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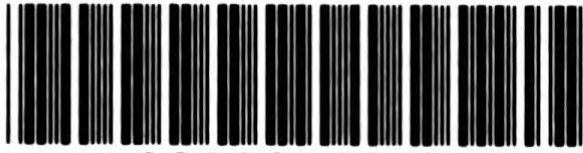


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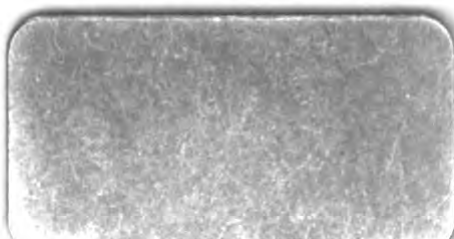




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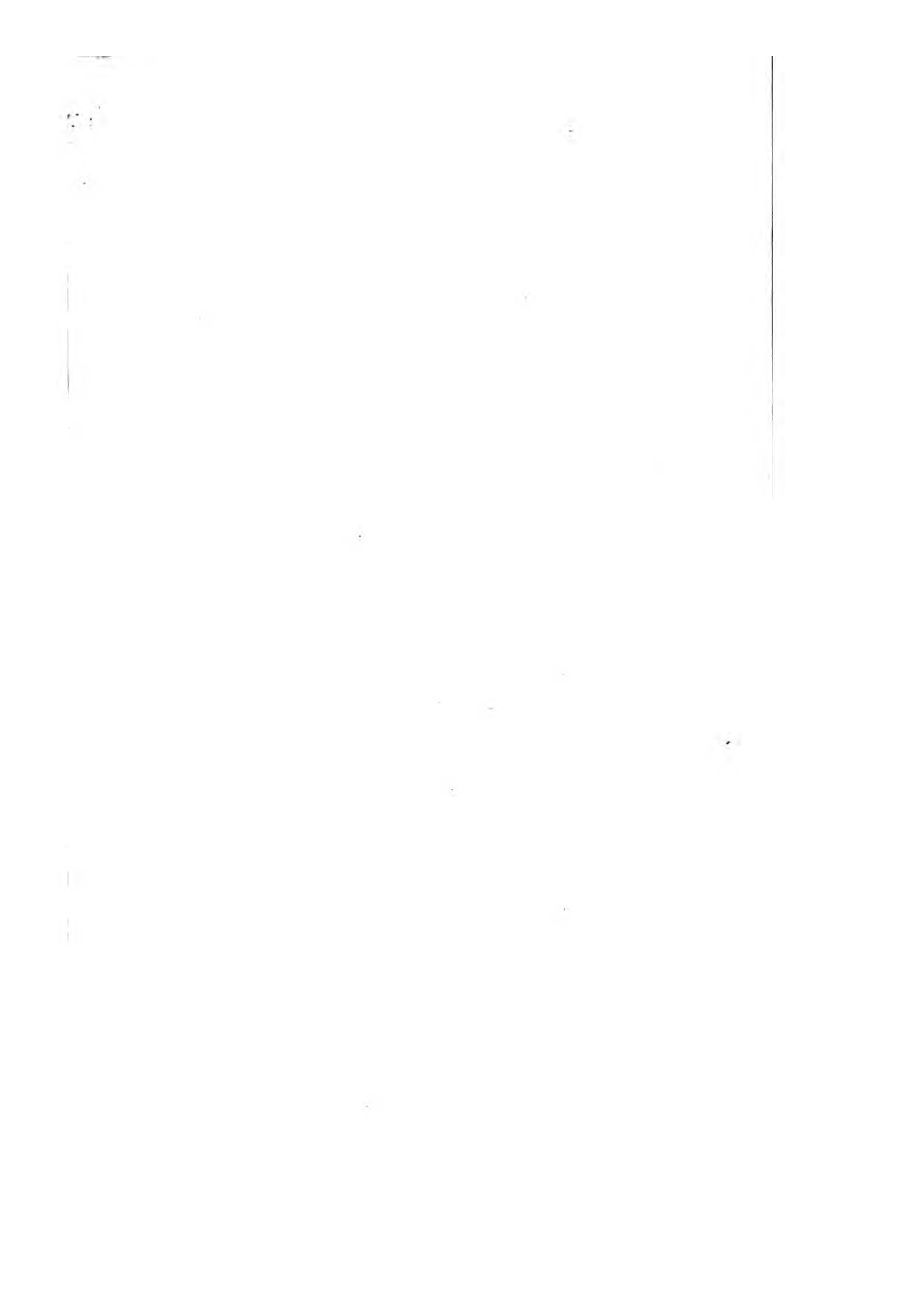
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J.H. 1830

POEMS.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

Author of "Short-Hand Explained," &c.

SECOND EDITION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The approbation which has been bestowed upon some of his Pieces by individuals whose good opinion he highly esteems, has induced the Author to adventure an enlarged Edition of them, unaided by those factitious means which custom seems to render indispensable to success.

DEDICATION.

To my honored Commander, Richard Hall Gower, Esq., as a small token of the esteem in which I hold his valuable professional life and private character, this Volume is respectfully inscribed by

*His obedient Servant
and Friend,*

THE AUTHOR.

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HYMN.

1.

**How shall I frame this falt'ring tongue
To reach a Throne where seraphs throng?—
Can worms ascend the radiant sky
Of Heaven's resplendent Majesty?**

2.

**Yet I will lift my suppliant hands,
For God alone can loose my bands :
Yes ! God alone can set me free
From sin, and shame, and misery.**

3.

**Raise, Oh ! raise my thoughts to thee,
Far from this earth I fain would flee ;
Upwards would my spirit move,
Source of Life, and Light, and Love.**

2

4.

Save, Oh ! save me from the snares
Which Satan and the world prepares
To draw my devious steps aside
From Thee—my Father and my Guide.

5.

Keep, Oh ! keep me by thy Grace
From evils which befall the race
Of heedless mortals who contemn
Thy precepts and thy Holy Name.

6.

Make, Oh ! make me, Lord, to see
Thy Justice, Truth, and Purity ;
And prize them more than pearl's fair mould,
Or costly gems, or Indian gold.

7.

Bend, Oh ! bend this froward will
Thy mandates meekly to fulfil ;
Chasten, correct, refine, controul
The secret workings of my soul.

3

8.

Curb, Oh ! curb this restless rage
For vanities, which ne'er assuage
The thirst which thence continual springs
For sordid, empty, worthless things.

9.

Oh ! teach me to subdue within
This treacherous heart of power and sin ;
So shall my days serenely glide
Like zephyrs bland o'er silver tide.

10.

May I on virtue be intent
Of youth the brightest ornament ;
Humble and pious may I be,
And meek as melting charity.

11.

Hear, Oh ! hear my humble prayer ;
Take, Oh ! take me to thy care ;
And, when my spirit's strife is past,
Receive, receive my soul at last.

B 2

**I crave thy mercy, Sovereign Lord ;
I crave the solace of thy word ;
I crave thy pardon ; and I crave
A peaceful refuge in the grave.**

NO NEAR'.

1.

The port's in view, but adverse gales
 Forbid the wished-for point to steer :
 Our vessel snug, well reef'd the sails,
 The skilful pilot cries "No near'."

2.

Thus let me through life's ocean move,
 And every devious wandering fear ;
 Nor shiver in the breeze, nor rove,
 Content to say "'Thus, thus ; no near'."

3.

Adversity's fell reef to shun,
 Or penury's shoals to weather clear,
 Undaunted still each tack I'll run,
 And cheerly call "'Thus, thus ; no near'."

6

4.

And if bright wealth should gild the way,
And flattery's elves their tribute bear,
Unbiassed thence, I still would say
"No near', boy; thus, thus; no near',"

5.

Would Celia, lovely maid, be mine,
To share my pleasures—sooth my care,
In vain might wanton Lydia twine,
Faithful I'd ever cry "No near'."

IN YOUTH.

1.

In Youth the martial hero shares
 The wreck of war ; nor danger fears :
 Not so his love's soft sorrow bears,
 Yielding quick to beauty's tears

In Youth.

2.

In Youth the tender maiden sighs ;
 Her joys are fled, her color flies ;
 In vain tyrannic power tries
 To bend her will, for love denies

In Youth.

3.

In Youth, dear charmer, seal my doom ;
 Let none to tempt the fates presume :—
 To Hymen's hallowed temple come,
 And bless thy love in beauty's bloom—

In Youth.

SWEET FLOWER.

1.

**Sweet Flower, how lovely is thy hue !
What pity that thy tints so gay
Should mock the sight and fade away
Like morning dew !**

Sweet Flower.

2.

**Sweet Flower, how fragrant is thy breath !
Alas ! that such a rich perfume
Should speed away with vernal bloom,
And end in death !**

Sweet Flower.

3.

**Sweet Flower, how delicate thy folds !
They seem to form the blest retreat
Where Loves and Graces happy meet,
But lose their holds.**

Sweet Flower.

9

4.

Sweet Flower, how beautiful thy shape!
I sigh to think a summer's morn
Should see thy glories from thee shorn—
Thy charms escape.

Sweet Flower.

5.

Yet I will press thee to my heart :
I'll cherish thee by night—by day,
E'en when thy freshness meets decay,
'Till death do part.

Sweet Flower.

LOVELY CLORY.

1.

Lovely Clory,
I adore thee,
Have pity on my pain ;
See my anguish
As I languish
Thy beauteous self to gain :
Other charms in vain invite me,
Thou alone canst best delight me ;
Dearest Clory,
I implore thee,
Let me not sigh in vain.

2.

Dearest Clory,
 Hear my story,
 My passion deign to see ;
 If you favor
 My endeavour
 But one we twain shall be :
 I prize thee more than saint his duty,
 I love the shadow of thy shoe-tye ;
 Lovely Clory,
 I adore thee ;
 I live—I die for thee.

3.

Time shall never,
 No no, never,
 My heart from thee divide ;
 But for ever, aye for ever,
 With thee it will abide :
 What language could my bliss discover—
 What fancy paint the happy lover,
 Dearest Clory,
 Here before thee,
 If thou would'st be my bride.

On knee and leg, thus,
Behold ! I beg thus,
A suppliant at thy feet ;
I bow before thee,
Sweetest Clory,
With smiles thy captive greet :
Oh ! how shall I withstand that sigh now,
How win the heaven of that eye now ;
No man, my Clory,
In love can more be,
My life—my all that's sweet.

A PORTRAIT.

Come, ladies fair, sit close to me,
And I will speak quite frank and free.
Heavy I'm grown and old, 'tis true,
'Though once as light and young as you ;
Yet still I live a life of ease,
I've none to vex and few to please :
Serene I sit the live-long day,
And banish toil and care away.
I talk and scheme and hear the news,
And seldom what is good refuse :
My feet upon a stool recline,
My hands at rest 'cept when I dine,
When custards sweet and savory pies
Revive my soul with extacies.
At four I take my evening's nap,
Regardless of the street-door rap :—

I dream of visions far from hence,
And hopes and joys concealed from sense :
Waking, I watch the light and clocks,
While memory rich her stores unlocks :—
I think of flatteries long since past,
And those delights that ne'er can last,
When beaux and sweethearts were as thick
As nuts upon a hazel-stick.
At sixteen with my eyes of blue,
I seem'd a painted yacht to view ;
But now, I've seen so many suns,
I'm like a ship of Ninety Guns.
Live long enough and you will see
You'll find your bearings, just like me :
I tell you, girls, in words a few,
You'll be like me, not I like you.

FROM THE SPANISH.*

1.

Ardent I burn with fierce desire,
 I weep away my years ;
 No tears can quench my latent fire,
 No fire consume my tears.

2.

Sweet maid, this conflict is for you,
 Oh ! end this fearful strife ;
 Thou canst both tears and fire subdue,
 When we are man and wife.



* " Ardo y Lloro sin sosiego,
 Llorando y Ardiente tanto,
 Che ne el Llanto apaga el Fuego,
 Ne el Fuego consuma el Llanto."

Fernandes.

**THE CHRISTMAS INVITATION
DEFERRED TO MAY.**

Accept a joke instead of sense,
The tribute of the day ;
To this old Christmas gives pretence,
So distant far from May.



1.

The circling year had told its round,
Chill was the icy breeze,
And hardened was the snow-clad ground,
And naked were the trees ;

2.

And shrouded in th' imperious haze,
And torpid was the sun :—
Nature proclaimed, in wild amaze,
Her annual race was run.

3.

But see—with mirthful jest and song,
And merry-making train,
Leading the jocund hours along,
Christmas resumes his reign.

4.

Each rural charm attends his call,
Which swains to beauties owe;—
The pendent bough adorns the hall,
The sprightly mistletoe.

5.

The wintry blast no more assails,
Expelled by joy and glee;
The blazing hearth o'er all prevails,
Good cheer and revelry.

6.

Now the blithe dance and games I see;
Now hear the laugh, the roar, the squall;
The squeak, the struggling maid, when she
Cries “John—I vow you never shall.”

7.

Briskly the buxom maiden warms
Her swain's soft wishes into bliss :—
Ye Gods ! defend from rustic harms,
For John imprints the welcome kiss.

8.

Now ladies fair have gallants all,
Comely, and young, and spruce, and gay ;
For sure, such things may well befall,
When January turns to May.

ELEGY
ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

1.

Rest peaceful babe, released by fate
From troubles in this nether state :—
Scarcely hadst thou received thy breath
Ere thou obtain'dst the boon of death.

2.

Hushed into peace, thou ne'er hast known
The mother's anguish—widow's moan ;
Nor briny tears by sadness fed—
Tears such as now for thee are shed.

3.

Thou'st 'scaped the world's delusive snares—
This pit of strife—this gulf of cares ;
Nor jealousies nor fears didst know,
Nor sin which points the barb of woe.

4.

**Blest infant ! thou hast sped thy flight
To realms of pure, unmixed delight ;
Where innocence for ever reigns,
Exempt from sorrow, free from pains.**

5.

**Cease then the loud lament, the sigh,
The grief that trickles in the eye :
Comfort ye, parents ; weep no more ;
Or if ye weep, give praises and adore.**

CONSTANCY.

1.

**Fair as the flow'rets in the spring,
Sweet as music's magic power,
Soft as the air which zephyrs bring,
Such is the angel I adore.**

2.

**Inconstant as the waning moon,
False as the fleeting clouds above,
Shapeless as dew-drops are at noon,
Thus shifting changeeful woman's love.**

3.

**Firm as the solid sea-girt rock,
Sure as the circling sun to view,
Enduring as the knotted oak,
Thus steadfast is my heart, and true.**

4.

**Yes ! now her coldness chills my soul ;
Yes ! all endearments now are past ;
Yet still I bend to Love's controul,
Yet love I must while life may last.**

NOTES OF INTERROGATION.

Good Sir, will you some questions solve
 Which things of moment may involve?
 Your queries let me understand,
 And I'll resolve them if I can.
 What then is that strange creature—man,
 A being which no mind can scan?
 And what his helpmate—woman, too,
 Who was the first that evil knew?
 They are the beings of a day,
 And each by each is led astray.
 Pray what is giant-sized dominion!
 A dangerous thing, in my opinion.
 And what's insatiate ambition?
 A ceaseless evil in addition.
 What is supreme and sovereign rule?
 A Will o'th-wisp t'entice a fool.
 What's religion? Oft a mask—
 A sun where worldlings love to bask.

Now tell me what is orthodox ?
 The treasure that requires no locks.
 What's fame ? A reputation
 That puts to great expense a nation.
 What's dearest friendship ? 'Tis a name
 That serves a knave, as sportsmen game.
 What is beauty ? 'Tis a snare
 Of which fair maidens should beware.
 What's virtue ? An endeavour
 To mend and alter one's behaviour.
 And—its great counterpart : What's vice ?
 An idol worshipped, though not nice.
 What's honour ? 'Tis a bubble
 That gives a man a deal of trouble ;—
 A pointed blade that aims at strife—
 Your wife will taint, or take your life.
 What's honesty, so much in vogue ?
 A mere pretence t'enrich a rogue.
 Respectability ? A screen
 That crimes and justice stands between.
 What's clearly right and bright as rockets ?
 By any means to fill your pockets.

What's pleasure, horse-racing, and gaming?
 They are a sort of pigeon-taming.
 Good dinners, kickshaws, plays, and routs?
 An equipage for aches and gout.
 A lawyer's or a doctor's bill?
 A salutary draught or pill.*
 Now answer me, and tell me true:
 Who will believe such things? Why few.
 No more I'll ask. No more I'll say;
 Therefore, between us both, Good day.

* "Like him who took the doctor's bill,
 And swallowed it instead o' the pill."

Butler.

ODE TO IMAGINATION.

I.

Busy, faithless, treacherous sprite—
Imagination, light as air,
Where art thou flown?
I'm left alone:
Whence hast thou sped with visions bright?
I would pursue, but wis not where.—
How false, vain semblance, thou, and yet how
fair!

II.

Fain would I woo thy quick return;
Celestial being, pity my distress;
I sigh for thee:
Nay, do not flee:—
Oh hear my deep lament; I mourn
Thee gone, but yet thy votary bless;
In hopes of gaining thee my suit I press.

III.

With fairy lures and sportive wiles
Thou shed'st delight and joy around :
In magic guise,
With piercing eyes,
Like spells upon enchanted ground,
Thou gain'st all hearts within thy toils :—
Oh ! sweet deceiver, how I love thy smiles !

IV.

Yet I would have thee innocent
As Eden graced with early dew :
Pure be thy tread
As snowy bed—
As erst thou wert from Heaven sent,
When all was lovely, just, and true,
Yet cheerful, jocund, gay, and blithe as you.

V.

As Adam thought, would thou could'st speak,
When he beheld his lovely bride,
Blooming as Youth,
And fair as Truth ;

Heaven in her eye, and beauty on her cheek :—
 What joy extatic * * *, when he eyed
 Such heavenly charms, himself to heaven
 allied !

VI.

But when man fell from bliss so great,
 Thy form became degenerate too :
 Ah ! grief-worn tale !
 How I bewail
 Thus retrogade thy high estate ;
 Thou placest phantoms in our view,
 But wretchedness, alas ! thou paintest true.

VII.

Yet I will take thee as thou art :
 Yes ! I wish thee ever nigh :
 Though not sublime
 As infant time,
 Thou still hast power to win the heart ;
 Thou still canst smile—repress the sigh :—
 With thee Oh ! let me live, without thee die.

EPIGRAM.

**An infidel close-pressed this arg'ment drew :
Could Sampson slay a thousand Philistines ?
Not only slay, but with a jaw-bone too ?
Perhaps, said Tom, their heads were soft as
thine's.**

EXPRESSION.

**Expression, dear Urania, 'tis I prize :
Expression !
Nay, startle not, you have it in those eyes :
Yes! more than rhetoric they make impression.
For language labours vainly to pourtray
The secret windings of the heart ;
And they it is that oft betray
What language dares not to impart :
Nature on these alone relies.—
To guide the sea-tossed sailor home
Like stars in heaven's arch they brilliant shine,
No more the vasty deep to roam ;
In roseate bowers with beauty to recline,
Blest with her guileless charms and form
divine.**

THE WEDDING RING.

1.

Magic circle—potent spell,
Sweet token of the love I bear ;
On her heart for ever dwell
For I would implant thee there.

2.

What though narrow is thy bound,
Though thy substance is but slight,
Happiness with thee is found :
Deprived of thee there's no delight.

3.

Bright thy surface is, though plain ;
Real is thy native worth ;
Thus fair the joys thou dost contain ;
Thus true the pleasures thou bring'st forth.

4.

As I view thee all around,
Beginning nor an end I see ;
So my affection will be found
Alike to all eternity.

5.

Dignity supreme and taste
On thy circlet ever rest :
What so beautiful and chaste !
What gem so precious and caressed !

6.

Thy polish and refulgence too
Add to the hand a winning grace :
These happiness and joy renew ;
These ever wear a smiling face.

7.

Thou art of faith the genuine mould ;
Thy weight admits of no alloy ;
Thus, love that's true as sterling gold
Nor time nor change can e'er destroy.

In every clime thou'rt still the same ;
Thy form on Earth's serene and even ;
For God and man secure thy frame—
The stamp of kings, th' impress of heaven.

USE OF THE VEIL.

With various powers we different beauties find,
This wins the sense and that enchants the
mind ;

Here a fair Helen, there a Hebe reigns,
Subdues the heart, and holds the soul in chains :
Some ply with curious art the toilet's care,
T'enhance delight and make the fair more fair ;
Use all their skill, try every glittering toy
To gain the ardent, smiling, shivering boy.
Thus Syren-like, they all their charms display,
T'attract fond man, and with their eyes to slay ;
But, lest thy *killing graces* should assail,
In mercy *thou* conceal'st them in a veil.

THE MIRROR.

1.

Cherished Mirror, bright and clear,
The fairest forms to thee appear ;
But when my Celia comes to thee
Thou hast a winning charm for me.

2.

Flattering mirror, strange delight
Thou fashionest to Beauty's sight :
But when sweet Celia thou canst trace,
Thou shew'st a real—matchless Grace.

3.

Oh ! should she deign to smile on thee—
On thy bosom pictured be,
My suit to the fair virgin prove,
And speak to her in notes of love.

4.

Tell her that those lovely eyes
That claim the azure of the skies,
Ne'er beamed, within their radiant view,
On one more constant, kind, and true.

5.

Say, though she's fair—divinely fair,
Moulded and graced as angels are ;
There's none on whom her beauties shine
Have hearts to feel and love like mine.

6.

Whisper this moral to her mind :—
Oh ! loveliest of womankind,
With face and feature formed to please,
Trust not too much to charms like these.

7.

The cheek that now with ardor glows
Must shed its blush of blooming rose ;
Time o'er that brow soon cast a shade,
The lustre of that eye soon fade.

8.

Ah! when thy smiles no more entrance,
When flown the splendors of thy glance,
When lips and teeth entice no more,
And all thy charms have lost their power.

9.

Know there's a swain who still would prize
The spirit that informs those eyes ;
In faith no change he'd undergo,
But love thee even then as now.

EPIGRAM.

Said Dick, look where I will, I see no use in
riches.—

Not in another's hands, quoth Ned, for there
it hitches.



EPIGRAM.

A *Monument* of wisdom Will's quoth Jack.—
Aye, but, said Ned, th' *Inscription's* on his
back.



EPIGRAM.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?
Should Nurse be mute, the Undertaker, He.

HOMeward BOUND.

1.

Long was the voyage, hard the fare,
Ceaseless the watch's dreary round ;
But Jack has brav'd both wear and tear,
And now the sailor's homeward bound.

2.

Strong were the gales, and rough the sea,
On lee yard-arm he oft was found ;
Promptly the ear-ring pass would he,
But toil seems sweet when homeward bound.

3.

Our gallant ship, by tempests borne,
'Midst breakers smoked, and struck the ground ;
The keel and rudder both were torn,
But now she's off, and homeward bound.

4.

Dismasted, on the strand she lay,
'Gainst surf her strong-built sides the mound ;
But 'twas not there our fate to stay,
So we're afloat and homeward bound.

5.

And oft the enemy drew near,
And oft we fought 'midst cannon's sound ;
But now of foes and bullets clear,
We jovial sing, while homeward bound.

6.

And dire disease attacked us too,
Some tars were shot, and some were drowned ;
But still we have a noble crew,
Fearless of death and homeward bound.

7.

Sometimes oppressed with tropic heat,
Sometimes with arctic ice surround' ;
Each change of clime we cheerful meet,
And greet the gale when homeward bound.

8.

But now our native land's in view,
Its fields with golden harvest crowned ;
To briny waves we bid adieu,
Blest is the port when homeward bound.

THE LINNET.

1.

See'st thou yon Linnnet in his cage?
How sad he sits, or seems to sit!
No flight can now his wings engage,
No other linnnet near him flit.

2.

Oh! let me loose him from restraint,
I long to set the prisoner free:
What would'st thou give, O hapless bird,
Once to regain thy liberty?

3.

Yet patiently thy durance bear,
Like others thou art doomed to toils;
And strive to please thy mistress fair,
All captives are on whom she smiles.

THE DEAD DOG.

1.

What! art thou gone, my Lion! art thou dead!
Could not thy virtues save thy honest head!
No! death's fell power will no denial take,
Or for the slave's or for the master's sake.

2.

Yes! thou art gone, but 'tis the lot of all,
For time sweeps off the mighty and the small:
Thy native worth might some affection claim,
But who laments or wealth, or power, or fame.

3.

Yet, Lion, I regret thy noble front,
Thy pliant feet, thy teeth which stood the
brunt
Of many a fleshless bone's intestine jar,
And fiercely would expel the dogs of war.

4.

How many times thy princely coat and tail
 Were torn by foes, or met with worse assail !
 Still patiently thou braved'st the vile assault,
 And if thou slew'st them not 'twas not thy
 fault.

5.

A course of twenty years with thee I ran,
 I but a stripling when thy race began :
 How playful then thy feats, with eager frame
 To seize the ball, or spring the flying game.

6.

My close companion thou, when life was new ;
 None were more trusty, and more useful few :
 Together oft we ranged the woods and fields,
 And tasted joys such as pure nature yields.

7.

Thou wast indeed a favorite, it's true,
 But thou requited'st not as fav'rites do ;—
 Thou crossed'st not my cares with ceaseless
 strife,
 Nor stung the breast which warmed thee into
 life.

8.

No! thou wast grateful, generous, kind;
 E'en when I spurned thee, to my follies blind:
 Thy courage and thy strength lay at my feet,
 Though thy bold heart would deadliest con-
 flicts meet.

9.

The far-famed wolf which reared the boys *
 with pains,
 And gave them food drawn from her lusty veins,
 Beheld not her young charge with tenderer
 brow
 Thy master, who regarded thee, than thou.

10.

This then, my dog, be th' Ep'taph on thy grave:
 "Here Lion lies—the Faithful and the Brave."
 I, who best knew him, must this tribute lend;
 He was my Dog, my Servant, and my Friend.

* Romulus and Remus.

THE REPULSE.

1.

Amyntor loved fair Celia, and loved true ;
 Long time he sighed, but was afraid to woo :
 Though secretly he groaned beneath his chain,
 He durst not speak because he feared disdain.

2.

Well might the piteous youth foresee her scorn,
 For he was poor, and she was nobly born :
 So fair her form and dignified her mien,
 She seemed to reign below like beauty's queen.

3.

True she had charms that frigid age might
 move,
 And those affections sweet that fixed his love ;
 But could a simple swain e'er make pretence
 To beauty such as hers and excellence.

4.

Oft he would strive to utter his complaint,
 To deprecate her spleen—his woes to paint;
 But no just sentence he could ever draw,
 Such dread possessed his soul and sacred awe.

5.

Till worn with doubts, distracts, and anxious
 care,
 He half-resolved t' approach th' illustrious fair;
 Trembling, his feeble suit at length assayed,
 And faintly thus addressed the listening maid.

6.

“Fair Lady, may thy humble suppliant dare
 Accost thy highness with a tender prayer?
 Do not my bold presumption now disown;
 Oh! make me not quite wretched with a frown.”

7.

“’Tis full seven years since first my eyes were
 blessed
 With thy soft image; thus, I’m bereaved of rest:
 Yet peace I’d sacrifice and seven years more
 To gain the pity of so bright a power.”

8.

Go, sad Amyntor, I thy fears deride ;
 No pity can I grant the maid replied ;
 Go to some flirting fair and doleful be,
 But never hope encouragement from me.

9.

Oh ! hadst thou seen Amyntor, seen his look !
 Downwards he sank ;—the rose his cheek
 forsook :
 Death then's my portion (so he said)—the end
 Of all my toils ; the wretch's last, best friend !

10.

But, Celia, I accuse not : 'tis the fruit—
 “Thy person I reject not, but thy suit :”—
 So spake th' angelic maid : him she beheld
 With tenderest eye, and all his fears dispelled.

11.

“The fondest passion loves not much, dear
 youth,
 “So meek a test of constancy and truth :
 “Be resolute, be just, and, as you find,
 “We pretty maidens are not long unkind.”

THE HARD HAND.

Give me thy hand, my honest friend : I prize
The substance of its rugged coat, that gives
A promise of the radiant gem within ;
Like diamond crust or pearly shell, which shew
As dingy foils to treasures hid beneath.
Would there were many such as thine, as in
The olden time ; when industry and zeal,
With prudent circumspection, raised our sons,
And made them independent and deserving.
Then the rough hand and generous heart
 spread wide
The ample board ; whilst health and joy
Beamed on their feasts, and made the viands
 sweet :
The aged and infirm were fed and clothed,
Not by a sorry rate and lying tale,

But just œconomy and kindred care.
 The tender heart would then rejoice to help
 The indigent and sad, not through rank crimes
 And vice, but dire mishap and fate borne down :
 The streets were smiling, and each aspect wore
 The marks of cheerful plenty and content.
 But now a sickly pride and gaunt ambition,
 Mixed with a thirst for gold and empty shew,
 Usurp the place of righteous principles.
 Hence all is wild confusion and dismay :
 The common herd would tread upon the heels
 Of their superiors and their rulers too,
 And gape for wealth, and fame, and power,
 and place ;
 As if the fair pre-eminence of rank
 Could tally with the base ignoble crew.
 They fain would form them as the rich and
 great ;
 And if they fail of this, as fail they must,
 Spite of their cunning sleight and antick wiles,
 (Just as the fabled frog outvied the ox),
 They prey, like locusts, on society,

And curse the land with villany and woe.
Corruption saps of health the very core,
Cabals and clubs discordant reign around,
Morality becomes a butt for scoff,
And Holy Writ a subterfuge for gain.

I KNOW NOT.

ON READING CERTAIN PLAINTIVE VERSES
ADDRESSED BY A LADY TO A FEMALE FRIEND.

Mysterious Lines ! I know not why 'tis,
But they with cares have filled my breast ;
Yet this I know, in vain to try 'tis
To give my anxious spirit rest.

I know thy Muse doth much aggrieve thee,
For thou art generous, kind, and true ;
And Hope, I trust, will ne'er deceive thee,
But live thy life to cheer thee through.

I feel most sad, I know not wherefore,
That precious tears should fall from thee ;
Those gems celestial prithee spare, for
All well is, was, and still shall be.

Faith is the soul's securest stay : then
Let All, sweet maid, be thy delight ;
To all that is or was say Amen,
And all the future will be right.*

“Whatever is is right.”

Pope.

THE TRIUMPH.

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOMETHING.

1.

Can I refuse
To sing or write?
The stars invite ;
Urania is my Muse.

2.

Well ! I'll begin ;
How happy I
My skill to try,
Could I her smiles but win !

3.

E'en should she frown ;
Should stars and all
Decree my fall ;
Her voice she'll ne'er disown.

4.

One foe I see :
 Alas ! I fear
 Some rival near :
 'Tis peering Jealousy.

5.

Bowstring the sprite ;
 No mercy shew,
 Draw tight the bow ; *
 I can't endure his sight.

6.

The feat is done : †
 With laureate bine
 My brows entwine
 The glorious prize I've won.

7.

I say 'tis done :
 Let trump of Fame
 Resound my name
 Until your ears it stun.

* It is presumable that the Muse (being then in a playful mood) may have prompted the word *beau* instead of *bow* : if so, the character thus signalized must have undergone a metamorphosis in the inkhorn.

† Exegi monumentum.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

1.

I do not think these flaming courtships last :

They speak too much :

Ah ! no ; th' evaporation soon is past.

I like not such :

I want no words with passion strong ;

So, love me little, love me long.

2.

What though the amorous spark should pros-

The welkin ring [trate be—

With vows most sacred, on his bended knee ;

Hear no such thing :

No vapourings to truth belong,

But Love, though little, still lives long.

3.

And, should'st thou, then, defer the promised

How ardent he ; [bliss,

But, if thou deign'st to grant a special kiss,

Away he'll flee :

Thus, dire vexations on thee throng ;

Then, love a little, and love long.

4.

I own that some will worship to excess :

What follows then ?

They quickly loathe thine innocent caress ;

(Thus 'tis with men) ;

Now they're not right, and now they're wrong :

Little they cannot love, nor long.

5.

But swains who eye their nymphs with

Are wiser far ; [temp'rate joy

No freaks will goad them, nor possession cloy,

Your peace to mar :

With these, delights are ever young ;

For, loving little, they love long.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

As honey draws the bees from home
To store it in the honeycomb ;
As clearest suns, on summer-day,
Shew insects in their plumage gay ;
As narrow channels teem with fish,
And furnish many a dainty dish ;
As trees in spring, with many heaves,
Push forth their buds, and eke their leaves ;
As April suns yield many a shower ;
As May produces many a flower ;
As supper-tables, in a trice,
Bring out the sens'tive starveling mice ;
As fairest forms require some clothes ;
As shoes contain both heels and toes ;
As chandler's garments smell of oil ;
As soldiers gain their lawless spoil ;
As hands of miser's grasp at pelf ;
As pans hold meal though made of delf ;

As purest streams mix many waters ;
As Noah 'gat both sons and daughters ;
As beauties rare attract rare beaux ;
As fenceless fields are strewed with crows ;
As mines increase in hidden treasures ;
As March ('tis said) has many weathers ;
As Albion's soil abounds with coal ;
As 'lections bring all sorts to poll ;
As markets ring with hum and bustle ;
As courts together lawyers hustle ;
As thirsty travellers seek for drink ;
So does white paper gather ink.

INCONSISTENCY.

Who sorrow feels oft wears a smiling face.
Who most would claim will soonest meet
disgrace.
Who guilty is seems foremost to cry thief.
Who hates reproof reproving in is chief.
Who longest lives will see the shortest day.
Who talks the most has still the most to say.
Who seeks for wealth the poorest you will
find,
If not in purse, at least in heart and mind.
The generous soul will give his all away ;
Grant, lend, be bound—do any thing but pay.
Here wisest looks conceal an empty pate :
There abject slaves are ministers of state.
Enchanting beauties may displeasing prove,
Not for withholding but dispensing love.

And some true lovers, if they set their foot
On foreign land, will take a substitute.
The niggard who would save a candle's end,
In useless liveries large sums will spend ;
While others ostentatiously give cheer
One day, and starve the rest o'th year.
The student scoffs at wisdom and renown ;
His heart's ambition is to know the town.
The statesman busied with a nation's cares,
Is still more eager in pursuit of hares.
Sweet Miss who shrinks at visionary pain,
Unmoved will hear of many thousands slain.
Stout veterans who brave death's armed hosts,
Will sometimes fear the semblance of a ghost.
The lofty sprite the world's too straight for
whom,
Sits now a pot-companion with a groom.
And demagogues, who hate the name of
pension,
Will take the thing itself without contention.

The gamester stakes what to his wife's most
due,

But honorably pays his I. O. U.

The man of feeling, if he begs, has sorrow ;

But with a smirking face can freely borrow.

A trifle give thy friend, most grateful he ;

Give him thy all, he'll turn his back on thee.

When life is gay, thy friends around thee press ;

They shun thee poor,—it pains them thy dis-
tress.

How shall a man consistent prove ? If bent

On "Virtue, Truth, and Love," by calm con-
tent.

REGRET.

1.

The grass grows,
The hay charms,
The flower blows,
The sun warms ;
But never can my soul unfold,
My spirit's dead—my heart is cold.

2.

The grass's mown,
The hay drawn,
The flower borne,
The sun gone ;
What once I knew no more will be,
And all I loved is dead to me.

**My tears rise,
My sighs swell,
My voice dies,
My hopes fail :
Glad wishes now are at an end ;
No comfort have I, nor a friend.**

THE GALLANT SHIP.

The gallant ship the ocean braves,
She is well-found and manned ;
Committed to the winds and waves,
She quits the friendly land.

2.

Majestic as she sweeps along,
With joy the crew behold
Her lofty sails, her bulwarks strong,
Her head of splendid gold.

3.

But soon the fanning breezes swell,
The dingy clouds arise ;
Right-onward they her speed impel—
The foaming vessel flies.

4.

The tempest rages dark as night,
Contending skies are met ;
Alas ! Her ballast is too light,
The towering ship's upset.

5.

Another sea-boat marks her fate,
Of sail she'll shew no more ;—
The crew their error find too late,
This vessel drives on shore.

6.

Sailors, I press on you, as men,
The moral of my tale :—
If you're well-ballasted, why then
Be sure you carry sail.

● DESPAIR.

Hence Revelry, and Mirth, and giddy Sport;
Ye are my bane : my soul is not attuned
To strains like yours ; ye seem to me discordant.
Rather would I hear the screech-owl's note,
The raven's croaking, or the roar of tigers.

Yet there was a time
I owned your sway, and felt your gay delights—
Could tread the flowery meads and taste of joy.
Ah! then I dreamt of bliss—of bliss that
vanished

Like a morning dream : who can speak the
change !

Hideous to me ye're grown, and fearful too,
As grim hyenas laughing on their prey ;

Sharper your pangs than guileful serpents'
tooth.—

Come then distraction,
And fasten on the chords of this frail brain :
Dispel these fearful reminiscences.
Oh ! could I but forget I was a man,
And sink oblivious into nothingness !
No, it cannot be ; the spirit's strivings
Sleep not, and all is madness and dismay.
A fierce volcano now consumes my blood :
I do not rave ; the tempest howls within me.—
Ye Furies, tear apart the bonds of life,
Chase from this Earth the harmonies of love,
Break down the stay of Universal Nature,
Resolve its treacherous elements to atoms ;
And, midst a general wreck and desolation,
Crush ye the hopes and joys of faithless man.
Ye have let loose your vengeance on my head,
Now rend my heart-strings. Your further rage
Is weak and powerless : how tame it seems !
Strike home your rankling shafts, and be not
slow.—

But ye have done your worst. By this faint
smile

I welcome thee, O Death : once many friends
I boasted, but my last and best art thou.

EVENING.

'Tis Evening, and the twilight's parting gleam
Is sinking into night :—how soft the air
Breathes o'er the yielding spirit, now at rest !
All nature's voice seems hushed to stillness,—
A stillness how delightful ! interrupted
Only by the nightingale, or thrush's warbling—
The note of love. The shaded valley fades,
Soothing, in sweet retirement from the sight,
Yet seems arrayed in peaceful, placid grandeur,
And mildest harmonies. The wide-spread
river,
Flowing, in folds irriguous, along
The lengthened landscape, sheds far and wide
Its mellowing lustre midst the halcyon scene.

Sweet Contemplation, in this tranquil hour,
Fain would I woo thy smiles, thy bland delights,
Pure as the master-spirit which expands the
mind,

Inspires the heart with gratitude and joy,
And animates the hopes of graceless man.

In moments such as these the raptured soul
Swells with the thought too big for utterance !
And oft in memory's musings are retraced
The rich and pictured tints of gone-by years,
Which like the glowing mantle of the west,
Seem fairest in the distance. At such a time
How sordid and how mean appears the city—
Its ceaseless toil, its joys unhallowed !

At such a time, the grovelling care,
The pomp and pride of weak and restless men
Are to the elevated mind no more
Than busy justlings of the insect-tribes.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

There the wicked cease from troubling,
There the weary be at rest.

1.

How sacred this sequestered spot !
How blessed this silent shade !
Where, all their cares and grief forgot,
Repose th' oblivious dead.

2.

No sounds can now disturb their rest,
No voice their peace can break ;
But yet these heaps, in turf-green dressed,
How eloquent they speak !

3.

There they the toils of Earth forego,
In their last slumbers laid ;
No fearful ills molest them now,
No foes their calm invade.

4.

No more they troubles now lament,
No more their sins bewail ;
The wicked now no more torment,
Nor envious fiends assail.

5.

Yes ! they have found a sure retreat,
A cure for all their pains ;
For God will guard the refuge sweet
Which he himself ordains.

6.

In their long home no follies rise,
Satan no more enchains ;
And Mercy's angel, from the skies,
Will wash out all their stains.

7.

Stay, O my soul, in holiest mood,
Around their lowly bed ;
For Oh ! 'tis sweet, 'tis passing good,
To greet the pious dead.

8.

Why should we vainly wish to live,
And spend our fleeting breath ;
'Tis virtue only that can give
A lasting boon in death.



JUNE 21st, 1815.

That fearful day, near Waterloo,
Fame's Champion-chiefs first met ;
And that fierce day the French did rue—
The sun of Gallia set.

THE MAIDEN OF THE MERE.**A TALE.**

1.

Far from the lures of balls and plays,
Which ladies prize so dear,
A beauteous damsel passed her days—
The Maiden of the Mere.

2.

Her lips were like the tender rose
Fresh-opening to the view ;
As fragrance from that sweet flower flows,
Her perfumed breath charmed too.

3.

But her soft eyes which shone so bright,
Bore tints of heavenly hue ;
Beaming like Venus' star in light
Amidst cerulean blue.

4.

The bloom which spread on her fair cheek
Was caught from orient skies :
Such hues in vernal mornings break,
When smiling suns first rise.

5.

In innocence this maiden grew
Her parents' hope and joy ;
But few there were their cottage knew,
Their bliss none sought t' alloy.

6.

Obscure, and in affection's arms,
They wished through life to steal ;
But maids who own such matchless charms
No solitudes conceal.

7.

A cruel spoiler won her heart,
Usurped a noble name ;
A seeming marriage, by his art,
Robbed her of hope and fame.

8.

Ah! who could succour, who could save;
What voice her spirits cheer!
Alas! she found an early grave—
The Maiden of the Mere.

9.

The village maids will oft repair
Around her tomb-stone drear,
And strew fresh flowerets o'er the fair—
The Maiden of the Mere.

THE REJECTED SUIT.

“Man as he is,”
With hair unkempt and squalid phiz.

1.

Many a measure and many a match,
Many a song and many a catch ;
Many a tie and many a tag,
Many a box and many a bag ;
I'll freely give, dear Kate, to thee,
If my true lovier thou wilt be.—

2.

I do not want your measures and matches,
Nor yet your songs, nor yet your catches ;
What are your ties and tags to me,
Your bags and all your trumpery ;
For I can sell my cresses from dykes,
And I loves to go wherever I likes.—

3.

Many a bite and many a buss,
Many a freak and many a fuss,
Many a hoist and many a hug,
Many a mess and many a mug ;
All this and more I'll give to thee,
If my true lovier thou wilt be.—

4.

Keep to yourself your bites and busses ;
I care not for your freaks and fusses ;
Your hoists and hugs I like not much ;
Your mess and mug I will not touch :
For I can sell my cresses from dykes,
And I loves to do whatever I likes.

THE OLD EUROPA.

1.

Once on a time, think on't who can,
From England sailed an Indiaman ;
She had for head a saracen,
Her ribs were lined with fighting men,
Her cable-tier held many a groper,
For so it fared in th' Old Europa.

2.

In dungeon deep, as is the fashion,
The merry mids took up their station ;
On th' Orlop, near the hatchway stair,
Their glimmering lamp was pent in air :
These waggish wights cured every moper,
For so it fared in th' Old Europa.

3.

Oh! great were **H—**, **L—**, **S—**, and **P—**;
 And scarce less great were **C—**, and **B—**:
 But one (“**L** listen, **T** to my tale,”)
 Was truest friend in calm or gale,
 And often chid and cheered each toper,
 For so it fared in th’ Old Europa.

4.

Some imps infernal, so they seemed,
 With every kind of mischief teemed:—
 Singing, swearing, drinking, boasting,
 Dashing, powdering, plagueing, roasting:
 Old Nick was then no interloper,
 But welcome found in th’ Old Europa.

5.

Sometimes the jovial can went round,
 And fleshly guests their places found:—
W— the active, **B—d** still,
 And **H** the great, would bumpers fill:
 Drink and debauchery were pro-per;
 No ship was like the Old Europa.

6.

Maddening mirth and grinning gambols,
Hellish roars and raging rambles ;
All this was regular and sure,
But cobbing-boards who could endure !
True is the muse ; but 'tis a faux-pas
To tell old tales of th' Old Europa.

NOTIONS.

How strange the notions that we meet
 In every alley, lane, and street.—
 Flounced dames, renouncing fasts and ferrets,
 Thus best bespeak their daughters' merits :
 (Who has not heard such vulgar fury !)
 My girl's a lady I assure ye.—
 Look at her sense and education,
 Fit to adorn the highest station :
 She went to boarding-school, you know,
 Where every thing is taught, I trow :
 So very clever she's in botany,
 She'll take your flowers, if you've got 'ny.
 Besides she shines in *etymology*,*
 Logic, and lures, and love-pathology ;
 And pierces flies, and spins theology.

* Entomology, perhaps.

Her ken to history extends,
She's kings and queens at fingers' ends
In novel-readings she expert is
From Walter up to Hays and Curteis.
And then she sings a sweet soprano,
And plays so pretty and piano.
Who ever saw so fine a figure !
Pity she is'nt a little bigger !
For, you must know, she's learnt to dance,
And, more than that, she's been to France :
I'll warrant that my Bell possesses
The nicest taste in sprigs and dresses.
And so refinedly she talks :
You cannot think how well she walks !—
Now hear, for once, good Mrs. Quiltit,
On sand's your house, whoever built it.
And do you think your minx a treasure ?
Can she or profit bring or pleasure ?
What are all her gallic notions—
Her lures, and languishings, and lotions ;—
Her taste in novels and romances,
Her butterflies and paper fancies ?

With all her airs and canty deeds,
 Will these supply a husband's needs ?
 Will they, when he droops into pain,
 Restore him to his health again ?
 Can studied gait and leering eye
 Or warm a shirt or make a pie ?
 You praise her learning and her sense,
 But have forgot obedience.
 What, tell me, 'vails your lip-religion
 At home, or in domestic region ?
 Does it reveal a moral beauty ?
 Does it enjoin a mother's duty ?
 Though small your pet in sense and stature,
 These might be balanced by good-nature ;
 But you have sown the seeds of strife—
 Of vanity would make a wife.
 Trust me, my dear, with guile t' enchain,
 Women may strive, but strive in vain.
 The hearts of men, however vicious,
 Are seldom won by arts factitious :
 And, though they at your follies wink,
 They 're not so simple as you think.

A SKETCH.

Yes, she is beautiful, Ah ! beautiful
 Beyond compare.—Her form is symmetry
 Itself ; and, when she moves, the Graces sport
 Around her, and improve her charms. Sweet-
 ness

And affability rest on her brow :
 Her features, wrought in perfect harmony
 And loveliness, speak from the inmost soul
 The language of intelligence and bliss—
 Of bliss derived from piety and love.
 Her lustrous eye beams with benignity ce-
 lestial,
 And ever-cheering truth.—Oh! she is fairest
 Of the lovely sex—of womankind.
 The dignity and radiance of her mien

The good must worship, and the wicked dread.
 Her countenance, ingenuous and frank,
 Invites sweet friendship; and glowing health
 Plays on her cheek, and tunes the heart to joy:
 But who can rate the perfume of her breath,
 Sweeter than summer-breeze and flowery
 meads;

Or the rich rubies of her modest lips,
 Or the melodious accents of her voice.
 And can such excellence be mere material—
 Mere dust ascending from our native earth!
 Ah! no, these charms divine have spirit too
 The most exalted and refined. 'Tis Virtue
 And Religion only that sublime
 Our sensual faculties.—And her religion
 Is a principle of action, not a creed,
 Or fading, evanescent sentiment:
 Hope is its gift, and God its guide.
 Happy the man whom Providence, in bounty,
 May bless with this deposit; happier still
 If he deserve her love, for on her tongue
 Breathes soft the law of kindness and of peace.

FRIENDSHIP.

(A SONNET.)

Read stranger, lines to thee addressed.—
Hast thou a virtuous mind,
And canst thou friendship find,
Then, indeed, thou 'rt truly blessed.
Thy friend is generous, firm, and true ;
His purse and store to thee
Will ever open be ;
His heart and hand thy joys renew.
Sweet Friendship, little understood,
Thou solace of the heart,
Thy blandishments impart ;
For thou art holy, just, and good.
Thy sympathies our frailties will endure ;
Thou art allied to Love, but still more pure.

NAPOLEON.

1.

Far in the lone Atlantic wave,
Under a willow's shade,
Remote and peaceful is the grave
Where great Napoleon's laid.

2.

The clarion's sound, the cannon's peal,
No more assail his ears ;
His country's glory and her weal
No more employ his cares.

3.

Nourished in camps, and bred in wars,
Amidst convulsive strife,
He wore the laurels of applause
Won by a victor's life.

4.

When Tyranny, in Freedom's name,
Had trampled on the throne,
Fiercely he fought for patriot fame,
He reared a patriot crown.

5.

Armed in defence of Gallia's cause,
Upheld by sovereign will,
Him, who dispensed to Europe laws,
No balls had power to kill.

6.

Ardent his soul as tropic heat,
And quenchless as the sun,
Firm as the rock of his retreat,
He triumphed when undone.

7.

Capacious his excursive mind
As ocean's billowy dome,
His sway a continent could bind,
An island is his tomb.

8.

**What he achieved, and what he won,
Is known to Britons well;
But, what for France her chief has done,
'Tis Frenchmen that must tell.**

EPIGRAM.

Myrtillo asked fair **Julia's** taste,
If she should nothing grudge,
About the **Beautiful** and **Chaste** :
Said she, I am no **Judge**.

A verdict on what's most refined
Is yours, said he, I 'sure ye ;
The Muses and the **Graces** joined,
Together make a **Jury**.

PRIVATION.

1.

Hast thou e'er seen a pearly fish,
The cunning angler's glittering prize ;
Denied its element and wish,
How soon it pants, how soon it dies.

2.

Or hast thou seen a favorite plant,
When severed from its native mould ;
It pines and languishes in want,
It withers, and its days are told.

3.

Or hast thou seen a spreading flower,
Deprived at once of warmth and light,
Ceasing to bloom in bed or bower,
Shut up its leaves and close in night.

4.

**Just so thy loss would writhe my heart,
And from my arms thy parting move ;
For thou alone canst life impart
To fond, and fixed, and faithful love.**

ABSENCE.

1.

I count the days, I count the hours,
Since Sylvia, smiling, bad adieu :
No more I seek the roseate bowers,
Where her fair form no more I view.

2.

The plummy songsters swell their throats,
The woods and fields around are gay ;
But what are woods and warbling notes,
With her all beauty's fled away.

3.

She promised that she'd soon return,
In accents mild as April morn :
Oh ! could I in such accents learn
That I am not indeed forlorn.

4.

Blest are my hopes, but yet my fears
Unbidden rise in this fond breast :
What can allay my anxious cares ;
What set my busy thoughts at rest !

5.

Ah ! could I once regain my prize,
Once press her to my throbbing heart,
Once read my bliss in her soft eyes,
We'd join our hands, no more to part.

NOT BELIEVE ME!

Not believe me! did I ever
Make a faithless—vain endeavour
To depart from thee? No never.

Not believe me! ah! 'twere new
Should I once swerve from truth, while you
As “Truth's simplicity” art true!

Not believe me! no deceit
Could ever find a safe retreat
Near the blest spot where thou art yet.

Not believe me! could I part
With the life-blood near my heart,
Then nature I'd resign for art.

**Not believe me! thou art more
To me than trans-Atlantic store,
Or rich Golconda's shining ore.**

**Not believe me! False to thee!
A traitor to thy sovereignty!
Ah! no, thy power is my plea.**

A HISTORY.

In Friday Street, by Fate's decree,
 Born Seventeen-hundred-seventy-three,
 In Eighty-two the urchin's seen
 A school-boy, and half-starved, I ween :
 In Eighty-five, when grown more big,
 To India sails, a guinea-pig ;
 And afterwards, his hopes to fan,
 Of The Europa midshipman.
 In Ninety the young salamander
 Is rated Mid of Th' Alexander.
 Then, seamanlike, and for skill's sake, he,
 As Third-Mate goes to famed Jamaica :
 There, strange enough his lot was cast,
 Loading The Beckford, fore-the-mast.
 Behold him now (T. T.) on board
 The Richard snow but badly stored,

A foremast-man, **T. Hughes** her Master,
 For **Belfast**, anchor where she cast her.
 In **Ninety-one**, cockswain promoted,
Jack once again to **India** floated.
 Fourth of **The King George** next he stands,
 Revisits **China's** distant lands.
 In **Ninety-five**, we find our strutter,
 As **Third-Mate**, bound for gay **Calcutta** ;
 At **Madras** is sworn in as **Second**,
 Whence **Hope** elate his fortune reckoned ;
 At **Saint Helena**, much offended,
 He from his station is suspended.
 In **Ninety-eight**, he's cock-a-whoop,
 And **Master** of a new-built sloop ;
 So sails, for profit and for freak,
 To **Trinidad** and **Martinique**.
 In **Ninety-nine** our glowing spark
 Is **Captain** of a **Letter-o'-marque** ;
 And, generally, kept in sight
 The gallant **Courtland**, **Captain White**.
 In **Eighteen-hundred** takes a lower
 Berth in **The Transit**, **Captain Gower**,

A five-mast vessel, fit, we saw,
 Either for passage or for war.
 Then, Mate again, (no time to saunter),
 He rigs The tall Trelawny Planter ;
 But as, it seems, there was some smuggling,
 He thought it best to have no juggling ;
 And, as he could not mend the stowage,
 Made, once for all, a Limehouse voyage.
 Next, so it fell upon the anvil,
 He went, as Mate, in Th' good ship Granville ;
 When, filled with blacks and sons of France,
 He's captured by The L' Esperance.
 Misfortunes on misfortunes risen,
 He's inmate in a Spanish prison,
 And at Truxillo forced to stay,
 In the deep Honduras bay.
 But soon from durance, his abhorrence,
 He's rescued by brave Captain Lawrence,
 And, in a schooner, 'merican banner,
 Arrives, still heart-whole, at th' Havannah.
 Fell sick ; to gain Old England sooner,
 Surrenders to Th' Mosquito schooner,

Commanded by Lieutenant Bennet,
A worthy officer, though I pen it.
Thus Jack's a King's-man, bad but loyal,
In th' seaman's hospital at Port Royal.
Escaped, to set in Britain foot on,
He joins The Cora, Captain Bruton ;
But not 'til they had sacked his linen,
So that he had a double thinning ;
For what the enemy had spared,
The helpers of our men have shared.
But now his shattered frame portended
That all his trips to sea were ended.

ODE TO NATURE.

I.

Spirit of peace !
O'er all the earth extends thy sway,
Never to cease,
'Til Time shall melt and die away :
Let me, sweet Nature, at thy altar bend ;
Inspire my artless numbers and befriend.

II.

All we see
Whether in water, earth, or air,
Thy sovereignty—
Thy plastic, yielding power declare :
And, whatsoe'er within us is implant,
Thy force supreme is still predominant.

III.

Yes, thou art mild—
 Thou rul'st with soft benignity :
 As infant child
 Thou sportest innocent and free.
 All generous, faithful hearts, thy grace admire ;
 Sweet is thy voice, and simple thine attire.

IV.

How bland thy reign !
 With herbs and fruits are crowned thy fields ;
 Nought lives in vain :
 Thy ocean deep prolific yields
 The finny race, and crusted fish ; divides
 And bounds contending nations with its tides.

V.

The insect tribe,
 Though but the beings of a day,
 Thy sweets imbibe,
 Thy beauty in their wings display ;
 And, sportive yet assiduous, they dart
 More vivid tints than grace the limner's art.

VI.

The vocal groves,
In harmony and joy, to thee
Pour out their loves,
And sing responsive notes and free ;
Then, gaily soaring on their pinions, shew
That thou art bliss to them, where'er they go.

VII.

The quadruped
Seeks on his native earth his food ;
It is his bed ;
When smoothed by thee, no place is rude :
He draws from thee his nourishment and
growth ;
Each, in their several ways, tell of thy worth.

VIII.

But man alone,
Regardless of thy kind decrees,
Is to thy throne
An envious rebel, who would seize
Thy just dominion, and impious raise
Those trophies to himself which are thy praise

IX.

Yet vain he strives
To reach supremacy, his bane ;
No power that lives
Can break thy pliant, golden chain :
But all his efforts still the more reveal
Thy splendors, which his madness would
conceal.

X.

The hurricane
So rages o'er the billowy deep :
The dread volcan'
So drives in air its deathly sweep :
The trembling Earth, convulsive, groans with
pain,
But soon her pangs bring blooming health
again.

THE PEACHES.

Once on a time, such was the rage,
When birch brooms made boys learned and
sage,
Not pampering the pretty dears
With praises, sugar-plumbs and leers ;
A school-boy, so my story teaches,
Once stole away his master's peaches,
And, as he was a waggish wight,
He thus proclaimed his new-found right :
Let him who has or cause or let
Why this sweet fruit which now has met
My longing lips should not be joined
With them in holy wedlock, (mind !)
Here to my face declare the wrong,
Or ever after hold his tongue.—

Silence consents :—delicious treat !
 While he devours the peaches sweet.
 The pedant soon missed all his peaches,
 And from a shelf the rod now reaches,
 And lays the culprit on the rack,
 Upon a brother scholar's back ;
 When, brandishing on high the scourge,
 Thus chose, in turn, the bans to urge :—
 Let him who has just cause or let,
 Why this swift birch should not beset
 This boy's fair breech, with it to join
 In holy wedlock and entwine,
 At once declare it, said or sung,
 Or ever after hold his tongue.—
 I have, cried out the youth with speed,—
 Parties, dear Sir, are not agreed ;
 (For, though upraised in piteous plight,
 The boy was still a waggish wight) ;
 Not less congenial screams and drum
 Than bristling birch and boy's bare bum :
 Matches like these, I need not state,
 Are always marked with fear and hate,

While we 're informed by things above
That holy union 's joined with love.—
What followed close this close appeal
The Muse, for shame, must needs conceal.

THE LAST ROSE.

1.

An English Rose is always fine :
How fair each rose that once was mine !
But, after many beauties past,
I love thee, for thou art the last.

2.

Faded and gone thy compeers hence,
Yet still, delightful to the sense,
I would inhale thy perfumed breath,
Though frail the mound 'twixt life and death.

3.

I look around where thou wast late,
But see the parterre desolate ;
And, when I feel that thou must die,
I look upon thee mournfully.

4.

Yet even through the drifted snow
Sweet to my senses thou shalt grow ;
In memory thy image come,
And cheer my heart 'midst winter's gloom.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

A monkey, bred in foreign clime,
 No matter how long since the time,
 Who, stung, alas ! with mad ambition,
 To his estate pined for addition ;
 Thought, by exerting all his tricking,
 He might obtain some pretty picking,
 And, revelling in wealth, might soon
 Become a mighty great baboon ;
 So hied him to the sylvan court,
 Where satyrs gape, and eat, and sport.
 Arrived, with art most sinister,
 He thus addressed the minister :—
 I'm come t' solicit, please Your Grace,
 Under your patronage a place,
 And that, I am informed, now reaches
 To all the growing nuts and peaches :

Appoint me sole, Sir, if you please,
 Superintendant of the trees.
 Depend upon it, when I mount 'm,
 I'll render you a good account o'm.—
 The satyr listened to his suit,
 But would not yield the autumn fruit,
 So kept the peaches from his gripe,
 And always said they were not ripe.
 At length pug of his courtship tires,
 And cannot rein his keen desires,
 Preferring claims importunate
 Quickly his appetite to sate :
 At this the grandee takes offence,
 Regardless of his high pretence ;
 So with a crab-tree stroke unpitying lays him
 flat,
 And loyal pug, now fierce, springs up a de-
 mocrat.

TO HOPE.

Sweet solace' of the human breast,
Blest image of what most we love,
Bland Hope, thou succour of th' oppressed,
Angelic form from realms above ;
Thou canst the raging passions sooth,
'Tis thine to ease the aching heart,
To bid from woe each pang depart,
The rugged ills of life to smooth :—
Revisit now my eager sight,
Oh ! come again, with pleasure joined,
Shed thy soft influence o'er my mind ;
But lead me not in visions bright,
As erst, illusive : let thy flatteries cease ;
Point not to fancied bliss, but give me peace.

REST YE MINUTES.

1.

When life is gay, and joys abound,
When Beauty hears the lover's plea,
When pleasures wheel their airy round,
Rest, rest, ye minutes, then, with me.

2.

When life is sad, and joys are fled,
When Love laments his destiny,
When sorrows press, and hope is dead,
Fly, fly, ye minutes, far from me.

3.

When Celia yields the promised bliss,
When Love fulfils his high decree,
When Heaven awards the faithful kiss,
Ah! rest, ye minutes, then, with me.

4.

But when her absence I deplore,
Her witching charms no more I see,
Speed, speed away, and stay no more ;—
Fly, fly, ye minutes, fast from me.

MY BEST WISHES
TO CELIA, ON HER MARRIAGE.

May hope's cheering ray
In your bosom now stay ;
May your evenings and nights
Reproduce sweet delights,
And each rising morn
New graces adorn ;—
New pleasures arise
To beam in those eyes.
May friendship and love
Your happiness prove,—
Felicity known
To true hearts alone.
May your children inherit
Your form and your spirit,

And each bring you joy,
Whether girl or a boy ;
Taste, feeling, and sense,
Mark their excellence :
May they prize, in their youth,
Justice, Mercy, and Truth,
And charm with those beauties—
Affectionate duties.
And may virtue's controul
Sink deep in the soul,
And piety rest
On lovers thus blest.

THEN WILL I FORGET MY LOVE.

1.

The merchant ranges India's shore,
In hopes of adding to his store,
Should he forget for what he strove,
Then will I forget my love.

2.

The seaman guided by his star,
Through tempests, o'er the waves afar,
Can he forget the light above,
Then will I forget my love.

3.

The ransomed prisoner set free,
And rescued from his slavery,
If he will thence forget to move,
Then will I forget my love.

4.

The songsters 'neath the summer sun,
Or aimed at by the fowler's gun,
When they forget the shady grove,
Then will I forget my love.

5.

When flowerets blossom in the spring,
And all the hive is on the wing,
And bees abroad forget to rove,
Then will I forget my love.

6.

Could heaven's flood-gates pour forth rain,
And drown the world with tears again,
And Noah, regardless, loose his dove,
Then might I forget my love.

7.

Should rapturous Hymen light the way
To a far brighter—warmer day,
Then it will be for me to prove
I never will forget my love.

I LOVE THEE.

1.

I love thee as the lily fair,
The sweetest of the vale,
That gives its perfume to the air
By which we life inhale.

2.

I love thee as the dulcet notes
Of songsters in the grove,
When they uplift their warbling throats,
And sing to Heaven above.

3.

I love thee as the rainbow-shower,
Refreshing all below,
When man feels most its ardent power,
Beneath the sun's bright glow.

4.

I love thee with the same delight
That's his who far must roam,
When, 'mid the wintry storms of night,
He finds his own sweet home.

5.

I love thee, as the lark, upborne,
Ascending to the sky,
Delights to hail the sprightly morn,
And spring to liberty.

6.

I love thee, as the care-worn wight,
By wakeful thoughts still torn,
After a weary, restless night,
Joys at a new day's dawn.

7.

I love thee with an equal glow,
That to the heart is given,
When Icelanders, 'midst arctic snow,
Behold the light of Heaven.

8.

I love thee with a tearful joy,
Such as a life-boat, manned,
Gives to the shipwrecked sailor-boy,
When bearing him to land.

FAREWELL! SWEET MAID.

1.

Farewell! sweet maid, those heavenly charms
Were born to bless another's arms;
Yet, ah!—vain words alone can tell—
Though we must part, I love thee well.

2.

Farewell! and, though estranged from me,
For ever happy mayest thou be;
Yet when thy thoughts in raptures swell,
Despise not one who loves thee well.

3.

Farewell! again, let not thy fate
Be linked with the unfortunate;
Yet, when thou hear'st my funeral knell,
Say "He was one who loved me well."

LIVE AGAIN.

1.

Live again, ye blushing flowers,
Mix your sweets in roseate bowers ;
Blossoms open to the view,
When my Celia's seen with you.

2.

Vernal airs, salute each bloom,
And imbibe its sweet perfume ;
Spread a soft enchantment round,
Where my true love's to be found.

3.

Warblers, raise your notes on high,
Point them upwards to the sky ;
And, from the blissful groves, upraise
Her soul to harmony and praise.

4.

Groves, stretch forth your grateful shade,
And safe protect the lovely maid
From the sun's meridian heat,
In thy sacred, blest retreat.

5.

Ocean, hush thy billowy sweep,
With zephyrs spread the mighty deep ;
Yet, proudly swell thy waves to land,
When light she treads the briny strand.

6.

Borders of the Northern Sea,
Greet her with scenes of gaiety ;
And let your sprightly wavelets shew
There still is bliss at Felixtow.

7.

Purest streams, meet her fair eyes,
Give back her image to the skies ;
And woo her ear, each murm'ring rill,
When all, but love, besides, is still.

8.

Stars emit your brightest rays,
Propitious meet her radiant gaze ;
And moon-beams, floating in the sky,
Your mildness yield to her soft eye.

9.

Hovering angels, guard the fair,
Take her to your kindred care ;
And, with seraphic flame, impart
Your holy mission to her heart.

10.

When, in sweet sleep, my dear finds rest,
In fairest forms be fancy drest ;
And, drawing life from stores above,
May she awake to joy and love.

STAR-LIGHT.

1.

Hast thou not felt,
In a serene but darkling night,
An awe that dwelt
On thy lorn spirit, 'neath the bright
Ethereal orbs on high,
Poised in the ambient sky,
Whose beams refulgent blaze in mute sublimity.

2.

I, too, have known
Such placid impress on the soul,
When thus they shone ;
Arresting, by its sweet controul,

Disquietudes so rife,
 The waywardness of strife,
 And all the giddy vanities that cling to life.

3.

Whence the charm
 The mind, subdued, to elevate,
 And to disarm
 Of sublunary ills the hate?
 The self-same sky is cast,
 Its splendors still must last,
 Why cannot I renew those visions long since
 past.

4.

'Twas innocence
 And purity, within thy breast,
 That lulled the sense,
 And gave thy fitful spirit rest :
 Scoffers thou hadst not heard,
 Nor, then, towards guilt had veered,
 Nor had thy bosom, then, with toilsome guile
 been seared.

5.

Blest Innocence !

Preserve it in your hearts, ye youth :

Banish from thence

All that would steel your breast 'gainst Truth ;

Let nought thy feet entice

To tread the paths of Vice ;

So shall this earth still prove a blissful paradise.

INNOCENCE.

1.

When man was in the garden placed,
His form with youth and beauty graced,
 (So sacred records find),
Adam received fair virtue's meed;—
Woman to bless him was decreed,
 The loveliest of her kind.

2.

In Eden fair two trees then bloomed,
This was the source of life, that doomed
 Its votary to the grave:
Though this was passing sweet to try,
That, too, was pleasant to the eye,
 And Eve to Adam gave.

3.

But, ah ! his mis'ries to unveil,
Far, far exceeds the poet's tale ;
 Man only, now, can mourn
His state of happiness thus lost,
His soul in changeful troubles tossed,
 His bliss for ever gone.

4.

So, new-born man is innocent
As Adam when to Eden sent :—
 Pure are his heart's desires ;
His ardent spirit soars above
The trammels of an earthly love,
 And owns celestial fires.

5.

But, when of vice the man will taste,
Farewell what's innocent and chaste,
 Though knowledge he may win :
He finds, alas ! when 'tis too late,
That penalties on pleasures wait,
 And death must follow sin.

6.

**Mar not thy peace, nor make pretence
To knowledge, but obedience,
 And look to Heaven for aid ;
Those who abide by Virtue's rules
Have far more wisdom than the schools,
 Our ken is bitter made.**

THE EYE OF LOVE.

1.

Since 'tis not Friendship's special care
Those blemishes to find
That envious spirits loud declare,
They say that Love is blind.

2.

But when he scans the inmost heart,
Concealed from general view,
His glance is swift as winged dart,
As penetrating too.

3.

So powerful is his piercing eye,
So potent is its spell,
Ne'er should we hear lament or sigh,
If all could see as well.

4.

Let us not then decry his state,
But celebrate his powers :
May he o'erwatch the woof of Fate,
And may his gifts be ours.

SEPARATION.

1.

The groves no more delight,
The meads no more are gay,—
Nature no more is bright,
Since Sylvia is away.

2.

My tongue must now be mute,
My numbers sure would tire,—
Still is my harp and lute,
Unstrung my tuneful lyre.

3.

I range the wildest heath,
I shun the haunts of men ;
But never shall I wreathe
Fresh flowers for her again.

4.

The rocky steep I climb,
Some short relief to find ;
But, in the scene sublime,
Her image too I find.

5.

Yet never will appear
That form, which chains the choice,
Nor charm this ravished ear
Her soft melodious voice.

6.

Listening, I shed a tear,
When breathes some plaintive song,
But never more shall hear
Sweet accents from her tongue.

7.

For she is gone from me,
To brave the billowy brine,
Far, o'er a stormy sea,
From these fond arms of mine.

8.

Would I could follow too,
The promised land to share ;
But, strangers, though in view,
Are not admitted there.

9.

But yet, methinks, I feel
The joy within her breast ;
This can my sorrows heal,
This give my tumults rest.

10.

For still, this heart's warm glow
Bespeaks her presence there ;
Her joy is bliss to know,
Her bliss is all my care.

11.

Oh ! may no anxious thought
Remain, to blench that joy ;
But, may her days be fraught
With bliss without alloy.

12.

Rapt, may her spirit rise,
In blessedness and peace,
To bliss beyond the skies,
Where troubles ever cease.

F I N I S.



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