought his harangue to a close ;
 But still, as they the drama view'd,
 The conversation was renew'd ;
 And lasted till the whole was o'er,
 When, as they pass'd the Playhouse door,
 The Critic said, " 'Twill wound my heart,
 " If you and I so soon must part,
 " O, how I long to crack a bottle
 " With such a friend of Aristotle !
 " Now, as you seem to know him well,
 " Perhaps his residence you'll tell."
 " Where it is now I do not know,"
 Syntax reply'd ;—" but I must go ;

“ But this I can most boldly say,
 “ You’ll never meet him at the play.”

When fairly got into the street,
 “ Oh,” thought the Doctor, “ what a treat
 “ For my good Lord, when next we meet !”

[To be continued.]

AFFECTION.

With an Engraving. Plate X. Vol. IV.

THOSE rays of soul which beam in ev’ry eye,
 True to the touch of kindling Harmony—
 That concord firm that joins in flow’ry band
 The dearest int’rests of our native land—
 All the fond feelings of Affection’s glow
 No mortal pow’r were able to bestow.
 Who shall refuse, when themes like this inspire,
 With joyful hand to wake the slumb’ring lyre ?
 To press one finger on some trembling string,
 And, tho’ but weakly, yet essay to sing ?

“ Go forth, my son,” the Roman mother cries,
 Affection’s ardour mantling in her eyes,—
 “ Seek the rough field, since, restless for the fight,
 “ Thy bosom burns, and Glory sheds her light.
 “ Yet oh ! my child, amid the battle’s rage,
 “ Remember Mercy, and forget not age ;
 “ Forget not, when the conquer’d offspring kneels,
 “ That ceaseless pang some distant parent feels !
 “ The glist’ning tear that dims the vanquish’d eye
 “ Shall bless thee with a hero’s ecstasy.
 “ Tho’ Time’s maturing hand hath scarcely shed
 “ One trace of manhood o’er thy boyish head,
 “ Not all unheeded shall thy valour be,—
 “ Godlike in deed, yet absent far from me,

Plate 10, Vol. 1



Affection.

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“ My mind each fav’ring omen fondly tells
 “ That gen’rous breast no common ardour swells ;
 “ A conqueror’s fame the danger shall repay,
 “ And chase each weak, each trembling, doubt away :
 “ Then, when return’d, in warlike honour crown’d,
 “ With laurel wreaths thy beating temples bound,
 “ I, foremost of the loud-exulting throng,
 “ Will hail thy car in triumph borne along,—
 “ Point out thy form, transcendent o’er the rest,
 “ And snatch a *hero* to my raptur’d breast.

“ Then for a while, remote from rude alarms,
 “ Thou’lt seek fair Peace within these fost’ring arms ;
 “ I’ll add this myrtle sprig to deck thy hair,
 “ And guard thy fortunes with a mother’s care.”

She ceas’d;—a tear half-gemm’d her beaming eyes,
 But glory stopp’d the current of her sighs :
 Their wonted firmness all her features keep,
 For Roman matrons seldom deign’d to weep.
 A tear the boy in vain essay’d to check ;
 One arm encompass’d the maternal neck.
 Fix’d on her face his anxious glances sought
 To penetrate her wish, and read her thought.

“ Sweet mother, tho’ I lately urg’d to thee
 “ The weak request of youthful vanity,—
 “ Tho’ late I burn’d to court the martial strife,
 “ Heedless of youth, and careless of my life,—
 “ Perish the glory, let the fame depart,
 “ That wings one arrow to a parent’s heart !
 “ Nurs’d by thy care,—from thy fond bosom fed,—
 “ These arms my pillow, and this lap my bed,—
 “ Why thus too early should I seek the fray,
 “ That tears me from parental roof away ?—
 “ No :—tho’ this heart a warrior’s ardour warms,
 “ And shining squadrons set my soul in arms,

“ Content I’ll seek, when manhood’s down appears
 “ The press of heroes and the throng of spears.”

That heav’nly smile proclaims the parent’s joy ;
 On her glad bosom sunk the blooming boy.
 Some painter’s glowing art should give the rest,—
 He’ll catch the moment, and depict it best.

Thus let Affection, with her genial hand,
 Sweep the full chords that harmonize the land ;
 So shall our State, for arts and arms renown’d,
 By gentle ties of social virtue bound,
 Enjoy, beneath Affection’s soft control,
 “ The feast of Reason and the flow of soul.”

POETICAL COPY OF A BAIL-BOND.

IN THE KING’S BENCH.

PILGARLIC, at the Suit of GRIPE-ALL, and others.

COPY OF A BAIL-BOND.

BOND.]—By all men be these presents known,
 That I—whose cash has swiftly flown—
Pilgarlic, late of Random-place,
 Beheld John Doe’s unwelcome face ;
 And, falling in his magic round,
 Am therefore held and firmly bound
 To Sheriff M. who lives in Surrey
 (Where myrmidons us debtors worry),
 In sterling stuff, eight hundred pounds,
 Of which, if you would know the grounds,
Gripe-all and Co. have taken huff,
 And lately grown confounded gruff
 About a sad unlucky note,
 Which I lament I ever wrote :
 And now all this hostility
 Is ’cause I want ability

To pay a deuced large demand
 Without a shilling cash in hand.
 Fitz Pat. and Lomond too, my friends,
 (For lawyers' mischief never ends,)
 Are just as firmly bound as I;
 But if I fix them, may I die!
 So hereunto I set my seal,
 (No matter whether gold or steel,)
 This foggy day of dull October,
 (All the parties being sober,)
 When George the Third so long had reign'd,
 As thus it was by Heav'n ordain'd,
 That his great Jubilee resounded
 Thro' all the lands by Ocean bounded.

CONDITION.—Now of this plaguy bond you shall hear
 the condition;

I tell it you, trembling with fear and contrition:
 As K**b**'s heart *itches* at hearing a hiss,
 So mine has been tortur'd before I sign this;
 If I the above-bound *Pilgarlic* appear,
 On the *morrow of All-souls*, in this very year,
 Before George our King, wheresoever he may be,
 To answer a callous and hard-hearted gaby,
 Who says that I've acted like many more knaves,
 And batter'd his clients with sticks and with staves.
 Tho' this I deny, yet I certainly owe
 A sum which I cannot repay them, they know:
 And further, he tells them, they'll certainly gain
 By sending my carcass to Horsemonger-lane*.
 But if on the day *aforsaid* I appear
 At Westminster-Hall, as the King's always there,
 This bond shall be void, and in force not remain,
 Nor my bondsmen be hunted like Frenchmen in Spain.
Pilgarlic, Fitz Patrick, Ben Lomond, (L. S.)
 All good men, and true, without fraud, or finesse.

* The Surrey County Prison, Southwark.

With a world of fatigue and perplexing attendance,
 At present here ends this explosion of vengeance;
 Tho' often *Pilgarlic* with terror has shiver'd,
 At last in our presence 'tis seal'd and deliver'd:

As witness our hands, { *Marcus Latitat Capias.*
 Quo Minus, Nil Nisi, vel Fieri
 Facias.

SONNET.

TO THE POPPY.

AND say, thou genius of papav'rean flowers!
 If man, unhappy man! bow'd down with care,—
 Might dare to fly the fiend, whose forceful pow'rs
 Lead on the soul to mis'ry and despair,—
 Oh! would'st thou thy somnif'rous aid bestow,
 And cherish hopes of peace and mercy given?
 Well might the wretch a worthless world forego,
 An heir's inheritance to gain in Heav'n.
 Proud might *Mantura* be, that, 'midst her grain,
 Grew the pang-soothing poppy, flow'ret wild!
 Whose potent nectar, whose balsamic mild,
 In gentle sleep the restless eyelid closes,
 And gives such opiate to the soul in pain,
 That makes the thorny couch a bed of roses!

W. T*Y**R.

TO CLARA.

[FROM THE LATIN.]

THY radiant eyes inflict the pangs of death,—
 Thy balmy kiss restores my fledged breath:—
 Oft may kind Fate the blissful rapture give,
 Thus to expire, and thus again to live!

W. C**E.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO E. W****G.

False Faytor hides his talent bright
 In napkin, void of shame ;
 And moves thereby the wrath and spite
 Of Knight unknown to Fame.

CANTO I.

I.

It fashioned, as erst, with heedless hond,
 I op'd the Magazine of Poesye,
 So far y'fam'd throughout all Fairy lond,
 That I the lay hight "*Sempstress**" did espie ;
 Unweeting who the fator were wherehy
 The same was peun'd, tho' known to Fame, I ween ;
 For elfin characters were there, perdie !
 And, midway, groupes of ebon stars were seen,
 To 'vise how many letters there mote be between ;—

II.

The which when I had conn'd awhile, in sooth
 I woxen wrath with dolorous despight ;
 And 'gan bewail with dread and gloomy ruth,
 That there shou'd wonne so base-abandon'd wight ;
 For he with word and rhyme uncouth did write ;
 And Fairy fantasies his mind did feed,
 To imitate the style of Spenser hight ;
 With which he had so well refresh'd his need,
 If what were not could be, it had been his indeed.

III.

But more mine indignation 'gins respire
 In contemplation of his stubborn fit,
 Who, having once attained his desire,
 In sullen silence disregardeth it ;

* Magazine, No. 13.

For he no more, in ancient guise hath writ,
 But all aside his musing fancies kest ;
 Too thrifty of his rhyme and learned wit,
 Grudging, (like miser old on iron chest,)
 Tho' he of hidden bags and treasures been possest.

IV.

There is empight a lordly castle fair,
 (Long may it stond secure in goodly guise !)
 Where doughty Knights their hardihood repair
 In many a bold and chevelrous emprise ;
 Such as may meetest seem in ladies' eyes :
 'Nathless they bear ne burning brand ne shield,
 Who are in these rencounters wont to rise ;
 But mighteour arms and deadlier weopens wjeld,
 Such as are wont to drive the bravest from the field.

V.

And there, bedight in glitt'ring arms aumail'd,
 (Which he whylome from sleeping Genius rest,)
 This fatour false has many hearts assail'd
 With courage stout and puissance hardly weft ;
 And many legends old his arms have cleft,
 And drag'd the spoils to deck his lofty name ;—
 Name builded high on all-injurious theft
 Is castle pil'd on sand, and knightly fame
 Renvers'd, that gives not grace to captive dame.

VI.

O thou, hight Ackermann ! the senechall
 Of this same goodly tow'r of poesye,
 I craven leave and liberty withal
 To hang mine arms in thy bright armoury ;
 For I have vow'd them never more to see
 Till I avenged been of that despight,
 Which, fatour false ! whylom empight on me ;
 Y'bent for aye to hold in sovenaunce,
 And eke withal to wroken his foul chevesaunce.

VII.

For he fair knighthood foully doth abuse,
 To his reproach and everlasting shame,
 In basely thralling a Spenserian Muse,
 Of which fair damsel I enamour'd am :
 Alas ! that recreant Knight, withouten blame
 Should hold in darksome den a captive thrall,
 Who else mote spread abroad her rising fame,
 And peer 'mong ladies gay in courtly hall ;
 More bright than they, and fairer than them all.

VIII.

The selfish breast, by courtesie true unken'd,
 May deem me carl, and all uncourtly wight,
 To aid the 'livrance and the dues defend
 Of damsel, won in bold and per'lous fight ;
 Nathless, I hold such idle counsel light,
 And loudly of the base injustice sing
 Of that same cruel and abandon'd Knight,
 Around whose heart may fierce Repentance cling,
 And stern Remorse subdue, and back to virtue bring !
 GEORGIUS.

 LINES ON HOPE.

HOPE was create in all : so speaks our sense :—
 Who roots out Hope, does Nature violence.

“ Are there then such,” my timid Muse would ask,
 “ Who dare adventure on so sad a task,—
 “ Madly pretend to prune the human mind
 “ With Reason's hand, and leave not Hope behind ?”

Yes, there are such, whose unprov'd control
 Would damp the purpose of the godlike soul,—
 O'er bright futurity would draw the veil
 With atheist hand, and bid e'en Hope to fail.

Hope (say some few, who bask in Fortune's beam)
 Is empty sound, a bubble, or a dream ;
 Like wand'ring yapours from the marshy fen,
 Shining most falsely, to bewilder men ;
 With gleam delusive ever skill'd to tease,
 Tempting with joy, yet never found to please.

So they, who, rioting in present bliss,
 Regard not, heed not, any life but this ;
 The present moments all their comfort bring,—
 Their rose-bud blooms, nor thorns present a sting :
 But, when impeded by the hand of Time,
 Vanish'd their pleasures, and foregone their prime,
 In Pain's strong grasp they vainly sue for rest,
 And wish that Hope would teach them to be blest.

Hope, thro' Misfortune's unawaited turns,
 Glows with pure flame, with lambent ardour burns ;
 Still wears an aspect soothing to the sight,
 Stronger in peril, and in pain more bright.

Thus, if some storm the forest's pride uproot,
 Rend ev'ry branch, and scatter ev'ry shoot ;
 If clouds with wintry gloom the skies o'ercast,
 And howling Eurus groans in ev'ry blast ;
 Still, buoy'd by *Hope*, my pliant Fancy sees
 Serener days in *Summer's* milder breeze ;
 Hails the fond hour when tempests rage no more,
 And winds retreat to rend another shore.

ADDRESS TO THE RIVER THAMES.

HAIL, chief of rivers ! ever-flowing Thames,
 Whose breast displays a thousand brilliant gems !
 While proud AUGUSTA * from her sev'n bright hills
 (Unmindful of the pools and lesser rills)

* The city of London.

Looks down transported, and sublimely sings
 The rising wave that health and plenty brings.
 Blest be thy current, rich with matchless stores
 From Ocean's ample isles and rocky shores !
 Wherever Commerce spreads her well-bleach'd sail,
 To brave the tempest or to court the gale,
 'Tis all for thee—the efforts of her toil,
 The silks of Hindoo, and the grains of Nile :
 For thee thro' frozen realms her bark has plough'd,
 Where the antarctic eagle tops the cloud.
 Majestic Thames ! thy sacred streams present
 All that can cherish life, and deal content.
 The Pontic pride that bends above thy course,
 Where shines its equal ? even to thy source :
 To thee we owe our hundred lofty spires,
 Our marts of trade, and toil that never tires ;
 Our seat of empire, where the well-fram'd law
 Corrects for wrongs, and keeps the world in awe :
 Science and arts, old Thames ! we owe to thee,
 And all that makes our city great and free :
 Still unpolluted may thy waters flow,
 Nor own the sceptre of a foreign foe !

Majestic Thames, whose rising streams bestow
 All that can cherish life, or Commerce know,
 Long may thy waters, big with bloomy health,
 Collect the springs that foster needful wealth ;
 Still on thy bosom be the sails unfurl'd
 That bear thy treasures thro' the ample world ;
 Still up thy current be the stores convey'd
 That aggrandize our open marts of trade ;
 And no convulsion, hurl'd by foreign Pow'rs,
 Pollute thy waves or shake thy lofty tow'rs !

When I survey, beneath the solar beams,
 Prolific Thames ! thy never-failing streams,
 And mark the trade thy swelling bosom bears—
 Trade, that our ample city proudly shares,—

When I behold thy Parian bridges rise,
 Thy silver turrets tow'ring to the skies,
 Thy civic glories burst upon my soul
 And all my rapture reigns without control;
 I strike my breast, exalted at the sight,
 And cry "What realm can furnish such delight?"

* * *

 LINES TO ISABELLA T—

SWEET are the notes that soothe the woodland bow'rs
 While tuneful birds their shady dwellings hail;
 But happier is the heart when female pow'rs
 Enlarge the mind by Love's persuasive tale.
 Not aught of melody or rural song
 Can with the strains of mystic Love compare,
 Since to the Graces choicest gifts belong
 To waft from soul to soul the dulcet air.
 But if some nymph—if Isabella—kind,
 With placid smile would hear a friendly verse,
 Such kind attention would impress my mind
 With fresh delight her virtues to rehearse.
 Sweet, in the symphonies of Love sincere,
 My gentle numbers would full kindly roll;
 Its softest sounds should vibrate on my ear,
 And waft the finest feelings to my soul.

R. JEFFERSON.

 SONG.

CONDEMN'D, by angry Fate's decree,
 O'er yonder billowy surge to flee,
 My lov'd Eliza! far from thee,
 I part for ever!
 No more that angel-face to see;
 Ah, fairest! never.

Wide thro' the trackless waste I go;
 Yet think not Time's oblivious flow,
 When from thy circling arms of snow
 I'm torn for ever,
 Will quench Affection's sacred glow;
 Eliza! never.

Tho' distant climes, and regions new,
 With chequer'd scenes my path may strew,
 Tho' other nymphs may tempt my view
 With fond endeavour,
 To thee my heart, unchang'd and true,
 Shall beat for ever!

Fain would these trembling lips, so pale,
 Still, still prolong the ardent tale;
 But quicker blows the fresh'ning gale,
 And bids us sever:
 Hark! hark! the word is giv'n to sail;
 Farewell, for ever!

W. C**E.

THE DYING PATRIOT.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. **HOR.**

WHEN, rous'd into arms at the voice of the State,
 His sword the bold Patriot draws,
 How bright is the lustre that shines on his fate,
 If destin'd to sink in her cause!

While the eyes of the hero are closing in death,
 How graceful, how sweet, is the scene!
 Encircled with glory, he yields up his breath,
 'Mid the tortures of anguish, serene.

Oh! mark to each feature what radiance is given,
 As he drops on the verge of the grave!
 'Tis the sunset of valour, the day-spring of heaven,
 The triumph that waits on the brave!

W. C**E.

POETICAL AMBITION.

“ Of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times,
 “ from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of
 “ party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.”—
 GOLDSMITH.

THE daring Bard, whose proud aspiring soul
 No prospects bound, no earthly pow'rs control;
 The hapless wretch whom love of fame inspires
 To strike with fearless hand the trembling wires;
 E'en while the brightest scenes of fancy rise,
 And hopeful rapture sparkles in his eyes;
 E'en while aloud majestic numbers roll,
 And raise with ecstasy the Poet's soul;
 Shall still among his fleeting joys retain
 The pangs of want, indiff'rence, and disdain.
 Behold the boldest Bard that ever strung
 The sounding lyre, and rais'd th' immortal song,
 A sightless pauper, who by begging gain'd
 The scanty pittance that his age sustain'd:
 To cold neglect and cheerless pen'ry born,
 Immortal Homer! friendless and forlorn,
 Oft rais'd, inspir'd, the loud, th' impetuous strain,
 Oft sung for bread, but oft'ner sung in vain.
 Terence, a Bard deserving endless praise,
 In ignominious bondage pass'd his days:
 With hunger press'd, and destitute of bread,
 The great Cervantes bow'd his dying head:
 And laughing Plautus with his jestful mood
 Inspir'd the crowd, but turn'd a mill for food.
 Boethius swept the sounding chords along,
 And unborn ages shall reverb' the song;
 Yet he, in rags and wretchedness attir'd,
 Amid the horrors of a gaol expir'd.
 O, goddess blind! who tear'st the laurel crown
 From worth, to deck the worthless with renown,

How dost thou, leagu'd with Poverty, control
 The daring flights of an immortal soul ?
 What cureless griefs, what sorrows unconfin'd,
 Hast thou, relentless, heap'd upon mankind !
 What ills condemn'd Apollo's sons to bear,
 Fame their desert, their recompense despair !
 Well might the Muse with tearful eye deplore
 What Vaugelas, Burghese, and Tasso, bore ;
 And hapless Bentivoglio, deny'd
 Relief from that his bounty had supply'd !
 The woes of Collins ! long shall Bards desire
 The melody of his wild-warbling lyre ;
 Long shall their plaintive lays with grief relate
 The mingled sorrows of Cassander's fate !
 By want, and wo, and endless mis'ry, driven
 To spurn the justice and the love of Heaven.
 O Chatterton ! by native genius taught,
 Thy ripen'd judgment and superior thought
 Matur'd the song ; and hoary heads in vain
 Shall strive to emulate thy youthful strain.
 Unhappy Bard ! ere lusty manhood spread
 Meridian splendor on thy hapless head,
 Stern Fate had seal'd th' irrevocable doom,
 And swept thy rip'ning glories to the tomb !
 What living lyre the world's applause shall gain,
 When Nature, Art, and Genius, strove in vain ?
 What son of Song in merit dare confide,
 When Chatterton neglected liv'd and dy'd ?
 Stung to the soul, he spurn'd inglorious breath,
 And brav'd the pangs of an untimely death.
 Behold him cast a hopeless glance around,
 And dash th' empoison'd phial on the ground !
 His bursting eyeballs shoot a ghastly glare ;
 He breathes his last, expiring in despair.
 O, bright-ey'd Fancy ! let thy charms contrast
 The mournful, moving, mem'ry of the past ;

Bid Sympathy the struggling sigh suppress,
 And close the volume of severe distress ;
 Bid melting Pity raise her streaming eyes,
 And, led by thee, invade the radiant skies,
 Where ev'ry long-neglected Bard regains
 His Paradise, and his Elysian plains ;
 Where, rapt in bliss, Apollo's sons prolong
 Their joys, in all the ecstasy of song ;
 Where, tun'd by Love, immortal lyres shall raise
 Immortal strains of gratitude and praise !

GEORGIUS.

H Y M N.

REALMS of pure light ! etherial clime !
 Where, rob'd in majesty sublime,
 The ruling Godhead dwells,—
 O let my faint petitions rise
 Thro' yon vast canopy of skies,
 From earth's remotest cells.

Tho' man, Almighty Pow'r ! be weak,
 Yet, if thy fost'ring grace he seek,
 In hymn or pious pray'r,
 'Mid the dark caverns of his breast
 Thy sov'reign balm shall soothe to rest
 The woes that rankle there.

Then, gracious Pow'r, Almighty Word !
 One beam of excellence afford,
 One spark of heav'nly light ;
 So shall the self-diffusing ray
 Illumine with a godlike day
 This dark profound of night ;—

So shall these lips, in holy lays,
 Pour forth the melody of praise,

While heav'nly hosts rejoin ;
 And ev'ry land's concordant note
 In mingling symphony shall float
 To Majesty divine.

T.

 MELANCHOLY.

COME, pensive nymph, sweet Melancholy !
 Come, and awhile reside with me ;
 For, lo, I quit the haunts of Folly,
 To sigh and weep alone with thee !
 Ah ! nymph to me endear'd,
 Beyond the highest praise of song !
 Since, in thy woe-worn bosom rear'd,
 And silent bow'rs among,
 Together oft thro' midnight glooms we stray'd,
 Together oft convers'd beneath the cypress shade !
 How sad, how sweet, the plaintive sighs
 That from my breast alternate rise,
 In unison with thine !
 And with how soft a lustre shine
 The tears adown my cheek that roll,
 Yielding sweet solace to my pensive soul !
 Deep in some silent glen,
 Unheard—unknown of men—
 I'll seek a spot to Meditation dear ;
 Where gurgling rills, and brooks that murmur near,
 With cadence soft and slow,
 Along their crystal beds in smooth meanders flow !
 And there, unseen—alone—
 With cautious step approach the hallow'd spray,
 Where Philomela pours her soul-enchancing lay ;
 And in the ear of Night breathes soft her plaintive moan—
 There shall no footsteps rude
 My lone retreat obtrude ;

Nor glitt'ring Folly spread her snares for me !
 Shut from the world, and all its vain alarms,
 I'll seek, sweet nymph ! thy peaceful arms,
 And dedicate my hours to Solitude and thee !

ALPHONSO.

SONNET.

REFLECTION, musing on far distant years,
 Ere flatt'ring Love the youthful heart beguil'd ;
 Or manhood's passions, turbulently wild,
 O'erpow'r'd the strength of Reason's wise compeers ;
 Views with content the charm bless'd Hope endear'd,
 And fondly strives to trace each feature mild
 That mark'd the actions of the guileless child,
 Who Virtue, Truth, and Innocence, rever'd.
 Yet, ah ! how seldom, 'midst the num'rous throng
 Of rising youths, that crowd life's busy stage,
 Is young Experience found to vie with Age,
 And claim those virtues, ever bright and strong,
 That shine conspicuous in the Poet's song,—
 That charm the senses, and the hearts engage !

W. T*Y**R.

GOLIATH OF GATH.

I SAM. CHAP. XVII.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY.

YE martial pow'rs, and all ye tuneful Nine,
 Inspire my song, and aid my high design !
 The dreadful scenes and toils of war I write
 Of ardent warriors, and the fields of fight :
 You best remember, and you best can sing
 The acts of heroes to the vocal string :
 Resume the lays with which your sacred lyre
 Did once the Poet and the Sage inspire.

Now front to front the armies were display'd,—
 Here Israel rang'd, and there the foes array'd ;
 The hosts on two opposing mountains stood,
 Thick as the foliage of the waving wood ;
 Between them an extensive valley lay,
 O'er which the gleaming armour pour'd the day :
 When from the camp of the Philistine foes,
 Dreadful to view, a mighty warrior rose !
 In the dire deeds of bleeding battle skill'd,
 The monster stalks the terror of the field :
 From Gath he sprung, Goliath was his name,—
 Of fierce deportment, and gigantic frame :
 A brazen helmet on his head was plac'd,
 A coat of mail his form terrific grac'd ;
 The greaves his legs, the targe his shoulders, prest :
 Dreadful in arms, high-tow'ring o'er the rest,
 A spear he proudly wav'd, whose iron head,
 Strange to relate, six hundred shekels weigh'd !
 He strode along, and shook the ample field,
 While Phœbus blaz'd refulgent on his shield :
 Thro' Jacob's race a chilling horror ran,
 When thus the huge enormous chief began :—

“ Say, what the cause that in this proud array
 “ You set your battle in the face of day ?
 “ One hero find in all your vaunting train,
 “ Then see who loses, and who wins, the plain ;
 “ For he who wins in triumph may demand
 “ Perpetual service from the vanquish'd land :
 “ Your armies I defy, your force despise,
 “ By far inferior in Philistia's eyes :
 “ Produce a man, and let us try the fight,—
 “ Decide the contest, and the victor's right.”

Thus challeng'd he :—all Israel stood amaz'd,
 And ev'ry chief in consternation gaz'd ;

But Jesse's son in youthful bloom appears,
 And warlike courage far beyond his years :
 He left the folds, he left the flow'ry meads,
 And soft recesses of the sylvan shades.
 Now Israel's monarch and his troops arise,
 With peals of shouts ascending to the skies ;
 In Elah's vale the scene of combat lies.

When the fair morning blush'd with orient red,
 What David's sire enjoin'd the son obey'd ;
 And, swift of foot, towards the trench he came,
 Where glow'd each bosom with the martial flame.
 He leaves his carriage to another's care,
 And runs to greet his brethren of the war.
 While yet they spake the giant-chief arose,
 Repeats the challenge, and insults his foes :
 Struck with the sound, and trembling at the view,
 Affrighted Israel from its post withdrew.

“ Observe ye this tremendous foe,” they cry'd,
 “ Who in proud vaunts our armies hath defy'd :
 “ Whoever lays him prostrate on the plain,
 “ Freedom in Israel for his house shall gain ;
 “ And on him wealth unknown the King will pour,
 “ And give his royal daughter for a dow'r.”

Then Jesse's youngest hope :—“ My brethren say,
 “ What shall be done for him who takes away
 “ Reproach from Jacob ? who destroys the chief,
 “ And puts a period to his country's grief ?
 “ He vaunts the honours of his arms abroad,
 “ And scorns the armies of the living God.”

Thus spoke the youth :—th' attentive people ey'd
 The wond'rous hero, and again reply'd :—
 “ Such the rewards our monarch will bestow
 “ On him who conquers and destroys the foe.”

Eliab heard, and kindled into ire
 To hear his shepherd-brother thus inquire.
 Sneering he cry'd :—" What errand brought thee? say
 " Who keeps thy flock? or does it go astray?
 " I know the base ambition of thine heart;
 " But back in safety from the field depart."

Eliab thus to Jesse's youngest heir
 Express'd his wrath in accents most severe;
 When to his brother mildly he reply'd,
 " What have I done? or what the cause to chide?"

The words were told before the King, who sent
 For the young hero to his royal tent:
 Before the monarch dauntless he began,—
 " For this Philistine fail no heart of man:
 " I'll take the vale, and with the giant fight;
 " I dread not all his boasts, nor all his might."
 When thus the King :—" Dar'st thou, a stripling, go,
 " And venture combat with so great a foe,
 " Who all his days hath been inur'd to fight,
 " And made its deeds his study and delight?
 " Battles and bloodshed brought the monster forth,
 " And clouds and whirlwinds usher'd in his birth."
 Thus David :—" When I kept the fleecy care,
 " Out rush'd a furious lion and a bear;
 " A tender lamb the hungry lion took,
 " And with no other weapon than my crook
 " Bold I pursu'd, and chas'd him o'er the field,
 " The prey deliver'd, and the felon kill'd!
 " As thus the lion and the bear I slew,
 " So shall Goliath fall, and all his crew:
 " The God, who sav'd me from these beasts of prey,
 " By me this monster in the dust shall lay."
 So David spoke. The wond'ring King reply'd—
 " Go thou, with Heav'n and vict'ry on thy side:

" This coat of mail, this sword gird on," he said,
 And plac'd a mighty helmet on his head.
 The coat, the sword, the helm, he laid aside,
 Nor chose to venture with those arms untry'd ;
 Then took his staff, and to the neighb'ring brook
 Instant he ran, and thence five pebbles took.
 Meanwhile, obedient to divine behest,
 An angel thus Philistia's son address :—
 " Goliath, not in vain hast thou defy'd
 " Yon Hebrew armies, and their God deny'd :
 " Rebellious wretch ! audacious worm ! forbear,
 " Nor tempt the vengeance of their God too far ;
 " Them, who with his omnipotence contend,
 " No eye shall pity, and no arm defend :
 " Proud as thou art, in short-liv'd glory great,
 " I come to tell thee thine approaching fate.
 " Regard my words :—The Judge of all the gods,
 " Beneath whose steps the tow'ring mountain nods,
 " Will give thine armies to the savage brood
 " That cut the liquid air, or range the wood :
 " Thee too a well-aim'd pebble shall destroy,
 " And thou shalt perish by a beardless boy :
 " Such is the mandate from the realms above ;
 " And, should I try the vengeance to remove, }
 " Myself a rebel to my King would prove.
 " Goliath say, shall grace to him be shown
 " Who dares Heav'n's monarch, and insults his throne ?"

" Your words are lost on me," the giant cries,
 While fear and wrath contended in his eyes,— }
 When thus the messenger from Heav'n replies :—
 " Provoke no more JEHOVAH's awful hand
 " To hurl its vengeance on thy guilty land :
 " He grasps the thunder, and he wings the storm—
 " Servants their Sov'reign's orders to perform."

The angel spoke, and turn'd his eyes away,
Adding new radiance to the rising day.

Now David comes : the fatal stones demand
His left—the staff engag'd his better hand :
The giant mov'd, and from his tow'ring height
Survey'd the stripling, and disdain'd the fight,
And thus he spoke :—" Am I a dog with thee ?
" Bring'st thou no armour but a staff to me ?
" The gods on thee their volley'd curses pour,
" And beasts and birds of prey thy flesh devour !"

David undaunted thus :—" Thy spear and shield
" Shall no protection to thy body yield :
" JEHOVAH'S name—no other arms I bear ;
" I ask no other in this glorious war.
" To-day the LORD of Hosts will shew his might,
" And aid my cause to vanquish in the fight :
" The fate you threaten shall your own become,
" And beasts shall be your animated tomb ;
" That all Earth's inhabitants may truly know
" 'Tis GOD alone who governs all below :
" This great assembly too shall witness stand
" That needs nor sword nor spear th' ALMIGHTY'S hand :
" The battle his, the conquest he bestows,
" And to our power consigns our hated foes."

Thus David spoke ;—Goliath heard, and came
To meet the hero in the field of fame.
Ah ! fatal meeting to thy troops and thee !
But thou wast deaf to the divine decree ;
Young David meets thee, meets thee not in vain ;
'Tis thine to perish on th' ensanguin'd plain !

And now the youth the forceful pebble flung ;
Philistia trembled as it whizz'd along :

In his dread forehead, where the helmet ends,
 Just o'er the brows, the well-aim'd stone descends,
 It pierc'd the skull, and shatter'd all the brain ;
 Prone on his face, he tumbled to the plain :
 Goliath's fall no smaller terror yields
 Than riving thunders in aërial fields :
 The soul still linger'd in its lov'd abode,
 Till conqu'ring David o'er the giant ströde :
 Goliath's sword then laid its master dead,
 And from the body hew'd the ghastly head ;
 The blood in gushing torrents drench'd the plains,—
 The soul found passage thro' the spouting veins !

And now aloud th' illustrious victor said,
 "Where are your boastings? See your champion dead?" }
 Scarce had he spoke ere the Philistines fled :
 But fled in vain ; the conqu'ror swift pursu'd :
 What scenes of slaughter ! and what seas of blood !
 There, Saul, thy thousands grasp'd th' impurpled sand
 In pangs of death, the conquest of thine hand ;
 And, David, there were thy ten thousands laid :
 Thus Israel's damsels musically play'd.

Near Gath and Ekron many a hero lay,
 Breath'd out their souls, and curs'd the light of day :
 Their fury, quench'd by death, no longer burns,
 And David with Goliath's head returns,
 To Salem brought ; but in his tent he plac'd
 The load of armour which the giant grac'd.
 His monarch saw him coming from the war,
 And thus demanded of the son of Ner :—
 " Say, who is this amazing youth ?" he cry'd ;
 When thus the leader of the host reply'd :—
 " As lives thy soul I know not whence he sprung ;
 " So great in prowess, tho' in years so young."
 " Inquire whose son is he," the Sov'reign said,
 " Before whose conqu'ring arm Philistia fled."

In the King's presence see the stripling stand,
 Goliath's head depending from his hand :
 To him the King :—" Say of what martial line
 " Art thou, young hero? and what sire was thine?"
 Humbly he answer'd :—" Jesse's son am I;
 " I came the glories of the field to try.
 " Small is my tribe, but valiant in the fight;
 " Small is my city, but thy native right."
 " Then take the promis'd gifts," the monarch cry'd,
 Conferring riches and a royal bride :
 " Knit to my soul, for ever thou remain
 " With me, nor quit my regal roof again."

LINES

Presented to my Father on my Birth-Day.

NEVER should he, whom Fortune's smile befriends,
 Extol his *own* deserts, howe'er they shine :
 Ne'er should the hero, whom success attends,
 Bind his *own* laurels round the Muses' shrine :—

Nor therefore are these lines, which here I bring,
 A tribute verse to this my natal day ;
 Themes of more moment to my heart I sing,
 And filial gratitude with joy display.

Tho' nineteen summers o'er my head have pass'd,
 And nineteen winters shed their lengthen'd gloom,—
 My sky of happiness to overcast,
 Ne'er did the dark'ning clouds of grief presume ;—

Save when a lov'd and honour'd parent dy'd
 (E'en genuine worth to cruel Fate must bow) ;
 Not all *our* pray'rs could turn the dart aside,
 Nor all *her* excellence avert the blow!

Peace to her manes ! Let no hand profane
 Disturb for impious cause her hallow'd rest
 When the last trump shall bid her rise again,
 Oh ! may she seek the regions of the blest !

Tho' lost to me is her maternal care,
 Dear as *she* was, yet still a parent lives,
 With whom I ev'ry joy and comfort share,
 And wish for nought but what he freely gives.

When Pain and Sickness hover o'er my bed,
 What fond anxiety his face betrays !
 Oh ! let no evil then approach his head,
 But grant him, Heav'n ! a happy length of days !

Let him not ever taste the cup of wo :
 May he in peace see many days like this !
 On earth all happiness on him bestow,
 And, in thy tranquil courts, eternal bliss !

Teach me the way how grateful most to prove
 For all his kindnesses, for all his cares :
 Teach me affection, duty, filial love ;
 On *him* pour blessings, and accept *my* pray'rs !

THE MANIAC.

By a brook, whence the sweets of the violet blowing
 Are borne on the wings of the breeze,
 A maiden was seated, with hair wildly flowing,
 Beneath the dark shade of some trees.

Her garb was all tatter'd, her face appear'd sickly,
 And almost imparted dismay ;
 She saw my approach, and was flying me quickly,
 But turn'd when I call'd her to stay.

“ And,” said I, “ why thus wretched, and burden'd with
“ sorrow ?

“ Why alone in this desolate place ?”

She sigh'd with a look which no painter could borrow,
And madness appear'd in her face !

“ Come, tell me what ills have thy happiness blighted,

“ What crosses in life thou hast prov'd ;

“ Have thy parents been cruel ? or hast thou been slighted

“ By him whom thou fondly hast lov'd ?”

To my straw-cover'd cottage, that stood in the valley,

The Maniac, forlorn, I convey'd ;

But nought would she answer than “ Pity poor Sally,

“ For sadly her love was repaid !”

More to learn of her story, I spoke to her often,

But nought could her sorrow assuage ;

In vain I attempted her anguish to soften,

For grief was succeeded by rage.

Ev'ry art was essay'd, consolation to give her ;

Successful was all that we try'd ;—

She escap'd from my cottage, and plung'd in the river,

Impell'd by distraction, and dy'd !

By a brook, whence the sweets of the violet blowing

Are borne on the wings of the breeze,

Her grave may be seen, whereon flowers are growing,

Beneath the dark shade of some trees.

C. S. B.

TO STELLA,

IMPLORING PARDON FOR AN OFFENCE.

STELLA ! my relative and friend,

Be graciously inclin'd ;

To these repentant lines attend,

And prove, as ever, kind.

Hear how my heart is sore oppress'd
 That anger'd you should be;
 Then learn what joy pervades my breast
 Whene'er you smile on me!

The man who boasts a tender wife,
 Sole object of his loves,
 Who, soft'ning ev'ry care of life,
 His joy and comfort proves,—

From his fond arms if snatch'd by Fate,
 How vast his grief must be!
 Judge, then, how comfortless a state
 Thy anger gives to me!

The trav'ler, on an Alpine ridge,
 With fearful caution treads,—
 And, passing o'er the tree-form'd bridge,
 Its slipp'ry passage dreads;—

But if, alas! plung'd headlong down
 He thro' the depths shou'd be,—
 Like to his feelings *then*, my own
 Are *when* you frown on me!

See where yon rosebuds' infant blooms
 In peeping crimson glow!
 Soon will they spread their sweet perfumes,
 And all their beauty show!

Doubtless those fragrant roses are
 Dear to the parent tree;
 But not so dear—no, not by far—
 As is thy smile to me!

Behold those lambkins; mark how they
 The mother's cares divide;—
 In native innocence they play
 And frolic by her side;—

To the fond mother's tender heart
 Those lambs must precious be ;
 But not so dear, a thousandth part,
 As is thy smile to me !

An envious fault hath stole, last night,
 My comfort and my peace ;—
 But 'tis thy smile can set all right,
 And give me back my ease.

'Tis pleasant, in a faulty case,
 A penitent to see ;—
 Then reillumine thy cheering face,
 And smile again on me !

A POETICAL ADDRESS TO ROSINA,
 ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

For Celia oft I strike my humble lyre,—
 For Celia's sake it's fav'rite notes I raise ;—
 As oft, Rosina ! do my hopes aspire
 To teach the trembling strings to sound thy praise !

At length the Muse my anxious wish attends,
 With wonted favour does my efforts see ;—
 Prompt at my call, her welcome aid she lends,
 And all my mind inspires to sing of thee !

Accept this tribute to thy virtues due,—
 Deign to accept it from a youthful Bard !
 With smiles approving, these my labours view,
 And I shall glory in the rich reward.

Wealth is not courted by the Muses' train,
 Nor fickle Fortune's oft inconstant hand ;—
 'Tis their first wish soft Beauty's smile to gain,
 And Fame's high honours are the next demand.

Oh! then, my lyre! essay thy sweetest note,—
 With me endeavour to obtain the meed :
 This day to fair Rosina we devote ;
 How blest our lot, if she applaud the deed !

Welcome, glad morn! by Heav'n so kindly sent.
 To cheer our minds, with Winter's gloom oppress'd ;
 Let this bright day in jocund mirth be spent,
 And ev'ry face in Pleasure's smiles be dress'd !

With songs of merriment and social mirth
 We'll pass the hours to eve from rising morn ;
 This welcome day gave fair Rosina birth—
 Rosina, whom the Virtues all adorn !

Not fairer is the lily to the view
 Than the bright looks of her enchanting face !
 Her blush transcends the rose's liveliest hue—
 Her looks are love, and all her actions grace!

Yet, tho' a beauteous form may please the sight,
 With female grace and elegance combin'd,
 Our full esteem it only can excite
 When coupled with the beauties of the mind.

Happy the nymph in whom they each combine,
 To whom the Muses have an equal claim !
 Bright as the morning star her fame shall shine,
 And deathless honours wait upon her name !

Such is Rosina, such the maid I sing,
 Around whose form unnumber'd graces play ;
 Pure is her mind as e'en the crystal spring,
 Where Virtue dwells, and bears unrivall'd sway !

Then bring the bowl, the sparkling wine push round,
 And full libations to her honour pour ;
 Let all your goblets to the brim be crown'd,
 And countless blessings on her name implore !

And tho' dark wintry clouds begin to low'r,
 And boist'rous winds the open plain assail,
 Around our hearth, regardless of their pow'r,
 We listen to the storms of beating hail.

While the fierce tyrant thus begins his reign,
 And scatters all around his frosty store,
 Thy presence, welcome day! amidst his train,
 Shall give us cause to hail thee still the more.

Tho' glooms, Rosina! may obscure the day,
 And overspread this season of the year,
 Oppressive Melancholy steals away
 At thy approach, and Mirth and Joy appear!

So the gay Spring at Maia's call awakes,
 And o'er the frost-bound meadows lightly moves;
 Pale languid Nature's icy fetters breaks,
 And re-inspires the valleys, hills, and groves!

May Heav'n on thee, Rosina! brightly beam,
 While gliding o'er Life's spring, and Summer's wave!
 Or passing down thy Autumn's swifter stream,
 Or Winter's current leading to the grave!

Thus while the tide of life serenely flows,
 May'st thou in virtue and in honour shine!
 And, when Death's hand the earthly scene shall close,
 May brightest joys in Heav'n above be thine!

ISAIAH LXIII. 1—8.

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

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

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

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

Great GOD ! what light'ning flashes from thine eyes !
What pow'r withstands if thou indignant rise ?

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

A HYMN TO THE EVENING.

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

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

Fill'd with the praise of Him who gives the light,
 And draws the sable curtains of the night,
 Let placid slumbers soothe each weary mind,
 At morn to wake more heav'nly, more refin'd ;—
 So shall the labours of the day begin
 More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.

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

CONTENT.—A CAPRICCIO.

Bellator, Agricola, Peregrinator, Domesticus.

BELLATOR.

No more the shining spear demands
 The nervous grasp of warrior hands ;
 No more along the well-fought field
 Sings the sharp dart, or sounds the shield ;
 No longer shall the shrill alarms
 Of trumpet echo wake to arms,
 And clanging din of martial strife
 Rouse the best energies of life.
 Peace o'er the world her pinion spreads ;
 She tears the wreath from victor heads.
 Ah ! Mercy ! spare my laurel crown—
 These limbs befit no beds of down ;
 This good right hand's unerring blow
 Hath dash'd destruction on the foe ;
 Its force now destin'd to refrain,
 Till armies marshal on the plain :—
 Then, when proud banners flout the sky,
 I'll forth to conquer or to die,

Spurn at the hours thus idly spent,
And, seeking battle, find *Content*.

AGRICOLA.

My lands are waste, my fields bedew'd
With crimson stream of deadly feud ;
War, ruthless war, hath stain'd the soil,
And marr'd the harvest of my toil.
In fever'd sleep methinks I seem
To view some warrior in my dream,
With couching spear prepar'd to dart,
And spill the life-blood from my heart.
Ah ! how can gen'rous bosoms glow
E'en with destruction of a foe ?
And why should man, for causeless strife,
Thus meanly deem of human life ?
Grant Heav'n that war and havoc cease,
And sweet *Content* return with peace ;
Content, that, with a fairy smile,
Now greets the shore of Albion's isle.

PEREGRINATOR.

Content is no where to be found
On any spot of British ground :
To me no joy your country yields,
Insipid groves and quiet fields :
In lazy murmur flows the rill ;
With listless note your songsters trill.
Forbid that I were doom'd to roam
Amid these common haunts of home ;
Since Providence most wisely meant
That change of place should give *Content* ;
For bolder scenes my spirit calls,
And welcomes Niagara's falls ;
Nor even there would deign to stop,
But soars to Chimborazzo's top,

DOMESTICUS.

To foreign isles my course I bent,
 And plough'd the seas to gain Content ;
 But foreign isles afford not ease,
 Nor is Contentment on the seas.
 Her forward course the vessel press'd,
 A dreary void my soul confess'd :
 Nor can he hope Content to taste,
 Who ventures on the wat'ry waste.
 With aching sight and outstretch'd hand,
 From deck I view'd the less'ning strand ;
 Nor knew I if, perchance, once more,
 These feet might tread my native shore.
 Hail, bless'd abode, bright Albion's isle,
 Where Health, and Peace, and Virtue, smile !
 To thee restor'd, I'll cease to roam,
 Since true Content is found at home.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

AGAIN with June the quick returning year
 Has brought, on wings of joy, my natal day ;
 Descend, my Muse, from thy refulgent sphere,
 And aid this annual tributary lay !

For oh ! my sire, as swift the smiling band
 Of rosy hours, revolving ever, flee,
 Each day, each hour, made welcome by thy hand,
 Adds to my debt of gratitude to thee !

To thee, the best, the dearest, of my friends,
 In whom the sweets of social bliss I find ;
 Whose guardian care my ev'ry wish attends,
 Gladdens my heart, and *thus* inspires my mind.

Provided by thy fond parental zeal
 With one who taught me learning's worth to know,—
 He kindled in my breast the love I feel
 To court the Muse, from whom these numbers flow.

Yet not devoid of grief these hours appear,
 For oft will Memory awake the sigh;
 And oft at intervals the gushing tear
 Is seen to tremble in Affection's eye;—

For thou, Maria, hadst an envy'd mind;
 On thee the light of knowledge pour'd its rays;
 Good was thy heart, for thou wast all resign'd
 To Heav'n's behest, tho' transient were thy days.

Oh! why to thee was longer life deny'd?
 Why was thy earthly race so swiftly run?
 Be hush'd my tongue, let Sorrow's voice subside,
 'Twas Heaven that will'd it, and its will be done.

Yet tho', Maria, my repinings cease,
 My hopes with thee to blissful seats ascend,
 Where thou shalt meet, amidst th' abodes of peace,
 My sainted parent, and *thy more than* friend.

On seraphs' wings methinks I see thee borne
 Swift to the spotless 'habitants of Heaven,
 From whence all human misery forlorn,
 And ev'ry care we feel on earth, are driven.

Then hear, bless'd spirits of departed worth!
 On us look down with mild angelic love!
 Watch o'er us while we linger here on earth,
 Till death shall join us in the realms above!

C. S. B.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[Continued from Vol. IV. p. 196.]

With an Engraving. Plate XI. Vol. IV.

THE Doctor, as he travell'd back
 In all the comforts of a hack,
 Could not but ponder in his mind
 On what he had just left behind.
 " I've seen a play," he mutt'ring said ;—
 " 'Twas Shakespeare's—but in masquerade.
 " I've seen a farce, I scarce know what ;
 " 'Twas only fit to be forgot.
 " I've seen a critic, and have heard
 " The string of nonsense he preferr'd.
 " Heav'n bless me ! where has Learning fled ?
 " Where has she hid her sacred head ?
 " O how degraded is she grown,
 " To spawn such boobies on the town.
 " The sterling gold is seen no more ;
 " In vain we seek the genuine ore :
 " Some mixture doth its worth debase ;
 " Some wire-drawn nonsense takes its place.
 " How few consume the midnight oil !
 " How few in Learning's labour toil !
 " Content, as they incurious stray
 " Thro' life's unprofitable day,
 " With straws that on the surface flow,
 " Nor look for pearls that live below ;
 " Dare not the hidden depths explore,
 " But gather sea-weed on the shore !
 " There was a period when the stage
 " Was thought to dignify the age ;
 " When learned men were seen to sit
 " Upon the benches of the Pit ;
 " When, to his art and Nature true,
 " Garrick his various pictures drew ;

“ While ev’ry passion, ev’ry thought,
 “ He to perfection greatly wrought,
 “ By Nature’s self supremely taught;
 “ He did her very semblance bear,
 “ And look’d as she herself were there:—
 “ Whether Old *Lear’s* form he wore,
 “ With age and sorrow cover’d o’er;
 “ Or *Romeo’s* am’rous flame possess’d,
 “ That torture of the human breast;
 “ Or gay *Lothario’s* glowing pride,
 “ In conquest o’er his rival’s bride;
 “ Or when, with fell ambition warm,
 “ In *Macbeth’s* or in *Glo’ster’s* form,—
 “ He gave each passion to the eye
 “ In all its fine variety:
 “ The words he did not loudly quote;
 “ But acted e’en as Shakespeare wrote.

“ Nor was he less (for he could range
 “ In ev’ry wayward busy change
 “ Known in the field of scenic art,—
 “ The true chameleon of the heart)
 “ When he assumed the merry glee
 “ Of laughter-loving Comedy.

“ In *Ranger’s* tricks, or when he strove
 “ In *Benedick* to hide his love;
 “ When he in *Drugget’s* doublet shone,
 “ Or *Brute’s* rude ribaldry put on;
 “ When he the jealous *Kitely* play’d;
 “ When the same passion he essay’d
 “ In *Felix*;—with what truth and force
 “ He urg’d that passion’s diff’rent course;
 “ Work’d up its features all anew,—
 “ But still he was to Nature true!
 “ Nay, e’en in *Farce* he could awake
 “ The fun that made the Gall’ries shake.

" The heart he cheated of its wo,
 " And made the poignant tear to flow ;
 " Lit up a joy in ev'ry eye,
 " Or drown'd the soul in agony.
 " He ever was to Nature true ;—
 " By no false arts did he subdue
 " Th' attentive mind, the list'ning ear ;—
 " In all the Drama's vast career,
 " He ne'er outstepp'd th' unerring rule
 " Which he had learn'd in Nature's school.
 " In ev'ry part he did excel ;
 " He aim'd at all, and all was well.
 " In those good times none went to see
 " The mere effect of scenery,—
 " The constant laugh, the forc'd grimace,—
 " The vile distortions of the face.
 " In those good times none went to see
 " *Pierrots* and *Clowns* in Comedy ;
 " Men sought perfection to discern,
 " And learned critics went to learn.

" **Shakspeare, immortal Bard sublime !**
 " Unmatch'd within the realms of Time !
 " He did not, with Promethean aim,
 " Attempt to steal ethereal flame ;
 " Rather to him the thoughts of Heaven
 " Were by celestial bounty given.
 " He read profound, in ev'ry page
 " Of Nature's volume, ev'ry age
 " And act of man ! Each passion's course
 " He traces with resistless force ;
 " And, with a more than mortal art,
 " Gives unknown feelings to the heart ;
 " And doth my willing Fancy bear,
 " Just as his magic wills,—and where.

" His page still lives, and sure will last
 " Till time and all its years are past.
 " The poet, to the end of time,
 " Breathes in his works, and lives in rhyme ;
 " But, when the actor sinks to rest,
 " And the turf lies upon his breast,
 " A poor traditionary fame
 " Is all that's left to grace his name.
 " The Drama's children strut and play,
 " In borrow'd parts, their lives away ;—
 " And then they share th' oblivious lot ;
 " Smith will, like Cibber, be forgot !
 " Cibber with fascinating art
 " Could wake the pulses of the heart ;
 " But her's is an expiring name,
 " And darling Smith's will be the same *.
 " Of Garrick's self e'en nought remains ;
 " His art and him one grave contains !
 " In others' minds to make him live
 " Is all remembrance now can give.
 " All we can say,—alas ! how vain !—
 " We ne'er shall see his like again."

Just as this critic speech was o'er,
 The coach stopp'd at his Lordship's door :
 But my good Lord was gone to bed ;
 So Syntax to his chamber sped,—
 Where, with his pipe, and o'er his bottle,
 He chew'd the cud of Aristotle,

* The theatrical managers do not treat the public as they ought, when they suffer that admirable actress and excellent young woman, Miss Smith, to be seeking patronage and protection (where indeed she most amply finds it) in Ireland. We have now no actress, in her principal line of performance, on the London stage, who is worth looking at.

Till, stretch'd upon his bed of down,
 Sleep did his head with poppies crown;
 And well he slept, until a voice
 Desired to know if 'twas his choice
 Still to sleep on? And then it stated
 His Lordship and the breakfast waited.

“ Well,” said my Lord, when he appear'd,
 “ I hope the play your spirits cheer'd.
 “ *Falstaff*, the morning critics tell,
 “ Was surely never play'd so well.”
 “ These critics,” Syntax smiling said,
 “ Are wretched bunglers at their trade:—
 “ I'd one beside me in the Pit,
 “ Not more a critic than a wit.
 “ Between the acts we both exprest
 “ Or what was worst, or what was best;
 “ And whil'd those intervals away
 “ In changing thoughts upon the play;
 “ And, tho' both form'd to disagree,
 “ Nought pass'd but perfect courtesy.
 “ Perhaps it may your fancy suit
 “ To hear our classical dispute:
 “ I think, my Lord, 'twill prove a treat,
 “ If you'll allow me to repeat
 “ All that this criticising sage
 “ Knew of the humours of the stage:
 “ For, as to what should form a play,
 “ How actors should their parts convey,
 “ What are the Drama's genuine laws,
 “ The source from whence true Genius draws
 “ Such scenes as when, to Nature shown,
 “ She loud exclaims—They are my own,—
 “ He knew no more, it will appear,
 “ Than the tea-urn that's boiling here;
 “ Like that he did no more than bubble,
 “ And without any toil or trouble.

" They felt the trouble who sat near him,
 " And, sure enough, 'twas toil to hear him.
 " After some gen'ral trifling chat
 " On the new playhouse, and all that,
 " The scenes that pass'd before our eyes
 " Produc'd our questions and replies :
 " In short, I'll state our *quids pro quos*
 " Just in the order as they arose."

CRITIC.

" Oh, what a *Falstaff!*—Oh, how fine!
 " Oh, 'tis great acting,—'tis divine!"

SYNTAX.

" The acting's great,—that I can tell ye ;
 " For all his acting's in his belly."

CRITIC.

" But, with due def'rence to your joke,
 " A truer word I never spoke
 " Than when I say,—you've never been
 " The witness of a finer scene.
 " Th' admir'd actor whom you see
 " Plays the fat Knight most charmingly :—
 " 'Tis in this part he doth excel ;
 " Quin never play'd it half so well."

SYNTAX.

" You ne'er saw Quin the stage adorn ;
 " He acted ere your sire was born.
 " The critics, Sir, who liv'd before you,
 " Would have disclos'd a diff'rent story.
 " This play I've better acted seen
 " In country towns where I have been.
 " I do not hesitate to say,
 " I'd rather read this very play

" By my own parlour fire-side,
 " With my own judgment for my guide,
 " Than by the actors of this stage,
 " Who make me gape at Shakespeare's page.
 " When I read *Falstaff* to myself,
 " I laugh like any merry elf ;
 " While my mind feels a cheering glow
 " That Shakespeare only can bestow.
 " The swagg'ring words in his defence,
 " Which scarce are wit, and yet are sense ;
 " The ribald jest, the quick conceit,
 " The boast of many a braggard feat ;
 " The half-grave questions and replies,
 " In his high-wrought soliloquies ;
 " The obscene thought, the pleasant prate,
 " Which give no time to love or hate,
 " In such succession do they flow,
 " From no to yea,—from yea to no,—
 " Have not been to my mind convey'd
 " By this pretender to his trade.
 " The smile sarcastic, and the leer
 " That tells the laughing mock'ry near—
 " The warning look, that, 'ere 'tis spoke,
 " Aptly forebodes the coming joke—
 " The air so solemn, yet so sly,
 " Shap'd to conceal the ready lie—
 " The eyes, with some shrewd meaning bright,
 " I surely have not seen to-night.
 " Again, I must beg leave to tell ye,
 " 'Tis nought of *Falstaff* but his belly."

CRITIC.

" All this is fine,—and may be true ;
 " But with such truths I've nought to do.
 " I'm sure, Sir, I shall say aright
 " When I declare the great delight
 " Th' enraptur'd audience feel to-night.

" It is, indeed, with no small sorrow,
 " I cannot your opinions borrow
 " To fill the column of to-morrow. }
 " My light critique will be preferr'd ;
 " The public always take my word.
 " Nay, the loud plaudits heard around
 " Must all your far-fetch'd thoughts confound :
 " I truly wonder when I see
 " You do not laugh as well as me."

SYNTAX.

" My muscles other ways are drawn :
 " I cannot laugh, Sir,—while I yawn."

CRITIC.

" But you will own the scenes are fine." }

SYNTAX.

" Whate'er the acting, they're divine,
 " And fit for any pantomime. }
 " Of this it is that I complain ;
 " These are the tricks which I disdain ;
 " The painter's art the play commends ;
 " On gaudy show success depends.
 " The clothes are made in just design,—
 " They're all well character'd, and fine.
 " The actors now, I think, Heav'n bless 'em,
 " Must learn their art from those who dress 'em.
 " But give me actors, give me plays, }
 " On which I should with rapture gaze,
 " Tho' coats and scenes were made of baize :
 " For, if the scene were highly wrought—
 " If players acted as they ought—
 " You would not then be pleas'd to see
 " This heavy mass of frippery.
 " Hear Horace, Sir, who wrote of plays
 " In ancient Rome's Augustan days:—

“ *Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,*
 “ *Divitiæque peregrinæ : quibus oblitus actor*
 “ *Cum stetit in Scena concurrit dextera lævæ.*
 “ *Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?*
 “ *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*”

CRITIC.

“ Your pardon, Sir; but, all around me,
 “ There are such noises, they confound me :
 “ And, tho’ I full attention paid,
 “ I do not know a word you said.
 “ But now the farce, Sir, is begun,
 “ And you must listen to the fun.
 “ It sure has robb’d you of your bile;
 “ For now, methinks, you deign to smile.”

SYNTAX.

“ The thing is droll, and aptly bent
 “ To raise a vulgar merriment :
 “ But Merry-Andrews, seen as such,
 “ Have often made me laugh as much.
 “ An actor does but play the fool
 “ When he forsakes old Shakespeare’s rule,
 “ And lets his own foul nonsense out,
 “ To please th’ ill-judging rabble rout.
 “ But when he *swears*, to furnish laughter,
 “ The beadle’s whip should follow after.
 “ There’s *Terence*, Sir, and then there’s *Plautus* ;
 “ They’ve both a better lesson taught us.”

CRITIC.

“ *Terence*, I know, he wrote in Latin,
 “ Just as a weaver makes his satin.
 “ He well deserv’d the comic bays ;
 “ For Westminster school he wrote plays :
 “ And *Plautus* was a fellow famous,
 “ Who wrote a play call’d *Ignoramus* ;

“ Where lawyers, by profession bold,
 “ In Latin and bad English scold.”

“ At length, my Lord, the parley ended
 “ I'm sure you think it can't be mended.
 “ You well may laugh so loud, but I
 “ Feel myself more dispos'd to cry,
 “ When thus I see what asses sit
 “ In judgment upon works of wit.

“ I own, my Lord, I love a play :—
 “ When some performer's turn'd away,
 “ By Green-room tyrants, from the boards
 “ Of London stage, our town affords
 “ To tempt or her or him to stay
 “ For a few nights, upon their way ;
 “ When Doll and I are seen to sit,
 “ Conspicuous, in our country Pit.”

Thus as he spoke, with frequent bows,
 And fifty whens, and wheres, and hows.
Vellum appear'd, with solemn look,
 To talk about the Doctor's book.
 He said, “ 'Twas true, a learned friend
 “ The manuscript did much commend.
 “ He thinks it is a work of merit,
 “ Written with learning, taste, and spirit.
 “ The sketches too, if he don't err,
 “ Possess appropriate character.
 “ 'Tis in the taste of our age,
 “ And has your Lordship's patronage.
 “ I therefore wish the work to buy,
 “ And deal with liberality.
 “ 'Tis true that paper's very dear,
 “ And workmen's wages most severe.
 “ The volume's heavy, and demands
 “ Th' engraver's with the printer's hands.

" Besides, there is a risk to run :
 " Before the press its work has done
 " New taxes may, perhaps, be laid
 " On some prime article of trade :
 " And then the price will be so high :
 " The persons are but few who buy
 " Books of such an expensive kind :
 " But still the work is to my mind,
 " I'll try my luck, and will be bound
 " To give, my Lord, three hundred pound."

After some little tricks of trade
 The bargain was completely made,— }
 The work transferr'd—the money paid. }

" Tho'," said my Lord, " I think your gains
 " By no means equal to your pains
 " (For *Vellum* will a bargain drive
 " As well as any man alive),
 " The work will give my friend a name,
 " And stamp his literary fame :
 " 'Twill Paternoster-row command,
 " And keep old *Vellum* cap in hand :
 " And, when a name is up, 'tis said
 " The owner may lie snug in bed.
 " Write on,—the learned track pursue,—
 " And booksellers shall cringe to you."

Much pass'd upon his Lordship's part,
 Which show'd the goodness of his heart ;
 While Syntax made his full replies,
 Not with his tongue,—but with his eyes.

Crown'd with success, that very day
 Tow'rd's home he took his eager way ;
 And on the morrow he again
 Was borne by Grizzle o'er the plain,

But Grizzle, having liv'd in clover,
 Symptoms of spirit did discover,
 That more than once had nearly thrown
 Her deep-reflecting master down ;
 Nor, till they'd travell'd half the day,
 Did he perceive he'd lost his way ;
 Nor to that moment did he find,
 That Grizzle, by some chance unkind, }
 Had left her ears and tail behind.
 " Ne'er mind, good beast," the Doctor said ;
 " What tho' no ears bedeck your head ;
 " What tho' the honours of your rump
 " Are dwindled to a naked stump ;
 " In spite of ev'ry foul disaster,
 " You still have got a grateful master."
 Another day they journey'd on ;—
 The next, and, lo! the work was done.

Some days before (I had forgot
 To say), a letter had been wrote,
 To tell how soon he should appear,
 And re-embrace his dearest dear :
 But not one solitary word
 Of his good fortune he preferr'd.

" Yes, home is home, where'er it be,
 " Or shaded by the village-tree ;
 " Or where the lofty domes arise,
 " To catch the passing stranger's eyes."
 'Twas thus he thought, when, at his gate,
 He saw his Doll impatient wait ;
 Nor, as he pass'd the street along,
 Was he unnotic'd by the throng ;
 While not a head within a shop
 But did thro' door or window pop.





EDUCATION - ADVANCE - IMPROVEMENT - AND - PROGRESS - OF - THE - HUMAN - MIND - BY - THE - REV. - J. - W. - B. - 1831

He kiss'd his dame, and gravely spoke,
For now he brooded o'er a joke;—
While she to know impatient burn'd
With how much money he return'd.
“ Give me my pipe,” he said, “ and ale,
“ And in due time you'll hear the tale.”

He sat him down his pipe to smoke,
Look'd sad, and not a word he spoke;
But Madam soon her speech began,
And thus in harshest tones it ran :—

“ I think, by that confounded look,
“ You have not writ your boasted book :
“ Yes, all your money you have spent,
“ And come back poorer than you went :
“ Yes, you have wander'd far from home,
“ And here a beggar you are come.
“ Bills from all quarters are in waiting,
“ To give your Reverence a baiting.
“ I do not mean to scold or rail ;
“ But I'll not live with you in jail.
“ So long a time you've stay'd away,
“ That the Town-Curate you must pay ;
“ For, while from home you play'd the fool,
“ He kindly came to teach the school ;
“ And a few welcome pounds to earn
“ By flogging boys to make them learn :
“ But I must say, you silly elf,
“ You merit to be flogg'd yourself ;
“ And I've a mind this whip shall crack
“ Upon your raw-bon'd lazy back.
“ Yes, puff away,—but 'tis no joke
“ For all my schemes to end in smoke,
“ What, tongue-ty'd booby! will you say
“ To Mistress Dress'em? Who will pay

“ Her bill for these nice clothes ?—Why, zounds !
 “ It borders upon twenty pounds.”

Thus, as she vehemently prated,
 And the delighted Doctor rated,
 From a small pocket in his coat
 He unobserv'd drew forth a note,
 And, throwing it upon the table,
 He said, “ My dear, you'll now be able
 “ To keep your mantuamaker quiet ;
 “ So cease, I beg, this idle riot :
 “ And, if you'll not make such a pother,
 “ I'll treat you with its very brother.
 “ Be kind,—and I'll not think it much
 “ To show you half a dozen such.”

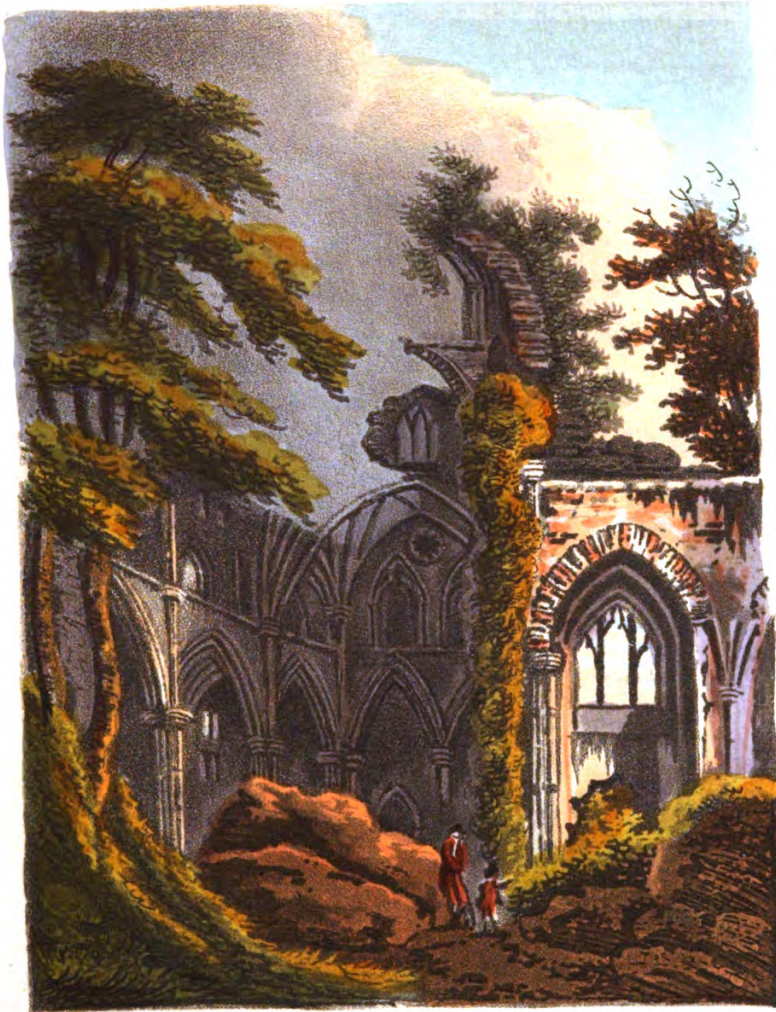
She started up in joy's alarms,
 And clasp'd her Doctor in her arms ;
 Then ran to bid the boys huzza,
 And give them all a holiday.

“ Such is the matrimonial life,”
 Said Syntax ;—“ but I love my wife.
 “ Just now with horse-whip I was bother'd ;
 “ And then with hugging I am smother'd.
 “ But, wheresoe'er I'm doom'd to roam,
 “ I still shall say,—*that home is home !*”

[To be continued.]

LINES ON NETLEY-ABBEY.

WHAT mellow tints these ruin'd walls display !
 What raptures still each fragment can impart !
 Thou pleasing subject of the Poet's lay,
 Important lesson to the human heart !



Engraved by J. Hassell.

NETLEY ABBEY.



What vary'd feelings in my bosom rise,
 Soft pleasing thoughts, and fair enchanting dreams,
 When Sol's last glories light the western skies,
 And each old tow'r reflects the tingent beams !

On Hampton's deep I'll raise the swelling sail,
 Or ply with zeal the wave-dividing oar,
 To view, when Autumn's countless hues prevail,
 Thy moon-light beauties on the sloping shore !

But these shall perish with the course of years,
 Time's ruthless hand impatient to o'erthrow ;
 And, where each mould'ring turret now appears,
 Nought but the landscape's vast expanse shall glow.

Then may some trav'ler of a future race,
 Sailing, like me, down Hampton's briny flood,
 Point out the spot Tradition bids him trace,
 Exclaiming, with a sigh, " there Netley stood !"

ADDRESS,

Spoken at a private Representation of "*The Castle Spectre*."

(In altercation behind the scenes.)

" I can't !"—" Pho ! nonsense ! but you must, I say ;
 " Go on, and speak a Prologue to the Play."

(Enters, as forced in, with his hat on.)

Zooks ! here I am, with not a last expedient ;

(Takes off his hat, and bows around ;)

Ladies, your servant !—Gents, your most obedient !

I'm come in sad unprofitable case,

With ne'er a Prologue but my rueful face !

But, since they've plac'd me in this situation,

I'll e'en disclose our Green-Room altercation :—

" Hey, Mr. Manager !" cries one ; " I say,

" Who means to speak the Prologue to this Play ?"

" Aye !" bawls another, " while the thing's afloat,

" Let's have the Prologue that the Author wrote."

"That," roar'd the Manager, "will never do!"
 "Why? my good Sir."—"Because it isn't new!"
 "Tell 'em," cries one, "that our theatric band
 Waits, rank and file, to move at their command:
 No hired troops, no mercenaries, here;
 But each proud Actor struts a volunteer!"—
 Address the Boxes, Galleries, and Pit,
 With some quaint thought of sheer dramatic wit;
 'Tell 'em they're Judge, and Jurymen, and all,
 And by their verdict we must stand or fall.'—
 Tell 'em we give no rich and splendid treats
 For greedy Critics in the front Pit seats!"—

"Zooks!" cry'd the Manager, transfix'd with fright,
 "Its sev'n o'clock! we shan't begin to-night!
 Send in this fellow without more ado;
 He'll say just what his wits may help him to:—
 Him once observ'd, they'll laugh at us the less,
 Full of this blund'ring booby's awkwardness!"

Here then, good folks, behold a luckless elf,
 Without a syllable to bless himself!
 For, honestly, indeed, I must confess,
 I'm come without one word of an Address,—
 Since none of us could manage to endite one,
 And not an Author could be found to write one.

Then let me beg, since such my woful plight,
 Your kind indulgence for my friends to-night:
 Your cheering approbation shall infuse
 Fresh vigour in each effort to amuse;
 And if, unhappy, we should fail to please
 In scenic ardour or dramatic ease,
 Impute the sad deficiency of skill
 To want of talent—not to want of will.
 This night we trust to meet no chilling scoff.

(The curtain rises; he turns round.)

Heyday! what's this?—The curtain's up!—I'm off!

PRIZE-POEMS.

THE NATIVITY.

AN ODE.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:—
 " Prepare the way! a GOD, a GOD appears!"
 " A GOD! a GOD!" the vocal Hills reply;
 The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity. POPE.

AID *, heav'nly Muse! again a theme divine!
 A theme thy lips have lov'd in days of old,—
 Days when the high prophetic song was thine,
 Or when, as Judah's seer was led
 To Inspiration's fountain-head,
 Thy handmaid-voice the utter'd vision told:
 Descend again, and thy sweet psalt'ry bring!
 Teach me to wake such sounds as once it roll'd,
 If hands impure may touch the silver string
 That swell'd the holy Psalm of Israel's Shepherd-King.
 Yet come not now with fiery ardours fraught,
 From Oreb's flame or Sinai's lightning caught:
 To Zion hill in milder transport fly;
 Let Sharon's rose divinely shed
 Its fragrance, wreath'd around thy head,
 And shade thy heav'nward eye.

* Sing, heav'nly Muse! that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire, &c.

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * * Or, if Sion hill

Delight thee more, &c.

* O Zion! thou who dost glad tidings bear,
 Go,—and by thee be the high mountain trod;
 Proclaim aloud, let Judah's cities hear,
 Behold your God!

† Lift up your heads, ye gates! O lift them high,
 Ye everlasting portals of the sky!
 And the great King of glory shall descend!

‡ Let rugged paths beneath his feet
 Be smooth,—and, swelling vales to meet,
 Let ev'ry lofty hill and ev'ry mountain bend!

§ To us a Child is born! to us a Son is given!
 Of him to Israel's flock the promise came,
 And kindled from the covenant of Heaven
 Hope's ardent glow, and Faith's serener flame:
 But, O ye blinded sons of Jacob's race!
 Thought ye (who long'd to see Immanuel's face
 In splendour all his own)
 That he his diadem should bear,
 Or robes of heav'nly glory wear,
 To grace an earthly throne?

Vain thought! as theirs who to his tomb had sped ||
 Sorrowing, "to seek the living 'mid the dead;"
 For, ah! rough-twisted thorns his crown supply,—
 'Twas Mock'ry lent the robe of purple die,
 And words that hail'd him King were mix'd with blas-
 phemy!

But sing we rather of the Seraph's voice,
 Who news to Palestina told
 That bade poor Beth-lehem's pastur'd vale rejoice,
 Where wakeful shepherds watch'd the slumb'ring fold.

What gleam ethereal thro' the darkness broke,
 Around them spreading its resplendent light?
 From lucid clouds, what accents sweetly spoke,
 Startling the silent footsteps of the night?

* Isa. xl. 9. † Psal. xxiv. 9. ‡ Isa. xl. 4. § Isa. ix. 6. || Luke xxiv. 5.

" Fear not ! good tidings of great joy I bring !"
 But, ere the wond'ring herdsmen sought their King,
 Celestial music thro' the valley rung ;
 And, lo ! the heav'nly messenger, around
 Th' angelic host, with rapt'rous sound,
 Loud Hallelujah sung :—
 " Glory to GOD on high !"
 " Good will and peace on earth !"
 But, flying, soon they sought the sky,
 And joyful tongues below made known MESSIAH'S birth !
 Nor less their joy from eastern climes who came,
 Led by his star the SAVIOUR to behold ;
 And, hearing from afar his name,
 Journey'd the coming GOD to meet,
 And, bowing, offer'd at his feet
 Off'rings of frankincense, and myrrh, and gold.
 But, ah ! what mournful sound, from Rama borne,
 With cries of sorrow fill'd the air ?
 Rachel's sad daughters wept, forlorn,
 Their children from their bosoms torn,
 In wailings of despair !
 For bloody Herod's dread command
 Had arm'd with law the murd'rer's hand :
 'Twas infant gore Judea's ground defil'd,
 But Egypt's shelt'ring land receiv'd the sacred Child !
 'Twas there that, in an earlier age,
 Another parent's care did Moses shield ;—
 There, from another tyrant's rage,
 Another " leader of the flock" conceal'd,
 Long might my verse of the GREAT SHEPHERD tell ;
 But bless, O heav'nly Muse ! some future song
 With sweetest notes of the Pierian shell ;
 So may a worthier strain th' eternal theme prolong !

SAMUEL MILLER WARING.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF NIOBE :

TRANSLATED FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, LIB. 6.

ARGUMENT.

Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, foreseeing that some calamity is about to take place, advises the Theban women to repair to the temple of Latona, and offer up prayers to that goddess, and her two children, Apollo and Diana. This accordingly is done.—Niobe, the wife of Amphion and daughter of Tantalus, King of Lydia, arriving at the altars during the performance of the sacrifices, forbids them to proceed, alleging that she herself is greater than Latona and her offspring; and enumerates the particulars in which she imagines that superiority to consist. Latona, incensed at the blasphemous conduct of Niobe, flies to Apollo and Diana, and implores them to revenge the insults she had received. They comply with her request; and, concealing themselves in a cloud, descend from the skies, and arrive at the city of Cadmus; in a large plain near which, the sons of Niobe were exercising themselves in various diversions.

The offended deities instantly dispatch them with arrows. Amphion, on being made acquainted with this mournful disaster, kills himself; but Niobe, filled with rage at the catastrophe, accuses Heaven of presumption and injustice; and, coming to the spot where her unfortunate children lay dead, reproaches Latona with their murder; and at the same time renews her claims of superiority over the goddess. Her daughters had accompanied her; and, as a punishment for this continued impiety of their mother, they are slain, and perish by a fate similar to that of their brothers.—Niobe, overwhelmed with anguish at this fresh calamity, changes into marble, and is carried by a furious whirlwind into her native country, Sipylus, where she is left upon the summit of a high mountain.

The story opens with the consternation occasioned by the metamorphose of Arachne, who, after contending with Minerva for superiority in the art of weaving, was turned by that goddess into a spider.

ALL Lydia, wond'ring, hears the dreadful change,
And clamours vibrate to her utmost range;
Quick flies the tale throughout vast Phrygia's state,
And the world echoes with Arachne's fate.

Amphion's Queen the hapless fair had known,
 E'en when a child far distant from his throne;
 In rich Mæonia's widely-spread domains
 She gaily trod the Sipyleian plains:
 But, ah! the dire example of her friend
 No caution prov'd her stubborn soul to bend;
 No awful rev'rence for the gods could teach,
 Or curb the boastings of her impious speech.
 Unnumber'd blessings fill'd her heart with pride;
 Yet not her husband's skill, nor yet beside
 That great extraction both alike might claim,
 Nor all the glories of a monarch's fame,
 Rais'd her ambitious feelings half so high
 As that best boon, her darling progeny.

Of all her gifts, tho' all indeed could please,
 Yet none could rival, none could equal, these:
 Of happy mothers most supremely blest,
 If ne'er that knowledge had inflam'd her breast;
 For now, impell'd by more than human will,
 With tongue prophetic of approaching ill,
 Tiresian Manto thus, proclaiming loud,
 Thro' the wide streets had warn'd the list'ning crowd:—
 " Oh! Theban dames! my faithful voice obey,
 " And, crown'd with laurels, pious off'rings pay;
 " To great Latona's hallow'd fanes repair,
 " And blend with incense many an ardent pray'r;
 " Nor yet forgetful of her children be:
 " So speaks the goddess, and she speaks by me!"

Quick at her word the bustling town they leave,
 And round their temples laureat garlands weave;
 Then, humbly bending, suppliant they retire,
 And shed sweet perfumes o'er the sacred fire.

But thus while prostrate, and bedew'd with tears,
 Rev'rent they fall,—see, Niobe appears!

Her steps attended by a countless throng,
 With gait majestic, lo! she treads along;
 In Phrygian robes attir'd, where ev'ry fold
 Mix'd gorgeous purple with refulgent gold!
 The loosen'd tresses that her head bedeck
 In sportive ringlets sweep her snowy neck;
 In wild disorder, beauty, rage, and grace,
 Together struggling, sparkle in her face.
 Round the warm shrines she rolls her scornful eyes,
 Lifts her fair head, and thus indignant cries:—
 “ Why thus (oh! deed of mad prepost'rous shame!)
 “ Grant to those gods ye only know by *name*
 “ The sainted worship, and the holy rite,
 “ More justly due to those ye know from *sight*?
 “ Why thus ador'd must proud Latona be,
 “ And no such honours ever paid to me?
 “ Hear, Theban dames! from Tantalus I spring,
 “ Jove's mighty son, and Lydia's sceptred King,
 “ To whom alone was giv'n the boon divine
 “ To sit with gods, and quaff their nectar'd wine!—
 “ With the fam'd Pleiades my blood's ally'd,
 “ For great Tageta was my father's bride:
 “ While he *, whose vast gigantic shoulders bear
 “ The pond'rous axis of the boundless sphere,
 “ A noble grandsire I can boldly claim,
 “ And Heav'n's dread monarch is to me the same:
 “ Nay, what is more, to raise my glories high'r,
 “ By nuptial laws I call him e'en my Sire!
 “ The Phrygian nations all my voice obey,
 “ And tow'ring Cadmus owns my sov'reign sway;
 “ So too † those walls, that, gath'ring at the sound
 “ Of skill'd Amphion's lyre, spontaneous press'd the
 “ ground.
 “ Then view my form;—what goddess would not wear
 “ A shape so perfect, and a face so fair?

* Atlas. † Thebes.

" Wealth too I boast, in glitt'ring heaps untold,
 " Of dazzling silver and refulgent gold!
 " Sev'n graceful daughters, lovely as the morn,—
 " Sev'n valiant sons, my spacious halls adorn;
 " And shortly too another race will rise,
 " And children's children bless these ravish'd eyes!—
 " Such are my joys! Now ask, ye Theban dames,
 " Why boasting pride my lofty soul inflames;
 " Now bend presumptuous at Latona's shrine,
 " And pay those honours which alone are mine;
 " Now let that goddess be preferr'd by you
 " That sprung from Cæus, or I know not who.
 " She whom the heav'ns, the sea, and earth, deny'd
 " One place, tho' pregnant, where her limbs might hide;
 " Who rov'd an exile from the world's wide sphere,
 " Till Delos, pitying, thus address'd her ear:—
 " *Thou on the land, sad fair! art doom'd to stray:*
 " *I thro' the waters hold my devious way!*—
 " And gave a region of unstable rest,
 " Where, a sad mother, twins adorn'd her breast.
 " Oh! trifling progeny! Oh! small compare!
 " And who to contradict this truth will dare?
 " That joys like mine were never yet surpass'd,—
 " So firmly rooted, and so formed to last!
 " For such my prosp'rous lot, secure I tread;
 " No fears I harbour, and no dangers dread:
 " 'Tis mine to revel in a blissful state,
 " Where Fortune cannot reach, nor adverse Fate!
 " No! let them try;—tho', arm'd with keen distress,
 " They shook my throne, or made my treasures less,—
 " Yet, (thought delightful!) much would still remain;
 " Thus boundless plenty exiles ev'ry pain!
 " What tho', in part, their dire malignant spite
 " Swept my dear children from my aching sight,—
 " Yet not the utmost all their rage could do
 " Would sink the crowded circle down to *two*!

" And, Theban ladies! she you now adore,
 " The proud Latona, cannot boast of more!
 " Then say what vast, what mighty distance lies
 " Between this goddess you so highly prize,
 " And the poor wretch that ne'er conceiv'd a child,
 " On whose sad breast no infant ever smil'd?
 " Oh! quit the altars; to your homes repair;
 " And snatch the garlands from your braided hair!"

Her wrathful words the list'ning throngs obey,
 Unbind their laurell'd brows, and haste away;
 With mournful steps again the town they seek,
 And breathe in silence what they dare not speak.

But rage quick darting fill'd Latona's eyes;
 To Cynthus' top with angry speed she flies,
 Convoles her children, and imploring cries—

" For you I feel a mother's conscious pride,
 " And, save great Juno, bow to none beside;
 " Yet see me now deny'd a seat in Heaven,
 " Far from my splendid shrines for ever driven,
 " If swift your arms no kind assistance lend
 " To guard my honours, and my cause befriend.
 " Nor this alone has forc'd my heart to bleed,
 " For keen reproaches blacken'd all the deed!
 " Thebe's haughty Queen, with proud unblushing face,
 " Beneath *her* offspring dar'd *yourselves* to place,
 " And call'd me childless!—Foul opprobrious name!
 " Grant, Heav'n, the wretch be made herself the same!
 " On her vile lips such impious accents hung,
 " Not more opprobrious was her father's tongue!"

Then, bending down, the goddess kneel'd in pray'r;
 But stern Apollo thunders thro' the air—

" Ah! cease thy sorrows, wipe those tears away,—
 " Our dire revenge no longer brooks delay!"
 Bright Phœbe nods assent; they leave the sky,
 And, wrapp'd in clouds, to distant Cadmus fly.

Near where the city's tow'ring ramparts rise,
 A tract of land in wide extension lies,
 Where rattling cars had soften'd ev'ry clod,
 And brazen hoofs with clang unceasing trod.
 There now Amphion's graceful sons resort,
 And joyful yield the laughing hours to sport :
 Some on their chargers mount, whose trappings gay
 Beam with the splendour of refulgent day ;
 Whose lofty backs the Tyrian die bedecks,
 And straps of gold shine pendent on their necks.
 But while Ismenus, eldest of the throng,
 Curbs the proud steed, and circling wheels along,
 Deep in his breast a thirsty arrow stands !
 He drops the bridle from his dying hands ;
 " Ah ! wo is me ! " exclaims with plaintive sound,
 And, slowly sinking, totters to the ground.
 Astonish'd Sipylus, all pale with fears,
 As, quiv'ring loud, approaching death he hears,
 Bends o'er his horse, lets fly the cumbrous reins,
 And scours like lightning o'er the echoing plains.
 Thus when a pilot sees with watchful eye
 The dark storm gath'ring in the blacken'd sky,
 Unfurling quick, he opens ev'ry sail,
 And spreads each sheet to catch the swelling gale :—
 So flees the youth ; his speed outstrips the wind ;
 But Fate, unpitying, follows close behind !
 E'en while he stoops the direful weapon smote,
 And the cold steel hangs glitt'ring thro' his throat !
 Down from his gorgeous seat, to rise no more,
 Prone falls the chief, and stains the earth with gore.
 Unhappy Phœdimus, and * he whose fame
 Caught bright'ning lustre from his grandsire's name,
 Tir'd with the wonted pleasures of the course,
 In wrestling combat now had match'd their force.

* Tantalus.

But, ah! while firm their mingling limbs entwine;
 While, breast to breast, their manly bodies join,
 Twang'd from the bow, a deadly arrow flew,
 Unerring wing'd its way, and pierc'd them thro'!
 Together struggling with convulsive pain,
 They tumble headlong to the dusty plain;
 Together closing from the blissful light,
 Their eyes grow dim with everlasting night:
 Lock'd in each other's fold, they gasp for breath,
 And sink united in the shades of Death.
 Alphenor sees, and, frantic with alarms,
 Loud shrieking flies to catch them in his arms:
 Ah! gen'rous youth! he feels himself a wound,
 Writhes with the pang, and drops upon the ground;
 His lungs rush'd bleeding as he tugg'd the dart,
 And life's warm current glided from his heart!
 Snatch'd in his blooming dawn from ev'ry joy,
 Young Damasichthon next, (a beardless boy,
 Stabb'd in the sinewy ham, is doom'd to know
 The wrathful terrors of Apollo's bow:
 But, vig'rous yet, with eager haste he strains
 To drag the weapon from his gory veins.
 Alas! unhappy youth! e'en while he tries,
 His throat is cleft, and, stagg'ring back, he dies!
 Wide thro' his neck the trembling arrow stood,
 And the plung'd feathers welter'd in his blood;
 The vital streams pour forth with crimson die,
 Expel the shaft, and, spouting, mount on high.
 On bended knees Ilioneus, the last,
 Now panting sinks, with horrid fears aghast;
 And thus, unconscious but that one dread hate
 Fill'd the whole circle of th' Olympian state,
 To ev'ry godhead of the vaulted sky,
 With suppliant tone, he breathes a fruitless cry:—
 " Oh! thou unequall'd, thund'ring, mighty Jove,
 " And all ye pow'rs that rule the heav'ns above,

" Stay, stay your wrath ! in mercy deign to spare !
 " Save me, oh ! save me, and your rage forbear !"
 The Delian god was mov'd ; but, ah ! too late ;
 Twang'd was the bow, and sped the shaft of Fate :
 But soft it struck, and gentle was the wound
 That stretch'd him lifeless on the sanguine ground !

Swift spreads the tale,—the kindling rumour flies,—
 And the wide city rings with mournful cries ;
 Quick the loud clamours round the palace grow,
 Where sorrowing friends, and piercing shrieks of wo,
 To hapless Niobe full soon disclos'd
 The dreadful ruin vengeance had impos'd.

Amaz'd she heard, and fury fir'd her soul
 That heav'n thus boundless should extend control,—
 Should dare to claim, tho' arm'd with sov'reign might,
 Such bold presumption, and such lawless right ;
 For, 'reav'd of ev'ry hope, weigh'd down with care,
 Unbless'd Amphion, driv'n to mad despair,
 With uplift' hand had pierc'd his sobbing breast,
 And now lay slumb'ring in the shades of rest.

Alas ! how chang'd that Niobe divine,
 Who late indignant scorn'd Latona's shrine ;
 Who late thro' Thebes majestic stalked along,
 The envy'd wonder of the gazing throng !
 Ah ! now deep plung'd in anguish so severe,
 That foes might pity with a falling tear !

O'er her cold sons th' afflicted mother kneels,
 Nor heeds distinction where alike she feels ;
 But, sadly clasping in a fond embrace,
 Stamps her last kisses on each pallid face ;
 Then, raising up her arms, thus wildly cries—
 " Here, proud Latona ! hither turn thine eyes !
 " Lo ! where by thee, relentless goddess ! slain,
 " My sev'n brave sons lie prostrate on the plain !

" With them I fall, with them I too expire,—
 " Then glut thy rage, and satiate thine ire ;
 " Let joy triumphant glad thy ruthless heart,
 " For Vict'ry, smiling, crown thy savage part !
 " But why victorious ? what tho' griefs are mine ?
 " What tho' I mourn, while happiness is thine ?
 " What if my slaughter'd children I deplore ?
 " I yet excel thee, and can boast of more !

Again the bow-string twang'd !—Shrill on each ear
 Rings the portentous sound ; and trembling fear
 Quick startles all, save Niobe alone,
 Bold with misfortunes now, and careless grown.

Around the fun'ral bier (where, gently spread,
 Lay stretch'd the relics of the much-lov'd dead)
 The wailing daughters, comfortless and sad,
 Pensive were rang'd, in sable garments clad.
 Transfix'd with sudden pain, and shrieking loud,
 A hapless sister 'mid the weeping crowd
 Snatch'd a broad arrow from her streaming side,
 Dropp'd on a brother's corpse, and fainting dy'd !
 To cheer with friendly aid, and solace kind,
 The direful pangs that rent her parent's mind,
 Lo ! where another hastes, with filial speed ;
 But Fate, un pitying, stays the gen'rous deed :
 Check'd is her voice ; and, pierc'd with hidden wound,
 Bending she falls, and writhes upon the ground ;
 While from her lips, now closing fast in death,
 Pour'd with convulsive gasp her fleeting breath !
 Another, stagg'ring, as in vain she flies,
 Pants out her soul, and darkness shades her eyes !
 Extended, prone upon a sister's breast,
 Another slumbers in eternal rest !
 Here one lies couch'd—there, lost in phrensy'd wo,
 Another, shudd'ring, waits the awful blow !

And now had six, distain'd with reeking gore,
Stretch'd their fair limbs in dust, to rise no more!—

One, yet surviving, trod the hateful plain,—
One last sad remnant of the hapless train!
Round her dear form th' affrighted parent clings,
And o'er her wide a shelt'ring mantle flings;
Then loud exclaims—"Gods! hear my suppliant call,—
" Ah! leave me one, the youngest of them all!
" I ask but one!—Oh! grant my humble pray'r!—
" One, one at least, ye pow'rs immortal! spare!"

But, ah! while thus the frantic mother cries,
Pierc'd in her arms, the bleeding infant dies!

Her lifeless husband, sons, and daughters, round,—
Forlorn and childless, on the blood-stain'd ground
Now sunk the Queen!—Fresh blew the Zephyrs gay,
And kiss'd her tresses in their am'rous play:
But vain the Zephyrs swept her tresses o'er,—
Those golden ringlets sportive wav'd no more!
Stiff'ning they hung; and, robb'd of all their ease,
No longer floated in the wanton breeze!
Still in her cheek soft roses seem'd to glow,
But there no more life's crimson currents flow:
The orbs, where once such lambent sweetness smil'd,
Now senseless gaz'd, immovable and wild!
Torpido with grief she sat, devoid of breath,
And look'd the mournful effigy of Death!
Deep silence chain'd her lips;—her speechless tongue
Paus'd in her mouth, and to her palate clung:
Her neck forgets to bend, her veins to beat,—
Her arms grow numb, and motionless her feet:
Petrific coldness spreads thro' ev'ry part,
Chills her warm entrails, and congeals her heart;
Yet briny torrents with unweary'd pace
Stream'd from her eyes, and trickled down her face!

But while, thus hard'ning into stone, she froze,
 Loud o'er the plain a furious whirlwind blows :
 The eddyng tempest with resistless sway
 To distant Lydia snatch'd her far away ;
 And high on Sipylus' tall craggy brow
 Plac'd the sad monument of lasting wo !

There, fix'd for ever, thro' revolving years
 The conscious marble still dissolves in tears !

WILLIAM COVE.

THE PARTING OF LOUIS XVI. FROM HIS FAMILY.

Nurs'd by the hand of factious Liberty,
 The fiend Rebellion sprung with rapid growth
 To giant size in Gallia's fated realms :—
 His awful head uprais'd above the clouds,
 He frown'd destruction on th' unhappy spot
 Which gave him birth ; and, stretching his black wings
 O'er the whole kingdom, shook from thence a blight
 More baneful than the deadly dew which falls
 From Java's pois'nous tree. Then Gallia's sons,
 By sudden madness seiz'd, infuriate rose ;
 The sacred bands of social order burst ;
 All rank destroy'd ; the throne itself o'erturn'd ;
 Dash'd down the sceptre and the diadem ;
 And with unhallow'd hands the Monarch seiz'd,
 A captive to their pow'r !—The signal this
 For devastation, cruelty, and blood !
 Now red-arm'd Murder lifts his reeking steel ;
 Now furious Rapine and his ruffian band
 Rush from their haunts, to do their hellish deeds !
 Red Carnage chokes the city ; while the shrieks
 Of dying victims, mingled with loud shouts,

The yell of uproar, and the clang of arms,
Shake Heav'n's high arch, and rend the midnight air,
The splendid palace and the gloomy gaol,
The sacred temple and the public street,
Alike are scenes of massacre and death !
The crimson scaffold and the guillotine
With the hot blood of constant victims reek ;
And many a headless trunk and mangled corse
Float on Seine's redden'd wave ! Th' assassin's arm
Spare sex nor beauty, infancy nor age !
The lovely maid is seiz'd by ruffian hands,
Wet with her parents' blood—full in their sight.
To sate a brutal appetite constrain'd—
And then beneath the fiend's hot dagger bleeds !
The man, whose venerable looks assert
The claims of age, for mercy vainly sues ;—
Low at the monster's feet he gasping lies,
And in his gore his silv'ry locks are bath'd !
The anxious mother with her infant flies
The dreadful scene ; but, soon o'ertaken, falls !
The helpless infant, clinging to her breast,
With piercing cry and piteous look implores
That aid which now she has not pow'r to give :
Torn rudely from her arms, before her eyes
Her shrieking babe is dash'd against the ground !
This carnage, Paris ! 'twas thy doom to view !
Thou sawest Nature from thy blood-stain'd streets,
Shudd'ring, avert her face ; and, at the feet
Of hell-born Faction, Royalty expire !
Thy Monarch, Louis, and his virtuous Queen,
His royal sister, with the infant Prince
And youthful Princess, like the basest slaves,
Were in the Temple's darksome tow'r confin'd.
Yet, even there, the sweet society
Of those he loved would oft assuage his griefs,—
Dispel his prison's gloom,—make him forget

The threats of Faction, and the serpent sting
Of black Ingratitude!—

Unweary'd yet

Was Persecution; and, to make his cup
Of sorrow still more bitter than before,
The King was torn from those he held most dear,
And in strict separate confinement plac'd;—
Then, to complete the measure of his wrongs,
Th' unhappy Louis by a lawless band
Was doom'd to die an ignominious death!

'Twas on the eve of that eventful day,
On which rebellious France her guilty hands
Imbru'd so deeply in her Sovereign's blood,
Devoted Louis was allowed to meet,
For the last time, his wretched family.
With eager haste his prison-doors expand,
And all the objects of his fondest cares
In wild disorder meet his sad embrace.
An awful silence for a time prevail'd,
Save when 'twas broken by the Queen's loud sobs,
Half-stifled in the bosom of her Lord.
Louis, to save the pangs of parting thought,
Beneath the guise of peacefulness conceal'd
The anguish of his heart; for, close debarr'd
Of ev'ry intercourse, his family
Were yet unconscious of his cruel doom.
When they beheld the Monarch's placid looks,
Their hearts expanded with a joyous hope
That yet the sun of Happiness might gild
The gloom which wrapp'd their days; and a bright gleam
Of ecstasy each countenance illum'd.
But transient were their joys!—Th' afflicted King
Was now no longer able to restrain
The strong o'erflowings of a sorrowing heart;
His pensive glances and his warm embrace—

His sighs, his silence, and his tears—declar'd
 Too plainly that these pleasing hopes were vain !
 The Monarch's hand with mournful tenderness
 His weeping sister to his bosom press'd ;
 And with faint voice, oft check'd by rising grief,
 Pour'd forth her sorrows :—“ Dearest ! best lov'd !
 “ What means that secret sigh ? that starting tear ?
 “ This mournful silence ?—Ah ! those looks portend
 “ That sad event we have such cause to dread !
 “ Yes, yes ! my bursting heart too strongly feels
 “ The meaning of them all !”—Th' excess of wo
 Prevented more ; and on the Monarch's breast
 The mourner, sinking, by a flood of tears
 Her loaded bosom eas'd. A silence deep,
 An awful silence, for some moments reign'd ;
 When, with expressive warmth embracing all,
 “ Dear partners of my heart, my life, my wo !”
 Exclaim'd the Monarch with a heavy sigh,
 Which in his own despite escap'd his lips,
 “ With pure obedience let us learn to bow
 “ To Heav'n's all-wise decrees. His will be done
 “ Whose searchless wisdom has at length recall'd
 “ The blessings which his boundless love bestow'd !
 “ Then weep not at the woes we're doom'd to feel,
 “ But in this sad, this trying, hour submit
 “ With resignation to our destiny ;
 “ For ere the setting of to-morrow's sun
 “ Will be complete the triumph of my foes !”
 As he pronounc'd this dread intelligence,
 The Queen, o'erpower'd, sunk senseless in his arms !
 His kneeling offspring wildly seiz'd each hand,
 Bath'd them with tears, while, agoniz'd by wo,
 His sister to her aching bosom press'd
 The Monarch still more closely than before.
 Her tearful eyes th' awaking Queen uprais'd,
 And fix'd them on her Lord ; then, with a look

Of anguish inexpressible, indulg'd
 The transports of her grief :—" And is it thus,"
 She fondly said, " my lov'd, my injur'd Lord,
 " Again I meet thee, but to meet no more !
 " Must I, who equally with thee have shar'd
 " The dazzling splendours of a mighty throne,
 " The gloomy horrors of a darksome cell,
 " Now part with thee for ever ? And must thou,
 " Whose pow'rful hand so long with glory sway'd
 " The sceptre of these realms,—who had no wish
 " But what promoted best thy people's good,—
 " And whom the poor, the needy, and infirm,
 " Whene'er they saw thee passing thro' the streets,
 " Hail'd as their father, patron, and their friend ;
 " Now, sad reverse ! forsaken, spurn'd, revil'd,
 " By those thy former bounty rais'd and fed,
 " At last ignobly on a scaffold die,
 " Like a foul murd'rer ? Oh ! that I could end
 " With thee my sorrows and my life ! But no,
 " That were indeed too bless'd a privilege :
 " 'Twill be perhaps my doom to drag my days
 " Of loaded misery in some dark cell,
 " When, ev'ry morn, the zealous minister
 " Of factious Vengeance will torment my heart
 " With mention of thy name ;—will curse my ears
 " With a base fiction of the tears you shed
 " When on the scaffold ;—how you begg'd for life,
 " And, at the last, a trembling coward died !
 " Wrapp'd in the peaceful slumbers of the good,
 " Thou wilt not solace thy poor tortur'd Queen,—
 " Wilt neither see her tears of anguish roll,
 " Nor hear the sighs which rend her bursting heart."
 The Monarch thus :—" In spite of all my wrongs,
 " A ling'ring fondness for ungrateful France
 " I cherish still. Yes, my deluded country,
 " The gloomy prospect of thy future woes

" Dissolves me into tears. From crime to crime
 " I see thee hurry'd by a frantic zeal,—
 " At ev'ry vein already see thee bleed,
 " Torn limb from limb by Faction's barb'rous rage,
 " And cast at length to Anarchy a prey.
 " But, shouldst thou 'scape that melancholy fate,
 " One yet as dreadful may await thee still :
 " The scorn, the hate, of every neighb'ring realm,
 " The doom to wear a despot's gilden chains."
 He paus'd a moment while the patriot tear
 Stole down his manly cheek. " Yet not," he said,
 " Yet not the base ingratitude of France,
 " Th' anticipation of my country's woes,
 " The prospect of an ignominious death,
 " Afflict my heart so deeply as the thoughts
 " Of leaving you, dear partners of my griefs,
 " Expos'd to brutal rage, contempt, and scorn ;
 " To ev'ry insult, ev'ry cruelty,
 " Inventive Malice can devise for weak
 " Defenceless victims.—Oh ! I dread to think
 " Of the wild vengeance of those ruthless men,
 " Whose fury, feasting on their Monarch's blood,
 " Will seize on you, their unprotected prey.
 " Yet, unprotected, did I say ? Oh, no !
 " There is, above, One mighty, merciful,
 " The widow's solace, and the orphan's friend,
 " Who alway looks with pity on the woes
 " Of helpless Innocence : and He, whose voice
 " The raging sea, and furious multitude,
 " Can in an instant still, with pow'rful arm,
 " Will shield ye from the dark oppressor's wrong.
 " In him a perfect confidence repose ;
 " Then Vengeance will uplift her threat'ning arm
 " With harmless rage. Then, 'midst the fiercest storms
 " Of wayward Fate, unhurt will ye remain ;
 " There, ever blest, and ever peaceful, find

" A Brother, Father, Guardian, in your GOD !"
 The Monarch thus in plaintive tone pour'd forth
 Th' effusions of his breast. The sole reply
 Was frequent sighs ; the only answer, tears,
 And now the awful moment was arriv'd,
 With keenest pangs of separation fraught.
 The Monarch, rising, with a broken heart
 Once more his weeping family embrac'd
 With mournful tenderness. " Farewell, farewell !"
 In agonizing accents, he exclaim'd,
 Scarce audible thro' grief. Around his neck
 The Queen, distracted, wildly threw her arms :
 Convuls'd with sobs, his wretched sister press'd
 Him closely to her bosom : while the Prince
 Outstretch'd his infant arms, as if t' implore
 The mournful solace of one last embrace.
 Low at his feet his duteous daughter knelt,
 With pious fervour kiss'd her parent's hand,
 And moisten'd it with tears. " We need not part
 " So soon, so very soon," they all exclaim'd ;
 Louis, to calm the transports of their grief,
 Gave promise of a second interview
 On the next morn. But, ah ! his ardent gaze,
 His sad, his grief-expressive, looks bely'd
 The language of his lips. At length, resolv'd
 To terminate this agonizing scene,
 The Monarch boldly summon'd to his aid
 His highest, utmost, energies of soul,
 And, faintly sighing once again " Farewell !"
 Broke from their arms in breathless agony.

J. C.

 THE PROGRESS OF ENTHUSIASM.

THE Moon had fill'd her horns, and spread
 A lustre o'er the mountain's head ;

The envious clouds together prest,
 And half-obscur'd her beauteous breast :
 Young Edwin, fill'd with youthful pride,
 Had climb'd the promontory's side ;
 High on a rock he fearless stood,
 Whose base restrain'd the angry flood ;
 High on a rock, whose rugged brow
 Frown'd on the trembling wave below.
 Awhile he stood in thought profound,
 And ponder'd on the scenes around.
 The rising winds provoke the flood,
 And Fancy fires his youthful blood ;
 The crimson stream fresh ardour gains,
 And mantles thro' his swelling veins ;
 Enthusiastic visions round him roll,
 And various passions rouse his ardent soul,

Oft had his wond'ring mind distill'd
 The page with hoar tradition fill'd,
 Where giant warriors breath'd their last,
 And spectres rode th' infuriate blast :
 Oft had he rous'd the midnight fire,
 To read of apparition dire !
 Of shudd'ring ghost, that horror spread
 Around the guilty wretch's head,—
 Of fairy, genii, wizard sage,—
 Of elfin, sprite, and goblin's rage ;
 And tho' full well his bosom knew
 The dark mysterious tale untrue,
 Yet forceful thought would still retain
 Romantic vision round his brain ;
 And now, inspir'd, he saw arise
 In majesty before his eyes
 The warriors, clad in vengeful steel,
 Who perish'd for their country's weal.

Awhile the scene his bosom fir'd,
 Awhile his ardent eye admir'd ;
 But soon a pitying sigh confess'd
 The anguish of his troubled breast,
 That human hands, for deeds of love design'd,
 Should, ruthless, shed the blood of human kind.

As fell the tear from Edwin's eye,
 He felt the pow'r of sympathy ;
 While pity and compassion stole
 In melting transport o'er his soul.
 He sought the rising cares to scan
 Of all that bear the name of Man ;
 Himself a sharer of their joys,
 A partner in their miseries.
 His fancy wander'd distant climes,
 And more than half-forgave their crimes ;
 For he had trod the beaten way
 That leads and lures the heart astray ;
 And knew how fruitless to control
 The headstrong passions of the soul.
 At length his falt'ring tongue exprest
 The secrets of his inmost breast ;
 While tempests howl'd th' affrighted woods among,
 And swiftly swept the flying clouds along :—

“ Oh! had the sov'reign Pow'r that sways
 “ Forsook the wisdom of his ways,
 “ And, in an evil hour, consign'd
 “ To man the guidance of mankind !
 “ Was I of ev'ry pow'r possess'd
 “ To aid the fancies of my breast,
 “ And choose my portion here below
 “ Of human weal and human woe,—
 “ Not palaces extended wide,—
 “ Not sceptres, thrones, and kingly pride,—

" Not all the pomp, parade, and show,
 " Golconda's glitt'ring gems bestow,—
 " Not Hybla's sweets, Arabian gales,
 " Circassian or Arcadian vales,
 " With all the joys and mingled loves
 " Of Paphian and Idalian groves,—
 " Should bound my wish ;—these light as air,
 " These fleeting pleasures, false and fair,
 " My wayward youth should willingly resign,
 " And these, of Fortune's gifts, alone were mine :—

" In ev'ry clime my feet should press
 " The threshold of severe Distress ;
 " My tongue should ev'ry wand'rer greet,—
 " For ev'ry grief my heart should beat,
 " And feel what wretches feel, and know
 " The full extent of earthly wo.
 " My wand'ring bark should seek the strand
 " Where frosts eternal bind the land ;
 " My daring feet exulting rise
 " Where thawless snows invade the skies.
 " On some tall cliff, whose hoary crest
 " The keener wintry blasts invest,
 " My numbed knees should bend,—my tongue
 " The strains of gratitude prolong,—
 " My heart its fervent adoration pay,
 " And hail th' immortal GOD of endless day !

" The love of man should warm my breast
 " While angry storms around me prest ;
 " And buoy my spirits, wand'ring o'er
 " Th' extreme of Thracia's wintry shore.
 " The shudd'ring wretch, who, far away,
 " O'er Lapland wilds pursues his prey,—
 " Whose breath shall fail, whose dying eye
 " Shall close in hopeless misery,—

“ Should once more raise his feeble form,
 “ And bid defiance to the storm ;
 “ The deer that drew his sledge should rise,
 “ And dare again th’ inclement skies !
 “ How sweet his breathings to attend,
 “ And warm him with the name of ‘ Friend !’
 “ E’en as he sunk appall’d with dread
 “ To raise secure his languid head ;
 “ O’er his pale limbs my mantle cast,
 “ And shield him from the wintry blast !
 “ His breast with anxious care should burn ;
 “ His children hail their sire’s return ;
 “ Again their sire, with frantic joy opprest,
 “ Should clasp his faithful partner to his breast.

“ Nor would I glide with conscious ease
 “ Th’ unruffled surface of the seas,
 “ But tempt with anxious care and pain
 “ The horrors of the raging main,
 “ Where all the billows of the deep,
 “ Tormented, lash the stormy steep,—
 “ Where wild tornadoes rudely roar,
 “ And midnight tempests sweep the shore :
 “ Here, grateful for the gift of life,
 “ Amidst the elemental strife
 “ My stamm’ring tongue should hymn the viewless form
 “ Who bound the raging seas and rul’d the storm !

“ No more should Afric’s sons be sold
 “ To slake the cursed thirst of gold ;
 “ No negro’s grisly shade arise,
 “ Demanding vengeance from the skies ;
 “ Nor guilty cargo cross the flood,
 “ And tinge the wave with human blood.
 “ Too long has Lybia’s desert air
 “ Giv’n birth to Slaughter and Despair ;

“ And Freedom offer'd up in vain
 “ A thousand hecatombs of slain !
 “ Yet are there those who dare defy
 “ The blood-stain'd monster, Cruelty !
 “ And drag, inspir'd with dread dismay,
 “ The lurking demon to the day.
 “ If negroes' ardent pray'rs are given
 “ To reach the vaulted throne of Heaven,
 “ The name of Clarkson shall arise
 “ With radiant glory thro' the skies.
 “ Immortal Clarkson ! thine to brand
 “ With foul reproach a guilty land ;
 “ To visit Vice with dire alarm,
 “ To break Oppression's iron arm ;
 “ The secret haunts of Infamy to scan,
 “ And boldly vindicate the rights of man.
 “ Proud potentates forgotten lie ;
 “ The fame of demigods shall die ;
 “ But Mem'ry still his name recalls,
 “ Who sunk 'neath Cherson's distant walls ;
 “ Who fell, by righteous Heav'n's decree,
 “ The martyr of philanthropy :—
 “ Howard ! thy name shall oft control
 “ The pensive sorrows of my soul ;
 “ And lead my spirit rapt on high,
 “ Oppress'd with silent ecstasy !
 “ How passing sweet with thee to trace
 “ The sorrows of the human race ;
 “ To bind the bruised wretch, and throw
 “ The balm of comfort o'er his wo !
 “ Howard ! in an untimely hour,
 “ Begirt with pestilential pow'r,
 “ Affliction's envious angel shed
 “ His wrathful vial on thy head ;
 “ Yet still, tho' Fortune frown'd afar,
 “ And veil'd with clouds thy ev'ning star,

“ Sublimely bright, the meteor blaze was given,

“ To stream with renovated light to Heaven.

“ Like thine, my feet should tread the cell,
 “ Where Pain and Want, and Mis’ry, dwell :
 “ Oft would I breathe the tainted air
 “ Where captives languish in despair ;
 “ With patience watch the ling’ring breath
 “ ’Mid sickly dews and damps of death :
 “ My soothing voice should ease their pains,
 “ My hands should bear their clanging chains ;
 “ My pray’rs their hopeless sighs control,
 “ And draw the iron from their soul :
 “ The glimm’ring dawn of doubtful day
 “ Should bear their galling bonds away ;
 “ The sultry blast that sought the sky
 “ Should waft their orisons on high,
 “ And hail the bounteous GOD who made them free,—
 “ Who gave them light, and life, and liberty !

GEORGIUS.

THOUGHTS ON THE WORKS OF PROVIDENCE.

ARISE, my soul ! on wings enraptur’d rise,
 To praise the Monarch of the earth and skies,
 Whose goodness and beneficence appear
 As round its centre moves the rolling year ;
 Or when the morning glows with rosy charms,
 Or the sun slumbers in the Ocean’s arms !
 Of light divine be a rich portion lent
 To guide my soul, and favour my intent.
 Celestial Muse, my arduous flight sustain,
 And raise my mind to a seraphic strain !

Ador’d for ever be the GOD unseen,
 Which round the sun revolves this vast machine,
 Tho’ to His eye its mass a point appears :
 Ador’d the GOD that whirls surrounding spheres,

Which first ordain'd that mighty Sol should reign,
 The peerless monarch of th' ethereal train :
 Of miles twice forty millions is his height,
 And yet his radiance dazzles mortal sight,
 So far beneath :—from him th' extended earth
 Vigour derives, and ev'ry flow'ry birth :
 Vast thro' her orb she moves with easy grace
 Around her Phœbus in unbounded space ;
 True to her course th' impetuous storm derides,
 Triumphant o'er the winds, and surging tides.

ALMIGHTY ! in these wondrous works of thine,
 What pow'r, what wisdom, and what goodness, shine !
 And are thy wonders, LORD ! by men explor'd,
 And yet creating glory unador'd ?

Creation smiles in various beauty gay,
 While day to night, and night succeeds to day.
 That wisdom which attends JEHOVAH'S ways
 Shines most conspicuous in the solar rays :
 Without them, destitute of heat and light,
 This world would be the reign of endless Night :
 In their excess how would our race complain !
 Abhorring life, how hate its lengthen'd chain !
 From air adust what num'rous ills would rise !
 What dire contagion taint the burning skies !
 What pestilential vapours, fraught with death,
 Would rise, and overspread the lands beneath !

Hail, smiling morn ! that from the orient main
 Ascending dost adorn the heav'nly plain !
 So rich, so various, are thy beauteous dyes,
 That spread thro' all the circuit of the skies,
 That, full of thee, my soul in rapture soars,
 And thy great GOD, the cause of all, adores.

O'er beings infinite his love extends,—
 His wisdom rules them, and his pow'r defends.
 When tasks diurnal tire the human frame,
 The spirits faint, and dim the vital flame,

Then too that ever-active bounty shines,
 Which not infinity of space confines.
 The sable vail, that Night in silence draws,
 Conceals effects, but shews th' Almighty Cause;
 Night seals in sleep the wide creation fair,
 And all is peaceful but the brow of Care.
 Again gay Phœbus, as the day before,
 Wakes ev'ry eye but what shall wake no more;
 Again the face of Nature is renew'd,
 Which still appears harmonious, fair, and good.
 May grateful strains salute the smiling morn
 Before its beams the eastern hills adorn!

Shall day to day and night to night conspire
 To show the goodness of the Almighty SIRE?
 This mental voice shall man regardless hear,
 And never, never, raise the filial pray'r?
 To-day, O hearken! nor your folly mourn
 For time mispent, that never will return.

But see the sons of vegetation rise,
 And spread their leafy banners to the skies.
 All-wise Almighty Providence we trace
 In trees, and plants, and all the flow'ry race,
 As clear as in the nobler frame of man,—
 All lovely copies of the Maker's plan.
 The pow'r the same that forms a ray of light,
 That call'd creation from eternal night.
 "Let there be light," he said; from his profound
 Old Chaos heard, and trembled at the sound:
 Swift as the word, inspir'd by pow'r divine,
 Behold the light around its Maker shine,
 The first fair product of th' omnific GOD,
 And now thro' all his works diffus'd abroad.

As Reason's pow'rs by day our GOD disclose,
 So we may trace him in the night's repose.
 Say, what is sleep? and dreams, how passing strange!
 When action ceases, and ideas range

Licentious and unbounded o'er the plains
 Where Fancy's Queen in giddy triumph reigns.
 Hear in soft strains the dreaming lover sigh
 To a kind fair, or rave in jealousy ;
 On pleasure now, and now on vengeance bent,
 The lab'ring passions struggle for a vent.
 What pow'r, O man ! thy reason then restores,
 So long suspended in nocturnal hours ?
 What secret hand returns the mental train,
 And gives improv'd thine active pow'rs again ?
 From thee, O man ! what gratitude should rise !
 And, when from balmy sleep thou op'st thine eyes,
 Let thy first thoughts be praises to the skies. }
 How merciful our GOD, who thus imparts
 O'erflowing tides of joy to human hearts,
 When wants and woes might be our righteous lot,
 Our GOD forgetting, by our GOD forgot !

Among the mental Pow'rs a question rose,
 " What most the image of th' ETERNAL shows ?"
 When thus to Reason (so let Fancy rove)
 Her great companion spoke, immortal Love.

" Say, mighty pow'r, how long shall strife prevail,
 " And with its murmurs load the whisp'ring gale ?
 " Refer the cause to Recollection's shrine,
 " Who loud proclaims my origin divine ;
 " The cause whence Heav'n and earth began to be,
 " And is not man immortalis'd by me ?
 " Reason, let this most causeless strife subside."
 Thus Love pronounc'd, and Reason thus reply'd :—

" Thy birth, celestial Queen ! 'tis mine to own ;
 " In thee resplendent is the GODHEAD shown :
 " Thy words persuade, my soul enraptur'd feels
 " Resistless beauty, which thy smile reveals."
 Ardent she spoke, and, kindling at her charms,
 She clasp'd the blooming goddess in her arms.

Infinite Love, where'er we turn our eyes,
 Appears: this ev'ry creature's wants supplies;
 This most is heard in Nature's constant voice,—
 This makes the morn, and this the eve, rejoice;
 This bids the fost'ring rains and dews descend
 To nourish all, to serve one gen'ral end,
 The good of man: yet man, ungrateful, pays
 But little homage, and but little praise.
 To Him, whose works, array'd with mercy, shine,
 What songs should rise, how constant, how divine!

P.

 THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

LINES

On seeing Miss S. Booth perform the Character of *Ellen*, in Morton's
 new Drama of "*The Knight of Snowdon*."

NE'ER did the Grecian chisel trace
 A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
 Of finer form or lovelier face!
 And seldom was a wreath amid
 Such locks of golden beauty hid;
 Nor ever beam'd, of heav'nly hue,
 Eyes of more sweet and radiant blue!
 Each changeful movement of her breast
 Her varying features still confest,
 Whether Joy danc'd in her bright eye,
 Or Wo or Pity claim'd a sigh,
 Or filial Love was glowing there,
 Or meek Devotion pour'd a pray'r,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 Th' indignant spirit of the North!
 And while upon her speech there hung
 Accents more sweet than mountain tongue,
 Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
 The list'ner held his breath to hear!

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
Poetical Magazine,

COMPLETING VOL. IV.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1810, TO APRIL, 1811.

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

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[*Concluded from Vol. IV. p. 244.*]

With an Engraving. Plate XIII. Vol. IV.

AGAIN her dear the dame caress'd,
And clasp'd him fondly to her breast.
At length, amidst her am'rous play,
The Doctor found a time to say—
“ The fatted calf, I trust, you've slain,
“ To welcome Syntax home again.”
“ No,” she reply'd, “ No fatted calf;
“ We have a better thing by half:
“ For, with fond expectation big
“ Of your return, we kill'd a pig;
“ And a rich *haslet*, at the fire,
“ Will give you all you can desire:
“ The sav'ry meat myself will baste,
“ And suit it to my deary's taste.”

" That dish," he cry'd, " I'd rather see
 " Than *Fricandeau* or *Fricassee*.
 " O," he continu'd, " what a blessing
 " To have a wife so fond of dressing ;
 " Who with such taste and skill can work
 " To dress herself,—or dress the pork !"
 She now return'd to household care,
 The dainty supper to prepare.

Whoe'er has pass'd an idle hour,
 In following Syntax thro' his Tour,
 Must have perceiv'd he did not balk
 His fancy, when he wish'd to talk :
 Nay more,—that he was often prone
 To make long speeches when alone ;
 And, while he quaff'd his balmy ale,
 Between each glass to tell a tale :
 Or, as he smok'd with half-shut eyes,
 Now smiling, and now looking wise,
 He'd crack a joke, or moralize :
 And, when this curious spirit stirr'd him,
 He minded not tho' no one heard him.
 This he did now,—as 'twill appear ;
 He talk'd tho' there were none to hear :
 When the whiffs paus'd, he silence broke,
 And thus he thought, and puff'd, and spoke:—

THE SMOKING SOLILOQUY.

" That man, I trow, is doubly curs'd,
 " Who of the best doth make the worst ;
 " And he, I'm sure, is doubly blest,
 " Who of the worst can make the best.
 " To sit and sorrow, and complain,
 " Is adding folly to our pain.

" In adverse state there is no vice
 " More mischievous than cowardice :

" 'Tis by resistance that we claim
 " The Christian's venerable name.
 " If you resist him, e'en old Nick
 " Gives up his meditated trick.
 " Fortune contemns the whining slave,
 " And loves to smile upon the brave.

" In all the various chequer'd strife
 " We meet with in the road of life,
 " Whate'er the object we pursue,
 " There's always something to subdue ;
 " Some foe, alas ! to evil prone,
 " In others' bosoms, or our own.
 " That man alone is truly great,
 " Who nobly meets the frowns of Fate ;
 " Who, when the threat'ning tempests low'r,
 " When the clouds burst in pelting show'r,
 " When lightnings flash along the sky,
 " And thunders growl in sympathy,
 " With calmness to the scene conforms,
 " Nor fears nor mocks the angry storms :
 " He does not run, all *helter-skelter*,
 " To seek a temporary shelter ;
 " Nor does he fume, and fret, and foam,
 " Because he's distant far from home ;
 " For well he knows, each peril past,
 " He's sure to find a home at last.

" If petty evils round you swarm,
 " Let not their buzz your temper warm ;
 " But brush them from your mind away,
 " Like insects of a summer's day.

" Evil oppose with Reason's pow'r,
 " Nor fear the dark or threat'ning hour ;
 " Combat the world ;—but, as 'tis fit,
 " To the decrees of Heav'n submit.

" If Spite and Malice are your foes,
 " If fell Revenge its arrow throws,
 " Look calmly on, nor fear the dart,—
 " Virtue will guard the honest heart;
 " Nor let your angry spirit burn
 " The pointed missile to return.

" The good man never fails to wield
 " A broad and strong protecting shield,
 " That will preserve him thro' the strife
 " Which never fails to trouble life;
 " And, when he meets his final doom,
 " Will form a trophy for his tomb.

" *Bear* and *forbear*,—a dogma true
 " As human wisdom ever drew.
 " If you would lighten ev'ry care,
 " And ev'ry sorrow learn to bear,
 " To be secure from vile disgrace,
 " Look frowning Fortune in the face;
 " And, if the foe's too strong, retreat,
 " But not as if you had been beat:
 " Calmly avoid th' o'erpow'ring fray,
 " Nor fight when you can stalk away;
 " For you can scarce be said to yield,
 " If, when you slowly quit the field,
 " You so present yourself to view,
 " That a brave foe dare not pursue.

" I, who have long been doom'd to trudge,
 " Without a patron or a judge,—
 " I, who have seen the booby rise
 " To dignified pluralities,
 " While I his flock to virtue steer,
 " For hard-earn'd fifty pounds a year;
 " A flock, alas! he does not know,
 " But by the fleeces they bestow;—

" I, who have felt the heaviest fate
 " That doth on Learning's toil await ;
 " For, when a man's the sport of Heaven,
 " To keep a school the fellow's driven ;
 " Nor when that thought gay Lucian spoke,
 " He did not mean to crack a joke * ;—
 " I still man's dignity maintain'd,
 " And, tho' I felt, I ne'er complain'd.

" If life's a farce, mere children's play,
 " Let the rich trifle it away.
 " I cannot model mine by theirs ;
 " For I have borne a life of cares.

" Men with superior minds endow'd
 " May soar above the titled crowd,
 " Tho' 'tis their humble lot to dwell
 " In calm Retirement's distant cell :
 " Or, not by Fortune's bounty fed,
 " To call on Science for their bread,— }
 " To lead the life that I have led.
 " Tho' neither wealth nor state is given,
 " They're the nobility of Heaven.

" In its caprice a Sovereign's pow'r
 " May make a Noble ev'ry hour :
 " A King may only speak the word,
 " And some rich blockhead struts a Lord :
 " But all the sceptred Pow'rs that live
 " Cannot one ray of genius give.
 " Heaven and Nature must combine
 " To make the flame of genius shine ;

* Lucian says, that, when the gods make a man the object of their sportive persecution, they turn him into a schoolmaster. Such an one as Doctor Syntax may think that the sarcastic Greek is in the right ; but the Masters of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, are, probably, of a different opinion.

“ Of wealth regardless, or degree,
 “ It may be sent to shine in me.

“ Learning, I thank thee!—Tho’ by toil
 “ And the pale lamp of midnight oil
 “ I gain’d thy smiles ; tho’ many a year
 “ Fortune refus’d my heart to cheer ;
 “ By thy inspiring laurels crown’d,
 “ I oft could smile when Fortune frown’d.
 “ Beguil’d by thee, I oft forgot
 “ My uncomb’d wig and rusty coat :
 “ When coals were dear, and low my fire,
 “ I warm’d myself with Homer’s lyre :
 “ Or, in a dearth of ale benign,
 “ I eager quaff’d the stream divine,
 “ Which flows in Virgil’s ev’ry line. }
 “ To save me from domestic brawls,
 “ I thunder’d Tully to the walls.
 “ When nought I did could Dolly please,
 “ I laugh’d with Aristophanes :
 “ And oft has Grizzle on my way
 “ Heard me from Horace smart and gay.

“ Tho’ with the world I struggled hard,
 “ Virtue my best, but sole, reward ;
 “ When my whole income just would keep
 “ The wolf from preying on the sheep ;
 “ Ne’er would I change my classic store
 “ For all that Cræsus had, or more ;
 “ Nor would I lose what I have read,
 “ Tho’ tempting Fortune, in its stead,
 “ Would show’r down mitres on my head. }

“ *Bear and forbear*,—an adage true
 “ As human wisdom ever drew ;—
 “ That this I’ve practis’d thro’ my life,
 “ I have a witness in my wife ;

" For, tho' she'd sometimes snarl and scold,
 " I never would a parley hold;
 " And when she, tho' but seldom, swore,
 " I check'd the oath, but said no more,
 " And all returning taunts forbore. }
 " I dress'd my spirit from the pages
 " Of learned Dons and ancient sages:
 " But my lean form was never smart
 " From barber's skill or tailor's art;
 " So that my figure was a joke
 " To all the town and country folk.
 " But this my fancy never griev'd,
 " And I with smiles their smiles receiv'd:
 " I ne'er retorted, like a fool,
 " Their inoffensive ridicule.

" So that my Dolly's clothes were fine,
 " She never car'd a doit for mine:
 " So that, on ev'ry Sabbath-day, }
 " She could appear in trappings gay,
 " And in a pew herself display,
 " She'd let me walk about the town,
 " Till my black coat was almost brown,
 " But she was, as I can't deny,
 " The soul of notability,
 " She struggled hard to save the pelf;
 " And, tho' she might except herself,
 " I do believe, upon my word,
 " To all things else I was preferr'd.

" *Bear* and *forbear*, I've thought and said,
 " Is part of ev'ry Parson's trade;
 " And what he doth to others preach
 " He should by his example teach.
 " Whene'er the scoffer trotted by,
 " I ne'er have turn'd an angry eye:

" Nay, when of Wealth I've been the jeer,
 " When petty Pride let loose a sneer,
 " I never fail'd the joke to join,
 " And paid them off in classic coin.

" My Rector, fat as fat can be,
 " With prebend stall, and livings three,
 " Once told me, if I kept my riches
 " Within the pockets of my breeches,
 " To make them of materials stout,
 " Or else the weight would wear them out.
 " O, with what base irrev'rent glee
 " He chose to mock my poverty !
 " Yet I did not my cloth disgrace
 " By squirting spittle in his face ;
 " But answer'd, from St. Paul, in Greek,
 " And bid him the quotation seek
 " In Pliny :—When the stupid brute
 " Nodded assent,—and then was mute.

" The oilman there, in that fine house,
 " Who boasts th' escutcheons of his spouse,
 " Soon after he had left off trade,
 " Lov'd some great noble Lady's maid,
 " Who by my Lord had been betray'd. }
 " To Hymen's fane the fair he led,
 " And gave the claim to half his bed.
 " She talks of Duchesses by dozens,
 " As if they were her cater-cousins.
 " He once said, ' Doctor, do you see ?
 " Let's hear what is your pedigree ;'—
 " When I, with rev'rence due, reply'd,
 " ' I am not to the great ally'd ;
 " But yet I've heard my grandame say,
 " ('Tho' many a year has pass'd away

" Since she is gone where all must go,
 " Whether they are or high or low,
 " That one of our forefathers bore
 " A place of state in days of yore;
 " That he was butler or purveyor,
 " Or trumpeter, to some Lord Mayor;
 " When *Carthaginian Hannibal*
 " Din'd with his Lordship at Guildhall;
 " That great man being forc'd to come,
 " By order of the Pope of Rome,
 " To end some quarrel 'tween the houses
 " That bore the pale and crimson roses.'
 " The oilman said, ' It might be so ;
 " But 'twas a monstrous while ago.'

" 'Tis thus I give these fools a poke,
 " And foil their tauntings with a joke ;
 " For that man has no claim to sense,
 " Whose blood boils at impertinence.
 " Were I to scourge each fool I meet,
 " I ne'er must go into the street ;
 " I ne'er my bearded chin must pop
 " Into the chatt'ring barber's shop.

" *Bear and forbear*,—a maxim true
 " As erring mortals ever knew.
 " But things are chang'd ; new scenes appear,
 " My mind to soothe, my heart to cheer.
 " The Pow'rs above my fate regard,
 " And give my patience its reward.
 " But while I trod Life's rugged road,
 " While troubles haunted my abode,
 " With not an omen to portend
 " That toil would cease, that things would mend,
 " I did to my allotment bow,
 " And smok'd my pipe, as I do now.

" Hail, social tube ! thou foe to care !
 " Companion of my easy chair !
 " Form'd not, with cold and Stoic art,
 " To harden, but to soothe, the heart !
 " For Bacon, a much wiser man
 " Than any of the Stoic clan,
 " Declares thy pow'r to control
 " Each fretful impulse of the soul ;
 " And Swift has said (no common name,
 " On the large sphere of mortal fame)
 " That he who daily smokes two pipes
 " The tooth-ach never has,—nor gripes.
 " With thee, in silence calm and still,
 " My Dolly's tones, no longer shrill,
 " Tho' meant to speak reproach and sneer,
 " Pass'd in soft cadence to my ear.
 " Calm Contemplation comes with thee,
 " And the mild maid, Philosophy !
 " Lost in the thoughts which you suggest
 " To the full counsel of my breast,
 " My books all slumb'ring on the shelf,
 " I thus can commune with myself ;
 " Thus to myself my thoughts repeat,
 " Thus moralize on what is great ;
 " And, ev'ry selfish wish subdu'd,
 " Cherish the sense of what is good.

 " While I thy grateful breath inhale,
 " I see the cheering cup of ale.
 " Benignant juice ! Lethean stream !
 " That aids the fond oblivious dream,
 " Which fits the freshen'd mind to bear
 " The burden of returning care.

 " Let Pride's loose sons prolong the night
 " In Bacchanalian delight ;

" I envy not their jovial noise,
 " Their mirth, and mad intemp'rate joys.
 " The luscious wines that Spain can boast,
 " Or grow on Lusitanian coast,
 " Ne'er fill my cups: — * Repast divine!
 " The home-brew'd beverage is mine.
 " Thus, cheer'd with hope of happier days,
 " My grateful lips declare thy praise.
 " How oft I felt, in adverse hour,
 " The comforts of thy soothing pow'r!
 " Nor will I now forget my friend,
 " When my foul fortune seems to mend;—
 " Yes, I would smoke as I do now,
 " Tho' a proud mitre deck'd my brow.

" Hail, social tube! thou foe to care!
 " Companion of my easy chair!
 " While, as thy curling fumes arise,
 " They seem th' ascending sacrifice
 " That's offer'd by my gratitude
 " To the great Father of the good."

More had he spoke; but, lo! the dame
 With the appointed haslet came;
 When Syntax, having bless'd the meat,
 Sat down to the luxurious treat.

" And now," he said, " My dear 'twill be
 " As good as Burgundy to me,
 " If you will tell me what has pass'd
 " Since we embrac'd each other last."
 " O," she replied, " my dearest love,
 " Things in their usual order move.

* ——— Mea nec Falernæ

Temperant vites, neque Formiani

Pocula colles.

HOR. L. i. Od. xx.

" Pray take a piece of this fine liver :
 " The Rector is as proud as ever.
 " I'll help you, dear, to this or that ;
 " Let me supply your lean with fat.
 " I thought the oilman's wife would burst
 " When in this dress she saw me first,
 " It was at church she show'd her airs :
 " My bonnet spoil'd the woman's pray'rs.
 " Your knife is blunt ; here, take the steel :
 " Cut deep, the haslet cannot feel.
 " There's Lawyer Graspall got a beating,
 " As you may well suppose, for cheating :
 " Our honest butcher trounc'd him well,
 " As the Attorney's bones can tell.
 " He order'd home a rump of beef ;
 " And, when it came, the hungry thief,
 " Having shav'd off a pound or two,
 " Return'd it, for it would not do.
 " The fraud discover'd, words arose,
 " And they were follow'd soon by blows :
 " When, as he well deserv'd, the sinner
 " Got a good threshing for his dinner."

Said Syntax, " If I had a son—"

" Pooh !" she reply'd, " you have not done :
 " You still, I hope, can pick a bit,
 " And no excuse will I admit.
 " 'Tis long since we've together been,
 " Since we've each other's faces seen ;
 " And, surely, I'm not such a fright
 " To make you lose your appetite."
 " But," he continued, " if a boy
 " Were, my dear Doll, to crown our joy,
 " I'd sooner far the stripling see
 " The heir of dire Adversity
 " Than to an Attorney bind him,
 " Where old Nick is sure to find him."

She added, " Yes, with naked feet
 " I'd sooner have him pace the street.
 " I do declare 'twould be less shocking
 " To see him without shoe or stocking."

The Doctor thought his jolly wife
 Ne'er look'd so handsome in her life.
 Her voice he thought grown wondrous sweet—
 To him a most uncommon treat :
 So much in tune, it made him long
 To hear it quaver in a song.
 " Come sing, my charmer !" Syntax said,
 And thus the simp'ring dame obey'd :—

SONG.

Haste to Delia ! haste away !
 This is thine and Hymen's day !
 Bid her thy soft bondage wear ;
 Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
 Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r :
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Cupid too be there.
 This is thine and Hymen's day !
 Haste to Delia ! haste away !

Thus pass'd the time ; the morrow came,
 And Mistress Syntax was the same :
 But when (for 'twas not done before) }
 She heard the Doctor's story o'er,
 With all the hopes he had in store,
 By joy, by vanity, subdu'd,
 Her warm embraces she renew'd ;
 While he, delighted, fondly kiss'd
 Those hands which, form'd into a fist,
 Had often warn'd his eyes and nose
 To turn from their tremendous blows.

But now, of golden ease possest,
 No angry words, no frowns, molest;
 No symptoms of domestic strife
 Disturb'd their very alter'd life,
 For she out-dress'd the oilman's wife;
 And he could now relieve the poor,
 Who sought his charitable door.

Tho' to each virtue often blind,
 The world to wealth is ever kind;
 For, lo! a certain tell-tale dame,
 Yclep'd and known as *Mistress Fame*,
 Had told to all the country round
 That Syntax, for a thousand pound,
 Had sold a learned book he wrote;
 That now he was a man of note,
 By Lords protected; and that one
 Had made him tutor to his son;
 So that, whenever he went forth,
 All paid their homage to his worth;
 While it became the fond desire
 Of ev'ry neighb'ring rural Squire
 To send his hopeful boys to share
 The favour of the Doctor's care.

But all these views soon found an end;
 A packet came, and from a friend;
 From 'Squire Worthy, who resides
 On Keswick's bold and woody sides.
 The wond'ring postman made it known,
 As he past on, to all the town:
 For such a letter ne'er had been
 Within his little circuit seen:
 Nay, by the fiat of the post,
 It more than sev'n and sixpence cost.
 The Doctor star'd,—while Ma'am, unwilling,
 Slowly dealt forth each ling'ring shilling.

" Ne'er mind your silver," Syntax said,
 " The postman, deary, must be paid :
 " And now these papers I behold,
 " I see they're worth their weight in gold.
 " Come, sit you down, and take good heed
 " To what I am about to read.

" *My Rev'rend Sir,*

" Our Vicar's dead ;

" And I have nam'd you in his stead ;
 " You know I wish'd his neck he'd break,
 " Or tumble drunk into the Lake ;
 " So, you must know, the poaching hound
 " Fulfill'd one wish,—for he is drown'd.
 " Unfit for preaching or for praying,
 " His merit lay in cudgel-playing :
 " And he preferr'd, to saying pray'rs,
 " The laying springes for the hares.

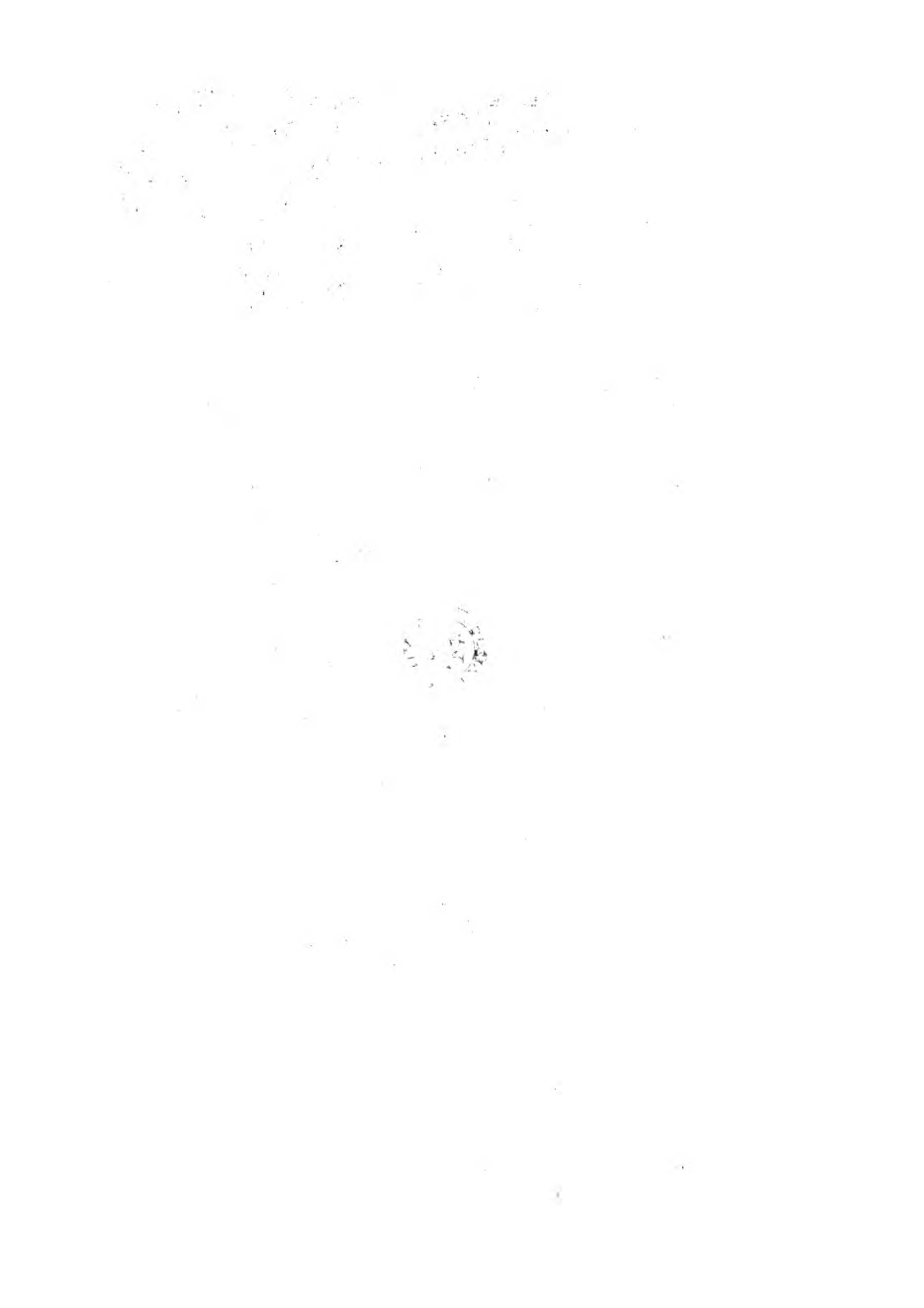
" You will perceive I keep my word,
 " And to my church you're now preferr'd :
 " By ev'ry legal act and deed,
 " To Parson Hairbrain you succeed.
 " The papers which you now receive
 " A right and full possession give.
 " You, Sir, may make the living clear
 " Above three hundred pounds a year ;
 " And if you will but condescend
 " To my son's learning to attend,—
 " If you'll direct his studious hour,
 " I'll add some fifty pounds, or more ;
 " And soon we hope that you will cheer
 " The parish with your presence here.
 " Miss Worthy and her sister join
 " Their kindest compliments to mine ;
 " And to your prayers I recommend
 " Your faithful and admiring friend,

" JONATHAN WORTHY."

The dame exclaim'd, " My Grecian boy,
 " I know not how to tell my joy.
 " This is the height of my desire :
 " 'Squire Worthy is a worthy 'Squire."

" Ha, ha !" said Syntax ; " O, the fun !
 " Why, Dolly, you have made a pun.
 " But still a pun I do detest,
 " 'Tis such a paltry humbug jest ;
 " They who've least wit can make them best.
 " But you may frisk and pun away :
 " I'm sure I cannot teach to-day ;
 " So tell the boys to go and play.
 " Thank Heav'n, that toil and trouble pass'd,
 " My holidays are come at last !"

At length, the busy school resign'd,
 They both prepar'd to leave behind
 A place, which little had to give
 Than thē hard struggle how to live.
 For the long journey to prepare,
 Syntax had bought a one-horse chair,
 With harness for the grizzle mare.
 Ralph would not from his master part,
 But trudg'd beside the farmer's cart
 That bore the Doctor's books and chattels,
 With Madam's clothes and fiddle-faddles.
 The cook upon the baggage rode,
 And added to the weighty load ;
 For she, kind maid, was fully bent
 To go wherever Ralpho went.
 The time soon came, when, quite light-hearted,
 The Doctor and his spouse departed ;
 And, as they journey'd on their way,
 They did not fail to pass a day
 With the good Doctor's early friend,
 The kind and learned Dicky Bend :





DOCTOR SYNTAX Taking Possession of his Livings.

At York they form'd the pleasant party,
For a whole week, of 'Squire Hearty.

A few more days, and, lo! the Lake
Did on th' enraptur'd vision break :
And, rising 'mid the tufted trees,
Syntax his sacred structure sees,
Whose tow'r appear'd in ancient pride,
With the warm Vic'rage by its side.
" At length, dear wife," he said, " we're come
" To our appointed tranquil home."

The courteous people lin'd the way,
And their rude untaught homage pay :
The foremost of th' assembled crowd,
The fat Exciseman, humbly bow'd.
" Welcome," he said, " to Sommerden !"
The Clerk stood by, and cry'd, " *Amen !*"
Grizzle dash'd boldly thro' the gate,
Where the kind 'Squire and Ladies wait,
With kind embrace, with heart and hand,
To welcome them to Cumberland.
The bells rang loud, the boys huzza'd ;
The bonfire was in order laid :
The villagers their zeal display ;
And ale and crackers clos'd the day.

Syntax, whom all desir'd to please,
Enjoy'd his hours of learned ease ;
Nor did he fail to preach and pray,
To brighter worlds to point the way ;
While his dear spouse was never seen
To show ill-nature or the spleen ;
And faithful Grizzle now no more
Or drew a chaise, or rider bore.
Thus the good Parson, horse, and wife,
Led a most comfortable life.

**LINES TO THE EDITOR,
ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.**

As, in a vase of China's costly ware,
Some beauteous nymph collects with tasteful care
Her garden's treasure;—first the blushing rose,
Whose op'ning leaves a grateful scent disclose;
Then, like a virgin, in her snowy vest
The stately lily rears her swelling crest;
Next view yon plant, of more majestic kind,
Where circling rays of purple tint, combin'd
With purest white, give elegance and grace,
And mark a flow'r that claims no common place;—
Expressive emblem to the serious mind
Of one great Sacrifice for human kind!—
Tho' justly these pre-eminence may claim,
Yet, intermix'd, are some of humbler name;
The hyacinth, the jessamine, augment
The burst of beauty, and the charm of scent;
Here glow the tulip's gaudy streaks, and here
Peeps the pale snow-drop—earliest of the year!

So, when with care selected and combin'd,
We mark th' effusions of each brilliant mind;
With rapture we survey the vary'd store,
And with new pleasure search each month for more.

But, as the garden's treasures fade and die,
So now must droop the flow'rs of Poesy!
No longer Syntax shall provoke our mirth,
While we acknowledge his intrinsic worth;
For, tho' his oddities may oft amuse,
To greet his merit none can e'er refuse.

Let me to W****g's sacred numbers pay
The tribute due to so sublime a lay;
Here let me speak the reverence I feel
For talents sanctified by Christian zeal;

Talents that show a genius unconfin'd,
 The bold aspiring of an ardent mind.
 Nor due to these alone the meed of Fame,
 While other efforts grateful notice claim ;
 Efforts, which ever must applause secure
 From British taste, unprejudic'd and pure ;
 And, if succeeding Bards shall not refuse
 To weave a chaplet for the varying Muse,
 Long may each flow'r in perfect beauty bloom,
 And shed, like these, the fragrance of perfume !

VALE.

 THE BARD.

Know'st thou a Bard? O! ne'er prolong
 His praises with thy flatt'ring tongue,
 But rather give him helebore,
 And let his fancies work no more :
 With praise his spirits to revive
 Is gibbeting the man alive ;
 The longer you indulge his brain,
 The longer torment he'll sustain.

For meaner wittlings meaner themes suffice ;
 They prate of battle dire 'tween " frog and mice !"
 Or, while romantic dreams inspire the pen,
 Of carnage-cover'd fields, of " arms and men !"
 I sing the Bard !—O, all ye Pow'rs
 That wreathe the splendid rhyme,
 Assist me with poetic show'rs
 To reach the theme sublime !
 The Bard !—E'en at the name my thoughts arise,
 Disdain the earth, and scale the radiant skies.
 Dactyl !—the first Apollo's sons among,
 Source of my praise, and object of my song !—
 Dactyl a splendid lay had penn'd,
 Had sought his patron and his friend.

Nor could his verse-enraptur'd heart control

“ The feast of Reason, and the flow of soul.”

His hand with proud importance took

From threadbare poke a pocket-book,

Between whose sable folds were spread

Ode, Elegy, and—crumbs of bread !

Thence cull'd with care the precious strain,

And read—what I can ne'er retain !

But, lest a ling'ring doubt arise

Of Dactyl's pow'r to wing the skies,

Be mine in lofty numbers to enrol

One sacred relic of his soaring soul :

Then thus, while simp'ring smiles his pleasures told,

He (Dactyl) 'gan his mystic scrawl unfold :—

“ As bursts the fierce resistless ire

“ Of proud embattled kings,—

“ Too rudely have I struck the lyre,

“ And swept the trembling strings !

“ No harsh discordant clang of arms

“ May rush its chords along ;

“ All artless are its warbling charms,

“ And simple is my song.”

Here Pompous saw the gleam of joy

That sparkled in the Poet's eye ;

And, bounding from his seat, with learned laws,

He thunder'd loud a torrent of applause :—

“ Ye sacred pow'rs ! what energy sublime

“ Lives thro' the lay, and animates the rhyme !

“ What force, impetuous, what resistless fire,

“ Compel the soul to wonder and admire !

“ Such peals of harmony are wont to rise

“ When full-choir'd choristers salute the skies ;

“ Methought, such heav'nly sounds around me rung,

“ An Angel chanted, or a Seraph sung.”

Not softer flows, not more melodious trills,
 The soothing sound of ever-murm'ring rills;
 Not treacle, rolls, and herrings, half so dear
 As flatt'ry whisper'd in a Poet's ear:
 This Pompous knew, and, whilst his rolling eyes
 Survey'd the Poet's growing ecstacies,
 With well-feign'd eagerness and critic rage
 Pour'd the swift poison of enchanting praise:—
 “ Too long has Maro rais'd his rustic strains,
 “ And Homer led the captive worlds in chains;
 “ But ev'ry Bard that hears thy lay shall rouse,
 “ And tear the blasted laurel from their brows:
 “ Why, man! thy lay, like peals of rattling thunder,
 “ Shall strike th' astonish'd world with awe and wonder!”
 He ceas'd, as tho' his tongue could ne'er impart
 The high perfection of the Poet's art.
 Poor Dactyl, fir'd with fame, and fill'd with joy,
 Rush'd to his temple near the starry sky,—
 Seiz'd his immortal pen, and tower'd above
 The radiant heav'n of “ cloud-compelling Jove!”

GEORGIUS.

ON A FLOWER-GARDEN.

How fair are the balm-shedding blossoms that bloom
 On the shrubs that these parterres adorn!
 How alluring the innocent charms they assume,
 To salute the bright lustre of Morn!
 Ah! why then, amidst this profusion of flow'rs,
 Are a few doom'd so soon to decay,—
 In solitude wasting the prime of their hours,
 And immur'd from the beams of the day?
 Deny'd the rich blessings that others enjoy,
 Tho' they languish in faded attire,
 The hand that has planted them will not destroy,
 Nor abandon their charms to expire.

And life is a garden where tempests may low'r,
 And the storms of Distress intervene ;
 And blasts may blow rudely ; yet ne'er was a flow'r
 Permitted to perish unseen.

Too tender to bear the bright beams of delight
 That descend on the thoughtless and vain,
 Some are foster'd beneath the dark regions of Night,
 And secluded 'mid sorrow and pain ;—

Oh ! think not that these shall for ever abide
 The companions of Woe and Distress !
 The planter shall move them where pleasures preside,
 And their fragrance shall blossom afresh.

Remember (and let the remembrance be priz'd),
 Tho' misfortunes o'ershadow thy hours,
 However neglected, forsaken, despis'd,
 Thou art one in this garden of flow'rs !

GEORGIUS.

ODE TO CONTEMPLATION.

HOLY maid, of modest mien,
 Who with pensive tread art seen,
 Distant from the busy throng,
 Pacing the shady grove along ;
 Or beneath some spreading tree,
 When the bells sound merrily
 O'er the vale the village glee ;—
 Guide my solitary feet
 To thy peaceful blest retreat,
 Where the thicket's bushy maze
 Closes on the hallow'd place ;
 By the mountain's hollow side
 Mocking Sound with Echo wide ;—



}

Contemplation! thou canst give,
Sweet delights, that ever live!

When the joy-inspiring horn
Ushers in the early morn,
I will climb the high ascent,
On meditative thoughts intent.
Now the rising god of day
Smiles upon the uplands gray;
Each genial ray the mist dispels,
And by degrees the prospect swells;—
Now a tower, now a tree,
Piercing the mizzly shade, I see;
Meads and lawns beneath I view,
Flowers all besprent with dew;
Beauteous sun and fairy scene,
While sweet Aura breathes between,
As wont with Flora fair to play,
And spread the fragrant sweets of May,
At dawn of Nature's holiday. }
On the green boughs the feather'd throng
Charm me with their matin song.
How sweet, at dappled morn, to rove
With thee the mountain steep above!

When upon the western sky
Ev'ning opes her purple eye,
Lead me to some verdant nook,
By the crystal-gliding brook,
Murmuring thro' underwood,
Which the stream hath long withstood:—
Here, on some embower'd seat,
I will sit and ruminatè;
While the milkmaid o'er the lea
Is singing blithe and merrily;
And to the maiden of the hill
The shepherd tunes his wild note shrill,

Welcome to thee the season blest
When tir'd Nature sinks to rest ;
When the village din is o'er,—
Flail or cart is heard no more ;
When the woodman seeks his cot,
Contented with his humble lot ;
When last the swinging wicket creeks,
Till the dawn to-morrow breaks ;—
Then beside the woodland shade
Slowly and unseen I tread,
To hear the lonely nightingale
Charm the silence of the vale ;
And behold Night's faint-ey'd queen,
Robed in her silver sheen,
Peeping thro' clouds that broken fly,
Or beaming full in sober sky ;
Till the knell at solemn hour
Bid me rove abroad no more.
These delights thou can'st bestow
In their pure untainted flow !

Come, Contemplation, holy maid !
Lead me to thy lonely shade,
Twin'd with mantling ivy round,
Cloth'd with moss the rural ground,—
Far from Folly's airy train,
Or the eye of cold Disdain ;
Retreat of Solitude and Ease !
Shade of balmy-winged Peace !
Here I woo with thee to dwell,
And taste the pleasures of thy cell !

J. N.

THE NATIVITY.—AN ODE.

“ Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo
 “ Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.” VIRGIL.

OH! for a sound more soft and clear
 Than burst upon the ravish'd ear,
 When, touch'd with GOD's ethereal fire,
 The holy Bard, in lofty lays,
 Broke forth in prophecy and praise,
 And bade his soul-subduing lyre
 Foretel the bright events of future days!

And thou, who tun'd the varying strings
 Of David's harp to sounds of wo,
 When angels bow'd their silver wings
 To hear the heav'nly numbers flow,—
 When I attempt immortal rhyme,
 A theme so sacred, so sublime,
 That bade all Heav'n with joyful echoes ring,—
 Let holy zeal each note prolong,
 And breathe thy spirit o'er the song
 Of GOD's anointed Son, and Heaven's eternal King!

In days of old, with hallow'd fire
 The Prophet touch'd his sacred lyre,
 And sung the bright auspicious morn,
 When earth redeem'd, and sea, and skies,
 Should their eternal incense rise,
 And hail with joyful songs a SAVIOUR born!

Slow, from the east, the radiant star
 Of mercy rose in golden streams;
 The Prophets wander'd from afar,
 And hail'd its everlasting beams;
 Till, o'er the place where JESUS lay,
 It pour'd a soft serener ray,

And all its rising glories shed !
 Heav'n saw the sinner's ransom there ;
 Adoring Seraphs breath'd a pray'r
 Around the SAVIOUR's lowly bed.

Hark ! 'tis a voice that wakes the skies —
 " Ye rocks, dissolve ! ye valleys, rise !
 " Your GOD's eternal Presence own :
 " Ye dews, in kindly show'rs descend !
 " Ye hills, your lofty summits bend,
 " And bow before the throne !"

O, Salem ! what a day is thine !
 Behold the Star of mercy shine !
 See, Hope her hallow'd temple rears !
 Lift up your eyes, and hail the morn ;
 'To you a holy Babe is born,
 The Child of promis'd years !
 Music floats on ether wings ;
 The woods rejoice, the desert sings.

Bow your heads, ye mountains high !
 'Tis a voice that shakes the ball :—
 Hark ! the Hills exulting cry—
 " CHRIST appears ! the LORD of all !"
 Softly sweet the Echo rings—
 " Glory to the KING of kings,
 " And peace to men be given ;
 " Praise Him, ye planets, as ye roll,—
 " Ye stars that gild yon shining pole,
 " And all ye hosts of Heaven !"

Lo ! the sound hath reach'd the skies ;
 Hark ! what strains seraphic rise
 Among the heav'nly choirs !
 List'ning saints their voices raise,
 Holy angels join the praise,
 And strike their golden lyres !

Glory to Him who sits on high !
 MESSIAH's promis'd reign is nigh ;
 Ye nations, hear the welcome sound ;—
 No more bewail your guilty fall,
 He brings salvation down to all ;—
 Yet shall not earth his conquests bound ;
 Demons in hell, where flames devour,
 Shall own his sov'reign will, and tremble at his pow'r.
 To thee Redemption's work is clear ;
 Thy love shall wipe the sinner's tear,
 Thy hand his cruel bondage break :
 The dumb shall lift their song to thee,—
 The lame shall walk, the blind shall see,—
 Thy voice shall bid the dead awake !
 To those of meek and lowly heart
 Thy grace shall sov'reign balm impart,
 And prove the Saint's eternal guide :
 The fainting soul thy shepherd's care
 Shall gently lead to pastures fair,
 Where Sion's crystal waters glide.
 No more shall War, with iron reign,
 His hell-denouncing trumpet blow,
 Delight to triumph o'er the slain,
 And fill the heart with wo ;—
 But heav'nly Peace, on dove-like wing,
 To all shall loud Hosannahs sing,—
 While distant realms with cheerful voice
 Shall oft a SAVIOUR's love proclaim,
 And learn the music of his name ;
 The widow's heart shall sing, the orphan shall rejoice !
 In that dread hour of mortal doom,
 When Death shall final ruin spread,
 And Earth, from ev'ry yawning tomb,
 Shall render up her dead,—

Thy Saints, on wings of Angels borne,
 In holy hymns shall hail the morn,
 When, to relieve the sinner's woes,
 To save his soul from guilty fears,
 And wipe away repenting tears,
 Prompt at the gracious call, the Star of mercy rose.
 1st January, 1811. G—E D—N—L.

THE POET'S ADDRESS TO HIS HORSE,
 ON HAVING SOLD HER TO A DEALER.

AND must I part with thee, my steed?
 Must I consign thee to another's care?
 Alas! stern Truth compels me to declare
 Self-preservation justifies the deed.
 Yet, ere thy failings mark my song
 (Which, e'en as if by thee inspir'd,
 Already of its subject tir'd,
 As oft thou hast with me, goes heavily along),
 Let me, O! let me, to adorn my lay,
 Whate'er of excellent thou hast display!
 What tho' unlike, as Bards declare,
 E'en as Hyperion to a Satyr,
 The winged steed to thee, my mare!
 That, that would be no mighty matter.
 The rapid flight, the winged speed,
 Of Pegasus may suit the Poet:
 Much less dispatch in mortal steed
 Best suits the man (in truth, I know it).
 And here, this truth avers thy lord,
 What tho' a favourable word
 Scarce canst thou hope to have,
 Yet still, he owns, O sorry hack!
 With him upon thy back
 Ne'er didst thou riot in excursive pleasure;
 Save once—that Lammas William gave
 A whole half-peck of corn—too bountiful a measure.

Thy handsome eye—thy coat so sleek,—
 Haply some favour may bespeak :—
 Useless, alas ! the eye is found,
 Which sees not stones upon the ground :
 And what avails a goodly look ?
 “ 'Tis not the binding makes the book.”
 Much does it grieve thy friend and master
 Thus e'en with goodly words to mingle censure ;
 But, ah ! disaster on disaster
 Bids him no more upon thy back to venture ;—
 For if, perchance, he took his way
 Along the road in trim array,
 Like an old Fellow of a College,
 The sum of all whose earthly knowledge
 Ends but in this, pedantic swain !
 That great *principium* to gain,
 That happiness supreme,—an appetite for dinner !
 And if, as was too oft the case,
 He let thee take thy sluggish pace,
 'Twas ten to one but, on the road,
 Eas'd of thy master's sacred load
 (Who oft his morning ride hath rued),
 Thee on thy broken knees he view'd,
 Most piously inclin'd,—a contrite sinner !
 So when, perchance, the gossips meet,
 On caudle and rich cake regaling,
 Her share each adding to the treat,
 Scandal's choice narratives retailing,—
 If one among the dames you view,
 Of whom, if all that's said be true,
 Strange stories once in circulation
 Somewhat assail'd her reputation,—
 One who, if living in the west *,
 How little she might like the jest,

* Vide Spectator, No. 614.

Had surely for her *crincum crancum*
 Been doom'd to lose her *bincum hancum!*—
 Alas! too, too indulgent given,
That one, so far from aught impure,
 Would look so saintlike and demure,
 That Scandal's self would be afraid
 Of such an antiquated maid;
 Nor e'er would deem
 That such could be fit subject for her theme,
 Whose outer man proclaim'd much less of earth than
 Heaven.

Yet tho' thy master boasts not of a heart,
 Susceptible its ev'ry part
 Of those fine feelings which attend
 The lower world's benignant friend *,—
 Still still he owns, nor blushes to reveal,
 A something hard to be express'd
 Shot keenly thro' his breast,
 And bade it, if not anguish feel,
 At least a pang, a feeling, more
 Acute than ever felt before,
 When, half-inclin'd to let thee stay,
 To serve some other lord he saw thee led away.
 If evils, when familiar grown,
 To lose their bitterness are known,
 Haply from habit may be trac'd
 The sigh which thy departure grac'd.
 Habit endears (so fables tell)
 The captive to his narrow cell.
 Or was it that thy master's sighs,
 Arose ("but that way madness lies")—
 Arose to think that friendship's heart
 Could stoop to act a foeman's part?
 Yet, hence the thought! begone! away!
 "*That Friendship ever can betray.*"

* Mr. Pratt, Author of a Poem so called.

What tho' experience gives the caution force—

“ *Ne'er purchase of a friend a horse,*”—

E'en foeman's cheek would blush, I ween,

In such transaction to be seen ;

For who so low would condescend

As e'er that treach'rous part to take,

Which scruples not, for lucre's sake,

To prostitute the name, the sacred name, of Friend ?

Or haply, as he musing sat,

Reflecting on thy future fate,

The thought of what that fate might be

Prompted the sigh he heav'd for thee ;

For, when before Reflection throng

Thy faults, which, not to do thee wrong,

If need thy errors to unfold,

Be they in gentlest language told.

Nature's defects misfortunes we may deem :—

No merit has the Bard's prophetic theme,

That, ah ! thy halcyon days are past,

And clouds of dire portent thy future life o'er cast.

That lib'ral feed, that 'tendance kind,

No more may'st thou expect to find,

Which erst thy master's hand dealt forth

For services of little worth.

Full well that master was aware,

As once, to make the people stare,

Old South from pulpit gravely stated

This proverb, to the purpose pat,

When for severity he rated

The list'ning throng, who thought no harm,

In earnest half, and half in jest,

To lift the lash-inflicting arm

Against the unoffending beast—

“ *The master's eye makes the horse fat !*”

Not that the horse, my friends, we know,

Can eat the master's eye ;—O no !

But whither would the Muse away ?
 Scarce can the wond'ring Bard determine ;
 For, when awhile she quits Apollo,
 To quote a learn'd Doctor's sermon,
 If starts like these beat Pegasus quite hollow,
 Say, where's the wonder if we find
 That thou, O steed ! art left behind,
 Whose hapless story claims the tenour of his lay ?
 The spur which slightly graz'd thy side,
 By thy too-lenient lord apply'd,—
 “ *Up to its rowel's head,*” when thine to feel
 Its rougher force, to urge thy speed,
 The bitter thoughts will then reveal
 Thou art no more the favour'd steed.
 Il-fated beast ! for (much I fear
 Thy future lot that epithet will bear,)
 Whate'er, alas ! thy future doom,
 To chase in part the dreaded gloom
 Which hovers o'er thy wayward lot,
 Thy master—ev'ry ill forgot—
 Tho' much he dreaded to bestride
 Thy back, whene'er compelled to ride,—
 Tho' much his patient temper prov'd,
 By thy *unhorselike* actions mov'd :—
 In short, the honest truth to tell,
 Tho' long he'd sought to part with thee,
 As evident to all must be
 Who read the Poet's jog-trot lays,
 Which speak so little in thy praise
 (What tho' by Fiction's flow'ry way
 The Bard hath liberty to stray),
 In wishing thee, O steed ! farewell,
 Still, still, to favour thee inclin'd,
 “ *May'st thou,*” he cries, “ *some other master find,*
 “ *Indulgent as the one thou'rt doom'd to leave behind!*” }

**THE MARE'S REPLY TO THE POET,
HER FORMER MASTER.**

Ah! luckless,—yes, most luckless day,
 That tears me, master, far away
 From thee,—and all my hopes of bliss disperses!
 Yet what is this now sent to prove
 That in thy breast some sparks of love
 May yet be found?—A folio sheet of verses!
 O! rev'rend master, vers'd in sacred lore,
 Why need I mention what thou'st read before?—
 How once an ass, that most ignoble beast,
 When struck, the Prophet's wrath defy'd,
 His anger cool'd, subdu'd his pride,
 And in impressive words her sov'reign lord address'd.
 Must not I then attempt to write,
 And fling the vile opprobrium back;
 Misnam'd by thee, illustrious wight!
 “*A sorry,*” yes, “*a sorry hack?*”
 Not such the name that erst I bore,
 While ***** gracefully betrod
 My sides, that shone like burnish'd ore,
 When from his father's lov'd abode
 Distant we left fair Devon's vales,
 To brave these piercing eastern gales.
 What a reverse! too well I know it;
 But thus it is to serve a Poet;—
 A man who seems of all men most forlorn,
 Dreaming of Phœbus and the Nine,
 And tuning now and then a song,
 As carelessly we jogg'd along,
 Heedless that happier dreams were mine,
 Of rack well fill'd with hay, and manger heap'd with corn.
 'Tis said (and I believe it true;
 The sad effects we both may rue),—

" Who spares the rod will spoil the child."

 Then canst thou wonder, sapient Sir,

 That he who spares both whip and spur

 Must surely spoil his mare, to prove his master mild ?

 Hadst thou but punish'd my neglect,

 (I speak it with all due respect,)

 I now, perchance, as once I did, might please ;

 Still might I bear thee on thy dévious way,

 To church—to dinner—to assembly gay—

 Nor mourn my direst shame—the shame of broken knees !

 But 'tis too late,—the die is cast ;—

 Whate'er my future lot may be,

 Oft shall I dwell on halcyon moments past ;—

 Oft, too-indulgent master! think on thee :

 And should thy fav'rite of the present day,

 Alert, and brisk, and innocently gay,

 As thou believ'st, the pack loud-babbling hear,

 And hurry thee with desp'rate speed away,

 O'er hedge and ditch, regardless of thy fear,—

 A tale deserving of some Bard to tell,—

 Then may'st thou, master, prostrate on the earth,

 Think with a sigh on my despised worth,

 And wish for me again.—I say no more—Farewell !

M.

THE EXILE.

◆

IN these bleak wilds, immeasurably spread,

 Where cold Siberia lifts her icy head,—

 Where oft, full keen, the bitter North-wind blows

 Round dazzling heaps of never-melting snows,—

 Where loud tornadoes Nature's breast deform,

 And the dread whirlwind rules the awful storm,—

 Here, here, Eliza ! parted from thine arms,

 Torn from thy breast, and exil'd from thy charms,

Lorenzo weeps—to sorrowing cares a prey,
And pines unfriended thro' the ling'ring day!

Yet, dear Eliza! here, tho' banish'd far,
Where thro' dark fogs pale gleams the Northern star,—
Where the bright sun scarce yields one ray to cheer
The long, long, circle of the joyless year,—
Still in my grief-worn breast affection glows,
And thy lov'd image deepens all my woes!
Still fond remembrance pictures to my view
Each tranquil bliss that once my bosom knew;—
The straw-thatch'd cottage, and the valley green,—
The winding streamlet, and the woodland scene,—
The tall grove, nodding o'er the distant hill,—
The walk sequester'd, and the murm'ring rill,—
The verdant lawn, that smil'd with many a flow'r,—
The shady grotto, and the rural bow'r,—
The glen retir'd, the landscape's vary'd dies,
And all the charms that deck my native skies!

But here, alas! beneath the Arctic pole,
What dreary horrors chill the fainting soul!
Far as the eye can range, no joys are here,
To soothe affliction, or the mind to cheer!
No soft embow'ring shade, no verdure sweet,
No spangled meadow, and no woodbine seat;
Chain'd down for ever to the earth's cold bed,
No fragrant flow'r uprears its beauteous head!
Creation frowns,—by wintry snows embrac'd,—
One cheerless void, one solitary waste!
O'er each sad day wide reigns eternal gloom,
And Nature slumbers in a frozen tomb!
Here as I roam with falt'ring steps and slow,
Count o'er my griefs and ponder o'er my wo,
No soothing voice, no friendly hand, is near,
To check the sigh, or stay the falling tear!

Soon as, thro' vapours dark, the morning beams,
 And o'er the ice-clad mountains faintly gleams,
 With painful labour up some rock's vast height
 I climb, and homewards turn my aching sight!—
 But turn, alas! in vain; for, wide around,
 Thick clouds and mists the dreary prospect bound;
 The clouds and mists new horrors seem to raise,
 Condense their glooms, and mock my anxious gaze!

So the wreck'd sailor, from the tow'ring steep
 Of some huge cliff that frowns above the deep,
 Pale with despair, and heaving many a sigh,
 Wide o'er the waste of waters rolls his eye!
 But, ah! tho' hush'd the waves, and fair the gales,
 No pitying vessel spreads her welcome sails;
 Not tho' the billows seem to chide his stay,
 And in soft murmurs bid him haste away!

When the broad sun in sable pomp retires,
 And his last beam reluctantly expires;
 When brooding Silence, pois'd on ebon wings,
 Round the bleak pole her shadowy mantle flings;
 And Night, slow gliding down the rugged steeps,
 O'er the cold desert plains terrific creeps;
 Wrapp'd in the murky glooms I backward stray,
 Seek my lone couch, and pine the hours away,
 Till transient slumbers lull my bleeding woes,
 Seal my tir'd lids, and hush me to repose!
 Ah! then, what dear, what tender, scenes arise,—
 What charms deceitful strike my wond'ring eyes!
 Delusive visions lull my soul to rest,
 And dawning sunshine kindles in my breast!
 In pleasing dreams I seem to tread once more
 The long-lost confines of my native shore:
 Whate'er I lov'd, whate'er I cherish'd, see,—
 My cottage, kindred, friends,—my babes, and thee!

Hear thy lov'd voice, behold thy moisten'd eye,
 Hang on thy lip, and on thy bosom lie;
 Gaze with wild rapture o'er thy melting charms,
 And clasp thy beauties in my circling arms;
 Ye blissful visions, fond illusions, stay!
 Oh! fly not—fly not—from my sight away!
 Thus let me suck the perfumes of her breath,
 Thus sink dissolv'd in soft delicious death,
 Till Life's last spark shall cease to warm my breast,
 And in the dark cold grave this heart be prest!
 But, ah! vain wish;—my madd'ning brain turns round,
 In 'whelming floods of giddy transports drown'd;
 I shriek!—I start!—I burst the bonds of Sleep,
 And wake once more to languish and to weep!

Ah! what could tempt me, in Ambition's hour,
 To wield the sword, and grasp at lawless pow'r?
 Curs'd be the day when first my humble shed
 Saw trait'rous ensigns o'er my shoulders spread;
 And when my daring arm, in vengeance thrown,
 Struck the firm basis of a Monarch's throne!
 Ere proud rebellious hopes my heart beguil'd,
 Life bloom'd serene, and ev'ry Moment smil'd!
 Thy angel-beauties, and thy virtues fair,
 Ador'd Eliza! banish'd ev'ry care;
 Thy social converse, and thy sprightly song,
 Led in gay dance the festive Hours along:
 Blest in thyself, I sought no other home,
 Nor sigh'd for happier fate, nor wish'd to roam!
 If the sweet Morn, with amber-scented gale,
 Lur'd my blithe footsteps from the peaceful vale,
 Returning Ev'ning gave me up to rest,
 And clos'd my eyelids on thy snowy breast!

Now—sad reverse!—for ever doom'd to part
 From each fair joy that blossom'd round my heart,—

Lost, dear Eliza! ever lost to thee,
 Life's vernal flow'rs no longer smile for me!
 No more those eyes, mild-beaming fond desires,
 Shall warm my soul with soft congenial fires;
 No more, enraptur'd, shall Lorenzo sip
 The dewy fragrance of that balmy lip;
 Nor hear the music of that heav'nly tongue,
 Soft as the strains by holy Seraphs sung!
 Nor, wild with transport, calling thee his own,
 Look round his cottage, and disdain a throne!

Yet say, does Fate, with *everlasting* chain,
 Forbid our parted souls to meet again?
 Ah! say, when dread inexorable Death
 Chills the warm frame, and stops the fleeting breath,
 Shall the proud spirit be refus'd to rise,
 Shut from the lucid realms of happier skies?
 Or pine, deep-bury'd in eternal gloom,
 Lock'd in the dark cold prisons of the tomb?
 Are Faith's firm pillars, Hope's enliv'ning gleams,
 But airy phantoms and delusive dreams?
 Ah! no;—the word, the sacred promise, given,
 The will reveal'd of all-indulgent Heaven,
 Pierce the black horrors of that frightful gloom,
 That erst, dark-low'ring, hover'd round the tomb,
 And pour the rays of comfort on the soul
 That trembling flutters at the awful goal,
 Where fragile Nature, with recoiling eyes,
 Views the dread gulf below, and shudd'ring dies!

Ah, dear Eliza! when my heaving breast
 In throbs convulsive pants itself to rest,—
 When chilling death-dews quench the vital fires,
 And life's last sparkle glimm'ringly expires,—
 What friendly voice shall cheer with soothing pow'r
 The dying struggles of that solemn hour?

What weeping eye shall drop the pensive tear
O'er the keen pangs of agony severe?

Say, who, low-bending o'er my joyless bed,
Shall lull each care—shall prop my fainting head—
'Tend my lone couch—repress each struggling sigh—
Catch my last breath—and close my languid eye?
Far, far from thee, ador'd Eliza! torn,
Faint and more faint I wander here forlorn!
Increasing sorrows frown thro' each sad day,
And ling'ring sickness wears my life away!
Where'er I turn, where'er my footsteps tread,
Grief's black'ning tempest deepens round my head;
While my sad bleeding heart, vibrating slow,
Tir'd sinks at last, press'd down with hopeless wo;
And, as I heave my anguish-laden breath,
In many a sigh prophetic whispers "Death!"

Yet, dear Eliza! yet my bosom bleeds,
As from my sight the fleeting world recedes,
To think what woes may yet remain behind,
What rankling griefs may tear that gentle mind,
Whose angel virtues and affection fair
Grew in my fost'ring breast, and blossom'd there!
For thee, dear saint! my suppliant vows are given,—
For thee my sighs are wafted up to Heaven!
With thy lov'd name my parting soul shall flee,
And my last breath be spent in pray'rs for thee.
Then haste, ye moments of life's wish'd-for close!
Speed your dull course, and hush me to repose:
Fly, fly, ye hours! and bear me swift away
To the bright regions of eternal day!
Come, ye bless'd spirits! clad in robes of light,
Unfold Heav'n's portals to my wond'ring sight;
And gently waft me to that blissful shore,
Where ev'ry pang is hush'd, and sorrow wounds no more!

April 2, 1811.

ALPHONSO.

LINES

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. ACKERMANN,

Publisher of the Poetical Magazine.

LIKE the rough gem, that, plung'd in Ocean's cave,
 Emits no radiance thro' the dusky wave,
 Or flings its lustre where no eye can trace
 Its blending colours and its sparkling grace,—
 So in full many a breast the op'ning beams
 Of fire celestial dawn'd with latent gleams,
 And the rude grasp of stern Oblivion caught
 The richest treasures of luxuriant Thought.

Thro' the dark gloom to flash the kindling ray,
 And drag the slumb'ring strangers into day,—
 To wake each feeling into warmth divine,
 And rouse the fancy—Ackermann—was thine!
 Lur'd by thy welcome, infant Genius rose
 In smiling gladness from his long repose,
 And, lightly tripping to the Muses' bow'r,
 Deck'd his gay head with many a fragrant flow'r:
 There fondly nurtur'd, soon the cherub child
 Swept o'er the trembling lyre in numbers wild;
 Till, form'd to harmony, matur'd in mind,
 Illum'd his judgment, and his taste refin'd,
 Soft, and more soft, he pour'd the notes along
 In all the dulcet melodies of Song;
 Or, rapt in visions of sublimest trance,
 Wide o'er the heav'ns rolling his eagle glance,
 With bolder hand he flung the descant high,
 And swell'd the seraph strains back to his native sky!

So the young rosebud, peeping thro' the morn,
 Hails the bright lustre of the orient dawn:
 Soon as the fulgent glories of the day
 With dazzling splendours tinge the azure way,

Cheer'd by the solar warmth, she quits the bed
 Where Nature long had veil'd her infant head ;
 And, woo'd by Zephyrs from the soft retreat,
 Expands each charm, and opens ev'ry sweet ;
 In crimson blushes proudly stands reveal'd
 The garden's queen—the beauty of the field !
 And, deck'd in fulness of unrivall'd bloom,
 Loads ev'ry gale with exquisite perfume.

Hush'd was my lyre,—the trembling notes were o'er,—
 Mute were the chords, and rapture glow'd no more ;
 Quench'd was the flame that taught me once to feel
 The kindling ardours of impetuous zeal.
 In secret oft, when shut from noisy strife,
 And all the bustling cares of crowded life,—
 When pleasing sadness unmolested stole
 Serenely pensive o'er my thoughtful soul,
 And each rude tumult of my aching breast,
 Lull'd into calmness, gently sunk to rest,—
 My humble Muse had pour'd the simple rhyme,
 And chas'd dull Languor from the brows of Time :
 Oft, at the silent hour of dewy Eve,
 Her solitary song she lov'd to weave,
 And on the flutters of the dying gale
 Sigh out the murmurs of her plaintive tale.
 But soon, ah ! soon, the dear enchantress fled,
 Soon pluck'd her rosy garlands from my head :
 No longer, sweeping o'er the sacred wire,
 She quell'd the numbers of her hapless lyre,
 Broke the sweet thralldom of her magic spell,
 And bade my trembling heart a long farewell !
 Say, could she flourish where no kindred gleam
 Of partial favour shed its welcome beam,—
 Where, all-unheeded, flow'd the willing strain,
 And her gay flow'ry chaplets bloom'd in vain ?

Say, could she linger on a spot so drear,
 No friend to shelter, and no smile to cheer?
 Oh! as she trac'd the melancholy view,
 Her notes, expiring, faint and fainter grew;
 Chill'd with neglect, she droop'd her vent'rous wing,
 And bath'd in slumbers deep the tuneful string.

Then let my tongue, responsive to my heart,
 The grateful feelings of my breast impart,
 And pour, in language undisguis'd and free,
 The votive tribute, Ackermann, to thee!
 'Twas thine to pierce the shades of low'ring gloom,
 And rescue Fancy from the 'whelming tomb,—
 To gild once more with intellectual light
 The frowning aspect of oblivious Night,—
 To kindle rapture into ardent flow,
 Warm the dull soul, and rouse the genial glow!
 Thy smile propitious, scatt'ring lustre wide,
 Flush'd the young bosom with impetuous pride,—
 Gave fresher laurels, brighter charms, to shine
 Round the sweet brows of Poesy divine,—
 Bar'd the rich soil with secret treasures fraught,
 And wak'd the springs of energetic Thought!—
 Full many a tuneful hand that long had slept,
 Nor o'er the trembling chords melodious swept,
 Again, reviving, broke the stillness mute,
 Again, exulting, struck the sounding lute:
 Full many a falt'ring tongue, that ne'er before
 Had lisp'd in numbers of poetic lore,
 Hail'd the blest impulse dawning into day,
 And, big with triumph, swell'd the new-born lay!
 Oh! may each wish that linger'd in thy mind,
 When thus we saw thee with indulgence kind
 Allure our footsteps to the Muses' fane,
 Be crown'd with joy, nor doom'd to pant in vain!

May dulcet Peace attend thy circling hours,
 Beam on thy soul, and strew thy path with flow'rs!
 Smooth be thy journeying thro' the vale of life,
 From sorrow shelter'd, and the cares of strife!
 Far from thy course be dread Misfortune's blast,
 And conscious Virtue shield thee to the last!
 Oh! may the pleasure oft thy gen'rous zeal
 Diffus'd around, and bade our bosoms feel,
 Reflected back in cloudless splendour wide,
 And all the fervent glow of honest pride,
 With tenfold radiance to thy heart be given,
 Like the rich lustre of the western Heaven,
 When the broad sun, reclin'd on Ocean's breast,
 In golden slumbers sweetly sinks to rest;
 And, gently fading from the ravish'd eye,
 Wide o'er the smooth expanse and peaceful sky,
 With crimson beauty flings in bright display
 The dying glories of his parting ray!

How oft, when busy cares have vex'd no more,
 And the dull turmoil of the day was o'er,
 Retir'd from noise, and ev'ry bustling scene,
 I've woo'd the charms of solitude serene,
 And o'er thy vary'd page delighted hung,
 To catch the strains by kindred spirits sung!
 There, void of terror, Bards associate breath'd
 Their holy transports, and their chaplets wreath'd;
 No scowling critic, with invidious sneer,
 Chill'd the warm bosom with the damp of fear;
 Nor ranc'rous Envy, with malignant scorn,
 Scar'd the young soul on Rapture's wings upborne:
 There tow'ring Genius flash'd celestial fire,
 And swept majestic o'er the sounding lyre;
 Gay Fancy there her brightest hues display'd—
 And whisp'ring Love—and Mirth, exulting maid!
 There wakeful Sorrow dropp'd the pensive tear,
 And heav'd her sad plaint on the list'ning ear;

There dulcet Harmony mellifluous sung,
 And warbled music from her angel tongue:
 Now, like the foaming torrent, bold and strong,
 In cadence loud, the wild notes pour'd along;
 Now, sweetly sinking, gently murmur'd by,
 Soft as the evening Zephyr's farewell sigh!

And must the blissful prospect of delight
 Fade from our grasp, and vanish from our sight?
 Say, must our wand'ring footsteps tread no more
 The perfum'd fields they joy'd to ramble o'er?
 Is such thy tale? is such thy story sad?—
 Ah! then, ye flow'ry meads, where, ranging glad,
 Lull'd in poetic dreams, your bow'rs among,
 So oft I've chanted forth my artless song,—
 Where late so oft I woke my echoing shell,
 And tun'd my simple lays—farewell, farewell!
 The Muse, unwilling, quits your vernal sweets,
 Your shelt'ring coverts, and your lov'd retreats;
 And, back reverting with a ling'ring view,
 In many a grateful sigh breathes out her last adieu!

March, 1811.

W. C**E.

MUSA SILVESTRIS.

“ Variisque mundum
 Temperat horis.”—HOR. Lib. I. Od. 12. v. 15.

RURA cano, rurisque Deos, et ruris honores,
 Integrat argutum qua Philomela melos
 Qua pastor tenui modulatus arundine musam
 Incultâ fundit rusticitate modos.
 En! viridis pingui flavescit campus aristâ,
 Donaque Pomonæ dulcia quisque rapit.
 En! gravidis dulces turgescunt vitibus uvæ,
 Atque avium dulci carmine sylva sonat.

At citius fugiunt Autumni gaudia blandi
 Et citius nobis Bruma recurrit iners.
 Horrida bruma redit, madidis Notus evolat alis,
 Undique dum Boreæ flamina sæva fremunt.
 Arboris heu ! ramis considens Daulias ales
 Jam visa est gravius, quam solet, ore queri.
 Florida sed redeunt mox læti tempora Veris,
 Atque soluta iterum dulcè virescit humus.
 Dulcia sunt primi suspiria lenta Favoni,
 Dulces et est verni vallis amænus odor.
 Veris io ! rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc peragat Musa quotannis opus.
 Tam, Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus !
 Nunc rosa vernantes pandit Cythereia crines,
 Atque lavant albas lilia pulchra comas.
 Nunc nova purpureum decorant violaria campum,
 Nunc viridi splendet cespite dives humus.
 Ergo dum Fortuna favet, dum ridet et annus,
 Delicias veris carpe, brevesque jocos,
 Nam neque scire licet quid crastina cogitat hora,
 Quæ modo lux præsens det bona, nostra puto !

I. G. Rugbiensis.

EXPECTATION.

To gain pure earthly bliss without alloy,
 Vain Expectation pants to view the morrow,
 Too oft forgetful that the night of joy
 May introduce the dreary morn of sorrow.

Thus of the present time she takes no heed,
 To joys perspective all her hopes are borne ;
 Year after year their wonted course proceed,
 And leave this nurse of future bliss forlorn.

Then 'tis not pure felicity we love,
 'Tis joy ideal that we seem to cherish;
 The greatest transports that we seek to prove,
 By cold possession in an instant perish!

And thus, when hoary Winter's snows adorn
 Th' unfruitful plain, with joy we welcome Spring;
 In Spring we Summer hail; yet hail, to mourn
 Elysium prospects flown on rapid wing!

Yet still, fond Expectation! thy lov'd art
 Shall cheer my soul when bliss terrestrial fails,—
 Shall picture joys to come, and bid this heart
 To trust enraptur'd thy persuasive tales!

W. T*Y**R.

HORATII AND CURIATII.

ARGUMENT.

The three Roman warriors meet those of Alba, to decide the fate of their respective kingdoms. In the course of the combat, two Romans are slain. The survivor, finding his strength unequal to resist the united efforts of his adversaries, flies, in order to separate and attack them singly. His sire, mistaking the conduct of his son for cowardice, pours upon him the following exclamations of rage, grief, and disappointment.

As mountain-oaks defy the howling blast,
 They brav'd the fight, and triumph'd to the last;
 Till, spent with toil and streaming wounds, they fell,
 And rush'd together to the gates of hell.
 The fearful youth, whose conqu'ring sword alone
 Upheld the fate of Rome's imperial throne,
 Desponding when he saw his brethren dead,
 (O, shame to Rome and Romans!) basely fled.

Now clam'rous uproar shook th' embattled ground,
 And terror and confusion reign'd around :
 Th' exulting shout of Alba rends the air,
 And Rome's proud heroes tremble with despair.
 Not mariners bestorm'd with greater dread
 See blacker tempests gather o'er their head ;
 Their mast and rudder, by the lightning riven,
 Against th' impending rocks impetuous driven.
 Then haggard Fear his pallid hues had strown
 Throughout th' imperial host, and mark'd his own ;
 But bleeding Honour, wounded by Disgrace,
 With shame indignant flush'd each Roman face.
 But when his aged sire beheld the sight,
 His only son involv'd in shameless flight,
 Paternal love nor reason could control
 The wild effusions of his wounded soul.
 The words impetuous from his bosom burst,
 And thus the offspring of his loins he curst ;
 Curst the last hope of his expiring race,
 That caus'd his country's and his own disgrace :—
 “ May gods avenge me on thy guilty head
 “ The ceaseless sorrows on thy country shed ;
 “ And, thee pursuing, doubly deal the smart
 “ Of all the pangs that tear thy father's heart !
 “ May goading Conscience and corroding Care
 “ Devour thy peace and 'whelm thee with despair,
 “ The well-earn'd meed of all who faithless fly ;
 “ Thus live detested, thus abhorred die.
 “ Ye ruthless gods, who earthly cares increase,
 “ And grant our wishes to destroy our peace,
 “ On this devoted head your vengeance show'r ;
 “ Here stands a wretch who dares defy your pow'r.
 “ Was it for this I rais'd my suppliant hands,
 “ And vow'd obedience to your dread commands ?
 “ Of ev'ry joy, of every hope, depriv'd,
 “ My hoary age my honour hath surviv'd ;

“ My soul hath borne the worst decrees of Fate,
“ And drank the dregs of your relentless hate:
“ What now remains? Can yet your vengeful rage
“ Prolong the sorrows of my mildew'd age?
“ Twain of my sons, with sense of glory fir'd,
“ Untimely 'neath their bleeding wounds expir'd;
“ Was't not enough these eyes their fall should see,
“ And all their rip'ning glories blasted be,
“ That thus th' ungrateful viper forth should spring,
“ And in my bosom fix his deadly sting?
“ Thou hated source of all my sorrows wild,
“ Thou worst of evils, an ungrateful child,
“ How hast thou, like a base assassin, stole,
“ And stabb'd the comforts of thy father's soul!
“ And cruel Fancy, to augment my smart,
“ Tells what thou might'st have been, not what thou art;
“ Delusive visions spread their empty charms,
“ And paint thee reeking 'midst the war's alarms.
“ I see thee deal thy conqu'ring sword around,
“ And Alba's boasted champions press the ground;
“ I see thee from the field of conquest led,
“ Meridian splendour beaming round thy head;
“ While shouting hosts announce the battle won,
“ And I, exulting, claim thee as my son!
“ This feeble frame had Fate propitious blest
“ With wonted strength, and vigour once possest,
“ Haply this arm had shar'd the mingled strife,
“ And crown'd with glory my departing life;
“ Haply from servitude my country freed,
“ And gain'd immortal honour by the deed.
“ E'en now the glorious cause my breast inspires,
“ And swells my tortur'd soul with vast desires;
“ Prompts me to snatch the buckler to its lord,
“ And vengeful seize the long-neglected sword.
“ Oh! could their aid unsully'd fame restore,
“ And give me back the honours once I bore,

" Again those arms these aged hands should bear,
 " And scorn the dangers thou wert born to fear !
 " When future ages shall record my name
 " Among the foremost of the sons of Fame,
 " Some long extended annal shall betray
 " The dire disasters of this dreadful day ;
 " Some tongue malevolent, O dread decree !
 " Shall blast my honours by rememb'ring thee.
 " O ! had I, like thy brothers, thee deplor'd,
 " And seen thee fall beneath the conqu'ror's sword,
 " Thy courage had suppress'd unseemly ire,
 " And spar'd th' imbitter'd curses of thy sire !"

GEORGIUS.

NEGRO BATTLE-SONG.

Bid the angry blast resound
 Thro' the echoing woods afar ;—
 Summon all our hordes around ;
 Raise the dreadful whoop of war !

 Vengeance ! gloomy Pow'r, advance,
 Dear to ev'ry negro's soul :
 Hurl thy sanguinary lance ;
 Bid a tide of terror roll.

 Warriors ! clash your warlike arms—
 Arms which late your fathers bore :
 Fill the forest with alarms ;
 Stalk in terror to the shore.

 Each his scalping-knife provide,
 Each his amulet shall wear ;
 Bow and quiver at his side,
 Tomahawk and glitt'ring spear.

Close in ambush wait the fight ;
 'Neath the wither'd branches bend ;
 From the palm-tree's tow'ring height
 Let your poison'd darts descend !

Deal destruction and dismay ;
 Death and devastation spread :
 Ne'er shall we forget the day
 When our brave companions bled.

We a brother firm defend,
 Trembling 'neath the panther's paws ;
 Fearless rush to save a friend
 From the lion's foaming jaws.

Loud we heard our brethren cry ;
 Arm'd with jav'lins swift we ran ;
 There we saw our brethren die,
 Toil'd and slain by ruthless man.

As their beck'ning ghosts arose,
 Loud they rais'd the piercing cry—
 “ Rush amidst your faithless foes !
 “ Seek revenge and victory !

Swift as lightning, one and all,
 Fill'd with fury, (fierce delight!)
 Heard the grisly shadows call,
 Sprung triumphant to the fight.

On a thousand foes we bore,
 Spread around a thousand fears ;
 Carnage stain'd our hands with gore,
 Dimm'd the lustre of our spears.

Vain we like a tempest low'r'd,
 Wet with guilty blood the sands ;
 Murd'rous foes with fury pour'd
 Vengeful fire upon our bands.

When the whirlwind sweeps the shore—
 Tempests rear their awful form—
 Mad tornadoes rudely roar—
 Negroes smile amid the storm.

Negroes, when grim War controls,
 Bravely fight, and bravely die;
 'Twas not fear that mov'd our souls,—
 Hopes of vengeance bade us fly.

Long shall we our brethren mourn!
 From that dreadful battle-plain
 Some in large canoes were borne,
 Ruthless, o'er the raging main;—

Rack'd with dread convulsive starts,
 Fill'd with fear and wild surprise;
 Black despair within their hearts,
 Hopeless anguish in their eyes.

Some, as scorning Death's delay,
 Urg'd by desperate valour rose,
 Rush'd like lions on their prey,
 Perish'd 'mid a host of foes;—

Torn by their accursed hands
 Lifeless floated o'er the flood!
 Godlike Vengeance loud demands
 Life for life, and blood for blood.

Vengeance! gloomy Pow'r, advance,
 Dear to ev'ry negro's soul:
 Hurl thy sanguinary lance;
 Bid a tide of terror roll.

Bid the angry blast resound
 Thro' the echoing woods afar:
 Summon all our hordes around;
 Raise the dreadful whoop of war!

While the heart with ardour glows,
 Raise the soul-inspiring cry—
 “ Rush amidst your faithless foes !
 “ Seek revenge and victory !

GEORGIUS.

EMMA'S GRAVE.

AH ! tell, amidst these tombs profusely spread
 With ev'ry beauty Flora's hand can give,—
 These unforgotten mansions of the dead,
 Where forms, tho' moulder'd, in remembrance live,—

Tell why this spot, alone and unadorn'd,
 O'erlook'd by all but moralizing eyes,
 Seems by the hand of Love and Friendship scorn'd,
 And low, unnotic'd, and forgotten, lies ?

Say, dwelt this dust, when 'habited, alone ?
 Lives there no friend its memory to save ?
 I'll part the envious weeds that hide the stone ;
 Ah ! can I read aright ? 'tis Emma's grave !

And, Emma ! is it thine to be forgot ?
 And is thy grave, of weeds to no one dear ?
 For, nettles, driv'n from ev'ry other spot,
 Seem, undistub'd, to hold dominion here !

Yet have I known thee follow'd, lov'd, and blest
 With all that youth and beauty could bestow ;
 But, now thy soul has gain'd its heav'nly rest,
 All shun the spot where Emma's form lies low.

Full well I know that ev'ry mark of love
 That the united world could join to pay
 Would not the spirit move enthron'd above,
 Nor wrap in sweeter sleep the bury'd clay ;—

But they to whom this Emma once was dear
 Should to her grave the yearly tribute pay,
 Nor longer let these nettles triumph here,
 Nor longer let the pensive stranger say—

“ Tell why, amidst these tombs profusely spread
 “ With ev’ry beauty Flora’s hand can give,—
 “ These unforgotten mansions of the dead,
 “ Where forms, tho’ moulder’d, in remembrance live,—

“ Tell why this spot, alone and unadorn’d,
 “ O’erlook’d by all but moralizing eyes,
 “ Seems by the hand of Love and Friendship scorn’d,
 “ And low, unnotic’d, and forgotten, lies ?”

MARIE.

 AN EPISTLE TO LADY —, 1750.

How much of paper’s spoil’d ! what floods of ink !
 And yet how few, how very few, can think !
 The knack of writing is an easy trade ;
 But to think well requires—at least a head.
 Once in an age, *one* genius may arise,
 With wit well cultur’d, and with learning wise.
 Like some tall oak, behold his branches shoot !
 No tender scions springing at the root.
 Whilst lofty Pope erects his laurell’d head,
 No lays, like mine, can live beneath his shade ;
 Nothing but weeds, and moss, and shrubs, are found ;
 Cut, cut them down,—why cumber they the ground ?

And yet you’d have me write !—For what ? for whom ?
 To curl a fav’rite in a dressing-room ?
 To mend a caudle when the snuff’s too short ?
 Or save rappee for chambermaids at court ?
 Glorious ambition ! noble thirst of fame !—
 No, but you’d have me write—to get a name,

Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;
 'Tis more than Pope, with all his wit, can do:
 'Tis more than you, with wit and beauty join'd,
 A pleasing form, and a discerning mind:
 The world and I are no such cordial friends;
 I have my purpose,—they their various ends.
 I say my pray'rs, and lead a sober life,
 Nor laugh at Cornus, or at Cornus' wife.
 What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent?
 If my friends know me honest, I'm content.

Well, but the joy to see my works in print!
 Myself too pictur'd in a mezzo-tint!
 The preface done, the dedication fram'd,
 With lies enough to make a Lord asham'd!
 Thus I step forth; an Auth'ress in some sort.
 My patron's name? "O, choose some Lord at court;
 " One that has money which he does not use,
 " One you may flatter much,—that is, abuse;
 " For, if you're nice, and cannot change your note,
 " Regardless of the trimm'd or untrimm'd coat,
 " Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a groat."

Well then, to cut this mighty matter short,
 I've neither friend nor interest at court.
 Quite from St. James's to thy stairs, Whitehall,
 I hardly know a creature, great or small,
 Except one Maid of Honour*, worth 'em all.
 I have no bus'ness there. Let those attend
 The courtly levee, or the courtly friend,
 Who more than Fate allows them dare to spend;
 Or those whose avarice, with much, craves more,
 The pension'd beggar, or the titled poor.
 These are the thriving breed, the tiny great!
 Slaves! wretched slaves! the journeymen of state!

* Hon. Miss Lovelace.

Philosophers! who calmly bear disgrace,
Patriots! who sell their country for a place.

Shall I for these disturb my brains with rhyme?
For these, like Bavius creep, or Glencus climb?
Shall I go late to rest, and early rise,
To be the very creature I despise?
With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,
Cringe to the porter, with the footman stand?
Perhaps my Lady's maid, if not too proud,
Will stoop, you'll say, to wink me from the crowd,—
Will entertain me, till his Lordship's drest,
With what my Lady eats, and how she rests;
How much she gave for such a birth-day gown,
And how she tramp'd to ev'ry shop in town.

Sick at the news, impatient for my Lord,
I'm forc'd to hear, nay, smile, at ev'ry word.
Tom raps at last,—“ His Lordship begs to know
“ Your name? your bus'ness?”—“ Sir, I'm not a foe:
“ I come to charm his Lordship's list'ning ears
“ With verses, soft as music of the spheres.”
“ Verses!—Alas! his Lordship seldom reads:
“ Pedants, indeed, with learning stuff their heads;
“ But my good Lord, as all the world can tell,
“ Reads not e'en tradesmen's bills, and scorns to spell.
“ But, trust your lays with me. Some things I've read,—
“ Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred:
“ And, if I find they'll bear my nicer view,
“ I'll recommend your poetry—and you.”

Shock'd at his civil impudence I start,
Pocket my poem, and in haste depart;
Resolv'd no more to offer up my wit
Where footmen in the seat of critics sit.

Is there a Lord *, whose great unspotted soul
Not places, pensions, ribbons, can control;

* Right Hon. Nevil Lord Lovelace, who died soon after, in the 29th year of his age.

Unlac'd, unpowder'd, almost unobserv'd,
 Eats not on silver, while his train are starv'd ;
 Who, tho' to Nobles or to Kings ally'd,
 Dares walk on foot, while slaves in coaches ride ;
 With merit humble, and with greatness free,
 Has bow'd to Freeman, and has din'd with me ;
 Who, bred in foreign courts, and early known,
 Has yet to learn the cunning of his own ;
 To titles born, yet heir to no estate,
 And, harder still, too honest to be great ?
 If such an one there be, well-bred, polite,
 To him I'll dedicate,—for him I'll write.

Peace to the rest !—I can be no man's slave ;
 I ask for nothing, tho' I nothing have.
 By Fortune humbled, yet not sunk so low
 To shame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.
 Meanness, in ribbons or in rags, I hate ;
 And have not learnt to flatter e'en the great.
 Few friends I ask, and those who love me well ;
 What more remains these artless lines shall tell.

Of *honest* parents, not of *great*, I came ;
 Not known to Fortune, quite unknown to Fame.
 Frugal and plain, at no man's cost they ate,
 Nor knew a baker's or a butcher's debt.
 O, be their precepts ever in my eye !
 For one has learnt to live, and one to die.
 Long may her widow'd age by Heav'n be lent
 Among my blessings ! and I'm well content.
 I ask no more, but, in some calm retreat,
 To sleep in quiet, and in quiet eat.
 No noisy slaves attending round my room ;
 My viands wholesome, and my waiters dumb.
 No orphans cheated, and no widow's curse,
 No household lord, for better or for worse ;
 No monstrous sums to tempt my soul to sin,
 But just enough to keep me plain and clean ;

And if, sometimes, to smooth the rugged way,
 — should smile, or you approve my lay,
 Enough for me. I cannot put my trust
 In Lords; smile lies, eat toads, or lick the dust.
 Fortune her favours much too dear may hold:
 An honest heart is worth its weight in *gold*.

ON THE ABSURDITY OF HUMAN DESIRES.

WHENCE these impetuous movements of the breast?
 Why beat our hearts, unknowing where to rest?
 Must we still long untasted joys to taste,
 Pant for the future, yet regret the past?
 Can Reason, can a Stoic's pride, control
 This unremitting sickness of the soul?
 Reason! what's that, when lawless Passion rules?
 The jest of Sense, and jargon of the schools.
 Some few, perhaps, have by its lore been taught
 To think, and wish, just only what they ought:
 Sufficient to themselves, their wants are such,
 They neither ask amiss, nor wish too much.
 Here Freedom dwells, and revels unconfin'd,
 With plenty, ease, and indolence of mind:
 True greatness, wisdom, virtue, hence must rise;
 And here that home-felt joy, Contentment, lies.

O! thou, for whom my Fancy prunes her wing,
 For whom I love to tune the trembling string,
 What would we more than wisdom, virtue, ease?
 Tell, if you can, for you're content with these.

Why Reason some, and some why Passion rules,
 Is because **some are wise, and some are fools**;
 Their Reason and their Passion still at strife,
 Like some meek pair in wedlock yok'd for life:
 In the same int'rest, tugging diff'rent ways,
 What one commands, the other disobeys.

Blest state ! where this alone is fix'd and sure,
 To disagree, while sun and moon endure !
 Hence, listless, weary, sick, chagrin'd at home,
 In search of happiness abroad we roam :
 And yet the wisest of us all have own'd,
 If'twas not there, 'twas no where to be found.
 There e'en the poor may taste felicity,
 If with contentment any such there be.

“ Monstrous !” cries Fulvia ; “ 'twould a Stoic vex !
 “ For what's content without a coach and six ?” —
 So humble, Fulvia ! so deserving too !
 Pity such worth should unregarded go !
 Down on your knees again, and beg of Fate,
 Instead of six, to give *your* chariot eight.

Elvira's passion was a China jar ;
 The brute, her Lord, contemns such brittle ware.
 No matter :—See ! the glitt'ring columns rise,
 Pile above pile, and emulate the skies.
 Fresh cargoes come ; fresh longings these create ;
 And what are twenty pieces for a plate ?
 Debates ensue ; he brandishes his cane,—
 Down go the pyramids of porcelain.
 She faints, she falls, and in a sigh profound
 Yields her high soul, and levels with the ground.
 “ Cruel ! farewell !” were the last words she spoke ;
 “ For what is life, now all my China's broke !”

Few can the stings of Disappointment bear ;
 One sends a curse to Heav'n, and one a pray'r :
 The pious motive's much the same in both,
 In him that swears, and him that fears an oath.
 The fervent curse and penitential pray'r
 Proceed alike from anguish, pride, despair.
 Hence sober Catus lifts his hands and eyes,
 And mad Corvino curses God, and dies !

"What joy," cries Cotta in his calm retreat,
 "Had I but such an office in the State!
 "That post exactly suits my active mind,
 "And sure my genius was for Courts design'd."
 Thou hast it, friend,—for 'tis in Fancy's pow'r;
 Learn to be thankful, and tease Heav'n no more.
 See how kind Fancy gen'rously supplies
 What a whole thankless land thy worth denies.
 See how she paints the lovely flatt'ring scene
 With all the pleasure, and without the pain.
 Make much of Fancy's favours, and believe
 You'll hardly match the pleasures she can give.

Of injur'd merit some aloud complain;
 "My cruel angel!" cries the love-sick swain:
 Her marble heart at length to love inclin'd,
 His cruel angel grows perversely kind.
 What would he more?—One wish remains to make,
 That Heav'n, in pity, would his angel take!

Oft on events most men miscalculate,
 Then call misfortune what indeed was fate.
 We see a little, and presume the rest,
 And that is always right which pleases best.
 Why supple Courtine miss'd of such a post
 Was not his want of conduct, or of cost;
 For he brib'd high; five hundred pieces gave;
 But ah! hard fate! his patron scorns a knave.

"O for a husband, handsome and well bred!"
 Was the last pray'r the chaste Dycinna made.
 Kind Heav'n at length her soft petition heeds;
 But, one wish gain'd, a multitude succeeds.
 She wants an heir, she wants a house in town,—
 She wants a title, or she wants a gown.
 Poor Cornus! make thy will, bequeath, and give;
 For, if her wants continue, who would live?

Sure to be wishing still, is still to grieve,
 And proves the man or poor, or much a slave,
 Will none the wretched crawling thing regard,
 Who stoops so very low, and begs so hard ?
 You call this meanness, and the wretch despise ;
 Alas ! he stoops to soar, and sinks to rise ;
 Now on the knee, now on the wing is found,
 As insects spring with vigour from the ground.

Bless me ! the Doctor !—what brings him to Court ?
 It is not want ; for, lo ! his comely port.
 The lions lack, and hunger feel, I grant ;
 But they who serve the Lord can nothing want.
 Why stands he here then, elbow'd to and fro ?
 Has he no care of souls ? No work to do ?
 Go home, good Doctor, preach and pray, and give ;
 By far more blessed this than to receive.—
 Alas ! the Doctor's meek, and much resign'd ;
 But all his tenants pay their tithes in kind :
 So that, of debts, repairs, and taxes clear,
 He hardly saves—two hundred pounds a year.
 Then let him soar, 'tis on Devotion's wing ;
 Who asks a bishopric asks no bad thing :
 A coach does much a holy life adorn ;
 Then muzzle not the ox who treads the corn.

“ Enough of these.—Now tell us, if you can,
 “ Is there that thing on earth, a *happy man* ?”
 Well, then, the wondrous man I happy call
 Has but few wishes, and enjoys them all.
 Blest in his fame, and in his fortune blest,
 No craving void lies aching in his breast.
 His passions cool, his expectations low,
 Can he feel want, or disappointment know ?
 Yet, if success be to his virtues given,
 Can relish that, and leave the rest to Heaven.

What tho' for ever with ourselves at strife,
 None wishes to lay down his load of life,
 The wretch who threescore suns has seen roll o'er,
 His lungs with lacerating ulcers sore,
 Solicits Heav'n to add the other score,
 To-day, indeed, his portion's pain and sorrow;
 But joy and ease are hoarded for to-morrow.

Soft-smiling Hope! thou anchor of the mind!
 The only resting-place the wretched find;
 How dost thou all our anxious cares beguile,
 And make the orphan and the friendless smile!
 All fly to thee, thou gentle dawn of peace!
 The coward's fortitude, the brave's success,—
 The lover's ease, the captive's liberty,—
 The only flatt'rer of the poor and me!
 With thee, on Pleasure's wings, thro' life we're borne;
 Without thee, wretched, friendless, and forlorn.
 Possess'd of thee, the weary pilgrim strays
 Thro' barren deserts and untrodden ways:
 Thirsty and faint, his nerves new vigour strings,
 And, full of thee, he quaffs immortal springs.
 The martyr'd Saint, whom anguish and the rod
 Have prov'd, thro' thee walks worthy of his God.
 In vain are axes, flames, and tort'ring wheels;
 He feels no torment who no terror feels:
 Thro' thee his well-try'd spirit upward springs,
 And spurns at titles, sceptres, thrones, and Kings.

O! full of thee, in quiet may I live
 The few remaining moments Heav'n shall give!
 Come then, thou honest flatt'rer, to my breast!
 Friend of my health, and author of my rest!
 Thro' thee the future cloudless all appears,
 A short, but smiling, train of happy years.
 Pass but this instant, storms and tempests cease,
 And all beyond's the promis'd land of peace:

No passion's mists, by no false joys misled,—
 No ties forgot, no duties left unpaid,—
 No lays unfinish'd, and no aching head.

Born with a temper much inclin'd to ease,
 Whatever gives me that is sure to please.
 I ask not riches; yet alike would fly
 The friendless state of want and penury.
 This wish, howe'er, be mine,—to live unknown
 In some serene retreat, my time my own;
 To all obliging, yet a slave to none:
 Content my riches; silence be my fame;
 My pleasures, ease; my honours, *your* esteem.

And *you*, blest maid! who all you want possess,
 Already to yourself your happiness,
 This modest wish methinks you now let fall,
 "O, give me *wisdom*, Heav'n! and I have all."

ADDRESS TO A WARRIOR.

"SAY, weary warrior! sinking, fainting, say,
 "Why is thy vest with deeper crimson dy'd?
 "What are the earnings of thy toilsome day?
 "When will thy greedy sword be satisfy'd?
 "Say, will the laurels Fame on thee bestows,
 "Twin'd with the widow's curse and orphan's cry,
 "The mother's anguish and the father's woes,
 "Refresh thy soul, illumine thy languid eye?
 "Saw'st thou not, cloak'd with zeal, fell Fury's pow'rs?
 "Heard'st thou not Murder laugh 'neath Honour's
 "shield?
 "And Death, tho' deck'd with Glory's brightest flow'rs,
 "Reign uncontroll'd the tyrant of the field?"

- " No life-entreating whisper couldst thou hear,
 " But stern refus'd thy fallen foe-man grace ;
 " Despised Pity shed the silent tear,
 " Rejected Mercy hid her blushing face !

 " O, weary warrior ! shun the haunts of War ;
 " Let thy polluted hands from slaughter cease ;
 " With rapture hail the brighter morning star,
 " And promis'd blessing of eternal peace !

 " Then shall not fell Revenge thy bosom burn,
 " For reeking falchions shall prepare the shore ;
 " Blood-streaming spears to pruning-hooks shall turn,
 " And jarring nations follow war no more !"

MARIE.

 E L E G Y.

WITH music enchanting his soul-soothing Lyre
 No more shall enliven the grove ;
 No more shall Erato his bosom inspire
 With ardent effusions, with tuneful desire,
 To chant the true feelings of love !

For, dead, in the valley, beneath the rude thorn,
 Lies Edwin, the rustical Bard,
 Where shepherds at ev'ning or noontide forlorn,
 In Dorian dirges unfeignedly mourn ;
 Each reed's tun'd by fervent regard.

His chaplet, late woven by villagers fair,
 Now hangs on the yew in the dell ;
 Ah ! there he averted the arrows of Care,
 And drove the gray demon to herd with Despair,
 By sounding his magical shell.

As Friendship was roving, she found his sweet Lyre;
 And strove the loose strings to restore;
 But, rapidly sweeping the time-beaten wire,
 In numbers affective the fate of its sire
 Spontaneously seem'd to deplore:—

“Peace, peace to thy wailing!” she plaintively cry'd;
 Each note struck the chords of her grief:
 Then bade the sad relic repose by her side,
 Gave vent to the flowing of Pity's soft tide,
 Which yields the full bosom relief.

Thus when a dense vapour, o'erladen with rain,
 Which darkens the broad eye of Day,
 Unburdens its bosom on valley or plain,
 Apollo illuming the prospect again,
 The aërial gloom dies away!

Giltspur-street, 1810.

A. K.

ON THE CLOSE OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

“No son of science, fraught with learned lore,
 “Invokes the Muse, and pours the tuneful lay,
 “Nor seeks with flight adventurous to soar
 “Above the regions of terrestrial day.
 “To rank among the vot'ries of acclaim,
 “No Bard, ambitious, sweeps the sounding strings,
 “Replete with deeds of never-dying fame,
 “Of slaughter'd heroes, and of conqu'ring Kings.
 “Some bolder Bard, some more auspicious Muse,
 “The thund'ring din of ruthless war requires;
 “I simply sing what Sympathy pursues,—
 “What Feeling dictates, and the heart inspires.

- “ *Syntax*, farewell ! for oft with streaming eyes
 “ Hast thou delay’d the last, the ling’ring, view ;
 “ Nor will thy yielding nature now despise
 “ A stranger’s blessing, and a Bard’s adieu.
- “ And thou *, whose hands with unremitting toil
 “ Have cull’d the sweetest and the fairest flow’rs,
 “ May vernal suns for ever round thee smile,
 “ And gild with grateful beams thy ev’ning hours !
- “ To thee may Summer’s richest blessings flow,
 “ And ev’ry treasure of returning Spring ;
 “ More lasting joys than numbers can bestow,
 “ Or ‘ youthful Poets fancy’ when they sing !
- “ How easy are the fairest hopes destroy’d !
 “ How swiftly do the brightest moments roll !
 “ No ‘ *Peasant’s Sabbath*’ now shall be enjoy’d,
 “ Nor ‘ *Abbey-Ruins*’ soothe the pensive soul !
- “ No more shall *Cove*, with energetic fire,
 “ Enrapt with themes of heav’nly glory rise,
 “ Wake the loud Echo to his sounding Lyre,
 “ And peal a son’rous pæan to the skies !—
- “ No more *Alphonso’s* blooming ‘ *Wreath*’ disclose
 “ The gasping warrior welt’ring in his toil ;
 “ Nor Gallia’s minion pouring endless woes
 “ And ruthless slaughter o’er a foreign soil.
- “ *Ye Alton Bards*, around whose magic song
 “ My musing fancy ever lov’d to dwell,—
 “ Whose forceful strains have borne my soul along,
 “ When midnight tapers burn’d no more,—farewell !
- “ Farewell, each tuneful Bard, who gave with pride
 “ The monthly off’ring of poetic lore ;
 “ For, ah ! the Muses’ altar is destroy’d,
 “ And monthly off’rings shall arise no more !”

* The Editor of the Poetical Magazine.

Thus as I mourn'd, to my enraptur'd sight
 A visitant celestial hover'd nigh ;
 Resplendent beams of ever-vary'd light
 Proclaim'd the goddess Fancy from the sky !

While Zepher spread his freshest gales around,
 Sublimely bright her waving wings were seen ;
 On radiant plume she hover'd o'er the ground,
 And thus address'd her fav'rite Magazine :—

“ Expiring Volume ! tho' the sons of Song
 “ No more with pleasing toil thy page supply,
 “ Yet not unheeded by the tuneful throng,
 “ Nor unremember'd, shall thy virtues die ;—
 “ For many a breast, inspir'd with thoughts sublime
 “ Shall seek thy solace in the pensive hour ;
 “ And many a period of revolving time
 “ Shall claim thy aid, and bless thy future pow'r.
 “ With thee, array'd in Fancy's brightest hues,
 “ Sprung from thine ashes, phoenix-like, shall vie
 “ Another Volume, sacred to the Muse !
 “ Another Magazine of Poesy !
 “ Again shall ‘ *Morning* ’ to the page be given,
 “ And Sol's meridian splendour upward rise,
 “ Triumphant ride the glitt'ring arch of Heaven,
 “ And float in streams of glory down the skies !
 “ Again shall ‘ *Evening* ’ tell of ‘ sins forgiven ;’
 “ The tide of melody resistless roll ;
 “ The ‘ *Village Sunday* ’ raise the heart to Heaven ;
 “ And ‘ *Tears of Sympathy* ’ subdue the soul !”

E'en now, regretting thy untimely doom,
 Shall Fame and Glory close thy bright career ;
 And Hope and Fancy, ling'ring o'er thy tomb,
 Shall ‘ mingle with a smile the tender tear !’

GEORGIUS.

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