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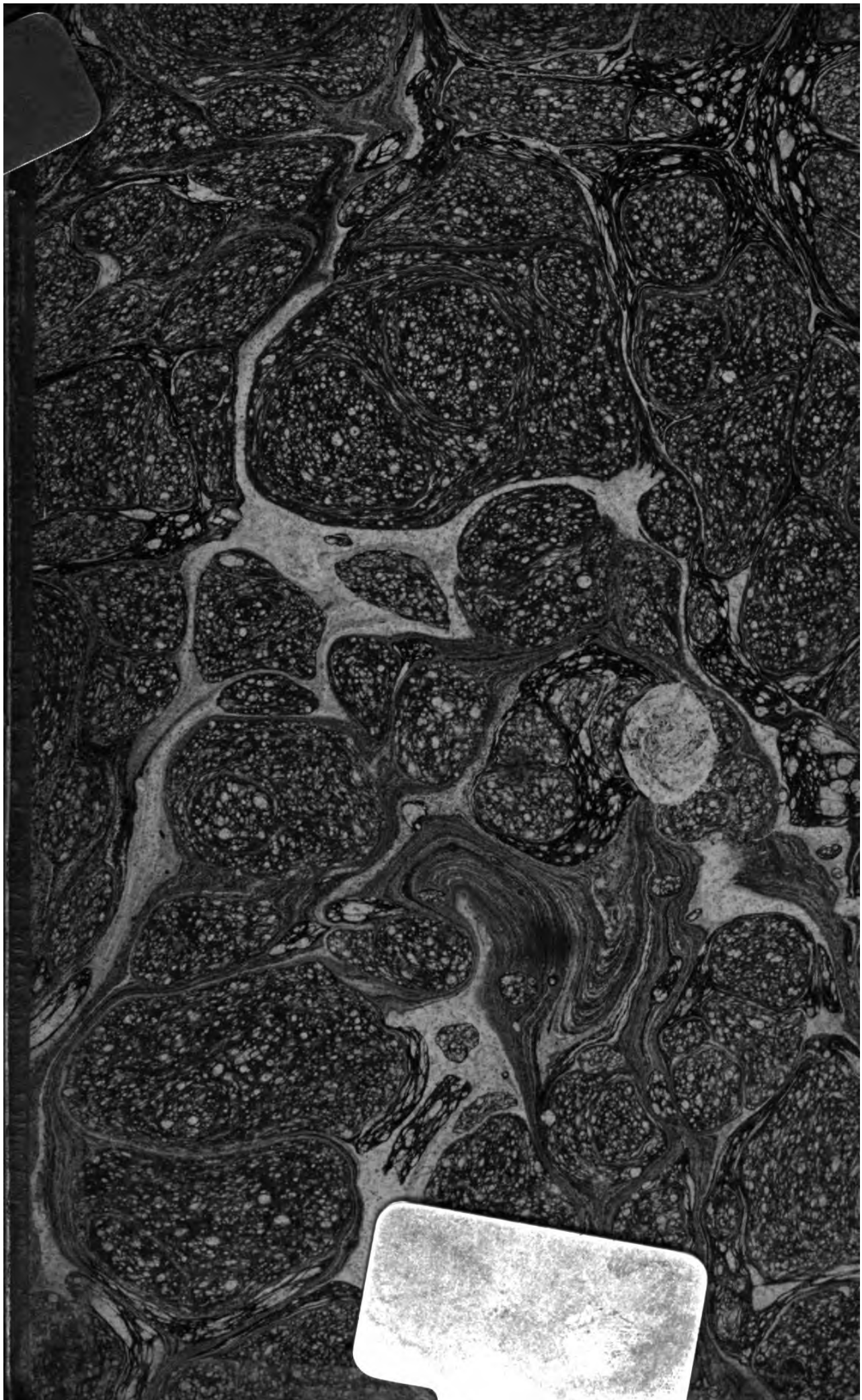
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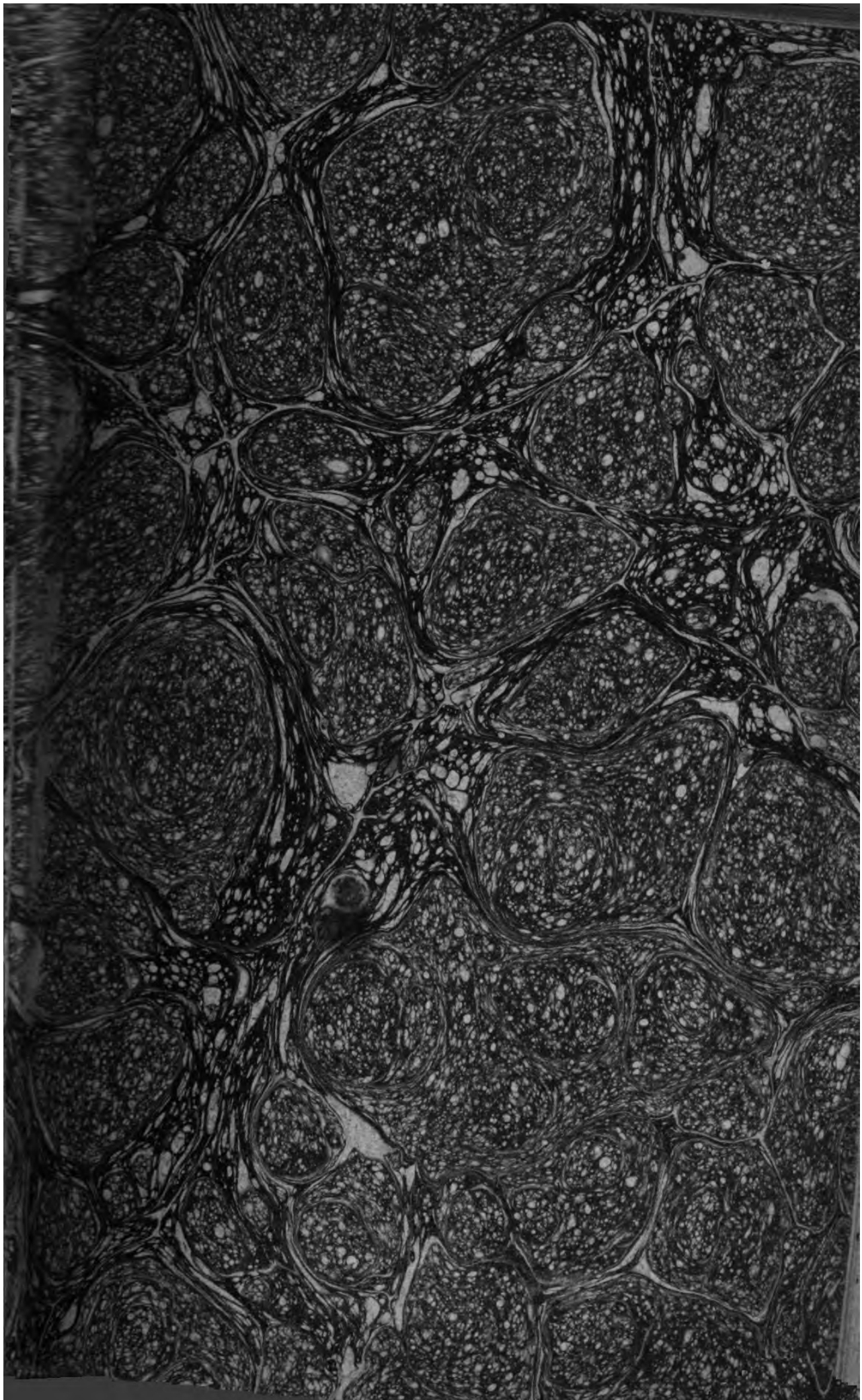


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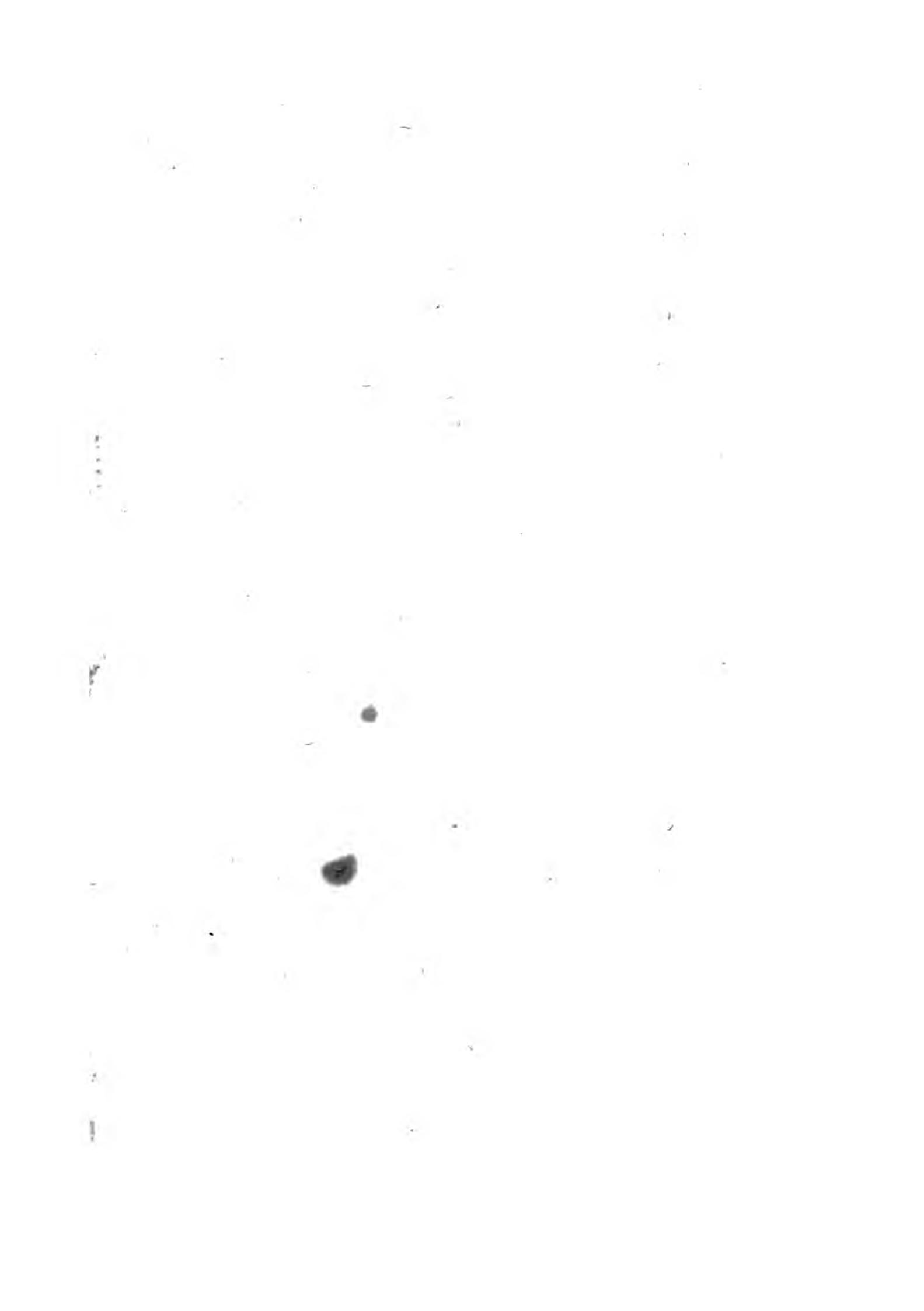
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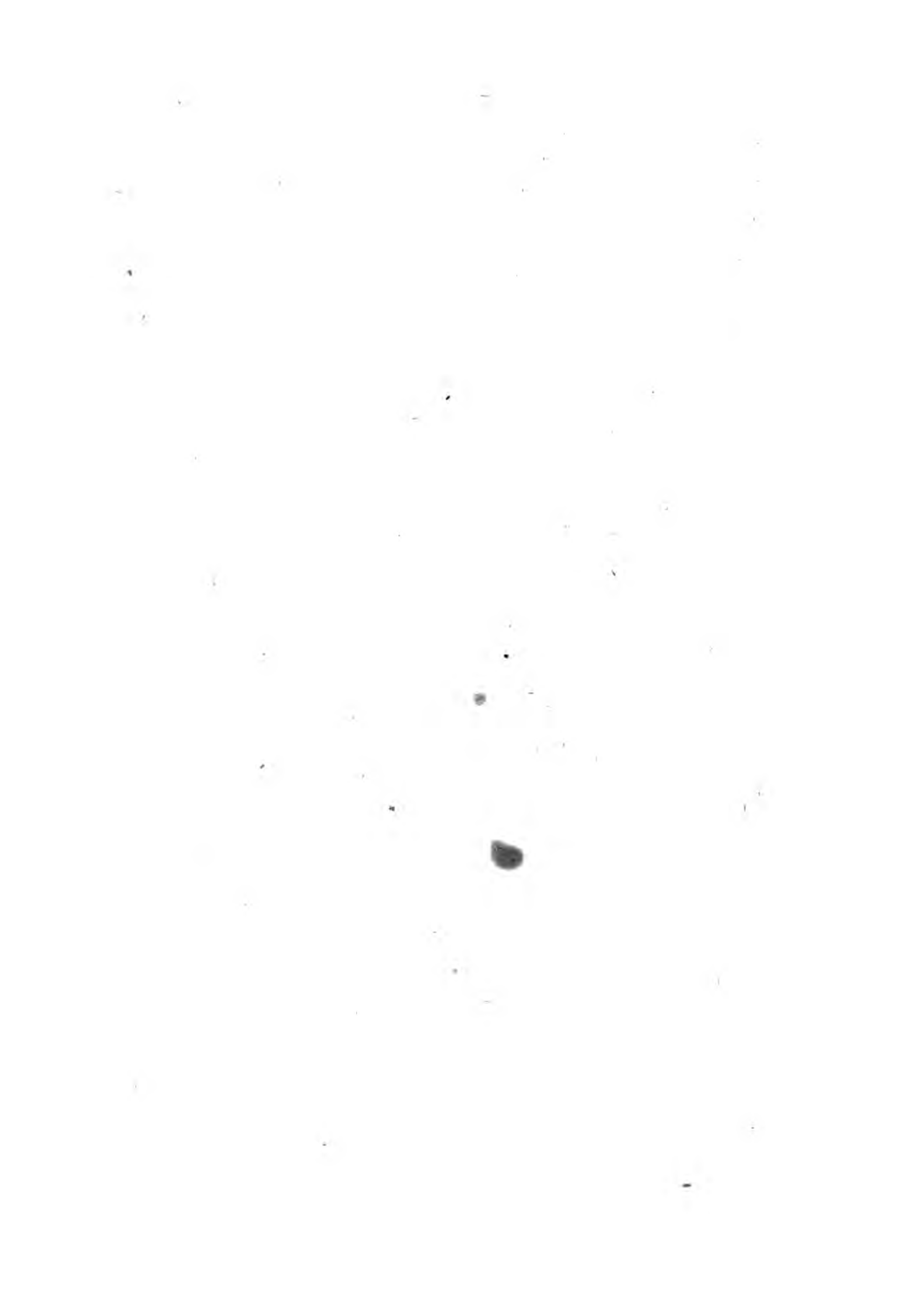
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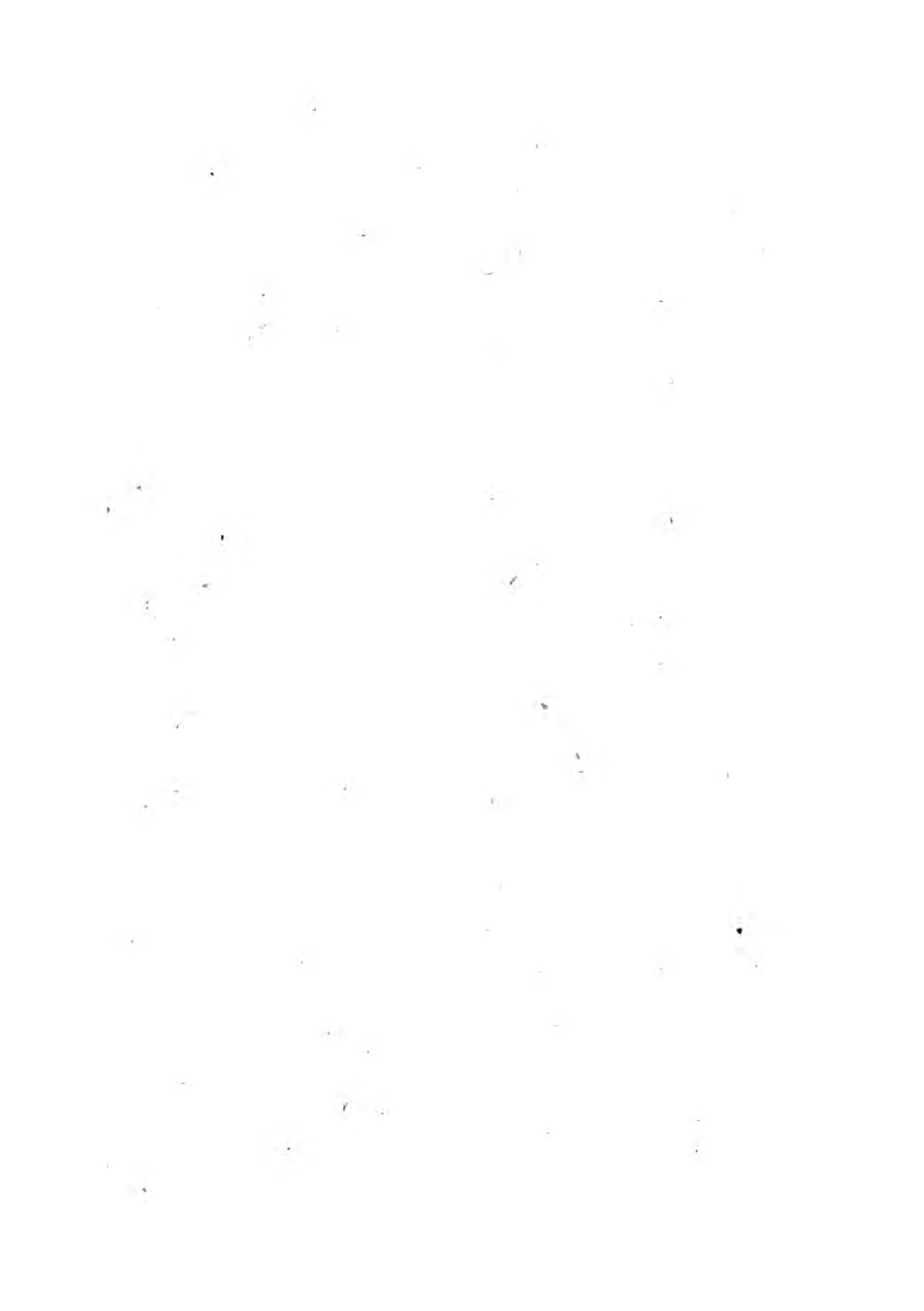
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Miss Blacker

1821.
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THE
BEAUTIES
OF
ENGLISH POETRY.

SELECTED FROM
THE MOST ESTEEMED AUTHORS.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

CONTAINING SEVERAL ORIGINAL PIECES,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. SPILSBURY, ANGEL-COURT, SNOWHILL;
FOR J. WALKER, NO. 44, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

→◆←
1804.



ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE PUBLISHER.



THE Body of ENGLISH POETRY, probably the largest in any modern alnuage, contains, in every species of Poem, examples of the highest and most varied excellence. It is the richest treasury of all our maxims of moral truth and of prudential wisdom; and it is here we are to look for those proofs of genius which are acknowledged with universal conviction, and which enable us to hold a high rank in the Republic of Letters. The necessity of frequent SELECTIONS, however, has been apparent to all who wish that the principles of taste should be formed on the best models, and studied in the most useful regularity; and although many Publications of this kind have

been presented to the Public, the continual additions making to English Poetry may plead for the present attempt; while it cannot be denied that the greater part of the Selections already in circulation are made with little skill, or discrimination.

From this motive, the Publisher has been induced to think that a NEW SELECTION of ENGLISH POETRY would be highly useful in education, and acceptable to all lovers of ELEGANT LITERATURE: and, fortunately, when he had in some degree matured the plan, he was enabled to prevail with Dr. WOLCOT not to disdain a task which they who were not aware of its delicacy and importance, might well judge to be beneath his talents and acquirements.— But, the Publisher judged that he whose own Works display, in almost every species of pure poetry, examples of singular originality and excellence, who has left hardly one poetical phrase in the whole compass of English speech

and composition that he has not transferred into his writings, was perhaps of all men living the most competent to form a SELECTION OF ENGLISH POETRY to answer all the ends which he had in view.

To add peculiar value to the Collection which he should form, the Publisher, with difficulty, has prevailed with him to intersperse in it, a few of his own original compositions. He was well persuaded, that, whatever his modesty might suggest to the contrary, there are none among the Poets of former times, whose works have given immortality to the English language, but, if now alive, would be proud of any disposal of the flowers of his writings which should exhibit them in mingled assemblage with those of PETER PINDAR—a name on which its sportive use by Dr. WOLCOT has conferred a celebrity far higher and more extensive than was given to it by the ancient BARD of THEBES.

The Publisher has only to express his hope, that the attempt will be received with candour, and will answer all those ends of general instruction and entertainment which he had in view in preparing it.

CONTENTS OF VOL I.



	PAGE.
T HE Temple of Fame, by Alexander Pope	1
A Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Jackson, the Musical Composer.....	30
Anacreontic.....	31
The Fire-Side; by Dr. Cotton.....	32
Madness; by the Rev. Tho. Penrose.....	37
Select Odes; by Hafez.....	43
L'Allegro; by John Milton.....	48
Il Penseroso; by the Same.....	55
Ode to Mr. Pinchbeck, upon his newly-in- vented patent Candle-snuffers, by Malcolm M'Gregor, Esq.	64
To the Duchess of Roxburgh, on her Arrival at Fleurs; by a Dryad.....	70
A Fairy Tale; by Dr. Parnell.....	72
On throwing by an old Black Coat; by T. Coombe, D.D.	83
Song.....	86
A Parody on " <i>Blest as th' immortal Gods is he;</i> " by the Hon. Henry Erskine.....	87

An Ode to Eight Cats, belonging to Israel Mendez, a Jew.....	88
Imitation of Catullus	92
On Lord Nelson, at Merton	93
To a Lady, with the Sonnets of Petrarch..	95
The Hare and Many Friends; by Gay	97
Elegy to Miss Dashwood, in the manner of Ovid; by Mr. Hammond	101
Answer to Ditto; by Lord Harvey.....	104
On Lady Hamilton's Departure from Palermo	108
Madrigal; to Cynthia.....	109
Part of a Letter to my Sisters, at Crux- Easton; written from Cairo, in Egypt, August, 1734; by the Rev. Dr. Lisle	110
The Blackbirds; by the Rev. R. Jago, M.A.	113
The Swallows; by the same	119
Julia; or the Victim of Love; a Pastoral Ballad; by Peter Pindar, Esq.	127
The Relic, or the Female Mourner, by the Same	155

THE
TEMPLE OF FAME.

By *ALEXANDER POPE.*

[Written in the Year 1711.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following Piece was taken from CHAUCER's "House of Fame." The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own: yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with CHAUCER, may begin with his Third Book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title. (P.)

IN that soft season when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;

As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden
wings);
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose :—

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
skies ;

The whole creation open to my eyes :
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow :
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen ;
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green :
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes ;
There trees and intermingled temples rise :
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,

Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore :
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.

High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way :
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone :
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile Time subdu'd ;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of Wits renown'd ;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place ;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun ;

For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall
last ;

These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of
days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of
frost)

Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play ;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky ;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On this foundation FAME's high Temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece be-
held,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here THESEUS was beheld,
And PERSEUS dreadful with Minerva's shield:

There great **ALCIDES**, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian
 spoil :

Here **ORPHEUS** sings; trees, moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :

AMPHION there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !

CYTHÆRON's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall :

There might you see the length'ning spires
 ascend,

The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,

The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,

And the huge columns heave into the skies.

 The Eastern front was glorious to behold,

With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.

There **NINUS** shone, who spread th' Assyrian
 fame,

And the great founder of the Persian name :

There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand ;

Grave **ZOROASTER** waves the circling wand ;

The sage CHALDEANS rob'd in white appear'd ;
And BRACHMANS, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, CONFUCIUS stood,
Who taught that useful science—to be good.

But, on the South, a long majestic race
Of EGYPT'S Priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car SESOSTRIS struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew :
His hand a bow and pointed javelin hold ;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride:
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd;
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat ZAMOLXIS with erected eyes;
And ODIN here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian Heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps un-
strung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face:
The wall, in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall;
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold;
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,

Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels
glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait ;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was
found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood Heroes, who, through loud alarms,
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I
view'd
The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd :
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Lybian God.
There CÆSAR, grac'd with both Minervas,
shone ;
CÆSAR, the world's great master, and his own ;

Unmov'd, superior still, in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought.
 High o'er the rest EPAMINONDAS stood ;
 TIMOLEON, glorious in his brother's blood ;
 Bold SCIPIO, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
 And wise AURELIUS, in whose well-taught
 mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of man-
 kind.

Much-suff'ring Heroes next their honours claim,
 Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these,
 Here ever shines the godlike SOCRATES ;
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :
 Here his abode the martyr'd PHOCION claims,
 With AGIS, not the last of Spartan names :

Unconquer'd CARO shows the wound he tore ;
And BRUTUS his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
Around the shrine itself of FAME they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty HOMER shone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The Wars of TROY were round the pillar seen :
Here fierce TYDIDES wounds the Cyprian
 Queen ;
Here HECTOR glorious from PATROCLUS' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unwearied art :
 The MANTUAN there in sober triumph sate,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;
 On HOMER still he fix'd a rev'rent eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The LATIAN Wars, and haughty TURNUS
 dead ;
 ELIZA stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre ;
 ÆNEAS bending with his aged Sire :
 TROY flam'd in burning gold ; and o'er the
 throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for
 flight :
 Here, like some furious prophet, PINDAR rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.

Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd Games of GREECE the column
grace ;

NEPTUNE and JOVE survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
The champions, in distorted posture, threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy HORACE tun'd th' Ausonian
lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd PINDAR'S
fire :

Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace ;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The JULIAN Star, and great AUGUSTUS here :
The Doves that round the infant Poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate, fix'd in thought, the mighty STAGYRITE ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal TULLY shone ;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, ROME'S Genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great Father of his Country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst, proud FAME'S imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great :
The vivid em'rals there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,

Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne ;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled
 blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold ;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning
 ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful NINE
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine ;

With eyes on FAME for ever fix'd, they sing ;
For FAME they raise the voice, and tune the
 string :
With Time's first birth began the heav'nly
 lays,
And last eternal through the length of days.

 Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook ;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall :
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were
 heard ;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd ;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend ;

The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same ;
For good and bad alike are fond of FAME.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours
crown'd ;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle FORTUNE, reigns ;
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned World appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
“ Long have we sought t' instruct and please
mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne :
On wit and learning the just prize bestow ;
For fame is all we must expect below.”

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise :

From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around ;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud ;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread :
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the Good and Just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane :
“ Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.”—
“ Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown'd,
(Said FAME), “ but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.”

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander
 sounds ;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder
 bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies ;
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour
 wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee" (they cried) "amidst alarms and strife
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life :

For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and
blood,

And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.

Those ills we dar'd thy inspiration own ;

What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."

" Ambitious fools !" (the Queen replied, and
frown'd)

" Be all your acts in deep oblivion drown'd :

There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone ;

Your statues moulder'd, and your names un-
known !"

A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;

Plain was their dress, and modest was their
mien.

" Great idol, of mankind ! we neither claim

The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;

But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,

Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

'T is all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
Oh let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake."

" And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 't is still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft tho' high, so loud and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows ex-
press'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry
dress'd;

"Hither," (they cried), "direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays ;
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
 Courts we frequent, where 't is our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair :
 In fact, 't is true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid ;
 Of unknown Duchesses lewd tales we tell ;
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
 The joy let others have, and we the name ;
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
 press'd
 Around the shrine, and made the same request :
 " What, you !" (she cry'd) " unlearn'd in arts to
 please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,

Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the Lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
The people's fable and the scorn of all!"
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly
 round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.

 Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics:—
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some Pow'r un-
known

Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from
the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,

Its site uncertain, if in earth or air :

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;

With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound ;

Not less in number were the spacious doors

Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the
shores ;

Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,

Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.

As flames by nature to the skies ascend,

As weighty bodies to the centre tend,

As to the sea returning rivers roll,

And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;

Hither, as to their proper place, arise

All various sounds from earth, and seas, and
skies,

Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;

Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard, of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and
 life;
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air;
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state;
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great;

Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :
 Astrologers, that future fates foreshew ;
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
 And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands,
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign
 lands ;

Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place ;
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
 And all who told it added something new,
 And all who heard it made enlargements too ;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew. }
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to
 mouth.

So from a spark that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames ad-
vance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents impatient forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below;
FAME sits aloft, and points them out their
course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their
force;
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax, alternate, like the moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro'
the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;

And long 't was doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent.
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd no mortal e'er shall
find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
“ What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?”

“ 'T is true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond, as youthful bards, of Fame ?
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign ;
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure ;

Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor ;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor FAME I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bear my rising name
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame—
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of
praise ;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none !”



A PASTORAL ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF JACKSON, THE MUSICAL
COMPOSER.



O SHEPHERDS! 't is CORYDON'S knell,

That, sounding, now saddens the wind:

When he bade us for ever farewell,

He left not an equal behind.

How often ye dwelt on his strain,

That fill'd with sweet echoes the grove!

How happy the nymphs of the plain,

When he soften'd the bosom to love!

Our garlands his tomb shall adorn;

His shade shall our praises receive;

The lark shall salute him at morn,

And Philomel soothe him at eve.

Near his ashes the myrtle shall bloom,
Which PITY will plant with a sigh,
And, oft as she visits his tomb,
Lament that such merit should *die*.

He sought not false fame to obtain :
To the SHEPHERD no art did belong :
SIMPLICITY taught him her strain ;
SIMPLICITY govern'd his song.

Lo ! his reed that lies mute on the ground,—
For with *him* its sweet sorrows depart !
For like *him*, none can give it a sound,
That tells a fond tale of the HEART !

ANACREONTIC.

SYLVIA, a kiss or two I stole,
That thrill'd me to the very soul :
But, sooner than thou shalt complain,
I'll place them on thy lips again.

THE FIRE - SIDE.

BY DR. COTTON.



DEAR CHLOE, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
 In Folly's maze advance ;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we 'll step aside,
 Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
 Where love our hours employs ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
 To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies ;
 And they are fools who roam :

The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
 And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was NOAH'S dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
 That safe retreat, the ark ;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
 Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn HYMEN'S gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
 By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
 A Paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring ;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
 Whence pleasures ever rise :

We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! We envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed:
But then how little do we need!
For Nature's calls are few:

In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.



To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given ;
Dear CHLOE, this is wisdom's part ;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet ;
But, when our feast is o'er,

Grateful from table we 'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we 'll go;
Its checquer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While CONSCIENCE, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind Angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.



MADNESS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PENROSE.



SWELL the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the Muse's fires!
All thy answers, Echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'T is MADNESS' self inspires.

Hail, awful MADNESS, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his 'vent'rous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from *thee*;
Folly—Folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonish'd ear
 The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
 They now approach, they now appear,—
Phrenzy leads her *Chorus* near,
 And Dæmons dance around.—

Pride—Ambition, idly vain—
 Revenge, and Malice, swell her train,—
 Devotion warp'd—Affection crost—
 Hope in disappointment lost—
 And injur'd Merit, with a downcast eye,
 (Hurt by neglect) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of MADNESS rise,
 Various voices, various cries,
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
 Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.—

Rough as the wintry wave that roars
 On THULE's desert shores,

Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd Maniac foams along,
(Rage the burthen of his jarring song)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his
streaming hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,—
But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn Maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason—still the same,—
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
 Point out to Pity's tears, the poor distracted Fair.
 Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost—
 She mourns herself thus early lost.—

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
 Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
 She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
 On her sequester'd steps intrude?—

'T is he—the MOMUS of the flighty train—
 Merry mischief fills his brain.
 Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
 The mimic monarch skips around;
 Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
 And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.

Laughter was there— But mark that groan,
 Drawn from the inmost soul!
 “ Give the knife, Dæmons, or the poison'd bowl,
 “ To finish miseries equal to your own.”—

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
'T is DEVOTION's ruin'd child.—
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.—

Thou, fair RELIGION, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise.

To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The GOD of universal aid,
The GOD, the FATHER of us all.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
Till SUPERSTITION, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and Heaven be-
tween.

Drawn by her pencil, the CREATOR stands,
(His beams of mercy thrown aside)
With thunder arming His uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.

HOPE, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on TERROR'S rocks, FAITH'S best
dependence lies.

But ah!—too thick they crowd,—too close they
throng,

Objects of pity and affright!—

Spare farther the descriptive song—

Nature shudders at the sight.—

Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,

But o'er the hapless groupe, low drop COMPAS-
SION'S veil.



SELECT ODES.

BY HAFEZ.



ODE I.

UNLESS my fair-one's cheek be near,
To tinge thee with superior red,
How vain, O Rose, thy boasted bloom!
Unless, prime season of the year,
The grape's rich streams be round thee shed,
Alike how vain is thy perfume!

In shrubs which skirt the scented mead,
Or garden's walk embroider'd gay,
Can the sweet voice of Joy be found—
Unless, to harmonize the shade,
The nightingale's soft-warbled lay
Pour melting melody around?

Thou flow'ret trembling to the gale,
And thou, O cypress! waving slow
Thy green head in the summer air;

Say—What will all your charms avail,
If the dear Maid, whose blushes glow
Like living tulips, be not there ?

The Nymph who tempts with honey'd lip,
With cheeks that shame the vernal rose,
In rapture we can ne'er behold ;
Unless with kisses fond we sip
The luscious balm that lip bestows—
Unless our arms that Nymph enfold.

Sweet is the rose-empurpled bow'r,
And sweet the juice distilling bright
In rills of crimson from the vine:
But are they sweet, or have they pow'r
To bathe the senses in delight,
Where Beauty's presence does not shine ?

Nay, let the magic hand of Art
The animated picture grace,
With all the hues it can devise—

Yet, this no pleasure will impart,
 Without the soul-enchancing face
 Tinctur'd with Nature's purer dyes.

But what's thy life, O HAFEZ! say?
 A coin that will no value bear,
 Altho' by thee 't is priz'd in vain—
 Not worthy to be thrown away
 At the rich banquet of thy fair,
 Where boundless love, and pleasure, reign!



ODE II.

HITHER, boy, a goblet bring,
 Be it of wine's ruby spring!
 Bring me one, and bring me two;
 Nought but purest wine will do!

It is wine, boy, that can save
 Even lovers from the grave;
 Old and young alike will say—
 'T is the balm that makes us gay.

Wine 's the Sun; the Moon (sweet soul !)

We will call the waning bowl :

Bring the Sun, and bring him soon,

To the bosom of the Moon !

Dash us with this liquid fire,

It will thoughts divine inspire,

And, by nature taught to glow,

Let it like the waters flow !

If the rose should fade, do you

Bid it cheerfully adieu :

Like rose-water to each guest

Bring thy wine, and make us blest.

If the nightingale's rich throat

Cease the music of its note ;

It is fit, boy, thou shouldst bring

Cups that will with music ring.

Be not sad, whatever change

O'er the busy world may range ;

Harp and lute together bring,

Sweetly mingling string with string !

My bright maid, unless it be
In some dream, I cannot see :
Bring the draught, that will disclose
Whence it was sleep first arose !

Should it chance o'erpow'r my mind,
Where 's the remedy I find ?
'Tis in wine : then, boy, supply
Wine, till all my senses die !

Unto HAFEZ, boy, do you
Instant bring a cup or two :
Bring them ; for the wine shall flow
Whether it be law, or no !



L'ALLEGRO.

BY MILTON.



HENCE, loathed **MELANCHOLY** !

Of **CERBERUS** and blackest **MIDNIGHT**
born,

In Stygian cave forlorn,

'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell ;

Where brooding **DARKNESS** spreads his jealous
wings,

And the night-raven sings ;

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert, ever dwell !

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In Heav'n yclep'd **EUPHROSYNE**,

And by men, heart-easing **MIRTH**,

Whom lovely **VENUS**, at a birth

With two sister Graces more,

To ivy-crowned **BACCHUS** bore ;

Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
ZEPHYR with AURORA playing,
As he met her once a Maying ;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on HEBE's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides :
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right-hand lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet LIBERTY.
And, if I give thee honour due,
MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,

Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landskip round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,

Where, CORYDON and THYRSIS met,
Are at their sav'ry dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed PHILLIS dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With THESTYLIS to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery MAB the junkets eat,
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led ;

Tells how the'drudging Goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And, crop-full, out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'ring cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let HYMEN oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If JONSON'S learned sock be on,
Or sweetest SHAKSPEARE, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That ORPHEUS' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of PLUTO, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd EURYDICE.
These delights if thou canst give,
MIRTH, with thee I mean to live.



IL PENSEROSO.

BY MILTON.



HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred :
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likeliest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of MORPHEUS' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest MELANCHOLY!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince MEMNON's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop Queen that strove
To set her beauties' praise above
The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd VESTA long of yore
To solitary SATURN bore;
His daughter she (in SATURN's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody IDA's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of JOVE.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub CONTEMPLATION ;

And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While CYNTHIA checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak ;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy ;
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great HERMES, or unsphere
The spirit of PLATO, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those Demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,

Presenting THEBES, or PELOPS' line,
Or the tale of TROY divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise MUSÆUS from his bower,
Or bid the soul of ORPHEUS sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down PLUTO's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek :
Or call up him that left half told
The story of CAMBUSCAN bold,
Of CAMBALL, and of ALGARSIFE,
And who had CANACE to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear;
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud ;
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,

That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that Heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, MELANCHOLY, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.



ODE

TO MR. PINCHBECK,

UPON HIS NEWLY-INVENTED PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS.

By MALCOLM M'GREGOR, Esq.

Quousque ergo frustrà pascemus ignigenum istum?
APULEII MET. Lib. 7.

Why should a Patent be granted to this Candle-Snuffer in
vain?



ILLUSTRIOUS PINCHBECK! condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best King's-Friend,
These lyric lines to view;
O! may they prompt thee, ere too late,
To snuff the candle of the State,
That burns a little blue.

It once had got a stately wick,
When in its patent candle-stick
The Revolution put it:
As white as wax we saw it shine
Thro' two whole lengths of BRUNSWICK's line,
Till B— first dar'd to smut it.

Since then—but wherefore tell the tale?
Enough, that now it burneth pale,
 And sorely wastes its tallow :
Nay, if thy poet rightly weens,
(Tho' little skill'd in Ways and Means)
 Its Save-all is but shallow.

Come then, ingenious artist, come,
And put thy finger and thy thumb
 Into each polish'd handle ;
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Thy King's and eke thy Country's friend,
 To trim Old ENGLAND's candle.

But first, we pray, for its relief,
Pluck from its wick each Tory thief,
 It else must quickly rue it ;
While N— and M— sputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent, with all thy care,
 The melting of the suet.

There's TWITCHER too, that old he-witch,
Sticks in its bole as black as pitch,
And makes a filthy pother^{*} ;
When curs'd with such a sorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
'T will soon be in a smother.

I fear me much, in such a plight,
Those tapers blest would loose their light,
Canadian fanes that deck ;
Which pious — — ordains to blaze,
And gild with their establish'd rays,
Our LADY of QUEBEC.

His arms, thou hallow'd image, bless !
And surely thou canst do no less,
He is thy Faith's Defender ;
Thou ow'st thy place to him alone,
As other Jacobites have done,
And not to the Pretender.

Haste, then, and quash the hot turmoil,
That flames in BOSTON'S angry soil,
And frights the Mother Nation :
Know, Lady ! if its rage you stop,
PINCHBECK shall send you, from his shop,
A most superb oblation.

His patent snuffers, in a dish
Of burnish'd gold ; if more you wish,
His Cyclops shall bestir
Their brawny stumps, and, for thy sake,
Of PINCHBECK'S own mixt-metal make
A huge Extinguisher.

To form the mass, ——, thy zeal
Shall furnish that well-temper'd steel,
Thou didst at Minden brandish ;
Nor yet shall G——'s rev'rend Dean,
Counting its worth, refuse, I ween,
His ponderous leaden standish.

Poor Doctor JOHNSON, I'm afraid,
Can give but metaphoric aid ;
 His style's case-harden'd graces !
M'PHERSON, without shame or fear,
Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE, and SHEBBEARE,
 Shall melt their brazen faces.

And sure, this mixt metallic stuff,
Will yield materials large enough
 To mould the mighty cone.
But how transport it, when 'tis cast,
Across the deep Atlantic vast?
 'T will weigh some thousand stone.

“ Leave that to me,” our Lady cries,
“ Howe'er gigantic be its size,
 “ I have a scheme in petto :
“ I'll fly with it from shore to shore,
“ Safe as my sooty sister bore
 “ Her cottage to Loretto.

“ Swift to the Congress with my freight
“ I’ll speed, and on their heads its weight
“ Souse with such skill and care ;
“ That PUT’NAM, WASHINGTON beneath,
“ And gasping LEE, shall wish to breathe
“ A pint of PRIESTLEY’S air.

“ The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
“ No longer, ENGLAND, shalt thou dread
“ Such Presbyterian huffers :
“ Thy candle’s radiance ne’er shall fade,
“ With now and then a little aid
“ From PINCHBECK’S patent snuffers.”



TO THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH,

ON HER ARRIVAL AT FLEURS.

BY A DRYAD.



O FAIR-ONE, welcome to our scene,
Where FREEDOM waves her easy plumes;
Where PLENTY holds her golden reign,
And triumphs in a thousand blooms!

Young HEALTH shall meet thy steps at morn,
And lead thee through the breezy glade;
While NATURE'S Minstrels, from the thorn,
Salute thy way from shade to shade.

And, hark! old TWEED'S exulting voice!

“ Tho' HEALTH and FREEDOM bless'd the
“ And PLENTY bade the vales rejoice, [groves,
“ *One Charm* was wanting still!—the LOVES!—

“ But lo! to grace my verdant side,
“ At length the smiling GUESTS appear ;
“ To bid my stream exalt its pride,
“ And RAPTURE rule the rolling year.”

Such is the song of grateful TWEED;
And should the scene thy stay incline,
Our DRYAD BANDS, the rural reed,
With all our shades, and grots, are *thine*.



A FAIRY TALE.

BY PARNELL.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.



IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze,
 Liv'd EDWIN of the Green ;
EDWIN, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
 And lift itself above ;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
 This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of EDITH's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
 Could ladies look within ;
But one Sir TOPAZ dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.

EDWIN, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
 All in the moony light ;
'T was near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
 To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'T was late, 't was far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
 And, trembling, rocks the ground :
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
 And now the sounds increase :
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
 Come pranking o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich, before ;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cry'd ;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
 Advanc'd in open sight ;
“ Nor have I cause of dread, he said,
“ Who view, by no presumption led,
 “ Your revels of the night.

“ ’Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
“ Which made my steps unweeting rove
 “ Amid the nightly dew.”
“ ’Tis well, the gallant cries again,
“ We fairies never injure men
 “ Who dare to tell us true.

“ Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
“ Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 “ To make thee grief resign ;
“ Now take the pleasure of thy chance ;
“ Whilst I with MAB, my partner, daunce,
 “ Be little MABLE thine.”

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air ;
 The monarch leads the queen :
The rest their fairy partners found :
And MABLE trimly tripp'd the ground
 With EDWIN of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
 As heart and lip desire ;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
 In EDWIN's wond'ring eyes.

Till one at last, that ROBIN hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
 Has hent him up aloof ;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
 To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " Reverse my charm," he cries,
" And let it fairly now suffice
 " The gambol has been shown."
But OBERON answers with a smile,
" Content thee, EDWIN, for a while,
 " The 'vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
 And heard a cock to crow ;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
 To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye ;
 Poor EDWIN falls to floor :
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
 Through all the land before.

But soon as DAN APOLLO rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the less ;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous EDITH sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir TOPAZ mov'd,
The youth of EDITH erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir TOPAZ sees the Elphin show,
His spirits in him dye :
When OBERON cries, “ A man is near,
“ A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
“ Hangs flagging in the sky.”

With that Sir TOPAZ, hapless youth !
In accents faltering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity graunt ;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
To tread the circled haunt ;

“ Ah losell vile, at once they roar :
“ And little skill'd of fairie lore,
“ Thy cause to come, we know :
“ Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
“ And fairies, since a lye you tell,
“ Are free to work thee woe.”

Then WILL, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains amongst the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome EDWIN hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir TOPAZ hangs the while,
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er :
But wot ye well his harder lot ?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which EDWIN lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared ;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head ;
And when the tale was done,
“ Thus some are born, my son,” she cries,
“ With base impediments to rise,
“ And some are born with none.

“ But Virtue can itself advance
“ To what the fav'rite fools of Chance
“ By Fortune seem design'd ;
“ Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
“ And from itself shake off the weight
“ Upon th' unworthy mind.”

On THROWING BY an OLD BLACK COAT.

BY T. COOMBE, D. D.



OLD friend, farewell, with whom full many
a day,

In varied mirth and grief, hath roll'd away.

No more thy form retains its sable dye,

But, like grey beauty, palls upon the eye :

Yet shall the grateful Muse her off'ring pay,

Torn tho' thou art, and hast'ning to decay.

'Tis her's the old coat's sneering foes to face,

Recall its worth, and dignify disgrace.

Health to the man, unmov'd by vulgar ends,
Who, rais'd himself, forgets not ancient friends.
Such, PAUL, wert thou, who, midst a venal age,
Plac'd high thy cloke in truth's immortal page ;

There, screen'd from moths, the hallow'd garb
 shall stand,
 From TROAS brought by pastoral command.

Once, wrapt secure within thy woollen folds,
 I brav'd the summer rains, the winter colds.
 Fearless of coughs, catarrhs, which EURUS
 brings,
 Or dark NOVEMBER on his vap'ry wings,
 Whistling a tune, like CYMON in the song,
 Thro' filthy streets and lanes I trudg'd along,
 Nor heeded aught the hackney driver's cry,
 Tho' "Coach, your Honour," sounded to the sky.

And shall the Muse to beaux and belles pretend,
 In better days, I fondly call'd thee friend ;
 That, screen'd by thee, thro' various toils I past,
 Enjoy'd the present hour, and hop'd the last ;
 Yet now, when TIME hath blanch'd thy rev'rend
 hue,
 Sell thee a slave to yonder hoarse-mouth'd JEW ?

Forbid it gratitude, forbid it shame !

That were a deed would blacken CLODIO's name.

Thou poor old man, whose brow is streak'd
with care,
Stretch'd on the clay-cold earth, thy bosom bare,
Had I but half that CLODIO's shining store,
Thy breast should heave with misery no more.
Yet take the scanty pittance I bestow,
This coat shall shield thee from the drifting snow.

But ere we part, indulge the moral lay,
Hear it, ye fools, who flutter life away ;
Vain are the proud man's plumes, the rich man's
bags ;
MEN turn to dust, as BROADCLOTH turns to
rags.



SONG.



HOW bright were the blushes of Morn,
How sweet was the song of the Grove,
Ere CYNTHIA thus left me forlorn,
And, frowning, forbade me to love!

My streams I was wont to adore—
My flocks bleated music around;
And, shepherds, I lov'd them the more,
Because she was pleas'd with the sound.

Dear CYNTHIA! Ah, who could behold
A damsel with beauty so blest,
Nor wish in his arms to infold
Such charms as were never possest?

Oh, attend, thou fair cause of my woes!
Oh, refuse not to hear me complain!
Thy smile has destroy'd my repose,
And that only can give it again.

A PARODY

ON "BLEST AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE."

By the Hon. HENRY ERSKINE.



DRUNK as a dragon sure is he,
The youth that dines or sups with thee;
And sees and hears thee, full of fun,
Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

'Twas this first made me love my dose,
And rais'd such pimples on my nose;
For while I fill'd to every toast,
My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champagne,
Inflame my blood, and mad my brain;
The toast fell fault'ring from my tongue,
I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise ;
 The candles danc'd before my eyes ;
 My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,
 I tumbled senseless on the ground !

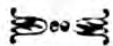


AN ODE

TO EIGHT CATS, BELONGING TO ISRAEL
 MENDEZ, A JEW.

SCENE, the Street.

The Time, Midnight---the Poet at his Chamber Window.



SINGERS of Israel! Oh, ye singers sweet !
 Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
 Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
 And to the sleepless wretch the night endear:

Lo! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks;
Your friskings, crawlings, squalls, I much
approve:
Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd rumps,
Swell'd tails, and Merry-Andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

How sweetly roll your gooseb'rry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!
No boys, in wantonness, now bang your backs;
No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax, [you.
But all the moon-light world seems made for

Singers of Israel! You no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
You call the matrimonial service cant—
Like our first parents, take each other's word:
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix—
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!

Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, or ladle;

No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass;

Nor nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,

Which custom, for our Christian babes, enjoins,

To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers you have need,

Ye males, before you seek your bed,

To settle pin-money on Madam:

No fears of cuckoldom,—Heav'n bless ye!—

Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,

Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,

No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,

No night-caps snug, no trouble in undressing,

Before you seek your strawy nest,

Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,

To feast on love, Heav'n's greatest blessing.

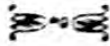
Good Gods ! Ye sweet love-chanting rams !
How nimble are you with your hams
To mount a house, to scale a chimney-top ;
And, peeping down the chimney's hole,
Pour, in a tuneful cry, th' empassion'd soul,
Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up.

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
Answers your invitation note with joy,
And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope,
Lo ! borne on Love's all-daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu !
I do suppose you need not now be told,
How much I wish that I was one of you.



IMITATION OF CATULLUS.



WHY will my wanton maid inquire,
How many kisses I desire ?
Go, count the conscious stars, that see
How fond I nightly steal to thee ;
Count every beaming glare, that flies
From those more radiant stars—thine eyes :
Count every pant, that heaves thy breast,
When to my panting bosom press'd :
Go, count the loves, that ambush'd dwell
In every dimple's rosy dell,
Or, fluttering, play on frolic wings
Through every tress that drops in rings :
Count every charm of every kind,
That decks thy face, thy form, thy mind ;
Then, LESBIA, nor till then inquire,
How many kisses I desire.

ON LORD NELSON,

AT MERTON.



RETIR'D from tumult and the public care,
While modest NELSON breathes his MERTON air,
Why will a Nation sigh to give him pow'r,
And load with anxious weight his easy hour?
Why force the Hero from his rich repose,
Whose happy spirit calm'd that Nation's woes?
Yet, mad for War, should hostile hosts arise,
Fierce for th' attack, the British Eagle flies,
Careless of ease, and DANGER's spectre form,
Pants for his prey, and triumphs in the storm.
Pleas'd with his fate, he crawls not to be seen,
Too proud to teaze with pray'r a King or Queen;
To flatter, with a parasitic face,
And trip up FRIENDSHIP's heels to gain a place.
The Man who daring rush'd in thunder forth,
And smote th' imperious Tyrants of the North;

Round Royal mis'ry wav'd his Guardian wing,
 And snatch'd from chains and fate a trembling
 King;

Bade mournful EGYPT 'midst her bondage smile,
 And gave another Wonder to the NILE;

Disdains the servile arts that MEANNESS tries,
 To mount a flimsy bubble to the skies!

Lodg'd in the bosom of his fav'rite shade,
 How should a venal wish his heart invade,

Where FRIENDSHIP, MIRTH, the clouds of
 CARE defy,

And heartfelt pleasure beams from ev'ry eye;

Nay, more the happy mansion to illumine,

Where GENIUS sparkles, and the GRACES bloom?



TO A LADY,
WITH THE SONNETS OF PETRARCH.
IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.



O GENTILE Nymph, of Cornish lond the
Queen, [love:
Whom all our youth behold with rapt'rous
Whose heart eclipseth e'en thy beauty's sheen,
Read PETRARCH'S sorrows, and with tears
approve :

A tear from thee, surpassing all his fame,
Embalms with immortality his name.

At PETRARCH'S fate the heart with grief mote
glow,

Who frequent woo'd the Fair, but woo'd in vain:
Thy turtle eye in streames will certes flow
At sorrows, that for peerless LAURA plain,
When pale entomb'd her lovely limbs were laid,
And redbreasts sooth'd with ditties sweet her shade.

Rash bard! What folly taught thine eyen to gaze
On HER, who ne'er could bless thy longing arms?
What dæmon urg'd thee midst her beauty's blaze,
Bereft of smallest hope to win her charms?
Well did thine heart deserve sic mickle woes,
That lost in wild romaunce its dear repose.

Yet, PETRARCH! like thyself, a BARD betray'd
By smiles of Beauty, Wisdom's voice I slight;
Hopeless I glote upon as fair a maid
As ever charm'd the golden eye of light.
Then let me blame no more thy lovelorn line,
Perchance THY LAURA mote compare with
MINE!



THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.



FRRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,

Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
 She hears the near advance of death;
 She doubles, to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
 When first the Horse appear'd in view!

“ Let me,” says she, “ your back ascend,
 And owe my safety to a friend.
 You know my feet betray my flight:
 To friendship every burden's light.”

The Horse reply'd, “ Poor honest Puss,
 It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
 Be comforted, relief is near,
 For all your friends are in the rear.”

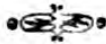
She next the stately Bull implor'd;
 And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
 " Since every beast alive can tell
 That I sincerely wish you well,
 I may, without offence, pretend
 To take the freedom of a friend.
 Love calls me hence; a fav'rite Cow
 Expects me near yon' barley-mow;
 And, when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place.
 To leave you thus, might seem unkind;
 But see, the Goat is just behind."

The Goat remark'd, " her pulse was high,
 Her languid head, her heavy eye:"
 " My back," says he, " may do you harm;
 The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
 " His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
 Said, he was slow, confess'd his fears;
 For Hounds ate Sheep as well as Hares."

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

“ Shall I,” says he, “ of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler pass'd you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then ; you know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;
For see, the hounds are just in view.”



ELEGY TO MISS DASHWOOD.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

By Mr. HAMMOND.



O SAY, thou dear possessor of my breast,
Where now's my boasted liberty and rest !
Where the gay moments that I once have known !
O where that heart I fondly thought my own !
From place to place I solitary roam,
Abroad uneasy, not content at home.
I scorn the beauties common eyes adore,
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more :
Unmov'd I hear them speak, or see them fair,
And only think on thee,—who art not there.
In vain would books their former succour lend,
Nor wit, nor wisdom, can relieve their friend ;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And wisdom shows the ill without the cure.

When from thy sight I waste the tedious day,
 A thousand schemes I form, and things to say;
 But when thy presence gives the time I seek,
 My heart's so full, I wish, but cannot speak.

And could I speak with elegance and ease,
 Till now not tedious of the art to please;
 Could I, at woman who so oft exclaim,
 Expose (nor blush) thy triumph and my shame;
 Abjure those maxims I so lately priz'd,
 And court that sex I foolishly despis'd;
 Own thou hast soften'd my obdurate mind,
 And thou reveng'd the wrongs of womankind:
 Lost were my words, and fruitless all my pain,
 In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain:
 My humble sighs shall only reach thy ears,
 And all my eloquence shall be my tears.

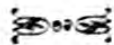
And now (for more I never must pretend)
 Hear me not as thy lover, but thy friend:
 Thousands will fain thy little heart ensnare
 (For without danger none like thee are fair);

But wisely choose who best deserves thy flame,
So shall the choice itself become thy fame :
Nor yet despise, though void of winning art,
The plain and honest courtship of the heart ;
The skilful tongue in love's persuasive lore,
Though less it feels, will please and flatter more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuse a fond unthinking maid.
And since their lips, so knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might soon believe,
And since their tears, in false submission drest,
Might thaw the icy coldness of thy breast ;
O ! shut thine eyes to such deceitful woe :
Caught by the beauty of thy outward show,
Like me they do not love, whate'er they seem,
Like me—with passion founded on esteem.



ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LINES.

By LORD HERVEY.



TOO well these lines that fatal truth declare,
Which long I've known, yet now I blush to hear.
But say, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love?
What can it hope, though mutual it should prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me thy honest heart is true ;
For would'st thou fix dishonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and shame ?
Or gild my ruin with the name of wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life ?
Could'st thou submit to wear the marriage chain,
(Too sure a cure for all thy present pain),
No saffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted, and his face in tears.

Though every softer wish were amply crown'd,
 Love soon would cease to smile, where Fortune
 frown'd:

Then would thy soul my fond consent deplore,
 And blame what it solicited before;
 Thy own exhausted would reproach my truth,
 And say I had undone thy blinded youth;
 That I had damp'd AMBITION's nobler flame,
 Eclips'd thy talents, and obscur'd thy fame;
 To madrigals and odes that wit confin'd,
 That would in senates or in courts have shin'd,
 Gloriously active in thy country's cause,
 Asserting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or say, at best, that negatively kind
 You only mourn'd, and silently repin'd;
 The jealous dæmons in my own fond breast
 Would all these thoughts incessantly suggest,
 And all that sense must feel, though pity had
 supprest.

Yet added grief my apprehension fills
 (If there can be addition to those ills),

When they shall cry, whose harsh reproof I dread,
 “ ’T was thy own deed, thy folly on thy head !”
 Age knows not to allow for thoughtless youth,
 Nor pities tenderness, nor honours truth ;
 Holds it romantic to confess a heart,
 And says those virgins act a wiser part,
 Who hospitals and bedlams would explore
 To find the rich, and only dread the poor ;
 Who, legal prostitutes, for int’rest sake,
 CLODIOS and TIMONS to their bosoms take,
 And, if avenging Heav’n permit increase,
 People the world with folly and disease.
 Those titles, deeds, and rent-rolls only wed,
 Whilst the best bidder mounts the venal bed,
 And the grave aunt and formal sire approve
 This nuptial sale, this auction of their love.
 But if regard to worth or sense be shown,
 This poor degenerate child her friends disown,
 Who dares to deviate, by a virtuous choice,
 From her great name’s hereditary vice.

These scenes my prudence ushers to my mind,
 Of all the storms and quicksands I must find,
 If I embark upon this summer sea, [way.
 Where Flatt'ry smooths, and Pleasure gilds the
 Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dang'rous flame
 Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
 I might upon that score thy heart receive,
 And with that guiltless name my own deceive:
 That commerce now in vain you recommend,
 I dread the latent lover in the friend ;
 Of ignorance I want the poor excuse,
 And know, I both must take, or both refuse.

Hear then the safe, the firm resolve I make,
 Ne'er to encourage one I must forsake.
 Whilst other maids a shameless path pursue,
 Neither to int'rest nor to honour true,
 And, proud to swell the triumph of their eyes,
 Exult in love from lovers they despise :
 Their maxims all revers'd I mean to prove,
 And though I like the lover, quit the love.

ON LADY HAMILTON'S DEPARTURE

FROM PALERMO.

A Sicilian Pastoral Song.



O SWAINS of fair SICILY, mourn;
Since your IDOL no more will return.

In fancy, the riv'let appears
To wander lamenting along;
And the dews of the valley the tears,
For the loss of her *smile* and her *song*.

O swains, &c.

Sweet ZEPHYRS that wanton'd around,
And eagerly sought for her strains,
Now robb'd of the musical sound,
Waft only the *sigh* of the swains.

O swains, &c.

When she whisper'd a tender adieu,
 The **LOVES** would no longer remain ;
 And with them the **PLEASURES** withdrew,
 As they never had quitted her train.

O swains, &c.



MADRIGAL.

TO CYNTHIA.



AH! wherefore did I daring gaze
 Upon the radiance of thy charms ;
 And, vent'ring nearer to their rays,
 How dar'd I clasp thee in my arms ?

That kiss will give my heart a pain,
 Which **CYNTHIA**'s pity will deplore ;
 Then take, O take the kiss again,
 Or let me take a hundred more.

PART OF A LETTER
TO MY SISTERS, AT CRUX-EASTON,
WRITTEN FROM CAIRO, IN EGYPT, AUGUST, 1734.

By the Rev. Dr. LISLE.



WHILE you, my dear girls, in your paradise
Diverting with innocent freedom the day, [stray,
I wander alone in a barbarous land,
Half bak'd by the sun, half blind by the sand.
Then your wood too and grotto so swim in my
sight,
They give me no respite by day or by night:
No sooner asleep but I'm dreaming of you;
I am just wak'd from one,—would to God it
were true.

Methought I was now a fine gentleman grown,
And had got, Lord knows how, an estate of my
own.

Good-bye to plain TOM, I was rais'd a peg higher;
Some call'd me his WORSHIP, and others the
'SQUIRE.

'Twas a place, I remember, exactly like EASTON,
A scene for an Emperor's fancy to feast on.

There I built a fine house with great cost and
great care,

(Your la'ships have form'd many such in the air),
Not of stucco, nor brick, but as good Portland stone
As KENT* would desire to be working upon.

The apartments not small, nor monstrously great,
But chiefly for use, and a little for state;

So begilt, and becarv'd, and with ornaments grac'd,
That every one said, I'd an excellent taste.

Here I liv'd like a king, never hoarded my pelf,
Kept a coach for my sisters, a nag for myself,
With something that's good when our Highclear
friends come, [room.

And, spite of 'Squire HERBERT, a fire in each
A canal made for profit as well as for pleasure,
That's about, let me see, two acres in measure;

* The painter and architect.

Both the eye to delight, and the table to crown,
With a jack, or a perch, when my uncles come
down.

An exceeding great wood, that's been set a great
while, [mile.

In length near a league, and in breadth near a
There every dear girl her bright genius displays,
In a thousand fine whimsies, a thousand fine ways.
O how charming the walks to my fancy appear !
What a number of temples and grottos are here !
My soul was transported to such an extreme,
That I leap'd up in raptures,—when lo ! 't was a
Then vexing I chid the impertinent day [dream.
For driving so sweet a delusion away.

Thus spectres arise, as by nurse-maids we're told,
And hie to the place where they buried their gold :
There hov'ring around until morning remain,
Then sadly return to their torments again.



THE BLACKBIRDS.

By the Rev. RICHARD JAGO, M.A.



THE sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
And kindly loos'd the frozen soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'T was then, amid the vocal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A BLACKBIRD rais'd his am'rous song,
And thus it echo'd through the grove.

“ O fairest of the feather'd train !
For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
And grant my love a kind return.

“ For, see, the wintry storms are flown,
And gently Zephyrs fan the air ;
Let us the genial influence own,
Let us the vernal pastime share.

“ The raven plumes his jetty wing
To please his croaking paramour ;
The larks responsive ditties sing,
And tell their passion as they soar.

“ But trust me, love, the raven’s wing
Is not to be compar’d with mine ;
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

“ O! let me all thy steps attend !
I’ll point new treasures to thy sight ;
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

“ I’ll show my love the clearest rill
Whose streams among the pebbles stray ;
These will we sip, and sip our fill,
Or on the flow’ry margin play.

“ I’ll lead her to the thickest brake,
Impervious to the school-boy’s eye ;
For her the plaster’d nest I’ll make,
And on her downy pinions lie.

“ When, prompted by a mother’s care,
Her warmth shall form th’ imprison’d young ;
The pleasing task I’ll gladly share,
Or cheer her labours with my song.

“ To bring her food I’ll range the fields,
And cull the best of every kind :
Whatever nature’s bounty yields,
And love’s assiduous care can find.

“ And when my lovely mate would stray
To taste the summer sweets at large,
I’ll wait at home the live-long day,
And tend with care our little charge.

“ Then prove with me the sweets of love,
With me divide the cares of life ;
No bush shall boast in all the grove
So fond a mate, so blest a wife.”

He ceas’d his song. The melting dame
With soft indulgence heard the strain ;
She felt, she own’d a mutual flame,
And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely to her side ;
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
And she, the most delighted bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
 " Behold," he said, " the new-born day !
The lark his matin peal has rung,
 Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,
 And to the murm'ring riv'let's side ;
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
 With honest joy and decent pride.

When oh ! with grief the Muse relates
 The mournful sequel of my tale ;
Sent by an order from the fates,
 A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, " My dear,
 Haste, haste away, from danger fly ;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here ;
 O spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim ;
His aim, alas ! was all too true ;
O ! had he chose some other game !
Or shot—as he was wont to do !

Divided pair ! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse ;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.



THE SWALLOWS.

By the Rev. RICHARD JAGO, M.A.

IN TWO PARTS.



PART I.

WRITTEN SEPTEMBER, MDCCLLVIII.



ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
The Swallow race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
To Southern climes prepar'd their course to
steer.

On DAMON's roof a grave assembly sat ;
His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind ;
With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his DELIA thus address'd his mind.

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
Observe, and read the wondrous ways of heav'n!
With us through summer's genial reign they staid,
And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n:

But now, through sacred prescience, well they
The near approach of elemental strife; [know
The blustry tempest, and the chilling snow,
With every want and scourge of tender life!

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight;
For this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous
For this consult, advise, prepare, excite, [wing;
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,
To quit their friendly haunts, or native home;
Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine !

That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey;
To this direction all their cares resign, [way.
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their

Well fare your flight! ye mild domestic race!

Oh! for your wings to travel with the sun!
Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your
Till your long voyage happily be done! [pace,

See, DELIA, on my roof your guests to-day;

To-morrow on my roof your guests no more!
Ere yet 't is night, with haste they wing away,
To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!

And what without a moral would we read?
Then mark what DAMON tells his gentle maid,
And with *his* lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away ;
 Thus threats the winter of inclement age ;
Our time of action but a summer's day ;
 And earth's frail orb the sadly-varied stage !

And does no Pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
 Nor give *us* tidings of some happier clime ?
Find *we* no guide in gracious Providence
 Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time ?

Yes, yes ! The sacred oracles we hear,
 That point the path to realms of endless day ;
That bid our hearts, nor death nor anguish fear,
 This future transport, *that* to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
 And form the soul for her divine abode ;
Obey the call, and trust the Leader's care
 To bring us safe through Virtue's paths to GOD.

Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
No doubts divert our steady steps aside ;
Nor let us long to live, nor dread to die ;
Heav'n is our Hope, and Providence our Guide.



PART II.

WRITTEN APRIL, MDCCXLIX.



AT length the winter's surly blasts are o'er ;
Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns :
Health to the breeze unbars the screaming door,
And every breast with heat celestial burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow ;

 Again the tenants of the leafy grove,
Forgot the patt'ring hail, the driving snow,
 Resume the lay to melody and love.

And see, my DELIA, see o'er yonder stream,

 Where on the sunny bank the lambkins play ;
Alike attracted to th' enliv'ning gleam,
 The stranger-swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,

 Welcome again to DELIA, and to me ;
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
 And plan your settlements from danger free.

No tempest on my shed its fury pours,

 My frugal hearth no noxious blast supplies ;
Go, wand'ers, go, repair your sooty bow'rs,
 Think, on no hostile roof my chimnies rise.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
I'll think I hear your various maxims told,
Your numbers, leaders, politics, and states,
Your limits settled, and your tribes enroll'd.

I'll think I hear you tell of distant lands,
What insect-nations rise from Egypt's mud,
What painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,
What mild Euphrates yields, and Ganges' flood.

Thrice happy race ! whom Nature's call invites
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taste her choicest stores, her best delights,
The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring:

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
Of shifting seasons, vapours dank, or dry,
Forbid, like you, to milder climes to range,
When wintry clouds deform the troubled sky.

But know the period to your joys assign'd !

Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball ;

Certain as fate, and sudden as the wind,

Its secret adamantine props shall fall.

Yet, when your short-liv'd summers shine no more,

My patient mind, sworn foe to vice's way,

Sustain'd on lighter wings than yours, shall soar

To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray ;

To plains ethereal, and Elysian bowers,

Where wintry storms no rude access obtain,

Where blasts no light'ning, and no thunder low'rs,

But spring and joy unchang'd for ever reign.



JULIA;
OR,
THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

A Pastoral Ballad.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.



SHE is dead who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom !
She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the Tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, so ador'd, so desir'd ;
Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the passion her beauty inspir'd.

Yet silent was she on the Swain
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn ;
In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.

Tho' faint was the blush on her cheek,
And deep in her bosom the thorn;
A smile 'midst her sorrows would break,
Like a ray through the clouds in the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:
"Sweet ZEPHYR, bring health," she would cry;
But HEALTH never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But HEALTH never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But HEALTH never came to the hill.

On her Dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd, as she patted his head,
"Poor FIDELLE! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
When thy Mistress, who loves thee, is dead.

“ *Thou* hast ever been constant and kind ;
 My fondness ne'er met with a *slight* :
In *thee* a firm friendship I find ;
 How unhappy when out of my sight !

“ When with speed I could travel the plain,
 With thy Mistress to sport was thy pride ;
And now I am weak and in pain,
 Thou art heartless and dull by my side.

“ When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
 And seek me, uneasy, around ;
Beseeching the swains, with a whine,
 To tell where thy Friend may be found.

“ Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,
 Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day :
Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,
 Nay, nor hunger, will force thee away.”

Thus she spoke to her Fav'rite, whose eye
Was fix'd upon those of the MAID :
Then he lick'd her fond hand at her sigh,
As if conscious of all she had said !

Sweet Nymph ! What a sudden decay !
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain ;
Now her head would sink feebly away,
Like the lily press'd down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell ;
In silence we watch'd her last breath :
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, tho' the whisper of Death !

No struggle in dying she knew,
Life pass'd with such sweetness away !
So calm from the world she withdrew,
Her last sigh seem'd the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
For needless of *praise* is the tale ;
Since the virtues that shone in the MAID,
May be seen in the tears of the VALE,



TO THE READER.

THE unfortunate subject of this ELEGIAC BALLAD was a young LADY, possessed of uncommon beauty, united with a highly-cultivated intellect, and the most fascinating manners. A *tender* attachment, terminating in disappointment, so affected her spirits as to occasion a fatal decline. Her LOVER, from whose professions of regard she expected every happiness, deserted her almost in the hour of leading her to the Hymenæal altar. Deluded by the idea of im-

mense riches, he gave his hand to another ; thus sacrificing peace, honour, and humanity, at the “ tinsel shrine of Fortune.” His marriage, as might be expected, commencing with infamy, terminated in sorrow, and shortened a life that seemed to possess a claim to longevity. His last hours were those of repentance and horror : before his death he frequently visited the grave of his beloved but deserted JULIA, and strewed flowers, mingled with sighs, on her sod : and if a long and unfeigned contrition might be allowed to *atone* for the insanity of a moment, his tears must have obliterated his offences. Naturally of a poetical turn, he wrote a number of what he modestly called his *love trifles*, and sent occasionally to his Mistress, during the paroxysm of his passion, some of which we have subjoined, that seem to breathe a spirit of sincerity, whose foundation one would imagine could never have been shaken by the feeble arm of a puerile ambition.

ELEGY I.

He despairs of obtaining the smiles of his Mistress.

WHAT are the thunders of the ruthless wind ?

And what the billows that tumultuous roll ?

Calms to the raging tempest of my mind,—

Rills to the restless surges of my soul.

Intent to please, I vainly urge my toil ;

No hopes, alas ! the VIRGIN'S looks impart :

O tell me, JULIA, what can win thy smile ?

O speak, and heave the *mountain* from my heart.

What can I do to win a cruel maid ?

The front of DANGER willing would I brave :

No coward terror can this heart invade,

Whose chiefest glory is to be thy *slave*.

FATE holds no horror while I please my FAIR ;

Then, JULIA, bid me my fond passion *prove* :

All, all thy rigour can command, I dare,

But lose thine image, and forget to love.

ELEGY II.

*Instead of composing for fame, he resolves to write
the praises of JULIA.*

NO more I'll idly pour the line for praise :
Far loftier hopes my glowing fancy move ;
I ask the MUSES for their sweetest lays,
To tell a beauteous MAID, how much I love.

Vain are our vows to FAME ! ^{alas,} how vain !
She waits to see us on the mournful bier,
Before she yields of eulogy the strain :
What cruel mock'ry to the lifeless ear !

To JULIA's hand I own my wish aspires :
Mean are *my* merits—*hers* how far above !
Yet can I boast what only *she* requires,
A heart to guard her, and a soul to love.

Tho' Courts admir'd, the modest JULIA chose
The silent shade, remote from public view :
How like the berry that in secret glows,
And hides beneath a leaf its blushful hue !

Few are the wishes of the constant PAIR :
What tho' no gold their humble cot displays ;
CONTENT, their guest, thus cries with careless air,
"Go, leave us, WEALTH, and palaces emblaze."

In *rural* bowers CONTENT delights to dwell ;
To cull the sweets of NATURE'S simple vale ;
To join the *hermit* in the mossy cell,
And join the *nymphs* and *shepherds* of the dale.

To FORTUNE'S tinsel shrine let *others* bow,
And to their wishes rear the golden pile :
To one fair VIRGIN while I breathe *my* vow,
And let *my* only treasure be *her* smile.

ELEGY III.

He complains of JULIA's not keeping her appointment to meet him.

WHAT demons keep my soul's delight away,
And cruel thus my fondest wish invade ?
Alas ! I tremble at the setting ray !
Pale EVENING waves around an envious shade !

How expectation loads th' important hour !
Impatience wilder with each moment grows !
Thou loit'ring FAIR-ONE, bless th' appointed
bow'r,
And snatch thy lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain ;
From glade to glade with wild emotion move ;
Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,
Devour each sound, and chide my ling'ring love.

Desponding, now upon the ground I lie,
And, anxious, murmur to the desert air ;
Now call on slumber to my closing eye ;
But slumber lights not on the lids of care.

Dark as the bosom of the stormy deep,
Wild as its waves my thoughts succeeding roll ;
Cool reason vainly soothes the wretch to sleep—
Oh! what is reason to the love-sick soul ?

Ye sweet companions of my lonely bow'r,
Whose simple melodies my shades inspire ;
Oh, that my bosom felt your happy hour !
Oh, that my voice could join your cheerful choir!

Light as your wing that skims the midway sky,
From joy to joy my heart so lately flew :
With me my moments never left a sigh,
Nor bath'd my lids in sorrow's baleful dew.

Hate to the Nymph I vow, and cold disdain :
Yet at each idle sound alarm'd, I start ;
To meet her, panting, every nerve I strain,
And show too plain her triumph o'er my heart.

Where is my love ? Alas ! my transports die :
My cheek, that redden'd with despair, turns pale ;
With disappointment drops my clouded eye,
Each pining feature tells a mournful tale.

See, see, the sun descends beneath the deep ;
Behold the melancholy bird of night !—
In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
And wish in vain to stay the parting light.



ELEGY IV.

*Disappointed at not meeting JULIA, he accuses her
of inconstancy.*

FAINT as the lustre of a lonely star,
That sheds through night's abyss his distant fire,
HOPE feebly glimmer'd on my heart's despair :
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire !

Know, lovely VIRGIN, thy deluding art
Hath lodg'd a thousand scorpions in my breast:
Oh, say, what happier rival wins thy heart ?
Say, am I there no more a welcome guest ?

To a *false* FAIR-ONE have I told my tale ?
For a *false* FAIR-ONE fondly sigh'd so long ?
Why, dear deceiver, did thy charms prevail ?
Thy charms the subject of my ev'ry song.

Ye Swains, who heard so oft my raptur'd lays,
False is the damsel that your wonder drew ;
Ye Nymphs who list'ned to the lavish'd praise,
My soul's soft idol proves at length untrue.

Nymphs of the vale, for *me* your pity spare ;
Let not my fate, ye Swains, your pity draw :
Alas ! for faithless beauty drop the tear,
And grieve so fair a di'mond holds a flaw.

Can FALSEHOOD's stain that dove-like heart
defile ?

Ah, see the tear, by blushing honour shed !
Lurks perfidy beneath that heav'nly smile ?
See LOVE with horror mark the guilty Maid !

Yet, yet the tyrant of my breast she reigns :
Restless for *her* it heaves with constant sighs ;
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
Yet softly pleads her pardon while it dies.

ELEGY V.

He condemns the licentiousness of the age.

TO false delights the YOUTH of BRITAIN fly,
Who court for happiness the WANTON'S arms;
Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.

When in the SYREN'S fond embrace you sigh,
And on her lip impress the burning kiss,
Doth FRIENDSHIP mingle with th' unhallow'd joy,
Or LOVE'S pure spirit swell the surge of bliss?

When droops enjoyment, what is then the Fair?
A *flow'r* that blooms, but quickly doom'd to fade;
A *sun* that pours a momentary glare,
And 'mid the tempest sinks, o'erwhelm'd in shade.

O Swains, to MODESTY's fair daughters turn :

By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led :

Bid by your flight the venal FAIR-ONE mourn,

And press in tears her solitary bed.

When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,

And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art ;

With false delights she shamefully subdues,

And leads the PASSIONS captive, not the *heart*.

Their midnight orgies whilst they madly hold,

I of a tender MAID shall be possess'd :

What bliss her tender beauties to enfold,

And soothe my slumbers on her faithful breast !

TIME from her bosom all its snows may steal,

His iron hand her cheek's pure blush invade ;

Still to my JULIA will I fondly kneel,

And love her most when all her roses fade.

Who spurns the weeping FAIR-ONE from his
breast,

Hard is his heart—in ev'ry virtue poor :
Hard is his heart to wound the fair DISTREST,
Who sighs that she can charm his eye no more.

Cruel to bid with grief her bosom heave,
Because her cheek no longer glowing warms :
Base, to forget the joys her beauty gave—
And, oh, forget it *faded in his arms !*



SONG.

FROM her, whose ev'ry smile is love,
I haste to some far distant cell :
My sighs too weak the Maid to move,
I bid the flatterer HOPE farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my sighs
At ev'ry step for JULIA mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And, panting, whispers, "*O return.*"

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame:
By absence thou wilt lose thy woe,
And only *flutter* at her name.



SONG.

O SUMMER, thy presence gives warmth to the
vale;
The song of the warbler enlivens the groves;
The pipe of the shepherd, too, gladdens the gale:
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array ;
To the vallies the woodbines a fragrance impart ;
The roses the pride of their blushes display ;
Alas ! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains ;
Go, zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the PLEASURES with JULIA are fled
from the plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return ;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's* should
mourn.

SONG.

ON JULIA.



ERE 'witching LOVE my heart possest,
And bade my sighs the nymph pursue ;
Calm as the infant's smiling rest,
No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doom'd, ah ! doom'd at last to mourn,
What tumults in that heart arose !
An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
By tempests from its deep repose.

Yet let me not the virgin blame,
As though *she* wish'd my heart despair ;
How could the maid suspect a flame,
Who never knew that *she* was *fair* ?

TO JULIA.



FROM her whom ev'ry heart must love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see ;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
Ah ! were she fair alone for *me* !

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part ;
That form still dwells on mem'ry's *eye*,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear :
And when the lark the morning hails,
'T is JULIA's voice salutes my ear.

Thus, let me rove the world around,
Whatever beauty's charm can boast,
Or soothe the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.



SONG.

BY JULIA.



WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain :
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain !

Dear youth ! a mutual flame I own :
The sorrows of thy breast are mine ;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
I trust the drop that dims thine eye ;
I see fair *Truth* thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in ev'ry *sigh*.



TO JULIA.

Written near her Grave.



MUCH-INJUR'D MAID, who liest pale below,
To *thee* a PILGRIM sad I steal away ;
In mournful silence steal, o'erpower'd with woe,
To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh! can thy gentle ghost the *wretch* forgive,
Who seeks thy sod at this lone hour of night—
A wretch, whose greatest hardship is to *live*,
Who, dead to pleasure, sickens at the light!

Oh! if my grief could soothe the sweetest SHADE,
 And pardon gain, which JUSTICE must deny;
 Near JULIA'S ashes should this FORM be laid;
 Its crimes forgotten—then what bliss to die!

Tir'd of the world, my heart no longer prays
 (What others covet) for extended years:
 For who would madly court a length of days,
 To count (alas!) the moments by his tears?



ELEGY.

TO JULIA.

*Detained in Italy by contrary winds, he expresses his
 ardent desire for sailing for England.*



FAR from my JULIA'S arms I lonely sigh,
 And wish to clasp thy beauties, but in vain;
 The surly winds my only wish deny,
 Yet would I dare the dangers of the MAIN.

Ye winds and waves, how cruel to combine !

O let my pray'rs your rude, rude pity prove ;
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine !

Alas ! ye know not what it is to *love* !

To stately structures now I urge my way,

And weakly think the minutes to beguile !

But anxious LOVE will not be led astray :

LOVE goads my bosom for the virgin's smile.

Now where the PAINTER shows his mimic art,

I strive to free my soul from LOVE's alarms ;

Lo, ev'ry VENUS but augments my smart,

And to my view presents thy *brighter* charms.

To MUSIC now fatigu'd I yield my ear,

But MUSIC cannot the dull hours controul ;

With cold indiff'rence ev'ry chord I hear,

While not a sound descends into my *soul*.

Oft as I mark the tribes of air, I cry, [wind!
 “ How with your pinions would I mount the
 “ Oh! with what rapture lifted, cleave the sky,
 “ And, turn’d to BRITAIN, leave my cares
 behind!”

In wishes thus, I daily waste my breath,
 Chain’d by the tempest to this hated shore;
 When shall I leave, alas! this land of death,
 For life and thee, to part, my LOVE, no more?

ELEGY.

*To a Friend, describing the horrors of his situation
 after the death of JULIA.*



FRIEND of my bosom, all my joys are o’er—
 Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer mine:
 Since JULIA, once my idol, lives no more,
 To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.

There, as I sit upon the sod, and sigh,
 I hear reproof from every happy dove;
 In fancy's ear they, cooing, seem to cry,
 "We know not of inconstancy in love."

Lo, darkness, tenfold darkness suits my soul!
 The haunts of spectres let me court to weep;
 The beach where black with fate the billows roll,
 And tempests raise the thunders of the DEEP.

Thou tellest me that TIME a balm will bring,
 Soothe ev'ry sigh, and calm my keenest woes:]
 Go, seek in winter's wild the blooms of spring;
 Go, whisper to the restless surge, repose!

LOVE, injur'd LOVE, a sure revenge can boast;
 LOVE hears my groan, and mocks my soul's
 despair: [lost;
 "Bleed, VICTIM, bleed," he cries—"thy all is
 "Such be their portion who deceive the FAIR!"

I thought that GRANDEUR with a lib'ral hand
 Could strew my path of life with sweetest flow'rs ;
That WEALTH omnipotent could TIME command,
 And from his pinions pluck his whitest hours.

Constant in MEM'RY'S eye her form appears—
 Where'er I tread, a source of woe I find ;
In ev'ry rill methinks I see her tears,
 And hear her sigh in ev'ry passing wind.

What now remains, my horrors to beguile ?
 Away, ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away !
Who cannot give my cheek one little smile,
 Nor bribe a single moment to be *gay*.



THE RELIC ;
OR, THE FAIR MOURNER.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Supposed to be spoken by a LADY, on receiving a lock of the Duke D'ENGHIEN's hair, which he desired to be cut off and presented to her after his execution.—To this Lady, report says, the DUKE was very soon to have been married.



DEAR RELIC, to me, ah! divine!

O welcome, no more to depart ;
On this bosom of sorrow recline,
Thy presence will soothe my poor heart.

Thou wilt hear the complaint of fond LOVE,
And pity the rigour of FATE ;
Thou wilt hear the lorn voice of the dove,
Lamenting the loss of her mate.

So pure of our pleasures the spring,

We rivall'd the ages of old,

TIME brought not a care on his wing,

For his moments were moments of gold.

Near my heart, thou, rich RELIC ! shalt lie,

While I wander life's valley of gloom ;

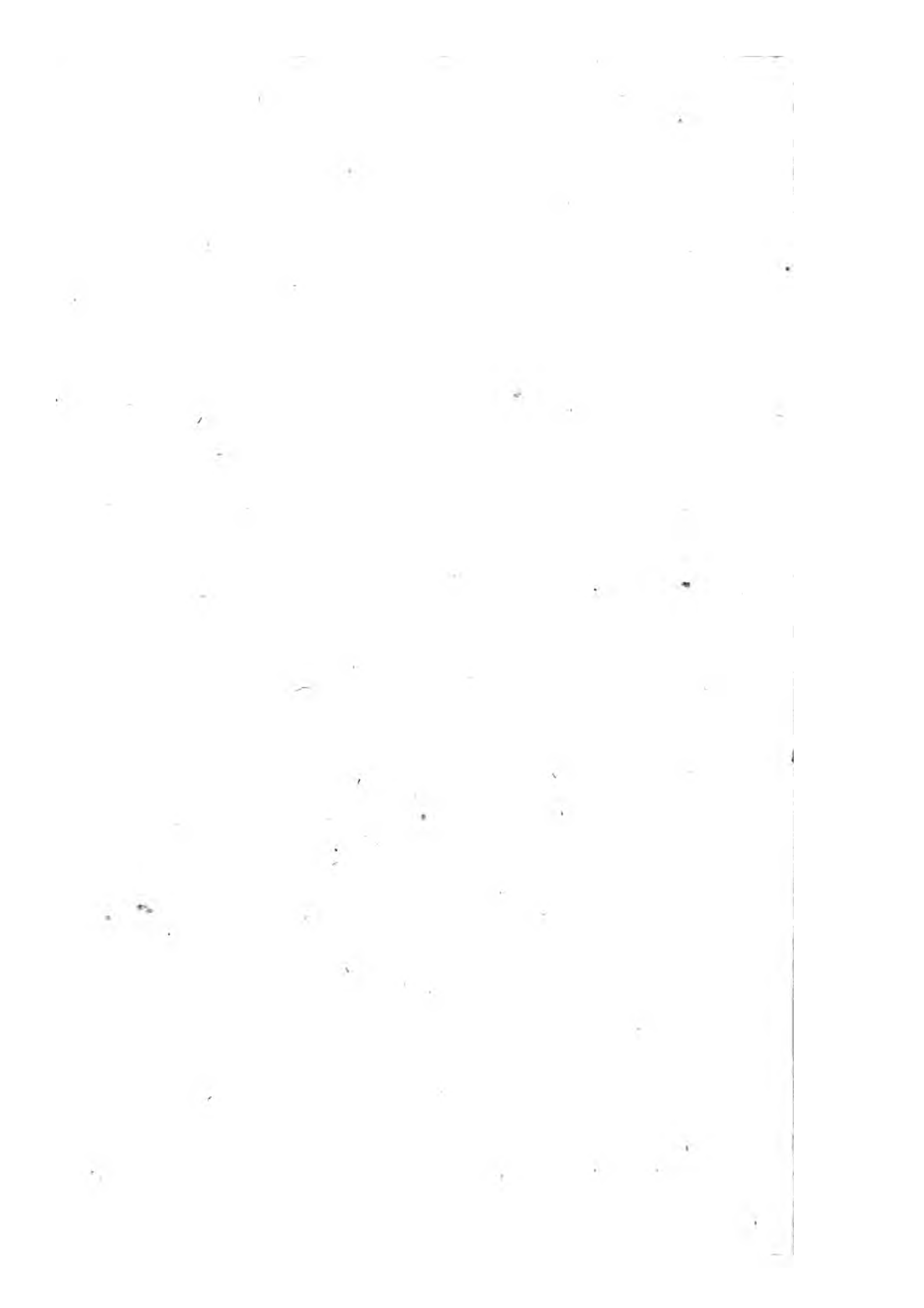
And when thy Companion shall die,

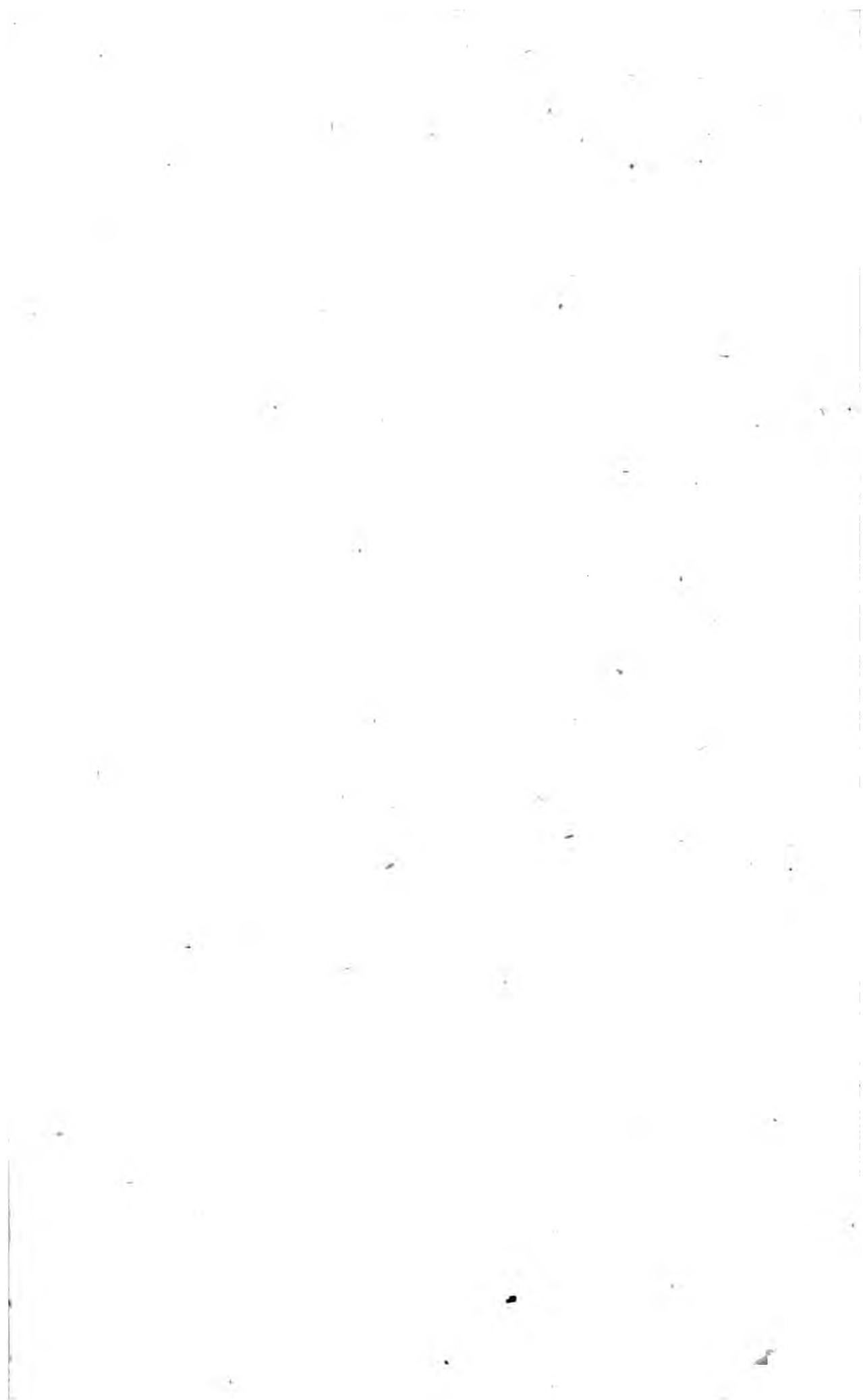
We will join in the sleep of the Tomb.

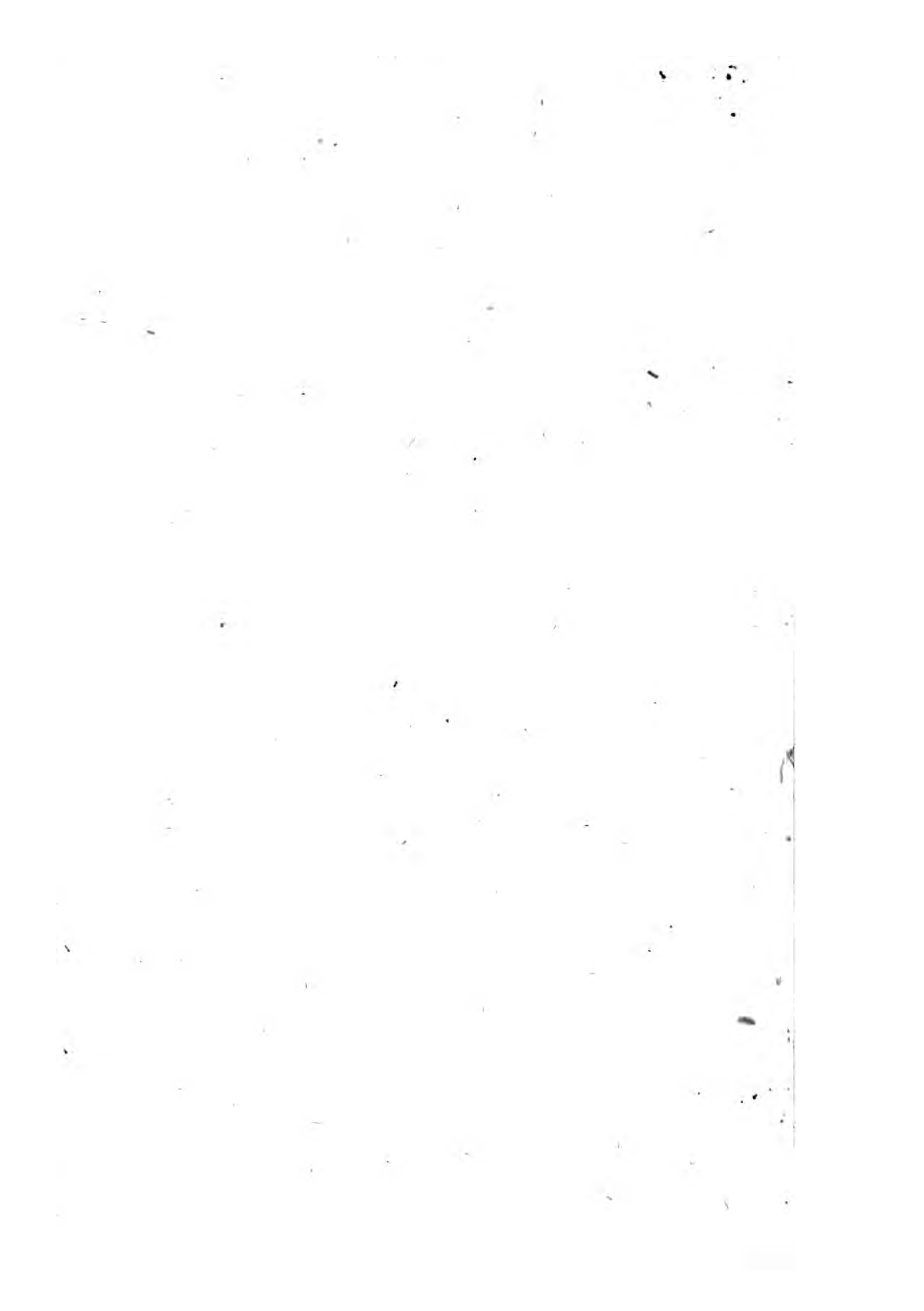


THE END.









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