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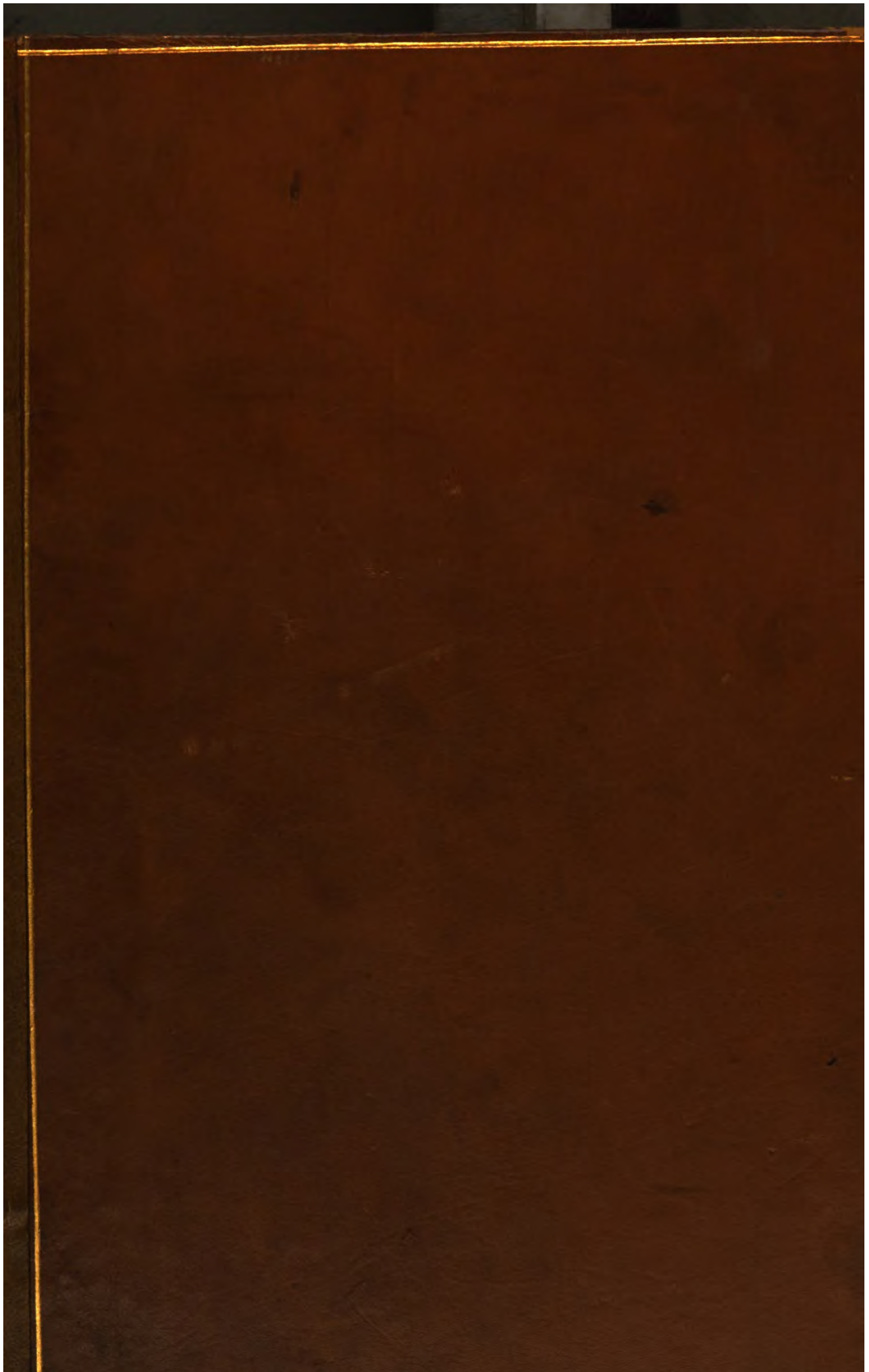
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Stephen
The Bodl
Oxford.

Dear Wri

Poetical
on exam

The Bookshop of
DOUGLAS CLEVERDON
18 CHARCOTTE STREET
BRISTOL
Telephone 23449

Stephen Wright, Esq.,
The Bodleian Library,
Oxford.

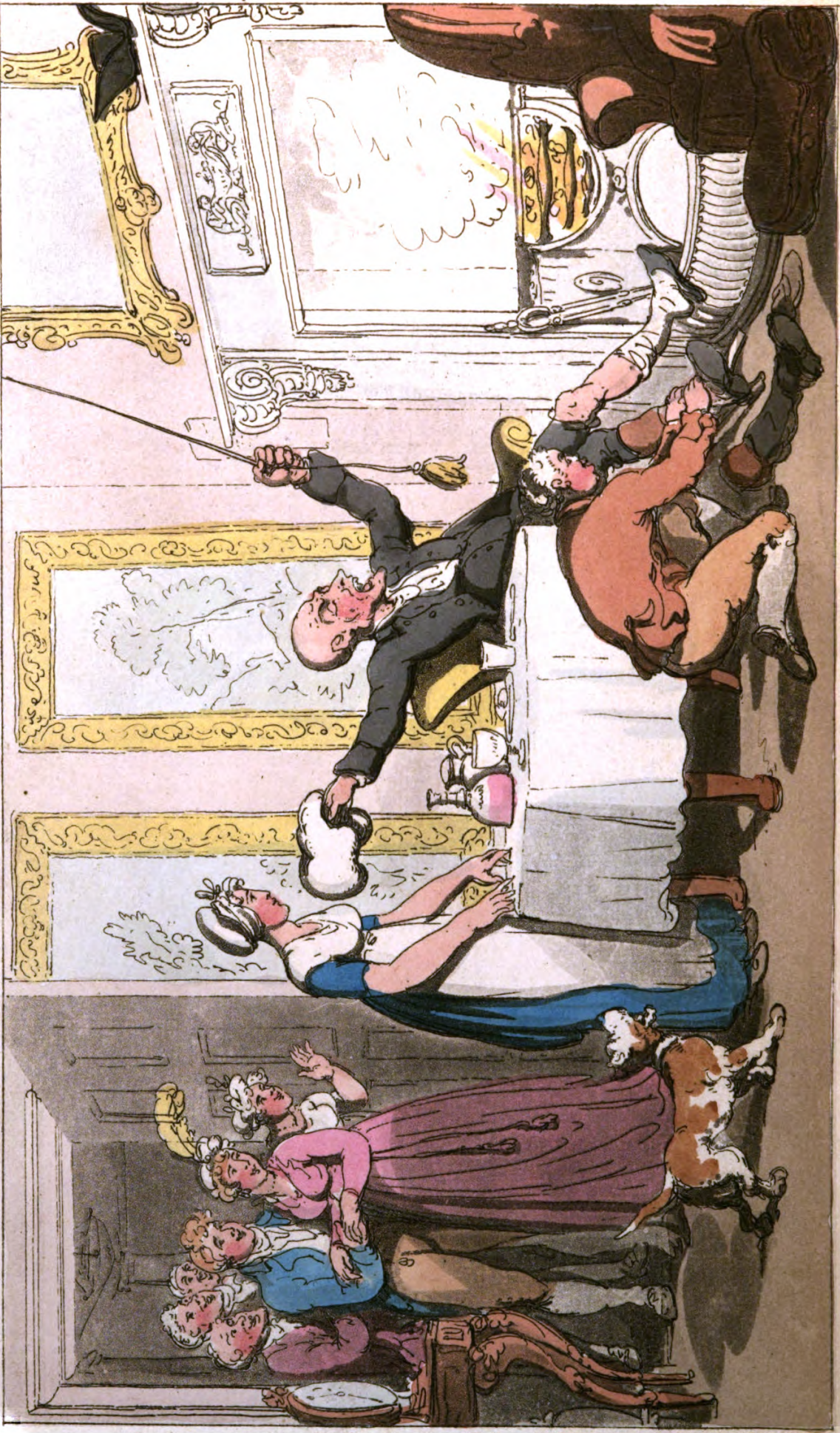
Dear Wright,

Many thanks for your letter.
I had not looked at the
Poetical Magazine. I find that there
on examining it again. I find that there
foxing on the back of some of the plates
The plates themselves, however, are in
I am a little puzzled by the
The frontispiece is marked "Page II", but
Syntax installment, which is on page I. I
no plate I; did the engraved title rank
second volume? All the engravings refer
of the various poems are present. But I
of the Poetical Magazine, and cannot dis
condition is. However, I trust that
factory.

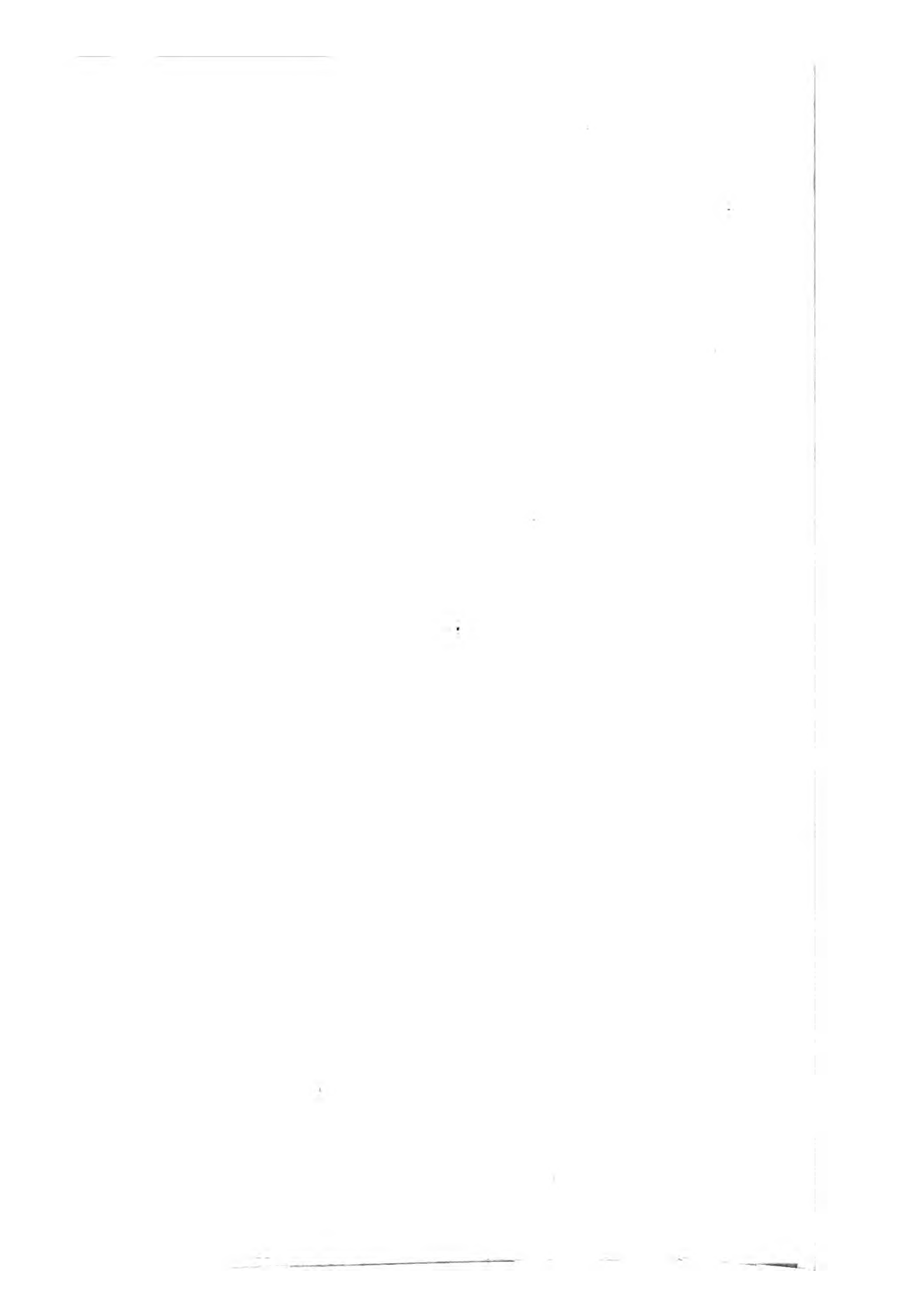


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DOCTOR SYNTAX.





POETICAL MAGAZINE,

Dedicated
To the Lovers of the
Muses

By the Agent of the Goddes.

R. S. Siskerman

VOL. II.

no. 1. oct.



THE
Poetical Magazine,

SEVENTH NUMBER—VOL. II.

November, 1809.

—poetica surgit

Tempestat.

JUVENAL.

“ The poetic Storm arises.”

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With one Engraving.

[Continued from Vol. I. p. 280.]

Fix'd in cogitation deep,
Adown the hill and up the steep,
Along the moor and thro' the wood,
Syntax his pensive way pursued :
And now his thoughts began to roam
To the good woman left at home ;
How she employ'd the passing day
When her fond mate was far away :
For they possess'd, with all their pother,
A sneaking kindness for each other.
Proud of her husband's stock of learning,
His classic skill and deep discerning,
No tongue she suffer'd to dethrone
His fond importance—but her own.
Besides, she was a very bee
In bustle and in industry ;
And tho' a pointed sting she bore,
That sometimes made the Doctor sore,

VOL. II.

▲

She help'd to make the household thrive,
 And brought home honey to the hive.
 He too had not forgot her charms,
 When first he took her to his arms ;
 For, if Report relates the truth,
 She was a beauty in her youth :—
 The charming Dolly was well known
 To be the toast of all the town ;
 And, tho' full many a year was flown .
 Since this good dame was twenty-one,
 She still retain'd the air and mien
 Of the nice girl she once had been.
 For these, and other charms beside,
 She was indeed the Doctor's pride ;
 Nay, he would sometimes on her gaze
 With the fond looks of former days ;—
 And, whatso'er she did or said,
 He kept his silence, and obey'd.
 Besides, he thus his mind consol'd :—
 " 'Tis classical to be a scold ;
 " For, as the ancient tomes record,
 " Xantippe's tongue was like a sword :
 " She was about my Dolly's age,
 " And was the wife too of a sage.
 " Thus Socrates, in days of yore,
 " The self-same persecution bore ;
 " Nor shall I blush to share the fate
 " Of one so good,—of one so great."

'Twas now five days since they had parted,
 And he was ever tender-hearted :
 Whene'er he heard the wretched sigh,
 He had a tear in either eye ;
 For, tho' he play'd the demi-god
 Among his boys, with rule and rod ;
 What, tho' he spoke in pompous phrase,
 And kept the vulgar in amaze ;

Tho' self-important he would stride
Along the street with priestly pride ;
Tho' his strange figure would provoke
The passing smile, the passing joke ;
Among the high, or with the low,
Syntax had never made a foe ;
And, tho' the jest of all he knew,
Yet while they laugh'd they lov'd him too ;
No wonder then, so far from home,
His head would shake, the sigh would come.
Thus he went gently on his way
Till the sun mark'd declining day ;
But Thought as well as Grief is dry,
And, lo ! a friendly cot was nigh,
Whose sign, high dangling in the air,
Invites the trav'ler to repair,
Where he in comfort might regale
With cooling pipe and foaming ale.
The Doctor gave the loud command,
And sees the Host beside him stand ;
Then quits his steed with usual state,
And passes thro' the wicket-gate :
The Hostess opes the willing door,
And then recounts the humble store
Which her poor cottage could afford,
To place upon the frugal board.
The homespun napkin soon was laid,
The table all its ware display'd ;
The well-broil'd rasher then appear'd,
And with fresh eggs his stomach cheer'd ;
The crusty pie, with apples stor'd,
Was plac'd in order on the board ;
And liquor, that was brew'd at home,
Among the rest was seen to foam.
The Doctor drank,—the Doctor ate,—
Well-pleas'd, to find so fair a treat ;

Then to his pipe he kindly took,
 And, with a condescending look,
 Call'd on the Hostess to relate
 What was the village name and state;
 And to whose office it was giv'n
 To teach them all the way to Heav'n.

HOSTESS.

The land belongs to 'Squire Bounty,
 One of the best men in the county:
 I wish the Rector were the same,
 Doctor Squeeze'em is his name;
 But we ne'er see him,—more's the shame!
 And while in wealth he cuts and carves,
 His worthy Curate prays and starves.

SYNTAX.

I truly wish that he were here,
 To take a pipe, and share my beer;
 I know what 'tis, as well as he,
 To serve a man I never see.

Just as he spoke, the Curate came:—
 This is the man!—exclaim'd the dame.
 Syntax his brother Parson greeted,
 And begg'd him to be quickly seated.
 "Come, take a pipe, and taste the liquor,
 "'Tis good enough for any Vicar." •

CURATE.

Alas! Sir, I'm no Vicar;—I,
 Bound to an humble Curacy,
 With all my care can scarce contrive
 To keep my family alive,
 While the fat Rector can afford
 To eat and drink like any Lord:
 But know, Sir, I'm a man of letters,
 And ne'er speak evil of my betters.

SYNTAX.

That's good ;—but, when we suffer pain,
 'Tis Nature's office to complain ;
 And when the strong oppress the weak,
 Justice, tho' blind, will always speak.
 Pray have you explain'd your case
 With due humility and grace ?
 The great and wealthy must be flatter'd,
 They love with praise to be bespatter'd :
 Indeed, I cannot see the harm,
 If thus you can their favour charm ;
 If by fine phrases you can bend
 The pride of Pow'r to be your friend.

CURATE.

I wrote, I'm sure, in humblest style,
 And prais'd his goodness all the while :
 I begg'd, as things were grown so dear,
 He'd raise my pay ten pounds a year ;
 I urg'd that I had children five,
 The finest little bairns alive ;
 While their poor, fond, and faithful mother,
 Would soon present me with another ;
 And, as the living brought him, clear,
 At least a thousand pounds a year,
 He'd grant the favour I implore,
 Nor let me starve upon threescore.

SYNTAX.

Now I should like, without delay,
 To hear what this rich man could say ;
 For I can well perceive, my friend,
 That you did not obtain your end.

CURATE.

The postman soon a letter brought,
 Which cost me sixpence, and a grout ;

Nor can your friendly heart suggest
 The rudeness which the page express'd,
 "Such suits as your's may well miscarry,
 "For beggars ne'er should dare to marry;
 "At least, for I will not deceive you,
 "I never, never will relieve you;
 "And, if you trouble me, be sure
 "You shall be ousted from the Cure."
 But I shall now, good Sir, refrain,
 Because I know 'twould give you pain,
 From telling all that, in his spite,
 The arch old scoundrel chose to write;
 But know, Sir, I'm a man of letters,
 And never will abuse my betters,

SYNTAX.

Zounds!—'tis enough to make one swear,
 Nor can I such a monster bear:
 But know, my friend, there is a day
 Of strict account, when he must pay
 For all his cruelty and lies—
 When he shall sink, and you will rise.

CURATE.

The terms, I own, are not quite civil,
 But he's the offspring of the devil;
 And, when the day of life is past,
 He'll with his father dwell at last;
 But know, Sir, I'm a man of letters,
 And ne'er wish evil to my betters,

'Twas thus they talk'd, and drank their ale,
 Till the dun shades of eve prevail;
 When Syntax settled each demand,
 And, while he held the Curate's hand,
 Bid him be stout, and not despair—
 "The poor are God's peculiar care:

" You're not the only one, my friend,
 " Who have with evil to contend ;
 " Resign yourself to what is given,
 " Be good, and leave the rest to Heaven."
 Syntax, we've said, was tender-hearted ;
 He dropp'd a tear, and then departed.

The ev'ning low'r'd ;—a drizzly rain
 Had spread a mist o'er all the plain ;
 Besides, the home-brew'd beer began
 To prey upon the inward man ;
 And Syntax, muddled, did not know
 Or where he was, or where to go :
 An active horseman by him trotted,
 And Syntax was not so besotted
 But he could hiccup out " My friend,
 " Do tell me if this way will tend
 " To bring me to some place of rest ?"
 " Yes," 'twas replied,—" the very best
 " Of all our inns, within a mile,
 " Will soon your weariness beguile."
 Who should this be but 'Squire Bounty,
 So much belov'd throughout the county ?
 And he resolv'd, by way of jest,
 To have the Parson for his guest :
 So on he gallop'd, to prepare
 His people for the friendly snare.
 The Doctor came in tipsy state,
 The 'Squire met him at the gate,
 And to a parlour led him straight ;
 Then plac'd him in an easy chair,
 And ask'd to know his pleasure there.

SYNTAX.

Landlord, I'm sadly splash'd with mire,
 And chill'd with rain ; so light a fire,

And tell the Ostler to take care
Of that good beast, my Grizzle mare;
And what your pantry can afford,
Pray place it quickly on the board.

SQUIRE.

We've butcher's meat, of ev'ry kind;
But, if that is not to your mind,
We've poultry, Sir, and, if you please,
Our cook excels in fricassees.

SYNTAX.

Tell me, my good friend, I pray,
What kind of fowl or fish are they?
Besides, my very civil Host,
I wish to know what they will cost;
For a poor Parson can't afford
To live on dainties like a Lord.

SQUIRE.

The clergy, Sir, when here they stay,
I never suffer them to pay;
I love the church, and, for its sake,
I ne'er make bills, or reck'nings take;
Proud if its ministers receive
The little that I have to give.

SYNTAX.

Why then, my friend, you're never dull;
Your inn, I trow, is always full :—
'Tis a good rule, must be confest,
But, tho' I blink, I see a jest.

SQUIRE.

No, Sir; you see the cloth is laid,
And not a farthing to be paid.

SYNTAX.

I find my head's not very clear;
My eyes see double too, I fear;

For all these things can never be
Prepar'd for such a guest as me :
A banquet, it must be allow'd,
Of which Olympus might be proud.

Thus Syntax ate and drank his fill,
Regardless of the morrow's bill ;
He rang the bell, and call'd the waiters
To take his shoes off, and his gaiters.
" Go tell the maid to shew the bed,
" Where I may lay my aching head :
" Here, take my wig, and bring a cap,
" My eyelids languish for a nap :
" No court'sying, pray ; I want no fawning,
" For I shall break my jaws with yawning."

Now Kitty, to adorn his crown,
Brought him a night-cap of her own ;
And, having put it on, she bound it
With a pink ribbon round and round it.
In this fine guise was Syntax led
Up the best stairs, and put to bed.
Tho' mirth prevail'd the house throughout,
Tho' it was all one revel rout,
He heard it not, nor did he know
The merriment he caus'd below ;
For, with fatigue and wine oppress'd,
He grunted, groan'd, and went to rest ;
But when he woke, and look'd around,
The sight his senses did confound.
He saw that he had laid his head
Within a fine-wrought silken bed ;
A flower'd carpet grac'd the floor,
And gilded mouldings deck'd the door ;
Nor did the mirror fail to shew
His own sweet form from top to toe.
" If I," said he " remember right,
" I was most lordly drunk last night :

“ And, as the Tinker in the play,
 “ Was taken, as dead-drunk he lay,
 “ And made a Lord for half a day ; }
 “ I think that some one has made free
 “ To play the self-same trick with me ;
 “ But I’ll know all,—I’ll ring the bell ;—
 “ The chambermaid the truth may tell.”
 She soon appear’d, and court’sy’d low,
 Then his commands she wish’d to know.—
 “ When and how did I come here ?
 “ You’ll be so good to say, my dear.”
 “ You came last night, not very late,
 “ About the time the clock struck eight ;
 “ And I have heard the servants say,
 “ That you, good Sir, had lost your way :”
 “ Inform me, also, how you call
 “ This noble inn ?”—“ ’Tis *Welcome Hall.*”
 “ And pray, who have you in the house ?”
 “ We’ve ’Squire Bounty and his spouse ;
 “ With Lady and Sir William Hearty,
 “ And, if you choose to join the party,
 “ I am commanded to request
 “ That you will be their morning guest.”

To question more he did not stay,
 But bid the damsel shew the way.
 O ! ’twas a very pleasant meeting ;
 The ’Squire gave an hearty greeting,
 And plac’d the Doctor in a chair,
 Between two ladies, young and fair.
 Syntax, well-pleas’d, began to prate,
 And all his history relate ;
 While mirth and laughter loud prevail,
 As he let forth the curious tale.
 At length the ’Squire explain’d the joke,
 When thus the Doctor quaintly spoke :—

“ I beg, Sir, no excuse you’ll make,
 “ Your merriment I kindly take,
 “ And only wish the gods would give
 “ Such jesting ev’ry day I live.”

The ladies press’d his longer stay,
 But Syntax said—he must away ;
 So Grizzle soon her master bore,
 Some new adventure to explore.

[To be continued.]

TO AN IGNORANT AND IMPORTUNATE
 AUTHOR.

FROM DESTOUCHES.

I READ your book, but tried in vain
 This knotty point to ascertain ;
 Which fool was greater of the two—
 Your friend the publisher, or you.

T. W.

THE WOMAN OF REAL VALUE.

FROM DESTOUCHES.

You who think, and think so well,
 Come tell me now, and truly tell,
 What female ought we most to prize,
 Sedate or lively, fool or wise ?
 Reply—the woman to my thought
 Is she of whom the world says nought.

T. W.

THE JUBILEE.

ODE,

FOR THE JUBILEE.

As late I stood where Windsor's towers
O'erlook fair Eton's classic bowers,
Within the Royal Mansion sate
England's great King, in awful state !
His faithful subjects, crowding round,
With shouts made all the air resound !
 Each with ardent gaze,
 Dwelt upon his face :
They pray'd for blessings on his much-lov'd head,
They begg'd kind Heav'n its choicest sweets to shed ;
 And he, meanwhile,
 With gracious smile,
Heard the fond wishes of their fervent pray'r,
And bless'd, in turn, the children of his care,
 But suddenly an awful silence rose
 Among the wond'ring crowd ;
 The wond'ring crowd their shouts compose,
 And hush their clamours loud.
Hark ! heav'nly music floats along the vale,
And more than mortal notes the sense regale,
 When lo ! towards the royal gate
 Advanc'd a train in solemn state ;
 Chiefs, the glory of their ages,
 Holy Priests and rev'rend Sages,
Approach, to bid the best of Kings all hail !

First, hoary Time drew nigh,
 His scythe was laid aside ;
 Mild lustre grac'd his eye,
 That with the day-spring vied.
 Here the winged Hours
 Strew the path with flow'rs ;
 There in due order all the Months advance,
 And here the Seasons weave the mazy dance :
 Next appears
 A train of Years,
 In slow procession pacing,
 And, measur'd footsteps tracing,
 The eyes of all enhance.
 Then, as they stood before the throne,
 The hoary Monarch spoke alone ;
 And " Hail, illustrious King !" he said,
 " Blessings hover round thy head !
 " Lo ! by Heaven's high command,
 " Here before thy throne I stand !—
 " My potent arm
 " Has lost its pow'r to harm,
 " And, by thy virtues weaken'd, drops my hand,
 " See those Years that grace my train,
 " They bear the honours of thy reign ;
 " Some, with conquest crown'd,
 " March to trumpets' sound ;
 " Some thy god-like wisdom shew,
 " Some thy pious virtues know ;
 " While to the sounding lyre
 " They all conspire,
 " To celebrate in chants the happy day,
 " When first this Kingdom own'd thy gentle sway !
 " Best of Monarchs, then, receive,
 " From the pow'rful hand of Time,
 " What thy worth has bid me give,—
 " Honours glorious and sublime !

" More glory than e'er fell to mortal's share—
 " Thy happiness has been my chiefest care.
 " See thy foes,
 " Press'd with woes,
 " Groan in torment, anguish, and despair !
 " Live ! righteous King ! and share thy people's love ;
 " Live ! and receive rewards from Him above !"
 This said, the Sov'reign's temples round,
 A wreath of amaranth he bound ;
 While health and grace
 Illum'd his face,
 And acclamations made the air resound.

Now the trumpet re-echo'd a high-sounding strain,
 When of Heroes and Chieftains approach'd a long
 train,

 And the Genius of War led them on :
 His blood-spotted ensigns were hid from the sight,
 His helmet gleam'd forth an effusion of light,
 That rivall'd the beams of the sun.
 " Hail," he cried, " victorious King !
 " See, to grace this day, I bring
 " Warriors who have shed their blood,
 " And perish'd for their Country's good !
 " See, amid the long-drawn band,
 " Wolfe's immortal shadow stand ;
 " Lo ! bedew'd with England's tears,
 " Abercrombie's form appears ;
 " There, endow'd with more than mortal might,
 " Nelson walks, unequal'd yet in fight !
 " And while, above his grave,
 " Corunna's trophies wave,
 " Moore's hallow'd spirit meets the weeping sight !
 " How oft has the trumpet's enlivening note
 " Been heard on the breezes of Triumph to float !
 " How oft, as thy Chieftains the battle have brav'd,
 " O'er thy head has the banner of Victory wav'd !

“ See the laurels that bloom
 “ Around Wolfe’s early tomb !
 “ See the annals of Fame
 “ Shine with Rodney’s great name !
 “ Beneath the sword of Howe,
 “ Proud Gallia’s forces bow ;
 “ While the rocks of St. Vincent, and Camperdown’s
 shore,
 “ Still seem to re-echo the cannon’s loud roar ,
 “ And the triumphs of England proclaim !—
 “ Nile’s seven mouths their witness bring,
 “ And Egypt’s sons delight to sing
 “ The feats on Alexandria’s plain,
 “ And deeds of valour on their main.
 “ Hark ! from Acre’s trembling walls,
 “ The Turk, for aid, to Britain calls ;
 “ And, soon as British arms draw nigh,
 “ The prostrate foes defeated lie !
 “ What boots it tell,
 “ How Denmark fell ?
 “ And how, where Spanish billows fiercely rave,
 “ A wat’ry sunbeam gilds Trafalgar’s wave ?
 “ What trophies, from Iberia’s land,
 “ Of conquer’d Gaul, adorn thy hand ?
 “ It were as well to count the sand
 “ As number all the deeds of might
 “ That Albion’s sons perform in fight ;—
 “ And shall perform ; for future years will bring
 “ Fresh wreaths of laurel to Britannia’s King !”
 Now heav’nly Wisdom, rob’d in light,
 With cautious steps advanc’d in sight ;
 A host of Sages round her stand—
 Here Alfred rear’d his kingly hand ;
 There great Eliza’s form was seen,
 With virgin looks and lofty mien ;
 Here prudent Temple mov’d along ;
 And there, amid the sacred throng,

Great Chatham walk'd, while tears begin to flow;
 Soon as his god-like son's immortal shade we know.

Short was the speech the goddess made :—

“ Proceed, my well-lov'd son,” she said ;

“ Wisdom all thy works befriends,

“ Wisdom guides thy feet ;

“ Wisdom thy hallow'd form defends,

“ And Wisdom makes thee great.”

Now last approach the royal gate

Religion's train, in awful state !

First could you hear the tuneful choir

Chanting in strains, which might inspire

The rocks with love and sympathy ;

And next the rev'rend Priests drew nigh.

High on a car the maid was plac'd,

Her hands the seven signets grac'd ;

Bright rays of glory round her head

A mild celestial lustre shed ;

While, from her sweet persuasive tongue,

Soft tones in gentle cadence flow'd along

None, as she spoke,

The silence broke ;

When, high her arm uprear'd above the throng,

“ Hail ! lov'd of Heav'n,

“ To whom 'tis giv'n,”

She cried, “ to rule in peace this happy land,

“ Bless'd are the people govern'd by thy hand ;

“ For know that he whose mind

“ Towards his God inclin'd,

“ Turns not aside, but bows to his command,

“ Thro' Life's-rough sea his course shall onward steer,

“ No storms shall hurt him, and no rocks appear ;

“ His virtues all shall praise,

“ And high their plaudits raise ;

“ And o'er his hoary grave shall drop the good man's
 tear !

“ The mighty strength of God above *
 “ Has arm'd thy hand, O pious King !
 “ Thy pray'rs are heard, thy godly love
 “ Shall honour, bliss, and glory bring.
 “ Life was ask'd, and life he gave,
 “ Life beyond what mortals have ;
 “ Life eternal shall be thine,
 “ When the sun has ceas'd to shine.
 “ Then in amaranthine bow'rs
 “ Thou shalt pass thy blissful hours ;
 “ Ten thousand harps around,
 “ With soft melodious sound,
 “ Shall tell thy deeds and pious acts below ;
 “ Thy people's pray'r
 “ Has reach'd his ear,
 “ From whom the just rewards of Virtue flow,
 “ And such rewards on thee he will bestow ;
 “ And why ?—because on him alone,
 “ Thy fervent hope was plac'd ;
 “ Because thy breast with Virtue shone,
 “ And Faith thy bosom grac'd.
 “ Then let the joyful trumpet sound,
 “ Let all the woods rebound,
 “ And golden lyres proclaim
 “ Great GEORGE's worth, and GEORGE's name.”
 The pageant pass'd ; the silent throng,
 Transfix'd with wonder, still prolong
 The awful calm ; their hearts alone
 Bless the great Lord of England's throne,
 Till all around a hymn of transport raise ;
 With one accord inspir'd,
 Their souls with rapture fir'd,
 They pour harmoniously their notes of praise :—

* The King shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord ; exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation : He asked life of thee, and thou gavest him a long life, even for ever and ever.—Psal. xxi. 1—4.

" Glory to God ! whose throne is fix'd on high,
 " The King of Battles, and the Lord of Victory !
 " Let the loud song of Joy resound,
 " Let ev'ry heart with bliss be crown'd ;
 " Let softest Music load the gale,
 " Let Love and Harmony prevail !
 " Lo ! by the grace of Heav'n,
 " This day to us was giv'n
 " A Monarch, virtuous, just, sincere, and kind,
 " His people's pride, the envy of mankind,
 " Who rules the land
 " With equal hand,
 " Who guards his subjects with a Father's care,
 " And to their wishes lends a gracious ear.

 " Long live the King ! May joy and peace
 " His future years adorn,
 " Like darkness at th' approach of morn,
 " Before th' effulgent ray
 " Of Concord's blissful day !
 " May war and tumult cease,
 " And discord fade away !
 " And, oh ! May the Genius of Liberty's smile
 " Still beam its soft radiance on Albion's blest Isle !
 " Long live the King ! May joy abound,
 " And Plenty deal her smiles around ;
 " May harvests gild the plain ;
 " While o'er the vanquish'd main,
 " In stately pride
 " Our vessels ride,
 " And Vict'ry's trumpet sounds its lofty strain.
 " May blooming laurels bind our Monarch's brow,
 " And at his footstool prostrate Nations bow !
 " Still may Religion's band
 " Of blessings crown the land,
 " And milk and honey o'er the Country flow !

“ Far, far from the Kingdom may Treason depart,
 “ May Affection and Loyalty dwell in each heart ;
 “ And the spark that illumines each breast
 “ Descend from the mansions of Peace and of Love,
 “ And glow with the fervour it burns with above
 “ In the souls of the blest !”

THE JUBILEE—AN ODE.

BY W. HOLLOWAY, AUTHOR OF “ PEASANT’S FATE,”
 “ MINOR MINSTREL,” &c.

OFT as the CHOSEN SEED of old
 The fiftieth circling year had told,
 By miracles and wonders brought
 To see their great deliv’rance wrought,
 In mem’ry of their mercies past,
 Above the nations round them plac’d,
 Obedient to Divine command
 Ran this decree throughout the land :—
 “ Release the bondman, set the captive free,
 “ And with loud shout proclaim—a holy *Jubilee* !”
 Yon golden ruler of the day
 Hath half a cent’ry roll’d away,
 And witness’d the revolving fates
 Of Empires, Potentates, and States—
 War’s dreadful car shake ev’ry shore,
 With burning axle drench’d in gore,
 While Ruin and Destruction hurl’d
 Their flaming terrors round the world—
 Since first he saw, auspicious as he shone,
 Great GEORGE, a Briton born, ascend the British Throne!
 While by that Throne, to bless the land,
 Justice and heav’nly Mercy stand ;
 And Britain’s sons at ease recline
 Beneath their fig-tree and their vine ;

Protected by her Sov'reign's sway
 Amid the beams of Freedom's day,
 A British Muse, in Britain's name,
 Thus strikes the loyal lyre to Fame:—

“ Release the prisoner, set the captive free,
 “ And with loud shout proclaim—a day of *Jubilee!*”

Chain'd, like the Trojan, to the car
 That bore the Grecian Chief to war,
 Treason, and Feud, and Discord lie,
 With all their vanquish'd progeny.
 Hail, patriot Monarch! bless'd below,
 Thus may'st thou vanquish ev'ry foe!
 And may the splendours of thy reign
 The utmost verge of time attain;

And conscious generations, yet to be,
 With triumph high record our glorious *Jubilee!*

ODE FOR THE JUBILEE.

EXULTANT Albion hails the votive strain
 That sings the glories of her GEORGE's reign!
 This day their off'rings shall the Muses bring,
 And snatch the choicest plume from Fancy's wing;
 Sacred to Worth, their grateful incense pour,
 To greet with heartfelt zeal the Monarch they adore!

Amid the rude convulsions of the world,
 While jarring nations are in phrensy hurl'd,
 Wide stalks the haughty Tyrant's lawless sway,
 And palsied States his treach'rous wiles betray.
 Yet still shall Britain's vengeful voice be heard,
 Still shall her pow'r be felt, her mighty Sov'reign fear'd!

Whatever poets feign and Hist'ry's page
 Extols of trophied arms' destructive rage,

“ While the shrill clarion, echoing from afar,
 “ Urges the crimson fury of the war,”
 Britannia dares—resolv’d the foe to tame,
 And crown with laureat wreath the annals of her fame.

Her praise, unceasing, distant climes resound,
 From Afric’s coast to India’s utmost bound ;
 Scarce can the barriers of this globe confine
 The dazzling splendour of her rule divine.
 Hail, happy Isle ! to thee alone is giv’n
 A people’s worshipp’d Prince, the noblest meed of
 Heav’n !

Let abject slaves the Despot’s arm sustain,
 And brave, for pay, diseases, death, and pain ;
 Let them, inglorious, rouse the savage force,
 That wastes whole regions in its blood-stain’d course ;
 Yet vain their vaunted host, their proud array
 Fades into empty air—the pageant of a day.

Our Patriot Chief fictitious lustre scorns ;
 The gracious Mercy that his Throne adorns,
 Still hovers o’er when scatter’d squadrons yield,
 And joys to stay the carnage of the field ;
 Stands forth th’ avenger of the world, and shews
 How Britain’s ire inflam’d shall dissipate her foes.

Firm be the phalanx—while the battle’s god
 Shakes on the sanguin’d plain his awful nod,
 Undaunted still, the baffled ranks deride,
 And save the bulwarks of your country’s pride ;
 Her whitening cliffs old Neptune’s waves embrace,
 And waft her thund’ring fleets thro’ all the realms of
 Space.

The vict’ry gain’d, her King’s protecting hand,
 Now rears the genius of a favour’d land ;
 For him fair Science deigns to ope her store,
 Fraught with the wealth of Learning’s valued lore :

When struggling thro' the past, mature her dawn,
Darts her effulgent beam on this triumphant morn !

Discord, avault ! from this glad hour no more
Thy baneful din appals Britannia's shore :
See smiling Peace advance, with mien sublime,
And cheer the prospects of succeeding time ;
In Mem'ry's breast great GEORGE's deeds enrol,
And spread his high renown to earth's remotest pole.
A. B.

ON THE JUBILEE.

What glories in the retrospect appear !
May equal blessings crown the op'ning year !

WHILE o'er the world unnumber'd evils spread,
And Discord ghastly rears her Gorgon head ;
Whilst gathering clouds in awful measures roll,
And agitate the centre to the pole ;
Fierce with the vengeful ire the torrent pours,
And spreads destruction on devoted shores,
Where nations groan beneath a Despot's pow'r,
And feel fresh sorrows each succeeding hour.
Wide and more wide his cruel laws extend,
And Princes fall, and vanquish'd Monarchs bend ;
Torn from their base, the prostrate kingdoms lie,
And new dynasties meet th' astonish'd eye.

Amid this wreck of States, this jarring broil,
Britain ! 'tis thine to wear the cheerful smile ;
To bid the joyful songs of triumph rise,
And waft the grateful Pæans to the skies !
To thee the milder Fates have kindly giv'n
A Monarch favour'd with the smiles of Heav'n ;

Who, warm'd with patriot zeal to guide the helm,
 And scatter equal blessings thro' the realm,
 Lives in a people's love—by millions blest,
 And finds a welcome Throne in ev'ry breast !
 Beneath his guardian hand and watchful eye
 The threat'ning tempest glides innoxious by ;
 War and his dire attendants flee away,
 And calm Contentment brightens all the day.
 In him each native grace and virtue join,
 And Christian, Man, and Monarch, here combine !
 For him would every Briton shed his blood,
 Conscious his safety was the public good.

Hark ! the loud peals in length'ning shouts arise,
 And joyful acclamations rend the skies ;
 Let earth's remotest bounds the tidings hear,
 " The British Monarch reigns the fiftieth year !"
 To envious lands the echo shall rebound,
 And Tyranny shall tremble at the sound.
 The poor relieved, the needy pris'ner free,
 Shall taste the sweets of GEORGE's Jubilee ;
 And, whilst all ranks the scene of gladness share,
 Each heart in secret pours the fervent pray'r.

" ALMIGHTY MAJESTY, that reign'st above,
 " LORD of our adoration and our love !
 " Oh ! deign to listen to a nation's pray'r,
 " And favour GEORGE with thy peculiar care !
 " As the revolving years their circles roll,
 " May thy bless'd peace illumine all his soul ;
 " Let Hope direct his views beyond the sky,
 " And point to crowns of immortality !
 " And when thy sov'reign mandates call away
 " His kindred soul to realms of brighter day,
 " May Death with mildest aspect take his aim,
 " And, like a slumber, steal upon his frame ;
 " Thus calmly sinking to eternal rest,
 " By nations mourn'd, and grateful kingdoms blest !"

J. S.

LINES

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIFTIETH ACCESSION OF
KING GEORGE THE THIRD TO THE BRITISH THRONE.

HAIL! glorious era! happy time!
Before unknown in England's clime—
Save once, when warlike Edward reign'd,
For fifty years to glory train'd;
Since when, for so has God resolv'd,
Have twice two hundred years revolv'd:
This glorious day to Britain's King,
Oh, teach my faltering Muse to sing!
Sweet Orpheus, lend thy vivid fire,
My trembling verses to inspire.

See, in the east, the beauteous light
Of Heav'n approach th' enraptur'd sight!
Behold the feeble rays expand,
And cast a lustre o'er the land;
Progressive, see the orb uprise
In blushing glory to the skies;
Before it noxious vapours fly,
And dew-drops glitter as they die:
The bird of early morn, inspir'd,
In gayer plumage seems attir'd;
And, as the liquid air he cleaves,
A sweeter note beneath him leaves.
But, hark! the chime of village-bells
Vibrates o'er the moss-grown dells;
Now, quiv'ring on th' autumnal breeze,
It undulates among the trees:
Till Echo, from her cavern's bound,
In sweet confusion mocks the sound.

Now do the organ's peals aspire
To Heav'n, and shake the sacred choir;

Now loud Hosannas gladly rise
In solemn murmurs to the skies ;
Britannia's children strike the lays,
Britannia's sons shall chant thy praise !
Great GEORGE ! of chalky Albion King,
Thy worth ten thousand voices sing !
For thee the child of want shall pray,
And, lisping, bless this glorious day.

But see yon group the hour employ
In wild and almost frantic joy ;
They, from the vapid cell releas'd,
Where Mercy Justice has appeas'd,
Feast, where the plenteous banquet's spread,
Beneath the portal's ancient shade ;
And, free from care, from sorrow free,
They revel in ebriety.

And now, as eve approaches nigh,
Observe the quickly-glowing sky ;
Each lofty hill, each village-spire,
Reflects the sinuous tow'ring fire ;
The waving flames in clouds ascend,
And to the winds submissive bend ;
The song of mirth, the night-bird's note,
In trembling accents wildly float,
Till Philomel forsakes the lawn,
And Phœbus tells th' approaching dawn.
So, thus revolving, may this day
A scene of equal bliss display —
The festive song to Heav'n be rais'd,
And by posterity be prais'd !

C.

ODE

FOR THE 25TH OCTOBER, 1809.

HIGH on Cornubia's utmost mound
 Of adamantine cloud-capp'd rocks,
 The vast Atlantic's rugged bound,
 That braves old Ocean's rudest shocks,
 Britannia sat;
 And from her throne sublime
 Survey'd each varying clime,
 From Indus to the pole
 (Far as Albion's thunders roll),
 With joy élate.

Sudden the Nymphs and Tritons round
 Proclaim'd the Queen of Isles :
 Charm'd with the sweet ecstatic sound,
 Great Neptune rose in smiles.
 " And, Daughter, say," the god began,
 " What boon hast thou to ask ?
 " Be't mine to execute the task ;
 " Glad to fulfil thy græcious plan,
 " Thy great design—to succour man ;
 " To thee a suff'ring world aspires,
 " The wretched look to thee ;
 " Thy mercy ev'ry bosom fires,
 " Make us (for these are our desires),
 " Like Britons, happy, loyal, free."

" Yes, be it so," Britannia cry'd ;
 " Father, command thy swelling tide,
 " And swift-wing'd winds convey
 " To ev'ry shore, to ev'ry land,
 " The tidings of our glad command,
 " To keep this joyful day.

“ The year of Jubilee draws on ;
 “ Great GEORGE, my well-beloved son,
 “ Approv'd of Heaven, hath liv'd to see
 “ This glorious day of Jubilee !”

Raising his trident, Neptune spoke,
 And Winds and Waves obedient fly
 O'er earth, and seas, and sky,
 Till e'en Olympus shook,
 And Jove in angry frown
 Demands the cause :—

Instant the Regent of the Ocean rose,
 And to the sire of gods low bending down—
 “ Be calm,” he cry'd, “ no deeds of death employ
 “ My sons to-day, this is a day of joy ;
 “ A day devoted, Jove, to thee—
 “ This is the day of Jubilee !

“ To-day great GEORGE, Britannia's son,
 “ Belov'd of gods and men,
 “ Mild Monarch of the main,
 “ Renews his happy reign ;
 “ Another epoch is begun,
 “ Let all the earth rejoice again ;
 “ For, lo ! in ev'ry sea, his flag, unfurl'd,
 “ Bids joy and freedom bless a weeping world.”

With placid brow Jove nods a gracious smile
 On Albion's consecrated Isle,
 And all the chorus of the skies
 Prepare the festive sacrifice ;

While Britain's sons exult in grateful song,
 Immortal voices the glad theme prolong ;
 And, as the gods their Io Pæans sing,
 Thro' high Olympus acclamations ring :—

“ On this glad day, Oppression flee—
 “ No more let mortals mourn,
 “ Nor misery return,
 “ Let all the earth to-day keep Jubilee !”

Hail! gracious Master! patriot King!
 Behold, a grateful people bring
 The tribute of their love;
 For thee their fervent pray'rs ascend,
 O! may th' OMNIPOTENT defend,
 And ev'ry ill remove!
 Far, far from thee let evil fly,
 O! guard our King, thou KING most high!
 And, lo! what joyful scenes
 Burst on the raptur'd mind!
 See, thro' this mighty empire round,
 Extended to earth's utmost bound,
 No note of discord intervenes,
 No murmur lags behind:
 But all the universal throng
 The sacred temples crowd;
 Praise ascends from every tongue,
 Gratitude inflames the song,
 And swells the anthem loud.
 Hark! shouts of joy successive rise
 In adoration to the skies!
 "Glory to thee, Eternal KING!
 "Who hear'st a nation pray;
 "To thee we glad Hosannas sing,
 " This consecrated day!
 "Oh! deign our Monarch to protect,
 " And lengthen out his years;
 "In wisdom all his thoughts direct,
 " His enemies subdue, correct,
 " And banish all his fears!
 "Still may his happiness increase,
 "Old age draw on with joy and peace,
 " Each day new blessings bring:
 "Still on this favour'd nation smile,
 "Preserve and bless fair Freedom's Isle—
 " God save our gracious King!"

October 14th, 1809.

BRITANNICUS.

ODE FOR THE JUBILEE.

—
 VIVAT REX!
 —

BE hush'd awhile, ye rude alarms
 Of bleeding nations wak'd to arms!
 A theme more pleasing, lo! the Muse doth bring;
 The fiftieth year,
 The bright career
 Of GEORGE, our gracious, venerable, King!
 Hence far away, ye servile crew,
 Whom envious hatreds (not a few),
 Whom discontents and vile distrusts inspire;
 Whose jealous rage
 Mad cares engage,
 Whilst Gaul's proud Chief ye gaze at and admire.
 But come, ye Patriots, wise and good,
 Who base Corruption's pow'r withstood,
 Around your Sov'reign form the chosen band:
 Direct the helm,
 Protect the realm,
 And guard from foreign foes your native land.
 Whilst Albion's stately navy rides,
 And o'er the liquid main presides,
 Your zeal and brightest energies combine;
 Guard Church and State
 From factious hate,
 And bid new glories on your Country shine.
 So shall increasing splendour throw
 Fresh laurels round our Monarch's brow;
 While he, descending in the vale of years,
 Shall with the blest
 Recline to rest,
 And share a nation's love, a loyal people's tears.

O! may he in those realms of light,
 Girt with omnipotence so bright,
 When Heav'n's high KING the holy scene unfurls,
 With joy possess,
 In endless bliss,
 A Throne which stands unmov'd amid the wreck of
 worlds!

J. LILLY.

EDWIN AND MATILDA; OR, THE BEACH-KING.

A LEGENDARY TALE—IN FOUR CANTOS.

With an Engraving.

CANTO I.

MATILDA wasauteous, Matilda was gay,
 And was now in the bloom of eighteen;
 Her lips breath'd perfume like the fragrance of May,
 While her teeth did such delicate whiteness display,
 Never maiden so lovely was seen.
 Tho' such were by nature the charms of her face,
 She had not neglected her mind;
 For the mazes of science Matilda could trace,
 And wisdom in her was with feminine grace
 And the sweetest complacency join'd.
 By all was she courted, esteem'd, and admir'd,
 Some eagerly sought for her love;
 Yet none, save young Edwin, that passion inspir'd,
 But the Baron, her father, with anger was fir'd
 'Gainst the crimson-plum'd Knight of the Grove.
 Sir Edwin, for deeds meritorious and rare,
 Had the honour of knighthood receiv'd—
 Her father's device was entitled to bear,
 And a crimson-plum'd crest on his helmet to wear,
 As a proof what his arm had achiev'd.

Why the Baron was hostile is thus told by those
 Who well know the truth of the tale ;
 That haughty he was, and surrounded by foes,
 Who his daring aggressions would often oppose,
 And make him his rashness bewail.

Among these was Earl Reginald, Edwin's brave sire,
 Him no threats of the Baron could move ;
 But his pride and ambition had kindled his ire—
 Thro' his followers' hearts ran their leader's bold fire,
 While they hail'd him the Lord of the Grove.

Earl Reginald's castle and woody domain
 In sight of the barony stood ;
 A smooth-flowing river encompass'd his reign,
 O'er which was a drawbridge connecting the plain,
 That was soon to be moisten'd with blood.

Long time had the Baron a wish that *this* land
 Might own him its sovereign lord ;
 He now of Earl Reginald made the demand,
 Which the laurel-deck'd hero resolved to withstand,
 And reply to his threats with the sword.

What tongue shall describe his impetuous rage,
 At this gallant defiance return'd ?
 Matilda attempted in vain to assuage,
 His immoderate wrath, as, the Earl to engage
 In combat destructive, he burn'd.

He marshal'd his troops, led them forth to the field,
 And unfurl'd the red ensign of war ;
 He mounted his horse, arm'd with helmet and shield,
 His right hand a truncheon of silver did wield,
 And the clarion resounded afar.

Now the banners of war, by command of the Knight,
 Were on the west turret display'd ;
 The Baron mov'd forward, enrag'd at the sight,
 Earl Reginald boldly prepar'd for the fight,
 And look'd on his foe undismay'd.

The trumpet's shrill clangour was heard thro' the hall,
The vassals the signal obey ;
Cross-bowmen and archers soon flock'd to the call,
The Earl at their head pass'd the drawbridge, and all
Stood silent in battle array.

With shouts of each host the fierce contest begun,
Each bosom with rage is inspir'd ;
By the side of the Earl rode Sir Edwin, his son,
To learn of his father how battles were won,
And renown everlasting acquir'd.

Not long had they fought ere a dart wing'd its flight,
And pierc'd the good Reginald's side ;
Edwin flew to his aid, when, embracing the Knight,
The Earl cried aloud—" Son, maintain your just right !"
Then drew out the arrow, and died !

And now raged the battle with more and more heat,
When his men heard their chieftain was slain ;
Yet conquest sat doubtful which army to greet,
Till Edwin rush'd forward, the Baron to meet,
And decided the fate of the plain.

For nought could resist the o'erwhelming career,
The Baron perceiv'd it with dread ;
He stay'd not to risk the discharge of his spear,
But, panic-struck, turning, as Edwin drew near,
With hurry precipitate fled.

Long time the pursuit did Sir Edwin sustain—
The Baron at length they surround ;
He attempted resistance, but all was in vain,
For Sir Edwin advancing seiz'd hold of his rein,
And hurl'd him with force to the ground.

Now, lost in amazement, the armies both stand,
And from further hostilities cease :
Sir Edwin alighted, his spear in his hand,
Took the Baron's bright falchion and staff of command,
As he sued with submission for peace.

The Knight, thus victorious, his enemy spar'd,
 And return'd him the staff and the sword;
 The Baron receiv'd them, and, bowing, declar'd
 "He relinquish'd the land which to claim he had dar'd,"
 And plighted his honour and word.

The crest-fallen Baron retreated with fear,
 Tho' with anger his bosom still glow'd;
 While Sir Edwin a monument hasten'd to rear,
 And, lamenting his parent, the sorrow-born tear
 Of affection and tenderness flow'd.

Of the Baron's defeat and Earl Reginald's fate
 Soon the news to Matilda was brought:
 Some tell her of Edwin, both gallant and great,
 While others his generous conduct relate,
 And how well the young warrior had fought.

Each relation she heard did some new trait disclose,
 That redounded still more to his praise;
 His achievements, his worth, as related by those
 Whom her father's ambition had render'd his foes,
 In his favour some sentiments raise.

Still Reflection had taught her to strengthen her heart
 'Gainst the Passions' too arrogant sway,
 And in earliest life she had learnt the great art,
 How with ev'ry fond wish, if imprudent, to part,
 And Discretion's wise rules to obey.

So with caution she check'd the soft passion of love,
 Which she felt rising quick in her breast;
 She knew how in vain her entreaties would prove,
 Her father's fierce wrath from the Knight to remove,
 Whose pow'r he so late had confess'd.

Some doubts, too, distracted her delicate mind,
 She had Edwin's affection to prove;
 She knew not how much he in secret had pin'd
 Since her charms he beheld, and reluctant confin'd
 In his breast the fierce passion of love.

Depriv'd of a mother in life's early day,
 But one parent Matilda had known ;
 When his son, too, had yielded to Death's mighty sway,
 All his care and attention the Baron did pay
 To his lovely Matilda alone.

With a parent's fond hopes, no expense did he spare
 That could most to her happiness tend ;
 He selected a female to dwell with the fair,
 Who, abilities joining with requisite care,
 Might act as a guardian and friend.

A friar was next to the barony brought,
 With Religion's high functions endow'd ;
 His mind was with useful accomplishments fraught,
 Which he freely imparted, and carefully taught
 Whatever was pious and good.

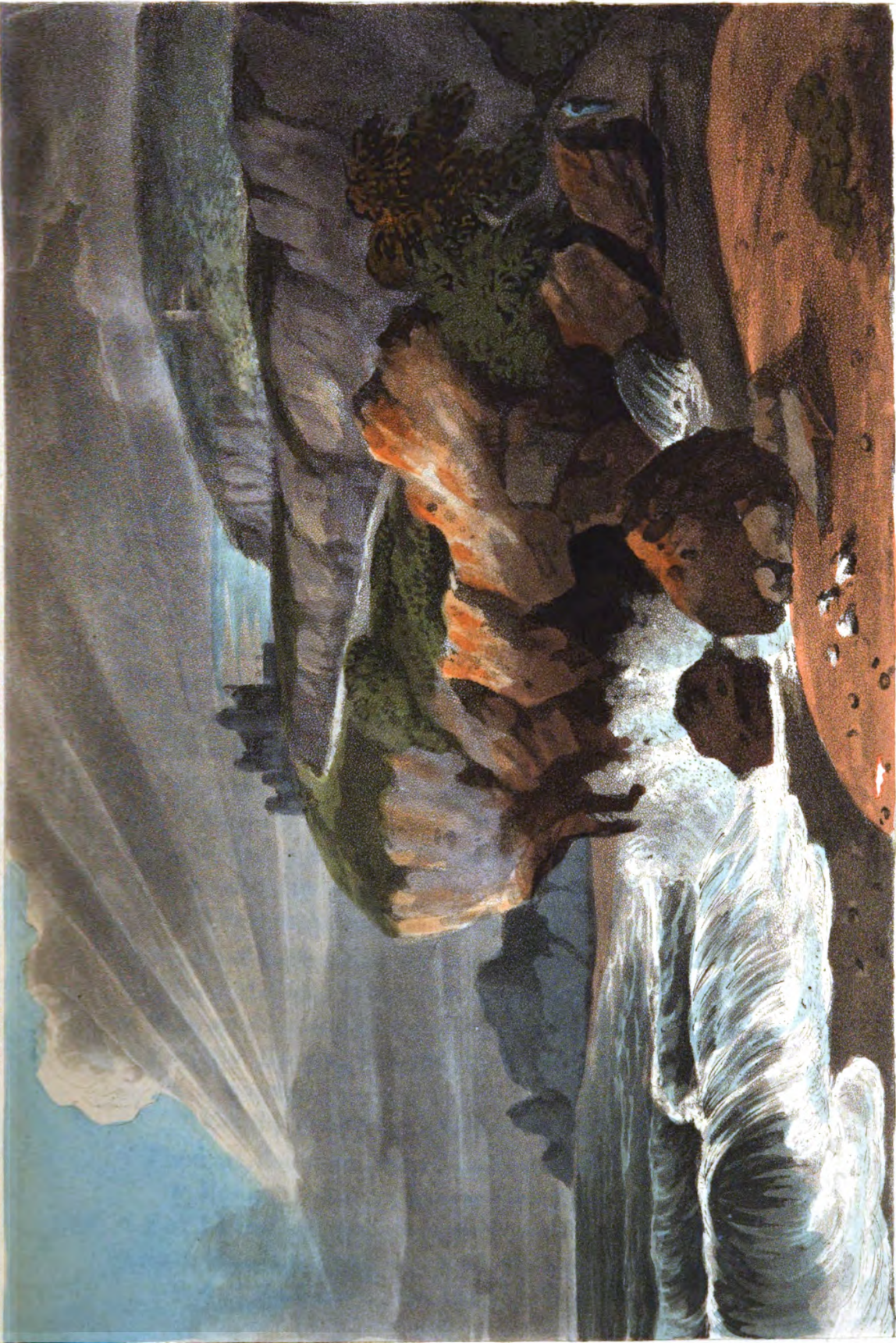
Thus Matilda, by Genius assisted, acquir'd
 A wisdom attain'd but by few ;
 While the Baron, by Nature's warm dictates inspir'd,
 Saw his daughter's improvement with joy, and admir'd
 To find how in virtue she grew.

For tho' rage and ambition oft swell'd his proud mind,
 Which then no persuasion could move,
 Yet the calm of Reflection his heart would unbind,
 And, the tumult subsiding, his feelings inclin'd
 To parental affection and love.

And now, when Matilda, all lovely and fair,
 Had attain'd the sweet age of eighteen,
 Did the Baron with unjust aggression prepare
 'Gainst the valiant Earl Reginald war to declare,
 The issue of which we have seen.

Now the Baron's strong castle * stood on the cliff's side,
 That hung o'er the sea-beaten shore,
 In whose base, dark and craggy, the rock-sapping tide
 Had hollow'd out caverns, deep, darksome, and wide,
 Which none had yet dar'd to explore.

* See Plate.



THE CASTLE OF BARON HULEMBERT.

vide Edwin & Matilda. Canto 1st



A descent from the castle, along the cliff's brow,
 Form'd a passage that led to the main ;
 On each side hardy tam'risks did flourish and grow—
 For, tho' storms might assail them, and hurricanes blow,
 They spent all their fury in vain.

As the sea had retreated full many a year,
 And far was the cliff from its reach,
 Matilda would walk on the sands without fear,
 And pass the dark caverns, tho' Fame said that here
 Dwelt a monster, the King of the Beach !

It chanc'd that, quite early, one fair Summer's morn,
 In her usual resort to the shore,
 A stranger approach'd her, whose air was forlorn,
 But whom bright silver armour and purple adorn,
 And a crimson-plum'd helm that he wore.

As nearer he drew she perceiv'd he was young,
 And a smile brighten up in his face ;
 The stranger to meet her with joy forward sprung,
 And himself at her feet instantaneously flung,
 While each action was gifted with grace.

“ And is the fair Lady Matilda,” he said,
 “ Regarded, attended, by none ?

“ Methinks thy soft bosom must feel much afraid

“ To be near (and he kiss'd the white hand of the maid)
 “ These dark-looking caverns alone !”

“ No dread superstition my bosom alarms,”
 Said Matilda ; “ but, stranger, arise :

“ Who art thou, and whence ? and why thus clad in arms ?

“ For, Sir Knight, tho' thy dress to the eye may have
 charms,

“ Yet thy knowledge hath rais'd my surprise.

“ Thou art, doubtless, some Noble ; this sumptuous array
 “ Bespeaks what thy answer should prove ;

“ For I know not of one who such wealth can display,

“ Save the Baron, who here holds the sovereign sway,

“ And Earl Edwin, the Lord of the Grove.”

He smil'd; she continued:—"Whoever thou art,

"Hospitality's voice loudly calls;

"My father possesses a true British heart—

"Then come, to the Baron thy story impart,

"And enter yon tall castle-walls."

"Thy kindness, fair Lady, I fain would receive,

"But sad and severe is my fate;

"Still, thy tender anxiety now to relieve,

"My name, only mention'd, the reason will give

"Why I wish not to enter yon gate."

Here Matilda blush'd deeply, and uttered a sigh,

Which too well her forebodings express'd;

It escap'd not the stanger's inquisitive eye,

Who, anxious to check an evasive reply,

Thus again the fair Lady address'd:—

"My sire was an Earl of extensive command,

"And laurels of glory had won;

"And, when scarcely sixteen, to the Palestine land,

"At the head of a chosen and firm-attach'd band,

"He sent me, his only lov'd son.

"I will spare you the tale of the deeds which I wrought,

"How the honours of knighthood I gain'd;

"Suffice to observe, that with valour I fought,

"For glory or death in the battle I sought,

"And have envied distinctions obtain'd.

"Having vanquish'd our foes we our navy prepar'd,

"And victorious to England return'd;

"But, alas! tho' my life had in battles been spar'd,

"My heart was by beauty resistless ensnar'd,

"And with passion I hopelessly burn'd.

"For, near to our castle, returning one day

"From the wearisome sports of the field,

"I met a fair maiden, more blooming than May,

"Whose face did such exquisite beauty display

"As these eyes before never beheld.

" I have since seen her oft, tho' my beaver of steel
 " Has prudently always been down ;
 " But I ne'er found a season my love to reveal,
 " To tell how consuming the passion I feel,
 " Or my soul how enamour'd to own.
 " At length, to increase his then ample domain,
 " By her father fierce war was begun ;
 " And, tho' fatal the battle we fought on the plain,
 " (For my father, so brave, by an arrow was slain,)
 " Yet conquest attended the son !"

He paus'd ;—a chill trembling Matilda's soft frame
 Assail'd as he dropp'd on his knee :

" That son is Earl Edwin ! behold, now, the same !
 " My sire the great Reginald ! deathless in fame !
 " And my heart owns its idol in thee !"

Who shall tell what delight beam'd in Edwin's bright
 eyes ?

Who describe sweet Matilda's alarm ?
 As a lily, in rain, sheds its lustre and dies,
 So Matilda, o'ercome by such sudden surprise,
 Swoon'd away upon Edwin's rais'd arm.

No pencil can picture the lover's distress,
 As, supporting the fair one, he rose ;
 In words as impassion'd as love can express,
 He besought his Matilda his wishes to bless,
 And her heart-wounding eyes to uncloze.

" Such excellence has my rash conduct destroy'd !
 " Such beauty no more shall I see !
 " Return, my ador'd ! to this world unenjoy'd ;
 " I feel that my life will be nought but a void,
 " I feel I must die, without thee !"

Life, returning, now shone in Matilda's sweet face,
 And her eyes upon Edwin she rais'd ;
 The paleness of death now to blushes gave place,
 While her form Edwin press'd in a gentle embrace,
 On her charms as enraptur'd he gaz'd.

For who, without rapture, could view such a change ?
 What Recluse could behold it unmov'd ?
 While the Earl's eager eyes o'er her beauty did range,
 He grew fix'd in a passion which nought could estrange,
 And with boundless affection he lov'd.

But the beauteous Matilda fear'd longer to stay,
 As the time of repast nearer drew ;
 They exchange'd an " Adieu !" ere she hasten'd away,
 While a voice from the cliff seem'd to echo, and say,
 In prophetic accents, " Adieu !"

[To be continued.]

EPITAPH ON A THIEF OF STATE.

FROM DESTOUCHES.

HERE lie the remains of Sir Zachary Z.
A thief of importance, who died in his bed ;
 At the gallows he ought to have met with his fate,
And 'tis likely he would, had he not been so great.

T. W.

TO CERTAIN REVIEWERS.

IF, Sirs, you carp at our indicting,
 Pray mend it by your better writing ;
 And if you're clever, as you say,
 Why not step forth and shew the way ?
 You reprobate us scribbling elves,
 Yet can't write any thing yourselves.

T. W.

ODE—TO MY LYRE.

His wanton fingers o'er the Lyre
 Twinkled like electric fire ;
 Quick and quicker as they flew,
 Sweet and sweeter tones they drew :
 Now a bolder hand he flings,
 And drives among the deepest strings ;
 Then forth the music broke like thunder ;
 Back he started, wild with wonder !
 The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
 And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy !

MONTGOMERY.

WHEN o'er the scene meek Ev'ning spreads,
 With dewy hand, her shadowy veil ;
 Or when the Moon serenely sheds
 Her lustre thro' the flow'ry dale ;
 I love to seek the fav'rite spot,
 Beneath the wood's embow'ring shade,
 Revolving on my dubious lot,
 Where poor Ophelia's dust is laid :
 For he, whose blooming prospects have been crost,
 To all the charms of clam'rous pleasure's lost.
 There on her tomb (with thoughtful eye),
 That stands below the whisp'ring trees,
 I'll ponder, wrapp'd in ecstasy,
 Nor heed the wild careering breeze :
 And, as the sullen visions throng,
 Beside yon stately alder's form ;
 Urania's heav'n-inspiring song
 Shall chase Affliction's moody storm !
 Then o'er thy chords my hurrying hand shall fly,
 While brighter scenes illumine the distant sky.
 When Pleasure flaunts in spangled dress,
 To lure my devious feet astray ;
 I court the churchyard's dark recess,
 Nor heed what driv'lling blockheads say ;

For dear I hold its friendly gloom,
 What time the glow-worm sheds its light ;
 And o'er the lov'd Ophelia's tomb
 The shapes of Death resume their flight ;
 When Silence broods o'er all the glorions scene,
 And Cynthia walks her glitt'ring host between.

But when Aurora breaks the skies,
 Dissolving Sleep's ambrosial spell,
 No rapture fires my languid eyes,
 The clouds of Sorrow to dispel :
 Trade's sons accurst are on the wing,
 The shouts of Conquest sound afar ;
 Invet'rate Murder's heard to sing,
 High-seated on Ambition's car !
 Moravia's fields, with reeking slaughter warm,
 Rush on my sight like meteors thro' the storm !

Flow gently on, thou rippling Stream !
 That hear'st celestial Pity weep ;
 From whom I've stolen many a theme,
 When half the world was lock'd in sleep ;
 For often would Ophelia roam,
 Beneath the twinkling star of eve,
 Deserting all her joys at home,
 To hear thee thro' the woodlands grieve :
 To thee, sweet Stream ! were all our secrets known,
 For on thy verdant marge we saunter'd all alone !

Oh Lyre ! my Lyre ! my faithful guest !
 I'll guard thee with parental care,
 Will shroud thee near my panting breast,
 Regardless of the fiend Despair !
 Let Madness then, with bleeding Grief,
 Plant arrows in my writhing heart ;
 I'll bear it all, since sweet relief
 Thy tones for ever can impart :

Delightful tones ! that still my genius sway,
And lure my feet from Fortune's dazzling way !

Yes, Lyre ! to me thou must be dear,
Since rapture all thy strings impart !
Thou pour'st wild music in mine ear,
And bids't the raving Poet start !
At thy command the pond'rous skies,
Split by the lightning's vivid glare,
Unfold their deepest mysteries,
And God's almighty pow'r declare !

The crashing bolts keep thund'ring from their spheres,
While wrapp'd in flames the rolling world appears !

What tho' the sons of Genius be
Unletter'd in nefarious guile ?
What tho' their brows, thro' poverty,
Wear not illusive Fortune's smile ?
Is there a state so highly blest
As that which to the Poet's giv'n ?
Speak, ye whom Fortune hath carest,
Who 'neath her blooming eye have thriv'n !

Seal'd are their lips ! while Truth's Herculean voice
Proclaims, " the Bard is Heav'n's peculiar choice !

" His unfilm'd eyes distinctly view
" Hell's offspring foaming in despair !
" He hears their cries of anguish too
" Re-echo'd on the sulph'rous air !
" Then, with electric force inspir'd,
" Before him all the heav'ns expand ;
" Amidst the flying clouds retir'd,
" He guides the storm with fiery hand ;
" Or, fix'd sublimely on the lightning's plume,
" Leads the fierce thunders thro' the midnight gloom !"

Oh ! then, my Lyre ! to thee belongs
A charm no language can define !
A pow'r to sooth my deepest wrongs,
Or round my brow a chaplet twine !

Oh! cou'd I snatch the envied prize!
 'Tis all my thirsting soul desires;
 That once possess'd, I'd cleave the skies,
 To sweep with holier hand thy wires!
 That once possess'd, all worldly love shou'd cease,
 Compos'd I'd lay me down, and "sleep the sleep of
 "peace."

But, since 'tis diff'rently design'd,
 I bow with reverential knee;
 To Him I bow, whose spotless mind
 Conceiv'd th' immutable decree!
 I'll praise the Pow'r whose lips divine
 Breath'd in my soul the godlike heat;
 And with thy simple music join,
 To make the rugged hymn complete!
 All-conquering Lyre! in some neglected clime,
 From Mammon's sons I'll smite thy chords sublime!

Thrice-valued Friend! while now the moon
 Glides gently o'er the woodland stream,
 Where airy forms their harps attune,
 Enamour'd of the silver beam:
 While not a zephyr steals along,
 Beneath the starry vault of night,
 And Sleep involves his drowsy throng,
 My fingers, glowing with delight,
 Shall ply thy chords on Snowdon's awful crest,
 Or in yon mould'ring aisles, where Bards and Warriors
 rest.

J. G.

Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square,
September, 1809.

SONNET.

When the pale-featur'd spirits the lowland surround,
 And the charming Octavia's song is no more ;
 While the empress of night sleeps in darkness profound,
 And the bloodhounds of war are envelop'd in gore ;
 Oh ! say, shall the Muse now relinquish her lyre,
 Or cease to go on with the love-breathing lay ?
 Oh no ! surely no ! for the scene must inspire
 Her fingers the exquisite strain to essay.
 O'er mountains whose summits are lost in the skies,
 O'er the Alps and Bohemia's forests I go ;
 Conducted by Cupid, my freed spirit flies,
 Above the red meadows of Murder and Woe !
 Leaves apostates, detractors, and sycophants vile,
 To steal from its fav'rite in heaven a smile !

Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square,
 1809.

J. G.

FOR THE LOVERS OF SPENCER.

The following Lines are written in a very beautiful Hand at the Back of the Title-Page to the Second Part of *Spenser's " Faerie Queene,"* opposite to "*The Legend of Cambel and Trilamond ; or, of Friendship,*" in a Copy of the Folio Edition, 1611, in the Possession of the Correspondent by whom they were communicated.

Of FRIENDSHIP and y^e CHOYCE of FRIENDS.
 FRIENDSHIP on earth wee may as easily fynd
 As hee the north-west passage that is blynd ;
 'Tis not unlyke th' imaginarie stone,
 That tatter'd chymicks long have doted on :
 Sophisticate affection is the best
 This age affords : no frends abyde the test.
 They make a glorious shew a little space,
 But tarnish in the rayne lyke copper lace

Or tryed in affection but one day,
They smoke, and stink, and vapour quite away.

Wee want the true materials chusing frends :
On vertue wee project not, but our ends.
So, by degrees, when wee embrace so manie,
Wee courted are, but yet not lov'd of anie.
Good turnes ill plac't y^t wee on others heape,
Are seeds of that ingratitude wee reape :
And hee y^t is so sweet, hee more denyes,
Was made of honey for y^e nimble flies.

Chuse one or two companions for thy lyfe ;
Then be as true as y^u would'st have thy wyfe :
Though hee lives joylesse, y^t enjoyes no frend,
He y^t hath many payes for't in y^e end.

The Dedication to *Lady Carew*, beginning "He may I," &c. and
To "all the gracious and beautiful Ladyes of the Court," neither of
which were printed in this Edition, are added, in the same hand,
in this Copy, at the end of the other Dedication. The writing
appears to be about the same date with the Book.

T. W.

EPITAPH ON A GREAT POET.

FROM DESTOUCHES.

HERE lie the remains of a Poet of worth ;
He had talents, 'tis true, but they're hid in the earth :
To the Temple of Fame he essay'd to repair,
But he died of starvation before he got there.

T. W.

TRAXIRADE *.

Here endless Spring in perfect fragrance reigns,
 And twice fat cattle graze the verdant plains ;
 Here Pan melodious swells his warbling flute,
 And orchards bend with two-fold loads of fruit.

IMITATION, J. D.

RUSTIC Muse ! harmonious maid !
 Let me sing of Traxirade ;
 Of its noble rocks and hills,
 Shady groves and purling rills ;
 Let me not omit one grace
 Which paints the beauty of the place.

Sweet Ovidian numbers here,
 Let in ev'ry thought appear ;
 And let truth, in ev'ry line,
 With rustic music sweetly join :
 For, tho' no better Muse essay
 To sing thy beauties in her lay,
 Nature, beneficent and gay,
 Blesses with eternal May ;
 Thy vale in Winter gives thee Spring,
 And bids the redbreast in December sing.
 Oh, Muse ! my soul with truth inspire,
 And wrap me in poetic fire.

First, on thy top, Finn, let be seen
 The hobthurst † or the fairy queen,

* The name of Ashford was given to this village by Edward the Confessor, as the following couplet in a window of stained glass in the church specifies :—

Ashford, the garden of the Peak so fam'd,
 By pious Edward the Confessor nam'd.

† A name for sprite, used by the inhabitants of the Peak of Derby.

And the glow-worm shining bright
 In the middle of the night ;
 Hear the thund'ring waterfall,
 And the ugly howlet squall,
 In chorus with the Rout in Lum *,
 Louder than Indian gong or drum.
 Often here †, in ancient day,
 Hostile Rome has held her sway,
 Hath here her camps and turrets rais'd,
 And here the fun'ral pile has blaz'd.
 Martial weapons, too, are found,
 Upturn'd by ploughshares from the ground ;
 Arrow-head and falchion blade,
 And urns of ashes moulder'd in the shade.

Now from the east the sun doth rise,
 Tingeing with various hues the skies ;
 Morn, beginning now to dawn,
 Shews far off the verdant lawn ;
 The Wye, meandering below,
 Sometimes rapid, sometimes slow.
 View the landscape, Monsal Dale,
 More beauteous far than Tempé's Vale ;
 See the grayling and the trout
 In the river sport about :
 Picture here what Poets have
 Of Elysuim 'yond the grave :
 The tufted turrets and the rocks,
 Wild-goats, with shepherds, and their flocks ;
 Nature, bounteous to th' extreme,
 Gives these to thy care, N—d—h—m !
 To the left now turn your eyes,
 The rocks, hight Doncaster, arise ;

* The name of a celebrated waterfall in Monsal Dale.

† A Roman camp has been discovered upon Finn, and many decayed urns and implements of war have been found near it.

Whose tops with various shrubs are crown'd,
 Lilies and vi'lets deck the ground :
 Here the hazle-nut trees grow,
 And the wild-doves bill and coo,
 Constant to thy shade, Shacklow*.

Now we quit this rural scene,
 And walk to visit the machine † ;
 Here the quarries of black rocks
 Yield the marble's hugest blocks ;
 Which, when sawn and polish'd bright,
 Form ornaments for use and sight,
 For the theatre or tomb,
 The mausoleum or the dome.
 Here fossils, brought with care from far,
 Marble grey, and fluor spar,
 Nature seems to yield to Art,
 And gives mankind improvement's part.

Hark ! I hear the distant bell
 Slowly sound across the dell ;
 Curfew bids me draw a close,
 And retire to sweet repose ;
 Bids me leave the quarry's shade,
 And bid adieu to Traxirade.

Ashford, near Bakewell, JOHN DRINKWATER.
 August 24, 1809.

TITULUS.

FROM MARTIAL.

CRIED Varrus to Sempronius, " Pr'ythee, look ;
 " Why such a splendid *Title* to your Book ?"
 " Sir," said Sempronius, " *our modern sages*
 " *Confine their reading to the Title-pages.*"

T. W.

* Shacklow, a wood belonging to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

† Marble-Works.

THE POET'S APOLOGY.

WHERE the Summer-breeze sports the young willows
among,

That hang their soft leaves o'er the brook stealing by;
Or deep in the grove, where the thrush's clear song
Warbles sweet thro' the green branches waving on
high;

Aloft on hoar mountains assailing the sky,
Or low in the humble and wood-border'd vale,
Wherever wild Solitude's dark pinions fly;
There oft has the Poet his varying tale
Of Pleasure's blithe harmony sung, or Despondency's
sorrowful bale.

And blame not, ye worldlings, the choice he has made,
Nor contemn those delights which you never can share;
Not in vain does he live in Retirement's shade,
Nor in vain with the Muse hold fond intercourse there:
For the gales, on their swift-winged passage, will bear
Ev'ry note he shall utter, whose music can raise
Delight's happy smile, or draw Sympathy's tear:
And still on mankind with affection he'll gaze—
Softly *whisper rebuke* to their *faults*, but their *virtues*
exultantly praise.

Then leave him, ye tribes that crowd Gaiety's fane,
And ye that on Fashion's trim levee attend!
He likes not your faithless and fluttering train—
When Prosperity withers, your love's at an end!
Whilst he in the Muse finds an ever-warm friend,
He envies you not in this peaceable state;
If a few worthy inmates society lend,
He minds not whom honours or riches await;
But, grant him the smiles of *the good*—he cares not a whit
for *the great*.

E. W.—G.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With an Engraving.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 11.]

" IN ev'ry way, in ev'ry sense,
 " Man is the care of Providence ;
 " And, whensoe'er he goeth wrong,
 " The errors to himself belong ;
 " Nor do we always judge aright
 " Of Fortune's favours, or her spite :
 " How oft with pleasure we pursue
 " Some glitt'ring phantom in our view ;
 " Nor rightly seen or understood,
 " We chase it as a real good :
 " At length the air-born vision flies,
 " And each fond expectation dies !
 " Sometimes the clouds appear to low'r,
 " And threat Misfortune's direful hour :
 " We tremble at th' approaching blast ;
 " Each hope is fled,—we look aghast ;
 " When, lo ! the darkness disappears,
 " The glowing sun all Nature cheers :
 " The drooping heart again acquires
 " Its former joys, its former fires.
 " Last night I wander'd o'er the plain,
 " Thro' unknown ways and beating rain,
 " Nor thought 'twould be my lot to fall
 " On such an inn as *Welcome Hall* ;
 " Indeed with truth I cannot say
 " When there I came I lost my way,
 " Where all was good, and nought to pay." }
 Thus Syntax, with reflection fraught,
 Soliloquiz'd the moral thought ;

While Grizzle, all alive and gay,
 Ambled along the ready way.
 Last night she found it no disaster
 To share the fortune of her master ;
 She with the 'Squire's hunters stood,
 And shar'd with them the choicest food ;
 In a fine roomy stable plac'd,
 With ev'ry well-trimm'd clothing grac'd,
 Poor Grizzle was as good a joke
 To all the merry stable-folk
 As the good Doctor in the house
 Was to the 'Squire and his spouse.

Enrapt by Contemplation's pow'r,
 Syntax forgot the fleeting hour ;
 Till, looking round, he saw the sun
 Had more than half his circuit run.
 A shepherd-boy he now espied,
 Strolling along the high-way side ;
 Upon his wand'ring flock intent,
 The stripling whistled as he went.
 " My honest lad, perhaps you know
 " What distance I may have to go,
 " Before my eager eyes may greet
 " Some place where I may drink and eat."

" Continue, Master, o'er the down,
 " And soon you'll reach the neighb'ring town ;
 " In less, I think, than half an hour,
 " You'll pass by yonder lofty tow'r ;
 " Keep onward by the churchyard-wall,
 " And soon you'll see an house of call :
 " The sign's a dragon,—there you'll find
 " Eating and drinking to your mind."

Across the down the Doctor went,
 And tow'rds the church his way he bent.
 " Thus," Syntax said " when man is hurl'd
 " Upwards and downwards in the world ;

“ When some strong impulse makes him stray
“ From Virtue’s path to Folly’s way,
“ The church, Religion’s holy seat,
“ Will guide to peace his wand’ring feet.
“ But, hark ! the death-bell’s solemn toll
“ Tells the departure of a soul ;
“ The Sexton too, I see, prepares
“ The place where end all human cares.
“ Behold, a crowd of tombs appear ;
“ I may find something curious here :
“ Oft-times poetic flow’rs are found
“ To flourish in sepulchral ground.
“ I’ll just walk in and take a look,
“ And pick up matter for my book.
“ The living, some wise man has said,
“ Delight in reading of the dead ;
“ What golden gains my book would boast,
“ If I could meet a chatty ghost,
“ Who would some news communicate
“ Of its unknown and ghostly state :
“ Some pallid figure in a shroud,
“ Or sitting on a murky cloud ;
“ Or kicking up a new-made grave,
“ And screaming forth an horrid stave ;
“ Or bursting from the hollow tomb,
“ To tell of bloody deeds to come :
“ Two adverse skeletons embattling,
“ With ghastly grins, and bones a rattling ;
“ Something to make the Misses stare,
“ And force upright their curly hair ;
“ To cause their pretty forms to shake,
“ And make them doubt if they’re awake ;
“ And thus to tonish folks present,
“ *The Picturesque of Sentiment.*
“ But ’tis, I fear, some hours too soon—
“ Ghosts slumber all the afternoon ;

“ I’ll ask the Sexton if, at night,
 “ I may perchance pick up a sprite.”

The Doctor, in canonic state,
 Now op’d at once the churchyard-gate ;
 While Grizzle, too, thought fit to pass,
 Who knew the taste of churchyard-grass.
 “ Sir,” cried the Sexton, “ let me say
 “ That you must take your mare away,
 “ Or else, believe me, I am bound
 “ To lead her quickly to the pound.”

“ You do mistake, my honest friend—
 “ ’Tis a foul wrong you do intend ;
 “ A Parson’s mare will claim a right
 “ In a churchyard to take a bite ;
 “ And, as I’m come to meditate
 “ Among these signs of human fate,
 “ I beg you will not make a riot,
 “ But let the poor beast feed in quiet.”
 No more the conscious Sexton said,
 But urg’d his labours for the dead ;
 While Syntax cull’d, with critic care,
 What the sad Muse had written there.

EPITAPHS.

Here lie poor Thomas and his wife,
 Who led a pretty jarring life ;
 But all is ended, do you see ?
 He holds his tongue, and so does she.

If drugs and physic could but save
 Us mortals from the dreary grave,
 ’Tis known that I took full enough,
 Of the Apothecary’s stuff,
 To have prolong’d life’s busy feast
 To a full century at least ;

But, spite of all the Doctor's skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you're alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.

Within this tomb a lover lies,
Who fell an early sacrifice }
To Dolly's unrelenting eyes. }
For Dolly's charms poor Damon burn'd—
Disdain the cruel maid return'd ;
But, as she danc'd in May-day pride, }
Dolly fell down, and Dolly died, }
And now she lies by Damon's side. }
Be not hard-hearted then, ye fair !
Of Dolly's hapless fate beware :
For sure you'd better go to bed
To the living than the dead.

Beneath the sod the soldier sleeps,
Whom cruel War refus'd to spare :—
Beside his grave the maiden weeps,
And glory plants the laurel there.
Honour is the warrior's meed,
Or spar'd to live, or doom'd to die ;
Whether 'tis his lot to bleed,
Or join the shout of Victory ;
Alike the laurel to the truly brave
That binds the brow or consecrates the grave.

Beneath this stone her ashes rest,
Whose mem'ry fills my aching breast ;
She sleeps unconscious of the tear
That tells the tale of sorrow here ;
But still the hope allays my pain
That we may live and love again :
To love with pure seraphic fire,
That never, never, shall expire.

Syntax the Sexton now address'd,
As on his spade he lean'd to rest.

SYNTAX.

“ We both, my friend, pursue our trade ;
“ I for the living, you the dead.
“ For whom that grave do you prepare,
“ With such keen haste and cheerful air ?”

SEXTON.

“ And please your Rev'ence, *Lawyer Thrust,*
“ Thank Heav'n, will moulder here to dust
“ Never before did I take measure
“ Of any grave with any pleasure ;
“ And, when within this hole he's laid,
“ I'll ram the earth down with my spade :
“ I'll take good care he shall not rise,
“ Till summon'd to the last assize ;
“ And, when he sues for Heaven's grace,
“ I would not wish to take his place.
“ Now that his foul misdoings cease,
“ I hope we all shall live in peace.—
“ He, once on cruel deed intent,
“ Seiz'd on my goods for want of rent ;
“ Nay, I declare, as I'm a sinner,
“ He took away the children's dinner ;
“ For, as they sat around the table,
“ Eating as fast as they were able,
“ He seiz'd the dishes, great and small,
“ The children's bread and milk, and all !
“ The urchins cried, the mother pray'd,
“ I begg'd his rigour might be stay'd
“ Till I could on our Parson call,
“ Who would engage to pay it all ;
“ But he disdain'd a Parson's word,
“ And mock'd the suit which I preferr'd.

" He knew a better way to thrive ;
 " To pay two pounds—by taking five.
 " Bursting with rage, I knock'd him down,
 " And broke the cruel rascal's crown ;
 " For which in county-gaol I lay,
 " Half-starving, many a bitter day.
 " But our good Parson brought relief,
 " And kindly sooth'd a mother's grief :
 " He, while in prison I remain'd,
 " My little family sustain'd ;
 " And, when I was from durance free,
 " He made me Sexton, as you see.
 " But Doctor Worthy, he is gone,
 " You'll read his virtues on the stone
 " That's plac'd aloft upon the wall,
 " Where you may see the ivy crawl :
 " The good man's ashes rest below ;—
 " He's gone where all the righteous go :
 " I dug his grave with many a moan,
 " And almost wish'd it were my own.
 " I daily view the earthy bed,
 " Where death has laid his rev'rend head ;
 " And, when I see a weed appear,
 " I pluck it up, and shed a tear !
 " The parish griev'd, for not an eye
 " In all its large extent was dry,
 " Save one ;—but such a kindly grace
 " Ne'er deck'd the Lawyer's iron face.
 " The aged wept a friend long known,
 " The young a parent's loss bemoan ;
 " While we, alas ! shall long deplore
 " The bounteous patron of the poor."

The Doctor heard, with tearful eye,
 The Sexton's grateful eulogy ;
 Then sought the stone with gentle tread,
 As fearing to disturb the dead,
 And thus, in measur'd tones, he read :— }

“ For fifty years the Pastor trod
 “ The way commanded by his God ;
 “ For fifty years his flock he fed
 “ With that divine celestial bread
 “ Which nourishes the better part,
 “ And fortifies man’s failing heart.
 “ His wide, his hospitable door,
 “ Was ever open to the poor ;
 “ While he was sought for counsel sage,
 “ By ev’ry rank, and ev’ry age.
 “ That counsel sage he always gave,
 “ To warn, to strengthēn, and to save :
 “ He sought the sheep that went astray,
 “ And pointed out the better way.
 “ What tho’ he with his smiles approv’d,
 “ The virtue he so dearly lov’d,
 “ He did not spare the harsher part,
 “ To probe the ulcer in the heart ;
 “ But sternly gave the wholesome pain
 “ That brought it back to health again :
 “ Thus, the law of Heav’n his guide,
 “ He liv’d,—and then in peace he died.”

SYNTAX.

“ Pray tell me, friend, who now succeeds
 “ This Pastor, fam’d for virtuous deeds ?”

SEXTON.

“ A very worthy pious man,
 “ Who does us all the good he can ;
 “ But he, good Sir, has got a wife,”

SYNTAX.

“ Who may perhaps disturb his life ;—
 “ A tongue sometimes engenders strife.”

SEXTON.

“ No ;—she’s a worthy woman too ;—
 “ But then they’ve children not a few ;

" I think it is the will of Heaven
 " That they are bless'd with six or seven ;
 " And then you will agree with me,
 " That home's the scene of charity."

SYNTAX.

" 'Tis true ;—nor can your Parson preach
 " A sounder doctrine than you teach.
 " And now, good Sexton, let me ask,
 " While you perform your mortal task,
 " As day and night you frequent tread
 " These dreary mansions of the dead,
 " If you, in very truth, can boast
 " That you have ever seen a ghost ?"

SEXTON.

" Your Rev'rence, no !—Though some folks say
 " That such things have been seen as they.
 " Old women talk, in idle chat,
 " Of ghosts and goblins, and all that :
 " 'Tis said that Doctor Worthy walks,
 " And round about the churchyard stalks ;
 " That often, when the moon shines bright,
 " His form appears, all clad in white :
 " To his blest soul it is not given
 " To walk on earth,—for that's in Heaven.
 " I at all hours have cross'd this place,
 " And ne'er beheld a spirit's face.
 " Once, I remember, late at night,
 " I something saw, both large and white,
 " Which made me stop, and made me stare,—
 " But 'twas the Parson's Grizzle mare.
 " Such things as these, I do believe,
 " The foolish people oft deceive ;
 " And then the parish-gossips talk,
 " How witches dance, and spectres walk."

SYNTAX.

“ Your reasoning I much commend ;
 “ So fare you well, my honest friend.
 “ If we act right, we need not dread
 “ Either the living or the dead :
 “ The spirit that disturbs our rest
 “ Is a bad conscience in our breast ;
 “ With that a man is doubly curst : ” —

SEXTON.

“ That spirit haunted *Lawyer Thrust.* ”

SYNTAX.

“ His race is run, his work is o'er—
 “ The wicked man can sin no more ;
 “ He's gone where justice will be done
 “ To all who live beneath the sun ;
 “ And, tho' he wrong'd you when alive,
 “ Let not your vengeance thus survive :
 “ Forgive him, now he's laid so low,—
 “ Nor trample on a fallen foe :
 “ Once more farewell ! but, ere we part,
 “ There's something that will cheer your heart.”

SEXTON.

“ Your Rev'rence, 'twill be some time yet
 “ Ere I forgive ;—but, to forget,—
 “ No, no ;—for, tho' I may forgive,
 “ I can't forget him while I live.
 “ For your good gift, kind Heav'n I bless,
 “ And wish you health and happiness ;
 “ I thank my God, each coming day,
 “ For what he gives, and takes away ;
 “ And now I thank Him, good and just,
 “ That he has taken *Lawyer Thrust.* ”

Syntax along the village pass'd,
 And to the Dragon came at last ;

Where, as the shepherd-boy had said,
 There seem'd to be a busy trade;
 And, seated in an easy chair,
 He found that all he wish'd was there.

[*To be continued.*]

ODE—TO MY LYRE.

[*Continued from Vol. I. p 42.*]

HERE, seated on a hillock green,
 How calmly Nature smiles around!
 Angelic strains, from harps unseen,
 Reverb'rate o'er th' enchanted ground!
 Touch'd by the wand Lorenzo wields,
 The flow'rets close their dewy eyes;
 But, hark! thro' yonder cowslip-fields
 Young Echo to the clock replies;
 Whose measur'd notes, soft stealing thro' the grove,
 Disturb the slumbers of afflicted love.

See where the leering airy clan,
 With torches ride the midnight air!
 Lo! Bürger leads the ghastly van,
 Beneath the red moon's vivid glare!
 Along the dusky tracts they fly,
 Their pennons flap with human gore;
 The clanging trumpets shake the sky,
 And echo down the rocky shore:
 White, heads the centre, arm'd with glitt'ring lance;
 At Gray's victorious word the shouting rears advance!

Fix'd on the whirlwind's dizzy height,
 List! Milton spreads the mandate far!
 While Shakspeare, doubtful of the tight,
 Drives thro' the clouds his flaming car!

And, as he goes, with thund'ring voice
 Collects his rosy warriors round ;
 Who, flush'd with victory, rejoice,
 Swift-rushing thro' the gloom profound!
 Rapt at the scene the adverse Chief pursues,
 And now the fight at ev'ry point ensues.

With opake shield of horrid gleam,
 And lance of pestilential pow'r,
 Milton, hurrying down the stream,
 Views the star of Fortune low'r !
 For, wrapp'd in robes of hue sublime,
 Bright Ariel wields the potent spear !
 Throughout the hollow vaults of Time,
 His voice, like music to the ear,
 Calls forth the slumb'ring myriads to the plain,
 Where corses smoke and slaughter'd souls complain !

But see where smiling Shakspeare comes,
 Drawn in his wreath-encircled car !
 Loud trumpets and sonorous drums
 Proclaim the Conqu'ror from afar !
 His legions, rang'd on every side,
 Look dreadful on the flying foe,
 Whose boasted arms and haughty pride
 Are laid beyond recov'ry low !
 But, ah, my Lyre ! the sun's unwelcome light
 Decks the fair east, and spoils our pure delight !

Then let us seek some cavern wild,
 Where human foot has never trod ;
 Where, by the spell of Sleep beguil'd,
 I'll lay me on the verdant sod :
 And thou, my Harp ! shalt o'er me sleep,
 Suspended by a wreath of flow'rs ;
 There Fancy shall her vigil keep,
 'Till Ev'ning deck her rosy bow'rs :

No hideous dreams, destructive unto rest,
Shall haunt the mazes of a place so blest.

What tho' the hills and valleys round

Attest the sun's triumphant rays ?

What tho' the flow'r-envelop'd ground

Be vested with the orient blaze ?

Ill suits my eye the dazzling heat

Which flows from Sol's resplendent car !

Be mine some shady cool retreat

(When Ev'ning lights her favorite star),

Whose rugged brow, commingling with the sky,
Strikes ten-fold horror to the pilgrim's eye.

Or lead me to the woodland shade,

Where steals the sedgy brook along,

Far from the bullying sons of Trade,

And Fashion's pale distemper'd throng :

Conduct me o'er some mould'ring fane,

Whose crest surveys the silent deep ;

Where tortur'd souls are heard to 'plain,

When all the waves are lull'd to sleep ;

Whence, ever and anon, the crumbling ground

Thunders sublimely down the steep profound !

J. G.

[To be concluded in our next.]

NEARER HOME ; OR, THE MILE-STONE.

HAIL, and welcome, hoary stone !

With the moss of years o'ergrown :

I love thy venerable head,

Rear'd above thy grassy bed ;

While my fancy wanders o'er

Scenes her feet have pass'd before ;

Tho' each time-worn mark I trace,

Doubtful, on thy furrōw'd face ;

Homeward wishes, swift as wind,

Fly and leave the rest behind ;

Guide my thoughts, where'er they roam,
Nearer joy, as nearer home.

As I twine this simple wreath,
As this votive lay I breathe,
Should some frowning Cynic throw
Censure from his scowling brow—
That the passing Muse has tied
Garlands on thy rugged side—
Perchance him future fate may cast
Far on ocean's dreary waste ;
Thoughts of thee despis'd may roll
Like a billow o'er his soul,
When no way-mark, 'mid the foam,
Guides his wand'rings nearer home.

Unheeded by the vulgar eye,
Tho' the crowd may pass thee by ;
Tho' the great man's stately gaze
Gives thee not a moment's praise ;
From *the great* and *vulgar* free,
Let me rest, and sing to thee :—
Again I hail thee, hoary stone !
With the moss of years o'ergrown ;
Still I love thy rev'rend head,
Rear'd above thy grassy bed ;
Come ! thou friend of wand'ers, come !
Tell me I am nearer home !

Alton.

S. M. W—G.

LINES

Addressed to a Lady, who asked the Poet if those were his real
Sentiments, when, speaking of a mutual Acquaintance, he said
“ *Out of Sight, out of Mind.*”

SAY, Julia, art thou inclin'd
To think with thy feelings I play'd
When I cry'd “ *Out of sight out of mind ?*”
O hush ! let it never be said !

Wheresoever I'm destin'd to roam,
Believe me, sweet Julia, true,
When I picture the pleasures of home,
In the picture thy image I view.

Should my heart e'er be tempted to rove,
When eyes, speaking silently, shine,
I may own they beam sweetly of love,
But not with the sweetness of thine.

To the danger which lurks in a smile,
To yield should I ever be known,
Love will only my bosom beguile
By assuming a smile of thine own.

With the fervour of love should I praise,
When an elegant fair one I see,
I enamour'd, believe me, shall gaze
But because I'm reminded of thee.

But, whilst thus *I* my constancy prove,
May I hope, sweet enchantress, to find,
That, when absent, thou haply shalt rove,
I may ever be present in mind?

When, requested to join the gay band,
Thou a charm to the ring dost impart,
Tho' others, perchance, have thy hand,
May I hope I am lord of thy heart?

Ah! doom'd to be parted awhile,
I shall then be contented to stray;
Thought of thee will each sorrow beguile,
Thought of thee will enliven the way.

North Walsham.

J. C.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

PALE star of Ev'ning ! as my pensive eye,
 Dimm'd with the gush of Adoration's tear,
 Soars thro' yon azure canopy of sky
 To the bright confines of thy crystal sphere ;
 What soothing transports steal upon my breast !
 For, as I contemplate thy glimm'ring ray,
 Some kindred spirit from thy heav'n of rest
 Seems shrouded there, and beckons me away.
 Oh ! could I, verging to my last long home,
 Far from each sick'ning scene of sorrow fly ;
 And, quitting earth for heav'n, with thee become
 The happy tenant of yon cloudless sky ;
 My soul, emerging from this mortal shrine,
 Might then enjoy serenity like thine !

L. H. COVE.

IL TAMIGI.

O QUAL da le mie rive, e da lontano
 Insolito rimbombo l' aria fende !
 Dal Ciel seren Minerva lieta scende !
 Ecco—a Britannia dà la diva mano !
 Ciò si è pel Giubiléo del mio Sovrano :
 Altro ne vidi già.—Questo risplende
 Per la Real Virtù salda, che rende
 D' ogni nemico il rio disegno vano.
 Padre d'invitto Popol, d'esso amato ;
 Rege di cuori liberi ; 'l suo Trono
 Ha Temide, e Clemenza sempre a lato.
 Vanta, misero Tebro, solo il suono
 Di Tito, Aurelio, di Trajan lodato,
 Del MAGNANIMO GEORGIO altero io sono !

LEUCIPPO EGINEO, P. A.

Londra, li 25. Ottobre, 1809.

EDWIN AND MATILDA ; OR, THE BEACH-KING.

A LEGENDARY TALE—IN FOUR CANTOS.

With an Engraving.

[Continued from *Vol. II. p. 38.*]

CANTO II.

Not all the discretion Matilda possess
 Could shield her soft bosom from love ;
 That the Earl was its Lord her heart freely confest,
 And an ardent attachment pervaded her breast
 For Edwin the Knight of the Grove.

Prepossess'd in his favour from what she had learn'd,
 To love did but natural seem ;
 And to find that with equal affection he burn'd,
 That the warmth of her passion was fully return'd,
 Was bliss unexpected, extreme.

In reflections like these, not untinctur'd with pain,
 She one day was indulging alone ;
 When a trumpet's shrill blast was heard over the plain,
 And thro' the tall battlements echoed again,
 But a parle was the sound that was blown.

Now the room where the spirits, who watch o'er the good,
 Attended Matilda's repose,
 Commanded a view of the sea's briny flood,
 While far at a distance, behind a thick wood,
 Edwin's moss-cover'd turrets arose.

There directing her sight for the cause of her fears,
 As near to the casement she drew,
 The sound of a trumpet again struck her ears,
 And the glitter of armour, of helmets, and spears,
 Shone issuing forth to her view.

In Matilda's fair breast arose various alarms,
 As they slowly advanc'd o'er the plain ;
 But Hope's cheering ray her chill bosom soon warms,
 When the Earl she perceives by his helmet and arms,
 In the midst of his numerous train.

Now close to the walls the shrill trumpets were blown,
 And the heralds admittance demand ;
 A trumpet the Baron's compliance made known,
 When open the portals were instantly thrown,
 To receive the brave Earl and his band.

And now were the fears of Matilda allay'd,
 As the Earl's gallant air she admir'd ;
 When a voice from a vassal this summons convey'd,
 " That the Baron commanded to see the fair maid,
 " And her instant attendance requir'd."

The sensations of hope, doubt, of sorrow, and fear,
 In her breast had alternate command ;
 And such mingled emotions excited a tear,
 When she thought that her father would still persevere
 In refusing Earl Edwin her hand.

To attempt the proud Baron's high spirit to move,
 Edwin oft had consider'd as vain ;
 But who can withstand the soft impulse of Love ?
 He determin'd at once the hard contest to prove
 For his passion he could not restrain.

And now he approach'd to the hall's brazen door,
 Which slow on its hinges did roll ;
 Such sounds unharmonious its opening bore
 As excited sensations he ne'er felt before ;
 They imparted dismay to his soul.

Tho' such grandeur young Edwin advancing survey'd,
 Yet all omens he fearlessly brav'd ;
 Here ancestry's honours were proudly display'd,
 The floor was with costly mosaic inlaid,
 And suspended the bannerols wav'd.

Suits of armour, which Time had not fail'd to corrode,
 The lofty stone niches contain'd;
 In whose rivetted steel former Barons had trode,
 Who had now long repos'd in the grave's still abode,
 And scarce their remembrance remain'd.

While the Earl with a mixture of awe and delight
 Look'd around him, quick footsteps were heard;
 And men like his own, clad in armour so bright,
 The hall hastily enter'd, when full to his sight
 The Baron Hulembert appear'd.

At the sight of the Baron the Earl made a pause,—
 From sensations he could not but feel;
 While in taking his hand, as by courtesy's laws,
 The Baron betray'd, from a different cause,
 A reluctance he could not conceal.

“Right welcome, my Lord!” he unwillingly said,
 “The hour of repast draweth nigh;
 “Lead on to the banquet;” the vassals obey'd;
 “Bid the minstrels attend where the feast is display'd,
 “The music's sweet strains to supply.”

Now the doors of the banquet-room quick they unfold;
 A King might have envy'd its state;
 Here shone such profusion of silver and gold,
 That the Earl was astonish'd such pomp to behold,
 Tho' his wealth was as splendidly great.

At the end was a seat, which a canopy crown'd,
 With purple bedeck'd, like a throne;
 With richly-wove tap'stry the room was hung round,
 Where achievements heroic, and actions renown'd,
 In colours resplendent were shown.

By command of Hulembert the minstrels prepare,
 And the mingled attendants divide;
 The Baron then mounted the canopy'd chair,
 And the Earl took a seat; while his vassals with care
 Rang'd themselves to attend at his side.

When the feast was begun, and the goblet went round,
 The minstrels their harmony mov'd;
 Now their voices join'd chorus with music's sweet sound,
 And they sang of those heroes for valour renown'd,
 Who glory and honour had lov'd.

They sang of the Hero *, as valiant as *grent*,
 Who the camp of the Danes had explor'd;
 Who number'd their forces, and noted their state,
 And return'd to his throne, as appointed by Fate,
 And Freedom to Britain restor'd.

But when rose the praise of the Barons so bold,
 Whom zeal for their country inspir'd,
 Hulembert was charm'd as their actions of old,
 And the far-fam'd exploits of their valour, they told,
 And what lasting renown they acquir'd.

But how was the Baron transfix'd with delight
 When they sang of the fame he had won!
 But his countenance vary'd as loud they recite
 The noble Earl Reginald, matchless in fight,
 And the valorous acts of his son.

For the minstrels had heard of the deeds he had wrought,
 And his mercy, already far-fam'd;
 But they knew not the sting to the Baron it brought,
 Who, willing to cancel the pride-wounding thought,
 Thus, rising in anger, exclaim'd:—

“ Cease, caitiffs! nor further insult with your noise
 “ The ears of our noble young guest;
 “ Hence, away! and bear with you those coarse thrum-
 ming toys;”

The minstrels departed, when, raising his voice,
 The Baron Earl Edwin address'd:—

* Alfred.



EDWIN & MATILDA. ⁶⁴

*"Cease, caitiffs! nor further insult with your noise
The ears of our noble young guest."*

—Canto 2^d



" Now, Sir, that the banquet admits of delay,
 " And my daughter's attendance we wait ;
 " The purport make known of your visit this day,
 " The first I have had since the fatal affray,"—
 And he stamp'd, in resuming his seat,
 The cheek of the Earl was suffus'd with a glow
 Like the piony's beautiful bloom ;
 Yet he rose to make answer, impatient to know
 What reply to his wishes the chief would bestow,
 And what cast he would give to his doom.
 " None more than myself can lament the just cause
 " That induc'd my late sire to take arms ;
 " When, in open defiance of justice or laws,
 " You, my Lord, (here for courtesy's sake I should
 pause,)
 " Awoke the war's dormant alarms.
 " But the contest is over, and tranquil the plain,
 " My father's possessions are mine ;
 " He left me the Lord of an ample domain,—
 " On the opposite shore is extended my reign,
 " A land rich and fertile as thine.
 " I ask not thy wealth, for more precious than gold
 " Is the treasure which now I demand ;
 " So beauteous a female I ne'er did behold,
 " Whose virtues by wide-spreading fame are extoll'd ;
 " I ask for Matilda's fair hand !"
 Now the Baron could scarcely his anger control,
 Which rapidly rose in his breast ;
 His eyes wildly glaring with phrensy did roll,
 And no longer the fury that rankled his soul
 In words to give vent he suppress'd.
 Enrag'd he arose ! On his brow, like the cloud
 That portentous o'er shadows the sea,
 Sat Revenge, while indignant he utter'd aloud—
 " I would sooner my daughter see wrapp'd in her shroud,
 " Than wedded, vain stripling, to thee !"

As the Lion, of forests the terror and pride,
 Stalks forth if his slumbers be broke ;
 So the Earl, as the Baron he scornfully ey'd,
 Unsheathing the falchion that hung at his side,
 Advanc'd, as in anger he spoke :—

“ Did thy age not protect thee, e'en now thy proud life
 “ For this insult atonement had made ;
 “ Yet hear ! if again thou dar'st kindle the strife,
 “ Tho' thy daughter herself were then offer'd my wife,
 “ Thou should'st not my vengeance evade.”

And now had the horrors of war been renew'd,
 For with anger they mutually burn'd ;
 But Earl Edwin, with prudence consummate endued
 (Lamenting he had not Matilda then view'd),
 To his castle indignant return'd.

[To be continued.]

A VIEW “ THRO' NATURE UP TO NATURE'S GOD.”

POPE.

WHEN my rapt spirit high exulting springs,
 From nerveless thought and vacant view of things,
 Abroad on plumes of strong delight to fly,
 With quick intent, and widely-searching eye,
 On Wisdom calls, her erring sight to guide,
 And draw Perception's fleshly veil aside,
 That she, uncloy'd, may trace the clear design
 Which stamps this boundless universe *divine*,
 Wrought by the will of one Almighty Sire,
 And light at Nature's lamp Devotion's fire—
 What thoughts energetic (thoughts that scorn control)
 Thro' each wide channel fill the depths of soul !
 Sublime their mighty tide comes rolling on,
 Bright with the beams of intellectual sun ;
 And, as they float in shining pomp along,
 Swell each warm current from the source of song.

With seraphs' wings I dart all bounds beyond,
Vain each low tie ! vain each restrictive bond !
To fields cerulean swift I speed my way,
And dare the splendours of supernal day ;
There read, amid Creation's proudest blaze,
In characters of light, her Maker's praise !
Sweet concord fills my senses as I rove,
Borne thro' the system of the worlds above,
'Till, lost, I seek again my low sojourn,
And on receding pinions downward turn ;
Here trace each scene the climes terrestrial give,
'Mid things inanimate, or things that live ;
Still mark in all the same omniscient plan,
" From the least insect up to lordly man ;"
The same pervading, all-exciting, Pow'r,
From the tall cedar to the meanest flow'r ;
From the great sea, that spurns a thousand shores,
Where deep to deep in dreadful concert roars,
To the small riv'let, that meand'ring flows
Past its green margin, murm'ring as it goes ;
From the rough heights, where Borean tempests blow,
To the soft zephyrs in the vales below ;
From Zembla's hills, where snows eternal lay,
To Zaára's scorching sands and torrid ray ;
Where'er I turn, the same deep skill I see,
The perfect plan—*th' unerring Deity !*
If of the whirlwind He his chariot form,
Yoke the fierce winds, and ride upon the storm ;
If thro' the clouds He march in dread attire,
His heralds thunder, and His arrows fire !
Or, if he walk upon the glowing sky,
Cloth'd in the Sun's refulgent panoply ;
Or plant, when half the world were else conceal'd,
Night's silver banner on th' ethereal field ;
Lead forth the planetary hosts on high,
In mildest light's siderial majesty ;

And spread abroad, with purest white impearl'd,
 His azure curtains 'mid the starry world !
 If here I see his overruling hand
 Stretch'd forth, 'mid terrors, in supreme command ;
 Here pow'r as great, and wisdom as divine,
 From the same source in tranquil glory shine.
 Fain would I all my understanding bend,
 These heights to scan, these depths to comprehend—
 Where this vast bounty, this diffusive grace,
 Fills ev'ry part, and multiplies thro' space ;
 But such high knowledge is for *man* too great,
 A bliss scarce granted to an angel's state ;
 Enough for him, since here precluded more,
 Wond'ring to love, and, loving, to adore.

E. W****G.

MAY-DAY.—AN ODE.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, ESQ.

The following Piece is printed *verbatim* from the copy presented to, and approved by, the first Lord Lyttleton. Though the Author has retained only ninety of the following Lines in the beautiful Ode published in the last Edition of his Poems, under the same Title, having substituted others more descriptive of the manners, and more appropriate to the solemn festivals, of the Druids ; yet, as many of the Stanzas omitted are equal, if not superior, to those of our most admired Lyrics, we expect the thanks of our Readers for their insertion. It may also be of great use to our junior Correspondents to observe the more animated glow, and the superior polish, which maturer age and a more cultivated taste have given to the Lines here printed, on comparing them with those in the new Edition.

THE wood-lark, flutt'ring, left his grassy nest,
 And with his trem'lous matins pierc'd the sky ;
 Pale o'er the forest gleam'd the whit'ning east,
 When, stepping from his ivy'd cell,
 Each Bard, with solemn mutter'd spell,
 Bade the dispersing shades and Night's foul demons fly.

The bleating race the fold forsook,
 While o'er the thyme-clad mountain, hoar with dew,
 And o'er the willow-shaded brook,
 The scatt'ring mist withdrew ;
 Then, hast'ning o'er the fragrant ground,
 With white and purple blossoms crown'd,
 And grac'd with wreaths of oak, the Bards their sov'reign }
 chief surround.

Their chief Monæses march'd before—
 Monæses, sprung from Heber's line—
 Who, leaving Midian's fertile shore,
 When sceptred Belus challeng'd rites divine,
 When Tyranny his native fields defac'd,
 Far to the peaceful west
 His kindred led—Phœnicia spread the sail,
 Till where the groves of Albion rise,
 Where Snowdon's front ascends the skies,
 He bade his crew their happy mansions hail.
 The hoary Seer now strikes his heav'n-strung lyre,
 The mantled Druids form'd the choir,
 While thus the hoary master rais'd the strain :—
 All hail ! ye venerable shades,
 Ye cloudy hills and winding glades !
 Here, by your crystal founts, shall lasting Freedom
 reign.

On Eden's plains the lonely shepherd stands,
 And, as he views the solemn waste around,
 Fears in each rising dust the tyrant's bands,
 And dreads the plund'rer's rage in ev'ry sound :
 But happy, o'er our blissful bow'rs,
 Here shall the peaceful day decline ;
 While, fled from scenes of blood and woe,
 Th' aërial friendly pow'r's,
 In ev'ry stream's melodious flow,
 In ev'ry concert of the grove, shall join ;

Shall lightly touch the shadowy lyre,
 While with the dawn our joyous choir
 Renew the holy rites from Heav'n receiv'd,
 When with the sons of God our fathers liv'd.
 And see, the sacred morn appears,
 That, thro' the depth of rolling years,
 To celebrate Creation claims the lay;
 The morn that gave the heav'ns their birth,
 That saw the green, the beauteous, earth,
 All blooming rise beneath the smiles of May.
 Then loud the hallow'd anthem raise,
 And bid the mountain-summits blaze.
 The hallow'd song the Bards and Druids rais'd ;
 Glad Echo caught the solemn sound,
 And on the mountain-tops far round,
 The sacred altars blaz'd *.
 Attend, they sung, ye guardian bands,
 Ye ministers of Heav'n's commands,
 Ye spirits of these flow'ry dales, attend !
 Oh ! whether o'er the bushy dell,
 Where from the oak depends the misletoe,
 Where creeping ivy shades the Hermit's cell,
 Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow ;
 Or whether, o'er the cowslip-beds,
 You thro' the dales of Mona glide,
 Or brush the upland lea, when Hesper sheds
 His silver light on Snowdon's hoary side ;
 Oh, come propitious ! and our rites befriend,
 Till o'er the western sea the sable night descend.
 And hail ! auspicious morn !
 Still may the lively pulse of Joy
 Confess thy glad return ;
 Still may the harp and song employ

* May-day, by the Druids, was held as the day of Creation, and they kindled on that morn what they called holy fires on the tops of mountains.—See Stukely.

The sacred hour when first thy trembling beams
 The nodding groves and purling streams
 And shady hills adorn.
 Inspir'd by thee, to Fancy's eyes
 The first of Times all smiling rise ;
 When o'er the field, with crimes unstain'd,
 One long, one blameless, sabbath reign'd ;
 When Innocence, bright angel ! spread
 An holy calm around,
 And Joy sincere, profusely shed,
 The tuneful passions crown'd ;
 When Piety, celestial maid !
 In Reason's brightest ray her charms display'd ;
 And whether on the midnight sky,
 Amazing scene ! she fix'd her eye ;
 Whether the Spring embalm'd the gale,
 Or Harvest wav'd along the vale ;
 Or, howling o'er the waste,
 Stern Winter bade his blasts each leaf destroy ;
 Or whether social life she view'd,
 Or pierc'd the deeps of solitude ;
 Still bless'd, a Father-God she trac'd,
 Her lineage hail'd, and glow'd with noblest joy.
 Mild as the new-born light o'er Eden flow'd,
 Her forming influence o'er the mind she shed ;
 Benevolence confess'd her care,
 And melting Pity dropp'd the tear ;
 Sincerity, fair Honour's child,
 And sweet Content, with aspect mild,
 Honest as childhood in her radiance glow'd,
 And tow'ring Hope triumphant rais'd the head :
 Triumphant Hope, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 Unveil'd the secrets of the skies ;
 Bade all that Reason's boldest wish desir'd
 In fairest colours rise ;

Then, pointing to the morning-star,
 She talk'd of regions brighter far ;
 Immortal youth's ecstatic clime,
 Where human to divine shall rise sublime ;
 Nor wrapp'd in future views and mental calm

The white-wing'd moments past ;
 The present hour enjoy'd the sweetest balm

That life bestows ;

The balm that flows

From Love's high elegance and raptures chaste.

The melting sighs, the soft desires,

The tender thoughts that visionary rove,
 The wild poetic fires,

The trust which ev'ry grace adorns,

Th' esteem that glows, the faith that burns ;

All, all confess'd the blissful reign of Love,

Confess'd pure nature's fairest boast,

Where Reason's pride, in transport lost,

Feels an unknown refinement glow

Above what she could e'er bestow ;

And, rapt, along enchanted ground,

Sees all Elysium smiling round.

But ah ! how chang'd the scene,

When Mis'ry's reign began ;

When Envy's rage, unhallow'd lust,

And Jealousy unjust,

Deep thro' the soul with cruel poison ran ;

Sickly with Guilt and Fear combin'd,

Or lash'd by moping Spleen,

The passions felt commotion strange,

The joyless eye confess'd the change,

And midnight darkness brooded o'er the mind,

Grim Rapine stalk'd along the frighten'd earth,

The friendly-welcom'd guest ere morning bled,

And from the blood-polluted hearth

The guardian spirits fled.

Wild o'er the cheerful skies
 Pale Superstition roll'd her eyes :
 To her the life-inspiring gale of May
 Seem'd breath'd from deepest hell abhorr'd ;
 To her a stern capricious sway
 Appear'd ; that sway she hated and ador'd :
 Yet while, for crimes unknown,
 With basest rites she would her gods atone ;
 While by th' unhallow'd altar pale she stands,
 And bends the quaking knee, and spreads the trembling
 hands ;
 E'en then the foulest crimes she nurst,
 Gloomy Ingratitude, and dark Revenge accurst :
 What erst with mildest beam had glow'd,
 A conscious native dignity of mind,
 To dark Ambition, fierce and proud,
 Its manly sway resign'd ;
 The Conqu'ror's laurel dipp'd in blood,
 And fame thro' basest paths pursu'd,
 Were now the highest meed its wishes hop'd to find.
 Soft as the gales that sooth the summer-eve,
 The voice of Friendship warbled on the tongue ;
 And balm and cassia hung
 On ev'ry sentence, ev'ry smile ;
 Ah ! practis'd to deceive !
 Self-Int'rest lurks beneath, and dark ungen'rous Guile.
 Where blind Profusion boastful led the way,
 Where Indolence reclin'd, with nightshade crown'd,
 And drowsy poppies nodded round,
 Unheard the lonely widow's groan,
 Unheard the orphan's hopeless moan,
 Unmeaning Bounty wildly rov'd astray,
 Wild in her flight, and off the poise ;
 Straining at false, at raging joys,
 Roam'd the corrupted taste :

Portress of woe ! what horrid train,
 By thee o'er man's torn bosom reign ;
 See, headlong Anger, bursting unconfin'd,
 With whirlwind fury tears the mind ;
 In flames the livid eyeballs roll,
 The pale lip trembles, Friendship shrinks aghast,
 And, wounded to the soul,
 Dim Envy bends the aching head,
 Her mortal thirst still burning unallay'd,
 Vig'rous, tho' foil'd, still Hope arose,
 And boasted fires divine ;
 But ah ! 'twas vigour such as flows
 From thoughtless mirth and wine.
 Romantic Fancy, ever new,
 Her rainbow-painted curtain drew
 Before her dazzled eyes,
 And Folly bade her grasp the wish'd-for prize :—
 She grasp'd ; but, ah ! the vision fled ;
 No bliss, no joy, was there ;
 Each form that smiling radiance shed
 Dissolv'd in fleeting air.
 E'en Love erewhile, with bliss all-fraught,
 E'en Love the dire infection caught ;
 Dark thro' his pow'rs the baleful influence ran,
 The pure, the Heav'n-breath'd gen'rous flame,
 Selfish and foul as night became,
 And kindled hell's own fires in wretched man.
 Ah, Heav'n ! how dark the landscape lies,
 Tempested, cheerless, wild,
 Where man, poor pilgrim ! in existence wakes,
 His fatal journey takes,
 And wanders, mourns, and dies ;
 Where cloudless sunshine never, never, smil'd ;
 Where still the fairest blossoms shew,
 As, when th' autumnal storm descends,

The green-car'd corn untimely bends
 Beneath the drifted snow.
 Beneath a blasted elm's ill-omen'd shade,
 Where sea-fowl wheel along the low'ring sky,
 Behold, forlorn, an helpless infant laid,
 While, from the shatter'd boughs on high,
 The crow proclaims the rattling tempest nigh.
 Ah, Heav'n ! 'tis Virtue lies expos'd, forlorn !
 Shine out, O Sun ! with mild propitious ray ;
 For her, O Moon ! renew thy silver horn ;
 For her, ye gales ! the balm of health convey :
 And bid, O Spring ! each flow'r that blows,
 Bid Eden's palm, and Eden's rose,
 Her youthful paths adorn.

Ah, vain the wish ! the tempest howls,
 The forky lightning wasteful rolls,
 And smites her tender head ;
 All round a trackless desert lies,
 Where tigers prowl, contagious rise,
 And thorns the way bespread.
 Perhaps some fair romantic maze
 Its vernal smiles, profuse of joy, displays ;
 Where, o'er the cowslip-bank, the moon,
 Gliding, sheds her brightest noon ;
 Where Pleasure trims her flow'ry bed,
 Beneath the rambling woodbine's shade ;
 While to the lonely-echoing dale
 The nightingale repeats her love-sick tale :
 'Tis Pleasure calls,—fond Youth obeys ;
 But, ah ! how wild the sprightly rambler strays !
 The bloom that distant glow'd so fair,
 And tempted young Desire,
 The lovely bloom and angel-air
 Before the touch expire.

Deep low'rs the sky, the blighted landscape fades,
 And leaves behind a gloomy desert strand ;
 Ah ! 'twas but moonshine deck'd the meads
 Of Pleasure's fairy land.

Bewilder'd, o'er some mountain's dreary glade
 A kind retreat in vain the youth explores ;
 The stream, that, purling, by the lily'd shade
 So plaintive murmur'd, now impervious roars,
 And, boist'rous rolling on, his narrow path devours.
 Oh ! give the gen'rous tear to flow,
 Ye sons of Heav'n, o'er life's disastrous maze ;
 Ah ! see what shelves, what rocks, appear,
 Where'er the noblest passions steer ;
 And, oh ! too worthy of an angel's woe,
 See meek-ey'd Innocence no shield displays.

Heav'n's Monarch saw, and gracious spoke !
 The conscious mountains heard, and shook !
 Virtue, my child, shall own my fav'ring care ;
 Yet, ere I raise her to the skies,
 Unsullied must her lustre rise
 Victorious o'er each snare.
 Let Hope assume the modest eye,
 And mild Submission's veil,
 And, soft as fall the silent dews,
 In meek Affliction's ear infuse
 The possible, the dear illusive, tale :
 Deep-groaning Pain shall pause to hear,
 And suff'ring Virtue sooth the tear ;
 Pale boding Terror rest appeas'd,
 And Anguish cease to grieve ;
 E'en Wisdom's self shall listen, pleas'd,
 And, smiling, half believe.
 Tho' deep the shades of night surround,
 Tho' false and dubious gleams the ground

Where life's dark journey lies,
 Yet thro' the gloom shall Reason shine,
 And wave on high her torch divine,
 Illum'd from yonder skies.
 Tho' Vice the graces of the spring assume,
 The snowdrop's meekness and the rose's bloom ;
 Tho' ev'ry star of Ophir's mine
 On her proud front illustrious shine ;
 Tho' from her shoulders flow the princely stole
 (The purple labour of the Tyrian loom) ;
 Yet shall the disenchanting ray
 Her genuine hideous form betray,
 Diseas'd, deform'd, and ever base of soul.
 Nor far remote, in desert cell,
 Does Reason, blissful victor ! dwell ;
 Her voice the crowded city hears,
 Her voice the homely cottage cheers.
 Impartial, bold, and free her mien,
 Heav'n-bright her arms, her air serene
 As twilight pausing on the May-flow'r'd hill,
 Nor treads her foot on unexamined ground :
 Tho' bursting worlds with rolling thunders fill
 The vaulted heav'ns, tho' hell profound
 Its livid gulph expand,
 Where'er she rests her lance, there she unmov'd shall
 stand.
 Yet what of me my will conceals
 In vain her straining eye explores ;
 To pour the day around my throne,
 To make my awful seat her own,
 Far, far exceeds her noblest pow'rs.
 Tho' vast and fair the field her light reveals,
 And Piety, her child, beneath her smiles adores.
 To still the furious war that tears the breast,
 Let mild Benevolence the Passions sway ;
 Form'd by her smiles, and in her guidance blest,
 Harmonious shall they flow, and, pleas'd, obey.

Calm Fortitude, her constant mate,
 Congenial still shall on her wait,
 The sweetest smiles of Peace diffusing round ;
 In vain the storm of Woe shall roar,
 The storms of Life's tumultuous sea,
 Unmov'd her eagle-eyes survey ;
 Unmov'd, as from his upland ground
 The shepherd sees the tempest lash the shore.

Hail, Charity ! ethereal flame !
 Parent of Virtue—sacred name !
 Parent and guardian, be it thine
 The noblest feelings to refine :
 Inspir'd by thee, sublime the temper flows,
 A mild ambition fires the Heav'n-sprung mind ;
 That pure as on an angel's censer glows,
 The sacred incense burns to bless mankind.
 The Virtues, an illustrious band,
 Rejoin the Passions hand in hand,
 And round my altars raise the songs of joy ;
 Nor shall the Loves refuse thy sway—
 The gentle Loves shall round thee play,
 And ev'ry bliss-inspiring art employ.
 Such godlike reign
 Thy toils, victorious Virtue, shall attain ;
 Such joys shall ever on thee wait,
 And genuine grandeur swell thy state,
 O warrior-maid ! while here thy journey lies,
 Till ancient Fraud expire, and Heav'n's great sabbath rise !
 He spake, and gave the fate-compelling nod ;
 Thy will be done, the gloomy Deeps reply ;
 And, wrapp'd in flame, the thund'ring sky
 Confess'd the ruling God.
 'Twas thus the hoary Druids rais'd the song,
 While, by the sacred hill and grove,
 Where misletoe the oaks inwove,
 All clad in snowy white they march'd along.

The fawns come trooping o'er the furrow'd land,
 On Snowdon's cliffs the kids attentive stand ;
 While to Creation's morn, the opening May,
 The Master Druid thus resum'd the lay :—
 Awake, ye gales ! your fragrance shed ;
 Ye mountain-cedars, bend the head !
 Ye clouds of incense, from Arabia rise,
 Balmy as after vernal rains !
 Display, fair East, thy beauteous plains,
 As one great altar fuming to the skies !
 'Tis Nature's birth demands the lay ;
 Ye Western Isles, the grateful tribute pay !
 Ye flocks, that clothe with fleecy white
 The steep-ascending mountain's height,
 Or round the hamlet bleat along the lea,
 Your voices raise ! Ye heifers, low !
 And, from the farzy dells below,
 Ye falling riv'lets, swell the harmony !
 Retain, ye hills, the solemn sound,
 Till Echo, thro' her fairy round,
 Repeat it to the silent-list'ning vale !
 And raise, ye Bards, the melody,
 And spread the hands, and bend the knee,
 And on Creation's morn the great Creator hail !
 Oh ! sing how fair, immensely grand,
 This spacious dome of skies, of land, and sea,
 Rais'd by th' Almighty Builder's hand—
 But ah ! befits us more to strike a mournful key :
 To tell how, spoil'd of ev'ry native grace,
 Thy Nature, man, appears :
 Palsy'd her step, her blighted face
 A sickly languor wears.
 Oh ! say what thus corrodes her heart,
 And sinks her down with trembling chains ;
 How deep, O Guilt ! thy hell-dipp'd dart
 Has shed its venom thro' her wither'd veins !
 If Mirth, perhaps, an hour engage,
 Alas ! 'tis but a fever's rage ;

If with bold wing she hope to rise,
 And trace the heav'ns (her native home),
 Feebly she drops—yet round the skies
 She rolls her dubious wishful eyes,
 Then lowly bows the head, and sighs o'er the dark tomb!
 Oh fly, ye gloomy ages! fly;
 Hasten, ye blasted years of Guilt's dark reign,
 Hasten away! till from the sky
 The age of Innocence return again!
 O! with the lightning's speed advance, fair Morn,
 When the great Shepherd shall again appear;
 When Grief his healing voice shall hear,
 And, Nature's youth renew'd, his glad approach adorn!
 To thee, great Shepherd! still my song shall rise;
 Whether the morning streak the skies,
 Or peaceful twilight shade the plain,
 Still to thy name shall rise the grateful strain;
 Whether my steps the mountain scale,
 Or wander o'er the rambling dale,
 Where blooms the lilac, where the pansy blows;
 Where deep the noontide silence reigns,
 Save where the wander'd kid complains
 Amid the lonely dell,
 Save where the streamlet murm'ring flows
 By Meditation's cell;
 The noontide calm shall hear my sounding lyre
 On ev'ry plaintive chord thy absence mourn;
 Soft as the gales complain,
 When breathing o'er the glassy main;
 They gently sigh the tufted cliffs among:
 Then, kindling with a prophet's fire,
 Each lively note shall hail thy glad return:
 The groves shall hear the joyful song
 The glories of thy future reign resound;
 While, gliding o'er the sacred ground,
 The spirits of the woods shall join the hallow'd choir!

TO WALTER SCOTT,

ON FINISHING THE PERUSAL OF HIS POEM OF MARMION.

Now, gentle minstrel ! fair betide
Thy dwelling on the Yarrow's side,
And fair betide thy song !
For, sooth to say, was never told
A tale more strange, of Baron bold,
Or Lady kept in faytour hold,
By proud and lordly wrong !

Well speed thee, Harper, on thy way !
Whether on Ettrick's braes thou stray,
Or in the stately castle play,
Where sits the Douglas still—
May princely Ladies on thee smile,
And weave a garland fair the while,
To crown thee for thy skill !

For, trust me, never shall the Lay
Of ancient Border Minstrelsy
Die on the tender ear,
While Flodden's bloody field be known,
Or where the Sybil's cross of stone
Once mark'd the grave of Marmion,
Her crystal fountain near.

Yet list me, brother, ere we part ;
It were not justice to my heart,
Nor to thee justice due,
Should I from counsel true refrain,
Nor thou refuse to heed the strain,
Since I'm a Minstrel too.

Methought I heard a voice repeat
(As late I felt my heart-blood beat,

Thy music swell'd so high),
 " Ah, Walter! might such skill as thine
 " Awake, to sound some theme divine,
 " Well might thy gifts enrich the shrine
 " Of sacred Poesy!
 " Well, passing well, thy verse might grace
 " The archives kept in holy place
 " Of Bards who build their fame
 " On Virtue's praise and god-like deeds,
 " Such as an angel smiling reads,
 " And bears the transcript bright, that gives
 " Proof that on earth such Poet lives,
 " T' enrol in Heav'n his name!"

Sweet Minstrel! spake this voice in vain;
 Or vainly I its word again?

No! God forbid it so!

I know thy music may comply;
 Then give the strings thy hand, and try,
 And Heav'n shall bless thy harmony,
 And speed thee well, I trow!

Alton.

*E. W****G.*

LINES ON PLEASURE.

TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

*Passus musa tuos læto comitatur honore,
 Per varia putatis opus sinemque laborum,
 Summa minutatem carpens fastigia rerum.*

VET. AUCT.

PLEASURE is an empty name,
 The very bubble of a game;
 It stays a week, a day, an hour,
 And is no longer in our pow'r.
 Restless we live in ev'ry state,
 And fancy pleasure with the great;

But, if we view the life they live,
 We daily find they've much to grieve;
 Evils attend them night and day,
 From Dissipation's active sway.
 Then where, you ask, is pleasure found?
 On moral's philosophic ground.
 There health of body, peace of mind,
 In sweet tranquillity you find:
 'Tis there, and only there, we see
 Content in sweetest purity.
 Then quit, my friend, the noisy town,
 And make this happiness your own;
 For, sure, experience plainly shews
 A life in town has many woes;
 Where Friendship wears a specious name,
 And is, I fear, in all the same.
 Then dream no more of Pleasure's smiles—
 The very word is lost in wiles;
 Not e'en with Beauty will it dwell,
 If she to Virtue bid farewell,
 Or yield to sensual Fashion's skill
 Her reason, appetite, and will.
 Then wherefore stay, my worthy friend,
 Where real pleasures ne'er attend?
 'Tis vain—the true and envy'd state,
 To make your life a life complete,
 Is that where rural scenes unite
 To fill the day, and cheer the night
 With books, a bottle, and a friend,
 Who will your leisure hours attend,
 And leave the town itself to mend. }
 Thus happy may you live for years,
 A stranger to this scene of cares;
 And, when you're call'd to quit this plan,
 Die, as you've liv'd—an honest man.

LINES

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE RUINS OF
ST. B—— PRIORITY.

OH ! pensive goddess of the sylvan shade,
Sweet Contemplation, sphere-descended maid !
Whether, where alders, bending o'er the stream,
Invite Imagination's mental dream,
Where murm'ring riv'lets lull to soft repose,
Where close retiring springs the vernal rose,
Where the pale snowdrop lifts her virgin head,
And where the vi'let finds its lowliest bed,
Thou sitt'st to hear the blackbird's thrilling note
Pour'd from his rapt'rous, passion-breathing throat,
Or the lone cuckoo mournfully complain,
In her monotonous accustom'd strain ;
Or if, by moonlight, walking in the vale,
Thou listen to the sighing of the gale,
Or hear enchanted Philomela's song,
Mellifluous, by the breezes borne along ;
Or if this still retreat be sought by thee,
Where'er thou art, wherever thou may'st be,
With sacred influence inspire my breast,
And, by thy pow'r, oh ! make thy vot'ry blest.
These lofty arches, once admitting wide
The gaudy shew of Superstition's pride ;
These vaults, which once re-echo'd loud with praise,
Resounding forth Devotion's pious lays ;
These cells, in which the hypocrite hath knelt
Before that God whose spirit was unfelt ;
Where holiness has sometimes found a place,
And humble saints have run a godly race ;
These mighty ruins, mouldering away,
Shall swiftly hasten to their last decay ;
Consuming Time precipitates their fall,
With earth confusing, heaping, mingling all.

Where erst the abstinent Recluse abode,
 Reside the slimy serpent and the toad ;
 Where formerly Devotion's train found rest,
 The solitary bat now builds his nest ;
 Lizards and newts now sport about that sod
 On which Religion's ministers once trod ;
 The wall with Gothic fret-work rich o'erspread,
 The clinging ivy now adorns instead.
 'Twas in such pond'rous massy piles as these,
 Which Kings erected, fanatics to please
 (Kings who have foremost in the battle rode,
 And yet the knee to haughty priests have bow'd),
 That Superstition, wrinkled hag of hell!
 Resolv'd for an eternity to dwell ;
 'Twas here, in solitude, she rais'd her head,
 And train'd up myriads who her pow'r might spread ;
 'Twas here with tighten'd hand she held the chain
 That bound mankind within her dark domain ;
 From hence o'er men she blew her pois'nous breath,
 Enveloping in darkness and in death ;
 From hence, to crown her triumph now begun,
 She sent forth Bigotry, her darling son,
 Who fed on carcasses, and, rear'd in fire,
 Rush'd forth to slaughter with infuriate ire.—
 O Luther ! may thy memory be lov'd,
 Whilst actions such as thine shall be approv'd !
 To thee, to thy bless'd name, oh, saint ! we owe
 Whate'er of truth, of knowledge, we have now ;
 Thy sacred zeal of Darkness pierc'd the cloak,
 And first the chains of Superstition broke.
 When we forget to honour thy lov'd urn,
 May we to our primeval gloom return !
 Whilst now, reclining on a grassy bed,
 The trembling moonbeam quivers o'er my head ;
 The cheerless night-wind shakes the rustling boughs
 Of yew-trees, standing near in solemn rows ;

The bird of night flits by in search of prey,
And, spurr'd by hunger, wings his weary way—
My wand'ring eyes, now soaring upwards, view
The starry globes, set in ethereal blue ;
Now watch the silver-tinted clouds, which sail,
O'erspreading ether with their filmy veil ;
And now the bow of great Diana shade,
And now move on in stately slow parade.
As o'er the mould'ring graves I cast my eyes,
And where the massy columns upwards rise,
And where the buttress huge, with moss o'ergrown,
Stands a sad monument of ages flown,
Wild Fancy takes possession of my soul,
Diffusing tints romantic o'er the whole.
Methinks the tenants of the dreary clay
Rise from their sepulchres, in grim array !
And who is he that walks with solemn pace,
His silver beard descending from his face ?
His looks serenity of mind bespeak,
And Sorrow's traces faintly mark his cheek.
So strongly are the visions of the hour
Implanted by Imagination's pow'r,
That thus, whilst pointing to the dire display
Of shadowy trembling forms, I hear him say :—
Behold where silently the spectral band
In shiv'ring horror all their ranks expand !
Behold what myriads flit along the ground,
As in fantastic shape they dance around !
These once, like you, with healthful lustre glow'd,
These once with manly graces were endow'd :
They felt each eager hope, each fond desire ;
Their bosoms burn'd with Rapture's ardent fire ;
By turns each change of various life they try'd,
And ev'ry grief and ev'ry care defy'd.
Some rashly urg'd along the path to Fame,
And plac'd their hopes upon an empty name ;

Some eastern spoils amass'd with studious care,
 Nor wish'd in Virtue's happiness to share :
 Others, alas ! pursu'd with fatal speed
 Beauty's sweet smile, and Pleasure's tempting meed ;
 In fond delights the circling year they past,
 And ev'ry day was happier than the last.
 But Death's dread monarch, with resistless arms,
 Has damp'd their ardour, and destroy'd their charms ;
 The proud, the beautiful, the young, the gay,
 All felt his might, all own'd his pow'rful sway ;
 And now, when Darkness spreads her sable gloom,
 They leave their mournful house, the dreary tomb ;
 And whilst unseen they view each well-known place,
 And all the conduct of their lives retrace,
 With deep remorse reflect on former times,
 Weep o'er their follies, and bewail their crimes.
 Seize then, O mortal ! seize the transient hour,
 Nor stop to pluck each vain, each useless, flow'r ;
 Devote to sacred Virtue ev'ry care,
 Breathe forth Devotion's energetic pray'r ;
 All low desires, all grov'ling thoughts, despise,
 " And give to God each moment as it flies."
 So may'st thou humbly hope at length to know
 That peace which Virtue can alone bestow ;
 So may'st thou learn to shun our mournful fate,
 So may'st thou learn to find a happier state ;
 May'st hope at last that blissful realm to gain,
 Where holy Love, and Joy, and Rapture, reign !

L.

A FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO THE INHABITANTS OF LOUTH AND ITS VICINITY,
 Spoken on the Occasion of a Benefit given by the Managers to th
 Louth Dispensary.

BY THE REV. MR. WILLES.

THE varied springs of imitative art,
 Which move this stage machine in ev'ry part,

Assist our moral purpose, to entice
 Attention's eye, to trace the wiles of Vice.
 The instrumental passions we employ
 Are Rage, Revenge, Love, Pity, Grief, and Joy ;
 With these our sev'ral characters we fill,
 And only *one* resists our mimic skill ;
 Its origin's divine,—its influence pleads,
 As a just recompense for gen'rous deeds.
 That man from social commerce should be driven
 To whom no sense of obligation's given :
 Tho' *some* Affection's sparks may try to smother,
 Mankind dependence hold on one another ;
 And whoso feels from favours he's exempt,
 His pride must recompence with just contempt.
 From what's premis'd, you see, then, I allude
 To that exalted passion—Gratitude!—
 Urg'd by its cordial impulse, it is then
 We do not act as players, but as men.
 In either sense permit me to present
 This heartfelt tribute of acknowledgment.
 With all due def'rence for your num'rous favours,
 The hopes of pleasing spurr'd our best endeavours :
 Yes ;—each performer felt your patronage
 Gave lustre to the mirror of the stage ;
 And ev'ry character therein display'd
 Portray'd a stronger likeness from its aid.
 The conscious sense we gain'd your approbation
 Arm'd our dramatic pow'rs with animation :
 We felt we prov'd the sunshine of your favour,
 Mellow'd Exertion's fruits, and gave 'em flavour.
 Louth to no fruitless suberfuge resorted,
 But with true patriot energy supported
 The gen'rous efforts of a nation's plea
 To stem th' invasion of French tyranny.
 Your brother Britons, exemplary test,
 Kindled the soldier's ardour in each breast ;

Mechanics chang'd their implements of trade
 For polish'd muskets, and the burnish'd blade ;
 The weaver quits his solitary loom
 For scarlet uniform, and nodding plume ;
 Whilst each attendant on the constant drill
 Grows an adept in military skill,
 Till mark'd precision of the warlike band
 Obeys the word of Officers' command.
 Thus train'd, thus disciplin'd, your Country boasts
 No foe shall dare descend upon your coasts.
But, in the scenes of Life's more humble sphere,
 Where meek-ey'd Pity sheds the melting tear,
 Where pining Sickness is the poor man's lot,
 And balmy Comfort shuns the claybuilt cot ;
 Where honest Labour's seiz'd by Pain's arrest ;
 For daily food a helpless offspring prest ;
 What heart's at hand to minister relief ?
 Where aid of medicine to sooth their grief ?
 Where—does the querist ask ? *'tis here ! 'tis here !*
 Advice is present, Consolation's near !
 The skill'd physician's salutary plan
 Restores to health the poor afflicted man.
 These are thy deeds, O Charity ! by thee
 Disease and Indigence are both set free.
 From us, her willing votaries, to-night,
 Deign to accept her tributary mite ;
 Should the Fates frown on us, our draft upon her
 May be accepted as a point of honour.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND *.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

FRAIL Man ! thro' Life's uncomfortable gloom,
 What does thy restless throbbing bosom know ?
 Alas ! till swallow'd in th' oblivious tomb,
 Nought but distracting doubt, and wasting woe !

* The Rev. Isaac Teale, who died in Jamaica, Jan. 10, 1764.

Faint Hope in vain her glimm'ring lamp supplies ;
 Elate, we deem the devious path secure ;
 Still all the road thro' Disappointment lies,
 And fond illusions make our ruin sure.
 Thus the lost trav'ler, at the midnight hour,
 On the lone wild the taper's ray descries,
 Laughs at past fears, and to the ruffian's door
 Speeds his devoted step, and, helpless, dies !
 Does Greatness charm thee, and Pomp's pageant shew ?
 Go, bid Ambition's sons their worth declare ;
 And they will tell thee, on the conqu'ror's brow
 The wreath's oft blighted by the blast of Care.
 Nor Love's soft scenes, nor Friendship's calmer pow'r,
 Can long the means of happiness afford :
 Lo ! dark Distrust o'ertakes the short-liv'd hour ;
 Lo ! the pale sister cuts the golden cord !
 Ah ! whither, Muses, whither are ye fled ?
 To what lov'd haunt your footsteps would ye turn ?
 Will ye not mourn your fav'rite poet dead ?
 Will ye not bathe with tears Eugenio's urn ?
 Sweet were his strains as fame to Virtue's ear—
 Soft as Love's secret sighs—as Virtue strong :
 Enamour'd Echo bade each mountain hear,
 And, pleas'd, Agualta * smoother flow'd along.
 Oft round thy banks, sweet stream ! (now sacred made,)
 Together we explor'd the classic page ;
 Courted coy Science in the pensive shade,
 Remote from Folly's haunt, and Envy's rage :
 For well he lov'd to guide unpractis'd youth ;
 Haply, where genius lay, to wake the flame ;
 To lead the Passions to the throne of truth,
 And smooth the path to Virtue and to Fame.

* A river in Jamaica so called, on the banks of which he was interred at his own particular request.

'Tis past ; nor longer shall the sacred choir,
 Nor heav'n-born Science, to those shades repair ;
 Yet shall the grove resound with Pity's lyre,
 And long the tender thought shall linger there.

Nor Folly's voice, nor Envy's rage obscene,
 Thy gentle ghost, lamented friend ! shall wound :
 Pure as thyself shall kindred forms unseen
 Protect from aught profane the hallow'd ground.

Constant as eve shall the poor Libyan slave
 Drag to Eugenio's turf his galling chain ;
 Then press, with accents wild, th' unconscious grave,
 And lift to Heav'n th' imploring eye in vain.

For *he* still sympathiz'd in Mis'ry's moan,
 And sooth'd the heart-drawn anguish of despair :
 What *he* then paid to sorrows not his own,
 O pay to him—the tribute of a tear !

LINES

ADDRESSED TO TWO YOUNG LADIES,

One of whom is in Possession of a Seal, on which is engraven an
 Hour-Glass, with this Motto :—" Le Temps passe, mais l'Amitié
 reste."

As quickly fly the smiling hours,
 Led onward by attractive Youth,
 Ye sister friends ! still be it yours
 To feel, to own, your motto's truth ;—
 Unheeded, when those hours are flown,
 When no more youthful joys delight,
 Still may your hearts responsive own,
 Sweet *Friendship* soothes *Time's* rapid flight.

Like that sweet emblem of the fair,
 The rose (so oft the Poet's lay),
 Whose fragrance scents th' enamour'd air,
 Its beauty drooping in decay— .

Still be it yours, when charms no more
 The mazy dance, the warbled strain,
 To own, when all those joys are o'er,
Time flies—but *Friendship's* joys remain!

But if or sigh should ere disclose,
 Or timid glance should ever prove,
 That in your bosoms haply glows
 A warmth, far *Friendship's* warmth above;—
 When *Memory* checks *Time's* rapid flight,
 Recalling all *Love's* pleasing pains,
 O! may your Bard prophetic write,—
Time flies, alas! but *Love* remains.

North Walsham.

J. C.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS COVERED WITH FROST.

THO', deck'd with many a fragrant flow'r,
 Spring may greet the ravish'd eye,
 And Summer hang her shady bow'r
 With blossom'd sweets of vary'd die;—

Not these alone their gardens boast,
 For Winter has its blossoms too;
 Deck'd by the fairy hand of Frost,
 Each morn my window buds anew!

Then, Winter, tho' I mourn thy gloom,
 Thy beauties shall a lay inspire;
 And I, tho' loving Summer's bloom,
 Thy frailer beauties still admire!

Alton.

S. W****G.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With an Engraving.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 59.]

ALONG the varying road of Life,
 In calm content, in toil or strife,—
 At morn or noon, by night or day,
 As Time conducts him on the way,—
 How oft doth man, by care oppress'd,
 Find in an inn a place of rest ?
 Whether, intent on worldly views,
 He, in deep thought, his way pursues ;
 Whether, by airy Pleasure led,
 Or by Hope's fond delusions fed,
 He bids adieu to home, and strays
 In unknown paths and distant ways ;
 Where'er his fancy bids him roam,
 In ev'ry inn he finds a home.
 Should Fortune change her fav'ring wind,
 Tho' former friends should prove unkind,
 Will not an inn his cares beguile,
 Where on each face he sees a smile ?
 When cold winds blow, and tempests lour,
 And the rain pours in angry show'r,
 The dripping trav'ler looks around,
 To see what shelter may be found ;
 Then on he drives, thro' thick and thin,
 To the warm shelter of an inn.
 Whoe'er would turn their wand'ring feet,
 Assur'd the kindest smiles to meet ;
 Whoe'er would go, and not depart
 But with kind wishes from the heart ;
 O let them quit the world's loud din,
 And seek the comforts of an inn :

And, as the Doric Shenstone sung,
 With plaintive music on his tongue—
 “ Whoe’er has travell’d Life’s dull round,
 “ Where’er his changeful tour has been,
 “ Will sigh to think how oft he found
 “ His warmest welcome at an inn.”

’Twas in an inn, in calm repose,
 Heedless of human joys or woes,
 That Syntax pass’d the quiet night
 In pleasing dreams, and slumbers light :
 But in the morn the thunder roar’d,
 The clouds their streaming torrents pour’d ;
 The angry winds impetuous blew,
 The rattling casement open flew.
 Scar’d at the noise, he rais’d his head ;
 Then, starting quickly from the bed,
 “ Is it,” he cried, “ the day of doom ?”
 As he bestrode the trembling room.
 The houses’ tops with water stream’d,
 The village-street a river seem’d ;
 While, at the tempest all amaz’d,
 The rustics from their windows gaz’d.
 “ I’m not,” he said, “ dispos’d to fear,
 “ But faith I will not loiter here ;
 “ I’ll change the scene, I’ll soon retire
 “ From flaming flash to kitchen-fire ;
 “ And, while rude Nature’s threats prevail,
 “ I’ll lose the storm in toast and ale.”
 Half-dress’d, he made a quick retreat,
 And in the kitchen took his seat,
 Where an old woman told the Host
 What by the lightning she had lost ;
 How a blue flash her sow had struck,
 Had kill’d a cock, and lam’d a duck.
 With open mouth another came,
 To tell a rick was in a flame ;

And then declar'd that on the spire
 He saw the weathercock on fire :
 Nay, that so loud the winds were singing,
 They'd set the peal of bells a-ringing.
 A dripping tailor enter'd next,
 And preach'd upon the self-same text.
 He swore, that, sitting on his board,
 While the winds blew and thunder roar'd,
 A kind of fiery flame came pop,
 And bouue'd, and ran about his shop ;
 Now here, now there, so quick and nimble,
 It sing'd his finger thro' his thimble ;
 That all about his needles ran,
 If there was any truth in man ;
 While buttons, at least half a score,
 Were driven thro' the kitchen-door.
 The Sexton, with important mien,
 Gave his opinion on the scene ;
 And, to the Doctor drawing near,
 Thus gently whisper'd in his ear :—
 “ The devil himself his cell has burst,
 “ To fly away with Lawyer Thrust.”

Now, having with due patience heard
 The story which each wight preferr'd,
 Syntax was to the parlour shown,
 Where he might breakfast all alone.
 “ I see,” said he, “ I here must stay,
 “ And at the Dragon pass the day :
 “ And this same Dragon, on my life,
 “ Just hints that I have got a wife ;
 “ Nor can I pass the morning better
 “ Than to indite my spouse a letter.”
 He paus'd—and sigh'd e'er he began ;
 When thus the fond epistle ran :—

“ My dearest Wife,—Full many a day
 “ From you and home I've been away ;

“ But, tho’ we thus are doom’d to part,
 “ You’re ever present in my heart :
 “ Whene’er my pray’rs to Heav’n arise,
 “ At morn or ev’ning sacrifice,—
 “ Whene’er for Heaven’s care they sue,
 “ I ask it for my Dolly too.
 “ My journey, like Life’s common road,
 “ Has had its evil, and its good.
 “ But I’ve no reason to complain,
 “ When pleasure has outweigh’d the pain.
 “ With flatt’ring Fortune in my view,
 “ Glad I the toilsome way pursue ;
 “ For I’ve no fear to make a book,
 “ In which the world will like to look :
 “ Nor do I doubt ’twill prove a mine
 “ For my own comfort, and for thine ;
 “ But, should all fail, I’ve found a friend
 “ In my old school-mate, *Dicky Bend* ;
 “ Who, kind and wealthy, will repay,
 “ If Hope should cheat me on my way,
 “ My ev’ry loss I may sustain,
 “ And ease ill-fortune of its pain ;
 “ And has engag’d to glad our home,
 “ With promise of much good to come.
 “ Particulars of what I’ve seen,
 “ What I have done—where I have been,
 “ I shall reserve for my return,
 “ When, as the crackling faggots burn,
 “ I will, in all domestic glory,
 “ Smoke my fond pipe, and tell my story ;
 “ But, be assur’d, I’m free from danger ;—
 “ To the world’s tricks I’m not a stranger ;
 “ Whatever risks I’m forc’d to run,
 “ I shall take care of number *one* ;
 “ While you, at home, will keep in view
 “ The self-same care of number *two*,

“ To my kind neighbours I commend
 “ The wishes of their distant friend :
 “ Within ten days, perhaps a week,
 “ I shall York’s famous city seek,
 “ Where at the post I hope to find
 “ A line from Dolly, ever kind :
 “ And, if you will the pleasure crown,
 “ Tell me the prattle of our town ;
 “ Of all that’s passing, and has past,
 “ Since your dear Hub beheld it last :
 “ And know the truth which I impart,
 “ The offspring of my honest heart,
 “ That, wheresoe’er I’m doom’d to roam,
 “ I still shall find that home is home ;
 “ That, true to Love and nuptial vows,
 “ I shall remain your faithful spouse ;
 “ Such are the tender truths I tell :—
 “ *Conjux carissima*—farewell !”

Thus he his kindest thoughts reveal’d :—
 But scarce had he his letters seal’d,
 When straight appear’d the trembling Host,
 Looking as pale as any ghost :—
 “ A man’s just come into the town,
 “ Who says the castle’s tumbled down ;
 “ And that, with one tremendous blow,
 “ The lightning’s force has laid it low.”
 “ What castle, friend ?” the Doctor cry’d,
 “ The castle by the river-side :
 “ A famous place, where, as folks say,
 “ Some great King liv’d in former day.
 “ But this fine building long has been
 “ A sad and ruined scene,
 “ Where owls, and bats, and starlings dwell,—
 “ And where, alas ! as people tell,
 “ At the dark hour when midnight reigns,
 “ Ghosts walk, all arm’d, and rattle chains.”

“ Peace, peace,” says Syntax, “ peace, my friend,
 “ Nor to such tales attention lend.
 “ A castle, and a ruin too,—
 “ I must go there and take a view.”

The storm was past, and many a ray
 Of Phœbus now reviv'd the day,
 When Grizzle to the door was brought,
 And this fam'd spot the Doctor sought.
 Upon a rock the castle stood,
 Three sides environ'd by a flood,
 Where confluent streams uniting lave
 The craggy rift with foamy wave.
 Around the moss-clad walls he walk'd,
 Then thro' the inner chambers stalk'd ;
 And thus observ'd, with look profound,
 The Echos giving back the sound.

“ Let me expatiate here awhile :
 “ I think this antiquated pile
 “ Is, doubtless, in the Saxon style. }
 “ This was a noble spacious hall,
 “ But why the chapel made so small ?
 “ I fear our sires took more care
 “ Of festive hall than house of pray'r :
 “ I find these Barons fierce and bold,
 “ Who proudly liv'd in days of old,
 “ To pray'r preferr'd a sumptuous treat,
 “ Nor went to pray when they could eat.
 “ Here all aloft the banners hung,
 “ And there the welcome minstrels sung ;
 “ The walls, with glitt'ring arms bedight,
 “ Display'd an animating sight.
 “ Beneath that arch-way, once a gate,
 “ With helmed crest, in warlike state,
 “ The bands march'd forth, nor fear'd the toil
 “ Of bloody war, that gave the spoil.







" But now, alas ! no more remains
 " Than will reward the painter's pains :
 " The palace of the feudal victor
 " Now serves for nought but for a picture.
 " Plenty of water here I see,
 " But what's a view without a tree ?
 " There's something grand in yonder tow'r,
 " But not a shrub to make a bow'r ;
 " Howe'er, I'll try to take the view,
 " As well as my best art can do."

An heap of stones the Doctor found,
 Which loosely lay upon the ground,
 To form a seat, where he might trace
 The antique beauty of the place :
 But, while his eye observ'd the line
 That was to bound the mark'd design,
 The stones gave way, and, sad to tell,
 Down from the bank he headlong fell.
 The slush collected for an age
 Receiv'd the venerable sage ;
 For, at the time, the ebbing flood
 Scarce cover'd o'er the miry mud :
 So, after floundering about,
 Syntax contriv'd to waddle out,
 Half-stunn'd, amaz'd, and cover'd o'er
 As seldom wight had been before ;—
 O'erwhelm'd with mud, and stink, and grief,
 He saw no house to give relief ;
 So thus, amid the village din,
 He ran the gauntlet to the inn.
 An angler threw his hook so pat,
 He caught at once the Doctor's hat ;
 A bathing boy, who naked stood,
 Dash'd boldly in the eddying flood,
 And, swimming onward like a grig,
 Soon overtook the Doctor's wig.

Grizzle had trac'd the barren spot,
 Where not a blade of grass was got,
 And, finding nought to tempt her stay,
 She to the Dragon took her way.
 The ostler cried, " here's some disaster,—
 " The mare's return'd without her master!"
 But soon he came, amid the noise
 Of men and women, girls and boys,
 Glad in the inn to find retreat
 From the rudè insults of the street.

Undress'd, well-wash'd, and put to bed,
 With mind disturb'd, and aching head,
 In vain poor Syntax sought repose,
 But lay and counted all his woes.
 The friendly Host, with anxious care,
 Now hastes the posset to prepare:—
 The healing draught he kindly gives;
 Syntax the cordial boon receives:—
 Then seeks, in sleep, a pause from sorrow,
 In hope of better fate to-morrow.

[*To be continued.*]

EDWIN AND MATILDA; OR, THE BEACH-KING.

A LEGENDARY TALE—IN FOUR CANTOS.

With an Engraving.

[*Continued from Vol. II. p. 70.*]

CANTO III.

WHILE thus the proud Baron refus'd to bestow
 On Earl Edwin his daughter's fair hand,
 The chieftains had nearly forgotten a foe,
 Who had fill'd their dominions with sorrow and woe,
 And who terror had spread thro' the land.

For beneath the Baronial castle's firm base
A monster had fix'd his abode ;
And lurk'd in the caverns, whose fathomless space
No mortal had ever yet ventur'd to trace,
And where none had yet willingly trod.
Full many an ill-fated damsel has stray'd,
To enjoy the cool breeze on the shore ;
When approaching the rocks, by some object betray'd,
She has been, by the demon, to darkness convey'd,
To return to the hamlet no more !
Thrice hapless that maid whom the monster had view'd
Away from her cot, and alone ;
With the form of a bird he was quickly endued,
And, as if by a falcon or vulture pursu'd,
To her feet for protection has flown.
Then in pity the fair has the flutt'rer carest,
And to quiet its terrors would strive ;
When, at length, as the bird to her bosom she prest,
Renew'd by the life-giving warmth of her breast,
The traitor would seem to revive.
Unfortunate fair-one ! thou little didst know
How deceitful the cause of thy care ;
Too soon was thy bosom o'erburden'd with wo :
From the den of the monster thou never didst go—
A victim, alas ! to his snare !
But what dread must she feel as his form she surveys,
While his fast-growing horror expands ;
In her bosom no longer the monster she lays—
Secure of his prey, his appearance displays,
And array'd in his terrors he stands.
While his ill-fated victim, unable to mourn,
Is of hope and of senses devoid ;
To the dismal retreats of the wretch she is borne,
Where, a prey to his lust, and now doubly forlorn,
The unfortunate fair is destroy'd.

Throughout all the hamlets on either domain,
Each cottage with sorrow did ring ;
Opposition to offer was reckon'd in vain,
The shore was describ'd as the horror-fraught reign
Of the mighty enormous Beach-King.

In various strange shapes he was seen to appear,
And never restricted to one ;
But if those in his presence should throw aside fear,
He, seizing his victim, his form would uprear,
And swift into nothing was gone !

So great was his sway, e'en the wish of the mind
The crafty Beach-King could discern ;
And, whene'er it occur'd that he evil design'd,
This Proteus the heart of his victim inclin'd
To his own vile advantage to turn.

He had heard that Matilda great beauty display'd,
And for virtue and knowledge was fam'd ;
And when once on the beach near the caverns she stray'd,
From a clift in the rock he the fair-one survey'd,
And with passion was quickly inflam'd.

He fain would have seiz'd her, but fear'd that surprise
Might render his wishes all vain ;
Yet his thought ever ready a method supplies,
And his horrid conceptions as promptly devise
A scheme poor Matilda to gain.

For straight to Hulembert the King quickly hied,
And all fears of the beach did allay :
To Matilda her walk was again not denied ;
In the bosoms of both did precaution subside,
And the sense of alarm flee away.

From thence the fell monster to Edwin was gone,
Who was sore at the Baron enrag'd ;
Soon the Earl to his treacherous purpose he won,
On whom, thus deluded, while Hope falsely shone,
The force of his grief was assuag'd.

The fond Edwin resolv'd, if at eve the sweet maid
Should as usual resort to the sands,
In the presence of friends the lov'd fair to persuade
To favour his suit, and his wife to be made,
While a priest should perform their commands.

Yet to wed her alone was not all that he plann'd,
He wish'd her proud sire to defy;
For he thought to induce her, when lord of her hand,
His castle to use, where a siege he could stand,
And the Baron oblige to comply.

While Edwin her father thus sought to deceive,
Endeav'ring by fraud to o'erreach,
Matilda impatiently waited for eve,
Induc'd by the spells of the King to believe
That danger was far from the beach.

For the wish of her heart had persuaded her mind
That the Earl would not fail to be there;
And the fair, tho' the age was then little refin'd,
To Credulity's errors was never inclin'd;
And thus fell a prey to the snare.

Now the sun tow'rds th' horizon with speed journey'd on,
O'er the east with fresh splendour to shine;
When Matilda, who long to the beach had been gone,
In contemplative mood on a fragment of stone
Sat watching his rapid decline.

To the quarter where distant the Grove-Castle stood
Love often directed her gaze;
Till, at length, when her eyes sought in vain for the wood,
And were turn'd once again to the sea's restless flood,
They had lost both the sun and his rays.

The last gleam of day long departing had been,
And was quickly withdrawing from sight,
When, scatt'ring her dubious light o'er the scene,
And imparting to objects an aspect serene,
Arose the pale Queen of the night,

Matilda enraptur'd arose from her seat,
 Undetermin'd to go or to stay ;
 She remember'd that Edwin had often been late ;
 But she fear'd her stern sire might have rooted his hate,
 And chas'd his affection away.

In vain did the dictates of Prudence implore—
 Love determin'd Matilda to wait ;
 And she deeply reflected, while walking the shore,
 On the dreadful appearance her destiny wore,
 And the probable turn of her fate.—

“ I have thought,” she exclaim'd, “ when these tumults
 arose,

“ That too sure was decided my doom ;

“ That which render'd my sire and Earl Reginald foes
 “ Was the cause of my griefs and the source of my woes,
 “ And I fear me of sorrows to come.

“ Alas !” said Matilda, as deeply she sigh'd,

“ How hapless a passion is mine !

“ I fondly had hop'd to become the lov'd bride

“ Of Edwin”——when loudly a voice thus replied,
 “ But Edwin shall never be thine !”

Matilda, alarm'd, tow'rds the caverns with dread
 Turn'd her eyes, to examine the gloom ;
 But she saw not an object, she heard not a tread,
 And her mind, when the cause of her terror was fled,
 Its composure began to resume.

“ Sweet Hope,” she continued, “ who dry'st all our tears,
 “ I will not thy soothing resign ;

“ But that horror-fraught omen rekindles my fears,

“ And methinks, even now, the dread voice in my ears
 “ Says, ‘ Edwin shall never be thine !’

“ Yet, how oft his affection Earl Edwin has vow'd,

“ And all obstacles sworn to defy !”

Now the same hollow voice spoke in accents more loud—

“ At the shrine of thy beauty he vainly has bow'd ;
 “ For thyself and Earl Edwin must die !”

Of feeling and sense was Matilda depriv'd,
 When assail'd by this second alarm ;
 From her terror-caus'd swoon when at length she re-
 viv'd,
 She found (as assur'd by conviction she liv'd)
 That she lean'd on a Knight's saving arm,
 On the armour-clad hero she eagerly gaz'd
 With a mixture of fear and surprise ;
 But the beauteous Matilda with joy was amaz'd
 When his beaver the stranger-knight court'ously rais'd,
 And the Earl was reveal'd to her eyes.

“ Where, my Lord,” said Matilda, “ oh ! where hast
 thou been ?
 “ What mischance has my Edwin delay'd ?
 “ Hast thou met with no object ? no person hast seen ?
 “ For such warnings have come to my hearing, that
 e'en
 “ Would the stoutest of hearts have dismay'd.”

“ Some trifles delay'd me, yet let not thy fears,”
 Said the Earl, “ my Matilda now move ;
 “ 'Twas perchance the waves' roaring deceiv'd thy soft
 ears,
 “ But let my fond kiss quickly dry up thy tears ;
 “ Oh ! receive this warm pledge of my love.

“ Believe me, lov'd maid, I sincerely lament
 “ That so long thou hast tarried alone ;
 “ But come, for the night is already far spent,
 “ And I'll tell thee how griev'd from the Baron I
 went,
 “ When seated upon yonder stone.”

To the seat then he led her, all eager to drown
 The thoughts of her recent alarms ;
 When she made the demand, “ now the war was o'er-
 blown,
 “ That free from reserve he would candidly own
 “ Why he still was completely in arms !”

“ Lov'd maid,” the Earl answer'd, “ thou doubtless hast
heard

“ Of the far-dreaded King of the Beach ;

“ I will freely confess that his arts I have fear'd,

“ For 'tis said that no person again e'er appear'd,

“ Who ever came once in his reach.

“ Yet I know thou art fearless, and doubts hast possess't

“ That the monster did ever appear ;

“ But unfold to thy Edwin the thoughts in thy breast ;

“ Hast thou never before by alarm been opprest,

“ When approaching the caverns so near ?”

Not believing the rumour, Matilda then said,

“ I was fearless of danger or harm :

“ And till now I was never invaded by dread ;

“ But the voice that aloud seem'd to break o'er my head

“ My bosom has fill'd with alarm.”

“ To my heart more than life is Matilda endear'd,”

Said the Earl, as the maid he embrac'd ;

“ And oft for her safety her Edwin has fear'd,

“ When, before him arriv'd, on the shore she appear'd,

“ And near the dread caverns has pac'd.

“ But how would she feel, should her courage be tried,

“ Should she once the Beach-King chance to see ?”

When, rememb'ring the voice, “ I should die,” she replied :

“ Then know, lovely maid, the King sits at thy side ;

“ The King now converses with thee !”

From the seat he upsprung, and before the maid stood,

As the shore with his accents did ring ;

For the voice was return'd from the ocean's wide flood,

And the castle, the cliff, and the far distant wood,

Re-echoed the name of “ the King.”

In haste did Matilda arise from the stone,

More fully to view the Knight's face ;

But her reason had nearly deserted its throne

When she saw the fictitious Earl Edwin was gone,

And a monster appear in his place.

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Plate 71.



THE BEACH KING
discussing himself to Kothia



Alive to her danger, the horror-struck maid
In hurried amazement look'd round ;
Exclaiming, at length, as the King she survey'd,
" Alas !" cruel Edwin, " why hast thou delay'd ?"
She inanimate sunk on the ground.

For, herself and the castle the King was between,
And all hope of escape render'd vain ;
His appearance imparted such gloom to the scene,—
So dreadful an object had ne'er before been,
Nor since has been witness'd again !

For where the red plumes, and the armour so bright,
Like to those worn by Edwin, appear'd,
Where stood but so lately a gallant young Knight,
There, unfolding his hideous form to the sight,
A monster gigantic was rear'd.

A huge rocky substance surmounted his head,
And seem'd as the Monster-King's crown ;
A triplet of eyes in his forehead were spread,
Enormously glaring, than scarlet more red,
Or the flame of a furnace when blown.

From his chin, as a beard, snakes and adders there grew,
Each arm'd with a poisonous tongue ;
From the mouth of their Lord deadly venom they drew,
Which around, near and distant, with hisses they threw
O'er his shoulders and breast as they hung.

His body a dragon's rough scales did enfold,
More hard than the adamant stone :
Their appearance was awfully grand to behold ;
For, whene'er the King mov'd in green, purple, and gold,
They at once, or alternately, shone.

From his loins to his feet the fell monster was cas'd
In the bristles and skin of a boar ;
While a net of sea-weed, which his middle embrac'd,
Embellish'd with shells equidistantly plac'd,
From his shoulders descending he wore.

A truncheon of coral he grasp'd in his hand,
 Which, tho' pond'rous, with ease he could swing :
 Thus array'd was the monster so fear'd thro' the land ;
 Thus horribly form'd, by Matilda did stand
 The mighty enormous Beach-King.

[To be continued.]

DEVOTION.—AN ODE.

“ Ad perennis vitæ fontem
 “ Mons silivit arrida.”

ST. AUGUSTINE.

* **B**LOW soft, thou south wind, o'er the spicy groves
 Of calamus, and cinnamon, and myrrh;
 And all the balm-distilling branches stir ;
 Shaking such perfume as Arabia loves
 Abroad, till all around are spread
 Sweets such as angels gathered
 On their ambrosial plumes, as once they flew
 O'er Eden's flow'ry top, fresh with celestial dew !
 Yet may not all this incens'd air
 From Persia's gardens, planted fair
 With odorif'rous wood,
 Compare with that sweet sacrifice,
 Upon whose smoke our praises rise
 To omnificient good !
 When, in her secret cell apart,
 Hallowing the altar of the heart,
 Devotion lights her fire—
 Ah ! who shall paint the joys of pray'r,
 Or tell the soul's high converse there
 With her immortal Sire ?

'Then glories, far unmeet for mortal eyes,
 Before th' astonish'd vision rise,
 Such as that favour'd patriarch wond'ring saw,
 Who, journeying from old Canaan's land,
 Beheld above the heav'n-propp'd ladder stand
 Ineffable, the form no pen, no thought, may draw * !
 Then, while entranc'd the soul the scene explores,
 Like him the consecrating oil she pours
 Upon her pillars, rear'd in glad memorial near,
 And thus exclaims, with reverential fear—
 " Here stand the house of God, and Heaven's eternal
 doors † ! "

O come, thou south wind, then, and blow
 Upon this garden cloth'd in snow,
 In my ungrateful breast !
 Dissolve the frost, the waters clear,
 And bid one fertile spot appear,
 Where Zion's dove may rest !
 So the warm spring of Love divine,
 These fruitless, leafless, boughs of mine
 With fragrant bloom shall dress ;
 So shall the wilderness rejoice,
 And hear of melody the voice,
 In songs of holiness ‡ ! "

Awake, my harp ! thou shalt not sleep
 Longer where soft ideas creep
 Thro' this enchanted ground !
 Away ! away, ye lighter lays !
 These golden strings were tun'd for praise—
 Hark ! 'tis their native sound.

Of Pindus and his sacred maids
 No more they fondly tell ;
 Hesperian or Idalian shades,
 Or of the Sibyls' cell !

* Gen. xxviii. 12.

† xxviii. 17 and 22.

‡ Isa. li. 3.

To our Imanuel's halls I fly,
 Enrapt of nobler minstrelsy ;
 My spirits catching as they rise
 Soul-transporting melodies—
 Melodies I strive in vain
 To whisper back to earth again !

O bear me up, ye passengers of grace,
 To that most holy place,
 The bless'd abodes of harmony and love !
 There would I dwell, while this dark house of clay
 Arrests me on my heav'n-aspiring way ;
 And, when the Master bids me hence remove,
 Oh! bear me then to meet on high
 The saints' seraphic hierarchy
 Who everlastingly, all pain above,
 Sit by that crystal-flowing stream
 That gushes from Perfection's purest fount,
 And there the mercies of their God recount ;
 Exhaustless theme !
 Exhaustless as the tide that rolls along
 Th' eternal course of years, illimitably strong !
Alton. E. W——G.

ON WAR.

WHAT ills attend the ruthless reign of War !
 The gen'rous breast, that throbs at others' wo,
 Freezes with horror at the fearful thought !
 Hell-born Revenge and mad Ambition guide
 His scythed car triumphant o'er the world ;
 And death-arm'd Slaughter, Famine, and Despair,
 His train attend, and mark his wasteful course !

How mournful then to ev'ry good man's ear
 Must be the warrior's theme ! Tho' on his crest

The plume of Conquest wave, and round his brow
 Fame's laurell'd wreath is twin'd ; yet, when the tale
 Of his proud deeds is told, Humanity will weep !—
 The rich, embroider'd suit, the streaming banners,
 And the martial strain, may charm the thoughtless soul,
 And to vain-glory lure the youthful heart ;
 But, to the mind that to Religion's throne
 Due homage pays, they speak of direst woes !—
 Then, in what numbers can the feeble Muse
 Relate the horrors of the sanguine field,
 Where foes in battle join ? Alas ! she feels
 Unequal to the task, for she would wake
 The conscious pang in ev'ry tyrant's breast,
 At whose command War's banner is unfurl'd,
 And murd'rous blade unsheath'd.

See, o'er the field

The hostile troops advance, impatient for the fight,
 And, at the trumpet's death-denouncing clang,
 Man falls on man, like blood-hounds on their prey !
 The cannon's roar,—the drum's discordant sound,—
 The cries and moans of wounded as they fall,—
 And the exulting shouts the victors give,—
 In dread confusion rend the vaulted sky,
 Affrighting Echo in her secret cell !
 In vain doth Sorrow drop the melting tear !
 In vain doth Mercy raise her tender voice !
 Still fierce Ambition urges on the strife,
 Till Death himself, weary with carnage, droops
 His crimson'd wings, and bids the slaughter “ cease !”

But, tho' at last the horrid conflict ends,
 Humanity still weeps !—Now from the field
 Unnumber'd victims, mangled sore with wounds,
 Are rudely borne away ; while some are left
 Upon the gory turf, among the murder'd heaps,
 To pine and die, unpity'd, unreliev'd !—

In writhing pangs they wail their hapless doom,
 And curse the slaves by whom they were beguil'd
 From their lov'd homes and dear domestic joys!

How long shall tyrants, for their vain conceits,
 Break when they please the sacred bonds of Peace,
 And plunge their fellow-kind in sorrow and distress?
 How long shall men, with vain and guilty zeal,
 To their commands impious obedience pay,
 And dare transgress without restraint or fear
 That sacred law, by Heav'n itself impos'd—
 "Commit no murder, man!"—Yours is the crime,
 The foul enormous crime, who school mankind
 In false religious creeds; and yours, ye vot'rists, too,
 Who lead them victims to Ambition's shrine!

Is there no period in the womb of Time
 When War no more shall rear his gory crest,
 But pure Religion humanize the world?
 Then man, no more, to licens'd murder train'd,
 Will dare to shed his fellow-creature's blood
 At a proud tyrant's call; but seraph Peace
 On ev'ry land will smile, fair Commerce flourish,
 And Joy and Concord universal reign.

Southampton, Nov. 6, 1809.

J. P. T.

SLEEP.

CLOSE, close my eyelids on surrounding space!
 Another day has pass'd its hurried race
 Do thou prepare me for returning light,
 Thou who art goddess of the silent night.

LEOPOLD.

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

FROM AN ORIGINAL LATIN ODE TO G. B. C.

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
 Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
 Nec sumit aut ponit secures
 Arbitrio popularis auræ.

HOR. Ode II. Lib. 3.

THE man of upright life, from evil pure,
 By Reason guided, ever walks secure
 In Virtue's path; and, by her lucid ray,
 Holds his straight course, nor deviates from the way.

Tho' envious minds, with jealousy and strife,
 Aim poison'd daggers at his well-spent life,
 Fearless he stands, his ever-dauntless breast
 Bedeck'd with Virtue's comely snow-white vest.

He, as a rock, by Nature built on high,
 Withstands the storms and tempests from the sky;
 The force of show'rs, of winds, and waves, sustains;
 Laughs at the chaos, and with grandeur reigns.

With mind unmov'd, he fiercest danger braves,
 And walks compos'd thro' Torture's sanguin'd waves,
 Heeds not Detraction's keen and venom'd stings,
 The rage of Nations or the pow'r of Kings.

Whether in adverse or in fav'ring gale,
 Alike he steers, and equal spreads his sail;
 Remov'd afar from high fastidious Pride,
 Regards not Pomp, but leans to Virtue's side.

Oft have I seen the dark and low'ring day,
 When Sol, immerg'd in clouds, scarce sent a ray:
 Now dart his radiant beams; celestial light
 Dispels the gloom with coruscations bright.

So shall his glory, mounting to the skies,
 Increase in splendour 'midst his enemies.

Fame of his virtues hail the dawning day ;
 'Tis Reason's reign, and Error skulks away.

He, tho' a patriot, from the throng secedes,
 Deplores his country torn, the state which bleeds ;
 His Roman soul still fosters Liberty,
 And this his aim—that Britons may be free !

Such is the man the Muse delights to praise,
 To sing such virtues glad her voice to raise ;
 He emulates his father's virtuous deeds,
 Clothes the cold poor,—the hungry orphan feeds.

If in this splendid path he hold his way,
 Nor e'er by vicious arts be led astray,
 Britain will sure support him to the end ;
 A friend to Virtue—he is Britain's friend !

Amidst a grateful Nation's proud applause,
 Long may he live, supporting Virtue's cause !
 And when, at last, from earth his spirit flies,
 " His God-like virtues" fix him in the skies.

THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

THE Owl to the Eagle some service had done,
 Which gratitude strongly demanded ;
 So a treaty was sign'd by the Bird of the Sun,
 Whose bosom with honour expanded.

He said that her dwelling he ne'er would molest,
 The Owl's apprehensions to lighten ;
 And faithfully keep out of sight of her nest,
 For fear he the young ones should frighten.

" But," added the Eagle, " pray how shall I know
 " Your young ? for I never did meet them ;
 " And 'twould be to our friendship a terrible blow
 " Should I chance to discover and eat them."

“ Then list,” said the Owl, “ while my young I describe
 (With many a fond interjection) ;

“ You’ll find in my offspring a beautiful tribe,
 “ The model of matchless perfection.”

“ Their looks are most *soft*, most peculiarly *mild*,
 “ Most *tuneful their musical voices* ;”

“ Enough,” said the Eagle, and graciously smil’d,
 And the Owl in their safety rejoices.

The Eagle, one day, in an old castle-wall,
 Discover’d four queer-looking creatures ;
 Dame Owlet’s description does mem’ry recall,
 So he gravely examin’d their features.

He thought they were dull, and quite ugly to boot,
 In short, of all birds the most odious ;
 And they just then set up an unanimous hoot,
 And truly not very melodious.

Said he, “ these can never belong to my friend ;
 “ In vain, little wretches, ye tremble !

“ *On a parent’s description I fully depend,*
 “ *And that not at all ye resemble.*”

Confirm’d in his judgment, he scrupled no more,
 But ate them one after the other ;
 And, just as he finish’d the last of the four,
 Arriv’d their disconsolate mother.

“ O monster ! O wretch ! you have eaten my young !”

Said the Eagle “ Pray why do you scold me ?

“ You should blame your own partial and wandering
 tongue

“ For the foolish description you told me.

“ Let *Truth* be your guide for the future, my friend ;

“ And, should you have young ones next season,

“ Teach them, by your practice, alone to depend

“ *On Fidelity, Candour, and Reason.*”

SONG.

LIGHTLY waves the drooping willow
O'er the clear and murm'ring stream ;
Gently heaves the rising billow,
Dancing in the sunny beam.

Balmy odours float around us,
Zephyrs softly fan the air ;
Nature's loveliest flow'rs surround us,
Trees their verdant garments wear.

Spring, with all her smiles, returning,
Chases Winter's gloomy reign ;
Birds, to welcome in the morning,
Carol forth their lively strain.

Lads and lasses, full of pleasure,
Weave the garland's floral round ;
As they trip in even measure,
Blithe the rural pipes resound.

See the Queen of May advancing,
Leading on her rustic train ;
Blooming virgins, round her dancing,
Beat with nimble feet the plain.

Haste, my fair ! then let us join them,
Leave the Town's delusive charms ;
To Fashion's votaries resign them—
Here no pain thy peace alarms.

Here our days, in pleasure gliding,
Ne'er shall bring an hour of wo,
Save when Pity, gently chiding,
Bids the pearly tear-drop flow.

X. Y.

STANZAS,

Occasioned by the Death of ALICO, an African Slave, condemned for Rebellion, in Jamaica, 1760.—He is supposed to address himself to his Wife at the Place of Execution.

'Tis past :—ah ! calm thy cares to rest,
 Firm and unmov'd am I ;
 In Freedom's cause I bar'd my breast—
 In Freedom's cause I die.

Ah stop ! thou dost me fatal wrong—
 Nature will yet rebel ;
 For I have lov'd thee very long,
 And lov'd thee very well.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs
 I soon shall wing my way,
 Where joy shall lead the circling hours,
 Unless too long thy stay.

O speed, fair Sun ! thy course divine ;
 My Abala remove !
 There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
 And I for ever love !

On those bless'd shores—a slave no more—
 In peaceful ease I'll stray ;
 Or rouse to chase the mountain-boar,
 As unconfin'd as day !

No Christian tyrant there is known
 To mark his steps with blood,
 Nor sable Mis'ry's piercing moan
 Resounds thro' ev'ry wood !

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,
 Have seen the falling tear :
 Known the good heart by pity wrung,
 Ah ! that such hearts are rare !

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes,
 I reach the joyful hour ;
 Now bid the scorching flames arise,
 And these poor limbs devour :

But know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
 Eternal war to wage ;
 The death thou giv'st shall but combine
 To mock thy baffled rage.

O Death ! how welcome to th' opprest !
 Thy kind embrace I crave ;
 Thou bring'st to Mis'ry's bosom rest,
 And freedom to the slave !

BRYAN EDWARDS.

THE OSTRICH AND THE EAGLE.

A FABLE.

WHAT parents can expect to see
 A blessing on their progeny,
 Who suffer them to roam a prey
 To Vice and Folly's subtle sway ;
 Expos'd to all the tempting wiles,
 With which oft wickedness beguiles,
 For want of kind parental care,
 To lead them from the fatal snare ?
 But, if they offer their advice,
 Before temptations strong entice ;
 If all their rhetoric be tried
 To check the overwhelming tide ;
 And then, should force or art prevail,
 The stings of conscience ne'er assail ;
 The parents know their duty done,
 And can but mourn a ruin'd son.

An Ostrich once an Eagle met,
 Whom absence caus'd not to forget
 That friendship once between them grew,
 But long'd acquaintance to renew.
 "Whither away?" the Eagle cries;
 "My dearest friend, come feast your eyes,"
 (Replied the Ostrich, rapt in joy,)
 "Come see my dear, my darling boy,
 "This day I think completes the year,
 "Since I first left my offspring here;
 "And near this place I hope to see
 "My noble form's epitome."

"What!" cried the Eagle in amaze,
 (Observing with astonish'd gaze
 The peaceful smile, the tranquil eye,
 Mild vouchers of serenity,)
 "What! leave your infant to the care
 "Of the sly fox, or cunning bear?
 "Is he upon their mercy thrown,
 "Ere he can scarcely run alone?"

"What! how?" the Ostrich then return'd,
 "What wonder now is to be learn'd?
 "How could he run without a leg?
 "I left him e'en within the egg."

"O monstrous cruelty!" pray why?
 Said Ostrich, "that I must deny.
 "Consent to search, my friend, with me;
 "The good effects yourself shall see.
 "Ere many paces we have gone
 "We shall behold him, ten to one;
 "Noble and strong, in shape like me,
 "An honour to our pedigree.
 "His gait majestic needs must strike,
 "My young and I are so alike;

" Forward I look with eager joy,
 " When I shall see my dearest boy,
 " The hero of his perfect race,
 " His virtues written in his face,
 " Monarch of yon surrounding wood ;
 " His deeds will shew his noble blood.
 " But come, we trifle time in talk ;
 " Can we not prattle as we walk ?
 " Yet stay ; what say these people here ?
 " (Let's stand aside) no good, I fear.
 " They seem in earnest conversation ;
 " Behind this tree we'll take our station."

And now behind the tree they sit ;
 They listen now, now talk a bit.
 The men were merchants, counting o'er
 Varieties which form'd their store ;
 And, calling ev'ry one by name,
 Told how they got it, whence it came.
 At length said one, " See, here's a thing,
 " My wife desired I would bring ;
 " As it would serve for all those uses
 " A trifle frequently produces ;
 " 'Twould do to hold the milk and water
 " At breakfast for my son or daughter ;
 " 'Twould make a basin or a can,
 " And do the jobs of pot or pan,
 " Now I believe 'tis just a year,
 " Since, either in this place, or near,
 " I pick'd it up ; observe, I beg,
 " The size, the beauty, of the egg."

The name, the time, the Ostrich heard,
 And thus exclaims th' afflicted bird,
 While, stretching her elastic neck,
 She views and mourns Ambition's wreck :—

“ O horrid monster ! see, my friend,
“ Of all my hopes the dismal end :
“ Behold the wretch who dar'd destroy
“ My dearest child ! my pride ! my joy !
“ O, harden'd villain ! take thy knife,
“ And end a wretched mother's life.
“ How piercing those we love to find
“ For such ignoble ends design'd !
“ What comfort now can life afford,
“ Robb'd of the treasure I ador'd ?”

“ I mourn your fate,” the Eagle said,
“ But small is Consolation's aid ;
“ It will not drive Reflection hence,
“ Which stings you with no vain pretence :
“ It charges you with sad neglect ;
“ What reason had you to expect
“ Your egg a better fate would share,
“ Deny'd a parent's fost'ring care ?
“ I pity you, yet must confess
“ You've brought about your own distress.
“ Tho' I have ne'er an Eaglet left,
“ Of all by cruel man bereft,
“ I hope for days of pleasure yet,
“ And all my sorrow to forget.
“ For, why ? my conscience still is clear,
“ My love was practis'd and sincere ;
“ My young I made my constant care,
“ And warn'd them of each artful snare.
“ Man conquer'd ; what remain'd for me ?
“ Resign'd, to yield to Fate's decree.”

M. K.

THE DELIVERY OF THE LAW FROM
MOUNT SINAI.

Soon as the sun proclaim'd th' approach of morn,
 And with new colours ting'd the eastern sky,
 The sons of Israel left th' Egyptian shores,
 And, heav'n-directed, bent their willing way.
 Soon to fair Sinai's cloud-envelop'd hills
 (Sinai, unconscious of her future fame)
 The joyful squadrons came, Moses their guide,
 And pitch'd their tents in bright array around.
 Meanwhile their leader climbs the sacred hill,
 To talk with God,—oh! happiness extreme,
 Unspeakable, that man, form'd by his hand,
 Should converse hold with Heav'n's eternal King!
 Yet such was God's omnipotent command,
 Who call'd his servant to the sacred mount,
 And thus express'd his will:—"Thou know'st the pow'r,
 "The mercy, truth, and goodness, of thy God;
 "Therefore disclose to Israel my behests.
 "I brought them forth from Egypt's hated land,
 "Out of the house of bondage, and destroy'd
 "Proud Pharaoh and his host beneath the waves,
 "Who sank, supine, nor e'er again return'd
 "To breathe the vital air. You have I sav'd
 "From tyranny and chains, a happy race,
 "High favour'd by my goodness, and ordain'd
 "To be the chief of nations, by my pow'r
 "Directed, and my justice." Thus God spake,
 Nor Moses aught replied, but down the hill
 Return'd to Israel's host, and there disclos'd
 His joyful message, while with humble hearts
 All Israel, fix'd in admiration, stood
 Attentive, and obedient to their King.
 "JEHOVAH's mandates we'll obey," they cry,
 While joyful plaudits rend the crowded plain.

Then spoke the Lord again, well-pleas'd to hear
 The people's joy, and thus to Moses said :—
 “ Behold, from Sinai's holy top descend,
 “ And to all Israel disclose my will :
 “ For, that they may believe my mighty pow'r,
 “ Thy sacred mission, and appointment, I
 “ From Sinai's mount to Israel will reveal
 “ My majesty and pow'r, and from a cloud
 “ Will give new precepts, form'd by my own hand.
 “ Command all Israel, therefore, to prepare,
 “ And purify themselves from ought unclean :
 “ Forbid them too with sacrilegious hands
 “ To touch the sacred base, from whence their God,
 “ Cloth'd in resplendent glory, shall appear
 “ As King of Israel, Governor supreme.”
 Then Moses downward bent his ready way
 To where all Israel pitch'd their tents, around
 The mountain's base, and spoke the awful news.
 Each joyful tribe with willing hearts obey
 The mandates of their God, and straight prepare
 To meet the presence of the Lord of all,
 Till the third sun began his early race
 Around the world ; then with astonish'd eyes
 The lightnings, and the sacred mount in flames
 Immers'd, they view'd ; thund'rings, and voices loud,
 They heard, the messengers of coming God.
 Then Moses 'gan t' ascend the mountain's top,
 And heard the heav'nly voice, which from a cloud
 Thus spake :—“ Servant of God most high ! reveal
 “ The mandates of thy Lord to Israel's host ;
 “ Receive my laws, engraven by my hand,
 “ And tell the sons of Israel to observe
 “ My will ; for, by th' omnipotent command
 “ Of God, they're doom'd to be the happiest race
 “ In all yon nether world, favour'd by God
 “ Supreme, a sacred tribe, a race of priests.

"Them will I give Canaan's happy land,
 "Flowing with milk and honey, and enrich
 "Their houses with the spoil of armies. What
 "JEHOVAH promises, he will perform.
 "In future ages, from this happy race
 "The long-expected Prince, the CHRIST, shall spring."
 Thus spake the Godhead, while obedient heard
 His servant Moses; straight the lightnings ceas'd;
 The thund'rings and the voices, that foretold
 The presence of JEHOVAH, now proclaim'd,
 By their cessation, that their King was gone.

CHRISTIANUS.

THE MAN OF TRUE COURAGE.

HAST thou e'er seen the rough and hardy rock,
 Whilst wintry tempests o'er the ocean urge,
 Unshaken and unmov'd abide the shock,
 Rude and impetuous, of the foaming surge?
 Hast thou not known the whistling winds in vain
 The deeply-rooted forest-oak assail,
 That seem'd, with native vigour, to disdain
 The pressing fury of the blust'ring gale?
 Such is the man, who, thro' this lonely vale,
 Where carping cares, corroding griefs, abound,
 And num'rous ills Affliction's sons surround,
 Religion's guiding hand with joy can hail;
 Can fearless meet the darkness of the tomb,
 In firm expectance of a rest to come.

C.

ODE:

IN THE MANNER OF COLLINS'S ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of lowly voice, or warbling flute,
 May dare, sweet Eve! to charm thy pensive soul,
 Like thy celestial sounds,
 And soft dissolving airs,
 O maid serene! while now the crescent fair
 Smiles on yon bashful youth, whose glowing mail
 Still throws its varied beams
 Along the western sky:
 Now Silence breathes, save where the thrifty bee,
 Homeward returning, stirs the perfum'd air,
 Or when the chafer tunes
 His rude sonorous song;
 As oft he does amidst the solemn pause,
 To sooth the ear of some romantic Bard:
 Instruct me how to weave
 The sweet harmonious song,
 Whose cadence, dying on the murm'ring stream,
 May add a two-fold softness to its plaint,
 As, pondering here, I pay
 My homage to thy charms!
 For, when the fav'rite star serenely gleams,
 In azure vest of purest ether clad,
 The am'rous couples meet,
 Who mourn'd the tedious day;
 And many a weary soul, with sorrow full,
 Adores thy holy calm; and, musing deep,
 The vestal thought devout
 Lies prostrate at thy shrine.
 Then guide me, Spirit! where the rolling main
 Scarce beats the mould'ring basis of the shore;
 Or thro' th' umbrageous wood
 Where Solitude sojourns.

But, when the vaulted skies, for many a league,
 The lightnings sever and the thunders shake,
 Conduct my burning feet
 To rude St. Gothard's height,
 Where I may sit to view the winged storm,
 To hear the Genius of the Mountain's moan,
 The whirlwind's hollow blast,
 And Nature's ling'ring sigh !
 While Heav'n's bright radiance lights my boyish eyes,
 And, from the precincts of celestial realms,
 Sublime, seraphic tones
 Exalt my bursting soul :
 While clouds above, an overwhelming mass
 Of various matter, drink the briny lake,
 And suns with cheerful rays
 Invigorate the earth ;
 So long, thou lovely Nymph ! beneath thy shades,
 Shall Genius, Fancy, and th' Aonian maids
 Thy hallow'd charms explore,
 And celebrate thy name !

Grafton-street, 1809.

J. G.

THE PATH OF PEACE.

Musing on this world's commotion,
 And the change of earthly things,
 Many a false and airy notion
 Plumes my erring Fancy's wings.
 Sometimes, weary of its bustle,
 I have wish'd some calm retreat,
 Where no sounds, save winds that rustle
 Thro' the leaves, my ear could meet—
 Save the streamlet, as it bubbled
 Lightly o'er the pebbles clear ;
 Or, by little juttings troubled,
 Eddying murmur'd on the ear—

Save the song, so wildly varied,
Which the plummy warblers share,
By the woodland echos carried
Thro' the undulating air—

Save that to this far seclusion
Some congenial breast had flown,
Where, a stranger to confusion,
I might tranquillize my own !

Thus I've thought 'twere sweet to bury
All the meaner cares of life,
Distant from its senseless hurry,
All its follies, all its strife.

Sweet to view, as from a tower,
Elevated past their spite,
Mischiefs frown, and terrors lower,
Which the busy world affright.

Sweet to leave, without resentment,
All its mighty gilded toys ;
Centring here in blest contentment,
Looking higher for our joys.

Lately dreaming, thus, of seeking
Peace in quiet undisturb'd,
Reason's voice, within me speaking,
Thus my wayward passion curb'd :—

Whither will these whimsies lead thee,
Thy unyok'd ideas run ?
Mortal ! these will little speed thee
Onward, if the prize be won.

Happiness her goal has planted
At the end of Duty's race ;
And to those her prize is granted
Who the course attentive trace.

Courage, then ! assume the station
 Heaven gives thee here to fill ;
 Bury'd deep in sequestration,
 Thou wert far from quiet still.

Solitude has charms to lure thee ;
 And 'tis well, enjoy them all ;
 But not these can Peace ensure thee
 When the social duties call.

Think, whene'er thy heart reposes
 On these dreams of joy, so vain ;
 Thorns still guard the sweetest roses,
 Pleasure's mortaliz'd by pain.

Thus each fear that now appals thee
 Shall like morning shades decrease,
 And each way where Duty calls thee
 Prove, tho' rough, the Path of Peace !

Alton.

E. W****G.

ELEGY.

SAY, cruel nymph ! how long must I complain,
 And mourn in silence, and, alas ! in vain ?
 Oh ! must my bosom (cherishing despair)
 Pronounce thee still as obdurate as fair ?
 Fain would my Muse in mournful numbers flow
 (True to the cause, and faithful to the wo) ;
 But grief unfeign'd denies the aid of Art
 To paint the sorrows of a bleeding heart.

Swift flew the days, ah ! never to return,
 When first you taught my youthful breast to burn ;
 Sweet were the hours, that vanish'd as they came,
 When Hope suggested you approv'd my flame :
 Not sweeter smiles than fann'd my rising fire
 The warmest love could envy, or desire.

But, since I'm doom'd a sad reverse to know,
And Emma's breast disdains her lover's wo,
Still shall my soul her matchless charms adore,
Dwell on her worth, and silently deplore ;
With awe behold her, and with rapture gaze,
Nor dare one murmur, or a sigh, to raise ;
Pleas'd but to live beneath her beauty's ray,
Nor let her image from my bosom stray.

Where'er I go, whatever realms t' explore,
To Zembla's rocks, or India's burning shore,
Where the fierce sun, with unremitting ray,
Sheds all around intolerable day :
Or furthest north, where, wrapp'd in driven snows
The frozen earth no genial culture knows ;
Where lofty mountains, towering on high,
Lift their proud heads majestic to the sky :
Still shall my bosom (faithful to her fires)
Feel Grief's sharp pangs, and Passion's warm desires ;
Each former scene my mind with rapture fill,
And leave my anxious heart in Britain still.

O Philomel ! sweet tenant of the grove,
Say, dost thou raise thy tuneful song to Love ?
Does that soft note which strains thy warbling breast
Invite some tender mate to grace thy nest ?
For Love and Peace thy gentle hours employ,
No venal views can damp each purer joy ;
'Tis thine with melody the groves to charm,
And shield thy tender unfledg'd young from harm,
Then, lovely bird ! to thee can ne'er belong
That plaintive, soothing, melancholy song ;
To mourn for her, lend me thy pleasing strain,
Who hears her lover sigh, but hears in vain.

When Death shall point his never-failing dart,
And still the tumult of this beating heart,

In kind remembrance of my love sincere,
 Bedew thy lover's ashes with a tear.
 Then shall my mem'ry not remain unblest,
 And the green sod lie easy on my breast ;
 But, should one sigh within that bosom rise,
 'Twill waft my fleeting spirit to the skies.

G—E D—N—L.

TO Mrs. M. M. B—,

On the Anniversary of her Wedding-Day, Oct. 8, 1809.

WHILE the tempest of War o'er the trembling earth roars,
 And the billows of Ocean are deep-stain'd with blood ;
 While the thunder of Enmity rolls on its shores,
 And Discord's fell fiend waves his torch o'er the flood :
 When the dread sea of Carnage extends o'er the world,
 And the voice of Humanity's lost in the tide ;
 While the vengeance of Heav'n on the nations seems
 hurl'd,
 And no prospect gives hope that its wrath will subside :
 The Muse, horror-struck, turns aside her meek eye
 From a view that sensations terrific imparts ;
 And hails (while she heaves for Earth's warriors a sigh)
 The scene where fond Love speaks the union of hearts !
 Such the feeling which struck on the mind of your friend,
 As he thought on the day when Heav'n sanction'd
 your love ;
 When he wish'd that each year might your blessings
 extend,
 And the soft hands of Hymen each blessing improve.
 May the moment that gave you the youth of your choice
 Give a pulse to your bosom which joy shall attend ;
 May your gentle affection still bid him rejoice,
 While he rapture imparts as your husband and friend !

T. MARSHALL.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO AN INGENIOUS BUT UNFORTUNATE
FRIEND.

MY much-lov'd Mentor! whither dost thou rove?
In what lone hamlet art thou doom'd to dwell?
Oh! why forsake thy willow-bounded grove?
Oh! why relinquish thine harmonious shell?

Perchance 'tis Poverty that drives thee far,
The surest recompense poor Genius knows!
Let not Misfortune future prospects mar,
For from the Muse alone true Pleasure flows.

Let Heav'n-born Fancy to thy view portray
Repentant Fate, with bounty overflowing;
Fantastic Pleasure chasing Grief away,
And generous Fortune rapid wealth bestowing!
Seize at the moment the enchanting Lyre,
And let thy sorrow with thy theme expire.

RUSTICUS.

ON LOVE.

A GRECIAN Bard, well known by name
At Teos *, for poetic fame,
Asserts, with much ingenious skill,
To love, or not, has equal ill;
And that there's still a greater pain,
"To love, and not be lov'd again."
If this be true, in whole, or part,
No wonder men use all their art,
When ev'ry action, ev'ry thought,
Is by some charm of beauty caught;

* A city of Ionia, where Anacreon was born, about the 60th Olympiad.

And in return expect to find
 Some female lover to their mind :
 But so it is, as this world goes,
 This " love for love " it seldom shows ;
 And therefore, to remove the pain,
 'Twere best resign this sighing strain.
 Let females make the first advance,
 Before men join in Hymen's dance ;
 Lest, by example of the day,
 They're led thro' many a thorny way :
 For well 'tis known, when women love,
 'Tis then their constancy they prove ;
 And thus alone men best enjoy
 The nuptial bliss without alloy.

The thought is curious, I admit ;
 But Bards are * licens'd to submit
 Whate'er their whimsies may think fit. }
 'Twould save us many a painful sigh,
 From tricks or glances of the eye ;
 And teach the sex this golden rule—
 Never in love to play the fool.

L—b—th—R—d.

V—.

THE BOTANY OF THE PLANT OF LOVE.

Love's a sweet flow'r, set by Affection's hand ;
 Rear'd by soft smiles, by gentle sighs 'tis fann'd ;
 Nurtur'd by Care, 'twill live from age to age,
 Tho' climates vary, and tho' tempests rage.
 The plant is scarce, real love is seldom found,
 'Tis hid in coverts dark, and courts the ground ;

* ————Pictoribus atq. Poetis

Quid libet audendi semper fuit Æqua potestas.

HOR. A. P.

Shunning the noon-day sun and wanton wind ;
 Modest, yet beauteous ; humble, yet refin'd.
 Cull not the various counterfeits you meet,
 That wear the face of Love, and smell as sweet ;
 They clog and sicken, and their pois'nous pow'r
 Foils ev'ry wish to gain the modest flow'r :
 Vice, Folly, Passion, lurking near, are found
 Encompassing their feeble roots around.
 The plants and signs by which true Love is known
 Are Virtue, Gentleness, together grown ;
 Beauty and Truth, with mingled branches, shield
 The plant of Love, the fairest of the field ;
 But if by cold Neglect 'tis left to die,
 Unwarm'd by genial beam or tender sigh,
 Oh ! then it withers fast,—then dies away,
 Depriv'd of Love's bright sun, and Friendship's ray ;
 It droops, it fades, unwater'd by a tear,
 The meed of Love, by vot'ries held so dear :
 But if by him, who oft has firmly sworn
 To cherish Love, the tender plant be torn,
 The pointed thorn (which hitherto untold,
 Lies deep conceal'd in many a mazy fold)
 Rears its indignant head to fix its dart
 Deep in the false invader's perjur'd heart !
 No skill can draw it thence, no art can heal ;
 In vain he flies from Thought, he still must feel :
 The poison'd dart yet rankles in his breast,
 Robs him of joy, corrodes his peace and rest.
 Mild Friendship then must nurse this wayward flow'r,
 Till softer, tenderer, feelings claim their pow'r :
 Bound by such ties as these, no thorn appears,
 Nor Violence the smiling flow'ret fears.

LUCILLA.

THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

THE partial Muse has from my earliest hours
 Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread ;
 And still with sportive hand has snatch'd wild flow'rs,
 To weave fantastic garlands for my head.
 But far, far happier is the lot of those
 Who never nurs'd her dear delusive art,
 Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
 Reserves the thorn to fester in the heart.
 For still she bids soft Pity's melting eye
 Stream o'er the ills she knows not to remove ;
 Paints ev'ry pang, and deepens ev'ry sigh,
 Of mourning Friendship or despairing love.
 Ah ! then how dear the Muse's favours cost,
 If those paint sorrows best—who feel them most.
Verge of Ouse. SINCERITAS.

THE VISION.

“ In such a night as this,
 “ When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
 “ And they did make no noise—in such a night,
 “ Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan wall,
 “ And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
 “ Where Cressid lay that night. ——— SHAKESPEARE.

VESPER bright (for Phœbus had retir'd)
 Illum'd the western borders of the skies,
 Outshining all the distant spangled train,
 As late down Granta's Verge I pensive stray'd,
 To vent the sorrows of an aching mind :
 Luna resplendent, with a lustre mild,
 Reflected on the purling of the waves,
 And deck'd the meadows in a silver robe :
 The feather'd choir had ceas'd in ev'ry grove ;

All but lone Philomel had sunk to rest ;
 She, sleepless, sprightly, hail'd the silent hour,
 And sang aloud her softly-soothing strain.
 On the green verge of Granta's murm'ring stream
 I laid me down to rest ; but Fancy soon
 My wishes mock'd with unsubstantial bliss,
 Perplexing scenes presenting to my view ;
 Then, then I sigh'd disconsolately sad,
 In all the fond extravagance of grief :
 The winds I call'd to witness of my wo ;
 Sighing I cry'd—" Eliza, why unkind ?"
 From the woods quickly Echo back return'd
 The aggravating story—" Why unkind ?"
 I bade old Granta's Verge o'erflow with tears ;
 I call'd on Death to give the fatal blow,
 And ease me soon from Life's oppressive load.
 Fix'd in the bands of Sleep, unmov'd I lay,
 My mind o'ercast with melancholy thoughts ;
 Confounded with these images of wo,
 My head turn'd round—I shudder'd, and awoke.

Verge of Granta.

SINCERITAS.

A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THE CHARACTER OF BRITISH SEAMEN.

Tho' heroes of Fancy oft furnish a theme
 For displaying the powers of verse,
 Of merit or valour let other men dream,
 Be it mine simple truths to rehearse :
 Not far shall I travel a subject to seek,
 No hero I'll bring from afar ;
 My hero's mere name shall his merit bespeak—
 'Tis an honest and true British Tar.
 When on the rough billows an insolent foe
 The battle tremendous provokes,
 With courage undaunted his spirit does glow,
 And at their loud thunder he jokes :

Nought e'er can affright him, tho' thick round his head
 The whizzing shot merciless fly !
 Tho' half the torn decks are besprinkled with dead,
 "Death or victory!" still is his cry.

To knot the torn rigging he cheerily hies,
 Or steadily serves at his gun :
 If "Board" be the word, with his cutlass he flies,
 The foremost in danger to run :
 How dreadful the conflict ! Death follows each blow !
 The enemy struggles in vain ;
 Behold their red scuppers with streams overflow,
 And Britons the victory gain.

A lion in battle—nought e'er can withstand
 His fury that dares to oppose,
 He fights for his Liberty, King, and his Land,
 And ruin dread hurls on their foes :
 Yet oft, when the din of contention was o'er,
 I've seen his bold visage adorn'd
 With a tear of compassion for those who before,
 When in arms, were the foes he had scorn'd.

If, urg'd by wild tempests, o'er mountainous waves,
 The vessel untractable sweeps ;
 When landsmen see nothing but watery graves,
 The seaman still steadily keeps :
 Alert to his duty, tho' lightnings keen fly,
 He's true to his station on deck,
 Each well-fancy'd scheme of invention to try,
 And save his lov'd bark from a wreck.

"Away with the masts ! quick, the wreck is all clear,"
 You hear him attentively call ;—
 "All hands to the pumps, boys,—come, cheerly lads,
 cheer,—

"Dear shipmates heave,—heave, one and all :
 "She lightens ! she lightens ! start, start boys, again,
 "The howling winds seem to abate ;
 "A bowl of good grog shall soon banish our pain,
 "And we'll laugh at those chequers of Fate."

I've trac'd him when shipwreck'd, on many a shore *,
 Thro' scenes that the soul might appal ;
 Among serpents that hiss, or 'mid wild beasts that roar,
 Or men still more savage than all !
 I've seen him when hungry, when thirsty, and cold,
 Pale, naked, by Misery worn
 To life's lowest ebb; still intrepid and bold ;
 Still with courage those ills he has borne.

From the wilds of Caffraria e'en to the poles,
 Such numberless evils await
 The life of a seaman, that those who have souls
 Must feel for their perilous state :
 For, happen what may, a true seaman ne'er shrinks,
 His pride is to rule on the main ;
 And tho' boasting France still to humble him thinks,
 He'll foil her again and again.

I know he is wild in his manners on land,
 Accustom'd the ocean to range ;
 His liberal heart sails too fast for his hand,
 He is thoughtless, oft simple, and strange :
 Yet say did he e'er see a shipmate distress'd,
 While his pocket with rhino was stor'd,
 But the generous tar, with benevolence bless'd,
 Was delighted relief to afford ?

In mirth and good humour there's none can compare
 With a seaman, when happy in port ;
 He laughs at all perils, and banishes care,
 Is the life and the soul of each sport :
 Ye landsmen, who wish sterling merit to view,
 With me take a sociable trip ;
 With me take a peep at the Albion's crew,
 You'll own they deserve such a ship.

* See the Mariner's Chronicle.

Her timbers are sound, and her rigging is good,
 Her colours exultingly fly !
 But, thanks to her crew ! who for ages have stood
 Firm to quarters, to conquer or die !
 Her standard's their glory ; it floats on the wind,
 With triumph and victory crown'd !
 Throughout the whole world no such heroes you'll find—
 There ne'er was, nor e'er will be found.

Oct. 30, 1809. R. B.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT :

A PASTORAL, IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

YE shepherds, attend to my tale ;
 Ye swains, so contented and free,
 Who dwell with your sheep in the vale,—
 Time was, I was happy as ye.
 Time has been,—but, alas ! is no more,
 When Love dwelt so sweet on my tongue,
 Not a nymph, search the vale o'er and o'er,
 Was left by my Muse yet unsung.

To the groves now I make my complaint,
 To the hills and the dales make my moan ;
 No words can my grief truly paint,
 Which I feel as I wander alone.

No joy with my flocks now I find,
 No comfort in tending my sheep ;
 Since Eliza I've left far behind,
 I have nought but to sigh and to weep !

Once in keeping my flocks on yon hill
 I the purest of pleasures did know ;
 They from Nature's green couch took their fill,
 Or press'd the soft flow'rets below :

And when they laid still on the ground,
 With my lute some fond air would I play ;
 And ye shepherds can witness around,
 No swain was more blithsome and gay.
 O, ye sweet golden moments of ease !
 Tho' far from me now ye remove,
 'Twas you made my labours to please,
 Till my heart felt the inroads of Love :
 Till then happy Peace, like the sun,
 On me and my flocks did attend ;
 With peace were my labours begun,
 And with peace too at eve did they end.
 Since Love has my bosom annoy'd,
 Rural blessings to me are but few ;
 All scenes of delight are destroy'd ;
 Peace of Mind and Contentment, adieu !
 Farewell, ye lov'd shades of repose—
 Ye shades where I've tended my sheep,
 Where the lover unburdens his woes,
 Where the wretch unmolested may weep !
 Farewell to the grot and the grove,
 Where the woodbine and jessamine grow,
 Where the chaste nightingale and the dove
 Pour forth their sad accents of wo.
 Plaintive birds, ah ! like me now they mourn,
 The loss of their mates they deplore ;
 Like me, from each comfort they're torn—
 Like me, they court Pleasure no more.
 Let me seek, in the wilds far remote,
 Some hermit's or anchorite's cell,
 Where no footsteps intrude to denote,
 Or point out the place where I dwell :
 There, secluded, my days will I spend,
 For joys that are past will I sigh ;
 There in secret my sorrows I'll end,
 There, unknown, unlamented, I'll die !

Ipswich.

J. LILLY.

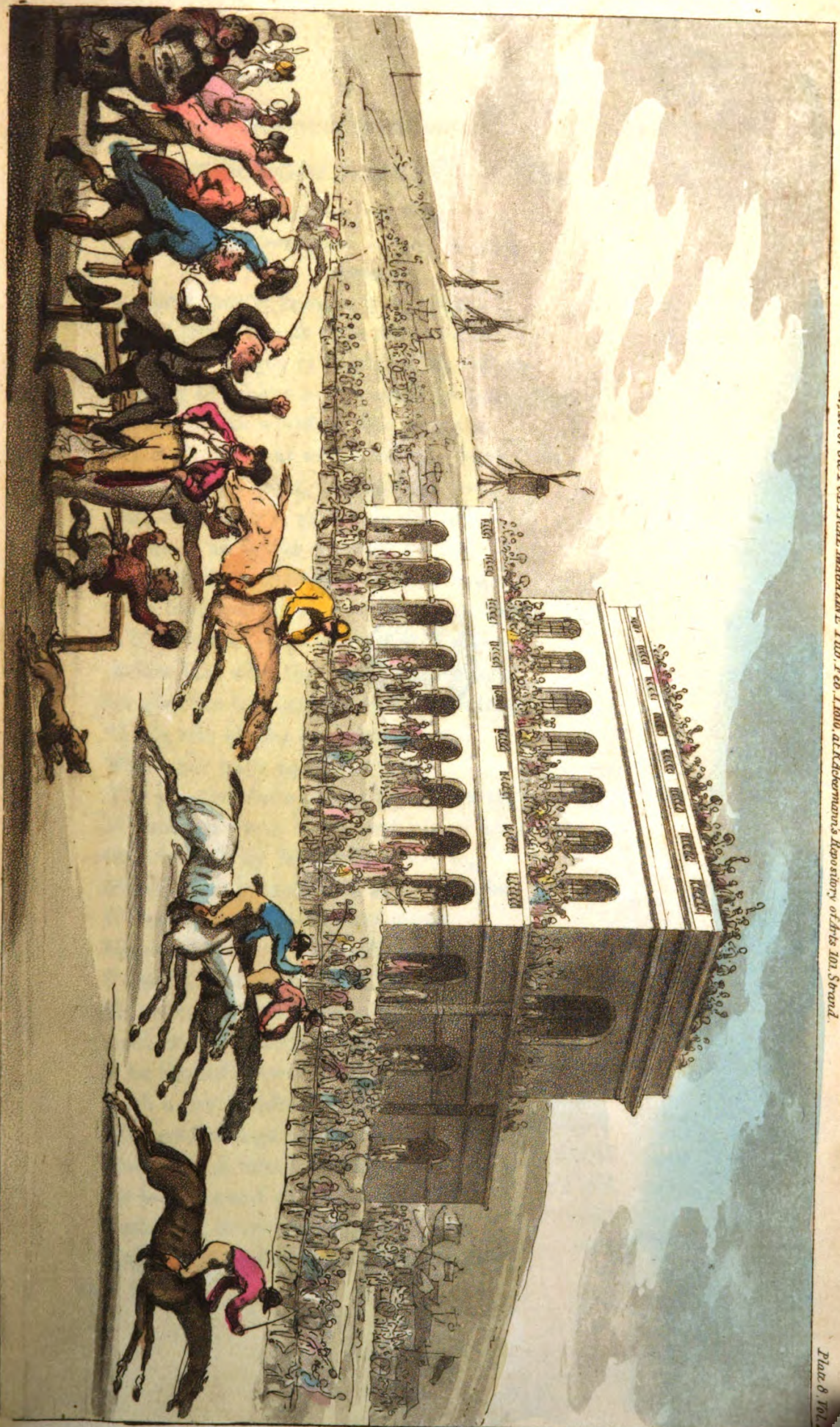
THE CONQUERORS OF WALCHEREN—A DIRGE.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

THE sea-mew wakes his wildest cry,
 The ocean-wave runs mountains high ;
 And see ! on Dover's castled steep,
 Britannia's widow'd daughters weep.
 Why weep they thus ? Behold, afar,
 The floating citadels of war,
 Returning homeward, waft along
 The bold, the valiant, and the strong.
 Ah ! no ; methinks that fatal gale,
 That bends the mast and swells the sail,
 Bears on its wings, across the wave,
 The troubled spirits of the brave ;
 And thus they mourn :—“ Sound ! sound the knell,
 “ And all your heroes' suffering tell !
 “ What tho' we foil the Gallic foe,
 “ And lay Batavia's honours low ?
 “ The fiends of Walch'ren's swampy coast
 “ Breathe venom'd fate among our host :
 “ In vain we fight ! the subtle charm
 “ Unnerves the warrior's lifted arm ;
 “ Cold damps suppress the struggling breath,
 “ And chill the dauntless heart in death :
 “ A thousand friends we leave behind,
 “ To an inglorious grave consign'd ;
 “ Of these bold crews a thousand more
 “ Shall never tread their native shore !
 “ Oh ! had we fall'n amid the fight,
 “ On Talavera's crimson'd height ;
 “ Or in Trafalgar's flaming fray,
 “ Where Nelson breath'd his soul away ;
 “ Our Country, then, with grateful vows,
 “ Had wreath'd a chaplet for our brows ;
 “ And Britain's Bards, with British tears,
 “ Had giv'n our fame to future years !”

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Plate 8 1851



DOCTOR SINTAX
LOSES HIS MONEY ON THE RACE-GROUND AT YORK.



THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With an Engraving.

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

POOR mortal man, in ev'ry state,
 What troubles and what ills await !
 His transient joy is chas'd by sorrow,—
 To-day he's blest ;—a wretch to-morrow :—
 When in this world he first appears,
 He hails the light with cries and tears :
 A school-boy next, he fears the nod
 Of pedant pow'r, and feels the rod :
 When to an active stripling grown,
 The Passions seize him as their own ;
 Now lead him here, now drive him there,
 Th' alternate sport of Joy and Care—
 Allure him with the glitt'ring treasure,
 Or give the brimming cup of pleasure ;
 While one eludes his eager haste,
 The other palls upon the taste :
 The pointed darts from Cupid's quiver
 Wound his warm heart, and pierce his liver ;
 Or, charm'd by fair Belinda's eyes,
 He dines on groans, and sups on sighs.
 If from this gay and giddy round
 He should escape both safe and sound,
 Perhaps, if all things else miscarry,
 He takes it in his head to marry ;
 And, in this lottery of life,
 If he should draw a scolding wife,
 With a few children, eight or ten
 (For such things happen now and then),
 Poor hapless man ! he knows not where
 To look around without a care ;—
 Ambition, in its airy flight,
 May tempt him to some giddy height ;

But, ere the point he can attain,
 He falls, and ne'er to rise again.
 Pale Av'rice may his heart possess,
 That bane of human happiness,
 Which never feels for others' wo,
 Which never can a smile bestow ;
 A wretched, meagre, griping elf,
 A foe to all, and to himself.
 Then comes Disease, with baleful train,
 And all the family of Pain,
 Till Death appears in awful state,
 And calls him to the realms of Fate.
 How oft is Virtue seen to feel
 The woful turn of Fortune's wheel,
 While she with golden stores awaits
 The wicked, in their very gates.
 But Virtue still the value knows
 Of honest deeds, and can repose
 Upon the flint her naked head ;
 While Vice lies restless on the bed
 Of softest down, and courts in vain
 The opiate, to relieve his pain.

It was not Vice that e'er could keep
 Poor Syntax from refreshing sleep ;
 For no foul thought, no wicked art,
 In his pure life e'er bore a part :
 Sometimes, when Madam would beshrew it,
 A curtain-lecture sure might do it :
 Another cause his slumbers broke,
 And, ere the sun arose, he woke.
 A chilling tremour o'er him pass'd,
 He thought the hour might be his last ;—
 His limbs were all besieg'd by pain ;
 He now grew hot, then cold again :
 He rung the bell, and call'd for aid,
 And groan'd so loud, th' affrighted maid

Spread the alarm throughout the house ;
 When straight the landlord and his spouse
 Made all dispatch to do their best,
 And ease the sufferings of their guest.
 " Have you a Doctor ?" Syntax said ;
 " If not, I quickly shall be dead."
 " O yes ; a very famous man ;—
 " He'll cure you, Sir, if physic can.
 " I'll fetch him quick—a man renown'd
 " For his great skill the country round."

The landlord soon the Doctor brought,
 Whose words were grave, whose look was thought ;
 By the bedside he took his stand,
 And felt the patient's burning hand ;
 Then, with a scientific face,
 He told the symptoms of the case :—
 " His frame's assail'd with fev'rish heats ;
 " His pulse with rapid movement beats :
 " And now, I think, 'twould do him good,
 " Were he to lose a little blood.
 " Some other useful matters too,
 " To ease his pain, I have in view.
 " I'll just step home, and, in a trice,
 " Will bring the fruits of my advice ;
 " In the mean time, his thirst assuage
 " With tea that's made of balm, or sage."
 He soon return'd,—his skill applied,—
 From the vein flow'd the crimson tide ;
 And, as the folk behind him stand,
 He thus declar'd his stern command :—
 " At nine, these powders let him take ;
 " At ten, this draught,—the phial shake ;
 " And you'll remember, at eleven,
 " Three of these pills must then be given :
 " At twelve, the course you will pursue,
 " And then you'll give the bolus too :

" If he should wander, in a crack
 " Clap this broad blister on his back ;
 " And, after he has had the blister,
 " Within an hour give the clyster :
 " I must be gone ;—at three or four
 " I shall return, with *something more.*"

Now Syntax and his fev'rish state
 Became the subject of debate.
 The Mistress said she was afraid
 No medicine would give him aid ;
 For she had heard the screech-owl scream,
 And had besides a horrid dream.
 Last night the candle burn'd so blue ;
 Forth from the fire a coffin flew ;—
 And, as she sleepless lay in bed,
 She heard a death-watch o'er her head.
 The maid and ostler too declar'd
 That noises strange they both had heard.
 " Ay," cried the Sexton, " these portend
 " To the sick man a speedy end ;
 " And, when that I have drank my liquor,
 " I'll e'en go straight and fetch the Vicar."

The Vicar came, a worthy man,
 And, like the good Samaritan,
 He quickly sought the stranger's bed,
 Where Syntax lay with aching head ;
 And, without any fuss or pother,
 He offer'd to his rev'rend brother
 His purse, his house, and all the care
 Which a kind heart could give him there,

Says Syntax, in a languid voice,
 " You make my very soul rejoice ;
 " For, if within this house I stay,
 " My flesh will soon be turn'd to clay :

" For the good Doctor means to pop
 " Into my stomach all his shop.
 " I think, dear Sir, that I could eat,
 " And physic's but a nauseous treat :—
 " If all that stuff's to be endur'd,
 " I shall be kill'd in being cur'd."
 " O," said the Vicar, " never fear ;
 " We'll leave this apparatus here,
 " Come, quit your bed—I pray you, come,—
 " My arm shall bear you to my home,
 " Where I and my dear mate will find
 " Med'cine more suited to your mind."

Syntax now rose, but feeble stood,
 From want of food and loss of blood ;
 But still he ventur'd to repair
 To the good Vicar's house and care ;
 And found at dinner pretty picking,
 In pudding boil'd, and roasted chicken.
 Again 'twas honest Grizzle's fate
 To take her way thro' church-yard gate ;
 And, undisturb'd, again to riot
 In the green feast of church-yard diet.
 The Vicar was at Oxford bred,
 And had much learning in his head ;
 But, which was far the better part,
 He had much goodness in his heart.
 The Vicar also had a wife,
 The pride and pleasure of his life ;
 A loving, kind, and friendly creature,
 As blest in virtue as in feature,
 Who, without blisters, drugs, or pills,
 Her patient cur'd of all his ills.
 Three days he stay'd, a welcome guest,
 And ate and drank of what was best :
 At length, in health and strength renew'd,
 Syntax his journey now pursued.

In two days more, before his eyes
 The stately tow'rs of York arise.
 "But what," he said, "can all this mean?
 "What is yon crowded busy scene?
 "Ten thousand souls, I do maintain,
 "Are scatter'd over yonder plain."
 "Ay, more than that," a man replied,—
 Who trotted briskly by his side,
 "And, if you choose, I'll be your guide : }
 "For sure you will not pass this way,
 "And miss the pleasures of the day.
 "These are the races, to whose sport
 "Nobles and gentry all resort."
 Thought Syntax, I'll just take a look ;
 'Twill give a subject to my book.
 So on they went ;—the highway friend
 His services did oft commend.
 "I will attend you to the course,
 "And tell the name of ev'ry horse ;
 "But first we'll go and take a whet,
 "And then I'll teach you how to bet :
 "I'll name the horse that's doom'd to win—
 "The knowing ones we'll soon take in."
 Just as he spoke, the sport began ;
 The jockeys whipp'd, the horses ran,—
 And, when the coursers reach'd the post,
 The man exclaim'd, "Your horse has lost ;
 "I've had the luck,—I've won the day,
 "And you have twenty pounds to pay."
 Syntax look'd wild—the man said "Zounds !
 "You know you betted twenty pounds ;
 "So pay them down, or you'll fare worse,
 "For I will flog you off the course."
 The Doctor rav'd, and disavow'd
 The bold assertion to the crowd,

What would have been his hapless fate,
 In this most unexpected state,
 May well be guess'd. But, lo ! a friend
 Fortune was kind enough to send :
 An honest 'Squire, who smok'd the trick,
 Appear'd, well arm'd with oaken stick,
 And, placing many a sturdy blow
 Upon the shoulders of the foe,
 " It is with all my soul I beat
 " This vile, this most notorious, cheat,"
 The 'Squire exclaim'd ; " and you, good folk,
 " Who sometimes love a pleasant joke,
 " As I am partly tir'd with thumping,
 " Should treat the scoundrel with a pumping."
 The crowd, with their commission pleas'd,
 Rudely the trembling black-leg seiz'd,
 Who, to their justice forc'd to yield,
 Soon ran off dripping from the field.

Syntax his simple story told,—
 The 'Squire, as kind as he was bold,
 His full protection now affords,
 And cheer'd him both with wine and words :—
 " I love the clergy from my heart,
 " And always take a Parson's part.
 " My father, Doctor, wore the gown—
 " A better man was never known :
 " But an old uncle, a poor elf,
 " Who to save riches starv'd himself,
 " By his last will bequeath'd me clear
 " Full fifteen hundred pounds a year,
 " And sav'd me all the pains, at college,
 " To pore o'er books, and aim at knowledge :
 " Thus, free from care, I live at ease—
 " Go where I will, do what I please—
 " Pursue my sports, enjoy my pleasure,
 " Nor envy Lords their mighty treasure ;

" I have an house at York beside,
 " Where you shall go and straight reside ;
 " And ev'ry kindness shall be shewn,
 " Both for my dad's sake, and your own ;
 " For know, good Sir, I'm never loth
 " To mark my friendship for the cloth :
 " *Hearty's* my name, and you shall find
 " A hearty welcome too, and kind :
 " I have a wife, so free and gay,
 " She ne'er says *yes* when I say *nay*."
 Syntax observ'd, that was a blessing
 A man might boast of in possessing.

At length arriv'd, a Lady fair
 Receiv'd them with a winning air.
 " Ay," said the 'Squire, " I always come,
 " My dearest girl, with pleasure home ;
 " You see a rev'rend Doctor here,
 " So give him of your choicest cheer :"
 " *Yes*," she replied, " O *yes*, my dear :"
 " Nor fail all kindness to bestow :"—
 " O *no*, my dear," she said, " O *no*."
 Thus happy Syntax join'd the party
 Of Madam and of 'Squire *Hearty*.

[To be continued.]

EDWIN AND MATILDA ; OR, THE BEACH-KING.

A LEGENDARY TALE—IN FOUR CANTOS.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 112.]

CANTO IV.

Now, to render each object more gloomy and drear,
 The moon was obscur'd by a cloud ;
 When close to Matilda, still lifeless thro' fear,
 The monster approach'd, and these words in her ear
 Unfeelingly thunder'd aloud :—

“ Behold the Beach-King, and the cliff too behold,
 “ Where thy sire and his train thou may'st see ;
 “ My voice thro' the castle the tidings has told—
 “ Alarm'd at thy danger, he leaves the strong hold,
 “ And vainly approaches to thee !

“ And yonder comes one, whom my arts have delay'd,
 “ Or so long thou hadst not been alone :
 “ The gallant Earl Edwin comes fast to thy aid ;
 “ Too late he arrives,—for my kiss, lovely maid !
 “ My kiss shall confirm thee my own.”

First the Baron, with torches that wide around blaz'd,
 Arriv'd at the horror-fraught scene ;
 He would fain have rush'd past, and his daughter have
 rais'd ;
 But, restrain'd by his fears, on the monster he gaz'd,
 Who tow'r'd like a mountain between.

“ Oh ! curst,” he exclaim'd, “ my once-insolent pride !
 “ I would that Earl Edwin were here !”
 “ He comes to thy succour,” the monster reply'd ;
 “ O'er the cliff's lofty summit his troops I descry'd ;
 “ The gallant Earl Edwin is near.”

Now the trampling of hoofs, and the trumpets' shrill
 sound,
 Announc'd the brave Edwin at hand ;
 For, surpris'd at the light which the torches shed round,
 The Earl, when so vast an assemblage he found,
 The cause was induc'd to demand.

Amaz'd at the answer, Earl Edwin drew near,
 And Hulembert observ'd with surprise,
 “ Thou never to me didst so welcome appear,”
 Exclaim'd the proud Baron ; “ tho' why thou art here
 “ 'Tis not easy, my Lord, to surmise.”

" My words" said the Earl, " were unable to move
 " Thy feelings to favour my claim ;
 " And I dare to confess that my hand sought to prove
 " How fruitless a war is resistance to Love ;
 " To bear off thy daughter I came.
 " I renounce all revenge, and lament the late strife,
 " Tho' the war by thyself was begun ;
 " But give me the fair, make Matilda my wife,
 " And I swear thou shalt find to the close of thy life
 " A grateful protector and son !"

In the heart of the Baron soft anguish was found,
 Where pride and disdain once did meet ;
 And, approaching to Edwin, he fell to the ground,
 And submissively humble, in action profound,
 The Earl thus began to entreat :—

" Ah, see, noble youth ! where my daughter is laid,
 " Overcome by her recent alarms :
 " Ah ! see, where the monster stands near the sweet maid ;
 " Oh ! grant me thy succour, afford me thy aid,
 " And restore my lov'd child to these arms :
 " For thou, gallant Edwin, my daughter shalt have,
 " Shalt have my Matilda's fair hand,
 " If by courage right manful, and prowess so brave,
 " For thyself and her father her life thou dost save,
 " And of this direful fiend rid the land.
 " I have wrong'd thee, I own ; yet behold, at thy feet,
 " How for pardon I earnestly crave ;
 " Reflect on Matilda ! the moments are fleet ;
 " 'Tis the sire of Matilda, 'tis I, that entreat ;
 " Oh, hasten to succour and save !"

To whom thus the youth, as he view'd with surprise
 The Baron cling fast to his knee :—
 " Impose not so painful a task on my eyes ;
 " Rise, my Lord, I beseech, from this posture arise—
 " It becomes not Hulembert or me.

“Thou hast honour'd me much, and hast kindled my
pride,

“In my arm by thy confidence plac'd ;

“All remembrance of insult I now throw aside ;

“Let nought for the future our int'rest divide ;”

And the chieftains with ardour embrac'd.

From her cloudy retreat now emerging, the Moon
Again shed her silvery light,
And display'd the Beach-King, as with splendour she
shone,

Who, close to the hapless Matilda, alone
Stood consciously proud in his might.

And now did Earl Edwin survey with amaze
The monster unfolded to view ;
But chiefly Matilda attracted his gaze ;
He beheld that she mov'd ! and, the fair one to raise,
Near the King he undauntedly drew.

Stalking forward, the fiend loud as thunder exclaim'd,
“Rash youth, stand aloof, and beware ;
“Thou seest in my person a monarch far-fam'd—
“The mighty Beach-King wide around I am nam'd ;
“I warn thee again to forbear.”

“Art thou that fell demon, the cause of such fear ?”
Edwin furiously cry'd in reply ;
“And dost thou bid a Knight of the Cross to beware ?
“Nor thy threats, nor thy horrors, shall make me forbear,
“For thyself, horrid wretch, I defy !”

Now life in Matilda its force did renew,
And with wonder she gaz'd o'er the place ;
Her father approaching soon burst on her view,—
Arising in haste, swift as lightning she flew,
And sunk in his eager embrace !

“ See, take thy last look,” the King tauntingly said,
 “ All hopes for the future are vain ;
 “ Behold how the father embraces the maid,
 “ How hopeless a case to confide in thy aid,
 “ For he ne’er shall embrace her again.”

“ Thou li’st, horrid monster !” Earl Edwin reply’d,
 “ Thy falsehood I hasten to prove ;
 “ My prowess none e’er have yet dar’d to deride ;
 “ Nor even shalt thou, great St. George ! be my guide,
 “ In the cause of Matilda and Love.”

Equipp’d for the combat, how great the Earl seem’d,
 As his monstrous opponent he brav’d !
 His bright silver casque, as the moon on it beam’d,
 At each start of the courser resplendently gleam’d,
 While proudly the crimson plume wav’d.

A full silver suit of rich armour he wore
 (A Saracen once own’d the load) ;
 His buckler the cross of the Holy Land bore,
 While a mantle of purple his shoulders hung o’er,
 And fann’d by the night-breezes flow’d.

“ Unsightliest of fiends,” now the Earl aloud cried,
 “ I charge thee to flee from the land.”
 “ Prepare thee for combat,” the monster reply’d ;
 “ The maid must be mine, she shall ne’er be thy
 bride,
 “ Vain boaster ! then cease thy demand.”

“ Now, Heav’n !” said the Earl, “ judge my quarrel
 aright,
 “ And the cause of the innocent see !
 “ It ne’er shall be said that the crimson-plum’d Knight
 “ Ever shrunk from the challenge, or fear’d in the fight,
 “ Tho’ oppos’d to a demon like thee !”

The King mov'd not a step,—tho' intent was his view,
 As he sullenly mark'd all around;
 Impatient his valiant antagonist grew,
 O'er his visage the beaver he hastily drew,
 And bade the loud clarion to sound.
 He urg'd on the courser, his lance in its rest,
 And fierce at the Monster-King flew;
 Like lightning he struck on his adamant breast,
 But the weapon, unus'd to so solid a test,
 Now prov'd to its master untrue.
 At the instant his club his opponent did wield,
 And aim'd at Earl Edwin a blow;
 Too true it alighted with force on his shield;
 Sorely stunn'd with the shock, horse and rider both
 reel'd;
 The Knight it had nearly laid low.
 To disburden his arm he successfully try'd,
 And the shield now away from him threw;
 He sought for the falchion that hung at his side,
 But a battle-axe gain'd, which a vassal supply'd,
 And enrag'd did the combat renew.
 Now dire was the conflict, their weapons loud clash'd,
 And fill'd each beholder with dread;
 Edwin oft at the Monster-King furiously dash'd,
 Whose scales at each stroke of the battle-axe flash'd,
 And light o'er the gallant Earl shed.
 Long lasted the fight; both with fury did glow;
 Yet their efforts were mutually vain,
 Till, collecting his might, the brave Earl to o'erthrow,
 The Monster-King, roaring aloud, struck a blow
 That stretch'd the bold youth on the plain!
 Victorious, the King flew with louder-ton'd roar
 Where the sire yet his daughter embrac'd;
 In vain did the father for mercy implore,
 From his arms his Matilda the Monster-King tore,
 And fled to his caverns in haste.

So the tiger, when hunger inflicts its sharp stings,
 Roars prowling by night for his food ;
 If successful, at length on his victim he springs,
 Which fast in his gripe o'er his shoulders he swings,
 And flies to the depths of the wood.

The Earl soon reviv'd, and amaz'd look'd around,
 And the monster departing now view'd ;
 At the sight half distracted, he rose from the ground,
 And sprung on the back of his steed at a bound,
 And swiftly the demon pursu'd.

Now Earl Edwin approach'd the tall cliff without fear,
 While with love and distraction he burn'd ;
 The cries of Matilda now burst on his ear,
 He enter'd the caverns all darksome and drear ;—
 He enter'd, but never return'd !

Ever since have their shrieks broke the silence of night,
 And re-echo'd their wailings the shore ;
 While immur'd in his cells, from the sun's cheering
 light,
 No form but the monster's appear'd to their sight,
 And they neither were seen any more.

CHARLES SHRUBSOLE BONNETT.

THE RECLUSE.

MAN loves to wing to genial climes his way :
 Some seek the crowd, and some the lonely vale,
 Where Health and Youth their crimson cheeks display,
 And man roves free as Zephyr's breathing gale.—
 Deep in the bosom of this wooded dale,
 An ancient pile uprears its ivy'd head,
 Whose dark brown walls, from wintry storms conceal
 The lonely Hermit of the smiling glade,
 Who from the follies of this world hath stray'd.

In youth he liv'd (so says the village tale)
Unknown to Folly's wild and lawless band ;
Fair Virtue round him drew her purer veil,
And Wisdom too his youthful bosom fann'd ;—
With Resolution he his course had plann'd
'Long Life's uncertain miserable road,
And his long way was made by Fortune bland,
For life to him was not a weary load,
Since Virtue guided him, and bless'd his small abode.
He shunn'd the follies of the giddy town,
Where life is spent in ignorance and shame,
Whose ills, innum'rous, real Virtue drown,
Whilst Vice swims on the top of Folly's stream ;
There deeds are done, and all without a name !
Deeds too which lie in dark oblivion's shade :
The good man does bears an immortal fame,
And never in the book of life will fade,
But there 'twill fresh appear, for ever undecay'd !
Now age hangs darkly o'er his wither'd eye,
And round each limb his palsy'd mantle flings ;
Ah ! oft, 'tis said, he breathes the tender sigh,
When Mem'ry to his gentle bosom brings
Each scene of youth : and Mem'ry often stings
The man of years, and proves to him a foe ;
Should he be bless'd with sublunary things,
He'll sigh for youth, which Nature can't bestow,
To us depending mortals in this world below.
Ah ! busy Mem'ry to the Hermit's heart
An agonizing pang has often brought ;
She, of his love, who held the dearest part,
Now occupies a drear unhonour'd spot ;
And such of all will be the common lot :
Death pays no deference to the worldly great,
Nor in his book will princes be forgot,
They, like the mean, must yield to unseen Fate,
Dismantled lie at Death's dark shrouded gate !

As Phœbus from this hemisphere retires,
 Beneath our horizon remains unseen,
 Old Athan loves to hear the woodland lyres,
 When Even's close is heavenly serene :
 And when, adown the dew-besprinkled green,
 The children of the village-peasants stray,
 In ecstasy he cries " How dear the scene,
 " Where Health and Youth still wing their laughing
 way,
 " And Joy and Cheerfulness their pow'r display !
 " Yet youthful joys no longer sweets impart
 " When dark usurping Sickness leads the way ;
 " Youth has its pleasures,—pleasures of the heart,—
 " When Health beams forth the sweetly-smiling ray ;
 " She gives new beauties to resplendent day.
 " I too have pass'd with joy my little hour,—
 " Swift flew the time on pinions light and gay ;
 " But sadly drooping is the blushing flow'r,
 " When high winds rise, and clouds terrific low'r.
 " And here I'll spend my little time, and die ;
 " And Spring, that gives new beauties to the vale,
 " Shall o'er the sod where these old limbs will lie
 Sweetly imprint her dew-bespangled veil ;
 " And softly there shall breathe fond Zephyr's gale
 " Around my tomb ; and flow'rs of pensive hue—
 " The blue-ey'd bell and primrose lovely pale—
 " Shall Nature's sweetest lib'ral hand bestrew,
 " And on my head-stone this :—Adieu, vain world !
 adieu !"

J—N S—RS.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY AUNT, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror
 Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
 Quando ullam invenient parem?

HOR. Lib. I. Ode 24.

WITH fervent gratitude to thee I bend,
 In life's first dawn my best, my only, friend !
 When Fate depriv'd me of a father's care,
 While yet my mother weeping o'er his bier,
 And I too young the cause of grief to know,
 Yet wept to see my mother's tears thus flow ;—
 At this sad hour of dark desponding gloom,
 When ev'ry hope was buried in the tomb,—
 When anxious thoughts and anxious fears opprest,
 And all was chaos in the troubled breast,—
 Thou, angel-like, on Pity's wings appear'd,
 With soft Compassion's voice the mourner cheer'd ;
 'Twas thine to blunt Affliction's keenest dart,
 To sooth the sorrows of the aching heart :
 The greatest joy thy heart could ever know
 Was to alleviate the suff'ers woe.
 Not this alone thy gen'rous bosom warm'd,
 More plans benevolent thy goodness form'd ;
 With fost'ring hand my infant steps thou rear'd,
 For scenes mature my youthful heart prepar'd ;
 To me each bright example hast thou shown,
 For every social virtue is thy own.
 Virtue with mild instruction didst thou blend,
 At once my guide, protector, and my friend.
 And can I e'er forget the debt I owe,
 Or cease to feel from whence my comforts flow ?
 Can I forget those happier scenes of youth,
 When all was native innocence and truth,—

When with Affection o'er my steps thou hung,
And artless thanks flow'd from my lipping tongue ?
E'en then my heart with eager warmth desir'd
T' evince the gratitude my bosom fir'd ; —
Not gratitude alone, — Affection's voice
Invokes my Muse, and bids her to rejoice ;
With rapture she attunes her humble lay
T' hail the return of this thy natal day.
'Tis not Ambition and her servile train,
'Tis Virtue, that inspires my grateful strain, —
Virtue more pure by Modesty conceal'd,
Its garb Benevolence, fair Truth its shield.
Fain would the feelings of a grateful heart
In language strong each ardent wish impart ;
But not to me is pow'r of language given,
Save to implore the choicest gifts of Heaven,
That on thy head its richest stores may flow,
And all that Earth can give, or Heaven bestow.
Oh ! may that Power, who rules omnipotent,
Gild thy declining years with calm content ;
He, who, unerring, ne'er from justice swerves,
And with impartial eye each act observes :
Yes, that just God who reigns above the skies,
Inthron'd in mercy, powerful and wise,
He shall reward thee for thy gen'rous care, —
To him shall rise the orphan's thankful pray'r ;
And, when at last thou'rt call'd to realms above,
Where Peace celestial reigns, and endless Love,
On seraphs' wings thy spirit shall ascend
To scenes of heav'nly joy, that never end.
Yet oh, Omnipotent ! to Thee I pray,
Far distant be that time, remote that day ;
Preserve that life, to me so justly dear,
And bring increase of bliss with each returning year.

Lynn, Sept. 20, 1809.

J. W. LAKE.

ON HOPE.

SAY, what supports the trav'ler on his road,
 And sheds around his path a cheering ray ?
 Say, what excites him to pursue his way,
 And seems to lighten his oppressive load ?
 What tempts the mariner to ply the oar,
 When furious tempests rend the clouded sky ?
 What gives new strength when Death seems gaping by,
 And the dark night obscures the wish'd-for shore ?
 Does not sweet Hope some friendly port unfold,
 When dangers thick oppress the seaman's breast ?
 Does not the trav'ler scenes of future rest,
 And future comfort, by her aid behold ?
 Yes, cheering Hope ! thine arm each fear destroys,
 And, easing present ills, discovers future joys.

Nov. 8, 1809.

S.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE,

WITH A PETITION FOR CHRISTIAN EXCELLENCE.

How very changeful is our mortal state !
 For nought on earth can happiness ensure :
 To-day we may be rich, content, and great,—
 To-morrow destitute, forlorn, and poor !
 Free as the air, to-day we careless rove,
 With Health and laughing Pleasure at our side ;
 To-morrow may the fickle bliss remove,
 And scatter Grief and Mis'ry far and wide !
 Since such is human life, Almighty Pow'r !
 Replete with care, with sorrow, and with pain,
 O ! never let me faint in evil hour,
 But 'gainst these mighty foes my ground maintain.

But, should success my actions kindly crown,
 Let Insolence and Pride be banish'd far :
 On Malice, Envy, Hate, O ! bid me frown ;
 O ! with them let me wage relentless war.
 Let sweet Compassion ope the humble door
 Of the low cot, where Want and Sickness reign ;
 And let the wealth which Thou hast giv'n in store
 Be the blest means of soft'ning cruel pain !
 Let it procure the mild, the lenient, balm,
 That heals the wound by ruthless Mis'ry made :
 Let words of tend'rest comfort spread a calm ;
 Let Peace descend, in all her charms array'd.
 This, this is ecstasy of bliss complete—
 Rapture no sordid worldling e'er enjoys ;
 A heav'nly manna, an ambrosial sweet,
 That the soft sense of Pleasure never cloy's !
 O ! may I then, Almighty Pow'r ! e'er be
 Thy minister of good on earth below !
 For (though but faintly) to resemble Thee
 Is to compassionate another's wo !

B. A.

LINES,
WRITTEN ON VIEWING TINTERN-ABBEY.

 With an Engraving.

WHERE the Wye steals to Severn's rolling flood,
 'Neath wood-clad hills, and many a rocky height,
 That bears the ancient solitary tow'r
 Of some proud castle, which, in former days,
 Was gay with banner'd halls, and from
 Whose portals issued forth the helmed bands—
 There in the secret vale, 'mid tufted groves,
 And darken'd by the deep o'ershadowing woods,
 That climb the summits of th' impending steep,



TINTINNABURNE ALBANY. 1871.



There Tintern, or what still remains of Tintern, stands,
Superb in ruin,—like the widow'd form
Of her whose beauty once pleas'd ev'ry eye,
And still retains th' attractive pow'r, tho' age
Has long since robb'd her of her early charms.

Oft, as I've wander'd in this tranquil glade,
Has Fancy deck'd it with its former state,
And rear'd its fallen spires, while the loud strain
Of pealing organs told the hour of pray'r,
And sacred anthems gave the song of praise.
On sainted shrines and many an holy rite
My fond imagination lov'd to dwell,
When, from the world remov'd, and the loud din
Of busy life, the holy sages pass'd
Their noiseless days in piety and peace.

But soon the vision flies.—The broken arch,
The mould'ring column, and the ivy'd walls,
Tell the sad tale of ruin and decay,—
Of Time's proud triumphs o'er the works of man,
And teach the moral lesson to the heart.
But still the image pleases,—still affords
Delight to him, whose Fancy loves to trace
The forms that to th' expecting canvas give
The bright presentment of those living scenes,
Where Art and Nature blend their varying pow'rs
To please the eye, and to delight the mind.

Such is the scene where Tintern's broken aisles
And mould'ring cloisters give their solemn aid
To the surrounding Landscape's sylvan charms.
How ev'ry part invites the gazer's eye !
Here a dark shade its sombre mantle throws,
Or the broad light its bold expanse displays :
Here the beam glimmers from the mid-day sun,
And faintly gilds some broken pillar's top.
The roof, which once the lofty pillars bore,

Around in rude and massy fragments lie,
 Where the low bramble trails its prickly train.
 The lichen, maidenhair, and pennyleaf,
 With other humble plants, o'erspread the wall :
 Some give their pendent tendrils to the gale,
 And gently wave as the soft zephyr blows ;
 Others with flow'rs enrich the clinging vest
 Of leafy beauty ;—while, with various hues,
 The moss, that vegetable child of Time,
 Whose warm and blended tints the painter loves,
 Aids the rich mass his pencil seeks to trace.
 Such, Tintern ! are the charms which you display,
 To woo the eye and sooth the pensive heart.

ON THE LATE BATTLES ON THE DANUBE.

BLESS'D be the day, when, bright on Danube's shore,
 The glorious dawn of Liberty arose ;
 Bless'd be the mem'ry of lamented Moore,
 Who died victorious 'midst retreating foes !
 Bless'd be the soldier, who on Honour's bed,
 For freedom fighting, bravely dares to die ;
 Bless'd be each patriot number'd with the dead,—
 Sacred the spot where Valour's doom'd to lie !
 Bless'd be the warriors, who in hostile ranks
 Now nobly strive on Spain's romantic shore ;
 And those, who, toiling on the Danube's banks,
 Bravely defy the robber-chieftian's pow'r—
 That giant pow'r, which palsy'd ev'ry arm,
 Unnerv'd the strong, and laid the valiant low ;
 And, as some potent necromancer's charm,
 Benumb'd all Europe with torpedo blow.
 But now the hour is come, by Heav'n decreed,
 When injur'd Freedom shall lament no more ;
 And Tyranny herself be doom'd to bleed,
 Defeated on the rocky Danube's shore.

Yet hark ! what sounds are those assail my ear ?
 Ye dreams of glory—Liberty, adieu !
 The loud laments of Austria's fate I hear,—
 Her broken standards, flying squadrons, view.
 Gay smil'd the morn on Danube's sparkling tide,
 Austria's proud lances glitter'd in the beam ;
 The sun declin'd,—that sparkling wave was dy'd
 In Austria's blood,—her heroes swell'd the stream !
 And shall no Wallace, Sidney, Bruce, return,
 No Kosciusko bid our bosoms glow ?
 Must we still weep o'er Valour's fruitless urn,
 And mourn the thousands Tyranny laid low ?
 Is it for this that England fought so well .
 Ou Vimiera and Corunna's plain ?
 For this her sons at Talavera fell
 In the lost cause of Liberty and Spain ?
 For Peace will now her olive wreath extend
 O'er smoking ruins, plains laid waste by war ;
 Napoleon bids (fierce foe ! insidious friend !)
 That Peace eternal chains for Europe shall prepare.

August 18, 1809.

LIBERUS.

VALENTINE,

TO A YOUNG LADY OF IPSWICH.

EVER charming ! ever fair !
 Sprightly, gay, and debonair !
 Fairest of the female race,
 To whom all others must give place !
 In whose mild expressive eyes,
 In secret ambush Cupid lies ;
 In whose cheeks the roses bloom,
 Whose breath exhales a sweet perfume ;
 Whose lips may boast carnation hue,
 Such, such as Titian never drew !

Whose teeth with iv'ry may compare,—
Ever charming! ever fair!
Hasten to thy humble swain,
Musing in yon spacious plain,
Amid the grove's mellifluous notes,
Issuing from a thousand throats!
On ev'ry bush, on ev'ry spray,
The warbling songsters greet this day;
In joyous melody they sing,
And welcome the returning Spring:
Hasten then, O nymph divine,
To celebrate Saint Valentine!
With me to "trip it as you go,
"On the light fantastic toe;"
Hand in hand, O let us roam,
Where primroses sweetly bloom;
O'er yon mountain's stately brow,
Or th' extended plain below;
By the limpid waters' side,
Which in gurgling murmurs glide;
There in social converse join,
Beneath the budding eglantine:
Or at the foot of yonder hill,
Encircled by the purling rill,
Where Spring unfolds her fragrant flow'rs,
Bedecking amaranthine bow'rs:
In that silent calm retreat,
As the vale of Tempé sweet,
We'll those purer joys pursue,
Which I alone partake with you.
There my fost'ring Muse shall sing,
And give to airy Fancy wing;
There we'll spend this happy day,
Which makes the solemn woodlands gay;—
A fit day for the chaste alcove,
Sacred to Friendship and to Love.

February 14.

J. L.

A TEAR FOR ALBION.—1808.

AY, can the Bard, who owns his native land,
 Love 'mid the tempest of her skies to sing ;
 Or call her sentence, with prophetic hand,
 In deep-ton'd numbers from the Pythian string ?
 No! ev'ry feeling chides th' ungrateful thought,
 Nature's loud mandate bids him bend and weep
 O'er the wide wreck that marks his country's lot,
 Till Fate's last billows hide it in the deep.
 Yet why, siuce streams that Pity's eye has pour'd,
 Are softly mingling in the hallow'd fount,
 Should they, in vain, awake her plaintive chord,
 Or flow unheeded down the sacred mount ?
 Dear Albion ! loveliest daughter of the sea,
 When with thy gladd'ning dawn th' horizon glow'd,
 Pale Envy dropp'd her dart and gaz'd on thee,
 And strangers wond'ring sought thy blest abode.
 There was a day (Reflection yet recalls
 Bright from the annals of thy favour'd land,
 On Fame's high temple's adamantine walls
 It stands engrav'd by Mem'ry's mighty hand)
 When, deeply rooted in its native rock,
 Thy tree of commerce rais'd its stately head ;
 Whilst, guarded safely from each foreign shock,
 The blossom flourish'd as the branches spread.
 Its fruit matur'd was scatter'd on thy breast,
 Where Peace beneath her olive-bow'r had made ;
 And sky-born Freedom built her eagle nest
 High 'mid the verdure of the fragrant shade.
 But howling since along the frowning sky,
 And wing'd with tempest, has demoniac War
 Flash'd his fierce lightnings, shook his sword on high,
 Hewn the broad trunk, and strew'd its limbs afar.

So grew that tree * which Babel's haughty King
 Saw in the nightly visions of his soul,
 As late, upborne on Pride's misguided wing,
 He view'd the glories of his wide control.
 But whilst he cried, in that ill-fated hour,
 "How great is Babylon! secure I reign!"
 The branch of empire, and the bloom of pow'r
 Fell crush'd, and wither'd on the blasted plain.
 His boasted name, to infamy consign'd,
 Lost in the ruins of his fallen throne;
 And soon (O Albion!) to his humbled mind,
 Instruction taught a lesson like thy own:—
 That He who hurls, by his unerring word,
 The bolts of Justice flaming on the land,
 Has ne'er unsheath'd in vain th' avenging sword,
 Nor pois'd the balance with a palsied hand.
 Yet, if mild Mercy shield thy hapless head,
 If her eternal band † preserve the whole,
 May thy fair foliage yet reviving spread
 A goodly shadow wide, from pole to pole!
 May He, whose thunders shake thy sea-beat shore,
 Bid each rude storm that wastes thy honours cease;
 And with the sceptre of thy sway restore
 The robe of Joy—the diadem of Peace!

Alton. S. M. W****G.

THE TOWERS OF INTELLECT.

THE Sun was just gone to his valleys of night,
 And Ev'ning arose in her sombre-hued vest;
 Her zone with the rubies of ether was bright,
 Her hair shone with gold, and on zephyrs so light
 Waved lovely and fair in the west:

* Dan. iv. 10.

† Dan. iv. 15. "a band of iron and brass."

When, musing, I saunter'd the sea-beach along,
 Where the cool balmy breezes give health as they pass ;
 The surge scarcely murmur'd the pebbles among,
 So still that I heard the small grasshopper's song
 On the cliffs, 'mid the scanty-grown grass.

A calm like the waves hush'd to silence there fell
 On the wild stream of Fancy's tumultuous thought ;
 What stay'd their mad current that spirit can tell,
 Whose magic divine gave its birth to the spell
 Which so sweetly, yet mightily, wrought.

I bethought me on that secret power which plann'd
 And rear'd all this wonderful structure of soul ;
 Where Reflection's clear skies o'er the prospect expand,
 Where Intellect's Towers impregnable stand,
 The glory and strength of the whole.

How mighty this bulwark ! exulting I cried,
 Lo ! its turrets so lofty all fearless I climb ;
 Hence I gaze all around with superior pride,
 Hence abroad on the wings of Invention I ride,
 And scale all the ramparts of Time !

As I spoke, a poor maniac wander'd that way ;
 O'er the steep he was led by a livery'd groom ;
 In his eyes a dim spark of wild phrensy there lay,
 But Passion was dead, and had yielded her sway
 To Apathy's sovereign gloom.

All vacantly silent, one while he would gaze
 On the waters of Ocean unmov'd with a wind ;
 Seem'd pleas'd with the Moon as she rose in a blaze,
 Then again appear'd lost in the dreariest maze
 Of the wilderness waste in his mind.

This sight check'd the pinions which Pride had just
 spread,
 In a moment they shrunk into earth, and were still ;
 In the ruins of Reason before me I read,
 That He, who had built this munition so dread,
 Might cast down its walls at His will.

And within me this oracle sprung to my ear
 ('Twas the small voice of Truth, by its wisdom
 confess'd)—

- “ Cease, mortal, to boast of security here ;
 “ Human Pride must be banish'd this dignify'd sphere—
 “ I will bring thee a worthier guest.
 “ Thou hast seen how in ruins yon citadel lies ;
 “ Guard thine own, while it yet has no breach to repair ;
 “ There lift, where the Towers of Intellect rise,
 “ Religion's broad standard, unfurl'd to the skies,
 “ And plant it immovably there.
 “ So from hence by thine eyes shall that path be descry'd,
 “ Which no vulture hath seen, where no lion hath trod * ;
 “ Thou aloft on the wings of Devotion shalt ride,
 “ And, spurning the trappings and trammels of pride,
 “ Shalt triumph alone in thy God !”

Alton.

E. W****G.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN JAMAICA, 1773.

Pone sub curra, nimium propinqui
 Solis * * * * *
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.

HOR.

How long, dear Albion, from thy blissful shore,
 Will adverse gales my weary bark detain ?
 Ah spread, delusive Hope ! thy dreams no more—
 Each hour's long absence is an age of pain.
 In genial climes, beneath unclouded skies,
 Tho' now my feet 'mid fields of fragrance rove ;
 Far from these plains tho' joyless Winter flies,
 And Spring, with bloom eternal, crowns the grove ;—

* Job xxxviii. 7. Jer. ix. 24. 1 Cor. i. 31.

Still faithful Nature, to her Albion true,
 Wide o'er the barrier-wave with anxious eye
 Sends many a look ; sweet Friendship calls anew,
 And Love still prompts th' involuntary sigh !

So, slowly mounting to the realms of day,
 From his late earthly mansion rudely driv'n,
 The soul yet hovers o'er the unconscious clay—
 Still fondly lingers ere he flies to heav'n !

Dear land of Science—Learning's fav'rite seat—
 Nor time, nor absence, grief, disease, and care,
 From this warm breast, long as this breast shall beat,
 Shall raze thy lov'd remembrance, rooted there.

Tho' suns less radiant gild thy varying clime,
 Nor palmy groves wave graceful o'er each plain
 (Crown'd with gay fruitage in eternal prime);
 Nor thine the riches of th' ambrosial cane;

Yet, in thy temp'rate skies and softer vales,
 Serener joys, securer blessings, rise ;
 There Health wafts gladness in the fresh'ning gales—
 There Freedom sparkles in a nation's eyes !

Thine Glory's palm ! in thee, O favour'd Isle,
 With heighten'd graces conscious Beauty glows ;
 Here envious suns each opening bud despoil,
 And the pale lily triumphs o'er the rose !

Youth's orient bloom, the blush of chaste Desire,
 The polish'd converse, and the smile divine
 (Love's gentler train), to milder climes retire,
 And full in Albion's matchless daughters shine.

O golden scenes ! O dear remember'd hours !
 When with Evadne I was wont to rove,
 And rais'd, soft-echoing, thro' my native bow'rs,
 The voice of conscious Gladness and of Love !

Return, sweet Hope ! (ah ! syren spurn'd in vain !)
 And bring quick-op'ning to my raptur'd mind
 My shatter'd bark escap'd the faithless main,
 My bow'rs still jocund, and Evadne kind.

Her truant's pardon seal'd, my charming maid,
 Then, fondly list'ning to my artless vows,
 My long, long absence gently shall upbraid,
 And bind Love's myrtle round my sunburnt brows.

What then (by sad experience wiser grown)
 Again shall tempt me from her charms to fly ?
 Not all the glories of the radiant zone ;
 Not all the wealth these western worlds supply.

BRYAN EDWARDS.

ON FINDING A PEN,

WASHED UP ON THE SEA-SHORE, NEAR BRIGHTON.

WHEN late, thro' Fancy's flow'ry mazes led,
 My infant passions throb'd at her command,
 And all my hopes of future life were spread
 With blooming garlands from her bounteous hand ;—

To share her visionary joys I rov'd
 Sequester'd vales and shaded woods among ;
 Then for her sake the tuneful art I lov'd,—
 Her pictur'd scenes the subject of my song.

Then giant hands impell'd the howling storm,
 Nymphs of the fountain haunted ev'ry spring ;
 And ev'ry Zephyr was a seraph form,
 Wafting wild music on his azure wing.

Then had I view'd this little plume, that lies
 Where Ocean's waves are murm'ring at my feet,
 My sportive hand had seiz'd it as a prize,
 With omens fair of future fame replete.

Then had I sung, that, in some favour'd isle,
 By mortals since the golden age unseen,
 As in these happier days the Muses smile,
 And with their glories grace an earthly scene.
 Then had I sung, that, o'er the friendly wave,
 A pledge of favour from that happy seat,
 Some sea-nymph, gliding from her coral cave,
 Had borne the prize, and laid it at my feet.
 Ah! waking dreams of Fancy's fairy train,
 Why fled ye not with childhood's laughing hours?
 Why do your airy charms my lyre detain
 From loftier scenes, that claim its noblest pow'rs?
 No longer may it swell with flowery lays,
 Or waste its sounds on themes of trifling worth;
 But pour high music to JEHOVAH's praise,
 And sing Heav'n's freedom to the captive earth.
 Then, if my numbers and my life accord,
 No mortal pen shall claim my wish, or care;
 An angel's hand shall write my great reward,
 And Truth's bright page th' immortal transcript bear!
Alton. L. W****G.

O D E — T O M Y L Y R E.

[Concluded from Vol. II. p. 61.]

O CYNTHIA! thy refulgent light
 Rekindles in my wayward soul
 The sense of many a past delight,
 Resulting from my ev'ning stroll:
 Like thee I mourn departed worth—
 Like thee am forc'd to roam alone,
 Revolving on the dreary earth,
 Where once the star of Beauty shone;
 Where oft I ponder'd on its heav'nly charms,
 And press'd it wildly to my boyish arms.

Yet once again, thou sacred Lyre !
 I'll clasp thee near my frantic soul,
 And, with Cecilia's rapt'rous fire,
 Compel thy falt'ring notes to roll !
 Swift as the whirling comet flies
 Beyond the night's funereal gloom,
 Thy numbers first shall reach the skies,
 Then warble o'er Ophelia's tomb ;
 Shall wake the spirit from its marble rest,
 And draw each sweet confession from her breast.

High-seated on her azure bow'r,
 See where the Moon, with quiv'ring beam,
 Illumes each dimly-featur'd hour,
 Disporting o'er the haunted stream !
 The vi'let sweet, of deathly hue,
 Above the pearl-envelop'd grass
 Erects its tim'rous head, to view
 The num'rous host of spectres pass !
 No cloud disturbs the calm auspicious scene—
 Bright shine the Crescent and her star serene !

Lull'd in the downy arms of Sleep,
 The Cotter soon will sink to rest ;
 Yet, ere the morning visions peep,
 In all their orient colours drest,
 Him shall the faithful cock awake,
 To drink the meadow's balmy gale ;
 Or bear, for Rosabella's sake,
 Well pleas'd, the richly-freighted pail :
 And, as he goes, the op'ning wood shall ring
 With his rude anthem to the laughing Spring.

How happy is the Cotter's life !
 How undisturb'd his hours of rest !
 How free from all that round of strife
 By which the pamper'd Lord's opprest !

He wants no fool in idle state
 To fly at his imperious call ;
 But thinks himself supremely great—
 Sole monarch of his rustic hall !
 He hears the lark the blushing morn proclaim,
 Winds o'er the moor, nor heeds immortal Fame !

And, when the silv'ry star of eve
 Irradiates all the void profound—
 When closing flow'rs their scents retrieve,
 Expanded many a mile around—
 With artless song of varied note
 I hear him thro' the woodlands steal ;
 Hark ! even now the numbers float
 In many a wild sonorous peal :
 Thrice happy man ! whose un aspiring soul
 Feels Nature's strong immutable control !

However humble be thy phrase,
 Cotter ! I hail thee as a friend !
 With thee I long to spend my days,
 And yet with thee those days extend :
 For much I love the gen'rous man,
 Who lives in Nature's homely way,
 Remote from Fashion's gaudy clan,
 That flutter thro' their little day :
 To share his board, recluse from worldly noise,
 Forms the bright climax of my earthly joys.

I loathe the huge stupendous seat,
 Whose front the smile of Mis'ry wears ;
 I only crave some green retreat,
 Far from the Town's invasive cares—
 Some simple, wild, romantic nook,
 Fast by a softly-rippling stream,
 Where o'er beloved Shakspeare's book
 I might invoke some pleasing dream ;
 Or teach my soul eternal bliss to trace
 Beyond the void's immeasurable space.

But see, within yon cavern damp,
 Hid from the moon's transparent ray,
 The glow-worm hangs his paly lamp,
 While fairies round its glimm'rings play !
 Methinks I hear the gray-fly's hum
 Meand'ring on the silent air ;
 Deep sounds the little aspen drum,
 And elfin-shapes the ball prepare :
 From ev'ry flow'r the midnight guests advance,
 To grace the feast, or join Queen Eldrid's dance,
 But, soft ! the mushroom seated round,
 They're tasting ev'ry airy sweet ;
 Some to the aspen's lively sound
 Ply here and there their mystic feet :
 From ev'ry leaf the glow-worm's light
 Illumes the visionary throng ;
 Hark ! Ariel, in the welkin bright,
 Now softly weaves the quav'ring song !
 The moonbeams fade, and, see ! the hurrying crowd
 Beneath the mazes of the toadstool shroud !
 O then, my Lyre ! thy simple strain
 No more shall thro' the valley sound ;
 No longer tell thy vot'ry's pain,
 Or charm the list'ning spirits round :
 Within some cavern's awful gloom
 Thou shalt in holy silence sleep,
 Till yonder waning orb illumine
 The bosom of the rolling deep ;
 Then will I clasp thee to my youthful breast,
 To sooth th' emotions of a soul distrest.
 Yet, ere I close these weary eyes,
 I fain would turn my thoughts to Heav'n,
 Would send a Pæan to the skies,
 For what the Lord has kindly giv'n ;
 Who with unbounded mercy guides
 The pilgrim thro' a world of tears ;
 Who o'er the orphan still presides,
 And lights the path the trav'ler fears ;

Whose potent hand sustains this wondrous globe,
Whose glance thro' all eternity can probe !

Lord ! while at this lone solemn hour
I pour my orisons to thee,
Look from thy star-invested tow'r
Propitious on a wretch like me !
Oh ! make my hours of slumber sweet,
Oh ! let me live within thy ways ;
And, when I wake, oh ! let me greet
Thy presence in the morning rays !
Teach me to worship thy exalted name,
Far from the children of fantastic Fame.

If, ere the orient crimson gleam,
Thou snatch the breath of life away,
Oh ! let some star's serener beam
Conduct me to eternal day !
Lord ! on thy strength'ning arm I trust,
To thee alone look up for aid ;
For what is man but with'ring dust,
A fickle transitory shade ?
A stalking nothing ! that presumes to soar
On earthly pinions to th' immortal shore !

J. G.

ELEGY,

COMPOSED AMONG THE TOMBS.

The following *Elegy* is the maiden Production of an unlettered Muse ; and as such, we think, well deserves the Attention of our Readers.

A SOLEMN tremour steals across my breast
As I survey with awe the sacred place
Where soundly sleep, for ever laid at rest,
The mould'ring ashes of the human race.

Here reigns victorious Death, enthron'd in state,
Confess'd sole monarch of this dark abode ;
Alike before him bow the brave, the great,
The rich, the poor, the vicious, and the good.

No jarring feuds disturb their calm repose,
In bonds of peace they here at last unite ;
Hush'd is the murm'ring sound of human woes,
And all is silent as eternal Night.

Would here Ambition's restless sons repair,
Who deluge Europe's Continent with gore,
Learn of these shades, forget the rage of war,
And give at once their bloody bickerings o'er !

The regal monarch and the lordly peer,
The mitred prelate and the lowly swain,
Names and distinctions, are forgotten here,
And Title's empty boast is null and vain.

The martial rage that fir'd the warrior's breast,
The thirst of fame which rous'd the poet's lay,
The patriot's zeal, are all alike suppress'd ;
Sunk in Death's shades is Science' heav'nly ray.

Around are strew'd the annals of the dead,
Instruction now unfolds her ample page ;
Wisdom in ev'ry sentence may be read,
E'en untaught Youth may here become the sage.

An air of gloomy grandeur reigns around,
The deep-stain'd windows scarce the light admit,
With rich heraldic blazonments abound,
Or sacred subjects, chose from Holy Writ.

The sable 'scutcheons deck the hallow'd walls,
The sculptur'd marble courts the curious eye ;
They pause and read—a tear of pity falls,—
Their breasts responsive heave the tender sigh.

See yonder ensign floating in the air,
 That stately tomb, those instruments of death,
 The sword, the shield, the crested helm, and spear ;
 Approach and read, some warrior rests beneath :—

“ Here lies entomb’d an hero known to fame,
 “ Who in the scene of action bravely died ;
 “ His valiant deeds immortal honours claim,
 “ Long did he prove his country’s boast and pride.

“ Tho’ here in death his mortal ashes sleep,
 “ Yet lives his honour’d name for ever dear ;
 “ ’Tis on his country’s bosom graven deep—
 “ They oft embalm his mem’ry with a tear.

“ Firm and magnanimous, the hero’s soul
 “ Undaunted stood amidst the storms of war ;
 “ His deathless fame resounds from pole to pole,
 “ And distant ages shall his praise declare.

“ Tho’ fierce in conflict, yet in manners mild,
 “ His gen’rous breast with sympathy was mov’d ;
 “ Whilst, free from malice as the new-born child,
 “ He fell lamented, as he liv’d below’d.”

Observe yon humble monumental stone,
 That hangs against that Gothic pillar’s side ;
 No needless sculpture does its face adorn,
 Its style is simple, and devoid of pride.

To rescue from th’ oblivious roll of death
 The mem’ry of the pious character
 Who lays entomb’d within the vault beneath,
 It stands confess’d a sad remembrancer.

The Christian Pastor of a chosen flock,
 Their Maker’s laws he taught them to revere ;
 With soul serene he met the dreadful shock,
 And look’d on Death devoid of guilty fear.

The poor ador'd him, for he lov'd the poor,
 On them his chief attention was bestow'd ;
 They shar'd with him his hospitable store—
 He fed their souls with pure celestial food.

To paint the death-bed of the dying saint
 Requires the pathos of a seraph's tongue ;
 Fain would I trace the scene, but, ah ! how faint,
 How far beneath the subject, is my song.

Attendant angels guard the heirs of grace,
 Around their beds in silent watch they stand,
 Soon as the awful change of death takes place,
 To bear their spirits to the promis'd land.

Worn with excessive toils, his life ebbs out ;
 See where his friends surround his dying-bed ;
 Deep sorrow now and grief have struck them mute—
 His weeping consort holds his languid head.

Mark, with big sorrow heaves her tender breast ;
 Those stifled throbs, that quick-descending tear,
 Evince wth him she only can be blest ;
 But ah, alas ! the parting scene draws near.

The grand attack of his last mortal foe,
 Calmly resign'd, he now with patience bears,
 Suff'ring with all the majesty of wo,
 And comforting, by turns, his comforters.

Touch'd with compassion for the weeping throng,
 The patient suff'rer now the silence breaks ;
 The feeble accents die upon his tongue,
 But, gath'ring strength, at length he falt'ring
 speaks :—

“ Weep not for me, ye sympathetic friends !
 “ Forbid the causeless tears of grief to flow ;
 “ Rather rejoice that now my sorrow ends,
 “ That I so soon shall quit this vale of wo.

" No anxious fears corrode this peaceful breast,
 " Resign'd I wait th' inevitable hour ;
 " Sure, when from earth my spirit is releas'd,
 " To be with CHRIST my Lord for evermore.
 " Thou dear fond partner of my soul, adieu !
 " I leave thee and my orphan babes to God ;
 " Ah ! keep his gracious promises in view
 " When I am gone and laid beneath the sod.
 " And, ye dear pledges of our mutual love,
 " Receive your dying father's last embrace ;
 " Oh ! may that Pow'r, who reigns enthron'd above,
 " Inspire your tender hearts with truth and grace."

Here did he pause ;—he now no more could say,—
 His soul still breathes unutterable bliss ;
 His spirit gently leaves the smiling clay—
 His death appears an apotheosis.

How diff'rent this from gay Antinous' death,
 Whose sumptuous monument I see is near ;
 Mark how the youth resigns his forfeit breath,
 Smit with remorse, convuls'd with ghastly fear.

He strives to pray, but pray'r is now in vain ;
 At length he cries, " Thou most indulgent God,
 " Thou blest Redeemer, who for me wast slain,
 " How have I trampled on thy sacred blood !

" Hell is a refuge, if from me it hide
 " The presence of offended Deity,
 " Whose attributes and being I denied,
 " And dar'd his utmost wrath to fall on me.

" Remember this, ye gay deluded throng,
 " Who God and all his mercies have forgot ;
 " Tho' kind indulgent Heav'n bear with you long,
 " Yet retributive Justice slumbers not.

" No ray of hope darts thro' th' impervious gloom,
 " Nor dawn of comfort doth around me shine;
 " Heav'n closing with my conscience seals my doom—
 " Its heaviest strokes but second those of mine."

Convulsions deep now seiz'd his feeble frame,
 His wretched soul with horror stood aghast;
 Forc'd to appear, tho' loath, she trembling came;
 With horrid groans and oaths he breathes his last.

Just in youth's prime, with fondest hopes elate
 Of lengthen'd life, he's number'd with the dead;
 Sent to his final, dread, eternal state,
 " With all his imperfections on his head."

Yon small white stone, emblem of innocence—
 Beneath the same a sleeping infant lies;
 The little sojourner was soon call'd hence,
 Just peeps into our world, then gasps, and dies.

Ye weeping parents, now let me advise—
 Dry up your tears, and calm your troubled soul;
 Soon has your lovely infant gain'd the prize—
 Just as its race commenc'd it reach'd the goal.

Grieve not that God has hous'd your tender plant,
 Perhaps he saw the threat'ning storm draw near;
 He graciously supplies its ev'ry want,
 Fix'd in a richer soil and purer air.

Here, had it stopp'd, by fierce Temptation's pow'r
 Perhaps it had been finally o'ercome;
 But he foresaw th' approaching fatal hour,
 And kindly call'd the little wand'rer home.

See where among yon radiant throng it stands;
 Cloth'd in white robes, a glorious crown it wears;
 A golden lyre plac'd in its beauteous hands—
 A palm of victory it also bears.

Hark! all at once they strike their sounding lyres,
 Heav'n's golden courts re-echo loud the song;
 The mighty theme each raptur'd spirit fires,
 And bursts of praise resound from ev'ry tongue.

Perhaps (if you obedient prove to grace,
 And live a life of faith and holiness)
 It may, commission'd, when your change takes place,
 Convey your spirit to the realms of bliss.

Yon splendid monument, which breaks to view,
 Rear'd by the hand of Opulence and Art,
 Contains the ashes of a patriot true;
 That letter'd urn can all the tale impart.

“ Here lies beneath, in hopes of future bliss,
 “ His country's boast, the mirror of the age;
 “ To gain a better world he quitted this,
 “ And died a patriot, pious, good, and sage.

“ His country's bark, thro' rough tempestuous seas,
 “ With wise prudential care he cautious steer'd;
 “ Tho' threat'ned oft by Faction's hostile breeze,
 “ From rocks and quicksands yet he safely veer'd.

“ No venal passions lurk'd within his breast,
 “ Disinterested love was graven there;
 “ *Pro Patria* was the motto of his crest,—
 “ *O save my country, Heav'n!* his dying pray'r.

“ Scarce had his sun pass'd Life's meridian blaze
 “ (Still shone with beams superlatively bright),
 “ When, suddenly divested of its rays,
 “ It sunk behind the veil of endless night.

“ The breathing statue, or the letter'd urns,
 “ Are cold memorials of his honour'd name;
 “ Each breast acquainted with his virtue burns
 “ And glows to emulate his well-earn'd fame.”

What sounds are those that strike upon my ear?—
 The solemn murmur of the deep-ton'd clock;
 It peals a knell which warns me to prepare,
 And tells a lesson in each lengthen'd stroke.

Then, shall I slight the solemn caution, giv'n
 Within the awful precincts of the dead?
 Sure, 'tis the friendly warning voice of Heav'n,
 Whose love and mercy in its tones are read.

Can we elude the vigour of our foe,
 Tho' health, youth, beauty, all at once unite?
 Think not by these to deprecate the blow,
 These the grim tyrant's fiercest rage excite.

Can Galen's sons, who boast their healing art,
 With all their nostrums stop the dire disease?
 Can they extract the poison from his dart,
 And bid the grisly monarch's havoc cease?

Can gold, all-pow'rful gold, with Death prevail,
 And bribe him to relax his stern decree?
 At last the eloquence of gold must fail—
 It cannot purchase immortality!

Why shrink with terror from the silent tomb?
 It leads to life; tho' dull, yet short, the way:
 Your Saviour's presence shall disperse the gloom,
 And cheer the passage to eternal day.

IMPROMPTU : à CARO. F.

EN vain je veux peindre sa grace,
 Je ne saurois y réussir;
 Un nouveau charme la remplace,
 Et c'est à ne jamais finir.

TALAVERA.

BY J. KING, A PRIVATE IN THE RENFREW MILITIA.

BRITONS! anither laurel-leaf
Plays on the wreath o' yonder chief,
While Victor, dark'ning in his grief,
Looks back on Talavera.

He saw his eagles, hapless things,
Wi bluidy heads and clippet wings;
He saw the British Lion's springs,
And fled frae Talavera.

Tho' Wisdom form'd his battle-line,
And gar'd his thick'ning columns shine,
Britain! superior skill was thine,
It shone on Talavera.

The Hill laughs at the lashing rain,
The Rock defies the roaring main;
So Victor's hosts advanc'd in vain—
They fell on Talavera.

“Invincible is Gallia's host,”
Was once Napoleon's thoughtless boast;
But, ah! the magic spell is lost—
Dissolv'd on Talavera.

Egypt still thunders in his ears,
The roar o' Maida's field he hears;
Now Fame to British valour rears
A stone on Talavera.

Oh! ye wha fell in days o' yore,
Look up frae 'mong your honour'd gore,
See Victor, two to one, and more,
Retreats frae Talavera.

Joseph beheld the spreading wo,
 Saw the red streams o' battle flow ;
 His trembling heart, wi many a throe,
 Was rent on Talavera.

But Anglia sings her Hero's praise,
 The pipe-notes swell on Scotia's braes,
 Frae Erin's harp heroic lays
 Are heard o' Talavera.

SONG.

OH ! how shall I paint the fierce throes of my breast,
 Or how my warm passion declare ?
 My pillow has long been a stranger to rest,
 And I'm tortur'd with grief and despair.

Then say, will not Pity's soft feelings e'er move
 Your cold and insensible heart ?
 And will you for ever be proof against Love,
 Nor feel the young tyrant's keen dart ?

Ah ! why should those eyes be o'er-cast with a frown,
 Those lips be expressive of scorn—
 Those eyes whose bright lustre might grace e'en a crown,
 Or rival the splendour of morn—

Those lips whose sweet smile might enliven each heart
 And make e'en the mourner look gay—
 Might warmth to the coldness of winter impart,
 And chase the dark snow-clouds away ?

Then listen, fair maid, to the voice of my love,
 And by cruelty seal not my doom,
 Or soon my sad fate may your tenderness move,
 When borne a cold corse to the tomb.

X. Y.

ODE—TO FEAR.

HAIL, goddess with the phrensied eye ! hail, Fear !

All hail, the terrors brought by thee !

Hail, all the horrid tales of thee we hear !

Hail, all the frightful sights we see !

Hail to thy train of ghosts and goblins dire,

Of ghastly sounds of wo, and screams of ire,

Which float, upborne on vivid Fancy's wings,

And pierce the inmost souls of clowns and kings !

O'er man and beast thy pow'r is spread,

From thee nought human's free ;

Brutes shun mankind, as things they dread,

And man from brutes doth flee :

Pale Guilt, with haggard look and mien,

Flies before thy phantom train

On hasty trembling wing ;

For shadowy shapes and visions dire,

With all thy vengeful rout, conspire

To point dread Conscience' sting !

The traveller, by thee possest,

As Night veils in her sable crest,

Feels tremblings strange and dread ;

He calls to mind each well-known place,

Where wand'ring sprites are said to trace ;

In fancy sees their figures glide,

In angry mood, close by his side ;

Their forms he follows with his eyes,

Till all is lost ;—and at each noise

He starts, and turns his head.

Full oft by thee the rustic clown's o'erta'en,

When, as he speeds across the desert plain,

He spies, beneath some blasted yew,

By Cynthia's light, the elfin crew.

He pauses,—starts ;—his eyeballs glare ;

His mouth stretch'd wide, erect his hair ;

Horror seizes on his brain !
 His heart beats quick,—cold drops distil !
 His trembling limbs refuse his will.
 Parch'd is his mouth—fast clench'd his hands ;
 A perfect statue thus he stands,
 And views the tiny train.

I see the peasants, round their little fire,
 In harmless converse pass the winter's eve ;
 Relating dismal tales of witch'ries dire,
 Which ev'ry hearer firmly doth believe.
 I see thee enter 'mid the train,
 And straight infest each rustic's brain,
 With all thy grisly crew ;
 Each eye is instant cast around,
 The list'ners huddle closer round,
 And hum, and nod, and ghastly stare,
 Whilst stiff as bristles stands each hair,
 Nor know they what they do.
 Such, Fear, is thy all-pow'ful sway,
 Which sceptred kings, and clowns, obey.

J. R.

LINES,

Occasioned by reading, in the *Repository of Arts*, No. XI. Page 303,
 the Description of a Female Mind and Person, under the Allegory
 of an elegant Mansion.

WHATE'ER I may think of the house you embellish,
 I the taste of the furniture cordially relish ;
 But I'll honestly tell you, without much descanting,
 What few little articles still may be wanting:—
 In the turret at top, where we're always directing,
 There sometimes is need of a mirror reflecting,
 To show a true copy of what has been said,
 A key left behind, or a paper mislaid.

The windows are bright ; but, without some assistance,
 You cannot see thro' them the things at a distance ;
 But they'll daily improve of that blemish, no doubt,
 And are us'd very little for gazing about.
 When an object of pity before them is set,
 The glass is quite blurr'd, and the sashes are wet ;
 And indeed I've perceiv'd that effect to ensue,
 When the transports of friendship were plac'd in their
 view, }
 Or of generous actions the narrative true.
 The shutters fly open as soon as 'tis day,
 And close when society hastens away.
 The portals are shut 'gainst each common intruder—
 The rustic, who's rude ; and Town coxcomb, who's ruder ;
 Or the scandalous tattler ;—but, early or late,
 The children of Sorrow find open each gate.
 The doorway in front is too often quite clos'd,
 Which makes people think that the porters have dos'd ;
 But if persons of sense will there knock with some spirit,
 For cheerful attendance, they're not without merit.
 The pannels you name have an excellent hue—
 The colour quite fresh, and materials new ;
 And in truth we should think it a cruel disaster,
 To be forc'd to hide marble with daubing and plaster, }
 Much more the fine column of pure alabaster.
 Whatever o'er all is of ornament thrown,
 Is carv'd in a style purely Doric alone.
 In the turret a cabinet's plac'd for her books,
 Which she keeps from all dust, with inquisitive looks ;
 From the cobwebs of Sophistry brushes it clean,
 No vile modern trash on the shelves to be seen :
 Though fitted up lately, and small is its space,
 Each volume seems properly put in its place.
 Here are instruments, too, duly fashion'd, to show
 The wonders of Nature above and below ;

From the orbs which revolve in the ocean of light,
 To the globule that floats in the vein of a mite ;
 With others, dispos'd in their several parts,
 For the practice of useful and elegant arts.
 But the closet *, in which I'm allow'd an arm-chair,
 Is kept with such diligence, neatness, and care,
 Illum'd thro' a sky-light from ether above,
 By rays of devotion and heavenly love ;
 It is under the mistress's constant inspection,
 And warm'd by a stove, inscrib'd, *Tender Affection* ;
 Here the worthy are honour'd, the injur'd protected,
 Th' unfortunate cherish'd, by sorrow dejected ;
 And here, whilst she wēlcomes a very choice few,
 She ever reserves the chief corner for you.
 May this edifice fair enjoy sunshiny days,
 Improving within as its outside decays !
 And long may it stand, and respected be found
 To its owner an honour, and country around !
 And, when the Lord pleases to call to his court
 His tenant at will, may she gladly resort
 To his castle celestial, there, by his grace,
 To be lodged in a holy, maternal, embrace !
 Angelic society, never to cease,
 In a region of glory, a mansion of peace !

**AVIS AUX FEMMES,
 QUI VEULENT TOUJOURS SE RAJEUNIR.**

AN ! cessez de vous rajeunir !
 Songez quelle est votre imprudence ;
 Au train dont on vous voit venir,
 Vous serez bientôt en enfance.

* Prov. iv. 23.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With an Engraving.

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 152.]

IN this same variegated life,
 Evil and good, in daily strife,
 Contend, we find, which shall be master :—
 Now Fortune smiles,—then foul Disaster
 Assumes, in turn, its frowning pow'r,
 And gives to man his checker'd hour.
 Of checker'd hours, poor Syntax thought,
 And well he might, his journey fraught ;
 But still he hop'd, when all was past,
 That he should comfort find at last :
 Thus, with the 'Squire's kindness blest,
 No fears alarm his tranquil breast ;
 He eats, he drinks, and goes to rest :
 And, when the welcome morrow came,
 The 'Squire and Madam were the same.
 Just as the Minster-clock struck nine,
 Coffee and tea, and fowl and chine,
 Appear'd in all their due array,
 To give the breakfast of the day.
 The 'Squire the discourse began,
 And thus the conversation ran.

'SQUIRE HEARTY.

" Doctor, you here may take your rest,
 " And eat and drink of what is best ;
 " I pray you think this house your home,—
 " Aye, tho' it were a month to come.
 " Here you will find yourself at ease—
 " May read or write—just as you please.
 " At nine we breakfast, as you see,—
 " Dinner is always here at three ;
 " At six, my wife will give you tea."

MRS. HEARTY.

“ And, should you find the evening long,
 “ I’ll play a tune, or sing a song.”

’SQUIRE HEARTY.

“ Besides, you’ll range the country round,—
 “ Some curious things may there be found :
 “ Your genius too may chance to trace,
 “ Within this celebrated place,
 “ Some ancient building worth a look,
 “ That may, perhaps, enrich your book.
 “ I’m a true Briton, as you’ll see ;
 “ I love good cheer, and liberty ;
 “ And what I love myself I’ll give
 “ To others, while I’m doom’d to live.
 “ This morning I intend to go
 “ To see the military show :
 “ The light dragoons, now quarter’d here,
 “ Will all in grand review appear.
 “ They are a regiment of renown,
 “ And some great Gen’ral is come down
 “ To see them all, in bright array,
 “ Act the fierce battle of the day.
 “ If you should like such sights as these,
 “ If warlike feats your fancy please,
 “ We’ll to the Common take a ride,
 “ And I myself will be your guide ;
 “ So, if you please, within an hour
 “ Our nags shall be before the door.”

SYNTAX.

“ I will be ready to attend
 “ The summons of my worthy friend.
 “ The laurell’d Hero’s my delight,
 “ With plumed crest, and helmet bright ;

“ E’en when a boy, at early age,
 “ I read in Homer’s lofty page
 “ How the stout Greeks, in times of yore
 “ Brought havoc to the Phrygian shore
 “ I revell’d in that ancient story,
 “ And burn’d with ardent love of glory.
 “ Whene’er I trac’d the fields of Troy
 “ My heart beat high with martial joy.
 “ ’Tis true, I pray that war may cease,
 “ And Europe hail returning Peace ;
 “ Yet still I feel my bosom glow
 “ When British heroes meet the foe ;
 “ When our arm’d legions make him fly,
 “ And yield the palm of victory ;
 “ Or when our naval thunders roar,
 “ And terrify the Gallic shore.
 “ This grand review will give me pleasure,
 “ And I shall wait upon your leisure.”

But, as no time was to be lost,
 Syntax now hasten’d to the post :
 The post obey’d his loud command,
 And gave a letter to his hand.
 With eager haste the seal he broke,
 And thus the fond epistle spoke :—

“ My dearest husband,—on my life
 “ I thought you had forgot your wife ;
 “ While she, to her affection true,
 “ Was always thinking, Love, on you.
 “ By this time, I presume, you’ve made
 “ No small advancement in your trade :
 “ I mean, my dear, that this same book,
 “ To which I with impatience look,
 “ Is full of promise ; and I’m bold
 “ To hope for a return in gold.

“ I have no doubt that ample gains
“ Will well reward your learned pains,
“ And will, with bounteous store, repay
“ Your anxious toil of many a day ;
“ For well, my dearest friend, I know,
“ Where'er you are compell'd to go,
“ You still must sigh that you should be
“ So long away from Love and me.
“ I truly say my heart doth burn
“ With ardent wish for your return ;
“ And, that I may my Syntax greet
“ With all due honour when we meet,
“ The milliner is now preparing
“ A dress that will be worth the wearing ;
“ Just such an one as I have seen
“ In ACKERMANN'S LAST MAGAZINE,
“ Where, by the skilful painter's aid,
“ Each fashion is so well display'd.
“ A robe of crape, with satin boddice,
“ Will make me look like any goddess ;
“ A mantle too is all the ton,
“ And therefore I have order'd one :
“ I've also got a lilac bonnet,
“ And plac'd a yellow feather on it :
“ Thus I shall be so very smart,
“ 'Twill vex Miss Raisin to the heart ;
“ Oh ! it will make me burst with laughter,
“ To plague the purse-proud grocer's daughter,
“ While, thro' the town, as you will see,
“ No one will be so fine as me.
“ Oh ! with what pleasure and delight
“ I shall present me to your sight ;
“ How I shall hug you, dearest honey,
“ When you return brimful of money.”
Syntax exclaim'd, in accents sad,
“ The woman's surely gone stark mad !

“ To ruin, all her airs will tend ;
 “ But I’ll read on, and see the end.”

“ As to the news, why you must know,
 “ Things in their usual order go :
 “ Jobson the tanner ’s run away,
 “ And has not left a doit to pay ;
 “ Bet Bumkin was last Thursday marry’d,
 “ And Mistress Stillborn has miscarry’d ;
 “ In the High-street, the other day,
 “ Good Mrs. Squeamish swoon’d away,
 “ And was so ill, as it is said,
 “ That she was borne away for dead ;
 “ But Mother Gossip, who knows all
 “ The neighbours round, both great and small,
 “ Has hinted to me, as she thinks,
 “ That pious Mrs. Squeamish drinks.
 “ There is a Lady just come down,
 “ A dashing, frisky, dame from Town, }
 “ To visit Madam Stapleton :
 “ She’s said to be a London toast,
 “ But has no mighty charms to boast ;
 “ For it is clear to my keen sight,
 “ That she doth paint both red and white.
 “ She drives about in chaise and pair,
 “ And, I have heard, can curse and swear :
 “ But I mind not these things, not I,
 “ I never deal in calumny.
 “ So fare you well, my dearest life,—
 “ And I remain—your loving wife.”

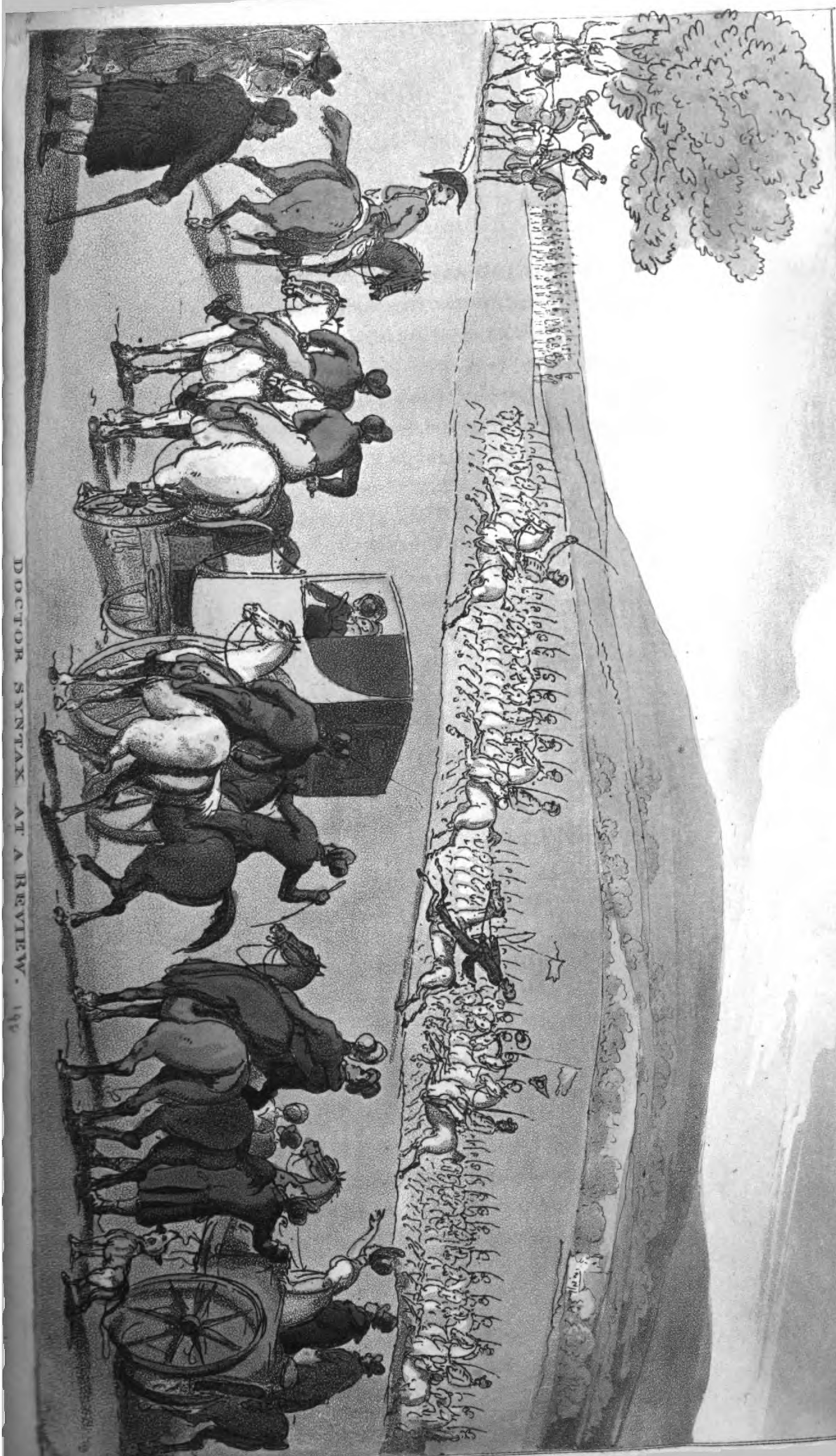
POSTSCRIPT.

“ But, if you fear that you shall come
 “ Without a bag of money home,
 “ ’Twere better, far, that you should take
 “ A leap, at once, into the lake ;—

“ I'd rather hear that you were drown'd,
 “ Than that you should my hopes confound.”

These tender lines did not impart
 Much comfort to the Doctor's heart ;
 He therefore thought it would be better
 To lay aside this pretty letter ;
 Nor suffer its contents to sour
 The pleasure of the present hour.

The 'Squire now became his guide,
 So off they trotted, side by side ;
 And, e'er they'd pass'd a mile or two,
 Beheld the scene of the review :
 The troops, drawn up in proud array,
 An animating sight display ;
 The well-form'd squadrons wheel'd around,—
 The standards wave, the trumpets sound ;
 When Grizzle, long matur'd to war,
 And mark'd with many an honour'd scar,
 Found all her former spirits glow
 As when she us'd to meet the foe :
 No ears she prick'd, for she had none ;
 Nor cock'd her tail, for that was gone ;
 But still she snorted, foam'd, and flounc'd,
 Then up she rear'd, and onwards bounc'd ;
 And, having play'd these pretty pranks,
 She dash'd, at once, into the ranks ;
 While Syntax, tho' unus'd to fear,
 Began to think his end was near ;
 But, tho' his courage 'gan to addle,
 He still stuck close unto his saddle ;
 While, to the trumpets on the hill,
 Grizzle sped fast, and then stood still :
 With them she clos'd her warlike race,
 And took with pride her ancient place ;



DOCTOR SYNTAX AT A REVIEW. 149



For Grizzle, as we've told before,
Once to the wars a trumpet bore.

At length, recover'd from his fright,
The Doctor stay'd and view'd the sight ;
And then, with heart as light as cork,
The 'Squire took him back to York,
Where he partook the usual fare,
And found a welcome comfort there.
The time in chit-chat pass'd away,
Till the chimes told the closing day ;
And now, says pleasant Madam Hearty,
What think you if our little party
Should each to sing a song agree ?
'Twill give a sweet variety ;
And thus, oh ! let the moments roll,
Till Thomas brings the ev'ning bowl :
The Doctor, sure, will do his best,
And kindly grant my poor request.
The Doctor, tho' by nature grave,
And rather form'd to tune a stave,
Whene'er he got a little mellow,
Was a most merry, pleasant, fellow ;
Would sing a song, or tell a riddle,
Or play a hornpipe on the fiddle ;
And, being now a little gay,
Declar'd his wishes to obey.

THE 'SQUIRE'S SONG.

The signal giv'n, we seek the main,
Where tempests rage and billows roar ;
Nor know we if we e'er again
Shall anchor on our native shore.
But, as thro' surging waves we sail,
And distant seas and isles explore,
Hope whispers that some future gale
Will waft us to our native shore.

When battle thunders all amain,
 And hostile arms their vengeance pour,
 We British sailors will maintain
 The honour of our native shore.

But, should we find a wat'ry grave,
 A nation will our loss deplore;
 And tears will mingle with the wave
 That breaks upon our native shore.

And after many a battle won,
 When ev'ry toil and danger's o'er,
 How great the joy, each duty done,
 To anchor on our native shore.

MRS. HEARTY'S SONG.

Cupid, away! thy work is o'er,—
 Go seek Idalia's flow'ry grove;
 Your pointed darts will pain no more,—
 Hymen has heal'd the wounds of Love.

Hymen is here, and all is rest;—
 To distant flight thy pinions move:
 No anxious doubts, no fears, molest;—
 Hymen has sooth'd the pangs of Love.

Cupid, away!—the deed is done;—
 Away, 'mid other scenes to rove:
 For Ralph and Lucy now are one,
 And Hymen guards the home of Love.

The Doctor now his rev'rence made,
 And soon the mandate he obey'd.
 "I think," he said, "the modern taste
 "In songs, is far from being chaste:
 "They do not make the least pretence
 "To poetry or common sense.

" Some gaudy nonsense, a brisk air,
 " With a *da capo* here and there,
 " Of uncouth words, which ne'er were found
 " In any language above ground ;
 " And these, set off with some strange phrase,
 " Compose our sing-song now-a-days :
 " The dancing-master of my school
 " In this way oft will play the fool ;
 " And makes one laugh,—one knows not why,—
 " But we had better laugh than cry.
 " The song which you're about to hear
 " Will of this character appear ;
 " From London it was sent him down,
 " As a great fav'rite thro' the town."

 DOCTOR SYNTAX'S SONG.

I've got a scold of a wife,
 The plague and storm of my life ;
 O ! were she in coal-pit bottom,
 And all such jades, 'od rot 'em !
 My cares would then be over,
 And I should live in clover.

With harum scarum, horum scorum,—
 Stew'd prunes for ever !
 Stew'd prunes for ever !

Brother Tom's in the codlin-tree,
 As blithe as blithe can be :
 While Dorothy sits below,
 Where the daffodillies grow ;
 And many a slender rush,
 And the blackberries all on the bush.

With harum scarum, &c. &c,
 We'll up to the castle go
 Like grenadiers all of a row,
 While the horn and trump shall sound
 As we pace the ramparts round ;

While many a Lady fair
Comes forth to take the air.
With harum scarum, &c. &c.

The vessel spreads her sails
To catch the willing gales,
And dances o'er the wave ;
While many a love-lorn slave
To his mistress tells his tale,
Far off in the distant vale.
With harum scarum, &c. &c.

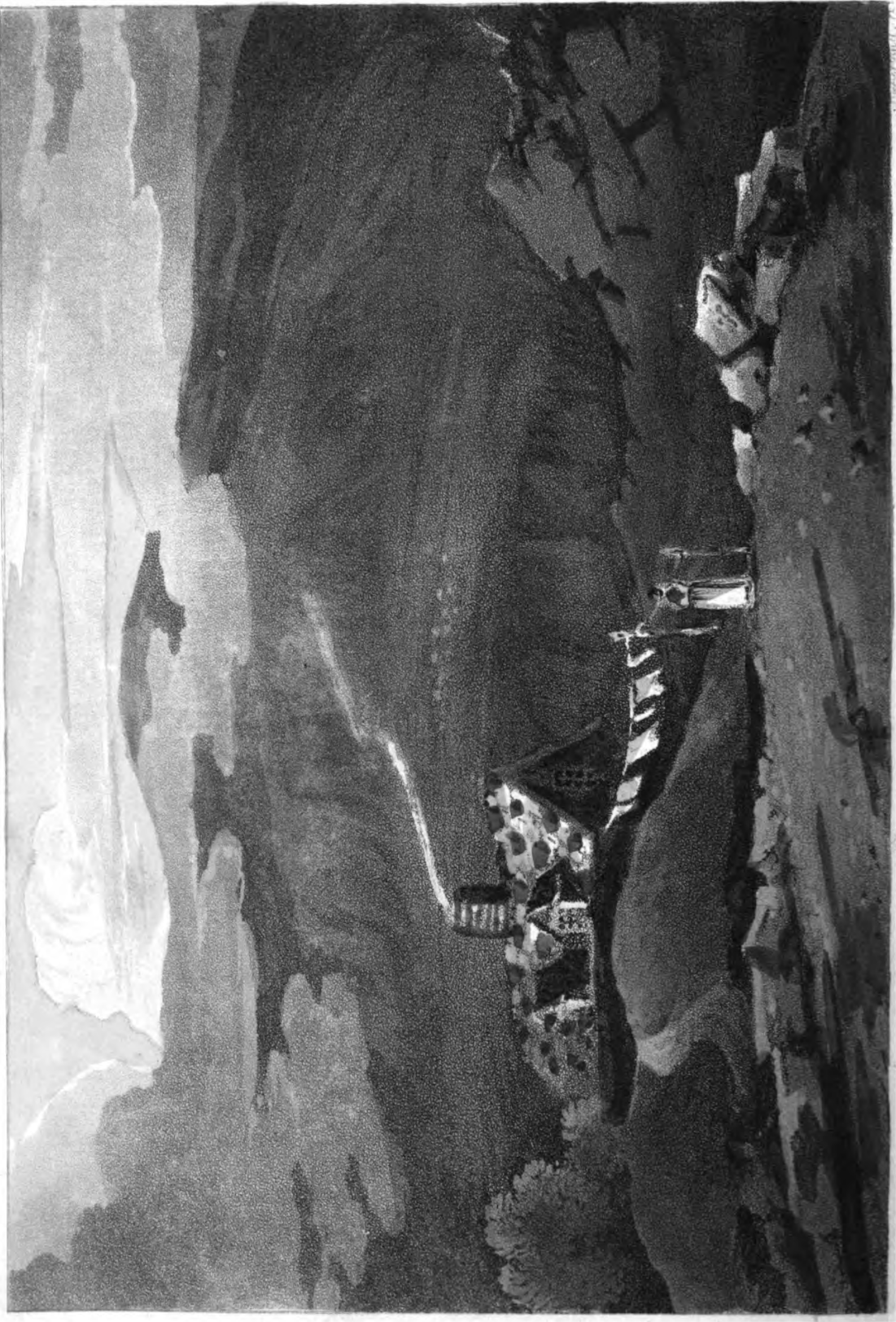
When the dew is on the rose,
And the wanton zephyr blows ;
When lilies rear their head,
And harebells fragrance shed ;
Then I to the rocks will hie,
And sing a lullaby.
With harum scarum, &c. &c.

By fam'd Ilyssus' stream
How oft I fondly dream,
When I read in classic pages
Of all the ancient sages ;
But they were born to die,
And so were you and I.
With harum scarum, horum scorum,—
Stew'd prunes for ever !
Stew'd prunes for ever !

Thus, with many a various lay,
The party clos'd th' exhausted day.

[To be continued.]





VIEW of a COTTAGE in WALES. 163

THE CAMBRIAN COT.

With an Engraving.

How grand, how awful, is the scene
Where stately mountains rise,
Whose cloud-capp'd summits stretch aloft,
And seem to touch the skies:—

While, scatter'd on their craggy sides,
The verdant pasture grows ;
And at their feet, in chasm deep,
The foaming torrent flows !

Amid these solitudes sublime,
The Bards of ancient days
Attun'd their harps to warlike strains,
Or sung th' historic lays.

These mountains bore an hardy race,
Bred up 'midst war's alarms,
Who rush'd, whene'er the clarion call'd,
To meet the shock of arms.

But many an age has pass'd away
Since rev'rend Minstrels sung ;
And long forgot has been the time
When helm and buckler rung.

The hero's mould'ring tomb alone,
Or mutilated spear,
By some poor delving ploughman found,
Proclaim the havoc there.

Now shepherds with their fleecy care
Possess the alter'd spot ;
And now in peace the peasant dwells
Within the Cambrian cot.

Oh ! let not Pride and Pomp disdain
 The far sequester'd dale ;
 Nor Wealth the sturdy swains despise—
 The tenants of the vale :
 For Virtue there may love to dwell,
 And gild the happy spot ;
 And that alone is worth our care,
 In palace or in cot.

L'IRRESOLU * !

SUCH expressions of soul and such emblems of grace
 Are display'd in the form of sweet Helena's face,
 No maiden I know can presume to compare
 With the Juno-like charms of my heavenly fair.
 Did I say that no damsel can Helen excel ?
 I think that I love simple Dolly as well ;
 The soul-warming dimples that play on her cheek
 Form a language more easily construed than Greek,
 I am willing to marry one lass, it is true ;
 But I'm pos'd in my choice which to have of the two ;
 I have try'd to determine, but always in vain,—
 'Tis the self-same perplexity over again.
 If I fix on the one for my charmer alone,
 I cannot help wishing the other my own ;
 So, between my opinions which sister to wed,
 I've bewilder'd my brain and distracted my head.
 Who yonder approaches ?—'tis Flora I see ;
 How she trips like Euphrosyne over the lea :
 Thrice happy this meeting, I've cause to rejoice,—
 Her prudent advice shall determine my choice.

* The wavering man.

Ah, Flora! what perils attend on the swain,
 If he love but one lass;—I'm enamour'd of twain!
 Unresolv'd, undecided, what course to pursue,
 I resort for advice, fairest damsel! to you.

What wonderful traits are in Helen combin'd!
 The graces of person, the charms of a mind;
 So expressive her face, so majestic her mien,
 She was born to command, for she seems like a Queen.

But, alas! equal beauties can Dolly disclose;
 The dimples of Hebe, the blush of the rose;
 Enchantingly careless, neglectfully neat,
 Irresistibly charming, bewitchingly sweet.

But in Helena's temper, reservedly shrewd,
 I can plainly discern a slight touch of the prude;
 And as for her sister,—between you and me,—
 I perceive lively Dolly is somewhat too free.

“Why faith,” answered Flora, “’tis hard to decide
 “Such a delicate point as the choice of a bride;—
 “On a subject like this, so remarkably nice,
 “’Twould be positive treason to give my advice.”

“Stop, Flora!” said I, “Cupid scoffs at control;
 “He has fix’d a new dart in my wavering soul;
 “I’ve affection for Helen, for Dolly, ’tis true,—
 “But a thousand times greater affection for you!

“If Helen with graces of person abound,
 “All these graces, and more, may with Flora be found;
 “If Dolly be lively, inviting, and free,
 “Is she half so enchanting, sweet Flora! as thee?

“When I crav’d your attention, my case to impart,
 “You at once, peerless damsel! decided my heart;
 “Let Helen be prudish, or Dolly be free,—
 “But Flora, sweet Flora, ’s the damsel for me!”

ACROSTIC ODES ON THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the vary'd God.

THOMSON.

S P R I N G.

W HEN Sol, returning from his northern tour,
I n bright effulgence wakes the genial Spring,
L uxuriant Nature spreads out ev'ry flow'r,—
L oudly the groves with Love's responses ring:
O 'er all the verdant meads and flow'ry plains,
U nceasingly young lambkins frisk and play;
G aily the silvan choir in dulcet strains
H armonious warble their melodious lay.
B right Summer's harbinger, perennial Spring,
Y early thy praise, by turns, the Muses sing.

S U M M E R.

W ith roses crown'd, see Summer's smiling train
I n robes of orient brightness gay advance;
L ightly they trip across the flow'ry plain,
L isping sweet numbers to the vary'd dance:
O n them attendant Flora ever comes,
U nfolds her blooming stores to strew their path;
G ay Nature now her richest robe assumes,
H eav'n smiles propitious on the verdant earth,
B eams forth his goodness in the summer's cloud,—
Y ears with their seasons speak his praise aloud,

A U T U M N.

W ith golden grain now waves the smiling field,
I n rich abundance Autumn spreads her store;
L et Earth's inhabitants their praises yield,
L ift up their voices, and their God adore!

O bserve, yon orchard glows with mellow fruits ;
U npropp'd, the branches scarce their load sustain ;
G reat parent Nature amply now recruits
H er stores, to nourish all her num'rous train :
B ehold how provident the seasons move,—
Y es,—they proclaim a first great cause above.

W I N T E R.

W rapp'd in damp mists or dark impending clouds,
I n snow-clad vestments see stern Winter come ;
L oud roars the north wind thro' the leafless woods,
L amenting sighs around the cheerful dome,
O rdain'd by Nature's God for wisest ends,
U nerring wisdom in his works is found ;
G reat Sire of being still his race befriends,
H e fertilizes thus, renews the ground ;
B ut tho' stern Winter Nature's face deform,
Y et ruling Mercy still shall guide the storm.

L I N E S,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A VOLUME OF "FRAG-
 MENTS, &c. BY E. SMITH."

SPIRIT of Beattie ! thou whose pensive lyre
 Paus'd in sad numbers of elegiac song,
T he tear-drop trembling on thy plaintive wire
 Hush'd what the list'ning world would fain prolong :

B ut not to thee alone, sweet Bard ! were given
 This cup of sorrow and this draught of wo ;
N or from thy heart alone the hand of Heaven
 Rent the firm ties that bind us here below.

Nor thine, who for thy Lycidas hast made
 Such sweet lament unto the angry wave;
 Else why does Mem'ry hang her cypress shade
 O'er the damp verdure of Eliza's grave?

I too, a stranger, might awhile prolong
 The mournful requiem o'er her early bier,
 Could sorrow mingle with the saints' high song,
 Or the bless'd seraph ask a mortal's tear:

Yet well may Genius, 'mid her hallow'd shade,
 Trace in deep thought and melancholy gloom
 The verdant paths where late her vot'ress stray'd;—
 How might the hand that moulders in the tomb,
 Have strew'd those paths with flow'rs of never-dying
 bloom!

Alton.

S. M. W****G.

MORS JANUA VITÆ.

TREMbles the good man that his body dies,
 And dust with dust in kindred union lies?
 Pleads he with Death, his giant arm to stay,
 Nor bar the doors of darkness on his day?
 No! for he sees in potent light appear,
 Far thro' the darkling vale of shadows drear,
 Majestic tow'ring o'er the still abyss,
 Th' immortal Guardian of this promis'd bliss!
 He, strenuous Victør, smiling comes along,
 And bears down host on host of terrors strong;
 Bids the glad soul from Earth's dark chambers rise,
 And Death unbar the portals of the skies!

Alton.

E. W****G.

ELEGY,
ON LEAVING THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SOUTHAMPTON,
JULY, 1809.

DEAR are the soft affections of the heart,
The ties of Nature, and the bonds of Love !
Keen is the pang, when these are forc'd apart—
A pang, we all, alas ! are born to prove.

But little plead these feelings in the soul
Of him who hath not found his bosom heave,
Fields, woods, and glens, and streams that gently roll,
Scenes of his silent secret joys, to leave !

Ah ! well, Southampton ! from thy breathing scenes
Of beauty, Eden-like, and lovelier sweets
Than all the golden bloom the poet gleans
From groves Idalian, or Hesperian seats—

Well may the Muse, and well her master, sing
Lays of lament, and minstrelsy of wo ;
Thus turning hence, on Summer's early wing,
Far, far, from you and Quietude to go.

No more on Weston's wooded shores to stray,
Or muse in Netley's hallow'd shade reclin'd ;
Inspiring source of many a reckless lay,
Pour'd all unweeting on the passing wind.

Yet not to Ev'ning's whisp'ring gale alone,
Or Fancy's song, my heedful ear inclin'd ;
Thou, Netley, taught, from ev'ry mould'ring stone,
Lessons of ancient worth, my humbled mind.

In holy silence rapt, and pensive guise,
There Meditation bent her frequent way,
Eyeing profound Truth's heav'nly mysteries,
As slow she pac'd along the cloisters gray.

Ah! then has been the sacred hour of song—
 Of song which nought might with the spirits share:
 Too full of essence, too sublimely strong,
 For any skill of mortal words to dare;—

When mounting high, on pinions of Desire,
 Spurn'd the freed thoughts all toil of earthly clod;
 And blazing, touch'd by immaterial fire,
 Rose in pure ecstasy to meet their God.

Spare, spare, ye mighty transports of the mind,
 Thus to endear a spot I must forsake!—
 I go; ah! let me go at least resign'd,
 Nor thus recall each parting step I take,

Ye happy fields, ye woods, ye ruins wild,
 And thou, fair wave, with all thy shores, adieu!
 On you have Fancy, Genius, Beauty, smil'd,
 And Rapture kindled as she gaz'd on you.

Well might they smile, and well might Rapture fire;
 Such scenes not Tasso should disdain to praise,
 Tho' Arno's banks rung to his favour'd lyre,
 When ancient Salem's glories fill'd his lays,

I go—yet driven by no vain caprice—
 To other woodlands, other shores to hie;
 Duty forbids my stay, but whispers peace,
 Tho' with reluctant backward steps I fly.

What tho' the eddy waves of Commerce bear,
 Unlovely as thro' hurrying scenes they move,
 No gallant freightage for a poet's care,
 No treasures worthy his exalted love;—

But rather oft his sicken'd sense recoils
 From sordid Int'rest cloying on itself;
 Mean Avarice, hoarding fruit of others' toils,
 And Cunning grov'ling for his neighbour's pelf,

Yet, since not man is perfect bliss allow'd,
 Nor perfect virtue half pervades his race;
 No summer sky without its morning cloud,
 And without aspic sting no syren grace;
 Becomes us well in meek good will to smile
 On every darkling day by Heav'n ordain'd;
 Trusting that sunshine fair awaits the while,
 When the gale rises, and the clouds have rain'd.
 Not paradise is ever our's below,
 Else were it folly of the world to tire;
 Nought then in heaven were worth our pains to know,
 Nought then in patient Faith should man admire.
 But, hark! a voice proclaims th' eternal truth!
 Inhabitant of earth, bow down, and hear!
 Alike th' important call to age and youth,
 The worldling lax, and anchorite severe.
 Where Providence appoints, let man attend,
 Tho' in a long drear wilderness he fare;
 Rejoicing always in the promis'd end—
 Obedient son, of happier lands the heir.
Alton. E. W****G.

THE TRANSMUTATION; OR, THE GIFT OF GENIUS.

A VISION.

As lately, on the mountain's side,
 I lay in holy trance,
 Ethereal spirits I espy'd
 Upon the moonbeams dance.
 Past me flow'd a murm'ring stream,
 'Neath the boughs of willows weeping;
 Zephyr courted Luna's beam,
 While his gloomy sire was sleeping.

Then I heard a clap of thunder
 Break the elements among ;
 From my Lyre escap'd a number,
 Such as ne'er adorn'd my song,

O'er my head I view'd a spirit,—
 All his features were sublime ;
 " Know (he said), thou shalt inherit
 " Pow'r amidst these orbs to climb."

In his hand a torch he bore ;
 Swift he flew, on wings of fire :
 Thrice he bade the tempest roar,
 Thrice he struck my falt'ring Lyre.

Thro' the azure-vested skies,
 Wild he wav'd the torch afar ;
 Thrice he bade the whirlwinds rise,
 Thrice he smote the polar star.

Then, with an electric shock,
 Quick the awful scene he chang'd ;
 Cynthia now illum'd the rock
 Where th' ethereal spirits rang'd.

" Rise (he said), Menander, rise !
 " Thou hast felt my sov'reign pow'r ;
 " Mount with me the lofty skies,
 " Where the whirling comets tow'r."

Raptur'd with the nervous strain,
 From the mountain's side I darted ;
 Swept my polish'd Lyre again,
 And from worldly cares departed.

While among the stars I wander'd,
 Sounds symphonious touch'd mine ears ;
 Round me streams of light meander'd,
 Rolling o'er a million spheres !

Here my heav'nly Mentor left me,
 Dark'ning all the concave bright;
 Of his pow'rful aid bereft me,
 'Midst the thick'ning shades of night,

Thro' the wasteful glooms I fell,
 Thro' the loudly-roaring ocean,
 Till I reach'd the gates of hell,
 Where I heard a wild commotion!

Along the dark sulphureous regions,
 Far my wailings deep resounded;
 Satan, with his frantic legions,
 At the noise recoil'd astounded.

Serpents quickly round me twin'd,
 Flaky fires sear'd all my skin;
 Volumes huge of noxious wind
 Fann'd the burning flames within.

Struggling from the boiling billows,
 Sleep dissolv'd his genial spell;
 I woke, and, 'neath the weeping willows
 View'd—a *newly-chorded shell*.

Grafton-street, 1809.

J. G.

ECLOGUE.

Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori.

VIRGIL.

O HOPE! bless'd offspring of each fond desire,
 That bids us live, and fans the lover's fire;
 Thy presence pictures to my longing sight,
 Fresh dreams of bliss, and moments of delight:
 Nurse of each joy, I hail thy bless'd return,
 Which taught my youthful bosom first to burn.

Haste, Emma! haste (to you my fancy roves) ;
 Make glad your shepherd, and delight the groves :
 'Till you return, the flow'rs their blooms deny,
 And frequent storms invade the peaceful sky :
 Our rising hills, so flourishing and green,
 No more delight till Emma bless the scene ;
 The tuneful birds, with warbling notes and wild,
 Ne'er sing so sweet, as when the goddess smil'd :
 Dead are yon banks, where vi'lets us'd to blow,
 The birds forget to sing, the streams to flow ;
 All Nature mourns, my pipe untun'd remains,
 And Emma's absence saddens all the plains.

Long has the maid my youthful bosom fir'd—
 Long have her charms my simple song inspir'd !
 Full many a day was usher'd in with tears,
 Yet Hope presag'd the joys of future years.
 Those eyes have cheer'd me, hapless and forlorn
 (Bright as the star that gilds the rosy morn) :
 I saw her beauties rip'ning ev'ry hour ;
 Fair was the bud, but fairer was the flow'r.

Hark! from the plains what pleasing sounds arise?
 See, the lark sings, and mounts the azure skies !
 No gunner's nigh to stop its joyful note,
 But, pois'd aloft, it swells its tuneful throat ;
 No dire alarms our sylvan fields invade,
 But ev'ry shepherd here enjoys his shade.
 See how my flocks skip round the sportive scene,
 O'er breezy mountains and o'er valleys green !
 Soft notes resound from ev'ry bloomy spray,
 While shepherds toss the sweetly-smelling hay.
 See how the swains our village-maidens lead,
 In rustic dance, along the fertile mead ;
 While happy Age will oft admiring stand,
 And fain would join the young and mirthful band ;

Tho' past these rural sports, fond Mem'ry strays
To sweet remembrance of their youthful days.

Then come, dear maid ! and bless out fertile plains,
Where Ceres now in all her triumph reigns ;
Taste ev'ry charm that bounteous Nature yields,
Peace rules my cot, and fruitful are my fields.
With joy I'll lead thee to the thickest bow'rs,
And crown thy temples with the fairest flow'rs ;
I with thy praise will make the valleys ring,
And slake thy thirsting at the clearest spring :
And oft at noon we'll seek a cool retreat,
Where some clear streamlet murmurs at our feet :
The herds shall low, and crop the pastur'd ground,
While distant hills return the pleasing sound.

E'en while I view thee as my chief delight,
New beauties rise to bless my ravish'd sight ;
Such modest blushes thrill my constant heart,
And, while they rival Nature, conquer Art.
No charms are here in dazzling garments drest,
But perfect Beauty cloth'd in simple vest :
No glitt'ring form array'd in pompous blaze
(Which hides more graces than the dress displays) ;
But all is Nature unadorn'd and plain,
Perfections sweet, that charm the rural swain ;
While in his bosom glows a purer fire
Than ever Pride can feel or Pomp inspire.

If pow'r and riches your respect can claim,
You'll cease to love, and spurn my humble name :
If matchless Truth your gentle fancy charms,
You'll seek for refuge in a lover's arms ;
For, tho' a simple shepherd here I live,
And a fond heart is all I have to give,
Still Peace shall crown each pure domestic joy,
Which no rude storms of Fortune can destroy.

G—E D—N—L.

SIR ALBERT OF THE FELL,

A BALLAD.

" Much do I love thee, worthy Knight,
 " Sir Albert of the Fell ;
 " But more, much more, that jewel rare,
 " Thy daughter Clarimel."

Sir Albert was a kindly man,
 Prudent, sage, and old ;
 His only fault (the fault of age),
 Excessive love of gold.

I hied me to the hoary Chief,
 To court the peerless maid ;
 Enrag'd he listen'd to my speech,
 And drew his polish'd blade.

" Desist, rash youth ! thy suit forbear ;
 " No Baron in the land
 " Shall wed my child, my darling child,
 " Came he with empty hand."

" But I possess a sweet domain,
 " Adown by yonder dell ;
 " The fair estate would well become
 " Sir Albert of the Fell."

The Chief he threw his dagger down,—
 Ho, stripling ! this is well ;
 " Give me the land thou speakest of,—
 " I'll give thee Clarimel."

THE SECOND EPODE OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED BY NATHANIEL BAYLY EDWARDS, AT THE
AGE OF FIFTEEN.

"HAPPY, who, with no cares opprest,
 Like the first race of man is blest ;
 With his own team who ploughs his field,
 By griping us'rer's hand unpeel'd :
 His soul no warlike trumpets shake,
 His rest no foamy billows break ;
 He shuns the noisy law-debate,
 Nor sinks a suitor to the great.
 Sometimes he lops the fruitful vine,
 Or props the branches that decline ;
 Now views his herd on hilly steep,
 Now milks his kine, now shears his sheep.
 In casks he stores his luscious mead,
 Sweets that from honey-bees proceed.
 When Autumn pours her gifts around,
 And earth by Plenty's hand is crown'd,
 He plucks the grafted fruits, that vie
 With Tyrian hue, or purple die ;
 With which he gratefully repays
 His sylvan gods on holydays.
 His oaks, in foliage green array'd,
 Around him spread an ample shade,
 Where rills o'er pebbly meadows ring,
 And all the feather'd songsters sing.
 From casks he draws his nappy ale,
 To heighten his unbought regale.
 No dainties that in ocean roll,
 The turbot, turtle, and the sole,
 Would please me more, if to our seas
 The eastern storms had driven these.

No dainty bird, from foreign fields,
 To me so sweet a pleasure yields
 As olives from the branches pull'd;
 Or lettuce from the gardens cull'd,
 Or tender lamb that victim dies,
 Or kid, from wolf a rescu'd prize.
 At meals, the sheep delight his eye,
 As to the folds they nibbling lie;
 While the o'er-labour'd oxen bow,
 In dragging home the backward plough.
 From hills the crystal riv'lets glide,
 And give sweet slumbers as they slide.
 When the turn'd year with wint'ry rains
 Spread a wide deluge o'er the plains,
 Then to the woods are nets convey'd,
 And for the game in secret laid.
 What cares can sports like these remove?
 All cares, e'en cares of hopeless love!



" If a chaste wife, her part to bear,
 Decks his clean cot, his children rear;
 Inur'd, like Sabine wives of old,
 To various toils in heat and cold;
 Then from the plough, when he returns,
 The cheerful hearth before him burns;
 She milks the kine at close of day,
 And fills the racks with new-made hay
 And rustics, having won their hire,
 Sit chatting round the kitchen-fire."

So spoke the miser, and his store
 Collects from whence it lay before;
 But, ere a short-liv'd week had past,
 He chang'd his mind, and lock'd it fast.

SULVINA'S ELEGY.

FROM OSSIAN.

BURST forth, portentous signs of mental wo!
Ye tears of grief, in lucid torrents flow!
The lovely Morauld's daughter is no more,
And I am left her absence to deplore.
What tongue can e'er reveal her beauteous charms,
Describe her snow-white neck, her lily arms?
Roll down, ye tears! to her bless'd mem'ry flow;
No longer can my breast such griefs forego.
Why flow the waters by with smiling gleam?
Why sport the finny tribe amid the stream?
Ye glitt'ring waves, in darkness hide your heads!
Retire, ye silver streams, to midnight shades!
Upon my tufted hills, each rising morn,
No more, ye huntsmen, sound the jovial horn!
Ye archers bold, who bend the fatal bow,
No more pursue the nimble-footed roe!
Bend down your heads in grief, ye stately trees,
Whose rustling leaves enjoy the gentle breeze!
And you, ye warbling tenants of the wood,
Forbear to sing, unless in plaintive mood!
Why, Summer, do thy smiles proclaim thee glad,
Why walkest thou in all thy glory clad,
Since the bright rose which in thy bosom play'd,
Thy fairest blossom, in the earth is laid?
No more thy joys her gentle breast shall know,
Nor shall thy breezes teach her cheeks to glow;
The waving ringlets of her auburn hair
No more shall tremble in thy balmy air.
Far hence begone, ye joyful mornings, go;
Let me no more your dawning beauties know;
Since she, who once approach'd with sportive feet,
No more shall wake, thy rising beams to meet.

Ye flow'rs, that paint the fair-enamell'd meads,
Be gay no more, but hang your drooping heads !
No more the sun upon her charms shall smile,
Those virgin charms, untouch'd with baneful guile.
Draw near, O Night ! with all thy train of ills,
In thy black bosom grasp the dismal hills !
Let meteors dart their fiery tracks around,
Let all my walks with shrieking ghosts abound ;
Let angry whirlwinds bear me on their wings,
Whose source from unexplored regions springs !
Ye rueful demons of the storm, appear !
With plaintive tales of wo assail my ear !
Return, thou lovely shade, from realms of death ;—
Why didst thou, blooming fair, resign thy breath ?
Like radiant Hesper in the midnight storm,
When rolling clouds the azure skies deform,
The seaman seeks it as his only guide,
Across Atlantic Ocean's western tide :
He seeks, but finds it not,—his hopes are crost,
And all his joys are in the billows lost.
Why art thou near me, Night's refulgent queen ?
Why are thy joyful rays around me seen ?
Thy smiling beams no joys to me impart,
But add new sorrows to my bleeding heart.
Welcome to me, in all your dreadful forms,
Ye ghosts, ye thunders, and ye howling storms !
Begone, thou Moon ! hide thy insulting light ;
Enfold thyself among the clouds of night ;
No more your beams shall on Sulvina fall,
Display her lovely form, or shadow tall ;
That lovely form, alas ! no more is found,
Who once tripp'd o'er the plains with sportive bound.
Behold in Morauld's hall the warriors meet,
No strains of music there their ears shall greet :
The harp is mute,—no fingers touch the strings,—
Loud are the sighs that ev'ry zephyr brings ;

In ev'ry face unfeigned griefs appear ;
 What breast denies a sigh,—what eye a tear ?
 A cloud has veil'd the bright meridian sun,—
 My beam of joy is set, its course is run ;
 No more its glorious brightness shall arise,
 No more its morning-beams salute mine eyes.
 Come, sable Night ! commence thy dreary reign ;
 Bring all thy rolling clouds, (a dismal train !)
 Spread o'er the forest all thy dire alarms ;
 Embrace the world within thy leaden arms.
 Let others sleep at ease on beds of down ;
 Let blissful dreams their midnight slumbers crown ;
 But fly, inviting Sleep ! far from me go,—
 My breast is made a dwelling-place for wo.
 Tho' all the silent world be rul'd by thee,
 Sway not thy leaden sceptre over me.
 Canst thou thyself in sullen darkness rest,
 When Phœbus rises in the radiant east ?
 Wilt thou his morning-rays direct oppose ?
 Wilt thou with Light in single combat close ?
 No ! thou and all thy clouds must fly his face,
 Regretted only by a wretched race.
 Which way, black cloud, wilt thou direct thy course ?
 Rush from the sky with rapid whirlwinds' force ;
 Bring all thy terrors in thy misty robes ;
 O'erturn the rocks,—hurl down the massy globes ;—
 O bear me on thy wings, far hence away,
 Unto the regions of eternal day ;
 O'er boist'rous seas to yonder distant isle,
 Where Joy and Happiness for ever smile :
 And thou, sweet shade ! Sulvina, meet me there ;
 Clothe me in robes which kindred spirits wear ;
 Then make my tears and all my troubles cease,
 And guide my footsteps to the isle of Peace ;
 So shall I cease thy absence to bemoan,
 And taste thy friendship in a land unknown.

Ringwood.

T. M.

LINES

FOR THE FIRST LEAF OF MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK
FOR 1809.

WHEN Spring puts forth its vi'let blue,
Then will the Bard explore,
As yet unskillful in the lore,
" Each herb, each flow'r, that sips the morning dew !"

And when, alas ! their colours fade,
When Summer's sultry hour prevails,
Then will he seek the grateful shade,
Or court the ocean's cooling gales.

When Autumn glows in varying pride,
Then will he sketch the peasant's cot ;
Or hail, when Winter reigns, the lot
Which gives him to enjoy his own fireside.

Unthinking mortal ! on thy grave
Spring's violet, perchance, may bloom ;
Transient as Ocean's summer-wave
May be, alas ! thy early doom.

Of Autumn's tints each lovely grace
Thy pencil never may explore ;
Whilst Mem'ry, at the winter's social hour,
May tell of one who lov'd that social hour to trace.

J. C.

LINES

FOR THE LAST LEAF OF MY MEMORANDUM-BOOK
FOR 1809.

E'EN as a dream,
When Morning breaks the visionary spell,
Clos'd is another year!—To tell
Of plans matur'd,—the Poet's idle theme,—
Vain were the task,—vain projects simply sage,—
Form'd when the infant year was as thy spotless page.

What tho' the Spring
Pour'd forth its flow'ry treasures, or the heat
Of Summer's hour endear'd the wood's retreat;
What tho' autumnal tints a lustre fling
On all the landscape round; or Winter smil'd,
When social chat the twilight hour beguil'd!

Ye seasons past!
Vain were your pleasures, such no longer deem'd,
When, ah! the friend most honour'd, most esteem'd,
With whom I fondly hop'd your joys to taste,
Far, far away, no longer can impart
The charm which Friendship gives,—a charm unknown
to Art.

J. C.

ON THE DELUSIONS OF PLEASURE.

THAT Wo is near allied to Bliss,
 Our Bards have often told ;
 And ev'ry one agrees with this
 Wise saying of the old ;
 For few there are who have not known
 The proverb very fully shown.

In early life, how flatt'ring Hope
 Invites to ev'ry joy ;
 While youth, indulging wide the scope,
 Sees bliss without alloy ;
 Nor thinks that, in the circling round
 Of pleasure, wo can e'er be found ;—

But gaily thro' the lab'rinth plays,
 While Fancy decks the bow'r,
 Oft list'ning to the 'witching lays
 Of Music's artful pow'r ;
 Whose dulcet notes are sure to please,
 Betraying to a dang'rous ease.

The fascinating strains divine
 Can fetter Reason's pow'r ;
 And to those arts we oft incline,
 Unmindful of the hour
 When woes, perhaps, with pleasures join,
 And sorrows with our bliss entwine.

Alluring Beauty charms the heart ;
 She with a magic skill,
 And many a soft seducing art,
 Inclines us to her will.
 Ah ! then, beware of ev'ry wile,—
 Ruin oft lurks beneath a smile.

Hope, Joy, and Fancy, gild the scene ;
 Each takes an active part ;
 Reflection ne'er can intervene
 Where Passion rules the heart :
 No thought that joy may fade away,
 And sorrow cloud the sunny day.

Oh ! high-wrought bliss, how sure thy snare,
 How certain thy control !
 Who of the charms can be aware
 That captivate the soul ?
 For, once within thy fatal chain,
 Reason intrall'd will long remain.

But oh ! when Reason breaks that chain,
 And reassumes her pow'r,
 Spreading conviction o'er the brain
 Of many a wrong-spent hour ;
 Then from each sense the mist dispels,
 That bound them with delusive spells.

Such are the ways of thoughtless youth,
 And much the wo they feel
 When satiate Joy unveils the truth
 She struggled to conceal ;
 And plainly proves the errors found
 By those who rest on Pleasure's ground.

Waste not your prime on fancied joy,
 Or trust Hope's pleasing smile ;
 A moment can the bliss destroy,
 And of its charms beguile,
 Revealing all the fond deceit
 That lull'd the soul in torpid state.

How diff'rent are the pleasures found
 When Virtue guides the heart ;
 When Truth and Innocence abound,
 Free from disguise or art ;

Where no deceit is ever known,
And confidence at all times shown.

Then, should the ills of life distress,
And adverse Fortune frown ;
Virtue can brave the sad excess
That bears her pleasures down ;
Can patient meet the woes extreme,
And look on life as but a dream.

Dec. 13, 1809.

AUGUSTA.

ODE,

AN, Friendship ! how oft have I try'd
To find thee, but ever in vain,
'Midst the turbulent children of Pride,
And the humble delights of the plain,
And then, at thy glorify'd shrine,
How oft I my duties have paid ;
And, when Hope has presented thee mine,
I have follow'd—but found thee a shade,
'Tis Love that awakens our fires,
While Friendship with sympathy glows ;
'Tis Beauty inflames our desires,
And Friendship that softens our woes.
When Hope has forsaken the mind,
And nought but despair is in view,
How bless'd is the wretch who can find
A heart that to Friendship is true.
Then give me these blessings supreme,
Ye Powers indulgent, above !
The friend who shall gain my esteem,
And the fair who shall merit my love.

G—E—D—N—L.

VIRTUE AND SNOW.

SEE, the snow, in vestal whiteness,
 Spreads its beauty o'er the lawn,
 Dazzling by its beamy brightness,
 Dying with the pearly dawn.

Long its purity retaining,
 If no foot its surface tread ;
 But one footstep foully staining,
 Brightness, beauty, all are fled !

So with Virtue, snow-like treasure !
 E'en a breath may steal its fame,
 Rob the breast of ev'ry pleasure,
 If base Envy soil its name.

One short step, if set in error,
 Leads the virtuous mind astray—
 Leads the beating heart with terror,
 Gives to anguish life's short day.

Dec. 1809.

J. M. L.

LINES

(Supposed to have been addressed by Count O——, a Polish Noble-
 man, to his infant Boy, sleeping),

FROM THE FRENCH.

SLEEP, sleep in peace, seraphic boy !
 Thou tender pledge of love sincere ;
 Thy wretched parents' only joy,
 And now their only solace here !
 May happier prospects welcome thee on earth
 Than those, alas ! have known, who gave thy beauties
 birth.

The blushing hues and crimson glows,
 That mantle on thy ruby cheek,
 Thus lullaby'd to soft repose,
 Thy soul's serenity bespeak :

No passions break thy gentle rest,
 With cares thy tranquil heart distressing ;
 Calm is thy little infant breast,
 And Innocence, sweet boy ! thy blessing :
 No sad inquietude thy bliss beguiles,
 For happy are thy days, and ev'ry moment smiles.
 If ever down thy cherub face,
 When some malignant ill appears,
 The trickling drops each other chase,
 And dim thy laughing eyes with tears,—
 Thy mother then, with folding arms,
 As to her lips thy cheek she presses,
 Will quickly sooth thy wild alarms,
 And dry those tears with her caresses :
 Thy little heart may ev'ry ill deride,
 When to her bosom clasp'd, or cradled by her side.
 As yet thou hast not learnt to share,
 When told thy hapless parents' tale,
 With them their woes ; or, with a tear,
 Thy country's miseries bewail :
 Thou never yet, sweet boy ! wast doom'd to prove
 Perfidious Friendship's pang, or sigh for slighted Love.
 No sad remembrance of the past
 Has cross'd, with cruelty unkind,
 Thy infant memory, to blast
 The sweetness of thy dawning mind :
 No dread of what may come thy breast annoys,
 Or with envenom'd sting its paradise destroys.
 Sleep, smiling Innocence ! secure,—
 May Heav'n's sustaining arm be near,
 And aid thee calmly to endure
 The evils which await thee here ;
 Or may thy heart a conscious peace acquire,
 And, happy in itself, no other bliss desire.

L. H. C.

THE UNUTTERABLE.

MOMENTS there are when not a word,
 When scarce a breathing sigh is heard,
 To speak the soul's intent :
 Tho' full of rapture, full of fire,
 She hürries with intense desire
 Down streams of sentiment.

Such have I felt, when, gazing wide,
 (Some sister spirit at my side,)
 O'er scenes where Nature reigns
 Majestic, on her mountain-throne,
 Woods, waters, heath-lands, all her own,
 And fertile vales and plains.

O then for words to paint the course
 Of thought, impell'd by ardent force,
 Thro' regions of delight !
 What soul-transporting novelties,
 What visions fair, what ecstacies,
 Urge on the mental flight !

But how fallacious were the trust,
 On tongue of animated dust,
 Such language to express !
 Weak is the pow'r of words,—the soul
 Cannot then bid her meaning roll
 On the struck ear, without control,
 In copious stateliness.

Else what enchantment should arise
 Before attentive Beauty's eyes,
 And, to the throbbing breast
 Of seraph-like refinement near,
 What charms congenial should appear
 In purest sweetness drest !

How should the Minstrel's spirit rise,
 And pour, in boundless melodies,
 Dread music from his strings;
 Such as might bear the soul away,
 Resistless, far from earthly sway,
 As on an angel's wings!

But hush the harp,—the hope is vain,—
 For well I know so full a strain
 The heart alone employs;—
 Enough,—the utt'rance of the heart,
 So known by all who have a part
 In what the heart enjoys.

These have a language of their own
 (To sensual triflers all unknown),
 That flows from mind to mind
 In silence, sacred as its theme,
 Clear as the noon-day's clearest beam,
 Immortal and refin'd.

O then for an eternal tie,
 To bind, in holy harmony,
 And intercourse divine,
 Such as are skill'd this speech to use—
 Speech that no Babel may confuse,
 No linguist can define.

True converse to the ear is sweet,
 When thought, in Friendship's warm retreat,
 From soul to soul is given:
 But, oh! this utt'rance of the heart,
 In which nor ear nor eye have part,
 Is language worthy Heaven!

Alton.

*E. W****e.*

SONNET,

Written in the Ruins of Lochleven-Castle, where Mary Queen of Scots, previous to her Escape to England, was confined.

How still, how calm, this tranquil midnight hour,
While the moon beams o'er Leven's glassy lake,
And the grey owl, from yonder hallow'd tow'r,
Alone disturbs the silence of the brake.

In these damp cells, from light and life immur'd,
Scotland's lost Mary heav'd the anguish'd sigh,
Till youthful Douglas, late to war inur'd,
Ply'd the tough oar,—bade her from slav'ry fly.

Unhappy Queen! tho' thou art now no more,
(Tho' Death, at length, has ceas'd thy weary woes,
And in the peaceful grave all sorrows close,)
Yet shall thy fate be mourn'd till hist'ry's o'er;—
Successive ages shall lament thy doom,
And Pity blossom o'er thy early tomb.

Sept. 1, 1807.

LIBERUS.

THOUGHTS—BY A SAILOR.

STILL, toss'd, tempestuous, on the sea of Life,
My little bark is driven to and fro;
With winds and waves I hold unequal strife,
Nor can decide the doubtful course to go!
Contending passions are the storms that rise,
And Error's darkness clouds the mental ray;
The star of Reason seldom gilds the skies
With lustre equal to direct my way.

Yet comes an hour when all these storms shall cease,—
The clouds shall fly,—the rising sun appear,—
My bark shall shelter in the port of peace,
And ride eternally at anchor there.

WILLIAM FARDON.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

AH! what avails th' approach of Night's dark hour,
 When the grief-stricken breast is wrung with pain!
 How vain, when crush'd by Melancholy's pow'r,
 To court, sweet Sleep! thy mild benignant reign!

While down the pallid cheek the salt tear steals,
 Which falls for slighted Love, or Friendship's wrongs,
 When the deep sigh the anguish'd soul reveals,
 And Memory the heartfelt pang prolongs.

When on the couch, where Peace and Love once dwelt,
 We turn the eye, by joy illum'd no more,
 Mis'ry, that cannot be express'd, but felt,
 Alarms the mind, and throbs in ev'ry pore!

In vain we toss and turn the tortur'd frame;
 In vain th' inviting downy pillow's prest;
 Despair asserts its agonizing claim,—
 Nature exhausted sinks, but cannot rest!

O, Sleep! I suppliant court thy gentle pow'r;
 Shed on my brow thy sweet oblivious balm;
 Give to a wretch at least *one* peaceful hour,—
 Suspend my sigh, and bid my soul be calm.

So will I quit false Friendship's flatt'ring vow,
 And fly Love's paths, where I've bewilder'd trod;
 To thee I'll raise the votive strain, and thou
 "Of my idolatry shalt be the god*!"

Lyceum Theatre.

T. MARSHALL.

* Romeo and Juliet.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG POET.

Scribimus indocti doctique.

HORACE.

SINCE you, my friend, in these degen'rate days,
 Would stand a scribbling candidate for praise,
 First learn to merit it, before you claim ;
 For any blockhead may be *d—d* to Fame.
 Read Clodio's rhymes (transgressing Reason's laws),—
 Yet Clodio fattens on the world's applause,
 Enjoys more praise than any fool before,
 Nor dreads their censure tho' his readers snore.

When Hafiz bids his motley Muse arise,
 Dulness awakes, and rubs her drowsy eyes ;
 With sleepy haste the poppy wreath prepares,
 To crown her fav'rite Bard ;—while Wisdom stares :—
 “ Rhyme on (she cries), o'erleap stale Reason's fence
 “ Write verse or prose—write any thing but sense :
 “ Steal on, my son ! for thou assur'd may'st be,
 “ No mortal Bard shall ever steal from thee.”

But where true genius, with a taste refin'd,
 Informs the judgment, and exalts the mind,
 Let nobler views the gen'rous verse inspire,
 Nor vain applause mislead the Muse's fire :
 'Tis her's to play the candid Censor's part,
 To curb the passions, and to mend the heart ;
 To cherish virtue in her moral page,
 Improve the manners, and instruct the age.

Oh ! may such maxims animate thy song,
 And prove thee worthy of the tuneful throng !
 May Virtue cherish and adorn thy youth,
 And lead thee early in the paths of Truth !
 May Candour rule and Reason guide thy pen !
 Exalt the merits, lash the faults, of men :

Spare not a villain, tho' in robes of state,
 Nor let a man be good—because he's great.
 Whatever subject your attention draws,
 Be sure your verse is suited to the cause:
 If War inspire your Muse with heat divine,
 Let heav'nly ardour animate each line;
 If tender themes you sing, to draw our tears,
 Some beauty perish'd in the bloom of years,
 Soft be the verse, and melancholy slow,
 " True to the cause, and faithful to the wo."

But, should sharp Satire force your Muse's rage,
 To lash the follies of a vicious age,
 Let all your strength be aim'd to work reform,
 And make the tyrant blush to see it's form:
 Harsh be the lines, inelegant and terse—
 Plain sense needs not the ornament of verse.

But, when it proves the Poet's pleasing care
 To lash the milder follies of the fair,
 Let partial judgment dictate what you write,—
 Sharp, without rancour,—witty, yet polite:
 Few are their faults (in various colours drest),
 The love of pleasure, scandal, and the rest;
 All are but light when circled in their arms,
 Lost in a lovely multitude of charms!

Some owe their fame to nice prevailing art,—
 Delight the ear, but never touch the heart;
 Or hide their nonsense by poetic glare
 (As frights will paint, to make 'em pass for fair);
 Rhyme without ceasing till their readers doze,
 While those of sleepy natures stick to prose:
 Some nod o'er hist'ry, others will collate,
 Or weep in elegy, while fools translate:
 Some rise in odes, in past'rals others whine,
 Content to dwell with clowns, and herd with swine:

If Love inspire their Muse (for Love must please),
 A thousand sighs are wafted by the breeze !
 Swains sadly weep when sylvan maids are cruel,
 And drink huge draughts of grief—instead of gruel !
 But when a Bard would dreadful acts rehearse,
 And deeds heroic thunder in his verse,
 With madman zeal he tunes the furious lay,
 While ghosts and demous lead him on the way !
 First comes a tempest, afterwards a calm
 (These are found useful, and can do no harm) :
 As clouds disperse, the smoother grows the strain,—
 The poet and the reader breathe again.

Poems, like pictures, all extremes deny,—
 Too richly colour'd will disgust the eye ;
 Let empty sound be justly thrown aside,
 And perfect Nature be your constant guide.
 Your judgment must a proper medium know,
 Nor soar bombastic, neither sink too low ;
 Such airy flights denote a crazy brain,
 While coarser manners vilify the strain.

Critics increase as authors rise to view ;
 Fame sounds the horn, while eager fools pursue :
 All court applause, and yet 'tis hard to say
 Who is the greatest blockhead of the day.

See Milo's garret, twice two stories high,
 (Milo, the monarch of the lower sky * !)
 Nurtur'd by dulness, favour'd with a skull
 Profoundly deep, impenetrably dull.
 Does Milo sing—the list'ning owls rejoice,
 Hoarse croaking ravens answer to his voice ;
 From Grub-street's walls th' approving din is heard,
 And dunces mark, and tremble at his word.

* The clouds.

Does Milo pray—why Candour will declare
That Milo once did offer up a pray'r :
Thus spake the Bard, with reverential dread,
On bended knees, and bow'd his empty head :—

“ O Dulness! goddess of the sable night,
“ Born in the clouds, dispelling Reason's light !
“ Daughter of Chaos, drowsy child of Sleep,
“ Mother of fogs, and mistress of the deep * !
“ Hail, goddess! hail, thou patroness of fools,
“ Distracted poets, and pedantic schools !
“ Thou secret leader of the rhyming train,
“ Who write and live beneath thy drowsy reign,
“ Grant me thine aid, while vent'rous I explore
“ The mystic depths of soporific lore ;
“ Where Wisdom's light (to all thy sons unknown)
“ Hath ne'er approach'd thy cloud-envelop'd throne!
“ Oh, teach me, gentle goddess! by thine art,
“ With fervent zeal to play the blockhead's part ;
“ The pride of Reason quickly overrule,
“ And show the vast importance of a fool:
“ So shall my Muse extend thy reign on earth,
“ And madmen rise at Dulness' second birth ;
“ Cringe for thy smiles, and round thy temple throng,
“ And Grub-street's sons re-echo to my song.”

Oh! let such blockheads long enjoy the name,
Nor envy Milo's verse nor Milo's fame.
While caitiff Bards to baser means submit,
And tender vile obscenity for wit,
Thine be the task to honour Virtue's laws,
Assert her rights, and vindicate her cause :
So shall she flourish in immortal bloom,
Adorn thee living, and lament thy tomb.
Let Britain's fame provoke your gen'rous fire
Nor nobler subject can your verse inspire),

* The profound.

Where arms and arts divide the nation's care,
 Her sons so warlike, and her nymphs so fair ;
 Where Justice reigns, and Liberty presides,
 Where Wisdom governs, and where Mercy guides ;
 And honest Industry, with bounteous hand,
 Diffuses plenty thro' a smiling land !

One task remains,—nor dare the task forego,—
 (Too oft forgot by mortals here below ;)
 Oh ! be it thine the grateful song to raise,
 And teach the nations their Creator's praise !
 Whom saints adore as Heav'n's eternal King,
 While holy angels Hallelujahs sing !
 Whose hand protects—whose wisdom rules the ball,—
 Whose mercy pardons and provides for all.
 Such themes as these shall matchless honours claim,
 And prove thy passport to the gates of Fame.
 Tho' envious wits thy moral verse assail,
 Tho' blockheads jeer, and paltry critics rail,
 Still shall thine honest and instructive page
 Delight the world, and charm a future age :
 Truth shall approve and vindicate her lays,
 And crown thy labours with immortal praise.

G—E D—N—L.

THE LASS O' EDEN SIDE.

LET venal rhymsters raise the sang,
 An' tune their artfu' lays ;
 An' let them load the glitt'rin' thrang
 Wi' prostituted praise :
 My humble shell I'll sound to thee,
 An' glow wi' honest pride,
 As owns my heart thy genuine worth,
 Sweet Lass o' Eden side.

Aft hae I wander'd o'er the plain,
 Aft climb'd the Lomond hill,
 An' pour'd a melancholy strain
 By mony a wimplin' rill :
 In the deep caves o' Durie Den,
 Aft frae the world I hide,
 While ilka echain' craig repeats
 Sweet Lass o' Eden side.

Fair mistress o' my throbbin' heart,
 How bless'd were I to see
 Reponsive Love beam smilin' forth
 Frae thy bright sparklin' e'e :
 Light o'er the wide plain should I bound,
 Reckless of aught beside,
 If bless'd by thy approving smile,
 Sweet Lass o' Eden side.

Cupar, Fife.

W—.

A UNE FEMME BELLE ET INSENSIBLE,

AIR—" JE RENCONTRAI RAIMONE," &c. &c.

JUPITER, trop sévère,
 Voulant punir l'Amour,
 A Vulcain, de colère
 S'adresse un certain jour :
 Forgez, dit il, et promptement,
 Des fers pesans pour cet enfant.

Il n'est dans la nature,
 Contre ce Dieu trompeur,
 Qu'un seul cri, qu'un murmure,
 Qui me saigne le cœur.
 L'écho me les rend plus touchans,
 Les soupirs des tendres amans.

La sombre Jalousie,
 Au traître doit le jour,
 Du bonheur ennemie,
 Elle enfante à son tour
 Pour éterniser les tourmens
 Du Soupçon, les noirs sentimens.
 Faire couler des larmes,
 Voila tout son plaisir ;
 Les tourmens, les allarmes,
 Semblent le réjouir
 Mais une éternelle prison,
 Bientôt nous en fera raison.
 Près d'Iris, sur la terre,
 L'amour vole tremblant ;
 Sauve, dit il, bergère
 Un malheureux enfant !
 Dans ton cœur tu peux me cacher,
 On ne croiroit point m'y trouver ;
 Au sein de la bergère
 Il s'élançe à l'instant,—
 Du ciel et de la terre
 Il devînt le tiran ;
 Par les yeux d'Iris, à l'amour,
 Tout est soumis depuis ce jour.

CHEVALIER DE B—.

TO THE OCEAN.

How calm thy vast profound, O briny Ocean !
 O'er thy dread surface Silence creeps serene ;
 No wind impetuous and no rude commotion
 Burst on the stillness of the peaceful scene ;
 The settling billows of thy spacious deep
 No longer rend the shore, or mount the craggy steep.
 Warn'd by the shades in dusky forms extending,
 All Nature, smiling, yields to balmy rest ;
 Faint beams the orb of light, and, slow descending,
 In blushing glory slumbers on thy breast ;

Each breeze, retiring to its lonely cell,
Sinks on the bed of night, and whispers out—Farewell !

Save when, along thy wide expansion gliding,
The wand'ring sea-fowl screams her parting lay ;
Save when, from yonder vessel gently riding,
Soft swells the anthem to expiring Day ;
No sound obtruding strikes the list'ning ear,
Or breaks the pensive calm, to Meditation dear.

Oh, dread abyss ! thou source of awful wonder !
Whether we view thee when the tempest roars,
When o'er thee rolls the sullen peal of thunder,
And, loudly beating on thy echoing shores,
Up the tall cliff thy surge impetuous flies,
Clings to the howling blast, and mingles with the skies ;

Or when, at eve, thy welcome breezes courting,
Down to thy sandy beach our footsteps roam,
When gentle Zephyrs, on thy bosom sporting,
Kiss thy salt billows, tipp'd with curling foam ;
When hush'd to rest, in smooth unruff'd form,
Sleeps on thy sinking wave the fury of the storm ;—

Alike each scene, replete with vary'd treasure,
Proclaims th' Almighty Pow'r that gave thee birth,
That laid thy basis where no eye can measure,
Chain'd thy proud billows, and secur'd the earth ;
Alike in thee we read a Maker's praise,
When loud the whirlwind sweeps, or soft the zephyr
plays.

High on these rocks, that scorn thy wide dominion,
Laugh at thy waves and mock thy raging force,
Here will I sit, while, borne on flutt'ring pinion,
The drowsy night-bird wings her devious course ;
Here will I mark the fluctuating tide,
And from thy changes learn the fallacy of pride.

W. C**E.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

With two Engravings. (XII. and XIII.)

[Continued from Vol. II. p. 202.]

LIFE is a journey:—on we go
 Thro' many a scene of joy and wo.
 Time flits along and will not stay,
 Nor let us linger on the way:—
 Like as a stream, whose varying course
 Now rushes with impetuous force;
 Now in successive eddies plays,
 Or in meanders gently strays;—
 Still it moves on, till, spreading wide,
 It mingles with the briny tide;
 And, when it meets the ocean's roar,
 The limpid waves are seen no more.
 Such, such is Life's uncertain way;—
 Now the sun wakes th' enliv'ning day:—
 The scene around enchants the sight;
 To cool retreat the shades invite:
 The blossoms balmy fragrance shed,
 The meads a verdant carpet spread;
 While the clear rill reflects below
 The flow'rs that on its margin grow;
 And the sweet songsters of the grove
 Attune to harmony and love.
 But, lo! the clouds obscure the sky,
 And tell the blust'ring tempest nigh:
 The livid flash, the pelting storm,
 Now Nature's ev'ry grace deform;
 Nor fail their horrors to destroy
 The pensive trav'ler's tranquil joy.
 But, tho' no tempest should invade
 The sweet retreat, th' inspiring shade,

Care will not let him long remain,
 But sets him on his way again.
 Thus Syntax, whom the 'Squire had press'd
 For a whole month to take his rest,
 Sigh'd when he found he could not stay
 To loiter thro' another day :—
 " No," he exclaim'd, " I must away. }
 " I have a splendid book to make,
 " To form a tour, to paint a lake ;
 " And, by that well-projected *tome*,
 " To carry fame and money home :
 " And, should I fail, my loving wife
 " Would lead me such a precious life,
 " That I had better never more
 " Approach my then forbidden door."
 'Twas thus he ponder'd as he lay,
 When the sun told another day :
 Nor long the downy couch he press'd,
 Where busy Thought disturb'd his rest ;
 But quick prepar'd, with grateful heart,
 From this warm mansion to depart.
 The 'Squire, to his professions true,
 Thus spoke at once his kind adieu.

'SQUIRE.

" I'm sorry, Sir, with all my heart,
 " That you and I so soon must part :
 " For, while I look upon your chair,
 " I think I see my father there ;
 " And, tho' I've not the mind to toil
 " In Learning's way, by midnight oil,
 " Yet still I feel the rev'ence due
 " To Science, and such men as you :
 " Nor can I urge your longer stay,
 " When Science calls you far away.

“ But still I hope you’ll not refuse
 “ My friendly tribute to the Muse ;
 “ And, when again you this way come,
 “ You will know where to find a home.
 “ Besides, I mean to recommend
 “ Your labours to a noble friend,
 “ Who well is known to rank as high
 “ In learning as in quality ;
 “ Who can your merits well review,
 “ A statesman, and a poet too :
 “ He will your genius truly scan,
 “ And, tho’ a Lord, a learned man.
 “ For, *Carlisle* is an honour’d name,
 “ Whose virtue and unsully’d fame
 “ Will decorate th’ historic page,
 “ And live thro’ ev’ry future age.
 “ That noble Lord doth condescend
 “ To know me for a faithful friend ;
 “ And, when you to his Lordship give
 “ The letter which you now receive,
 “ You’ll find, on his right noble part,
 “ A welcome that will cheer your heart.
 “ To *Castle-Howard* then repair,
 “ And Honour will attend you there.
 “ Nor fear, my friend, that gilded state
 “ Will frown upon your humble fate,
 “ For *Carlisle’s* good as he is great.” }

SYNTAX.

“ Your kindness, Sir, doth know no end ; —
 “ You are in truth a real friend :
 “ Nor can my feeble tongue express
 “ This unexpected happiness :
 “ For, if this noble Lord should deign
 “ My feeble labours to sustain
 “ With the warm enliv’ning rays
 “ Of his avow’d protecting praise,

“ My fortune will at once be made,
 “ And I shall bless the author’s trade.”

Thus, as he spoke, the ‘Squire gave
 The letter Syntax long’d to have ;
 And with it a soft silky note,
 On which two coal-black words were wrote ;
 The sight of which his sense confounds,
 For these same words were—*twenty pounds*.
 “ Check,” said the ‘Squire, “ your wond’ring look ;
 “ ’Tis my subscription to your book ;
 “ And, when ’tis printed, you will send
 “ A copy to your Yorkshire friend ;
 “ Besides, I’ll try to sell a score
 “ Among my neighbours here, or more.”

The Doctor’s tongue could not reply,
 While his heart heav’d a grateful sigh,
 And a tear rose in either eye. }
 Thus, as he sits, we can’t do better
 Than to repeat the ‘Squire’s letter:—

“ MY LORD, “ This liberty I take,
 “ For Laughter and for Merit’s sake ;
 “ And, when the bearer shall appear }
 “ In *Castle-Howard’s* atmosphere,
 “ His figure will your spirits cheer.
 “ You need no other topic seek ;—
 “ He’ll furnish laughter for a week :
 “ But still I say, and tell you true,
 “ You’ll love him for his merit too.
 “ You’ll see, my Lord, in this Divine,
 “ Quixote and Parson Adams shine :
 “ An hero well combin’d you’ll view
 “ For *Fielding* and *Cervantes* too :
 “ A scholar too, if I can judge,
 “ In classic lore long us’d to drudge.

" O do but hear his simple story,
 " And let him lay it all before you :
 " I'm sure you'll thank me for my letter,
 " And say that you are *Hearty's* debtor ;
 " And, when your sides are tir'd with mirth,
 " You'll smile upon his real worth.
 " I know full well how you'll receive him,
 " And to your favour now I leave him.
 " So I remain, with zeal most fervent,
 " Your Lordship's true and *hearty* servant.
 " *York, Thursday.*" " J. H."

The Doctor now prepar'd to go,
 With heart of joy and look of wo ;
 He silent squeez'd the 'Squire's hands,
 And ask'd of Madam her commands.
 The 'Squire exclaim'd, " why so remiss :
 " She bids you take an *hearty* kiss ;
 " And, if you think that one won't do,
 " I pray, dear Sir, you'll give her *two*."
 This pleasant fancy did beguile
 The Parson's face into a smile.
 " Nay then," says Syntax, " you shall see,"
 And straight he gave the Lady *three* ;
 Nor did he linger to exclaim
 He ne'er had kiss'd so fair a dame.
 The Lady blush'd, and thank'd him too ;
 And, in soft accents, said, Adieu !
 The farewell ceremony o'er,
 Grizzle was led up to the door,
 And on his way his master bore.

Syntax, since first he left his home,
 Had no such view of good to come
 As now before his fancy rose,
 To bid him laugh at future woes.
 " Fortune," he cried, " is kind at last,
 " And I forgive her malice past,

" Clad in Carlisle's benignant form,
 " Her pow'r no more will wake the storm,
 " Nor e'er again her anger shed
 " In frequent show'rs around my head."

Now, after a short morning's ride,
 In eager Hope and Fancy's pride,
 The Doctor views, with conscious smile,
 Fair Castle-Howard's splendid pile.
 Nor Versailles makes a finer show,
 As, passing o'er the lofty brow, }
 The stately scene is view'd below. }
 My Lord receiv'd him with the grace
 Which marks the sov'reign of the place ;
 Nor was poor Syntax made to feel
 The pride which fools will oft reveal ;
 Who think it a fine state decorum,
 When humble merit stands before 'em :
 But here was birth from folly free,—
 Here was the true nobility,
 Where human kindness gilds the crest ;—
 The first of virtues, and the best.

An hour was in chit-chat past,
 When welcome dinner came at last ;
 And now the hungry Syntax eats
 Of high ragouts and dainty meats :
 Nor was the Doctor found to shrink
 Whenever he was ask'd to drink.

MY LORD.

" What think you, Doctor, of the show
 " Of pictures that around you glow ?

SYNTAX.

" I'll by-and-by enjoy the treat :
 " But now, my Lord, I'd rather eat."



MY LORD.

“ Again the subject I renew,
“ And wish you would the pictures view.”

SYNTAX.

“ To view them now would be a trouble,
“ For faith, my Lord, my eyes see double.”

MY LORD.

“ To bed then we had best repair,—
“ I give you to the Butler's care ;
“ A sage grave man, who will obey
“ Whate'er your Rev'ence has to say.”
The sage grave man appear'd, and bow'd :—
“ I am of this good office proud ;
“ But 'tis the custom of the place,
“ From country yeoman to his Grace,
“ Whene'er a stranger-guest we see,
“ To make him of the cellar free.
“ To you the same respect we bear,
“ And, therefore, beg to lead you there ;
“ Where ev'ry noble butt doth claim
“ The honour of a titled name.”

The servants now all flock'd around,
With humble airs and looks profound.
“ Lead on,” says Syntax, “ I'll not stay,
“ But follow where you lead the way.”

The Butler cried, “ You'll understand
“ It is our noble Lord's command
“ To give this rev'rend Doctor here
“ A sample of our strongest beer ;—
“ So tap her Grace of *Devonshire*.”—

At length the potent liquor flows,
That makes poor man forget his woes.

Syntax exclaim'd, “ Here's Honour's boast ;—
“ The health of my most noble host ;—
“ And let fair Devon crown the toast.”







A VIEW NEAR BERNARD'S

The cups were cheer'd with loyal song;
 But cups like these ne'er lasted long:
 And Syntax stammer'd, "Do you see?
 "Now I'm of this fam'd cellar free,
 "I wish I might be quickly led
 "T' enjoy my freedom in a bed."
 He wish'd but once, and was obey'd,
 And soon within a bed was laid,
 Where, all the day's strange bus'ness o'er,
 He now was left to sleep and snore.

[To be continued.]

VERSES,

ON A COTTAGE NEAR BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

With an Engraving. (Plate XIV.)

'Tis not the gay delusive scene
 That Happiness bestows,—
 'Tis not the pride and pomp of life,
 From whence true pleasure flows.

Beside the Arno's classic stream,
 Or Tiber's yellow wave,
 Where genial zephyrs ever blow,
 Man's doom'd to be a slave.

Near to Tweed's side my cottage stands,
 A calm sequester'd spot,
 Where Virtue gives the daily meal,
 And Freedom is my lot.

I know 'tis mine, nor tyrant Pow'r
 Can force me from my home:
 As safe from harm my humble shed
 As Pride's majestic dome.

Fierce armed bands these Borders kept
 In times long past and gone,
 When England fought, and Scotland bled ;
 But Heav'n has made them one.

The shepherd now can tend his flock,
 Nor fear the clarion's sound ;
 His oaten pipe alone is heard,
 And cheers the valley round.

In Spring I trace the verdant glade,
 And view the whit'ning thorn ;
 And many a summer sun I hail
 Amid the breezy morn.

And when the gloomy Winter comes
 To clothe the hills with snow—
 When the trees shudder with the storm,
 And Tweed forgets to flow—

Then, Mary, while we hear the blast,
 Your virtues warmth impart ;
 And then I feel, belov'd by you,
 A Summer in my heart !

LINES,

Addressed to my Friends, Mr. and Mrs. H—, on the 21st Anniversary of their Wedding-Day.

PURE are the joys which mutual love impart,
 When hand is join'd to hand, and heart to heart :
 What greater bliss to man can Heav'n bestow,
 Than these delights of wedded love to know ;
 When not Ambition nor base Av'rice bind
 In chains of splendid misery the mind ;
 But when from Love alone the hand is giv'n,
 The only marriage that's approv'd by Heav'n ?

Like the smooth rill meand'ring thro' the grove,
 Their days still flow in calm unruffled love.
 Should one by sad afflictions be opprest,
 The other strives to sooth her partner's breast;
 With gentle patience listens to his cares,
 With the soft voice of Love relieves his fears:
 Or, if some secret pleasure fill his breast,
 What to his soul can give so sweet a zest
 As this; each joy—each happiness to share—
 Each bliss to taste with one supremely dear?
 Still to each other's little failings blind,
 Indulgent, constant, tender, faithful, kind;
 Secure from jealousy, that bane of life—
 A loving husband and a virtuous wife.
 Envy shall scowl, and pass unheeded by,
 Malice shall ne'er their happiness destroy;
 Thro' varied scenes of life they still shall prove
 A mutual confidence the soul of Love.
 Long may my valu'd friends such bliss enjoy!
 Pleasures like these nor time nor age can cloy;
 Not all the shafts of Fate can ever move
 The thousand sweets that spring from virtuous love.
 For more than twenty years kind Heaven spreads
 Her bounteous gifts on your united heads;
 To that benignant Pow'r the Muse now prays,
 With smiling Peace to crown your future days;
 May each revolving year fresh pleasures bring,
 And may your lives be one unclouded spring!

Lynn, Jan. 2, 1810.

J. W. LAKE.

LINES

Written on seeing some Swallows preparing for their Departure.

FAREWELL, sweet visitants! once more adieu!
 May gales propitious waft you to that shore
 Where blooming Spring again shall smile for you,
 And gladden Nature with her boundless store!

To you, sweet birds ! how blest a lot is giv'n :
 When wint'ry clouds and chilly winds are nigh,
 Taught by the mercy of indulgent Heav'n,
 You shun the storm, and seek a milder sky.

But where shall *man*, when happiness is fled,
 When the gay Summer of his joys is past,
 When Hope is wither'd in Misfortune's blast,
 And black Despair hangs hov'ring o'er his head,—
Where shall *he* fly to heal the deadly sting,
 Or where *his* tortur'd mind find out another *Spring* ?
 W. C**E.

ODE,

ON SEEING A NEGRO FUNERAL.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

OMALCO dies ! on yonder plain
 His bier is borne ; the sable train
 By youthful virgins led :
 Daughters of injur'd Afric ! say,
 Why raise ye thus th' heroic lay ?
 Why triumph o'er the dead ?
 No tear bedews their fixed eye !
 " 'Tis now the hero lives," they cry,
 Releas'd from Slav'ry's chain :
 Far o'er the billowy surge he flies,
 And joyful views his native skies
 And long-lost bow'rs again. .
 On Koromantins' palmy soil
 Heroic deeds and martial toil
 Shall fill each glorious day :
 Love, fond and faithful, crown thy nights,
 And artless joys, unbought delights,
 Past cruel wrongs repay.

Nor lordly Pride, stern Av'rice, there,
 Alone shall Nature's bounties share,
 To all her children free :
 For thee the dulcet reeds shall spring,
 Her milky bowl the cocoa bring,
 Th' anana bloom for thee.

The thunder hark ! 'tis Afric's god !
 He wakes ; he lifts th' avenging rod,
 And speeds th' impatient hours :
 From Niger's golden stream he calls ;
 Fair Freedom comes, Oppression falls,
 And vengeance yet is ours !

Soon, Christian ! thou, in wild dismay,
 Of Afric's ruthless rage the prey,
 Shalt roam th' affrighted wood ;
 Transform'd to tigers, fierce and fell,
 Thy race shall prowl with savage yell,
 And glut their rage for blood !

But, soft, beneath yon tam'rind shade
 Now let the hero's limbs be laid—
 Sweet slumbers bless the brave :
 There shall the breezes shed perfume,
 Nor livid lightnings blast the bloom
 That decks Omalco's grave !

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HEROIC CHIEFTAIN, SCHILL.

Musa vetat virum dignum laudes mori.

HOR.

WHAT tho' no bust of monumental fame,
 Nor sculptur'd marble, rises o'er thy head,
 To tell thy deeds, thy prowess, and the name
 Of Schill,—to rank amongst th' heroic dead ;—

What tho' no Muse has tun'd her mournful lyre,
 In sorrowing strains, to wail thy hapless fate;
 Be mine the task to tell thy virtuous fire,—
 Be mine the task to rank thee 'mongst the great.

For Tyranny thou didst not draw thy sword,
 'Twas not to crush a people wrong'd and brave;
 But to repel a tyrant's murd'rous horde,
 To stem Oppression, and thy country save.

Thy noble soul disown'd the lawless right
 Which Conquest claims t' enslave the freeborn mind;
 'Twas Freedom's voice that urg'd thee to the fight,
 That sacred gift of Heav'n to all mankind.

Thy patriot worth, to Mem'ry ever dear,
 Shall stand recorded in bright Hist'ry's page;
 Thy fate shall claim from Sympathy a tear,—
 Thy name rever'd shall live from age to age.

London, Aug. 20, 1809.

JACOBUS ASHLEY.

ELEGY.

YE happy youths, in Tempé's blissful plains,
 Where once I tun'd my unambitious strains,
 Far other themes my mournful Muse inspire,
 To sorrow now I consecrate my lyre!
 No more with joy I wake the silver string,
 When Nature blossoms at returning Spring:
 Pass'd are the hopes that youthful Fancy rears,
 And chilling Winter blasts my promis'd years.

In Life's fair morn, amid your arching bow'rs,
 I taught the swains the force of Music's pow'rs;
 By me instructed first, the sylvan choir
 Tun'd the sweet pipe, and touch'd the trembling lyre.
 When Sylvia, smiling, listen'd to my lay,
 What heart like mine was ever half so gay?
 'Twas then Ambition urg'd my simple strains,—
 'Twas then I felt, and sung of lover's pains!

Each tender note re-echo'd from my heart ;
I felt the pang, but glory'd in the smart.

Fond Mem'ry still must dwell upon the scene,
When hand-in-hand we tripp'd along the green :
When to her ear my passion I confest,
What soft emotions kindled in her breast :
How sweet she listen'd to the vows I paid,
By moonlight oft, beneath the hawthorn shade !
Her swelling bosom heav'd with pure desires,
Which lovers feel, and Love alone inspires :
She scorn'd all arts that gain dishonest fame,
Nor blush'd to own a soft and mutual flame.

Oh ! lost for ever to my longing sight,
Seal'd are those eyes in everlasting night !
No more I view those soul-subduing charms,
Snatch'd by fell Death for ever from my arms.
Let ev'ry shepherd, ev'ry nymph, draw near,
And with sweet sorrow grace her mournful bier ;
Strew ev'ry flow'r that paints the verdant lawn,
And sips the silver dew of rosy Morn :—
No common cause demands your kindred sigh,
When spotless Virtue, Youth, and Beauty, die.

No more my pipe shall charm the list'ning throng,
For ever hush'd in thy funereal song ;
No more the swains their airy steps advance,
Join in the lay, or gambol in the dance !
See Tempé's vale becomes a barren wild,
And deserts rise where fruitful Nature smil'd.
Here once the lark, sweet messenger of Spring !
Tun'd the soft note, and ply'd the feather'd wing ;
Here once the birds a pleasing concert made,
And with their warblings fill'd the vocal shade :
But now no music breaks upon the ear,
Eternal Winter reigns throughout the year ;
While the dull owl, unheeded and alone,
Pours thro' the woods her melancholy moan.

Alas ! how frail is Beauty's vernal flow'r !
 See how it blooms and withers in an hour !
 Nor sighs nor tears could change thy early doom,
 Or call thy virtues from the silent tomb.
 Oh ! sweetly sleep beneath the holy ground,
 Where guardian saints will oft assemble round,—
 Where rosy Morn her silver dews will shed,
 To lave thy turf, and consecrate the dead.
 And if perchance some wand'ring pilgrim stray,
 With weary steps, thro' Tempé's winding way,
 (In these sad plains a solitary guest,)
 He finds the place of thy eternal rest,
 Oh ! let him gently tread the hallow'd earth,
 And heave one sigh for dear departed worth ;
 Bid grateful Spring her choicest sweets entwine
 To mark the spot, and grace thy rural shrine.

When dark and solemn Night invests the pole,
 And gives to Thought the contemplative soul,
 Far from the world, the trifling, and the gay,
 I'll teach the tuneful nightingale my lay :
 Deep in that bow'r (unseen by mortal eye),
 Where all entomb'd thy sacred ashes lie,
 There let my soul, in holy grief serene,
 Enjoy the silent solitary scene :
 And while I oft, beneath the moonlight shade,
 Behold thee still—a visionary maid !
 When Fancy pictures thee in all thy charms,
 And fills my anxious breast with fond alarms—
 Do thou, benignant spirit ! hover nigh,
 Wipe the hot tear, and check the rising sigh ;
 Let Hope disperse pale Melancholy's gloom,
 And bid me look for bliss beyond the tomb.

G—E D—N—L.

THE SEARCH.

Felices ter, et amplius,
 Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
 Divulsus querimoniis,
 Suprema citius solvet amor die!

HOR.

Go, my spirit! go, and find
 Her who hath thy fellow mind;
 For I long with her to stray
 Down this life's uncertain way;
 Pacing on in love together,
 Whether fair or foul the weather;
 Join'd in bands that never sever,
 Or, sever'd, join again for ever!
 If Almighty goodness bless
 With the sun of happiness,
 All the prospect of our days
 Glowing from its vital rays,
 Each shall feel the other's joy,
 And grateful action both employ.
 But if clouds (which Heav'n forbid!)
 Darkling rise, till they have hid
 Ev'ry gleam of earthly pleasure,
 Then, oh! then, its lovely treasure
 Prizes more each grateful heart,
 And suffers each the other's part.
 Then how would the mutual smile
 Ev'ry hour of gloom beguile!
 Ah, enjoyment! thus to find
 Her who hath thy fellow mind!
 Spirit, hasten,—haste and seek,—
 Or, if thou have seen her, *speak*.
 Does she love the rural scene,
 Waving woods, and meadows green;

And the streamlet-water'd glen,
 Far away from noisy men ?
 Does she love the ev'ning walk,
 Long pursu'd in social talk,
 Where the eyes delighted wander
 O'er the vale-stream's bright meander ;
 Or where beechen groves invite
 With their melancholy light,
 In whose pathways we inhale
 Oft the woodbine-kissing gale,
 There attend the throstle's note
 Thro' the quiv'ring branches float,
 Or the soothing notes of love
 Murm'ring from the constant dove ?
 Can she then, with frequent pause,
 Moralize on Nature's laws ;
 In each simple flow'ret trace
 Wondrous skill and matchless grace ;
 And in ev'ry fertile clod
 Mark the hand of Nature's God ?
 Spirit ! is she thus inclin'd ?—
 She is then thy fellow mind.

But not summer-scenes alone
 Wait us in this changeful zone.
 Winter comes, with haggard hue,
 Chills the groves, and crisps the dew,
 But Winter brings its pleasures too.

Spirit ! find me then a fair,
 All whose joys *domestic* are
 (Still the same that lov'd to stray
 Where the summer-sylphids play) ;
 One who hates the glare of Fashion,
 And the din of Dissipation ;
 Scorns with coxcombs *débonaire*
 Midnight dress and ball to share ;

Or, wasteful of her time, to handle
Stupid cards and dirty scandal;
Who deems a morning idly spent
In *pros* and *cons* of compliment,
But who loves the converse sweet
Of Friendship, in her home retreat ;
And, if infant beauties claim
All a parent's fost'ring flame,
Feels the task a pure delight,
Pleas'd by day, and prompt by night.
When abroad her footsteps go,
Be it to the house of wo,
Poverty's cold hut to bless,
And smooth the bed of sick Distress ;
Or, where Intimacy's dome
Invites, enjoy *a second home.*
Stor'd with knowledge be her mind,
By real elegance refin'd ;
All that born with Nature lives,
All that Education gives ;
All that Virtue's soul can please,
All that breathes an air of ease.
Fond to trace the classic page,
Poets warm, and critics sage ;
These for candid truth admire,
Those for Heav'n-derived fire.
Neither let her ear refuse
Attention to th' historic Muse ;
Or the curious sage who draws
Moral truths from Nature's laws ;
Nor deficient be her store
In the Theologian's lore :
He who, with unclouded gaze,
All Religion's world surveys,
Wisdom's voice to none denies,
Nor wraps plain Truth in mysteries ;

Faith and *Hope* exults to see,
 But glories most in *Charity*.
 Not the subtle cav'ling scribe,
 Whom party zeal or int'rest bribe
 To wield the thunders of a sect,
 And storm out proofs that they're *elect*
Alone, whilst ev'ry one who saith
Sibboleth, and not *Shibboleth* *,
 Altho' an honest firm believer,
 Poor soul! is *reprobate* for ever!
 Yet superior be her joy,
 When in sanctified employ
 O'er th' inspired page she leans,
 And thence eternal Wisdom gleans:
 Wisdom pure and full of peace,
 Stores of wealth that ne'er decrease;
 Treasures to the bosom given
 From the treasuries of Heaven,
 Drawing to their holy source
 Ev'ry thought with grateful force;
 Viewing clear, beyond the tomb,
 The glories of a world to come.

Spirit! go, and gain thee such:
 Alas! dost thou deserve as much?
 Ask not that, deserve or not,
 Were such happiness my lot,
 I would strive from day to day
 All to do, and all to say;
 All that might fill up the measure
 Of merit worthy such a treasure.
 Spirit! go, the charmer seek,
 Mildly to her spirit speak;
 Haply seeking thou mayst find,
 And join thee to thy fellow mind.

Alton.

E. W****G.

* See Judges xii. 6.

ODE,

Written on a solitary Visit to the Ruins of Kirkstall-Abbey, York-
shire, in the Winter of 1807.

SAY, hoary Genius of these ancient tow'rs,
Hear'st thou the moanings of the Winter's wind?
And fits it now to cull poetic flow'rs,
Or idle wreaths with pleasant lays to bind?

Befits it here a Bard to bring
Lone Music on his airy string;
These ivy'd minarets to hail,
Nodding in the gusty gale?
Now Music's syren season long is past;
Stern Eurus howls thy cells along,
And shudders to the voice of Song,
And tears thy deep green locks, incumbent on the blast!

Yet here, in Summer's holiday,
Might the Muses gladly stray;
Here the rapt Enthusiast walk,
Fond with Solitude to talk:

Or, when the scanty moonbeams pour,
Silv'ry, thro' thy fissur'd walls,
List, intent on solemn lore,
Upon sepulchral voice that calls;
To the sable-spectred show
Of forms that Fancy loves to know,
Clad in cowls and grim array,
With holy cross, and book, and beads
(Speeders prompt of pray'rs and creeds),
Dim gliding down the cloisters gray:
Thus the ghostly train appear,
And thus their orgies meet his ear:—

“ Holy fathers, here we rest
“ Awhile, to mourn the day unblest
“ When a tyrant's proud disgust
“ Trampled holiness to dust;

" Ravag'd all our rich domains,
 " And in new unyielding chains
 " Bound our long-asserted pow'r
 " Fast in fetters, where it died ;
 " In vain we curse that rueful hour ;
 " Mourn we now our sunken pride ;
 " Recalling sad those long-flown days,
 " When in yon chapel's stone-encumber'd maze
 " Our choral worship rose to meet the morn,
 " And echo'd there the mighty strain of praise,
 " From the full choir, in vesper-anthem borne.
 " Now haste these last sad relics to decay,
 " These silent turrets shrink, by long years worn away !"

Thus, 'spite of Nature's chilling frown,
 Fancy loves my lute to crown ;
 And my young chaplets twining sprigs to fill
 With her wild fantastic weeds,
 Such as deck her spring-tide meads ;
 But now awaunt, ye dreams ! and hie you where ye will.

For, hoary Genius ! where thine arm reclines,
 On yon tall lichen'd arch, with ivy bound,
 Deep-fix'd, Instruction's golden tablet shines,
 And bids me moralize :—'tis sacred ground.
 These ruins sculptur'd fragments tell
 How once they flourish'd, how they fell !
 And publish to the broken walls
 How the pride of greatness falls !
 Here have I read how Rome's dark conclave held
 The reeking crosier o'er the fetter'd train ;
 How too her Pontiff's mitred pride was quell'd,
 When Truth's bright arm unlink'd the priest-wrought
 chain.
 Here have I read ; but vain the hope to sing
 The soul-involving thoughts these fallen honours bring.

Now hush awhile, ye winds ! your ceaseless roar—
 O list ! while yet another strain
 Of farewell music strikes again
 Upon the echos of these pillars hoar.
 Adieu, ye venerable glooms !
 Genius of the Pile, adieu !
 Yet, ere Spring returning blooms,
 Many a storm must beat on you !

 Yet once more these branches old
 Green-rob'd Dryads shall enfold
 With a fresh-wrought leafy crown ;
 And the Autumn's mantle, brown,
 Throw again it's soften'd shade,
 Mellowing down the tinted glade.
 Here, upon the banks of Ayre,
 Pensive pilgrims yet repair,
 Indulging many a roving thought,
 By recurrent Fancy brought
 From the proudest days of yore—
 Mighty days ! but now no more !
 Here oft shall Meditation lead her child,
 " List'ning to the wood-notes wild,"
 And, pointing to the columns torn,
 'Mid these mould'ring aisles forlorn,
 Cry, " See, my son, man's loftiness despoil'd !"
 Now howl, ye winds ! at will, these cells along,
 Soon Summer speeds you hence, and wakes some sweeter
 song.
Alton. E. W****G.

ODE—TO TIME.

ON what wild chord of awful Harmony
 Shall my hand touch the Camœnean lute?
 What breath with notes of deeper melody
 Shall fill the Doric flute?
 Alton.

How shall the Poet sing ?

What sounds of sadness shall his numbers pour
 To thee, whose hand with ruthless speed
 Has broken many a tuneful string,
 And hush'd in silence many a mellow reed,
 Warbling response to rapt'rous thoughts no more !
 Dread potent Monarch ! when, thro' thickest war,
 Her champion-sons Ambition brings,
 E'en there high triumph fills thy conquering car
 With plunder'd trophies of triumphant kings :
 And in thy path, where Desolation waits,
 The mightiest warrior casts his vanquish'd steel ;
 While sinks the Empire of a thousand States,
 To viewless atoms crush'd beneath thy cumbrous
 wheel.

Among the paths of Life I see thee tread,
 Thro' Hope's fair walks, or Pleasure's verdant ways ;
 Bruising each flow'ret's honey'd head,
 And scatt'ring o'er their with'ring bed
 The seeds of future days.

Fain would I snatch them ere thy scythe destroy,
 And pensive twine a wreath of melancholy joy.

Swift is the Muses' fairy puce,
 And light her flutt'ring wing ;
 But swifter far thy giant race :
 And, tho' she sweetly sing,
 Forgetful, ling'ring by the way,
 In bow'rs of soft poetic shade to play,
 Thou, like the passing wind,
 On noiseless feet shalt bound along
 (Thy ear all heedless of her song),
 And leave her far behind.

Then, ere it pass me by, thy flight I hail !
 Tho' swift as eagles' on th' aerial plain ;
 Nor lighter does the breeze-borne insect sail ;
 Resistless as the sweeping hurricane,

Yet silent as the summer-gale :
 Whether thy hand divide the twilight veil,
 Whose trembling shade uncertain hues adorn ;
 Bidding young Day, in orient glory drest,
 With dew-drop gems upon his purple vest,
 Spring joyous from the sapphire gates of Morn,
 Up from th' horizon hastening, to tread
 Where lucid beams his mountain-path prepare,
 While Heav'n all gladden'd smiles his welcome there ;
 Till gliding hours, his westward steps that lead,
 In humid robes his beauty shroud,
 And Ev'ning, waving mild her golden hair,
 Comes lightly dancing o'er the vesper cloud.
 Nor shall thy later scenes unnotic'd pass
 By him, whose breast the charms of Nature fill,
 With her in adorative silence bow'd :
 While e'en the breeze that fans the moonlight grass
 In gentlest whisper seems to say, " Be still !"
 Then to his ear enraptur'd Thought shall bear
 Sweet Music, wafted on ambrosial air ;
 Where Night, in all her solemn majesty
 Attends thy call, and, borne in pomp along,
 Ascends her boundless throne the sky,
 Her starry diadem uplifting high ;
 While all the Pleiades around,
 And ev'ry sphere thro' Light's remotest bound,
 Hymn the full chorus of ethereal song,
 Till Heav'n's re-echoing dome the Hallelujah sound.
 Yet, ages hence, these orbs may hide
 Their glories in thy whelming tide ;
 And, mould'ring from the shore,
 Each earthly monument of Fame
 (Tho' chisel'd with the mightiest name),
 Shall sink, and rise no more !
 Ere vast Eternity ingulf the whole,
 And, lost beneath its surge, thy mingling billows roll.

Alton.

S. M. W****G.

ODE :

WRITTEN IN ENGLAND, DURING THE AMERICAN WAR,
BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

GENIUS of Albion ! whither art thou fled ?
 Thou who wert wont at Freedom's call to rise,
 With thund'ring voice, and Heav'n-directed eyes,
 And mock th' oppressor's rage, or smite the tyrant dead !
 Oh ! stretch again thy saving hand,
 In mercy to this groaning isle !
 No common ills thine aid demand—
 Corruption triumphs in her spoil ;
 Fierce Discord hurls her torch on high ;
 Nor public weal nor social tie
 Can fix the sordid selfish mind :
 Ambition breaks Law's feeble chain,
 Swoln Lux'ry leads her bloated train,
 And Ruin stalks behind !

Beyond the rough Atlantic tide,
 Inspir'd by Virtue and by thee,
 Thy junior sons still dare be free ;
 Nor e'er shall subtle fraud divide
 The gen'rous band. Oh ! while the tempest low'rs,
 Reflect our cause is one—that Freedom's foes are ours !

Peace to thy shade, lamented King !
 Great Brunswick, second of thy race ;
 Call'd England's happy throne to grace,
 What time fair Freedom made each valley ring !
 From the cold tomb couldst thou arise,
 How would this prospect sear thine eyes,
 And drive thee back in wild affright !
 For, lo ! fierce issuing from their native North,
 The howling Furies murd'rous storms send forth,
 Glut the Gaul's proud revenge, and spread vile Slav'ry's
 night !

In vain, alas! thy gallant son,
 What time Culloden's glorious field
 Saw the disnatur'd rebel yield,
 Th' unfading laurel nobly won ;
 In vain rejoic'd th' admiring world,
 When our brave sires, by Nassau led,
 'Gainst tyrant Pow'r their thunders hurl'd,
 While the dark tyrant crouch'd and fled :
 No longer now, in patriot shackles bound,
 With fruitless wailing, Envy bites her chain ;
 Oppression leaps o'er Freedom's sacred mound,
 And vainly Hampden fought, and Sidney bled in vain !

Lo ! Saunders mingles with the mighty dead ;
 No more th' avenger of his country's wrong !
 O'er his cold dust let no weak tear be shed ;
 He wept, alas ! that he had liv'd too long !
 How greatly glorious had he died
 Ere set in darkness Britain's sun,
 Ere frantic Rage and tyrant Pride
 That empire lost his valour won !
 " What more," he cried, " can adverse Fate require ?"
 Dying, he saw his country's fame expire ;
 Saw the bright cross he late triumphant spread
 Droop on the sick'ning gale, and blush with deeper red.

Hark ! thro' America's indignant shore,
 What groans for vengeance rend th' affrighted skies !
 Foul impious War hath broken Nature's ties ;
 And Britain ! terror of the world no more,
 Turns on herself, and drinks her children's gore !
 O ! quickly drop the murd'rous sword ;
 What horrors rise around !
 Canst thou, ill-fated realm, afford
 With thine own blood to drench the ground ?
 Thy vet'rans, yet untaught to yield,
 Reluctant view the death-fraught field ;

Conscious of guilt, would fain retreat,
 And dread e'en vict'ry as defeat.
 In vain : o'er cold Ontario's flood,
 With ghastly smile and blasting eyes,
 Stern Alva's guilty spirit flies,
 And snuffs the scented air, and rages still for blood !

Hear how her sons Iberia tells,
 Exulting as the tempest swells :
 And faithless Gallia, with prophetic eye,
 Beholds thy golden streams of commerce dry,
 Or marks them for her own. " O ! great event,"
 She cries, " thy shame and punishment !
 " Rash ruin'd rival ! now I see
 " Thy palm of glory snatch'd by me :
 " That envy'd prize *, by Nature given,
 " Which rais'd thy tow'ring front to Heaven,
 " Spurn'd by thyself ! O speed, impending Fate,
 " And to thyself be false—to make my empire great !"

But, Britain ! happier fates are thine ;
 Thy sun shall yet unclouded shine !
 A day (not far remote) shall come,
 When, Rage disarm'd, and Envy dumb,
 The pious child, her sorrows o'er,
 Shall urge the loud complaint no more :
 But nourish, in her suff'rings blest,
 Th' expiring parent from her breast !
 For, lo ! Futurity her page unfolds :
 What floods of glory fill the western skies !
 I see, I see the radiant forms arise ;
 Where venerable time fair Truth upholds,
 And awful Justice, her divine compeer,
 Exalts her gen'rous brow, and shakes her glitt'ring
 spear !

* Commerce.

" Ye parricides, who broke the golden cords
 " Of filial piety—maternal love ;
 " Ye perjur'd delegates, ye venal lords,
 " Now curse your damned deeds—for Vengeance
 dwells with Jove !
 " America ! no longer thou
 " Shalt lift thy plaintive voice in vain ;
 " Nor Britain's sons to slav'ry bow,
 " Nor forge for others' necks the chain !"

'Tis Justice speaks !—above control,
 Her thunders smite the guilty soul :
 See murder'd Sydney fiercely smile,
 And virtuous Russell bless her glorious toil !
 O sleep, ye sacred shades ! in peaceful rest ;
 The sign of mercy, beaming from the west,
 Kind Heav'n has giv'n ; for o'er the patriot cloud
 Conquest exulting soars—and claps her wings aloud.

HORACE (*Ode IX. Book I.*) IMITATED.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

SEARCH not, dear girl, from idle schemes,
 Fantastic fears, delusive dreams,
 Thy life's uncertain date :
 Impious th' attempt to force to light
 What Heav'n has hid in endless night—
 The dark decrees of Fate.

That search alone deserves our care,
 Which makes us happier than we are ;
 Enough our lot of sorrow !
 Let us enjoy the present hour,
 The future is beyond our pow'r ;
 I dare not trust to-morrow.

EPITAPH

ON THE REV. JOHN VENN, RECTOR OF SPANISH-TOWN,
JAMAICA.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

BENEATH this stone lies plain John Venn ;
Neither the best nor worst of men.
That he had faults, we own, 'mong friends,
But many a virtue made amends :
Among his faults pride stood confest ;
But pride is venial—in a priest ;
Or, if in this he chanc'd to fail,
Compassion's virtue turn'd the scale.
Thro' life he walk'd, from meanness free,
In manly independency.
Straight forward was his steady plan ;
A sturdy downright Englishman.
To sum in short, yet speak in full—
Our plain John Venn was bluntn John Bull.

LINES BY A YOUNG MAN,

Who blushed on being derided, by a profligate Acquaintance, for
his serious Turn of Mind.

WILT thou, my soul ! desert Religion's cause,
And change thy virtue for the world's applause ?
Exert thy reason,—banish thoughts so vain ;—
Say, wherefore didst thou blush ?—then blush again.

Alton.

THE TEARS OF SYMPATHY.

Töne sanfter, Leier, töne,
 Wie der West in Veilchen rauscht ;
 Fern vom Schwarm der Jugendsöhne,
 Von der Neugier unbelauscht,
 Von dem Flor der nacht unschattet,
 Von den Sternen nur gesehn,
 Sey mir jetzt ein Lied verstattet,
 Ach ! ein Lied von Henrién.

W. F. GOTTER.

AND is the youthful Minstrel dead,
 Who sang the dreadful march of Time ?
 And is the heav'nly Genius fled,
 To triumph in another clime ;
 To roam unfetter'd, at the midnight hour,
 Thro' green savannahs by the moony ray ?
 Or does he shroud in yon antarctic tow'r,
 Where dark Orion watches for his prey ?
 And shall his name, like Homer's, last
 Thro' barb'rous times and superstitious gloom,
 When myriads, yet unborn, have past
 Life's irksome vale, to moulder in the tomb,
 Where glutton-worms in lazy volumes roll,
 Gnawing the putrid casement of the soul ?
 The Bard, whose hand so wildly swept
 The Lyre's prophetic chords,
 Who on Misfortune's bosom wept,
 And there his lonely vigil kept,
 Attends the Sov'reign Lord of lords !
 And thro' the skies, where smiling spirits play,
 His Genius hurries its impetuous way.
 While Nature's lovely works shall thrive,
 So long shall Henry's name survive
 The peevish critic's shaft ;

So long, unblemish'd, o'er the tomb
 The flow'rs of Poesy shall bloom,
 And holier sweetness waft !
 For he was master of the higher song—
 To him superior strength was given ;
 He scorn'd the mean—the simple throng,
 To sweep with lightning plumes along
 The starry solitudes of Heaven !
 Or where the seraphim, in azure robes,
 Attune their harps to songs of praise,
 From whence the Great Creator probes
 Man's actions thro' the triple gloom,
 And bids his rolling orbs illumine
 The nether world with their attemper'd rays !
 There, shrouded from the sons of Folly,
 Hark ! his hands the Lyre explore * !
 No more, the child of Melancholy,
 Wanders down the moonlight shore ;
 Or thro' the silent woods at eve,
 To hear the echoing changes play,
 What time the sprites their garlands weave,
 Enraptur'd takes his lonely way.
 With Newton, high-enthron'd, he views
 Worlds circling worlds of giant form ;
 Sublim'd in thought he still pursues
 The progress of the howling storm !
 And, o'er the Apennines afar,
 Observes the winged lightnings play ;
 Hell's cohorts, 'neath the blazing star,
 O'er ravag'd fields direct their savage way !
 Then, with a voice of dulcet sound,
 Summons the heav'nly host to see
 The reeking meads where bleeding limbs abound,
 While trumpets clang, and villages around
 Blaze 'midst the shouts of " Death or Victory ! "

* Gray.

" These, bright compeers ! are scenes of strife
 " Where mad Contention loves to rush ;
 " Where Princes meet, in anger rife,
 " Thousands of innocents to crush !
 " But, hark ! the Lord's seraphic voice
 " Thrills o'er the star-illumin'd space ;
 " It bids us leave these scenes of noise,
 " Where Kings each other's names disgrace ;
 " Where Murder, stalking thro' the tainted gore,
 " Waves her blue torch to light Ambition's car,
 " And trampled souls their admonitions pour
 " To the dark monster of inglorious war."

Oh ! that 'twere mine to boast the fire
 Which flow'd along his sacred veins !
 Oh ! that my hand could wake the Lyre
 To such commanding strains !
 Then, mounting on a Pindar's wing,
 I'd laud the sweet Redeemer's pow'r ;
 Beyond the midnight clouds would sing,
 And, with the sympathetic string,
 Elude the tort'ring hour !
 E'en hoary Time should halt to hear
 The loud stupendous song ;
 Proud Milton, from his tow'ring sphere,
 List with enthusiastic ear,
 And bid me still the notes prolong.

But, hark ! what sound from yonder shore
 Disturbs the undulating gale ?
 It is the battle's changeful roar,
 Where pennons on the tempest sail !
 Where the foul-visag'd sisters view,
 High-seated on their misty throne,
 Hell's thirsting cavaliers pursue
 Their routed victims thro' the slain,
 Deaf to the sad disast'rous moan,
 Swift borne from Enzer's gory plain,

Where thro' the black tempestuous night
 The spirits of the warriors rave,
 Beneath the blue pestif'rous light,
 That glares from yonder cloudy height,
 O'er many a yawning grave!

Feb. 24, 1810.

J. G.

[To be continued.]

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN DAWES WORGAN, OF BRISTOL.

Schweig', O Chor der Nachtigallen!
 Mir nur lausche jedes Ohr!
 Murrenbach, hör' auf zu wallen!
 Winde, lasst die Flügel fallen,
 Rasselt nicht durch Laub und Kohr!

BURGER.

STILL must the Muse, to kindred Genius true,
 Awake the numbers of her moaning Lyre?
 And still at night her lonely walk renew
 Where Death sits musing in resentment dire?
 Hark! 'tis some saintly spirit from the skies,
 Venting its sorrows to the passing breeze!
 From yonder sward the mournful sounds arise,
 Soft as the midnight concert of the trees!
 Yes, Worgan sleeps! stretch'd on the bed of clay,
 In Death's cold suit the youthful Poet sleeps!
 Pale pensive vi'lets skirt the sacred way
 Where mild Devotion her lone vigil keeps;
 Where too his emblem, sweet Narcissus, lies*,
 Child of the earth, inheriting the skies!

* This idea has been already adopted by Mr. Parke, in his beautiful Sonnet on the Death of Henry Kirke White.

Like the pale flow'ret of the bashful Spring,
 By Nature deck'd with transitory bloom,
 Rose modest Worgan! but, like her, the sting
 Of Death consign'd him to an early tomb:
 Hope saw the lily 'midst the tempest rise,
 Shrouded its beauties from the northern blast;
 But Death had claim'd it as a lawful prize,
 And on its front his victor-signet cast!
 The loud contention for the lovely gem
 Awoke the sleeping myriads of the shade;
 To prove his right, swift from its yielding stem
 He snapp'd it, laughing at the foolish maid!
 But, that its nobler virtues might not die,
 He bade her quickly bear it to the sky!

Now, while Reflection woos the moaning stream,
 Far from the city will I take my way;
 And while the Moon illumes me with her beam,
 List to the spirits that around me play.
 Like White, he struggled with relentless Fate,
 Like him he triumph'd o'er unequal wo;
 But ah! how vain, how transient, is the date
 Of all our glitt'ring pageantries below!
 Pure as the sparkling dew-drop on the thorn
 Shone the bright genius of his tow'ring soul;
 But, in the splendour of its youthful morn,
 Infuriate Typhus, in her crimson stole,
 Crept to the Bard; and, with infernal art,
 Plung'd in his soul th' irrevocable dart!

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

ON THE STINGS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

“The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest.”

As Cain, condemn'd to rove by God's decree,
 Found change of place but change of misery,
 E'en thus yon guilty wretch, oppress'd with care,
 Urg'd by the wild forebodings of Despair,
 In vain attempting from Remorse to fly,
 Feels the same pangs beneath another sky.

To him insipid blooms the fragrant rose,
 With course unmark'd the winding streamlet flows ;
 Tuneless the feather'd songsters of the grove ;
 E'en tasteless now the blandishments of Love.
 Grac'd with an angel's form his wife appears,
 Lovely and foud, and smiling thro' her tears ;
 His lisping infants crowd around his knees,
 And try with little coaxing arts to please ;
 He heeds them not, but starts in angry mood,
 While busy Mem'ry fires his fev'rish blood.

Refreshing Slumber flies his restless bed,
 Parch'd are his eyeballs, rack'd his aching head.
 If broken Sleep surpris'd his wearied frame,
 Th' unwelcome guest in fearful visions came ;
 A heaving earthquake rocks the trembling ground,
 Blue lightnings flash, and thunders roll around :
 In sulph'rous flames a hideous fiend appears,
 Whose dreadful words appal his shudd'ring ears :—
 “Thy sov'reign lord behold ! faint-hearted slave,
 “I'll tear thy body from the deepest grave !
 “Thy deathless soul in deathless pains shall dwell—
 “Fiends thy tormentors, and thy dungeon hell !”

S. ELSDALE.

THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS:

A DIALOGUE.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia.

TER. Eun.

CAMILLA.

AH! why, Palemon, freely tell,
 You sought my heart with love benign?
 Then, like a rose but pluck'd to smell,
 Its sweets in triumph you resign?

PALEMON.

Say why, Camilla, blame the love
 Your world of charms did first insnare;
 Or let that rose unkindly prove
 A sweet for rivalship to share?

CAMILLA.

Thou little know'st Camilla's heart,
 To think her love has ever stray'd;
 But "*trifles light as air*" impart
 A sting beyond all med'cine's aid.

PALEMON.

Say, can a passion virtuous prove,
 Which trifles with the human heart;
 Or thinks, by playing with our love,
 Like birds we're caught, or won by art?

CAMILLA.

Cruel, Palemon! to suppose
 Camilla's infant looks could shew
 One smile to blast the tender rose
 You first so fondly taught to blow!

PALEMON.

Hence, then, Camilla! shall you find
 Palemon's heart unknown to range;
 Awake to ev'ry sense refin'd
 Of love, beyond all thoughts of change.

CAMILLA.

And hence each morn in crimson ray
 Shall smile, in honour of the rose;
 And Fondness all her charms display,
 To sweeten Life's domestic woes.

L—b—th—R—d, Feb. 12, 1810.

V—.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

BY MELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE*.

WE have fought, we have conquer'd! and England
 shall crown
 Her gallant defenders with wreaths of renown;
 But *I* shall behold thee, sweet Country! no more,
 Nor hail the white rocks that encircle thy shore.
 Soon, soon shall our deeds be emblazon'd and sung;
 Soon, soon shall the lyre to our glories be strung;
 But *I* shall be low, and forgotten my name,
 Ere the victors are welcom'd by Albion and Fame!
 We have fought, we have conquer'd! and Glory shall
 wave,
 Exulting, her palm and her flag o'er the brave!
 Ah! soon, all forgetful of danger and pain,
 They shall fly to their friends and their country again!

* Authoress of a volume of Poems, dedicated to the Prince of Wales, some of which were written at the early age of nine years.

Sweet Love shall embrace them, with smiles of delight;
 Fair England shall hail them, her lions in fight!
 Whilst I shall be cold on a far-distant shore,
 Sweet Love! and fair England! to meet you no more.

Unmark'd, unremember'd, unknown, I shall sleep;
 O'er my grave not a friend, not a mourner, shall weep;
 Yet oh! there are hearts in the land far away,
 That sigh for my absence—lament my delay.

Oh, friends of my bosom! when proudly ye glow,
 In the triumph that England has gain'd o'er the foe;
 How soon shall the kindling of ardour be fled,
 When ye learn that your soldier is low with the dead.

Sweet home of my love! which I never must see;
 Mild bands of affection, so cherish'd by me;
 Dear land of my heart! in resigning my breath,
 To you my pulse vibrates, unalter'd in death.

I hear songs of triumph, of transport, resound;
 Thy name, O Britannia! re-echoes around;
 Thine, thine was my life-blood, thy name be my knell;
 Faint beats my cold heart; O, my Country! farewell.

Feb. 17, 1810.

A MADEMOISELLE P—R.

Vouz avez reçu des cieux
 Tout ce qui peut rendre aimable;
 Une voix incomparable,
 Et mille dons précieux;
 Mais dans un plaisir extrême,
 C'est un tourment sans égal,
 De trouver, quand on vous aime,
 Tout Londres pour son rival,

LAURISON.

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

DEATH, thou stern foe! dost to one level bring
 The humble beggar and the stately King :
 Alike to thee the lowly and the great ;
 Alike recorded on the book of Fate :
 To thee all bow submissive at thy nod,
 To meet the presence of an awful God !
 Some early droop, while others, dim with age,
 Retire, scarce notic'd, from this earthly stage ;
 Oblivion soon doth on their names alight,
 Their deeds are hush'd in shades of endless night.
 Thus man departs,—the grave then shuts the scene,—
 His mem'ry dies, “ as all had never been.”
 But thou, fair youth ! whose ev'ry sense refin'd
 Bespoke a mortal affable and kind,
 Shalt in our breasts with fond remembrance glow,
 Tho' mute we've borne thee to the house of wo.
 Past is the scene when on thy hallow'd bier
 Chaste Friendship shed the unaffected tear ;
 When kindred friends, in silent sad array,
 Did o'er thy grave the solemn requiem pay.
 What tho' thy form, that perish'd in its bloom,
 Lies food for worms beneath the slumb'ring tomb,
 Yet shall thy worth, thy soul's far better part,
 With kind regard be treasur'd in each heart ;
 Whilst, thro' the regions of the starry sky,
 Thy soul ascends to bless'd eternity,
 Upborne by seraphs to that halcyon shore,
 Where Peace and Joy shall reign, when time shall be no
 more.

Ipswich.

J. LILLY.

L'ABJURATION DE MON CŒUR.

J'ABJURE mon erreur, jeune et charmante Elvire ;
 Elle est, je le sens bien, le fruit de mon délire.
 Pour toujours je reviens d'un honteux préjugé,
 Je ressens les remords de mon cœur détrompé.
 Convenir de ses torts, c'est le propre du sage,
 Peut il de sa raison faire un plus noble usage ?
 Je crus, mais j'en rougis, offrir à la Beaute,
 En adorant Zélis, un encens mérité ;
 En elle je crus voir, (telle étoit ma chimère,)
 Cette Divinite qu'en toi seule on révère.
 En Payen obstiné, le sont ils autrement ?
 De l'erreur je suivis le fantôme imposant ;
 Idolâtre fiéffé, sur l'autel des idoles,
 J'offris à des faux dieux, mes hommages frivoles,
 Et de la vérité, méconnoissant la voix,
 J'osois offrir un cœur qui n'est du qu'à toi.—
 Trop coupable pécheur ; oui dans l'impénitence,
 Sans doute je fus mort sans réparer l'offense.
 Je dois à tes appas cette conversion ;
 Te chérir desormais, sera ma religion !
 L'Espérance me dit qu'un repentir sincère,
 Rachète mille torts, soit dit sans te déplaire,
 Mon regret est si grand que sans trop présumer,
 Il en pourroit au moins dix mille racheter.

CHEVALIER DE B—.

 SPRING.

HAIL, genial Spring ! sweet season of delight !
 At thy return all Nature smiles serene ;
 Fair blooms the landscape on the ravish'd sight,
 And new-born glories heighten ev'ry scene.

Thy gentle zephyrs, breathing o'er the floods,
 Dissolve the north-wind's adamantine chains,
 And chase fell Winter from our native woods
 To Alpine hills, or Zembla's frozen plains.

From yonder grove, where late, tempestuous driven,
 Loud howl'd the blast o'er many a leafless spray,
 Soft on each whisp'ring gale, upborne to heaven,
 In strains melodious swells the grateful lay.

No ruthless gunner, with unpitying eyes,
 Now spreads wide havoc thro' the echoing meads;
 But free as air each feather'd songster flies
 Where Pleasure beckons, or where Fancy leads.

Soon as, deep-ting'd with orient streaks of red,
 The blushing East proclaims approaching dawn,
 The skylark warbling leaves his grassy bed,
 And springs exulting on the wings of Morn.

Yes, halcyon Spring! thy blessings, unconfin'd,
 Thro' all creation vary'd charms impart,
 Hush to sweet rest the passion-ruffled mind,
 And whisper pleasure to the drooping heart.

Say, who could view the glorious scenes around,
 Nor breathe warm praises to His bounteous hand
 Who scatters plenty o'er the verdant ground,
 And pours such blessings on a smiling land?

Whether at eve my wand'ring footsteps tread
 Where forests wave in ev'ry gale that blows—
 Or where, slow winding thro' the flow'ry mead,
 In gentle murmurs soft the streamlet flows—

Parent of good! alike my soul adores
 The matchless bounty each fair scene displays;
 And, fir'd with rapture, high exulting soars
 In joyful hymns of gratitude and praise.

ALPHONSO.

A Mr. L'ABBE DE LILLE.

FAVORI, des neuf sœurs, dont la Muse chérie,
 D'Apollon et du Goût sera toujours l'amie,
 Par les Graces guidé dans le sacré vallon,
 Tu montes quand tu veux au haut de l'Hélicon,
 Disposant à la fois des eaux de l'Hypocrène
 Tu t'enivres à longs traits avec quelque syrène !
 Comblé de leurs faveurs, flatte les tour à tour ;
 Pour ton hommage offert, tu reçois en retour
 Les dons les plus flatteurs des doctes immortelles ;
 Compte sur leurs faveurs, elles sont éternelles,
 Heureux qui, comme toi, sût enfin les fixer,
 Contre un sort malheureux il n'a plus à lutter ;
 Avec elles, buvant dans la coupe chérie,
 Il boit l'oubli des maux attachés à la vie.

CHEVALIER DE B—.

A MILADY H****,
 EN LUI ENVOYANT UNE ROSE.
 (La rose est censée porter la parole.)

Tout autre, je l'ense embellie
 Toi seule, tu m'embelliras,
 De mon Destin enorgueillie
 J'oserai braver le trépas ;
 Dans le moment, qui doit le suivre,
 Mon bonheur, ne s'est il pas peint ?
 Puisqu'à jamais je dois revivre
 Dans le coloris de ton teint.

CHEVALIER DE B—.

TO SALLY,

Ce n'est point un esprit qui n'a que l'apparence,
 Le sien est éclairé d'une aimable science ;
 Il est grand, plein de feu, solide, égal et doux ;
 Il fait tout-à-coup mille et mille jaloux !
 La fierté lui sied bien ; et pour comble de gloire
 Elle a du jugement, et beaucoup de mémoire ;
Ses billets sont galans ; ils sont beaux, plus d'esprit ;
Elle parle du moins aussi-bien qu'elle écrit !

MADAME DESHOULIERES.

I'VE perus'd, my dear Sally ! your life-breathing lines,
 Where the star of affection conspicuously shines ;
 I've perus'd them, indeed, full an hundred times o'er,
 And, the more I survey them, the more I explore !
 I read them in bed, by my taper's pale light,
 For they serve to beguile the dark horrors of night ;
 If my eyelids I close, which I now rarely do,
 All my thoughts are employ'd about Phillis and you :
 I dream of lone woods, or of eglantine bow'rs,
 Where methinks we're eluding the gloom-featur'd hours ;
 Where enraptur'd we foot it, 'neath Luna's chaste beam,
 To the cadence that springs from the silver-wav'd stream :
 But ah ! when I wake, how vexatious to find
 That in London I am, and alone lie reclin'd !
 That my taper still scatters its impotent ray—
 That the woods and the valleys are far, far away !
 That the dancing was nought but the shade of a dream—
 And the cadence which sprung from the silver-wav'd
 stream

No more than the weak ineffectual tone
 Which often salutes my dull ear when alone !
 That, instead of enjoying the night's holy noon
 (Beneath the soft rays of the soul-cheering moon),
 I'm encompass'd with sorrow and darkness profound,
 Where Silence triumphant spreads terror around !

That the pictures of Fancy have flown from my sight,
And left me to combat the demons of night !

Oh ! write me as much as your mind can suggest ;
But love, of all topics, is surely the best.
Think, think of the pangs I am forc'd to endure,
And try, my dear girl ! to prescribe me a cure.
I dote on your wit—on your reasonings strong—
Where the sense of the sage gilds the sweetness of song :
There's a critical judgment, with elegance grac'd,
Throughout the whole ditty, excessively chaste,
Combining at once all the warmth of affection
With language that reaches the star of perfection.

Ev'ry sentence is written in Nature's pure diction,
Now awak'ning delight—now rekindling affliction !
But, my dear lovely girl ! they shall never be shewn,
For I value them more than a monarch his throne ;
More than Plutus his treasure of diamonds and gold,
By the miser a thousand times doubtfully told ;
Nor shall the nine maids of Castalia declare
Why you're so belov'd—so enchantingly fair.
May Health, my dear girl ! still conduct you to pleasure,
Unknown to a sequel of wo ;
May you live to be mine, for I deem you a treasure
Unequall'd by any below !

J. G.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP-LUTE.

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

* Inventor.

THE ADVANTAGES OF RETIREMENT.

How highly bless'd that man whom choice oft leads
To seek retirement, where alone are found
Those precious jewels of the human breast—
Contentment sweet, and Peace, and calm Repose,
Which, 'mid the bustle of the busy world,
Are often sought in vain: 'tis there alone
His thoughts unfetter'd may with Freedom range,
Where, shelter'd safe from Envy's baneful shafts,
Or the keen arrows of despite and scorn,
He dwells secure, nor dreads those various evils
Which tumults of the world give rise to.

His peaceful mansion ne'er resounds with mirth,
Which fools delight in; but it oft receives
The weary traveller beneath its roof;
The poor and friendless oft the threshold tread,
And bless its owner for the welcome meal:
Nor is the quiet of this blest abode
By nightly riots broken or disturb'd;
Since none reception meet but those who claim
The sacred ties of friendship; for the flatt'rer
Dares not there his hateful head intrude,
To mar that happiness he cannot taste.
O blest retreat! where Virtue reigns triumphant,
With all her lovely attributes divine;—
Where peaceful glide the hast'ning moments by
In goodly deeds, in godlike actions spent!
Thrice happy he who thus his time employs!
To him retirement yields the purest bliss
That man can taste in this imperfect state;
Whilst Heav'n itself with just approve looks down,
And angels view with smiles the happy scene.

T. L. M.

THE SEMPSTRESS :

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER'S MINUTE MODE OF
DESCRIPTION.

PASSING one day along a narrow road,
Where many briers straggled here and there ;
It fortun'd, as hastily I yode,
My hosen woefully a thorne to tear—
My hosen, which erewhile so comely were !
I, sore amased at so uncouth case,
'Gan ponder much how I mote it repair :
When sodainly along that way did pace
A damsel trim, by whom a loaded page did trace.
She me beholding in that shameful guise,
Aviz'd me of a dame that wonn'd foreby,
Who, *sempstress* hight, skill'd in all mysteries
Of healing rents unseemly to the eye,
So well, that uneach you mote them descrye !
Her straight I sought, and straightway ent'ring found
Sitting 'mong many garments hong on hie ;
And all about on stooles, and on the ground,
Were basketts, that with hose and kerchiefs did abound,
She was a dame most busily inclin'd,
As mote right well by every one be red ;
For you might never her at leisure find
From many things which her encombered
(As erst it was of busie Martha sed):
A pincushion well studded first she bare,
And all her gown with little ends was spred,
Which she was wont from off her stoffes to tear,
Or shear with scissars keen, she at her side did wear.
And them foreby a satchell was yhong,
Wherein were sundry implements empight,
Which do unto the housewife's trade belong—
A needle-booke in costly crimson dight,

Whose store of pointed steel was ever bright ;
 And threds of diverse hews therein were tyed
 In paper doublets, folden faire and tight ;
 With other tools, she to her use applied,
 And she did ever stitch, or darn some fissure wide.

And raung'd upon her table mote ye see
 Of crymping-yrons, sundry sized, store ;
 And yrons eke, that heated wont to be,
 To smooth and press whate'er had wrinkles wore ;
 And paper patterns her were spred before,
 With many things whose names I'note recall,
 Tho' well I ken'd them while she used her lore
 To mend what late so foully did befall,
 Which done, in sooth the rent ye mote not spie at all !

Alton. E. W****G.

ELIZA'S HOLIDAY.

BESIDE a clear stream, 'midst the hillocks of hay,
 In a neat homely cottage we pass'd the lov'd day ;
 Gay gardens and meadows around us were seen,
 And sweet fragrant flow'rets enamell'd the green.

Before, in the water, the finny fry play'd,
 And leap'd in the eddies their frolics had made ;
 Whilst Philomel warbled the wild woods among,
 And Echo, still softer, repeated her song.

Could I suffer pale Envy my breast to invade,
 This spot would I wish for, this cottage my shade ;
 For Peace and Tranquillity dwell in this shed,
 And sweet are the rushes that pillow the head.

G. W.

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
Poetical Magazine,

COMPLETING VOL. II.

FROM NOVEMBER, 1809, TO APRIL, 1810.

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

J A M A I C A,
A POEM.
BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

JAMAICA's beauteous isle and genial clime
I sing.—Attend, ye Britons! nor disdain
Th' advent'rous Muse, to verdant vales that soars,
And radiant realms, beyond th' Atlantic wave;
Ardent to gather, for her Albion's brow,
A tropic wreath, green with immortal Spring.

Guide of my earliest youth!—a seraph now
In heav'n—tho' there far nobler themes employ
Thy rapt'rous hours! wilt thou, my T**** (as wont,
Ere Fate forbade), inspire my numbers? Thee,
Lov'd and lamented friend, I still invoke,
Whose magic verse with love of song first fir'd
My glowing bosom, and whose guardian hand,
In Life's gay morn, from Passion's devious maze
Oft turn'd my erring feet. Thy fav'rite groves
Once more I seek, and many a well-known haunt

Revisit, where the tender thought recalls
 Thy social converse and approving smile,
 That cheer'd in happier days the sultry clime,
 And half suppress'd th' involuntary sigh
 For distant Albion! O, propitious still,
 Dear honour'd shade! (so pleas'd in life to stray
 Down soft Affection's path,) on angel-wings
 Descending, hover o'er my lonely walk:
 By thee first taught, thy own sweet lays still prompt
 My nightly musings, and my matin song.

And thou, dear soil maternal! tho' from thee
 Again I wander, from my glowing breast
 Nor distant skies nor intervening seas
 Shall rase thy lov'd idea—native clime
 Of beauty, virtue, liberty, and law!
 And when my beaten bark, returning, dares
 Once more the rough Atlantic, and thy cliffs
 (Old Ocean's boast!) high o'er the dusk-green wave
 Catch my full eyes, fond Fancy pleas'd shall paint
 Thy valleys doubly fertile—doubly bright
 Thy hills. Thee shall th' accordant Muse exalt
 With higher rapture, and with strengthen'd wing
 Explore a loftier flight—thy praise her theme.

Meanwhile, ye torrid heav'ns! not undismay'd
 (The scene untrod), nor with undazzled sight,
 I seek your burning confines; where sublime
 Yon wondrous mountains rise, whose shaggy sides
 Invest th' ethereal azure, and whose brows
 Th' eternal vapour shrouds! Great Nature there
 Reigns in dread majesty, and unshorn strength,
 Ye hoary piles! ye Heav'n-aspiring cliffs!
 Say, did th' Almighty Father bid uprear
 Your many-tower'd heights, what time his voice,
 Creative, first inform'd th' unactive mass?
 Or laid the Sov'reign Architect alone

Your firm foundations in th' unfathom'd waves,
 And saw your lofty peaks emerging rise,
 Slow and progressive? Ages thus (if thus
 Th' Eternal plann'd) have roll'd away, nor seen
 Your mighty infancy; and still perhaps
 Shall long revolving ages roll, ere stops
 Your giant growth! Oft 'midst your secret shades
 (Conflicting thunders echoing deep below)
 Musing I wander, and admiring trace
 Old Ocean's abdicated empire there.
 I see, in wondrous strata, deep and vast,
 Extraneous forms, once subjects of the main,
 The branching coral and the pearly shell,
 Left by the reflux waters, as the earth
 From chaos rose; or when the uplifted surge
 Broke from his strong foundations, and o'erwhelm'd
 The sons of men, impenitent! Some deem
 The mountains then, proud Teneriffe's peak,
 Atlas, and mightier Andes, first display'd
 Their uncouth summits—fix'd in awful sign
 Of wrath divine awak'd; that many a realm—
 Seat of proud empire since—was but a wreck
 Of the crush'd world; and ev'n th' Atlantic isles
 But splendid ruins—the dispers'd remains
 Of some fair continent, wide spreading once
 From Apalachia's hills to Paria's gulf;—
 The same, perchance, of which Egyptu's lore
 To godlike Solon told: but pitying Heav'n,
 Still merciful in anger, mark'd and spar'd
 The scatter'd fragments; o'er them gracious threw
 The robe of radiant Beauty, and ordain'd
 Sweet Plenty crown their vales, and Health their shores.

Ye happy islands, in the wondrous change
 Rejoice! nor envy Mexico's proud realms,
 Nor rich Potosi's ore—(sad source of crimes,
 And seas of guiltless blood!)—th' unhealthful mine,

Useless and barren, 'till exchang'd its dross
 For nobler products. Thousands, too, condemn'd
 (Hard fate !) t' explore the latent metals, die
 Inglorious. E'en the ambient air is fraught
 With poison. The poor slave, who has not seen
 For many a mournful year his parent sun,
 Falls not alone : from earth's deep caverns rise
 Foul baleful blasts, that scatter fate around ;
 While the dank wood, which never sunbeam pierc'd,
 Boundless as Ocean, as the deluge old,
 Blends the moist vapour, and infects the heavens.

Nor only the dank wood and noxious mine
 Mark the wild wastes beneath the burning zone :
 On Darien's marshy shores, and the rank plains
 Of hot Quiana, to the sick'ning gale,
 O'er many a solitary league outspread,
 Th' unnavigable pool malignant breathes
 Putrid contagion. The proud lake, that laves,
 In fab'lous lore, Dorado's golden walls,
 Sleeps stagnant ; or, by Autumn's floods when swoln,
 Breathes wider ruin ; teeming monstrous births
 And reptile tribes in myriads, without name,
 Unclean and noisome. In the tainted breeze
 Pale Death exults, and snuffs his prey afar !

Rejoice, ye beauteous Isles ! whose happier shores
 Nor foul infection blots, nor births obscene
 Dare enter. Thee, Jamaica ! chiefly thee,
 Be grateful ever. Fragrant are thy woods,
 Thy hills salubrious, and thy valleys gay.
 Tho' fierce the sun that gilds thy sultry plains,
 Shades unpolluted, sweetly murm'ring rills,
 Are thine. From ev'ry hill exub'rant flows
 The bubbling fountain, whence thy fainting sons
 Drink life and joy. Now, while the dazzling heav'ns
 Pour on my aching brows their fires intense,
 Waft me, ye balmy salutary gales,

To the cool margent of Agualta's * flood,
 Whose deep delicious shades the noontide beam
 Knows not to pierce!—Where Leganez' blue hills
 In formidable state aërial rise,
 The parent god 'mid clouds and storms sublime
 Holds his imperial throne; there joyful sees
 His tributary vapours round him spread,
 And hears responsive to his deep-ton'd voice
 The deeper thunder. From his secret urn
 A thousand riv'lets stream:—soft warbling some;
 Others precipitant, with louder tone,
 Call the fix'd eye to where the vast cascade
 Falls bright in awful beauty; till the sire
 His vagrant train unites, and to the vale
 Pours fierce th' impetuous torrent. Gently now,
 Pleas'd with the cool recess, the copious flood
 Oft turns delighted, ling'ring as he rolls!

And ever gently roll, sweet stream! as now,
 Soft murm'ring: in thy crystal waters still
 May langour solace, and Affection's sons
 Drink sweet oblivion. Bathe your wearied limbs,
 Ye Lybian maidens! unprov'd, unaw'd
 (Nor sportive Smiles nor hov'ring Loves disdain
 Your harmless revels). While the yielding wave
 Some clasp with circling arm, and buoyant float
 The profluent eddy; others, bolder still,
 Plunge in the blue profound, and pleas'd far off
 Emerge exulting. In the jocund toil
 They waste th' unconscious hours; forgot awhile—
 Could Slav'ry but forget—past cruel wrongs,
 And dread of future woes. But soon (too soon!)
 The sportive Smiles and hov'ring Loves are fled—
 For now, the bank obtain'd (th' invidious term
 Of sweet indulgence pass'd), afflictive thought,

* A river so called, in the mountains of Jamaica.

And aching memory and noxious dread,
 Cloud each dejected brow. Soft Ebo * nymphs
 Awake the plaintive lay; their own sad fate,
 Torn from their native fields and sable loves,
 Lamenting loud. The hard impending rocks
 Their sighs re-echo, and Agualta flows
 In deeper murmurs. Israel's daughters they
 By Babylon's proud stream, in artless strains,
 Bewail'd their captive doom, and Zion lost!

But, lo! triumphant, thro' the gates of Morn—
 Nor with meek roseate smile and gentle step
 Soft-stealing, but with ardent eye inflam'd—
 Day's radiant god his burning axle drives;
 And unrelenting, o'er the scorched plains,
 Leads the hot Hours. Quick from his piercing gaze
 Shrinks the young Twilight, and affrighted seeks
 Th' embow'ring grove, and mountain's western shade.

'Tis langour all! wide o'er the sultry shore
 The blazing torrent spreads: th' unruffled sea
 Shines like fus'd silver; and the solar ray
 Thence fierce reflected darts redoubled fire:
 No kindly interposing cloud is seen;
 No zephyr moves: the stagnant air o'erpow'rs
 Life's functions; and chill Age and ardent Youth
 Invoke with blended pray'r the ling'ring Breeze.

He comes! he comes! the silv'ry wave afar
 The salutary pow'r proclaims: and now
 His parent Sun he follows, and, elate,
 Leads o'er the laughing land his sportive train.
 O, blow, delightful gales! and on your wings
 Sweet coolness bring! So, from thy airy bow'rs
 Shall bloated Febris fly; th' Iberian vales

* The Ebo negroes are the gentlest and mildest of all the nations of Africa. They never rise into rebellion; but often sink under a sense of their condition, and destroy themselves.

Her fit abode, where Cuba's slothful sons,
 In woods ne'er open'd to the cheering ray,
 Their languid hours drag on; forbidding thee,
 Kind breeze! to enter: thee, best friend to life!

Nature revives! the vivid ether flows
 Pure, balmy, vig'rous, to the sinking soul
 Breathing elysium. Meantime Ocean smiles,
 And Day's fierce tyrant pours, or seems to pour,
 A milder radiance and a soften'd beam.

Rejoicing in the gale, a lovelier green
 Th' enliven'd cane-field wears, and gently waves
 Luxuriant. To the unpolluted ear
 How musical, amid the verdant ranks,
 The breeze soft whisp'ring! Nor untuneful e'en
 His mightier voice resounding, when the waves,
 Driv'n by his breath, rage idly on the shore.

Yet days there are when unrelenting heat
 Unconquer'd triumphs; when the healing breeze
 Comes not, or struggling flags his weary wings
 Oppress'd. 'Tis then your lone retreats, ye hills,
 Once more I seek: your pure ethereal air
 I drink, and live. Meantime the vary'd scene,
 Awful and boundless, draws th' enchanted eye,
 Till wonder ends, in rapt devotion lost!

Regions of ancient glory, boast no more
 Your cloud-crown'd summits! Where is now thy pride,
 Fam'd Appenine? Girt with a triple zone
 (Themselves a world), to Chili's southern bounds
 Stretch the vast Andes; with whose mighty crests
 Compar'd, the Alpine heights abash'd sink down
 Their heads, astonish'd; and old Etna shrouds
 In smoke and murky flame his conscious shades.
 Nor let presumptuous man, with bounded views,
 Arraign the mighty Maker, and misdeem
 Of Wisdom infinite, that vary'd thus

The earth, and fix'd th' aspiring mound sublime.
 O! rashly impious ye, who deem th' All-wise
 Hath form'd aught erring—from the sov'reign Hand
 Snatch the dread sceptre, and, far wiser ye,
 Sweep from th' astonish'd earth the Nubian hills,
 And Tibet's heights remote; or, bolder still,
 Bid Chimborazo * sink; and, lo! (a name
 Alone,) Nilus and Ganges shall be sought
 In vain; and wondrous Amazon no more,
 Monarch of floods, o'er leagues unnumber'd roll!

For, from the boundless deep, by the hot sun
 Exhal'd, or on the wings of mighty winds
 Upborne, aloft th' aërial waters float
 Expansive; by th' attractive hills condens'd,
 The congregated vapours pond'rous pour
 Their liquid treasures, that would else perchance
 Roam useless thro' the void, or haste uncheck'd
 Back to their native sea, while the parch'd world
 In unextinguishable thirst would burn.

E'en when relentless o'er th' Atlantic isles
 Drought lifts his iron hand, (chief when the sun,
 Turned towards the northern, gives to blow,
 With strength redoubled, the diurnal breeze,
 While far aloof the spiry clouds are driven,)
 E'en then yon tow'ring hills rise not in vain;
 For still, at Heav'n's command, the Deep unlocks
 His unexhausted fountain, and his waves
 Pour thro' the secret mazes of the earth.
 In silent progress permeates and ascends
 The finer fluid—from th' abhorr'd embrace
 Dissolv'd of pungent brine—till from the peak
 (That tow'rs with loftier brow, as wider spreads
 The subject continent) impetuous gush
 The defecated waters. To the vale

* The highest of the Andes.

Jocund they haste. The thirsty trav'ler hears,
 Well pleas'd, their voice soft warbling. Earth, meantime,
 In lovelier verdure blooms : the liquid train
 Bid soft Fertility smile wide around,
 And Spring awaits them ; till the Deep recalls
 His truant offspring, and th' eternal round
 Again propitious speeds. So flows in man
 The crimson fluid, from the heart propell'd,
 Thro' cells uncounted to the heart again.

Now while pale Phosphor scarce his glimm'ring lamp
 Withdraws, and ere the short-liv'd twilight flies,
 Wide o'er th' irriguous valley deep below,
 See the dense vapours (that in Day's proud reign
 Inflated rise, and in the ambient air
 Melt from th' imperfect sight), by Night's cold hand
 Compress'd, still linger o'er their parent springs—
 A wondrous scene to Fancy's plastic eye,
 As if main Ocean from his mound had broke,
 The world o'erwhelming ! Nor reluctant I
 Quit Sleep's soft empire, and, descending prone,
 Yield my parch'd bosom to the chill embrace :
 For, pleas'd, th' inspiring hour Hygeia crowns,
 And renovatèd Nature glad resumes
 Her vernal charms, and pours forth all her sweets.
 'Mid the deep wilderness, where spicy groves
 Spontaneous rise, what grateful incense fills
 Th' attempter'd atmosphere ! Pimenta's * shades,
 Rich with oppressive bliss, the sense o'erpow'r ;
 And jasmin tendrils, with the cyprian leaf
 (The consecrated myrtle) glad entwin'd,
 Their milder balms diffuse. Nor, coy, denies

* Jamaica pepper, or allspice. The botanic name is "caryophyllus." Nothing can be more beautiful or delicious than a grove of these trees, which grow spontaneously, and in great abundance, in the parishes of St. Ann and Trelawny. It is peculiar to Jamaica.

A brighter Flora to the op'ning dawn
 Her beauteous tribute. O'er the fragrant hedge,
 Where the green lime her sweet refreshment breathes,
 Pride of the morn, in radiant beauty blows
 The crimson sena *. To the soften'd skies,
 Meantime, the varying rose † (fair India's boast)
 Spreads her chaste bosom, in the lily's hue
 Array'd; till, by the garish day oppress'd,
 Her flow'rets droop, and, deeply-blushing, veil
 Our morning's wonder and our ev'ning's sigh ‡.

But transitory all! e'en while I gaze
 The vision flies. Chang'd is the vernal scene,
 The cool, the shady; nor the balmy tribes,
 Nor Twilight's humid hand, can long thy rage
 Omnipotent, solstitial heat, repel!
 From the pierc'd vale th' incumbent vapours rise,
 Into thin air diffus'd. The sultry blaze
 Ascends all-conqu'ring, and the mountains burn!
 Yet tho' the glorious god (emerging thus
 In fierce effulgence) from the startled plains
 Lifts the dense curtain, he unfolds to view
 Far nobler scenes,—thy triumph, Industry!
 And see where, ocean-like, th' ambrosial cane,
 O'er many an acre spreads, till Ocean's self

* The botanic name is "poinciana." It is commonly known by the name of Barbadoes' pride. Sir Hans Sloane calls it "sena spuria arborea spinosa," or bastard sena; and it has nearly the same virtues as the "Alexandrine sena," and resembles it in the pod. The flowers are transcendently beautiful, and make an elegant red sirup of a purgative quality, and the root affords a scarlet die.

† Commonly called the China rose; but improperly: it is the "hibiscus mutabilis," or changeable rose, of Linnæus. Early in the morning it is of a most perfect and beautiful white; about noon it assumes a rose-colour; and becomes of a deep red at night, when it contracts and dies.

‡ A line from Young's Night-Thoughts.

Bounds the rich level, and exulting bears
 The golden produce on his burnish'd breast !
 But thine the flowing charm, th' unbounded range,
 Almighty Nature ! thine the woodland reign !
 E'en on the summit, by disparting clouds
 Reveal'd, and cliffs sublime, the palm-tree * tow'rs ;
 And stems of wondrous growth, sons of the zone,
 To whom e'en Britain's oak diminish'd bends,
 Th' immortal mastic, mammee's † graceful shaft,
 And far-fam'd Alcovan ‡, spread deep around
 Impenetrable umbrage. Ceiba § here
 Extends his uncouth arms, and scatters wide
 His silky down ; yet yields yon mightier fig ||

* The species of palm here meant is the palmeto-royal of Barbadoes, which, as Mr. Long observes, is one of the most beautiful trees in the world. Ligon mentions some, at the first settlement of Barbadoes, above 200 feet in height ; and Ray speaks of another, 270 feet ; 100 feet is a very common height.

† Bastard mammee, called by the Spaniards Santa Maria.

‡ El Loavano.

§ The Spanish name of the wild cotton-tree ; its botanical name is bombax.

|| This monarch of the woods, whose empire extends over Asia and Africa, as well as the tropical parts of America, is described by our divine Poet with great exactness :—

The fig-tree (not that kind for fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to Indians known
 In Malabar and Decan) spreads her arms,
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bearded twigs take root, and daughters grow
 Above the mother tree—a pillar'd shade,
 High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between !

Paradise Lost, Book IX.

It is called in the East Indies the "banyan-tree." Mr. Marsden gives the following account of the dimensions of one, near Manjee, twenty miles west of Patna, in Bengal: diameter, 365 to 375 feet; circumference of the shadow at noon, 1,116 feet; circumference of the several stems, in number fifty or sixty, 991 feet.—His *Sumatra*, p. 191.

Pre-eminence. Meantime, Pomona show'rs—
 Warm'd by the genial clime—uncourted gifts,
 Her choicest treasures ; avocado mourns
 Her marrowy pear uncropp'd ; and tam'rind sheds
 Her racy pods, and mild banana droops,
 Unnotic'd. These, and others numberless,
 Mock the proud infidel, and loud proclaim
 Almighty goodness ! boundless love divine !

But now, rejoicing in his strength, the sun
 Mounts his meridian throne, and the wide heav'ns
 Blaze one vast field of undulating fire.
 Ye eastern skies, bid all your breezes blow !—
 Ye vapours, screen me from your piercing ray !—
 I faint ! I burn !—O, spread thy world of shade,
 Majestic cedar ! open all your springs,
 Ye gelid fountains ! bring your gifts, ye pow'rs
 That o'er these gardens of the sun preside !
 The gen'rous grape, the milky cocoa, bring ;
 Or bid the lemon and the pungent lime
 Their cooling bev'rage pour : my fainting soul
 Imbibes the melting pulp, and tastes of heaven !

Offspring of heat, and countless as the stars
 That beam resplendent round the throne of Night,
 Gay insect tribes, ten thousand beauteous dies
 And orient colours waving, in the shine
 Exulting sport. Their hum is harmony—
 The voice, perchance, of gratitude to Heav'n !
 How gently-soothing if the plaintive dove
 Blend her mild melody ! The gen'ral song
 Lulls to soft slumber in the fev'rish hour.
 Yet thin the plumy choir—for Nature, here
 Content t' have lavish'd on the feather'd race
 All Beauty's radiance, gives to other climes
 The tribes melodious. Philomel * alone

* The mock-bird, or American nightingale.

(Not her the queen of European grove,
 Yet no mean rival) from the tow'ring palin
 Pours forth the note still varying. All the night,
 E'en as the Philomel of British shades,
 She sings rejoicing. But afflictive heat,
 Intensely ardent, to earth's centre now
 Hath pierc'd, and animated Nature all
 Droops wearied; to the gloomiest covert haste
 The plummy nations; one alone except,
 The rav'ning gallinazo *. With keen eye
 He dares th' unmitigated blaze, and tow'rs
 Aloft; till, pois'd on even wing, he marks,
 Far on the solitary shore remote,
 Pregnant the cayman with maternal care
 Delve deep the burning soil. Lo! this the hour
 (The world reposing, as if midnight reign'd)
 She from the brackish stream, which mangrove shades,
 Creeps cautious; and, by wondrous instinct led,
 To Earth's all-fost'ring bosom soft consigns
 The vital shell. The gen'ral mother, pleas'd,
 Receives th' incipient Nature—soon to wake
 The latent life;—but see, descending prone,
 Th' insatiate fowl th' incumbent glebe explores,
 And springs remorseless on his embryo prey.

Exhausted thus, whilst Nature languid droops,
 Me too, reclin'd amid the cocoa-grove,
 Or where banana interwoven spreads
 Her verdant canopy, let gentle Sleep
 Envelop, till the sultry hours are past.
 The sportive zephyrs, whisp'ring o'er my head,
 Shall winnow with soft wing the peopled air,
 And softly sooth my slumbers: undismay'd
 I court th' oblivious pow'r. Ill-fated he,
 The heedless wanderer on Asia's plains,

* The Turkey vulture, vulgarly called the carrion-crow.

Whom treach'rous Sleep o'ertakes. Him, from his law,
 Marks the fell panther. As aghast he wakes,
 On his scar'd visage full her flaming eyes
 Are fix'd; while from her hollow breast she heaves,
 Horrid and dreadful, the fate-boding sigh!
 Nail'd by the fascinating glare, his limbs
 Forget their functions, and supine he dies!

Far happier we, who, fenc'd by Ocean, sleep
 Secure in soft serenity, and wake,
 As now, to gladness; for the heav'ns relent.
 See, a mild temp'ring haze diffusive shades
 The bright cerulean, as the radiant god
 Impetuous hastens to th' Atlantic wave:
 Yet, sinking, he dilates, and in his strength
 Still glories. O'er the abdicated skies
 Now gaily spread ten thousand golden forms
 And gorgeous phantoms, empyrean flame
 And worlds of fire. So momentary glares
 Thy gilded reign, Ambition! and as night
 Thus comes abrupt, Oblivion spreads her veil,
 Shades thy proud triumphs, and shuts out the scene!

O! ye soft gales, who in the train of Night
 Your downy pinions wave, who all the day
 Repose amid the mountains' cool retreats,
 Your course delay not! The diurnal breeze
 Now slumbers on the tranquil wave exhaust.
 Fan the still air, ye gales! with balmy breath
 Inspire th' enliven'd functions! Now on high
 Refulgent Venus and the starry train
 Spangle the vivid hemisphere. Around,
 Myriads of insect-meteors*, living lamps,

* These are the fire-flies, which abound in the interior parts of the country, and to a stranger have a wonderful and singular appearance. They consist of different species, some of which emit light, resembling a spark of fire, from a globular prominence near

People the glitt'ring air! A fairy world
 I tread—a land of geni! Airy shapes,
 Oft visible to Contemplation's eye,
 Roam in the midnight hour these sacred shades:
 Nor unobserv'd while now the starry train
 Burn with diminish'd lustre; for, behold,
 The radiant Moon bids meaner glories fade;—
 No cloud her course obscures, and high she tow'rs,
 Guiding in awful majesty thro' heav'n
 Her silver car, triumphant o'er the dark.

Sure 'tis illusion and enchantment all!
 Yet still fond Fancy thro' the shadowy glade
 Sees visionary fleeting forms; still hears
 Sounds more than human. Once a gentle race
 Own'd these fair valleys; from the birth of Time,
 These groves, these fountains, and these hills, were theirs,
 Perhaps e'en now their sp'rits delighted haunt
 Their once-lov'd mansions. Oft the pensive Muse
 Recalls, in tender thought, the mournful scene,
 When the brave Incotel, from yonder rock,
 His last sad blessing to a weeping train
 Dying bequeath'd. "The hour (he said) arrives,
 "By ancient sages to our sires foretold!
 "Fierce from the deep, with Heav'n's own lightning
 arm'd,
 "The pallid nation comes! blood marks their steps;
 "Man's agonies their sport, and man their prey!
 "What piercing shrieks still vibrate on the ear!
 "Th' expiring mother lifts her feeble arm
 "In vain to shield her infant; the hot steel

each eye; and others from their sides, in the act of respiration.
 They are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and fill the air
 on all sides, like so many living stars, to the astonishment and terror
 of a traveller unaccustomed to the country. In the day-time they
 disappear.

" Smokes with their mingled blood; and blooming
 youth,
 " And manly strength and virgin beauty, meet
 " Alike th' untimely grave; till fell Revenge
 " Is cloy'd and tir'd with slaughter. See, full-gorg'd,
 " The vulture sickens o'er his waste of prey;
 " And, surfeit-swell'd, the reeking hound expires!

" Yet pause not, Spaniard! whet thy blunted steel;
 " Take thy full pastime in the field of blood!
 " But know, stern tyrant! retribution's hour
 " Ere long shall reach thee. Tho' his once-lov'd isle,
 " For crimes yet unaton'd, dread Zemi thus
 " To Desolation and to Death consigns,
 " And thou the instrument of wrath divine;
 " In yonder orb, now darken'd in his course,
 " Read thy own doom, more dreadful! With the slain
 " The murd'rer falls! th' oppressor and th' oppress'd
 " Mingle in dust together! Where are now
 " The blood-polluted glories? Ah! too late,
 " Learn, when avenging Heav'n presumptuous guilt
 " Gives to its own fell purposes a prey,
 " More mark'd its fate,—more terrible its fall!

" So perish the false triumphs and vain hopes
 " Of mad Ambition and remorseless Pride,
 " That make weak man the murderer of man!
 " O, my associates! dry those scalding tears!
 " One little moment, and we shall arrive
 " At those bless'd islands, where, from guilt refin'd
 " By sharp affliction, we no more shall feel
 " Death's torpid grasp and agonizing pang!
 " There with our lov'd forefathers shall we rove
 " Thro' palmy shades; in limpid fountains bathe;
 " Repose in jasmin bow'rs at sultry noon;
 " And, when cool ev'ning tempers soft the air,
 " Unenvy'd gather, from his unprun'd bough,

" The fragrant guava. On our cheeks no more
 " The burning tear shall linger ; not a sigh
 " Swell the light bosom ; but immortal joy
 " Fill ev'ry thought, and brighten ev'ry eye.
 " Meantime, those happy interdicted shores
 " Our blood-stain'd foes shall seek ; but seek in vain.
 " The hurricane shall rave, the thunder roll,
 " And Ocean whelm them in his deepest tide,
 " Or leave transfix'd on the hard pointed rock,
 " The sport of howling winds. How shall we laugh
 " When the pale coward slaves to us remote
 " Direct th' uplifted hand, th' imploring eye !
 " Their conscious groans shall feel one great revenge ;
 " But, ah ! no woes can punish crimes like theirs."

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1808.

" Heureux qui, méprisant l'opinion commune
 " Que notre vanité peut seule autoriser,
 " Croit, comme moi, que c'est avoir fait sa fortune,
 " Que d'avoir, comme moi, bien sçu la mépriser !"

FAR from the smoke-encompass'd town,
 At ev'ning-tide I lay me down
 On Wigmore's mould'ring tow'rs ;
 Or, stretch'd supinely in the vale,
 The cooling breeze of health inhale,
 Or fragrance from the flow'rs.

Sometimes in high fantastic mood
 I roam the dark sequester'd wood,
 Where Silence loves to dwell ;
 Where murmurs from the falling rill
 The soul with nobler raptures fill,
 To tune my simple shell.

Oft too, when glooms involve the skies,
 When clouds in grand convulsion rise,
 Of black Herculean form,
 I haste to some monastic height,
 Where phantoms wheel the sullen flight,
 To view the winged storm.

But chiefly when the sprites of eve
 In yonder spheres their garlands weave,
 And all the air is mute ;
 I love to sit with Thought sublime,
 To view the mighty wrecks of Time,
 Or sound my plaintive lute.

But hark ! from yonder ivy-tow'r,
 Borne on the breeze, the length'ning hour
 Swings down the brooklet sheen !
 And see ! the glow-worm's paly lamp,
 Amid yon cavern's sickly damp,
 Shines beauteously serene !

Beneath the hill's romantic fall,
 Where grow the poplars green and tall,
 Resides the labouring hind ;
 Fast by his cottage, neatly low,
 Where flow'rs in rich profusion glow,
 Two silver currents wind.

Tho' Learning never rear'd her seat
 Amidst the charms of that retreat,
 Nor Fancy plum'd her wing :
 Tho' Science never knew the haunt,
 Nor Fashion there was seen to flaunt,
 Or poet heard to sing :

Yet still mine eyes, with rapture new,
 Each simple feature love to view—
 The fragrant woodbine's shade,
 The trees that wave their branches high,
 The streams that gurgle softly by,
 And flow'rs in rich parade.



There man, of contemplative mind,
 To all the cant of Learning blind,
 May view th' eternal source ;
 May trace the great Creator's pow'r
 Impress'd on every op'ning flow'r
 That decks the streamlet's course.

He needs no self-important knave,
 Adopting Newton's reasoning grave,
 To prove th' Almighty cause !
 He sees the moon, the stars, the sun,
 Each in its proper system run,
 And hence conviction draws.

Oh, Ign'rance ! envious is thy lot,
 Blest with a little lowly cot,
 Far from the sons of Care,
 Where Flora decks the pregnant land,
 With daisies pied or cowslips bland,
 Or lilies sweetly fair.

Oh! had it been my happier fate,
 Far from the ostentatious great
 To spend my studious hours ;
 Blest with a spot of humble mien,
 Adorn'd with mantling ivy green,
 And sweetly-scented flow'rs ;

I might have charm'd the wood-nymphs wild,
 Or drowsy Pan himself beguil'd,
 With *uncorrupted* shell :
 And, scorning all the tricks of Art,
 Have seiz'd what Nature's works impart,
 Where Nature's offspring dwell ;—

Or stole, at Evening's holy tide,
 Along the river's velvet side,
 From babbling knaves retir'd ;
 Have watch'd the distant vision play
 Beneath the young moon's silver ray,
 With heav'nly themes inspir'd !

Yet mostly, Sorrow, would I rove,
Along with thee, yon devious grove,
When vulgar spirits sleep;
And o'er the dear delusive tomb,
Beneath the night's religious gloom,
My fav'rite vigil keep.

There Pensiveness, with drooping head,
Is seen at midnight-hour to tread
The long-remember'd walks;
And there, when Cynthia's modest beam
Illumes the dull unsocial stream,
Ophelia's spirit stalks!

Wrapp'd in a fringed winding-sheet,
Methinks I see her figure sweet
Glide past the cavern's gloom;
While troops of apparitions pale
Triumphant ride the noxious gale—
Associates of her tomb!

Oh, Genius! thy prophetic spell
Has led me o'er the flames of hell,
Where foaming sinners lie!
Has rais'd to heav'n my buoyant soul,
Where silver-crested planets roll,
And red-wing'd meteors fly!

Methinks, dear spirit! thou hast prest
Thy witch'ries on my youthful breast,
Each ling'ring hour to 'guile;
Ay! thou hast taught me oft to know
That pleasure may result from wo,
And torture from a smile.

For, when disturb'd with fest'ring grief,
I've found a world of sweet relief
In thine auspicious form;
Have rode with thee in fearful mood
Beyond the polar solitude,
Where howls the fitful storm!

And when, at Night's impressive noon,
I've wak'd to watch the tim'rous moon
Yon azure mountain climb;
Have heard thee chanting, void of care,
Full many a wild seraphic air,
On Snowdon's cliff sublime!

Pleas'd with the deep sonorous strain,
I've wander'd o'er the mould'ring fane
To spend the sacred hours;
Where ghosts, in milk-white garb array'd,
Across the sounding vaults parade,
Subservient to thy pow'rs.

I've seen thee wrapp'd in musings wild,
With Shakspeare, Nature's noblest child,
On Avon's flow'ry shore;
Have mark'd thee rush with Milton far
Beyond the sullen arctic star,
And Ocean's depths explore!

With Gray, o'er Cambrian mountains high,
I've seen thee headlong hurrying fly,
Loud shrieking desp'rate wo;
Have heard thee smite the vaulted Lyre
With fingers of ethereal fire,
To charm the Fates below!

When young-ey'd Mirth, with naked charms,
Entic'd me to her circling arms,
That bound me to her breast;
Ay! in the height of heav'nly bliss,
Delusion issued from her kiss,
By thee alone redress'd!

Thus, Genius! thy prolific pow'r
Can ease each solitary hour,
Or turn delight to pain;
Can bear me thro' the flaming skies,
Or bring before my ravish'd eyes
The reeking fields of slain!

Then, while the sweets of Summer last,
 Untainted by the noxious blast
 Yon gath'ring clouds sustain,
 At evening still thy scenes impart,
 For much my wild enthusiast heart
 Thy visions entertain.

Soft ! whatsoe'er thy hand unfold,
 Let Virtue her dominion hold
 Thro' each revolving line ;
 Yet curb not Fancy in her flight,
 But with her sacred pow'rs unite
 Thy attributes divine !

With such compeers, thou godlike pow'r,
 Thou can'st amuse each dreary hour,
 And picture scenes anew,
 Wake into life the mould'ring fire,
 And with the loud immortal Lyre
 Hell's giant king subdue !

J. G.

THE NEWSPAPER ; OR, LOVE AND LOYALTY.

HARD by the banks of Severn's tide
 Young Doran's flocks did stray ;
 Of sylvan youths he was the pride ;
 Of flocks the fairest they.

Soon as the East began to glow
 With Phœbus' cheering dawn,
 He to his fleecy care would go,
 And guide them o'er the lawn.

With tenderness he sought each lamb
 That from his flock might stray ;
 With kindly help the yeaning dam
 Was aided in her way.

None e'er with more attention try'd
From injury to keep,
Or knew with gentler hand to guide
The sick or wearied sheep.

Tho' he was form'd with manly grace,
Tho' Courage warm'd his heart,
He never thought 'twould yield disgrace
To take the feebler's part.

Oft was he seen upon the hill,
With lambkin in his breast;
Oft leading to the purling rill
The dam, with heat opprest.

But, when a ruffian-hand would dare
To tease his valu'd flock,
He flew to shield the much-lov'd care,
Tho' dreadful was the shock.

A prowling wolf the shepherd slew,
That on his lambkins prey'd;
And well each wily poacher knew
He never was dismay'd.

With faithful Cæsar by his side
He fearlessly would go
O'er hill or dale, thro' forest wide,
Nor ever fear'd a foe.

Beneath a yew's majestic shade
This youth was oft reclin'd;
There did he woo a lovely maid,—
A maid to love inclin'd.

Then would he smile, and pat the cheek
That on his shoulder lay;
And sigh, "Corinna! say, next week
"You'll name the happy day.

“ Have you not vow'd, my charming fair,

“ To bless my future life ?

“ Say when, my love (relieve my care),

“ You'll be your Doran's wife.

“ These flocks that o'er the meadows range

“ Shall ev'ry want supply ;

“ This heart from thee can never change,—

“ Oh ! on my truth rely.

“ Thy charms shall grace my humble cot ;

“ Oh ! never will I roam

“ If thou wilt deign to share my lot,

“ And bless thy shepherd's home.”

Not long did Doran vainly sue ;

What maid could long withstand

A youth so brave, a love so true ?

She blushing gave her hand.

“ Accept this proffer'd pledge of love,”

Corinna softly sigh'd :—

“ Henceforth, my Doran, will I prove

“ Thy love is all my pride.

“ Next Sunday morn I will be thine,

“ You shall no longer stay ;

“ And Oh ! may Heav'n upon us shine,

“ And bless our wedding-day.”

What joy the shepherd's bosom fir'd !

Love on his accents hung :

Love ev'ry look, each word, inspir'd,

That trembled on his tongue.

“ Shall I possess those matchless charms ?

“ Oh ! shall we never part ?

“ Let me enfold thee in my arms,

“ And clasp thee to my heart.

“ There shalt thou ever mistress reign,
 “ Ne'er will thy Doran rove ;
 “ But to Corinna true remain,
 “ Enraptur'd with her love.”

The eve before the blissful morn
 For which the shepherd sigh'd,
 He flew to seek her on the lawn
 Who was to be his bride.

As o'er the mead they slowly walk'd,
 Love still the way beguil'd ;
 Of future joys they either talk'd,
 And at the prospect smil'd.

“ Hark !” cried the youth, “ the village clock
 “ Proclaims the setting sun,
 “ That now retires beneath yon rock ;
 “ His steady course has run :

“ For full eight hours since, o'er mine head,
 “ In bright meridian day,
 “ His genial beams around were spread,
 “ His glories to display.

“ Ere eight more pass, yon eastern hill
 “ Ting'd with his burnish'd gold,
 “ Will Doran's breast with rapture fill—
 “ Will the bless'd morn unfold.”

Loud shouts were heard,—the village rang,—
 “ Huzza, my boys ! to arms !
 “ We'll meet the French,” each stripling sang—
 “ We'll brave the war's alarms.

“ Ne'er shall a haughty despot reign
 “ O'er Britain's happy land ;
 “ True to their King, her sons remain
 “ A hardy faithful band.

“ Fly to the coast ! with speed repair !
 “ Napoleon’s slaves are nigh !
 “ Soon shall he know free Britons dare
 “ To conquer him, or die.

“ Doran, brave Doran !” cries each voice,
 “ Thy King demands thy aid :
 “ Now will thy gallant heart rejoice
 “ To prove ’tis not afraid

“ The sword of Vengeance thou shalt wield,
 “ Where Honour points the way :
 “ For Freedom calls ! haste to the field,—
 “ Cowards alone delay.”

Words faintly could express the grief
 That rent each lover’s breast ;
 Tears gave Corinna quick relief—
 Doran was not so bless’d.

He, wildly gazing at the fair,
 Sigh’d loud, “ O must I go ?
 “ Must I the dreadful contest share,
 “ And face the vengeful foe ?”

“ Take,” said a youth, “ and quick peruse
 “ This paper ;—’twill impart
 “ Thy country’s danger, and the news
 “ Will rouse thy manly heart.

“ Hear thy good King’s, thy father’s, call ;
 “ His words attentive hear :
 “ Rouse, Britons ! rouse to vengeance all !
 “ To whom Britannia’s dear.

“ Forth from the ports of hostile France
 “ Her tyrant and his hosts,
 “ With savage fronts, with speed advance,
 “ And threat your happy coasts.

- “ Husbands, to arms ! a tyrant comes,
“ Who no compassion knows ;
“ Who carries horrors to the homes
“ Of friends as well as foes.
- “ Fathers ! survey his motley bands,
“ From ev’ry nation torn ;
“ The children of his conquer’d lands
“ Now o’er the ocean borne.
- “ Ye sons ! whose veins with vigour flow,
“ Say, shall your parents bleed
“ Beneath a foul assassin’s blow,
“ And ye behold the deed ?
- “ Arm, youthful Britons ! quickly fly :
“ Begirt our rocky strand :
“ There let the vile Napoleon die,
“ And save your native land !
- “ Lovers ! who sigh for Beauty’s charms,
“ Who feel Love’s purest fire,
“ Will ye behold in Frenchmen’s arms,
“ The victims of Desire,
- “ The tender frames of those you love ?
“ Never, by Heav’n ! you swear :
“ Haste, meet the foe ; your passions prove ;
“ Protect and win the fair.”
- “ No more,” cried Doran, “ read no more :
“ Lead to the savage foe !
“ Soon on Britannia’s freeborn shore
“ We’ll lay the monster low.
- “ Corinna ! for a time we part ;
“ My country I obey !
“ Yet thou shalt cheer thy Doran’s heart
“ When far from thee away.

" If here ignobly I could wait,
 " Or dread the cannon's roar,
 " Thy love would justly turn to hate,
 " And joy be felt no more.

 " My King, my Country, and my Fair,
 " Demand my youthful arm,
 " The fiercest slaves of France to dare,
 " Their power to disarm.

 " But should kind Heav'n in pity guard
 " Thy faithful shepherd's life,
 " Soon will I come to seek reward,
 " By making thee my wife !

 " Dry up those tears ; our God will shield
 " The treasure of my heart,
 " While I, amid the hostile field,
 " Act but a Briton's part.

 " Hope smiling says with laurels crown'd
 " I shall return to you :
 " Hark ! hark ! the trumpet's warlike sound !
 " My love, my life, adieu !"

R. B.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN, AND HELL.

" I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books
 were opened."

THY terrors, Death ! and wide-extended reign—
 Thy gloomy mansions, and thy awful train—
 The day of judgment, God's avenging might,
 Heav'n's wondrous brightness, dazzling mortal sight, }
 And Hell's dark dungeons hid in tenfold night—
 Begin, my Muse, in humble lines, to sing.
 Oh ! guide me by thy Spirit, glorious King,

Whose succour I implore: receive my pray'r,
And shield thy seryant with almighty care.

Mourn, Adam's sons! the fatal sentence mourn;
"Sprung from the dust, to dust ye shall return."
Your days are few, your race is quickly run,
The shades of night soon shroud your setting sun;
Naked ye left your mother's fruitful womb,
And Death shall hide you naked in the tomb:
Wise men and fools, the coward and the brave,
The prince, the peasant, hero, captive slave,
Mingle together in one common grave. }

Here wretches moulder, from *farm'd* workhouse fled,
Who robb'd the paupers of their daily bread;
And parish quacks, who, for a paltry fee,
The passport sign'd of dying Misery:
Churchwardens too, who left God's house a prey
To cank'ring time, to ruin and decay;
And schoolmasters, who hunt endowments fair,
Then leave their scholars to a hireling's care:
Too proud to teach Salvation's sacred rule,
They banish Bibles from a Christian school;
Instruct wild youth with Greek, rude clowns to please,
Nor copy Jesus Christ, but Socrates:
Their corsers lay-impropriators lend
To *sap* a chancel which they ne'er would *mend*.
From taverns, theatres, and brothels, come
Thousands of thousands to untimely doom.

The servant hears no more his master's call;
The pris'ner freed escapes the dungeon-wall;
The wicked cease from troubling; peaceful rest,
With dove-like calm, broods o'er the weary breast.
The lofty palace and the frowning gate,
The pride of office and the pomp of state,
And all the pageantry of human show,
Are by the conqu'ring hand of Death laid low.

With note discordant in Affection's ear
 Slow tolls the bell ; the sable crowds appear !
 Harshly the cords beneath the coffin grate,
 And tearful eyes survey the sculptur'd plate,
 Which tells the age and title of the dead,
 Sunk in cold slumber in his narrow bed.
 Let " earth to earth, ashes to ashes " turn,
 And " dust to dust, " till rise the judgment-morn !
 Heavy as lead each mournful clod descends ;
 Yet grieve not without hope, surviving friends ;
 The dead in CHRIST shall burst the vanquish'd tomb,
 And live in endless bliss within the world to come.

Our days are quickly gone ; in haste they flee,
 Swift as a well-trimm'd vessel ploughs the sea,
 Swift as the whizzing arrow cuts its way,
 Swift as the eagle pounces on its prey.

As the rude ploughshare crops the blooming flow'r,
 So falls our house of clay, to rise on earth no more ;
 The fairest face, the eye divinely bright,
 Are food for worms hid in sepulchral night.

Wealth, honour, glory, beauty, soon decay,
 And nought abides when man is call'd away,
 Of all the caskets which thy house contains,
 Save one poor coffin, nothing now remains ;
 Tho' of thy splendid dresses lately proud,
 They all are dwindled to one woollen shroud !
 Where are our sires ? Gone to their silent home ;
 And where the prophets ? Hid within the tomb.
 Our Saviour CHRIST himself resign'd his breath,
 And paid man's forfeit by a painful death ;
 Rose the third day triumphant o'er the grave,
 And wav'd the banner'd cross, omnipotent to save !
 Ascended glorious to his native skies,
 To teach his follow'rs from this earth to rise,
 And gain'd a heav'nly crown, their faith's immortal
 prize.

At the great dawning of the judgment-day,
 When heav'n, and earth, and seas, shall melt away,
 The King of Glory shall let loose his ire,
 And the world perish in a flood of fire!
 All Nature stands aghast; the mountains nod;
 Each trembling heart prepares to meet its God!
 The pomp and majesty of kingly pow'r
 Are all extinguish'd in that fatal hour;
 The rich men weep, the great their fall deplore,
 And proudest conqu'rors now are proud no more.
 Rumours of wars throughout the world shall rise;
 The sea shall roar, and stars forsake the skies!
 The Son of Man riding on clouds shall come,
 And send a summons for the gen'ral doom;
 The great Archangel shall his trumpet sound,
 Louder and louder shall its voice rebound,
 Till heav'n and earth shall echo all around. }
 The dead shall hear on that tremendous day
 This awful call,—“ To judgment come away!”
 Men of all ages, and of ev'ry clime,
 Since the sun measur'd first the course of Time,
 All in one moment from their graves arise,
 And open on the Judge their fearful eyes.

CHRIST sits upon his throne; majestic sight!
 And calls the volume of our doom to light;
 Rang'd on each side a diff'rent troop is seen,
 A void impassable extends between.
 On the right hand his saints elect are plac'd,
 Cloth'd in white robes, their brows with chaplets grac'd.
 “ Come,” cries their Lord, “ ye blessed children come,
 “ And live for ever in your blissful home!
 “ Ye cloth'd the naked, and the hungry fed;
 “ Home to your board the weary pilgrim led:
 “ Lur'd by soft Charity's benignant call,
 “ Ye pour'd the healing balm within the dungeon-wall.

" Well have ye fought of faith a glorious fight,
 " Rul'd by my Spirit, cover'd by my might ;
 " Your great Redeemer's sure protection prove,
 " And reap your high reward—your Saviour's love."

The left-hand rank a diff'rent picture show—
 Despair and terror, wretchedness and wo.
 Sad signs of anguish in each face appear,
 While dismal yells and howlings rend the air !
 Hell yawns beneath ! above, a thund'ring cloud
 Of livid vengeance murmurs hoarse and loud.
 Flashing confusion from his angry look,
 Their sov'reign Judge in dreadful accents spoke :—
 " Depart, ye cursed ! into Hell's domains,
 " For endless ages groan in galling chains,
 " While flaming brimstone gnaws with never-dying }
 pains ;
 " Still, as they waste, your burning limbs shall grow,
 " And feel no intermission of their wo :
 " The partners of your guilt your anguish share,
 " And howl upbraidings in your frightened ear ;
 " Strange sights are seen, and hideous shrieks resound,
 " And Hell's black fiends deal torture all around.
 " Hence to your dungeons, wretches ! hence depart !
 " Wail, gnash your teeth, and bare your mangled heart ;
 " Feel now that pain your cruelty devis'd,
 " And dread that vengeful God your furious pride
 " despis'd !"

Sentence pronounc'd, the demons seize their prey,
 And drive the yelling ghastly crowd away :
 Involv'd in sulph'rous smoke they foam along,
 Sharp whips of scorpions urge the flying throng ;
 Hell opes her gaping jaws with tenfold ire,
 And pours a fetid flood of dark red fire.
 Back they recoil ; but, driv'n by vengeful might,
 Leap the wide yawning gulph, and sink to endless night !

There in deep dungeons feel outrageous wo,
Which spirits damn'd, and they alone, can know.

Here impious atheists (atheists now no more)
The fury of Omnipotence deplore,
Their harden'd necks and knees so stubborn bent,
And own God's justice in their punishment.
See midnight murd'ers, and the cunning thief,
The sturdy villain, and the cruel chief,
Who rul'd o'er empires with an iron rod,
While countless beings trembled at his nod.
Here too seducers throng, a num'rous crowd!
Scalded with molten gold, lank misers shriek aloud;
Hardhearted overseers bewail their fate,
Who starv'd the poor to save the parish-rate;
And pilf'ring tradesmen, with the measure scant,
Who liv'd by plunder from the mouth of Want.
The gamester, and the duellist so fell,
Here, side by side, in lowest darkness dwell,
Shake their strong chains, and utter dismal cries,
And load the tainted air with horrid blasphemies.
West-Indian planters feel the pangs they gave,
And dread in ev'ry fiend a tortur'd slave.
From France rebellious crowds the Furies bring,
For murder foul upon their harmless King;
France, that now groans beneath an alien son,
Who proves how nations soonest are undone.
Here ruthless heroes, who in blood delight,
Quaff cups of gore, and join th'incessant fight;
Their gaping wounds dire agony display,
And Hell's dark confines echo to the fray.
Here patriots false, who, lur'd by cursed gold,
Their country to the highest bidder sold,
With suicides in utter darkness dwell,
Companions of the vilest fiends in hell.

All these, and millions more, a countless crew,
Countless as drops in wide-expanded dew;

Or dancing motes in sunbeam's shifting ray ;
 Or tints of morning breaking into day ;
 Or waves in roaring Ocean's hollow bed,
 When furious tempests rouse its hoary head ;
 Or grains of sand upon its shores that lie ;
 Or twinkling stars that grace the spangled sky :
 Innum'rous, deathless multitudes were hurl'd
 To torture and despair in that infernal world.

But haste, my Muse! fly, fly this cursed coast,
 And join the triumph of the ransom'd host.
 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, (splendid train !)
 Now reap in glory what was sown in pain.
 Unmov'd the cross and tort'ring stake they view'd ;
 The rack with mangled limbs and gore bedew'd ;
 The shining axe, the club, the pointed spear ;
 The tiger, fierce and fell; the shaggy bear ;
 The grating saw, crimson'd with Christian blood,
 While from the victim flows the vital flood ;
 The rugged stones aim'd by the barb'rous hand ;
 The pitchy vest in which they burning stand }
 Whose melting bodies stain the furrow'd sand ;
 The loathsome vault, within whose hollow womb
 Slow-wasting Famine finds a ghastly tomb ;
 Or chain'd (O horror!) on his fetid bed,
 The living martyr clasps the fest'ring dead ;
 The boiling caldron and devouring fire,
 These dreadful sights no fear of death inspire
 Within their steadfast souls ; in anthems loud
 They spend their dying breath, nor heed the shouting
 crowd ;
 Victorious o'er the grave, and Death's fell sting,
 With angel-wings they fly to meet their heav'nly King.

The humble Christian too, on earth unknown,
 Takes his bright station near his Saviour's throne ;
 Breaks from the world away, and soars above
 The grov'ling crowd, led by redeeming Love.

The pure in heart, the contrite pious soul,
 Dwell in unclouded light beyond the starry pole :
 To Faith, Hope, Charity, their lives were giv'n,
 And now they reign with Christ for evermore in Heav'n.

With wondrous beauty cloth'd, in order bright,
 With crowns of gold, and robes of dazzling white,
 The saints of God appear. Raptur'd they rise,
 And mount in splendour to their kindred skies,
 With joy their Saviour and their God to see,
 And live in light and love to all eternity.
 No more shall death, or pain, or grief, annoy,
 But each revolving hour awake increasing joy.
 Seated on royal seats, the feast they join,
 A banquet spread by Grace and Love divine ;
 With cherubim and seraphim unite
 Around the throne of God's eternal light !

To silver harps symphonious hymns they sing,
 Warbling the praises of th'almighty King,
 Who gave his only Son for man to die,
 And open by his death the portals of the sky,
 To lead his followers to their blest abode,
 The mercy-seat of Heav'n, the bosom of their God.

All praise to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 From man redeem'd, and from the heav'nly host.

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

MY COUNTRY-COTTAGE.

How delighted at eve, when my labours are o'er,
 I hie to the cot in yon vale,
 Where Affection e'er smilingly opens the door,
 And sweet Innocence lisps the fond tale.

What raptures I feel when Corinna's mild eye
 With affectionate joy hastes to meet me,
 When my lov'd little boy and his mother still try
 With fondness to welcome and greet me.

I envy no monarch, tho' ever so great,
 When I press the sweet pair to my heart ;
 Ah ! weak are the pleasures of grandeur and state,
 To those their affections impart.

I come, my Corinna ! my charmer, I fly ;
 Behold the lov'd cottage in view !
 Behold too the window, where often I spy
 The fair to her Edmund so true.

My wife is not there—oh ! grant that no ill
 Has befallen my soul's dearest joy ;
 See, see the sweet girl ! toiling up the steep hill ;
 See my cherub ! my darling ! my boy !

Stay, stay sweetest love ! the hard labour forbear ;
 Thy husband now flies to your arms ;
 Grant, Heaven ! nought e'er from my bosom may tear
 Her dear soul-inspiring charms.

R. B.

ADDRESS TO FANCY.

O FANCY ! while with thee we take our way,
 And in thy bright meanders thoughtless stray,
 Thy pow'rs can sooth the sorrows of each breast,
 And for a time lull ev'ry care to rest ;
 Thy gay delusions can suspend our tears,
 Raising the soul from its afflictive fears :
 Give thee but way, and thou wouldst rule the soul,
 Dispelling Reason from her just control ;
 Thou wouldst usurp the empire of the mind,
 And by thy airy visions make us blind

To all the lessons by Experience taught,
Tho' earn'd by labour, or with hardships bought.
Vainly has Reason pow'r to guide the brain,
If we permit thee to dispute her reign ;
For she no sooner doth with truth command,
But thou art ready with a busy hand,
Strewing the path with images so gay,
That, gazing there, we often miss our way,
And, wand'ring in the mazes thou hast shown,
Neglect the truths which Reason's law made known ;
For when that tyrant, Love, has taught the heart
To own his pow'r, and anxious cares impart,
Then Reason is dethron'd, and Fancy reigns,
Author of fond delight and anxious pains :
Oh ! then, without thy aid we could not live,
For thou sometimes a moment's joy canst give ;
If Love propitious, and a mutual flame
Inspire each bosom, then their joy's the same,
For thy delusions flatter gay Desire,
And ev'ry tender hope of bliss inspire ;
Then ev'ry minute some gay thoughts approve,
And all their business seems to rest on Love.
But, if one party only feels the flame,
One party only owns the lover's name :
Then anguish, sorrow, ev'ry tender care
That hovers round the brink of fond Despair,
Dwell in the heart, where tender passions rest,
And heave with anxious sighs the troubled breast ;
Then will they watch the motion of the eye,
Live in a smile, or in a frown they'll die ;
Then, Fancy, thou alone canst give relief—
Thy soft delusions sooth each tort'ring grief.

Dec. 13, 1809.

AUGUSTA.

THE MORALIST.

VIEW ev'ry state, and is it not confest
 The worst their pleasures have, and cares the best?
 Then here's the point—in spite of hope and fear
 Ourselves to know, nor verge beyond our sphere:
 The rest, tho' bright, our pleasing views may mock,
 And split our vessel on some pointed rock.

Yes, all who from a proper course would steer
 Seldom or ever are of dangers clear;
 Eccentric madmen, to extremes we run,
 And wander in a sea we ought to shun;
 A sea where passions roll their furious tide,
 And Folly's bark is left without a guide.
 Alas! in her what fost'ring hopes prevail,
 Her breezes pleasures, and mad Pride her sail!
 Two dangerous means, in giddy eddies hurl'd,
 To brave the horrors of this boist'rous world.

Oh! would you gain of happiness the coast,
 Not sunk in pleasures or by passions tost,
 Firm be thy bark, nor wanton be the breeze,
 And safe thy voyage o'er the worst of seas;
 Reason its pilot, sure is thy defence,
 Rigged out by Prudence, and well mann'd by Sense;
 Secure in her our prospects are not vain,
 Nor frowns Destruction on the stormy main;
 Gently we sail, each distant clime explore,
 Ensur'd to anchor on some happy shore.

Not quite so happy, murmurs Discontent,
 Pining in sorrow when a blessing's meant:—
 "The world's an ocean, troubles are its storms,
 "A peevish temper Beauty's self deforms."
 "Away, black fiend! start not thy sad alarms,
 "The world's a garden, and all Nature charms:

" A garden, smiling with delicious fruits,
 " Pleases each eye, and every palate suits ;
 " But, if so pleasing, think before you touch—
 " If so delicious, you may take too much.
 " Is it an ocean ? Can you safely glide
 " Without a pilot o'er its swelling tide ?"

To ease our troubles, and our joys increase ;
 To quit the tempest for the calm of peace ;
 To clear the road, nor stumble in our way ;
 To live with comfort, and enjoy each day
 With full good humour, rather gay than sad,
 Not blindly timid, nor too rashly mad ;
 To feast on pleasure, nor the palate cloy ;
 To drown vexation in a flow of joy ;
 To gain these comforts, tho' the world may be
 A syren mistress, or as rough a sea,
 Or what the best each giddy thought may suit,
 A garden smiling with delicious fruit,
 A paradise, or less, or what you will,
 Reason must guide us, or we wander still.

Not that by reason more or less is meant
 Than simply this, it makes us more content :
 Pleasures are pleasures, sorrows sorrows, still,
 And what but physic is the gilded pill ?
 Yet this, could you the faculty endure,
 Might ease thy illness, tho' it could not cure.

Maddens ambition ? let thy reason sway ;
 The thirst of riches Reason can allay.
 As fountain-water always suits our taste—
 In winter tepid, and in summer chaste—
 So Reason clear each passion can control,
 And cool the highest fevers of the soul.

P. W.

BRITANNIA—A POEM,

In Commemoration of his most excellent Majesty King George
the Third entering into the Fiftieth Year of his Reign.

BY JOHN KERR.

WHEN fair Britannia from the azure main,
With tow'ring hills and many a verdant plain,
Graceful arose, each spot with plenty spread,
Above the world she rear'd her fruitful head:
A barb'rous people own'd the favour'd isle,
Freedom's bold sons, true offspring of the soil;
They to no despot's pow'r would homage pay,
But Nature's simple laws alone obey.
Proud of her sons, the natal goddess dar'd
All hostile arts, nor foreign insult fear'd.

But, ah! the bliss to earthly mortals given
By the all-pow'rful destiny of Heaven
Is small: for, lo! upon our fertile shores
His warlike hosts a foreign despot pours.
The Britons fell; or driv'n by sword and flame,
Or mix'd with Normans, scarce retain'd their name.
Whilst dire Oppression on her mountains reign'd,
Blood, rapine, lust, each lowly valley stain'd;
The barb'rous acts of curs'd tyrannic sway,
Of lawless might, and kingly perjury.
Beneath her ills the fallen fair did mourn
Her banish'd peace, her flow'ry myrtles torn,
Her gallant chiefs, for valour long renown'd,
Whose slaughter'd trunks distain'd their native ground.
Greatly distress'd, impatient of the day,
She to a murky forest bent her way;
There, like some ancient pile, great in decay,
Sunk in her woes the sacred matron lay.
And now the isle, a prey to wretched strife,
To cruel despots ow'd its servile life;

Rapacious they, a base degen'rate crowd,
 In private feuds disgrac'd their kingly blood;
 While varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd
 To forge vile shackles for the freeborn mind.

Alas, fall'n goddess! surely woes like these
 Serv'd to inflame instead of heal thy peace:
 Deep in a grot, upon a rocky bed,
 Frantic with grief she hung her wretched head,
 When, lo! from Heav'n an aerial mandate came,
 And thus address'd the much-afflicted dame:—
 "Britannia, wake! thy dauntless arm oppose
 "'Gainst this vast deluge of thy country's foes!
 "Involv'd in blood thy fav'rite island lies,
 "Her loud complaints have reach'd the pitying skies:
 "Straight to the helm of these domains I bring
 "A sapient Ruler, an all-pow'rful King,
 "Who soon thy tarnish'd honour shall restore,
 "And chase domestic treason from thy shore!"

"Oh! tell me straight," th' exulting goddess cry'd,
 "The favour'd mortal who shall thus preside?
 "Tell me, oh! tell me the great patriot's name,
 "Whose virtue shall restore my banish'd name?"

"Of Brunswick line, a race to Britons dear,
 "His potent laws thy drooping head shall rear—
 "Great George his name! most favour'd of the High!
 "Who long shall reign, and bid all discord fly:
 "August his person, and well-form'd his soul,
 "True majesty and mercy deck the whole;
 "Benevolence, that cheers the drooping heart,
 "And from the wounded mind extracts the dart,
 "With Charity, that soothes the plaintive cry
 "Of pining Want, and wipes each tearful eye.

"His consort too, great Charlotte, long shall reign,
 "And spread content o'er ev'ry hill and plain:

" The placid duties of domestic life,
 " The tender mother, the endearing wife;
 " In her each charm, each regal grace, combine,
 " And godlike virtues eminently shine."

Thrice happy nation! sway'd by such a pair,
 Whose sov'reigns thus are Heaven's peculiar care!
 No more her sons shall dread the traitor's wile,
 Nor civil war disturb the happy isle;
 The trembling peasant, wild with dread affright,
 Shrink from the war's rude shock, and ruthless fight,
 Resign his riches to th' oppressor's hand,
 And see another's sickle reap his land;
 But lab'ring hinds, free from oppressive toil,
 Turn the rich furrows of their native soil;
 In freedom, peace, and plenty, waste the day,
 And own th' indulgence of a righteous sway.

Britannia, brave, no longer now deplores
 Her ruin'd villas and her desert shores;
 Her cities round their ancient splendour gain,
 Whilst golden harvests wave on ev'ry plain:
 At home rever'd, abroad diffus'd by Fame,
 Thro' every clime resounds the British name.

Then, Britons, hail the great, th' auspicious day,
 That marks our gracious monarch's lengthen'd sway!
 And oh! may Heaven in bounteous favour shed
 Her rays of glory round his aged head!
 Most Sov'reign, deign our humble voice to hear,
 And grant a grateful people's willing pray'r.

And if sweet smiling Peace should yet awhile
 Withhold her blessing from this favour'd isle—
 If War must rage, and horrid dire alarms
 Continue half the world perplex'd in arms—
 Britannia still shall tow'ring raise her head,
 Nor heartless mourn her ancient valour fled;
 Nor Gallia's haughty sons of vict'ry boast,
 Whilst George's wooden walls protect our coast.

ODE :

OCASIONED BY READING THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

“ Come, Disappointment! come!
 “ Not in thy terrors clad;
 “ Come in thy meekest, saddest, guise;
 “ Thy chast’ning rod but terrifies
 “ The restless and the bad:
 “ But I recline
 “ Beneath thy shrine,
 “ And round my brow resign’d thy peaceful cypress twine!”

H. K. W.

Yes, Henry! round thy brow
 The cypress wreath was twin’d;
 Thy cradle Disappointment sought,
 Of deepest green her chaplet brought,
 But flung the flow’rs behind!
 As childhood grew,
 The heav’nly dew
 Gemm’d the dark sickly leaves, and mellow’d ev’ry hue.

Yes, Henry! round thy brow
 The cypress wreath was twin’d;
 But, ere thy youthful temples swell’d,
 Ere yet the conscious weight impell’d
 The warfare of the mind,
 With partial love
 Fair Science wove
 Amid its leaves the pride of the Athenian grove.

Her brightest warmest rays
 Delighted Genius shed;
 And, while on Granta’s banks thou stray’d,
 The sacred beams collected play’d—
 A *Halo* round thy head;

Such as of old,
 With liquid gold,
 Did on Ilyssus' banks the Grecian Bard infold.
 Yes, Henry ! round thy brow
 Was twin'd the cypress wreath ;
 But Fancy mark'd its sombre gloom,
 'Mid the dark leaves her roses bloom,
 And sweetest fragrance breathe.
 Those leaves shall fade,
 But undecay'd
 Young Fancy's rose shall live, by native Taste display'd.
 Oh ! say not Fancy fades
 Where Disappointment treads ;
 'Tis when Affliction's sharpest dart
 Has deeply pierc'd th' ingenuous heart
 Her softest balm she sheds.
 'Twas thine to know
 This deadly foe,
 And thine to feel the balm which Fancy's flow'rs bestow.
 The joys, the cares, of life,
 What are they to the mind ?
 Shall restless passions forge the chain ?
 Shall grov'ling thoughts of sordid gain
 Th' immortal spirit bind ?
 Oh ! child of Heav'n,
 To thee is giv'n
 In Fancy's strain the spell by which those chains are riv'n.
 But Fancy's strain will cease,
 However sweet it flow ;
 Her highest flight, her boldest theme,
 Is but a sweet delusive dream,
 A respite from our wo !
 Life's hopes and fears,
 Its smiles and tears,
 Again intrall the mind, and load our riper years.

Then, child of Heav'n! be wise;
 Tho' Fancy's pow'r may cease,
 Tho' Genius cannot rend the chain,
 Tho' Wit and Science strive in vain,
 Religion whispers peace!
 Her heav'nly voice
 Controls thy choice;

She bids thy hopes aspire—she bids thy soul rejoice.

Religion's pow'r alone
 Can rend those sordid ties;
 Alone can free thy struggling soul,
 Thy doubts dispel, thy fears control,
 And lead thee to the skies!
 From grief and care,
 From Folly's snare,

She guards her sacred charge, and timely cries—Beware!

And, Henry! round thy brow
 Her heav'nly wreath was twin'd;
 The chaplet Disappointment gave
 She buried in an early grave,
 But left her flow'rs behind:
 The cypress gloom
 May shroud thy tomb,

But round thy brows her wreath of amaranth shall
 bloom.

C. S. D.

LINES

Occasioned by the Death of a Canary-Bird, which was presented to a young Lady, and which perished from neglect during her Absence.

PITY a poor neglected bird,
 Whose water-fount has long been dry!
 By none my chirps of wo are heard,
 I'm doom'd of burning thirst to die.

Not three months old, just new to day,
Yet feel deep agony like this !
Such pangs as would by far outweigh
Whole centuries of mortal bliss.

Bread and water still are given
The foulest wretch that earth contains ;
Give then, as ye hope for Heaven,
One drop to cool my glowing veins.

Dear Mary ! haste, or I shall die ;
Long, ah ! long, I've look'd for thee :
Alas ! in vain ; no friend draws nigh,
No human being pities me.

Thy menial's heart of stone is made ;
She knows my wants, yet will not save !
Yet she, ere long, may cry for aid,
And feel the cruel pangs she gave.

Break, break these bars, that I may gain
Relief, or everlasting rest !
Let me but catch one drop of rain
To cool my dry and burning breast !

In vain my struggles, vain my moan,
The light fades from my sunken eye !
My shrivell'd limbs are pow'rless grown ;
I'll lay me down, and calmly die.

That voice again floats on the air ;
Yes, kind Eliza comes for me ;
But, ah ! too late's her tender care,
Another morn I ne'er shall see.

She weeps to view my drooping wings,
My spark of life expiring fast ;
In haste the cooling draught she brings,
But Mercy's healing hour is past.

I die—adieu!—you've done your best,
 Let that reflection sooth your woes;
 And may Life's fleeting hours be blest,
 And Virtue crown your last repose.—

No further could the Muse translate
 The secret workings of its mind;
 It bow'd its little head to Fate,
 And sought a refuge from mankind.

J. S.

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.—A POEM.

WHEN the great fiat first was issued out,
 And man created from a mass chaotic,
 By that Almighty hand who merely said
 “Light let there be,” and light that instant shone,
 He lived an unlov'd solitary thing:
 But when that Pow'r divine, which gave him breath,
 A consort form'd, and planted by his side,
 The joy of sociality began.
 But, reader, tremble at the dire event!
 And contemplate, alas! the sad result—
 The fall, which Milton beautifully sang
 In numbers soft, engaging and sublime.

Thus, then, my pen, endeavour to portray,
 With unaffected warmth and zeal sincere,
 The charms of Solitude.

At summer eve, when Sol, who all the day
 In cloudless skies with radiance bright had shone,
 Was reaching fast his western destiny,
 I oft, in contemplation deep, have roam'd—
 Sought some sequester'd shade, some fav'rite bank,
 And there, in solitude, with real delight
 Have watch'd him till he sank.
 Nor would I leave this charming quiet scene

Till the nocturnal shades began to close
 Upon my ravish'd sight. Then would I rise,
 Leaving my mossy seat with pensive steps,
 And homeward bend my solitary way ;
 And to this undisturb'd resort again
 At break of day I'd joyfully repair,
 And see the customary toil began
 Of daily occupation ; ere employ'd
 Commercially in lucrative pursuits,
 I'd oft beguile a silent hour with thee,
 Primeval Solitude ! for thou art still
 Unchangeably the same.

Can there exist on Terra's vast domain
 " One dismal, dark, idolater of Chance"—
 One who unmov'd, with unenraptur'd mind,
 Such scenes, such lovely scenes, as these can view—
 When ev'ry shrub and ev'ry dewy pearl
 Teems, as it were, with life and animation ;
 When Nature, clad in most superb attire,
 To secret adoration lulls the mind.
 Can such an infidel, I say, declare
 These works of wisdom makerless remain ?
 O dark delusion ! horrid defamation !
 Two-fold depravity !—May such as these
 Oft seek retirement, and in solitude
 Reflect and be convinc'd their creed's fallacious ;
 Then mark attentively the wondrous works
 And ways of Him they own not : surely then
 That veil of darkness which expels the rays
 Of spiritual light would be remov'd,
 And to conviction bow ; thus then expands
 His humble soul in secret gratitude
 To Him who gave it all : and, as he acts
 In due submission to his holy will,
 And faithfully performs his high behest
 Will, thro' the mercy of redeeming love,
 Secure him from destruction.

But not to rural scenes,
 To sylvan bow'rs or shady cool retreats,
 Where on some hawthorn-top harmoniously
 Sweet Philomela chants her ev'ning lay
 In melody sublime, are all thy charms,
 O Solitude! confin'd. At midnight hour,
 When all enjoy tranquillity serene,
 Oft would I gladly 'scape the drowsy god,
 And shun his poppy wreath. When all is still,
 And Silence, solemn Silence, reigns around,
 Save the soft rustling of some poplars tall,
 Contending with the breeze, I love to turn
 My soaring thoughts to subjects far remote—
 To much-lov'd friends and relatives so dear,
 From whom, though far away, kind Fancy brings
 Her golden train of genial recollections;
 Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight,
 And fost'ring ideas ne'er to be fulfilled,
 From dreams awake to dream asleep at last
 Insensibly would fall, and close
 The meditative scene.

Come, lovely Solitude! for thou art mine :
 I love thee ; and I love, when all is still,
 Thy charms to contemplate, thy praise to sing—
 To feel how man thy pruning influ'nce needs,
 To rob his passions of their headstrong force—
 To curb his inclinations—and confine
 Within its proper bounds his vicious will ;
 A will, which, by thy pow'r, if uncontrolled,
 Itself to see, its rashness to perceive,
 Reflection knows not, and subjection scorns.
 Oh ! how much more commendable to tread
 The flow'ry paths of Science fair ; to cull
 A crown of laurels from Parnassian heights,

And eagerly imbibe the limpid streams
 That Helicon affords ; the fertile mind
 With knowledge pure and choicest arts to store ;
 Than all the morn and sunshine of our days
 In Dissipation's train to pass away : and thus,
 'Midst all the bustle of the busy world,
 To kill our precious time, and quite destroy
 The heav'nly prospect of our future bliss.

Behold the citizen,
 Immur'd in wealth, whose life a shocking scene
 Of rioting displays. One single hour
 Of solitude to him would far exceed,
 In real utility, whole weeks beside,
 If idly spent in Dissipation's train
 Of sensual pleasures eagerly pursu'd,
 Or bacchanalian joys, whose seeming charms
 Are but of short duration, leaving then
 The hapless vot'ry plung'd in deep distress,
 And whose polluted breast a victim falls
 To all the lashes of severe remorse.

Not so the man, who, mindful of his end,
 Stands well prepar'd to meet the awful stroke
 Of grisly Death, and leaves this idle world
 (Conscious of having clos'd a well-spent life)
 With all the calmness of a mind at ease,
 Waiting the passport to those realms of bliss
 Where one eternal spring encircles all.
 But still this sweet serenity, this peace,
 Is not an earthly gift ; then whence obtain'd ?

Go seek retirement ; and, when thus engag'd,
 Reflect and meditate upon the past ;
 Strive, if you can, the future to improve ;
 Be e'er attentive to that still small voice,
 Which in the secret of the soul exhorts,

Advises, and forewarns ; points what to do,
 And what to leave undone : thus, reader,
 Wilt thou lead a happy life, and thus enjoy
 That calm serenity and heartfelt peace
 Of which the good man boasts ; and thus wilt find
 That Solitude has charms.

Brighton.

CLIO.

SONNET TO S. M. W****G,

Occasioned by the Perusal of some of his Productions in "The
 Poetical Magazine."

GENIUS of Gray ! to touch th' harmonious lyre,
 Thou favour'd vot'ry at the Muses' shrine ;
 To chant his numbers, and his verse inspire,
 To tread his path with energy divine,
 So haply skill'd ; and happier yet thy lays,
 Pure, unaffected, copious, and free ;
 My honest Muse her humble tribute pays—
 " A tear to Albion," and a smile to thee.
 Fain would she bear thee to the banks of Fame,
 Transport thee to the Heliconian shore ;
 With draughts reviving, from the limpid stream,
 Would fain refresh thee, and thy fate implore ;
 But this deny'd, so weak her feeble pow'rs,
 She loves to sing thy praise—to strew thy path with
 flow'rs.

Brighton.

CLIO.

TO A WRITER,

WHO SCORNE TO BE COMPREHENDED BY THE
 MULTITUDE.

I HAVE heard you declare, with a dignified look,
 For the learned alone you have written this book ;
 Now, if such be the case, I request you to tell
 What demands have been made, and how many you sell ?

TO SPRING.—A SONNET.

O COME, sweet Spring ! and, in thy jocund train
 Lead forth the Graces of the sylvan shade ;
 Whilst flow'rs of fragrance clothe the smiling plain,
 And blooming verdure decks the wat'ry glade.
 No more let Winter bear his rigid sway,
 Nor chilling blasts nor frozen lakes abound,
 But let Sol's milder renovating ray
 Enliven Nature and the fertile ground.
 Thrice welcome, Spring ! fair goddess of the sky !
 Thou nurse primeval of the rising year !
 Thy genial beauties charm the wand'rer's eye,
 While warbling birds delight the list'ning ear :
 Their notes melodious make yon alcoves ring,
 And Nature's smiles salute the new-born Spring.

Ipswich, March 21, 1810.

J. L.

TO HOPE,

WHEN gloomy cares assail'd my aching mind,
 And Sorrow took her lonely mansion there,
 Yet still I could a secret something find,
 That cheer'd my heart, and chas'd away despair,
 But, ah ! I will not nurse that in my breast,
 Nor feed myself upon the pleasing fare ;
 Too oft the serpent cherish'd from the nest
 Will bite his own preserver for his care.
 Then farewell, Hope ! for thou hast been to me
 But false, deceiving as the syren's lay ;
 Go to the prison, set the captive free,
 Or raise the sick man to a brighter day :
 But you and I for ever now must part ;
 Let others share thy sweets—I'm doom'd to bear thy
 smart.

E. P.

THE DREAM.

Loudly roar'd the furious gale
 Along the gloom-surrounded vale;
 Dark spirits moan'd on every side,
 And blood was mix'd with Avon's tide.
 Beneath the lightning's sulph'rous beam
 I saw Cecilia's spirit gleam;
 While, from its breast of spotless snow,
 I view'd the crimson torrent flow.
 Amidst the black tormented air
 Were heard the groans of wild Despair;
 The sickly stars confounded fled,
 And ghosts were seen the waves to tread.
 " Oh, Henry! base unfeeling youth,
 " Whose words I fondly took for truth,
 " Arouse thee from thy harden'd sleep,
 " And o'er Cecilia's relics weep."
 Affrighted with the charge I fled,
 The spirits wheeling round my head!
 And, as beside the wood I past,
 Loud shrieks of " Murder" fill'd the blast!
 Still hurrying over bog and mire,
 And still pursu'd by visions dire,
 The pitying Moon diffus'd her beam
 To light me o'er the roaring stream.
 Here spectres seiz'd me by the hair,
 Who bore me thro' the lurid air—
 Convey'd me to the churchyard's gloom,
 And laid me prostrate in a tomb!
 Within its pois'nous jaws inthrall'd,
 Ten thousand worms around me crawl'd!
 When forc'd with agony to scream,
 I woke, and, lo! 'twas all a dream!
Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

STANZAS,

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. PRATT.

SWEET flow'r! that deck'st the river's brink,
 Bending to ev'ry boist'rous gale,
 Array'd in Summer's lovely pink,
 From whom the bees existence drink,
 As on thy bosom they regale;—

Why dost thou here in silence dwell,
 Secluded from the garden-flow'rs?
 Why leave the tribes of yonder dell,
 Whose glaring tints profusely swell,
 And spend alone the ling'ring hours?

When storms deface the laughing sky,
 And thunders shake the vaulted air—
 When lightnings thro' the welkin fly,
 No friend, my charming flow'r! is nigh,
 Thy matchless properties to spare.

Then vain indeed thy graceful mien,
 And all thy attributes, will prove;
 In vain shall Sorrow intervene,
 Thy charms, so modestly serene,
 To shelter from the storms above.

Then tell me, flow'r! why thus alone
 Thou lov'st in solitude to shroud?
 Does Malice on thy features frown,
 Because they're chaster than her own,
 Or dost thou hate the crowd?

“ Alas! my friend! this lonely spot
 “ Has long my fav'rite station been;
 “ Here, to the garden-tribe forgot,
 “ Their joys incestuously hot,
 “ I breathe the air of health serene!

“ Besides, the splendour of their dress
 “ Outshines too much my languid hue ;
 “ Nor will the moans of weak Distress
 “ Excite from them one fond caress,
 “ Howe’er, my friend, they may from you.”

Then since ’tis thus, my sweetest flow’r !
 Come, let me bear thee far away,
 Where neither haughty Pride nor Pow’r
 Can on thy matchless beauties low’r,
 Or spurn thy indigent array.

Thus Genius, bless’d with ev’ry grace
 To triumph o’er the human heart,
 Withdraws to some sequester’d place,
 The mighty works of Time to trace,
 Unknown to all the schemes of Art.

Thus Pratt, with kind parental care,
 Smiles on the pure poetic flow’r * ;
 Retrieves it from the desert bare,
 To thrive in more salubrious air,
 And flourish with the circling hour !

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG LADY.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

SCARCE had the tender hand of Time
 Maria’s bloom brought forth ;
 Nor yet advanc’d to Beauty’s prime,
 Tho’ ripe in Beauty’s worth ;
 When Fate untimely seal’d her doom,
 And shew’d, in one short hour,
 A lovely sky, an envious gloom,
 A sun-beam and a show’r !

* Joseph Blacket, author of a most beautiful Ode, entitled
 “ The Times.”

FABLE, FROM ÆSOP.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH his burden bending down,
 A poor old man was heard to groan,
 And call on Death, with fervent pray'r,
 To close his eyes—sad end of care !
 Death came ; for Death impartial waits
 At lowly roofs and princely gates.
 “ Friend, did you call ?” the phantom said.—
 Astonish'd at the ghastly shade,
 The trembling wretch, with haggard eyes
 And falt'ring accent, quick replies—
 “ Sir, please your honour, be so good
 “ To help me lift my load of wood.”

ON SEEING A WITHER'D OAK CUT DOWN.

THE stately oak long bears the blast ;
 But, with'ring, yields to fate at last :
 His spreading branches Time will fade,
 And leafless boughs refuse a shade :
 The woodman lifts the axe on high,
 Dooming the noble tree shall die ;
 Relentless strikes the root around,
 Bowing its grandeur to the ground.
 Thus man, high-tow'ring in his pride,
 By self-importance deified,
 Reaches the summit of his fate,
 Nor recollects, till oft too late,
 That Time and Death, who govern all,
 Will some day give a sudden call,
 Bearing him low, their pow'r to prove,
 As lies this tenant of the grove.

AUGUSTA.

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

SEE'ST thou that picture of heart-rending wo,
 From whom no sighs escape, no tear-drops flow?
 From wife and children, freedom, country, torn,—
 'Tis Afric's son! abandon'd and forlorn—
 A prey to sorrow, slavery, and scorn.
 O, worse than death! ruffians his body tear,
 Expos'd, all mangled, to the scorching air;
 With blows and curses driv'n aboard, to try
 The horrors of the sea, and face an unknown sky;
 Crowded with hundreds in a narrow keel,
 Fierce thirst and rav'nous hunger doom'd to feel.
 Behold him sick and fev'rish, void of rest,
 Despair and vengeance struggling in his breast.
 Once on his native soil how light his heart,
 Now heavy as the chains that gall in ev'ry part;
 The dead and dying fill his soul with fright,
 Whilst Nature shudders at the horrid sight.
 Unheard their groans, unseen their sorrows flow,—
 Dealers in human flesh ne'er melt at human wo.

O, cursed lust of gain! unchristian trade!
 Which man to man a savage brute has made.
 The beasts with eager haste the life-blood spill;
 But men, more cruel, torture ere they kill:
 For is it not foul murder to detain
 A free-born soul in Slav'ry's galling chain,
 Till Nature sink to an untimely grave,
 Entomb'd, whilst warm, in monsters of the wave?
 What Christian hearts but shudder as they read,
 How, sometimes goaded by remorseless Need,
 Provisions running short, no succour nigh,
 The crew resolve that wretched slaves shall die!
 See yelling negroes, fasten'd side by side,
 Bury'd alive beneath the whelming tide.

A cargo of two hundred murder'd slaves
Was once plung'd headlong in the closing waves !

Escap'd these horrors, this vile passage o'er,
Behold him, landed on Jamaica's shore,
With fix'd despair and grievous sorrow mute,
Endure the gaze of some inhuman brute !
Each spot and blemish scann'd with prying eyes,
To drive a bargain, win a cheaper prize.
Ended the sale, he goes, with mournful pace,
To share the evils of his injur'd race ;
At dawn of day to raise his heavy head,
When sounds the lash, and leave his joyless bed ;
The tedious day the burning sun to bear,
The bloody thong, the horrid curse to hear,
And see on ev'ry side the looks of fell Despair ; }
Th' allotted grass to gather, blade by blade ;
To feed the mill, whence springs the sugar-trade,—
The mill, which day and night unceasing goes,
Sad scene of human toil, of human woes ;
On aching head to bear a pond'rous load
Of rank manure, urg'd by the frequent goad ;
Tortur'd by villains long injur'd to blood,
To glut a savage, please a merry, mood ;
Bereft of needful food, of needful sleep,
Whilst his parch'd eyeballs long'd, but could not weep ;
To madness by his wrongs and insults driv'n,
He rais'd his wild and haggard eyes to Heav'n ;
Call'd down deep vengeance on that barb'rous shore,
Whose bosom millions had defil'd with gore ;
With desp'rate rage then sought the dizzy height,
Plung'd fearless in the deep, and sunk in Death's long
night.

SAMUEL ELSDALE.

PROLOGUE TO VENICE PRESERV'D,

Spoken at the Representation of that Tragedy, by some Gentlemen,
Friends of the Author, in Jamaica, 1763.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

THRO' many an age the virtuous and the wise
Have view'd the tragic scene with fav'ring eyes.
The first in valour, as the first in wit,
See learned Greece with pleas'd attention sit ;
Nor deem it mean the gen'rous tear should flow,
Or Virtue swell with sympathetic wo.
Near free-born Athens first this laurel rose ;
Thence, tyrant-driv'n, the British soil it chose :
Where Freedom blooms, where Peace and Favour smile,
It dreads no climate, and it scorns no soil ;
The sacred plant, inform'd with strength divine,
Springs near the pole, or spreads beneath the line.

That peace, that freedom, here we gladly know,
Do you that favour, all we ask, bestow ;
Nor slight those arts, thro' many an age approv'd,
By Wisdom favour'd, as by Genius lov'd ;
Those gen'rous arts, that only know to rise
Beneath the blessings Britons only prize.

To speak with force, with dignity to move,
Mean Vice to scorn and manly Worth t' approve,
Be these the stage's glories ; where we find
The noblest name that now adorns mankind,
For ends like these, once, ere he grac'd his throne,
Tread the chaste scene of virtuous Addison.

From Otway's glowing page to-night we try
To raise the tear of soft Humanity ;
His magic numbers all our pow'rs control,—
To pity melt, with terror shake, the soul.

If gloomy *Pierre*, irregularly great,
 Vent his bold threats, we tremble for the state:
 When gentler *Jaffier* late is faithful found,
 We feel the stab as Friendship gives the wound;
 But *Belvidera*, torn with frantic pain,
 Strikes thro' the soul, and fires the madd'ning brain.

To make each heart the tender pow'r confess,
 And melt for Love and Virtue in distress,
 Is our endeavour—no inglorious aim,
 And something more than bare excuse—my claim.

SONNET,

ON SEEING A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD LEVELLED, AND
 THE GREENSWARD TAKEN OFF.

ONCE 'twas not so,—for, on each grassy mound,
 That simply mark'd the poor man's lowly bed,
 Where from the world he rests his peaceful head,
 The daisy bloom'd, and the pale vi'let found
 A place to rear its tender drooping flow'r.
 Here at the close of Evening's tranquil hour
 Sons did their fathers' memory revere;
 And, when the moon the mountains top o'ershone,
 Some village-maid would wander here alone,
 O'er Henry's grave to shed the silent tear.
 But, ah! has man, by Folly vainly led,
 Destroy'd these little greenlets of the dead?
 The mould'ring turf alone enshrouds their dust,
 Till summon'd by some angel of the Just!

TO ENGLAND.

—
 “ *Ama patriam et tuam regem.* ”
 —

HAIL, lovely spot! thou bless'd and happy isle,
 Where Freedom dwells, where Health and Beauty smile!
 Thy chalky cliffs withstand the swelling tide
 On which thy gallant fleets superbly ride;
 While tow'ring thro' the sea thy foes disarm,
 And shield thy natives from impending harm.
 Hail, Britain's Monarch! George, thou best of Kings!
 Thy glorious name thro' every nation rings!
 Long hast thou worn, with honour, England's crown,
 And well thy love for mercy claims renown:—
 Long mayst thou reign is still our wish and pray'r,
 And shouts, “ Long live our King!” shall rend the air.
 When to the verge of life thou'rt drawing near,
 Thy sterling goodness claims Affection's tear.
 When Death at thee shall aim his poignant dart,
 And with terrific force shall strike thy heart,
 O! may that God, who dwells in realms above,
 Look down upon thee with celestial love!
 Thou wilt indeed magnificently shine,
 Blest with a heav'nly crown, and grace divine!

W. B. BRANSBY.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL MONTGOMERY—1767.

BY BRYAN EDWARDS.

—
 MONTGOMERY falls! let no fond breast repine
 That Hampden's glorious death, brave chief! was thine.
 With his shall Freedom consecrate thy name,
 Shall date her rising glories from thy fame,
 Shall build her throne of empire on thy grave;
 What nobler fate can patriot Virtue crave?

THE OLD HOUND.

THE huntsman hails the cheerful morn,
 His old and fav'rite hound replies ;
 The hills re-echo to the horn,
 The waken'd stag affrighted flies.

The hounds in joyous course pursue,
 Loud music pour the op'ning throng ;
 And, first among the eager crew,
 Old Ringwood gave the tuneful song.

An useful servant in his youth,
 He oft secur'd the trembling prey ;
 Time now had worn each feeble tooth,—
 Alas ! what will not time decay ?

Elate with pride he takes the lead,
 His wonted ardour he retains ;
 Darts forward with superior speed,
 And on the trembling victim gains.

He seizes ; but (by age subdu'd)
 Too feebly gripes the panting prize,
 Who, struggling, springs with strength renew'd,
 And to the friendly covert hies.

Now anger fills the huntsman's breast,
 Who oft the smarting lash renews ;
 While humbly thus (with pain opprest)
 The poor old hound for pity sues :—

“ Ah, sir ! your faithful servant spare,
 “ Nor chide me for my teeth's decay ;
 “ You've had my strength's full wear and tear,
 “ And ev'ry dog, sir, has his day,
 “ My day is o'er ; I'm old and weak ;
 “ But, master, 'twas not always so :
 “ My former deeds let Mem'ry speak,
 “ You surely then will mercy shew.

" In early life I ne'er was found
 " To lag, unwilling for the chase ;
 " Ah ! pity then your poor old hound ;
 " For, sure, misfortune's no disgrace.
 " Ah, gentle master ! hold your hand,
 " Admit my claim, abate your rage ;
 " My faithful services demand
 " Compassion on infirm old age.
 " Sweet master ! 'tis the voice of Truth,
 " When thus your children you advise ;
 " Reward in age a well-spent youth,
 " A faithful servant ne'er despise."

M. K.

 STANZAS—TO HOPE.

SAY, pleasing source of calm delight !
 When thus oppress'd with gloomy fears,
 Why do I see thee start with fright,
 Elude my grasp, and mock my tears ?
 The sting of Sorrow to beguile,
 Thou, dearest Hope ! wast kindly giv'n,
 Then let me share thy winning smile,
 And hail thee as the boon of Heav'n.
 Depriv'd of thee, bewitching pow'r !
 What refuge could we find below,
 To shield us in Affection's hour,
 And lull the bitter pangs of wo ?
 Unhappy man would rove forlorn,
 A prey to life-consuming anguish ;
 And, rent with many a cank'ring thorn,
 For ever sadden, pine, and languish !
 But, oh ! when airy visions fly,
 And leave the heart oppress'd with care,
 'Tis thine to check the bursting sigh,
 And smooth the horrors of despair.

When anxious thoughts invade the mind,
'Tis thine, sweet source of endless treasure!
To cheer the soul with solace kind,
And whisper soft the tale of pleasure.

When doom'd by Fate's severe decree,
And frowning Mercy scorns to save,
The hapless felon clings to thee,
And bears thee with him to the grave.
To thee, when seeking distant skies,
And toss'd upon the foaming billow,
The exil'd wretch imploring flies,
And makes thy soothing arms his pillow.

In those deep cells and caverns dread,
Where never beam'd the light of day;
Where, stretch'd upon his rugged bed,
The fetter'd captive pines away;
Amidst those walls, so dark and drear,
Thy dulcet voice and fond caresses
Oft kindly stay the falling tear,
And down the pallid cheek it presses.

Yes, pleasing Hope! in many a scene
Where gloomy Terror bears control,
We find thee smiling still serene,
And pouring comfort on the soul.
If cheated man repines to-day,
And bows his head in anxious sorrow,
With accents mild and features gay
We see thee pointing at to-morrow!

Ah! then return, bewitching pow'r!
And never more this breast depart,
But gently, to my dying hour,
Sooth ev'ry pang that rends my heart:
And when pale Sickness stops my breath,
When chilling Fate my eyelid closes,
Oh! cheer me on the bed of Death,
And scatter round thy sweetest roses!

W. C**E.

EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

Virgil, Æneid 9th, Line 176.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas, after the destruction of Troy, landed in Italy, and went to King Evander to solicit assistance against the Rutuli, who he understood intended to dispute his progress. In the mean time the Rutuli, with their king, Turnus, surrounded the camp with an intent to besiege it, in which Æneas had left his son Ascanius and the remainder of his forces. In this critical situation of their affairs, Nisus and Euryalus volunteered their services to fetch Æneas from Palanteum, but in the execution of their project were slain by a party of the enemy.

NISUS, the son of Hyrtacus, stood guard
Beside the gate;—a man renown'd in arms,
Sent by his mother Ida to attend
The great Æneas to the war; well skill'd
To hurl the jav'lin, and direct the dart:
And near him was his friend Euryalus,
Than whom among the Trojan youth more fair
None e'er appear'd, in martial armour clad;
And now he shone in the first dawn of youth,
One love united these two noble friends;
Their hearts were one; together to the war,
Brothers in arms, they went; and now they both
In common kept the entry of the gate.

When Nisus thus:—“ Is it the gods inspire
“ This heav'nly ardour in our breasts, my friend?
“ Or do the gods themselves within us dwell?
“ For long my mind has urg'd me on to dare
“ Some great and bold attempt; nor is content
“ To pass this indolent inglorious life.
“ Thou seest what trust the Rutuli repose
“ In their affairs; their fires are near extinct,
“ And drown'd in sleep and wine they lay outstretch'd:

" 'Tis silent ev'ry where :—now understand
 " What I intend, and what design my mind
 " Has thought :—The people and the elders wish
 " Æneas to return, and messengers
 " To send, who shall bring back account of him.
 " If they will give to thee what I demand
 " (For me the glory of the deed's enough),
 " I think I can discover near yon hill
 " A passage to the Palantean walls."
 Euryalus amaz'd, and instant struck
 With the great love of fame, his ardent friend
 Address'd in these kind words :—" Dost thou refuse
 " To let me share a part in thy renown,
 " My friend ? and shall I singly send thee forth
 " To so great dangers ? For not so my sire,
 " Opheltes, us'd to arms, instructed me,
 " Train'd up amidst the wars of Greece and Troy ;
 " Nor have I ever thus dealt with my friend,
 " Following the great Æneas, and his fate.
 " Death I despise, and have a heart that feels
 " The lasting fame to which you now aspire,
 " Cheap bought with life." To whom thus Nisus spoke :—
 " Truly, I did not fear such things of thee,
 " Nor was it right to fear ; so may great Jove,
 " Or whatsoever god beholds these things
 " With his impartial eyes, restore me back
 " Triumphant to my friend. But if by chance
 " My fate should snatch me into dangers dire
 " (Of which so many are in deeds like these),
 " May'st thou survive ! Thy youthful years are more
 " Deserving life—and, oh ! my corpse commit,
 " When snatch'd from fight or ransom'd back by gold,
 " To the cold grave. Should this my fate deny,
 " Oh ! let some pious hand for me perform
 " The fun'ral rites, and raise the empty tomb,
 " Nor let me be the cause of so much grief

" To thy unhappy mother, who alone,
 " Out of so many Trojan matrons, dar'd,
 " O youth ! to follow thee ; nor did regard
 " The city built on fam'd Sicilia's shore."
 To whom Euryalus :—" Vain is thy plea,
 " Nor shall my fix'd determination change ;
 " Then let us haste."—He said : and instantly
 Awakes the guards ; they straight succeed, and watch ;
 And quitting now their station, he attends
 His comrade Nisus, to seek out their king.

Whilst other men throughout the world allay'd
 Their cares in sleep, forgetful of their toils,
 The Trojan leaders and the chosen youth
 Were holding council about public things ;
 What they should do, or who should now be sent
 To great Æneas. In mid-camp they stand,
 Holding their shields, and leaning on their spears.
 Then Nisus and his gallant friend demand
 Quickly to be admitted, and declare
 Their bus'ness of such weight as to excuse
 The interruption. Then Ascanius first
 Receives the chiefs, and Nisus bids to speak ;
 When thus the son of Hyrtacus began :—
 " Hear, O ! ye Trojans, with attentive minds,
 " And let not these things which we now propose
 " Be estimated by our years. Our foes
 " Are silent, drown'd in sleep and wine, and we
 " Have found a way by which we may escape,
 " Where two ways meet, contiguous to the sea.
 " Their fires are nearly out, and the black smoke
 " Ascends to Heav'n. If ye will grant us leave
 " To try our fortune, ye shall soon behold
 " Æneas from Evander's distant walls
 " Return, with spoils and richest booty crown'd.
 " Nor shall the way deceive us setting out ;
 " By frequent hunting we have oft observ'd

" The distant city thro' the gloomy vale,
 " And all the stream explor'd." Alethes then,
 With years and wisdom crown'd, thus answ'ring spoke :—
 " Ye guardian gods ! in whose great pow'r is Troy,
 " Ye will not yet the Trojan cause forsake,
 " Since ye have giv'n it such illustrious youths."
 So saying, he with joy embrac'd them both,
 While tears stole down his venerable cheeks.
 " What things, what recompense, can I suppose,
 " Should be bestow'd on you for such a deed ?
 " The gods and your own virtue will bestow
 " The first rewards : the great Æneas next,
 " And young Ascanius, just now ripe of age,
 " Never unmindful of such high deserts,
 " Will give the rest." Ascanius then rejoin'd,—
 " O Nisus ! by the household gods I pray
 " (Whose only safety is my sire's return),
 " By Vesta's sacred fane (for all my hopes
 " And fortunes I repose in thee), oh ! bring
 " My sire again, restore him to my sight ;
 " Our safety must depend on his return.
 " Two goblets shall be thine, with silver wrought,
 " And figures rough, which my great father took
 " At rich Arisba's capture ; and, besides,
 " Two tripods, and two talents of pure gold,
 " And a large bowl which Tyrian Dido gave,
 " If it should be my lot to gain this land,
 " Enjoy the throne, and have my share of spoils.
 " Thou see'st what noble steeds King Turnus rides,
 " What arms he wears : these, and his costly shield
 " And ruddy crest, O Nisus ! shall be thine.
 " Besides my sire will give twelve chosen maids
 " Of matchless beauty, and as many men
 " Clad in their armour ; thou shalt also have
 " Whatever land Latinus now enjoys.
 " And thou, Euryalus, whose age to mine

" Is nearly equal, thee will I receive
 " Into my friendship, as my bosom friend ;
 " No deeds of glory shall be sought by me
 " Without thy valu'd aid ; in peace, or war,
 " Thy kind advice shall all my actions guide."

To whom the gen'rous youth :—" Thy honour'd friend
 " Shall ne'er retire from Glory's call ; may Heav'n
 " Our labours crown with the desir'd success.
 " But one thing above all thy gifts I ask ;
 " A mother of great Priam's race I own,
 " Whom, anxious to be partner of my fates,
 " Neither her much-lov'd native Trojan shores,
 " Nor great Acesta's walls, could e'er restrain
 " From following her son. Her now I leave
 " Unseen, and ign'rant of this bold attempt :
 " I swear by Night, and thy right hand, O prince!
 " I cannot bear to see a parent's tears.
 " But I beseech thee give to her relief,
 " And cherish her when left. Could I repose
 " This trust in thee, more willing I shall go
 " To face all dangers." Mov'd at such a scene,
 The Trojans wept around : Ascanius first,
 With sentiments of filial love inspir'd,
 The noble youth address'd :—" All shall be thine
 " Thy deeds deserve ; for she shall be to me
 " In ev'ry thing a mother but in name :
 " No honours shall be left unpaid by me
 " Due to the parent of so brave a son.
 " Should adverse fortune frown on this attempt,
 " I promise by my life (by which my sire
 " Is wont to swear) that those things which to thee
 " I promis'd, if success smil'd on the deed,
 " Thy mother and thy family shall claim."
 Weeping he spoke, and from his shoulders took
 A golden sword, which with surpassing skill
 The Cretan artist, fam'd Lycaon, made,

And aptly fitted in an iv'ry sheath.
 Mneatheus presents to Nisus the rich spoils
 Of a fierce lion : Alethes changes helms.
 Shining in arms they go, whom all the band
 Of Trojan chieftains, youth, and hoary hairs,
 Follow with ardent wishes to the gates.
 The young Ascanius, with a manly soul,
 And cares beyond his years, commits to them
 Dispatches to be carried to his sire :
 But winds dispers'd them all, and mingled with the
 clouds.

Leaving their friends, they pass the moat, and thro'
 The shades of night they seek the hostile camp,
 Ere long to deal destruction, not to few.
 They see their foes extended o'er the grass
 In sleep and wine, their chariots on the shore,
 And midst the wheels lay goblets, arms, and men.
 Then first Hyrtacides the silence broke :—
 “ Be strong, Euryalus ! th' occasion calls
 “ Our utmost efforts ; here a glorious scene
 “ Calls forth our prowess. Lest some hostile hand
 “ Should come upon us from behind, beware,
 “ And diligently watch. I will lay waste
 “ These places with my sword, and lead thee thro'.”
 He said, and ceas'd ; that instant with his sword
 He slew the haughty Ramnes, who was laid
 High on a bed of tap'stry, sound in sleep ;
 The same a king, and Turnus' fav'rite priest :
 But augury could not avert his death.
 Three servants lying on their arms he slew ;
 And Remus' arm-bearer and charioteer,
 Under their very steeds ; and with his sword
 He sever'd from the trunks their nodding heads.
 Next he consign'd to death their mighty lord,
 Leaving his body welt'ring in its blood ;
 The earth and couch were moisten'd with his gore.

Then Lamyros and Lamus next he slew,
 And young Serranus, who on that same night
 Had danc'd and revell'd, beautiful in face,
 But now lay snoring, overcome with wine;
 Happy had he prolong'd his play till morn.
 As a fierce lion ranging thro' the folds
 (By furious hunger driv'n), devours and tears
 The tender flocks and herds, silent thro' fear;
 And roars, while foaming with his bloody jaws.
 Nor did Euryalus do less; incens'd
 He also rag'd, and many a common soul,
 Of vulgar birth, to Pluto's regions sent.
 Fadus, and Hebesus, and Rhoetus next,
 And Abaris he slew; Rhoetus awoke,
 And witness'd all their deeds; but, seiz'd with fear,
 Conceal'd himself behind a cask of wine:
 Him rising up Euryalus assail'd,
 And plung'd his sword into his adverse breast,
 Then drew it out all reeking with his gore;
 He vomits up the purple tide of life.
 The hero then his slaught'ring course pursu'd,
 And now was come to great Messapus' camp,
 Where he saw fires near out, and the loose steeds
 Browsing the grass; when Nisus briefly thus
 (For he perceiv'd himself and friend were urg'd
 With too great thirst of blood):—" Let us desist,
 " For now th' unfriendly day begins to dawn;
 " We've wrought sufficient vengeance on our foes,
 " And thro' the midst a passage now is made."
 Arms and large bowls they left, and tap'stry rich,
 With gold and silver work'd. The equipage
 Of Rhamnes' horses, and a golden belt
 Enrich'd with studs, Euryalus now takes,
 Which once the wealthy Cædicus had giv'n
 To the Tiburtian Remulus, with whom
 He wish'd in leagues of friendship to be join'd;

He dying, to his nephew them bequeath'd :
 After his death, by right of conquest gain'd,
 The Rutuli possess'd them : these he takes,
 And vainly binds them round his manly loins.
 He next put on Messapus' helmet, grac'd
 And beautiful with plumes. They then depart,
 Forsake the camp, and seek a safe retreat.

Meanwhile three hundred horse were on their march,
 Sent forward from the Latian walls, who brought
 (While th' other force remain'd encamp'd behind)
 Dispatches thence to Turnus, their great king ;
 All arm'd with shields, with Volscens at their head.
 And now they near approach'd the camp, and came
 Close to the walls, when sudden they descry'd
 The heroes turning to the left-hand path :
 For thro' the darksome shade of night his helm
 Betray'd Euryalus, the moon's bright beams
 Reflecting from its polish'd sides her rays.
 " Surely my sight deceives me not," exclaim'd
 The wary Volscens ; " Say, what bus'ness calls
 " Your steps this way, young men ? and why in arms ?"
 They answer'd not, but urg'd their rapid flight.
 The horse in haste obstruct the well-known ways,
 And stop up ev'ry entrance with a guard.
 A wood grew near, with shady oak-trees fill'd,
 With prickly thorns and brambles overgrown,
 Thro' which the devious path was seldom trod
 By human foot, and scarce could be discern'd.
 The thick opposing boughs and weight of spoils
 Retard Euryalus, and the great fear
 Of erring from his way. Nisus was gone,
 Unmindful of his friend, and pass'd his foes,
 And those parts Alban call'd, from Alba's name,
 Where King Latinus had some lofty stalls ;
 When he stopp'd short, and sought his absent friend.
 " Oh ! where, my lov'd Euryalus," he cry'd,

"Have I unhappy left thee? where shall I
 "Direct my steps to find thee?"—When again,
 Returning thro' the long perplexing way
 Of the deceitful wood, he backward trod
 His footsteps mark'd, and wander'd thro' the grove:
 He hears the horses, and the noise and shouts
 Of foes pursuing him; nor was it long
 Ere a loud sudden shout assail'd his ears:
 He sees Euryalus, whom all the troop
 With sudden tumult had encircled round,
 By the dark night deceiv'd, and trackless place!
 "What should he do? or with what efforts try
 "To save his friend? or shall he rush amidst
 "The hostile troop, and die a glorious death?"
 Then, brandishing his spear, with uprais'd arm,
 Thus to the Moon he urg'd his fervent pray'r:—
 "Oh! goddess, glory of the heav'nly stars,
 "And guardian of terrestrial woods and groves,
 "Propitious favour now my bold attempt!
 "If e'er my father Hyrtæus for me
 "His sacred gifts to thy great altars brought,
 "Or I rich spoils in hunting ever gain'd,
 "And in thy temples hung them up on high,
 "Give me to rout this troop, and guide my lance!"
 He said; and his strong spear with vigour hurl'd,
 Which loudly whizzing cut the shades of night,
 And pierc'd the back of Sulmo opposite,
 And broke in twain, but with the shatter'd wood
 Pass'd thro' his bowels with a mortal wound.
 Alarm'd they look around, when bolder grown
 He hurl'd another weapon thro' the air,
 While terrified they stood: the jav'lin flew,
 And, whizzing onward, thro' the temples pierc'd
 Of valiant Tagus, passing thro' his brain.
 Fierce Volscens furious rag'd, nor could he see
 The author of the deed, the secret foe

On whom to vent his mad avenging rage.
 "But thou shalt instant pay the price of these"
 He said; and furious, having drawn his sword,
 Rush'd on Euryalus.—Nisus alarm'd,
 Madly cry'd out, nor could he keep conceal'd
 A moment longer, or bear such distress:—
 "I was the author of the deed; on me
 "Turn your revengeful swords, O Rutuli!
 "The fraud was mine, he neither dar'd nor could;
 "His only fault was that he lov'd his friend."
 So said he, but the weapon driv'n with force
 Enter'd his side, and pierc'd his snowy breast.
 Euryalus fell dead, while o'er his limbs,
 Still beautiful in death, the warm blood flow'd,
 And o'er his shoulders hung his pendent head;
 As when a purple flow'r cut by the scythe,
 In some wide field, falls down, and dying droops:
 Or poppies hang their heads when fill'd with rain,
 But Nisus rush'd into the midst, and sought
 The raging Volscens, on him fix'd his eyes:
 His friends, collecting, rally round their chief,
 But Nisus still impetuous urges on,
 Brandishing high in air his flaming sword,
 And plung'd it deep into the open mouth
 Of the Rutulian calling loud for help;
 When, pierc'd with wounds, upon his lifeless friend
 He fell, and died a great and glorious death!

Oh! happy youths, while these my lines shall last,
 No time your honour'd names shall ever blot
 From our remembrance, whilst imperial Rome
 Sits mistress of the world, and Cæsar sways
 Her weighty sceptre with impartial pow'r.

April 14, 1807.

C. S. B.

THE STORM-KING.

Oh! what is that object who moves o'er the heath,
 And scatters around him destruction and death?
 Behold! with a speed more than mortal he flies,
 While sulphurous horrors fast round him arise!
 What dark clouds of thunder envelop his form!
 "'Tis the lord of the whirlwind, the King of the Storm."
 Now, see! o'er yon castle his fury he pours;
 His lightnings descend on its ivy-crown'd tow'rs:
 Its tenants, alarm'd, view with fearful amaze
 O'er their heads the tall turrets burst out in a blaze.
 Thro' the fierce burning fabric their cries loudly ring.
 As they fly from the wrath of the Storm-raising King.
 The tempest's rude influ'nce the ocean now feels,
 And equals in terror the thunder's dread peals:
 That far-distant ship on the billows so tost,
 O'erwhelm'd in the conflict, now sinks, and is lost!
 To the wreck's floating remnants the crew vainly cling—
 All yield to the force of the Storm-ruling King.
 But now in low murmurs the storm rolls away;
 The clouds too, dispersing, admit the sun's ray;
 Emerging with splendour he gladdens the scene,
 But points out the track where the tempest has been:
 No longer fierce whirlwinds fair nature deform,
 And gone to his realms is the King of the Storm!

C. S. B.

ANACREONTIC.

Oft had Love essay'd in vain
 An entrance to my heart to gain;
 Oft his darts the urchin try'd,
 Yet they always glanc'd aside.

Vain were his attempts to move
My stubborn heart to harbour love.

Mad that all his efforts fail'd,
Of all his arts that none avail'd,
At length he listed in his aid
Chloe, fair and fatal maid :
And when I once beneath a vine
Was quaffing deep the sparkling wine,
The god, perceiving this to be
A time when he might conquer me,
Unseen, behind me slyly stole,
And dipp'd his arrows in the bowl !

Soon I took the treach'rous draught,
And unsuspecting deeply quaff'd, }
When loud the little godhead laugh'd : }
And now before me he confess
" That poison lurk'd within my breast."

Too soon I found his saying true,
For, when fair Chloe came in view,
I felt the influ'nce of the wine,
And all the pangs of love were mine.

C. S. B.

THE SORROWS OF WAKING.

WHEN Night o'er earth her sable vestment spreads,
Sleep its sweet influ'nce on the captive sheds;
On fairy pinions Fancy takes its flight,
And soars amid the regions of delight :
He dreams that now, no longer bound in chains,
He flies confinement, and his cot regains :
Once more he views each well-remember'd spot,
The woodbine bow'r, the ancient mossy grot ;
The limpid brook which bubbling leap'd along,
And tun'd its murmurs to the linnet's song ;

As thro' a wood, which near the village rose,
 Its lucid and meand'ring path it chose.
 'Twas here, when ev'ning Cynthia held her reign,
 He sigh'd in Beauty's ear Love's softest strain.
 He sees the tow'r with ivy mantled o'er,—
 The ancient scene of many a blissful hour.
 When first (by worth, by well-known merit, mov'd)
 The charming maid his youthful suit approv'd.
 Once more he holds her in his eager arms,
 Once more enraptur'd gazes on her charms;
 To Heav'n their vows of constancy they plight,
 And in indissoluble bonds unite.
 Within the captive's breast no cares remain;
 Joy, transport, rapture, thrill in ev'ry vein:
 The sun of bliss around him pours its rays,
 And Love and Freedom join to bless his days.
 His vision this. But yonder comes the day!
 And Morning's beams upon his eyelids play.
 The captive wakes. Alas! these joys are fled,
 His fetters rattle as he rears his head:
 He starts! with visions bless'd no longer sleeps,
 But clasps his hands, and in sad silence weeps.

J. C.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON A TOMB-STONE IN BRIGHTON
 CHURCHYARD.

HERE Youth and Age, Humility and Pride,
 Here angry rivals, slumber side by side;
 The pride of Science, boast of Beauty, here
 Lie silent, prostrate. Pity! drop a tear.
 From this e'en Youth no sure exemption knows—
 The flow'r is cropp'd, 'tis blighted ere it blows:
 The sturdy oak, the ancient pride of fields,
 Oft to the storm before the sapling yields:
 Not Cæsus' wealth, not Plutus' golden store,
 Will purchase thee one year, one day, one hour;

Not charms transcendent, nor illustrious birth,
 Can change the fate of any child of earth ;
 The rich, the poor, the fair, the sad, the gay,
 Must all return to their primeval clay !

C.

TO MASTER H. P.

ON HIS GAINING THE PRIZE OF THE SILVER PEN, AT
 MR. C.'S ACADEMY, DEC. 1809.

WHILE, my dear boy ! your heart exulting views
 The honour'd *prize*, which marks Improvement's line ;
 And e'en contesting schoolmates can't refuse
 To own that Justice has decreed it thine ;—
 Hear the congratulations of a friend,
 Who joins your parents in the ardent hope
 That *this* may urge you daily to amend,
 And give to youthful Genius all its scope !
 Be *this* the stimulus to press you on
 Thro' Learning's vary'd paths to speed your way ;
 Nor ever let the swift declining sun
 Hear you exclaim, " Ah me ! I've lost a day !"
 Ne'er let *its* virgin purity be stain'd
 By Malice, or be dipp'd in Envy's gall ;
 Ne'er be its praise by venal bribes attain'd,
 Nor let it triumph in a good man's fall.
 Ne'er let it pen one line that may deceive,
 Or cause the orphan's or the widow's tear ;
 But be its pride to sooth the souls that grieve,
 And the forlorn and wretched heart to cheer.
 So shall this *silver* attribute to worth
 Inscribe with Honour's name your *youthful* page ;
 Good men will bless the hour that gave you birth,
 And God reward you with a *golden* age.
Lyceum Theatre, T. MARSHALL.

STANZAS,
WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1808.

'Tis sweet to hear, at ev'ning-tide,
The nightingale complain ;
But sweeter when by Gatliffe's side
I weave the simple strain.

And sweet it is, when all's serene,
To roam the woods among,
Remote from Folly's group obscene,
And Fashion's noisy throng :

To hear the brook that babbles by
Confess th' Almighty Pow'r ;
While ev'ry star that decks the sky,
And ev'ry op'ning flow'r,

With one accordant voice confirm
His universal rule ;
And bid the philosophic worm
Shrink back, and be a fool !

Oh ! I would roam for many a mile
To meet the humble man,
Who, free from philosophic guile,
Admits the heav'nly plan ;

Who sees in Nature's meanest charm,
With unaffected eyes,
The strength of God's Herculean arm,
And scorns the would-be wise !

But, hence, ye sluggish drones of sense !
Ye querists of God's right !
Begone ! I loath the vile pretence
That clouds celestial light !

Go ! mingle with your deep compeers
In intellectual lore ;
But never in my humbler ears
Your hellish dogmas roar !

Go to your dark retiring shades,
 And mar each other's peace ;
 But never soil these simple glades
 Where lasting joys increase.

Ne'er let your hands pollute the shrines
 Where Truth and Reason dwell ;
 But keep within your black confines,
 Ye demi-gods of hell !

Shall man presume to soar above
 The limits of his sphere,
 And by vague arguments to prove
 God's promise insincere ?

Shall he, with self-importance fir'd,
 His lovely works blaspheme,
 And, with infernal pride inspir'd,
 Treat all things as a dream ?

Shrink back, thou foul apostate ! shrink
 From Heav'n's resplendent sight ;
 And from the grave's stupendous brink
 Go view the realms of Night !

Survey the fiercely rolling flames ;
 The rivers of perpetual fire ;
 Thy emblem, him, whose nature aims
 To war against th' eternal Sire !

Survey him writhing 'neath the sting
 Of Conscience, and remorseless Wo !
 The prowess of his ebon wing
 Damn'd in the blazing gulf below !

There gaze,—and, having gaz'd thy fill,
 Look to the star-envelop'd skies,
 Where God, with most ingenious skill,
 The darken'd world with light supplies !

If o'er thy soul a thought should steal,
 That all thy learning's vain;
 To those, who doubt, that thought reveal,
 And make them wise again.

But should you find them stubborn slaves
 To philosophic pride,
 Who see no further than their graves,
 And future bliss deride;—

Waste not your breath in such employ,
 But turn to other themes;
 And from the fount of endless joy
 Imbibe celestial dreams!

Thus shalt thou feel the hand of Peace
 Thy weary eyelids close;
 Thus ev'ry pleasure shall increase,
 And ev'ry pang repose!

Grafton-street, 1810.

J. G.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY,

Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England.

Written in the Year 1773.

No more the flow'ry scenes of pleasure rise,
 Nor charming prospects greet the mental eyes;
 No more with joy we view that lovely face,
 Smiling, disportive, flush'd with ev'ry grace.

The tear of sorrow flows from ev'ry eye;
 Groans answer groans, and sighs to sighs reply!
 What sudden pangs shot thro' each aching heart,
 When, Death! thy messenger dispatch'd his dart!
 Thy dread attendants, all-destroying Pow'r,
 Hurry'd the infant to his mortal hour.

Could'st thou unpitied close those radiant eyes ?
 Or fail'd his artless beauties to surprise ?
 Could not his innocence thy stroke control,
 Thy purpose shake, and soften all thy soul ?

The blooming babe, with shades of Death o'erspread,
 No more shall smile, no more shall raise its head ;
 But, like a branch that from the tree is torn,
 Falls prostrate, wither'd, languid, and forlorn.

“ Where flies my James ? ” 'tis thus I seem to hear
 The parent ask ; “ Some angel, tell me where
 “ He wings his passage thro' the yielding air ? ”
 Methinks a cherub bending from the skies
 Observes the question, and serene replies,—

“ In Heav'n's high palaces your babe appears :
 “ Prepare to meet him, and dismiss your tears.”
 Shall not th' intelligence your grief restrain,
 And turn the mournful to the cheerful strain ?
 Cease your complaints, suspend each rising sigh ;
 Cease to accuse the Ruler of the sky.

Parents! no more indulge the falling tear;
 Let Faith to Heav'n's refulgent domes repair :
 There see your infant like a seraph glow ;
 What charms celestial in his numbers flow
 Melodious, while the soul-enchancing strain
 Dwells on his tongue, and fills th' ethereal plain !
 Enough—for ever cease your murm'ring breath ;
 Not as a foe, but friend, converse with Death ;
 Since to the port of happiness unknown
 He brought that treasure which you call your own.
 The gift of Heav'n, intrusted to your hand,
 Cheerful resign at the divine command :—
 Not at your bar must sov'reign Wisdom stand.

ON IMAGINATION.

BY THE SAME.

THY various works, imperial Queen! we see ;
How bright their forms! how deck'd with pomp by
thee !

Thy wondrous acts in beauteous order stand,
And all attest how potent is thine hand.

From Helicon's refulgent heights attend,
Ye sacred choir! and my attempts befriend :
To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,
Ye blooming Graces! triumph in my song.

Now here, now there, the roving Fancy flies,
Till some lov'd object strikes her wand'ring eyes,
Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,
And soft captivity involves the mind.

Imagination! who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring thro' air to find the bright abode,
Th' empyreal palace of the thund'ring God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind.
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above:
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze th' unbounded soul.

Tho' Winter frowns to Fancy's raptur'd eyes,
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise ;
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands;
Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain ;

Sylvanus may diffuse his honours round,
 And all the forest may with leaves be crown'd ;
 Show'rs may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
 And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose.

Such is thy pow'r; nor are thine orders vain,
 O! Thou the leader of the mental train!
 In full perfection all thy works are wrought,
 And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of Thought,
 Before thy throne the subject Passions bow,—
 Of subject Passions sov'reign ruler Thou;
 At thy command joy rushes on the heart,
 And thro' the glowing veins the spirits dart.

Fancy might now her silken pinions try
 To rise from earth, and sweep th' expanse on high;
 From Tithon's bed now might Aurora rise,
 Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dies,
 While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies:
 The monarch of the day I might behold,
 And all the mountains tipp'd with radiant gold;
 But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,
 Which Fancy dresses to delight the Muse:
 Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
 And northern tempests damp the rising fire;
 They chill the tides of Fancy's flowing sea;
 Cease then, my song! cease the unequal lay.

INDEX

TO

THE SECOND VOLUME.

A	
Avis aux Femmes qui veulent se rajeunir - - - - -	192
Address to Mr. M. M. B. - - - - -	134
To Sally - - - - -	284
To Fancy - - - - -	324
Anacreontic - - - - -	363
B	
Botany of the Plant of Love, 136	
Britannia - - - - -	328
C	
Cambrian Cot - - - - -	203
Capricious Lovers - - - - -	277
Conquerors of Walcheren - - - - -	144
Country-Cottage - - - - -	323
D	
Delivery of the Law from Mount Sinai - - - - -	126
Delusions of Pleasure - - - - -	224
Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell - - - - -	316
Dying Soldier, the - - - - -	278
Dream, the - - - - -	341
E	
Eagle and Owl, the - - - - -	118
Eclogue - - - - -	213
Edwin & Matilda—Canto I. 30	
II. 65	
III. 104	
IV. 152	
Elegy.—By Bryan Edwards, 93	
The obdurate Fair - - - - -	132
Written in Jamaica - - - - -	172
Composed among the Tombs - - - - -	179
On leaving Southampton, 209	
Eliza's Holiday - - - - -	288
Epigram to an ignorant and importunate Author - - - - -	11
The Woman of real Value - - - - -	11
To certain Reviewers - - - - -	38
Titulus - - - - -	47
To a Writer who scorned to be comprehended by the Multitude - - - - -	339
Epitaph on a Thief of State, 38	
On a great Poet - - - - -	44
On the Rev. J. Venn - - - - -	270
On General Montgomery, 349	
Epistle to a young Poet - - - - -	233
F	
Farewell Address to the In- habitants of Louth - - - - -	91
Fable, from Æsop - - - - -	344
H	
Hope, on - - - - -	163
Horace—Epode II.—trans- lated - - - - -	217
Ode IX. Book II. imitated, 269	

INDEX.

I	Lines, Elegiac, on the Death
Impromptu à Caro F. - - - 186	of a Friend - - - - 280
Imagination, on - - - - 371	A une Femme belle et in-
J	sensible - - - - 238
Jamaica—A Poem. By Bryan	A Mr L'Abbe Delille - - 283
Edwards - - - - - 288	A Milady H— - - - 283
L	A Mademoiselle P—r - 279
Lass o' Eden Side, the - - 237	On Love - - - - - 135
L'Abjuration de mon Cœur, 281	On the Stings of a guilty
Lines—On Pleasure - - - 86	Conscience - - - - 276
MS. in the old Folio Edi-	On the Death of a Canary-
tion of the Fairie	Bird - - - - - 333
Queene - - - - - 43	On the Death of a very
Out of Sight out of Mind, 62	young Lady - - - - 343
On the Ruins of St. B—d	On seeing a wither'd Oak
Priory - - - - - 88	cut down - - - - - 344
To two young Ladies - - 95	On a Tomb-Stone in Brigh-
To an ingenious but un-	ton Churchyard - - - 365
fortunate Friend - - - 135	To Master H. P. - - - 366
To my Aunt on her Birth-	On the Death of an Infant, 369
day - - - - - 161	
On Tintern-Abbey - - - 164	M
On the Battle of the Da-	Man of Integrity, the - - 130
nube - - - - - 166	Man of true Courage, the - 128
Occasioned by the De-	Mors Janua Vitæ - - - 208
scription of a female	Moralist, the - - - - - 326
Mind and Person, in	
the Repository of Arts, 190	N
On finding a Pen washed	Nearer Home; or, the Mile-
up on the Shore, near	Stone - - - - - 61
Brighton - - - - - 174	Nisus and Euryalus, an Epi-
Written in a Volume of	sode from Virgil - - - 353
Fragments. By E. Smith, 207	Newspaper; or, Love and
For the first Leaf of my	Loyalty - - - - - 310
Memorandum - Book,	Negro Slave, the - - - - 345
1809 - - - - - 222	
For the last Leaf of my	O
Memorandum - Book,	Ostrich and Eagle, the - - 120
1809 - - - - - 223	Odes for the Jubilee - - - 12
Addressed by Count O. to	19
his sleeping Infant - - 227	20
On a Wedding-day Anni-	22
versary - - - - - 250	24
On some Swallows - - - 251	26
By a young Man who	29
blushed on being de-	Ode—To my Lyre - - - - 39
rided for his serious	59
Turn of Mind - - - - 270	175
On the Death of John	May-day.—By Mickle - 72
Dawes Worgan, of Bris-	Devotion - - - - - 112
tol - - - - - 274	

INDEX.

<p>Ode—In the Manner of Col- lin's Ode to Evening - 129 To Fear - - - - - 189 Acrostic on the Seasons - 206 On seeing a Negro Funeral, 252 On the Ruins of Kirkstal- Abbey - - - - - 261 To Time - - - - - 263 Written during the Ame- rican War - - - - - 266 To Friendship - - - - - 226 On reading the Life of H. K. White - - - - - 331 Origin of the Harp-Lute - 285 Old Hound, the - - - - - 358</p> <p style="text-align: center;">P</p> <p>Path of Peace, the - - - 130 Poet's Apology, the - - - 48 Poet's Complaint - - - 138 Pleasures of Solitude - - 335 Prologue to Venice Preserv'd, 347</p> <p style="text-align: center;">R</p> <p>Recluse, the - - - - - 158 Reflections on Life - - - 163</p> <p style="text-align: center;">S</p> <p>Schoolmaster's Tour - - - 1 49 97 145 193 241 Shepherd's Complaint - - 142 Sonnet, written in the Ruins of Lochleven-Castle - 231 To S. M. W****G - - - 339 To Spring - - - - - 340 On seeing a Churchyard levelled - - - - - 348</p>	<p>Spring - - - - - 281 Stanzas, occasioned by the Death of an African Slave - - - - - 121 Written on a Pane of Glass covered with Frost - - 96 Written in the Summer of 1808 - - - - - 305 Ditto - - - - - 367 Inscribed to Mr. Pratt - 342 To Hope - - - - - 351 Sorrows of Waking - - - 364 Storm-King - - - - - 363 Search, the - - - - - 257 Sempstress, the - - - - - 287</p> <p style="text-align: center;">T</p> <p>Traxirade - - - - - 45 To the Evening Star - - - 64 Tear for Albion - - - - - 169 To Walter Scott, on perusing Marmion - - - - - 85 Tribute to the Character of British Seamen - - - 139 Thoughts by a Sailor - - 231 Towers of Intellect - - - 170 Talavera - - - - - 187 Transmutation; or, Gift of Genius.—A Vision - - - 211 To England - - - - - 349</p> <p style="text-align: center;">V</p> <p>Valentine - - - - - 167 View thro' Nature up to Na- ture's God - - - - - 70 Virtue and Snow - - - - - 227 Verses on a Cottage near Berwick-upon-Tweed - 249 To the Memory of Schill, 253 Vision, the - - - - - 132</p>
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