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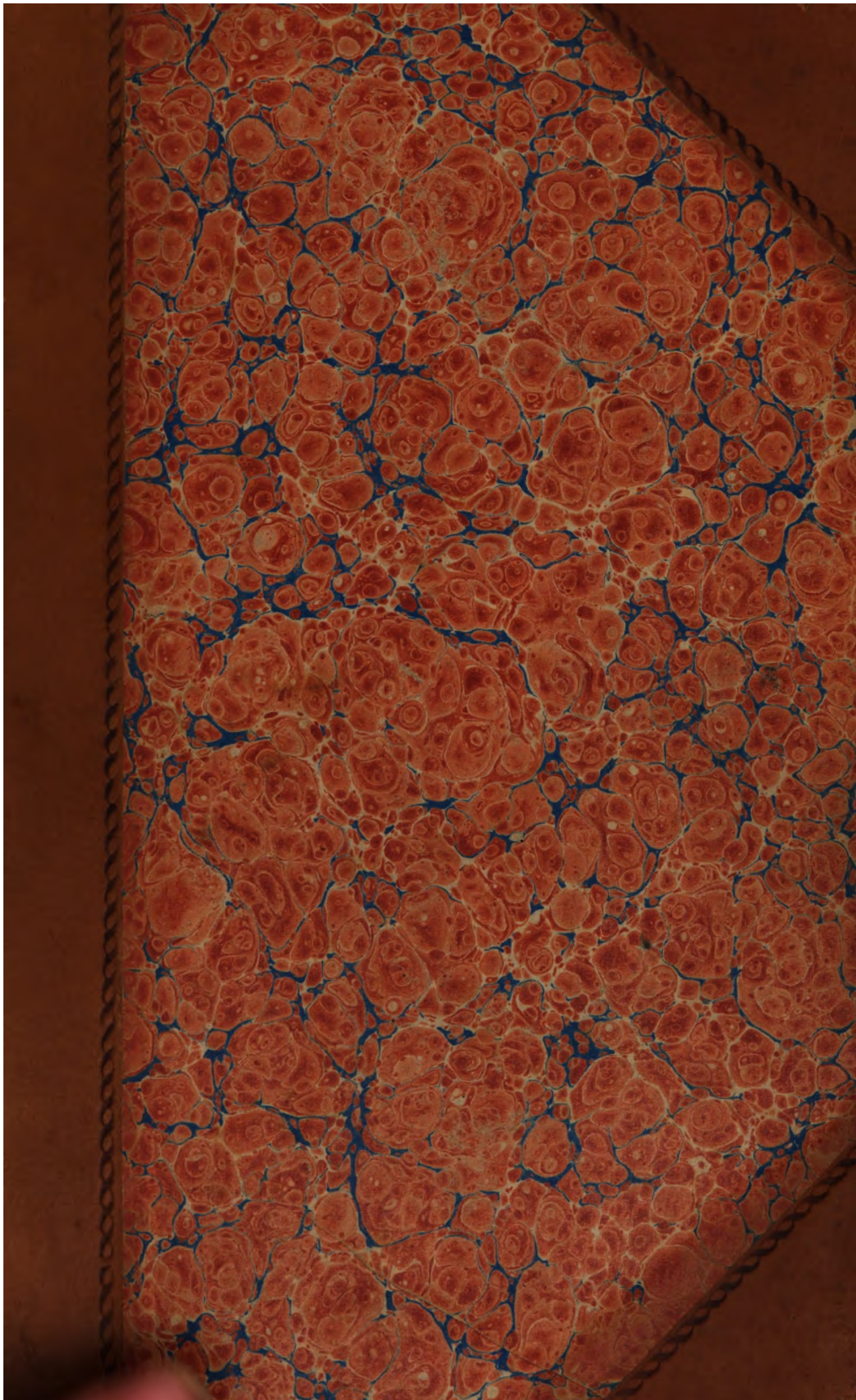
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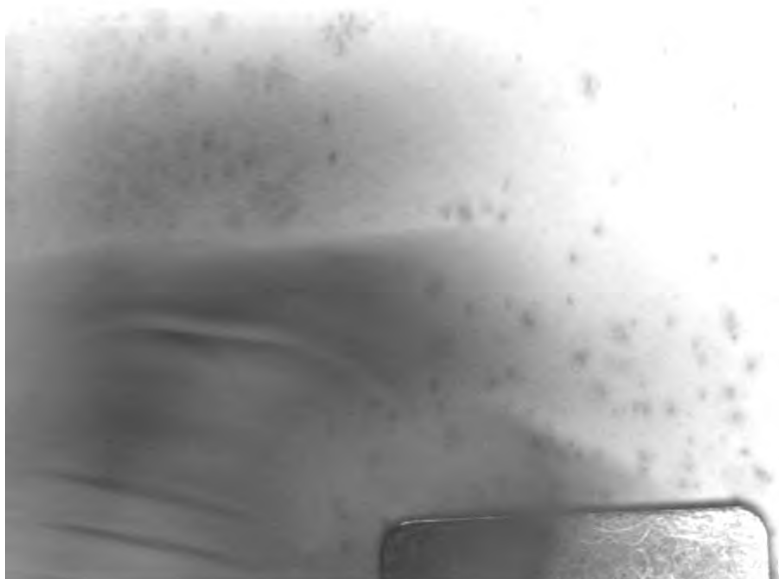


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S. H. 1832.

THE BELLS,

And other Poems.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

Quid purè tranquillet.—HOR. EP.

IPSWICH:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY S. H. COWELL;
SOLD ALSO BY LONGMAN AND CO., G. B. WHITTAKER, AND
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1831.

337.



COWELL, PRINTER, IPSWICH.

DEDICATION.

TO MY HONORED NAVAL COMMANDER, RICHARD
HALL GOWER, ESQ., AS A 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.



P R E F A C E.

As the respect which is due to those educated and intelligent classes of the community, which constitute that great body of readers denominated in editorial parlance "*the public*," seems to require, that every book, however inconsiderable, should be accompanied with some prefatory matter; I feel unwilling on the present occasion, to infringe a rule prescribed unquestionably for very salutary and beneficial purposes; and think it a fit opportunity of supplying any deficiency of this kind, that may have hitherto attended my attempts at poetical composition.

In complying with this obligation, however, which resolves itself into an apology for my motives and views in putting forth these metrical labors; whatever may be thought of my performance, I am free to confess, that I have not sought for surreptitious favor by undue-prostrations at the shrine of public criticism; and that, not being urgent about exterior aid to bring it into immediate notice, I can entertain but slender hopes of deriving any advantage or gratification to myself from its production, beyond the museful pleasures of the imagination, and the secret satisfactions which

must ever arise from a consciousness of rectitude of purpose, and of fair and liberal intention. Whether, if any, sufficient intrinsic merit or utility may be found in these pages to justify their publication, is a question which, nevertheless, I have ventured to submit to a decision, prompt and peremptory, and from which there is no appeal. Divested of all private and extraneous considerations, the design of the work coincides, I apprehend, with that of the generality of aspirants in verse; which may fairly be presumed to be in accordance with the legitimate aim of Poetry—that of effecting generous and virtuous impressions; by presenting to the susceptible and ingenuous heart, the best impulses and sympathies of our nature, in the most chaste and inviting forms.

In publishing this Book of miscellaneous Poems therefore, the Author has only further to intimate, as the foundation of his hopes of approval, that he has endeavoured to fortify his facts, fictions, and feelings, with the force of Truth; and that it is his continued object and ambition, innocently to afford pleasing Ideas, as well as acceptably to recommend just Principles.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The major part of the Poems in this volume have already made their appearance; but as the Author wished to print the whole of them together, he has thought it best to publish them under the present form and title: at the same time he wishes distinctly to state, that the Book thus modified contains all his pieces hitherto published, revised and partially enlarged, together with several sheets of new matter.



CONTENTS.

	Page
THE BELLS	1
MINOR POEMS.	
Aspirations	23
Epitaph	25
To Miss	26
To a Lady. On her Birth-Day	27
To an Itinerant Lecturer	30
Spring	31
Midnight	33
Canute the Great	35
Elegy on John Harvey	37
On the Death of George the Fourth	40
The Star of Brunswick	44
God Save the King	46
Peace on Earth	48
The Bacchanal	50
Disappointment	53
The Exile	55
Truth	57
The Land of the Slave	59
Stanzas to the Moon	61
The Fairies	65
The Portent	69

	Page
To Flavia. A Sonnet	70
Affection's Smile	71
The Orwell	73
Popular Effervescence. A Sonnet	79
The Unknown.———Ditto	80
To a False Friend	81
The March of Intellect	84
The Wherefore	ib
The Civic Fête	85
The Heart that's True. A Pastoral Ballad	88
Anacreontic	91
Hidden Gems	94
Anticipation	95
Infant-Sleep	96
Strength United. A Sonnet and Acrostic	99
To a Pin. A Sonnet	101
To Poetry. Ditto	102
Authorship. Ditto	103
A History	104
Hymn	119
No Near'. A Naval Song	123
In Youth. A Rondo	125
Sweet Flower!	127
Lovely Clory. An Amatory Burlesque	129
A Portrait	132
Ardent I Burn	135
The Christmas Invitation deferred to May	136
Elegy on the Death of a Child	139
Constancy	141
Notes of Interrogation	143
Ode to Imagination	146
Expression. A Sonnet	150

CONTENTS.

xī

	Page
The Wedding Ring	151
Epigram	153
Use of the Veil	154
The Mirror	155
Epigram	158
Epigram	ib
Epigram	ib
Homeward bound. A Naval Song	159
The Linnet	162
The Dead Dog	164
The Repulse	167
The Hard Hand	171
I know not	174
The Triumph	176
Love me little, love me long. A Song	179
Written in an Album	181
Inconsistency	183
Regret	186
The Gallant Ship	188
Despair	190
Evening	192
The Church-yard	194
June 18th, 1815	196
The Maiden of the Mere. A Ballad	197
The Rejected Suit	200
The Old Europa	202
Notions	205
A Sketch	209
Friendship. A Sonnet	211
Napoleon the Great	212
Epigram	224
Privation	225

	Page
Absence	227
Not Believe	229
Ode to Nature	231
The Peaches	236
The Last Rose	239
The Metaphorphosis. A Fable	241
To Hope. A Sonnet	243
Rest, ye Minutes. A Song	245
My Best Wishes. To Celia, on her Marriage	247
Then will I Forget my Love. A Song	249
I Love thee	252
Farewell! sweet maid	255
Live again	256
Star-light	259
Innocence	262
The Eye of Love. A Song	265
Separation	267
Government	271
To a Young Lady	273
The Fading Rose	275
The Raven	279
The Catalogue	281
Napoleon. Additional Stanzas	289

THE BELLS.



THE BELLS.

I.

O HAPPY day !

The merry Church-Bells, in a blithsome peal,

Give tidings new of joy : O welcome lay

To the responsive heart ! The knot is tied :

Elate, and gay,

And blessed are now the bridegroom and the bride.

No longer do they chide time's slow delay,

But sweet delicious fervors o'er them steal,

Which seem to ope through life a bright, auspicious way.

II.

Delightful state !

To be united to the soul we love,—

To join the hand and heart, and thence to date

A new existence, which, in truth sincere,

We contemplate

With praise and gratitude, and hold most dear :

Well may anticipation joys create,

Well may they prize the blessing which they prove,

And now, exulting, laud the high decrees of fate.

III.

O pious zest !

Who would allay its warmth, and overspread,

While all is harmony within the breast,

Its early life with unavailing gloom !

Long may it rest,

Long may its generous flame their hearts illumine,

Long may it be upheld, and still caressed :

So may their hopes with holy joy be fed,

And thanks to Heaven that gave spontaneously addressed.

IV.

The balmy air

Wafts o'er the jocund plain the thrilling sound,
And strange emotions seize the wedded pair,
Their joy complete—their inmost wish fulfilled.

Ah ! happy fair !

Ah ! happy youth ! whom Providence hath willed
To taste of heart-content, on Earth so rare,

While pleasures seem to wheel their sportive round,
And mock the fretful toils that bind the brow of care.

V.

'Tis fearful too,

For these sweet notes are with some pain commixed :
Yes ! they, perchance, some troubles sore may rue,
In sickness and in health their fate is one.—

Some debt is due

To those who for our sakes so much have done,
And trials with mishaps may soon accrue ;

For where affection's sympathies are fixed,
The wild turmoils of life with cares our path will strew.

VI.

The nuptial bed,
 Though made of softest down, is not secure
From common ills that o'er our state are shed,
 For bitter dregs oft mark the cup of life :
And oft instead
 Of fairy bliss, we meet with wretched strife,
Or to contempt, reproach, and woe are led ;
 And some must graceless perfidy endure,
And some to base ingratitude and vice are wed.

VII.

Thrice happy their
 Combined allotment, whom their God defends
From grievous harms, which some are made to bear,
 And crowns with health, and sweet affection's charm!—
'Tis only where
 True love subdues the heart with feelings warm,
And trust in Him expands in heartfelt prayer,
 We can receive the gifts his grace extends,
Or can escape the curse which vicious mortals dare.

VIII.

Methinks I hear

A solemn voice amidst the silver sound—

A voice that dwells not long upon the ear,

But pierces swift the fastness of the heart.

“Bear and Forbear”—

This is the lesson which it seeks t' impart,

For none may hope to find perfection here ;

But if our vows in Truth's bright rays be found,
Our partner we must cherish, honour, and hold dear.

IX.

Truth is a guide

Will lead our steps through life's tumultuous scene

In safety and in peace, if we confide

With trust implicit in her righteous laws ;

And when 'tis tried,

Must from a faithful love receive applause,

And in the soul's recesses will abide :

So should fair truth at th' Altar sworn, be seen
With grace t' adorn the man, and beautify the bride.

X.

Hail ! sacred rite

Of holy Marriage, for thou dost awake

The soul to that fidelity we plight,

And point to sympathies by Heaven impressed :

Thou dost invite,

With unseen power that cannot be repressed,

To trust in God, and do the thing that's right.

Hence, taught by thee, we ways of sin forsake,

Since virtue seems in loveliness and beauty dight.

XI.

Many there are

Who from these pure delights far distant rove,

The father's hope and mother's joy ne'er share,

And from their happiness will ever fly ;—

Who never dare,

Restrained by sad and rigid destiny,

The passion which they cherish to declare ;—

Who never knew the sweets of virtuous love,

'Til age o'ershades their path with bleak and blank despair.

XII.

Let those who prove
Affection's softest smiles, with fear rejoice,
And prize it as a boon from Heaven above—
A foretaste of that bliss which angels know ;
Though interwove
With cares that with our choicest fruits will grow :
They walk within a consecrated grove,
They own the favored being of their choice,
They have escaped the pangs of drear and hopeless love.

XIII.

And yet I feel,
Amidst the pleasing round of these mild Bells,
An awful sadness o'er my spirits steal,
That speaks of our forefathers now at rest.
The joyous peal
Once raised a votive pleasure in their breast ;
For they in gone-by days were wont to seal
Their love as now, though long since tolled their knells,
And in the self-same church were early taught to kneel.

XIV.

With ours compared,
Their views had difference small, though the fair light,
Which with our brightest pleasures they have shared,
With all its vital heat, is closed on them :
Like us they fared—
Our holy ritual was to them a gem,
No cost to gratify their love they spared,
In comely, decent vestments they were dight,
And kindly relatives the genial feast prepared.

XV.

And so, as clear
These bells will ring, and with as great a charm
As that which now salutes the gladsome ear,
When future youths the benediction claim :—
Though closed our bier,
The greetings of their friends will be the same ;
As now the bridal morn will banish fear,
Their hearts will then be light, their hopes then warm,
And all will then conspire their ardent souls to cheer.

XVI.

'Tis Nature's law.—

Were torpid grief and an appalling dread
Our daily guests, 'twould make in hope a flaw,
And industry destroy, by which we live ;
We ne'er could draw
From kind endearments all the joys they give ;
Not love itself our frozen hearts could thaw :
The living hold no commerce with the dead,
But yet, 'tis right to think of death with pious awe.

XVII.

And this should lead
Our steps to Him in whom we have our breath,
Whose presence helps in every time of need,
Who guards our infancy, and guides our youth ;
Whose careful heed
Brings manhood's vigour, and old age can sooth :—
His is the balm that heals the hearts that bleed,
His mercy can remove the sting from death :
Hence resignation's due to all he has decreed.

XVIII.

Ah! happy they
Who find th' abode of righteousness and peace,—
Who from the paths of virtue never stray,
Who yield obedience to God's just commands,
Who earnest pray,
And hope for blessings at his gracious hands ;
They meet in this short span a constant stay,
And, when the troubles of this life shall cease,
They will receive that bliss which passeth not away.

XIX.

Behold yon spire !
An object fair of beauty and content—
An altar touched with coals of living fire.—
The doctrines of our Holy Church are pure,
Her priests entire ;
Her offices our reverence must ensure,
Her decent rites our gratitude inspire ;
T' amend the life's her every intent,
To lead through life to Heaven her constant, sole desire.

XX.

By Heaven 'tis willed

That man should know his mandates—learn his ways,
And in this sacred fane that will's fulfilled ;

For here his holy precepts we are taught,
Truth is instilled,

And none e'er empty came away who sought :
With hearts devout, I trust, our Church is filled.

Ah ! who would such a goodly structure raze,
And on its sainted scite a pointless Babel build !

XXI.

In vain we strive

To reconcile religion with such deeds,
As "labourers of their hire" would thus deprive,
And lead to sad disorder and dismay :

For we derive

From their united aid our surest stay ;—
Nor Law, nor Justice could their harm survive ;
And those who seek confusion in our creeds,
At marring sore the public weal, I weet, connive.

XXII.

Alas ! how vain

Is artful toil, and philosophic lore :—

It takes not from the heart its inward pain,

Nor does it 'suage the secret ills of life ;

But brings a train

Of passions keen, the harbingers of strife,

Feeds ardent wishes which we ne'er obtain,

Lays up of ruined schemes a plenteous store,

And oft infuses into social peace its bane.

XXIII.

May youth receive

At their instructors' hands more genuine good,

Which in each heart a moral force will leave ;—

Lessons of piety, and sound belief :

May they achieve

A work of wholesome practice, and relief—

Obedience, temperance, in manhood's eve,

Fair truth, integrity, a holy mood

To bound with virtuous joy, with virtuous sorrow grieve.

XXIV.

Each science taught,
With principles of righteousness if mixed,
Would with a social recompense be fraught,
And cheerful industry enrich the land ;
For there is nought
Illusive or severe in Heaven's command :
By it to prize our neighbour's good we're wrought,
And, when to act aright our hearts are fixed,
We find a peace of mind surpassing our vague thought.

XXV.

Let us explore
These ways of pious love, and heavenly peace ;
And let us turn our wandering eyes, once more,
To that majestic structure, whence resounds,
With wonted power,
Those sweetly sinking, softening, silver sounds :—
There charity to all opes wide the door,
There shall we find benevolence increase,
There shall we gain the meed more rich than splendid ore.

XXVI.

I would commend
Those principles in which the good confide ;
And I would fitly value, and defend,
Establishments and rights, by ages reared ;
On which depend
Our country's liberties, so long endeared
To honest British hearts, who would extend
Their healthful influence on every side,
And thus the human race with equal laws befriend.

XXVII.

But little known
Is gloomy "treason, stratagem, and spoil,"
That stalks in lands less favored than our own,
For "Church and State" is not of crime the tool :
We do not groan
Beneath the tyrants' lash, or despots' rule ;
Nor are our nerves assaulted with the moan
Of hapless victims of the bigot's toil ;
Nor from our hearths, as yet, have "Peace and Plenty" flown

XXVIII.

Some want, indeed,
Is by the hale and useful serf endured ;
And fain I'd see him from this evil freed,
For, truly, he should be well housed and fed :
But those who bleed
"In silence and alone," in mortal dread,
More claim our pity, to supply their need ;
For these in misery are oft immured,
Their wretched state to rue, without or hope or heed.

XXIX.

But partial ills,
Though sore they be, and saddening to the soul,
Are evils, yet, which Nature's law fulfils,
And everywhere the lot of changeful life :
High Heaven wills
That man's condition, here, should still be rife
In trouble and dismay ; for this instils
Dependence upon Him who can controul
Vicissitudes and woe, the sorrowing heart that chills.

XXX.

Commerce and trade

Have flourished in the land to an excess :

Hence people have increased of every grade,

For hireling-rates were raised to strange abuse :

But, now, the aid

Of overflowing numbers has no use ;—

Prosperity has population made

Exuberant, and such demand the less ;

But this to no misrule can now be justly laid.

XXXI.

Yet, many a soil,

Luxuriant as the plains that gave us birth,

And free from indigence and fretful coil,

Nature has spread amongst her ample store ;

Where hardy toil

No lack of sustenance would e'er deplore,

Where health redundant animates the chyle,

Where industry and skill have gladsome worth,

And plenty outpours wealth with an indulgent smile.

XXXII.

And may we not

Possess those fruitful lands, "with verdure clad;"—

There dwell with joy upon some chosen spot

Which lavish Nature offers to our view?

We may, I wot:

It being so, let Hope our hearts, renew.—

Fain would I urge the merit of this plot,

For it will make the peasant's soul right glad,

And with a full content enrich his cheerful cot.

XXXIII.

Though this be true,

Yet some there are who reckon on expense,

Reckless of mischiefs that may still accrue,

And rest on plans that most pertain to self.—

But we may rue,

In accents strong, this close appeal to pelf,

As out of this disasters ever grew;

For God's wise laws require, as well as sense,

That, As we would from them to others we should do.

XXXIV.

United, then,

Be every hand and heart in works of love.—

This admonition issueth from the pen

Of no deceiver, but the friend of man :

And, surely, when

Philanthropy and zeal are in the van,

The good may scorn the shafts of envious man ;

And, trusting to that Power who reigns above,

Each youth may hail, unscathed, our own blythe Bells a gain.

MINOR POEMS.

MINOR POEMS.

ASPIRATIONS.

Beauteous damsel, hear my prayer,
Rightly view my tender care ;
 Onward let me press,
Where thy kind, and circling arms,
Native modesty, and charms,
 Every land can bless.

Bear me to that blissful shore,
Richer than the honied store
 Of the hovering bee ;
Warm as the hearts of lovers true
Nurtured 'neath the pearly dew
 Ever sipped by thee.

But, denied the promised boon,
Roses here will fade ere noon,
 Only to bloom with thee ;
Withering in my clay-clad cell,
Never think where then I dwell,
 End your care of me.

EPITAPH.

“ Death but entombs the Body, Life the Soul.”

When this frail, fleeting breath is gone,
The spirit's fastness dies ;—
The body to the tomb is borne,
In durance where it lies :

But then it is the raptured soul
Will ever happy be ;—
Released from matter's base controul,
In bliss it ranges free.

Troubles are here as trials sent,
To prove the hearts of men ;
The Soul is *now* in prison pent,
Mere clay is prisoned *then*.

TO MISS ———

—————

Elevated is thy mind,
Love can there no treachery find ;
In peace or pain,
Zealous to gain
Assurances of right :
Beneficent I know thou art,
Enjoying harmony of heart :
Thy pure delight
Hath visions bright.

TO A LADY

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Lady fair, accept my lay,
On this all-inspiring day :
Though greetings sweet its hours may crown,
Wishes more warm than mine ther 'e none.

Yes ! my fond hopes on thee I fix,
In maiden pride of twenty-six—
As lovely as the summer-dawn,
As vivid as an April morn.

Yet I would not charge my song
With beauties that to fame belong,
Nor my weak numbers strive to raise
By giving thee fair virtue's praise.

But lead thee, rather, to that Power
Who watched and sped thy natal hour;—
Who gave the mother's fond caress ;
Who blessed thy days, and still will bless ;

Who clothed and fed thy infant frame ;
Who taught thy heart to know his name ;
Who guarded thee from every ill,
Which, in thy youth, beset thee still ;

Who made thee shun the path of vice,
When guile thy footsteps would entice ;
Shewed thee of sin the turpitude—
Th' abhorrence of the just and good.

So that, when death shall close thy day,
Thou mayest in rapturous vision say—
Conscious of holiness the worth—
Blessed was the day that gave me birth.

TO AN ITINERANT LECTURER.

Midas, the heathen, such his tact,
'Tis said, in days of old,
All that he touched he quickly sacked,
And turned to glittering gold ;

But thou art keener still in pelf,
Wielding thy cynic lash,
Thou gain'st by discontent itself,
And coin'st from clamours cash.

SPRING.

Yes! sweet is the dew-spangled mead,
And sweet is the incense of May,
And sweet is the tabor and reed,
When shepherds repeat heir fond lay ;

Yet 'tis not the influence of spring,—
'Tis not the bud on the tree,
'Tis not the bird on the wing,
That brings its soft welcome to me.

'Tis not the meadows so gay,
'Tis not the violets' retreat,
'Tis not the lambkins at play
That now I delightedly greet.

'Tis not the freshness of morn,
'Tis not the mildness of eve,
'Tis not the wood, or the lawn,
That to my lorn fancy now cleave.

But, Memory, thy musings can raise
A charm that devoutly I prize,
Though fled from me Hope's cheering rays,
And the vision of Love in me dies.

MIDNIGHT.

Dark

Spread the forest-trees :

Hark !

Hushed is the midnight breeze—

Aerial sounds, methinks, I hear :—

Heavenly music charms my ear.

Whence

These delightful airs ?

Hence

Vanish all my cares :—

Seraphic minstrel ! blessed strain !

Let me hear thee yet again.

Soft,

Softer dost thou sing ;

Oft

Sighs the trembling string :

Extacy, supreme delight

Hails thy beatific flight.

Ah !

Angel, stay with me,

Far

Would I wing with thee :—

No ! thou speed'st with bliss away,

Beaming in a deathless ray.

Sweet

Spirit ! thou hast come,

Meet

Friend, to guide me home ;

Sacredly thy vigils keeping,

Listless as thy charge is sleeping,

CANUTE THE GREAT.

**In Saxon times, Canute the Great,
Possessed of more than regal state,
Had foes subdued
For public good ;
Yet praise renounced, in monitory strain,
And to the sea thus spake, 'midst his admiring train.**

**I am thy sovereign, Sea, o'er land
And thee extends my wide command :
Regard thy king,
Nor dare to fling
Upon this beach thy brine ; for 'tis not meet,
A vassal, thou shouldst rudely lash thy liege's feet.**

The wanton wave, resistless, bare
Its curling flood around his chair.

The courtiers heard

The kingly word,

And now, reproved by the advancing tide,

Learnt that, With subject man suits not the monarch's pride.

ELEGY ON JOHN HARVEY.

A POOR SAILOR, WELL KNOWN IN IPSWICH, WHO WAS STRUCK
BY LIGHTNING IN THE YEAR 1790, AND DIED
MAY 9TH, 1830.

Rest, Gentle Shade, thy lowly head
Is peaceful laid amongst the dead :
The lightning's glare, and thunder's blast,
Leave thee uninjured now, at last.

How different was thy youth's career
From the still scene around thee here ;
For thou wast foremost of the brave,
Though now asleep, and in this grave.

Yes! thy fierce frenzy was not slow
To greet a friend, or face a foe:
Thy generous breast has *now* no heat,
And thy warm heart has ceased to beat.

Early thou drank'st affliction's cup,
But thy light spirit bore thee up;
Disabled, and a sufferer drear,
Thou still couldst chaunt the seaman's "Cheer."

Yet, though shut out from worldly store,
Heaven, in withholding, gave thee more;
Thou knew'st no strifes to pride which cling,
Nor the wan cares that riches bring.

Serenely calm, thou spedst thy way,
Illumed by Faith's celestial ray;
Wast grateful for the slightest boon,
And full content at night and noon.

Rest, Gentle Shade, fair Virtue's tear
Embalms thee in thy badgeless bier ;
And Friendship's breath—a sweet perfume,
Wafts incense on thy tufted tomb.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour ;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

GRAY.

Illustrious Prince ! my humble strain
Can ill depict great George's reign :
The Muse is saddened when she sings,
The pomp and pride of splendid Kings.

Yet adulation marked thy fate,
For thou wast dignified and great—
Great in pleasure, great in power,
Or in the hall or lady's bower.

Soon as the summer gave thee birth,
Young beauty welcomed thee to Earth ;
All Nature to thy wish was given,
Thou seem'dst to claim both Earth and Heaven.

Rich Judah's King, in manger mean,
'Midst no such dazzling court was seen ;
Wise men, indeed, to him did bow,
But sparkling belles to bend hadst thou.

The princely polish of thy mind
Was to a graceful figure joined ;
While frankness and descending ease,
All hopes could charm, all hearts could please.

Thou, chivalrous chief, wert wont t' engage
Each special honor of the age ;
And forth to greet thee princes ran,
Of Europe the " first gentleman."

Thy gorgeous palaces and towers,
Formed to eclipse all other powers,
Roads, bridges, steam, and gas display
The wonders of thy luminous day.

Thy martial spirit could incite
Generals to conquest—troops to fight;
Year after year, midst direful harms,
Proclaimed the triumphs of thy arms.

Thy sceptre bright destroyed the woes
Of foreign and domestic foes :
Nature and Fortune seemed to vie
In bearing up thy destiny.

Defended thus 'gainst every ill,
Thou hadst of this vain life thy fill ;
All was to thee profusely sent,
All, all, except thy heart's content.

But, ah ! 'tis closed—these scenes are past,
And death—stern death appears at last :
Thy virtues now we fain would hail,
And o'er thy frailties cast a veil.

Thy fame to history will belong,
And bards will raise th' el'giac song :
Let gratitude, that grace repays,
Give to thy worth the meed of praise.

THE STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

In radiance girt, and lustre true,
O'er Albion's isle appeared in view

A kindred Star :

This influence fair, in sheen so bright,
Rivalled e'en Venus' self in light,
Beaming afar.

Young Hymen caught the heavenly rays,
Dazzling his genial—ardent gaze,

So placed the gem

Within his favorite domain,
More blest with love than those who gain
A diadem ;

But Phoebus, envious of the sight
Of such benignity, thus plight,
 Soon sped away
The beauteous orb to orient skies,
There to o'errule our destinies
 In endless day.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

(New Version.)

God save our Noble King,
William our Mighty King,
God save the King :
May he still happy be,
In strength and sovereignty,
To rule o'er Britons free,
God save the King.

O Lord, in mercy deign,
To bless Great William's reign,
Joy may he bring ;
That Brunswick's star may shine
With all the rays divine
Of his Illustrious Line,
God save the King.

May he his Sceptre wield,
To us both spear and shield,
While Plaudits Ring ;
Defend our Rights and Laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with Heart and Voice,
God save the King.

To fair Queen Adelaide
All homage due be paid,
Loyalty cling ;
God save the King and Queen,
Be they united seen,
No foe to intervene,
God save the King.

PEACE ON EARTH.

I woo a spirit bland, replete
With moral good, and genuine worth,
Which generous ardor well may greet ;
What nymph so fair as—Peace on Earth !

Ah ! could the unborn babe aspire
To such a blessing at its birth,
As should surpass man's vain desire,
'Twere then to meet sweet Peace on Earth.

The lofty tower, the trophied hall,
The festive scenes of garish mirth,
The painted dome, the splendid ball,
Are poor, compared to Peace on Earth.

Oh! how delightful, could we find,
Abroad, and at the social hearth,
Love's intercourse of heart and mind—
The emblem of sweet Peace on Earth!

Then should we bear from Heaven supplies,
As carping elves would feel a dearth,
And look to higher, happier skies,
While blest with kindly Peace on Earth.

THE BACCHANAL.

What are these sounds I hear? The voice of mirth?
Ah! rather say, The din of deep dishonour:
These orgies and carousals are not good.
'Tis in their midnight revels that men lose
All fear of God, and knowledge of themselves;
For wine inflames the passions, chiefly those
Which bring forth evil, and destroy our peace.
Behold the picture of degenerate man,
And shun the path which leads to sad remorse.—
The beardless youth now tastes the deadly draught,
And the hoar sinner drinks it to the dregs.
Here sits rank ribaldry, with turgid cheek,
And lips obscene; and there base Envy scoffs

At probity and worth ; while fierce Desire
Unbidden strains her throat in Folly's rear.
By the drained flagon, too, behold Disease,
And deadly Malady, and a long train
Of Woes inglorious, and ignoble Pains.
The Drunkard at the mad debauch will game,
Or, when he leaves it, fall into the haunts
Of Villainy, and vile and venal Lust.
And where are then the children and the wife ?
He heeds them not ; his hot and boiling blood,
Though tainted and debased, vainglorious man !
Is raised too high to yield to claims like theirs.
Sayest thou, The canvas is o'ercharged ? alas !
It is not half unfolded.—Here, amidst
Their senseless feats, are oft devised plots
At which our very nature must recoil,
Or freaks too dissolute for chaste reproof.
The impious jest, and oath profane, are heard,
'Mid fiend-like grins, and shouts of hoarse discordance.
See that weak wretch, aping, in atheist scorn,
The guise of death :—ah ! little does he think

That Death, in dire reality, this night
Will seize the victim of unholy joy,
And close at once his profligate career.
Look well to this, fond youth, lest ye, disgraced,
Should God prolong your days, in after-life,
Become fit objects of reproach—disgust,
And, it may be, commiseration too ;
For infamy and vice, like this pourtrayed,
Calls down the judgments of avenging Heaven.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Gay Fancy's dreams, no more deceive—

Oh! quit this tossed and tortured breast,
Illusions fair I fain would leave;

By other hearts be now caressed:

My lorn delight,

At noon and night,

Is mild repose to greet, and listless, quiet rest.

'Tis grateful from this world to steal,

As forms that ne'er to act were born,

That ne'er were doomed love's pangs to feel,

Nor from their faithful friends were torn;

The hollow smile,

The tongue of guile,

Ne'er knew, nor the disdainful, lurid eye of scorn.

Ah! little sees the heedless boy,
So fine in feather, fierce in fire,
Grasping each glittering, giddy toy,
The sting of joys men most admire—
The hour of pain,
The cares of gain,
And the unhallowed couch of restless, base desire.

'Tis well, methinks, to scan the ill
Which Nature casts o'er schemes below,
For 'tis to Disappointment, still,
That we a reckless round forego
Of pleasures vain,
Of life the bane,
And learn to act as friends, and feel another's woe.

The mean and sordid spirit hence,
'Tis good and healthful to remove—
To loose the bands of time and sense,
And raise the soul to heavenly love;
From toils to spring,
And joyful wing
Our hopes to happier climes, and cloudless bliss above.

THE EXILE.

**To other regions let's away
From this false land's tumultuous strife ;
Here we can no longer stay,
Beloved child, and dearest wife.**

**Let us find some other soil,
Distant far though it may be,
Where, blest with love and cheerful toil,
We may live happy, safe, and free.**

**No more oppression's load to feel,
No more detraction's shafts to bear,
There our affections let us seal,
With hearts at ease, and light as air.**

There we may mark the vicious pride—
The follies of this sordid isle,
And, if we censure or deride,
Mix pity with our transient smile.

Haste, beloved, let us go
To famed Columbia's fruitful shore,
For here the streams of misery flow,
And virtue will return no more.

TRUTH.

Sweet is the incense of the morn,
And sweet the bloom of vivid youth,
Sweet the sound of echoing horn,
But far more sweet the voice of Truth.

Fair is the opening of the spring,
The promise fair of swains who woo,
Fair the insect's painted wing,
But fairer still the heart that's true.

Pure is the breath of jasmine bowers,
Pure the hue of fleecy snows,
Pure are the streams of vernal showers,
The faith as pure that friendship knows.

Lovely the glance of virgin's eye,
Lovely the infant's angel smile,
More lovely than the azure sky
Is fond regard that knows no guile.

THE LAND OF THE SLAVE.

**Ye Britons so free, who rule the wide main,
Oh! break the harsh links of this obdurate chain;
If the voice of affliction your pity may crave,
Extend it to me—a poor negro slave.**

**Your greatness and might let the nations now see,
While enjoying securely your sweet liberty;
Let your grandeur and power from misery save
Him who mourns his sad lot in the land of the slave.**

**I long for a soil where affection may dwell,
Here, if haply I wed, my wife they may sell;
No delight could I taste, though a child she should have,
For the pledge of fond love is the child of a slave.**

Oh! shame to the Christian! I groan for his ease,
Though of mercy he tells, yet my troubles ne'er cease;
I toil without hire, yet he says I'm a knave,
For I live and I die in the land of the slave.

From Britain's fair isle, where bright science appears,
May Virtue regard the lorn African's tears;
He looks o'er the deep to the shores of the brave,
While he breathes tainted air in the land of the slave.

Ye friends of the weak, give me speedy relief,
Ere death yields its solace to calm my long grief—
Ere, sunk with oppression, I lie in the grave,
Which rescues the soul from the land of the slave.

STANZAS TO THE MOON.

I.

Sweet Cynthia, clad in white,
I feel thy power
In this lone hour.
Thou seem'st, methinks, to smile on me :
To mar the sight
No tempests lower ;
But, by thy lovely beams,
Dart rays from Hope's bright streams,
For, ah ! the maid I love appears full oft with thee.

II.

Inconstant, do not change,
 Pass not away
 To future day ;
I fain would dream of fond delight,
 In frolic range,
 And sportive play,
Would sweep the curling flood,
Dancing in magic mood,—
Would run thy path, and roam with thee by day and night.

III.

With thee to plead is vain ;
 Thy look askance,
 And sidelong glance,
Already tell me of thy state ;—
 Yet smile again :
 O sad mischance,—
How cheerless is the thought,
With present darkness fraught,
To know I soon must lose the joys thy charms create.

IV.

Why turns thy cheek so pale ?
 In languid guise
 Thy figure hies :
Do bright celestials feel like men ?
 Do they inhale
 Fierce jealousies ?
And can they ever fear
 In beauty a compeer ?
If not, benignant being, prythee smile again.

V.

Thy brow is clouded o'er,
 As in disdain
 Of Earthly stain :
I tune no more the shepherd's reed ;
 In spirit sore,
 I sigh my pain,
When thy averted face
 No longer I can trace ;
And yet thou seem'st, regardless, back wards to recede.

VI.

Anon thy lustre glows :
 The ravished sense
 Feels high pretence,
While, raised above, thy glories shine :
 With rapture flows
 Fresh hope, and hence,
Renewed fond sympathies
 Within my breast arise,
While to the skies I look, and view thy form divine.

THE FAIRIES.

**“ Fairies, by the moon’s soft beams,
Shining bright on crystal streams,
Let us dance like Fancy’s dreams.”—**

**Thus, gliding through the buoyant haze,
Spake the wanton Queen of fays,
And led on the curious maze.**

**Now the airy, sportive elves
Whirl by twenties and by twelves,
To music subtile as themselves.**

**Light they trip it o’er the blade
Of tender turf, in th’ opening glade,
Where droops the flower, and pines the maid.**

'Til, wearied out with frolic fits,
The airy Queen adown she sits,
And calls around her fairy wits.

Close they shut the fitting wing,
And in soft tones love-ballads sing,
Sitting in a tiny ring.

As they ply their ductile throats,
Sweet music in the welkin floats,
And Fancy swift caught up the notes.

“Near this flow of silver wave,
To a maiden fair would rave,
And sigh, a youth sincere and brave ;

But her heart a flatterer won,
And on him her graces shone,
The youth was by her scorn undone.

Forth he sped him to the wars,
Careless of all, except love's scars,
And bled like one who Death's deed dares.

The brave youth found the hero's fate,
The maid forgot her scorn and hate,
Compassion came, but came too late—”

“ By this soft and trickling rill,
Two heedless lovers took their fill,
But Hymen disavows them still.

Loves, by Virtue bound, are treasures,
Joys of Vice have scanty measures,
Wisdom frowns on guilty pleasures.”—

“ Under this high beech tree's shade,
Dæmon sought his favorite maid,
And his suit was well repaid.

The hallowed fane receives the pair,
Bright shines the torch of Hymen there,
And Fame's full tones their vows declare.”—

“ With flowerets from the blushing lawn,
The village hinds their nymphs adorn,
Smiling as the vernal morn.

But when their wistful court is paid,
Away from native sun and shade,
The flowers oft are seen to fade.

And oft, beneath the moon's fair light,
The vows which ardent lovers plight,
Will vanish with the dews of night."—

"But now," exclaimed the antic Queen,
"Aurora peeps in radiant mien,
We must not by base men be seen ;

Hie we to the forest-shade,
And sleep while cares the world invade,
'Tis for pleasure we were made."

THE PORTENT.

O strange disorder, and confusion wild !
Methought, a sudden shade o'erspread the sun,
The screech-owl, from the lofty battlements,
In haggard strains, proclaimed some dire disaster ;—
The croaking raven, towards the gory field,
Sped its fierce way, along the lurid sky ;—
The towering eagle left his native rocks,
And, soaring high o'er earthly destinies,
Winged his strong flight to distant lands, and cleft
Through many a dizzy league ;—disparting heavens,
Within their wide expanse, discovered gulfs
Immeasurably deep, and seas of flame ;—
Earth yawned, and, trembling, from its dark abyss
Sent forth its deathly groans.—What can this mean ?

TO FLAVIA.

A SONNET.

Well, dearest Flavia, I will tell thee whence
Arose those pleasing transports in my breast,
Transports, approved by thee, and ever blessed.—
'Twas not thy beauty's power, and fair pretence,
Thy polished wit, vivacity, and sense,
That could Love's empire fully, firmly seal—
Could thus compel this wayward heart to feel,
And, feeling, to confess thy excellence.
No! 'twas thy virtues warmed the fervent sigh :—
The eager foot that seeks the mourner's roof,
The tender eye that softens at reproof,
The charm of genuine, modest verity,
The secret spell of sweet sincerity,
These won me to thy ways, and were enough.

AFFECTION'S SMILE.

Let Cræsus' sons add to their store,
With anxious care, and patient toil ;
I seek the soothing glance, no more,
The lover's wealth's affection's smile.

Let pomp and place their votaries claim,
While envious feuds within them boil ;
I ask not grandeur, rank, nor fame,
The lover's pride's affection's smile.

Let those who frolic feats admire
With giddy sports the hours beguile ;
To nobler pleasures I aspire,
The lover's joy's affection's smile.

Let those whom airy scenes amuse
 Away their time in folly while ;
A more substantial boon I chuse,
 The lover's stay's affection's smile.

Let bacchanals the glass desire,
 With jovial jest, and mad turmoil ;
Give me a purer, holier fire,
 The lover's life's affection's smile.

Let pedants o'er dull pages pore,
 And studious waste the midnight oil ;
I learn from Nature's favored lore,
 The lover's light's affection's smile.

THE ORWELL.

“ O’er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po ;”

Let far-famed rivers, pressed with treasures, glide,
And glittering waters from gondolas bear
Their mermaid-music to the ravished ear ;
Yet, Orwell, I would greet thy tranquil tide.

Let Tigris’ banks its antique turrets boast,
Where mandarins, in lordly state, take post ;

Let rolling surges adverse regions save ;
Let Asiatic grandeur Hoogley shew—
Its towering forts and splendid budgero ;
Orwell, I like thy weakly-winding wave.

Let wide Ohio, bearing many a load
Of scattered forests on its buoyant flood,
 With Nature's wealth magnificently teem ;
Impetuous rapids prone St. Lawrence roll,
And wheeling cataracts, that mock controul ;
 Orwell, I yet would hail thy placid stream.

Let ancient Nile outspread its mighty wave,
And unknown shores of "eighty nations" lave,
 Where roaring lions range the desert sands ;
And its o'erwhelming waters proudly own,
Its fruitful banks luxuriant harvests crown ;
 I'm pleased, fair Orwell, with thy peaceful lands.

Let beauteous Clyde delight th' excursive eye,
And, rich in soft exuberance, outvie
 Swift Elbes, and Vistula's far-reaching tides ;
Let tributary wealth to Thames still croud,
And victor navies, proudest of the proud,
 Orwell, I love the ease of thy still sides.

Though wonderment to distant climes may roam,
And wild ambition stem the torrent's foam,
 Yet, meditation I would rather greet ;
'Tis for aspiring youth to meet turmoil,
The hardy, sinewy limbs were made for toil,
 But life far-spent desires a mild retreat.

And such art thou, O Orwell, on thy ways,
The mind, inverted, turns to earlier days ;
 And, as upon an eminence, can scan
The value of the world's alluring toys,
Its pomps, and luxuries, and maddening joys,
 And look to Heaven to guide the future man.

Not, Orwell, that thy stream's to song unknown,
Nor that high Fame doth now thy banks disown ;
 Here bright-eyed Science uses will advance,
Here glory rests, and patriot ardor glows—
Our hopes in peace, in war defence from foes,
 And mansions rise in tasteful elegance.

Nor that thy swelling waves too faintly flow
To swim the gallant bark, and freighted prow ;
 For commerce oft salutes the welcome gale,
The frequent schooner glides by Freston's tower,
The wherry plies, and gleams the glistening oar,
 And Hearth-Reach homeward draws the crouding sail.

But, through thy sylvan groves I pensive hie,
Illumed by Contemplation's inward eye :
 Here, where wild banks o'erhang the glassy plane,
A sacred fervor seizes on the soul ;—
I see the monkish garb, the saintly cowl,
 And all the relics of some holy fane.

Here I can view the rudely-sculptured frame,
Inscribed with many a long-forgotten name,
 The " storied urn, and animated bust :"
Now on the ear soft steals the vesper bell,
From cloistered cells ascends the anthem's swell,
 And chaunts by men long mouldering in the dust.

Though superstition dimmed their dreary day,
They Heavenward humbly bent their pious way,
 Their footsteps marked with godly charity ;
Their hallowed vows rose upwards to the skies,
Content with good, they sought not to be wise,
 But leaned on truth with meek sincerity.

Though plain their altars, modest their pretence,
The soul was offered up in penitence—
 The duteous sacrifice of hearts sore riven ;
But now a tower's spread from shore to shore,
Grounded in art, and proud polemic lore,
 By which ambitious men would reach to Heaven.

Our ancestors, impelled by power divine,
Dug deep for treasures in the hidden mine,
 While true religion blessed their patient toil ;
But we, no longer with their cares perplexed,
No penance own in this world or the next,
 And think t' obtain the ore without the foil.

Ah! let us not deride their rites severe,
Their manners rude, observances austere,
Nor loosely censure errors in their creed ;
Though knowledge had not reared its crest on high,
Faith, through the gloom, could fairer realms descry,
And they have long since gained fair virtue's meed.

For, when time's lengthened ages shall unrol
The knowledge written on its future scroll,
When embryo beings systems new shall weave,—
Should moralist then scan our days of yore,
And rigidly our maxims then explore,
At our vain notions they may smile or grieve.

Then, Orwell, may thy banks, with foliage green,
Present a softer, sweeter, halcyon scene,
And calm reflection still muse o'er thy wave ;
Here may some kindred spirit happier prove,
Replete with good, and rich in heavenly love,
When nought remains of me, nor of my grave.

POPULAR EFFERVESCENCE.

A SONNET.

This saucy zest, methinks, is like new beer ;—
It has a spirit, mixed indeed with froth,
Yet, though it sometimes bursts, 'tis something worth :
Yes ! 'twill afford us profit and good cheer,
And England now can rate her home-brewed dear ;
Therefore to lose it, ere 'tis ripe, I'm loth—
I wish to save the ale and vessel both ;
But then, I'd have it at fit times t' appear.
Let's keep secure the wholesome beverage
Until its boiling heat has fully worked,
Or else our expectations may be balked :
Then pent in bottles, our best hopes t' engage,
Let the fumacious tempest spend its rage,
But take good care to see it be well corked.

THE UNKNOWN.

A SONNET.

There is a creature we esteem most true,
Just, generous, wise, and all that men admire,
One warmed with social zeal, and patriot fire ;—
A wight, whose every motive, could we view,
Would our exulting hearts with praise renew :
And, when to holy fervors we aspire,
He seems to sanctify each loose desire :
He tells us what we should, and should not do.
In confidence he is our dearest friend :
He oft supports our cause, disclaiming self,
And cannot be a wild, capricious elf.
Yet such a being I must not commend,
For though he ably may our deeds defend,
This Satan, 'suming specious forms, is Self.

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

— Intus et in cuté novi. Pers. Sat.

Yes! it is true, I loved thee then,
And thought my kindness well repaid,—
Warmly espoused each wish, e'en when
Thy follies cast thee in the shade.

I viewed thy ways with partial pride,
When honor seemed thy steps to deck,
Thy worth by friendship magnified,
Thy vices dwindled to a speck.

Ah! I have borne reproach for thee,
And borne for thee the frowns of fate,
A generous heart thy ready plea,
A constant mind thy advocate.

The ties that knit me to thy cause,
Have penury and scorn withstood—
Bonds severed not by selfish laws,
But torn by base ingratitude.

Yet sweet affection struggled long
'Gainst treachery's malefic power,
But how could love sustain the wrong—
The crime-of-heart, unknown before?

But, though we part, I wish thee well,
My mind is prone to serve thee still;
The place where friendship loved to dwell
Is now a blank which none can fill.

Farewell! review thy sunless noon,
And may kind Heaven its influence send ;
I knew thee a companion boon,
I know thou never wast a friend.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Old Maud, to prove she could direct,
Drunk Dennis hit o'th head :
Drunk Dennis, with his intellect,
Directly went to bed.

THE WHEREFORE.

No wonder that so many crimes
On this poor nation fasten,
For 'tis a sin, in these bad times,
To be a goodly parson.

THE CIVIC FÊTE.

“ Audaces fortuna juvat.”

**Some jacks and jockeys sought of late,
To feast dame Fortune, and to pin her ;
But they could neither win her plate,
Nor could they even roast the dinner.**

**They chose a drear and darksome night,
For revels which they had in mind,
Seeing their deeds would shun the light,
And Fortune is for ever blind.**

Ye owlets, who, as rats and moles,
 Would glut in darkness, not like men,
Go, creep with them to caitiff-holes,
 And never shew your freaks again.

For ye have spread such strange alarms,
 With scum, and froth, and filthy dregs,
That some lift high their hands and *arms*,
 And some look downwards to their legs.

Go, brood in hovels on the grate,
 There you may dream of smoke and fire ;
But look not up to power and state,
 Nor dare to Fortune's gifts aspire.

But if to spoil you still desire,
 And these foul fancies ne'er recant,
Britannia's arm, with godlike fire,
 Stamps on thy foreheads " Miscreant."

For Glory beams upon our isle,
Here Honour holds a patriot band,
We still enjoy fair Freedom's smile,
And Fortune favors this brave land.

THE HEART THAT'S TRUE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Riches pain the passing hour,
Wit, though bright, is piercing too,
Beauty fades like bloom or flower,
But grateful is the heart that's true.

Some boast a firm and equal mind,
The liberal arts to some accrue,
But where shall we e'er hope to find
The liberal heart that's firmly true.

Pleasures, when all things well betide,
Soft blandishments will oft renew ;
These, though they blemishes may hide,
Discover not the heart that's true.

But when Misfortune clouds the scene,
And Poverty appears in view,
When friendships cool, reproof is keen,
Then you may know the heart that's true.

Damon had corn and fleecy care,
When Phyllis' smiles he sought to woo ;
Her looks and words were fond and fair,
He thought his shepherdess was true ;

But when his flocks from home had strayed,
And on his crops the east wind blew,
Fair smiles no more adorned the maid,
Ne' kind was she, nor was she true.

How sweet the maid, in whom we trace
A chastened beauty ever new,
Endowed with mind, and moral grace,
Whose form is lovely, heart is true !

ANACREONTIC.

Friends of song
Join our throng,
 Fresh offerings let us raise,
On altars high,
And rend the sky
 With great Apollo's praise :
The radiant god and muses join
To render music all-divine.

Bring the string,
The clarion bring,
 All minstrelsy this night ;—
Its deepest drones,
And treble tones
 In harmony unite :
Bring the timbrel, viol, lute,
And the soft, melodious flute.

The roof resounds
With mingled sounds,
 And loudest thunder-peals ;
And now again,
The melting strain
 O'er soul and senses steals :
And now the notes in ether die,
Responsive to the zephyr's sigh.

They rise anon,
By ardor won,
 While genius strikes the shell ;

The chords ascend,
And fury lend
 To the tumultuous swell :
At length they fall ; the tuneful choir
Strike, in loftiest strains, the lyre.

No more are seen
Those spirits mean—
 Envy and base design ;
But all agree,
Harmoniously,
 Their hearts with warmth to join.
Then, while to Love's soft power we bend,
Apollo's call let all attend.

HIDDEN GEMS.

How earnestly do men explore
The hidden caverns of the main,
Where Ocean keeps his countless store,
The pearl of greatest price to gain!

With careful toil, and keen desire,
We see the anxious merchant pine,
When his ambitious hopes aspire
To draw the diamond from the mine.

Skilled alchemists have vainly sought
The splendid philosophic stone,
And modern seers have dearly bought
The richer rays where science shone.

Then, should we not supremely prize
The gem transcendent, from above,
Not formed beneath these nether skies,—
The jewel rare of heavenly love.

ANTICIPATION.

Damon, on meeting Phyllis, said,
I know a swain right constant, true,
Who hourly sighs for thee, Fair Maid,—
Quoth she, Dear Damon, it is You.

INFANT SLEEP.

How beautiful is sleep !
Yet if its purest beauties thou wouldst feel,
On the babe's slumber creep,
And bid thy heart confess its mute appeal.

BARTON.

How lovely is the infant's rest,
Who no sad care or sorrow knows ;
Reclining on its mother's breast,
It sweetly sinks to soft repose !

Sleep on, sweet babe, but never dream
Of mischiefs that may soon appear,
Though Joys to dance around thee seem,
And Pleasures hail thy gay career.

Sleep on, dear child, fearless of all
The rugged ills that men betide,
Nor trace those terrors that appal
Because they are to sin allied.

May not th' Oppressor's scourge invade
The tender windings of thy heart,
Nor Cruelty, in thorns arrayed,
O'er thy mild slumbers fiercely dart.

Banished from thee be crooked Guile ;
To Treachery be closed thine eyes ;
For, Ah ! that playful, gentle smile
Beams from the soul, in beauty's guise.

And far from thee may Death remove,
With Maladies, a direful train ;
So that thy visions safe may rove
Through fairy paths, and free from pain.

May Eden fair, in all its bloom,
To thy fond fancy lend a charm,
Meek Piety thy breast illumine,
And Angel-Love thy spirit warm.

STRENGTH UNITED.

A SONNET AND ACROSTIC.

“ the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;
 And o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!”

THOMPSON.

Strange! that these shores of freedom should be found
 To foster gentilitious discontent,
 Reckless of tumults and each social rent!
 Exceptors, hence, are mining all that's sound,
 Nerving each arm, which well may men astound,
 'Gainst this great nation's unity and bent,
 Though ruin rests where she of strength is shent.
 Have history's traces vanished from our ground?—

Unknown are now our Teutons' feuds to sooth ?

No ; but their ways can now few minds engage,

Intestine wars no mailed kings now wage :

To the United Isles their monarch's ruth

Equal extends, who, armed with sacred truth,

Defends her laws, which still adorn our age.

TO A PIN.

A SONNET.

Heroes oft vainly seize the sounding spear,
On casque and cuirass rings the blade so keen ;
But thy thin essence, smoothly sharp and sheen,
Pierceth the proud, to the high heart comes near,
And is to every lady's liking dear :
Yes ! reft of ties, strange conflict oft is seen,
For damsels, losing thee, have frantic been ;
And yet thy dart is dipped not in a tear.
Though blushing beauties may thy aid discard,
Still thou dost well with loveliness agree,
And thy prompt power maintains their sovereignty :
No hostile arm can e'er thy force retard,
Thy post it is the virgin zone to guard,
In short, thy praise is this—Utility.

TO POETRY.

A SONNET.

Who can disdain the Muses' soft retreat !
Sweet Poesy, to thee the song I raise,
And cast on thy fair form the frequent gaze :
Oh ! may no latent foe fresh hopes defeat,
When envied boons I at thy hands entreat ;
But smile propitious on my artless lays,
And, if thou canst, illumine them with thy rays,
Whilst richer pulses in their currents beat.
Some may on trophied altars rest their lyre,
And some may greet the poet's deathless name ;
Let others wistful woo the meed of fame,
To thee alone my ardent thoughts aspire,
When thy fond presence animates desire,
And o'er the spirit breathes its sacred flame.

AUTHORSHIP.

A SONNET.

Ah me! what Perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold Iron.

BUTLER.

Woe to the wight who once begins to dip
 Into the crooked path and close defile,
 That marks the cares of editorial toil!
Ah me! the hidden perils of the trip
He little knows; for should he make a slip,
 Halting, he will not meet with balmy oil,
 Nor will Dame Fortune greet him with a smile,
But spectral scorn, seen curling on her lip.
If patience, he, perchance, preserve, 'tis well;
 For lets and lairs still lurk at every nook.
 Some "deeply drink" of the Pierian brook,
On native force and wit some fondly dwell;
But skilful artisans esteem it well,
 Before they make, to learn to move a Book.

A HISTORY.

“The wandering Sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain ;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find, at last, content and ease.”

OLD SONG.

In Friday Street, by Fate's decree,
 Born seventeen-hundred-seventy-three,
 In Eighty-two our hero's seen
 At Naudin's school, half-starved I ween :
 Want, chilblains, tyranny, sore disease,
 Toil, battles, stripes, he feels and sees ;
 Confinement, too, mephitic vapours,
 Hot nitrogen and lambent tapers ;
 These and some other rubs and raps,
 Betimes inure him to mishaps.

But passing now from sense to reasoning,
These were for future ills a seasoning :
(Adderley junior, Adderley minor,
In conflicts found him no repiner) :
Besides, though tender drops he drew,
He fairly beat in knowledge too.
From Hackney's turned to Newington Green,
Where Mistress Cockburn ruled I mean,
And — Hewlett (John) A. B. was Master,
That boys might learn their tasks the faster.
In Eighty-five, when grown more big,
To India sails, a guinea-pig,
By Biscay Bay and Cape Tormentos,
Where winds and waves left rough mementos.
Driven on Dorset's shelvy coast,
Where Æolus mocks the seaman's boast,
In lieu of gaining Indus' shores,
Whence Asia's urn its wealth outpours ;
The Halsewell just before was wrecked,
Though pleasure's plumes her cabins decked.
Deluded by the syren's voice,
Perhaps they dreamt of future joys :

Her fate presents a contrast rare,
'Twixt buoyant hope and blank despair.
At Madras, too, a mishap dire,—
The Duchess of Kingston's lost by fire :
And soon The Foulis met her fate,
Though none were left the tale to relate.
As towards the Downs our vessel rounded,
On the dread Flats we struck, and grounded.
But, 'scaped the perils of the main,
The boy is placed at school again,
Near Greenwich Park ; and fagged at Latin,
At Doctor Egan's, night and matin.
Goes afterwards, his hopes to fan,
Of The Europa Midshipman,
Which to Whampoa found a path,
Governed by Captain Applegath ;
A good and trusty sailor he
As ever led a ship to sea :
Wheatley and Jones we left behind,
Dear England never more to find ;
For, from our safer ship set free,
These venturous chiefs were lost at sea.

In this long voyage the treat was great
To quaff the seven-bells chocolate,
Tendered by one who graced the favor,
And gave the beverage its flavour.
For thanks to one, my sheet 's too brief,
Who was of **The Vansittart Chief.**
In **Ninety**, the young salamander
Is rated mid of **Th' Alexander** ;
Walter and **Stanley** interest made,
By which he reached that flattering grade :
And here, this moment while I write,
Though other themes my song invite,
The latent flame revives anew,
Which, noble **Sirs**, was raised by you.
Then, seaman like, and for skill's sake, he
Steers in **The Friendship** to **Jamaica** ;
Though, from the **Downs**, by sad mistake,
They're nearly driven on the **Brake** ;
And, under jury-masts must veer,
For safety, into **Ramsgate Pier** :
Arrived, in **Clarendon** and **Vere**,
He met with kindness and good cheer ;

With belles and cavaliers would ride,
In lordly seeming, side by side ;
(Fair S——, thy coursers seemed to run,
Chased by the chariot of the sun) ;
Yet saw the slave's oppressive ills,
Which the free heart with horror fills :
Then, strange enough his lot was cast,
Loading **The Beckford**, 'fore-the-mast.
(His cumbrous chest, and stock for sea,
Farquhar, were handed home by thee,
As things beneath his motion's centre—
Impediments to his adventure).
Behold him now (**T. T.**) on board
The Richard Snow but badly stored,
A 'fore-mast-man, **T. Hughes** her Master
For **Belfast**, anchor where she cast her :
At sea, fierce rum oft raised those spirits,
That each who **Erse** can speak inherits ;
For all but him owned **Erin's** land,
Whose hot-brained sons our bark had manned.
In **Ninety-one**, **Cockswain** promoted,
Jack, once again, to **India** floated ;

But narrowly escaped with life,
From fever, in Bengal so rife.
Prime Officers, who then could say,
That you should still outlive this day ?
Yet on your chieftain, sole, as yet,
The sun of life, I think, has set.
Here would I, Stoddart, had I place,
Thy all-creative pencil trace ;
Which could with just conceptions charm,
And pride itself, with power disarm :
Good-humour marked the magic skill,
That facts and fictions framed at will ;
Struck with a sympathetic fire,
Its touches woke Loxias' lyre ;
E'en goblins rose at thy command,
Obedient to a master-hand.
In England, 'twas a heavy blow,
He found his sire by death laid low.
Fourth of the King George next he stands,
Revisits Cathay's ancient lands :
His senior officers, now, were all
Of the Royal Navy, great and small :

Our ship was fleetest of the fleet,
Except the van, and Rose so neat ;
But what is rank in ruin cast,
Or glory when its ray is past !
Descending, once, Saint James's Valley,
Some noncoms made on us a sally ;
'Til this right Royal fray on dry land
Was stayed by the Marshal of the Island :
For this offence the reds were tried,
But to their ships the blues were tied.
In Ninety-five, we find our strutter,
As Third Mate, bound for gay Calcutta ;
Where virtues in the meek Hindoo,
Respond to our religion true :
For Camdeo and Ganesa
O'er their sweet spirits cast a ray
Of virtue and of loveliness,
To animate their souls and bless :
A Heaven-born charm exalts the hue
That marks a faith and honour true :
Yet, here for proselytes we roam—
Fidelity not found at home.

At Fort Saint George, sworn in as Second,
High Hope, upborne, his fortune reckoned ;
For our Chief Mate, 'twas wondrous all,
Sought a new station in Bengal.
Our ship the Indian Ocean spanned,
And reached Sumatra's burning land,
Where her hot cham, with nine-tail verge,
By nightrule chose a man to scourge ;
But I will not distain these pages
With petty feuds where passion rages.
Soon after us arrived The Queen,
When Braham met his friend, I ween :
Space I have none, e'en were I able,
To rate th' enjoyment of his table :
Instead of this, poor Shank, I'll pay
Thee tribute in this humble lay :—
Thou hadst indeed a noble mind,
A heart sincere, a spirit kind,
Feelings that spurned a base controul,
Senses that marked a free-born soul :
Thy worth still lives in friendship's breast,
And peace will o'er thy ashes rest,

Though death hath cast its deepest shade
O'er the far region where thou 'rt laid.*
Douglas, in memory too I see
The Fourteen Indians saved by thee ;—
Thy energies the anchor weighed,
And death, in mid career, was stayed,
When their frail bark by storms o'erta'en,
Lay prone and powerless on the main :
And, on our cruise to take a prize,
Thy presence o'er my spirit hies.
At length they gain a pepper freight,
And homeward steer, with hearts elate,
So, pressing on, their course they shape
To Table Bay, at Afric's cape :
Here they soon cure a toilsome leak,
That Jack could find, as well as seek :

* Mr. Thomas Shank, Surgeon, was much respected in the ship. On the preceding voyage, though a mere youth, he successfully performed an operation involving life, at St. Helena, which no other medical man in the island would adventure on. The Chief Officer of the same ship, who had been a brother-midshipman with the Author, was some few years afterwards lost in The Lady Burgess, at St. Jago.

And here, from such kind Heaven defend us,
A mutiny's quailed in The Tremendous ;
For the firm Fort prepared to batter
The noxious ship with heavy matter ;
Hence he's commanded, being too nigh her,
To help to move his prow from the fire :
Here, too, to awe the sturdy crews,
Came in, in style, L' Imperieuse,
Commanded by, here you may trust us,
Captain Lord Fitzroy (Augustus).
At St. Helena, much offended,
He from his station is suspended,
By what is called a Court of Inquiry,
Which to expose would only tire ye,
For charging his sublime Commander
With acts befitting a salamander ;
And then, so willed the Leaden Dervises,
Received short insults for long services ;
But sounds that sweep an empty pate
It fits us not to fear or hate :
Resentments' glow long since has past,
But friendships' warmth will ever last.

In Ninety-eight, he 's cock-a-whoop,
And Master of The Aid, a sloop ;
So sails, for profit and for freak,
To Trinidad and Martinique :
From Paria's gulf to Saint Pierre
He by the cynosure did steer ;
But, chased, at dusk, off Saint Lucie,
From the swift foe he scarce could flee,
Yet gained secure Saint Vincent's bay,
And found an offing free next day.
At Martinique he had to rue,
Dear Tran, a fever suaged by you ;
Though covered with mulatto skin,
Fair was thy spirit lodged within.
But soon a ship in great distress
He joins, to make her wants the less ;
We hove her keel above the tide,
And timber to the rent applied ;
Resisted, too, the knavish biters,
When robbing Lloyd's free underwriters.
In Ninety-nine, our glowing spark
Commands The Jackson, Letter-o-marque ;

But not 'til he a rout had quelled,
When new-shipped men with threats rebelled,
And vowed the anchor they 'd ne'er weigh,
'Till full assured of special pay ;
(To Speak, when he could set some sails,
He signal made to **The Prince of Wales**,
Commanded by stout **Captain Renou**,
Who led the convoy then we well knew) ;
And to his Captain paid the last
Sad offices, and duly cast
His corse into the briny deep,
Where countless sons of Ocean sleep :
A friendly ship he had 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 ;
Both lining out and clear invention,
The Captain's own, 'tis fit to mention.—
And has he not a just pretence,
Ye Rulers, to a recompense ?—

Look at his book of Seamanship,
Which has prevented many a slip ;
And, 'midst the howling tempests' strife,
Has saved, I doubt not, many a life.—
For England is a Naval nation,
Where Tars are useful in their station.
But soon our Mate, (no time to saunter),
Rigs high The tall Trelawny Planter ;
But as, it seems, there was some smuggling,
He thought it best to have no juggling ;
And, for 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 The good ship Granville ;
When, filled with blacks and sons of France,
He's captured by The L' Esperance :
'Tis true the "good ship" made resistance,
But still they would not keep their distance ;
And all her efforts, and her spirit,
Were proved for owners without merit.
Misfortunes on misfortunes risen,
He's inmate in a Spanish prison,

And at Truxillo forced to stay,
In the deep Honduras bay :
Here we and young Lieutenant Hill
Sought the drear hours with mirth to fill ;
And once determined on a plan
To seize a boat and gain Rattan ;
For, such were the disjunctive signs,
We feared to reach their hidden mines ;
Yet here, the gay though plundered sailor
Found friendship in a Spaniard—Vêla.
But soon from durance, his abhorrence,
He's rescued by brave Captain Lawrence,
And in his schooner, American banner,
Arrived, still heart-whole, at th' Havannah.
Fell sick ; to gain Old England sooner,
Surrenders to The Mosquito schooner,
Commanded by Lieutenant Bennet,
A worthy officer, though I pen it ;
And Messieurs Arnold, Vincent, Brien,
Were true when his disease was trying ;
And many a laugh and merry joke
Were furnished by these Hearts of Oak

Thus Jack's a King's-man, bad but loyal,
In the 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.
Of men and things, if any sound 'em,
They'll find he speaks as he has found 'em :
Though some to rub his rhyme may chuse,
Yet some here named it may amuse ;
And, though he has a "mouse-trap" muse,
Candour its smiles will ne'er refuse :
As "fatal's" fond "facility,"
This is his best apology
For what concerns but few, save me.

HYMN.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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'.A NAVAL SONG.

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

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'."

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'."

If dazzling gold illumine the way,
And flattery's elves time-tribute bear,
On this smooth shore I still would say,
"No near', boy ; thus, thus ; no near'."

Would Celia, lovely maid, be mine,
To share my pleasures—sooth my care,
To Lydia's charms I'd ne'er incline ;
Faithful I'd ever cry "No near'."

Her heart's the haven I would gain,
Though casual windings oft may veer ;
And hope still prompts the constant strain,
When fates oppose, which chaunts "No near'."

IN YOUTH.

A RONDO.

**In Youth the martial hero shares
The rush of war, nor danger fears :
Not so soft passion's fury bears,
Yielding quick to Love in tears,**

In Youth.

**In Youth the tender maiden sighs ;
On her pale cheek the rose-tint dies ;
Yet power relentless vainly tries
To bend her will, for love denies,**

In Youth.

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 !

“How have I seen even the accomplished Charissa, for whom so many votaries languish, fondly caressing this little flower! That lovely bosom, which is the seat of innocence and virtue; whose least excellency it is, to rival the delicacy of the purest snows; among a thousand charms of its own, thinks it possible to adopt another from the damask rose-bud.— Yet, even this universal favourite must fail.”

HERVEY.

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 !

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!

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!

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!

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.

AN AMATORY BURLESQUE.

“Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye.”

BUTLER.

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 ;
Lovely Clory,
I implore thee,
 Let me not sigh in vain.

Lovely 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 ;”
Gentle Clory,
Oh ! deplore me,
 I live—I die for thee.

Time shall never
Howsoever
 My heart from thee divide,
But for ever,
In every weather,
 With thee it will abide :
What language could my bliss discover—
What fancy paint the happy lover,

Dearest Clory,
Here before thee,
If thou wouldst be my bride.

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

A PORTRAIT.

Come, Pretty Miss, sit close to me,
And I will speak quite frank and free.—
High hopes and fears withdraw from age,
The mind no justlings then engage ;
For friends, once valued, are no more,
And ills, once grievous, too, are o'er :
Life's busy days no longer last,
And usefulness at length is past.
I am not as I was, 'tis true,
Though once as light and young as you ;
Yet still I live a life of ease,
I've none to plague, 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 seemed 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, Child, in words a few,
You 'll be like me, not I like you.

ARDENT I BURN.

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

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

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.

**THE CHRISTMAS INVITATION DEFERRED
TO MAY.**

“Or, frequent, in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd’s heart,
 Easily pleased ; the long loud laugh sincere ;
 The kiss snatched hasty from the side-long maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.”

THOMPSON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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."

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

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.

————— “just looked on the light ; and then withdrew, into
the more inviting regions of undisturbed repose.”

HERVEY.

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.

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.

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.

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

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

CONSTANCY.

“This Record will for ever stand,”
‘Woman thy vows are traced in sand.’*

BYRON.

Fair as the flowerets in the spring,
Sweet as music’s magic power,
Soft as the air which zephyrs bring,
Such is the angel I adore.

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

**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.**

**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.

——— Farrago libelli. Juv. Sat.

**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 sounding 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? A most rare 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 pretty 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:
 What things are most admired? Why new.
 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.

“ Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day.”

CAMPBELL.

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, still art thou, and yet how fair !

II.

Fain would I woo thy quick return ;

Blest 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 oft would 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 winning smiles !

IV.

Yet would I 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,—
The verdant earth so green, the vigorous skies so blue.

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 flushed his cheek
 With joy extatic, when he eyed
Such heavenly charms unveiled, 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 retrograde, thy high estate ;

Thou placest phantoms in our view,
But wretchedness, alas ! thou ofttimes paintest true.

VII.

Yet will I 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 let me die.

EXPRESSION.A SONNET.

Expression, dear Urania, 'tis I prize :

Expression !

Nay, startle not, thou hast it in those eyes :

Yes ! more than rhetoric they make impression.

For language labours vainly to pourtray

The soft and secret windings of the heart ;

And they in moving eloquence betray

What timorous language dares not to impart :

Nature on these implicitly relies.—

To safely guide the sea-tossed sailor home,

Like stars in heaven's arch they brilliant shine ;

No more the vasty, wildering deep to roam,

In balmy bowers with beauty to recline,

Blest with her blooming charms, and energy divine.

THE WEDDING RING.

Magic circle—potent spell,
Sweet token of the love I bear ;
On Myra's heart for ever dwell,
For I would imprint thee there !

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

Bright thy surface is, though plain,
Real is thy native worth ;
As fair thy joys and free from stain,
As true the pleasures thou bring'st forth.

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

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

Thy polish and refulgence, too,
Add to the hand a winning grace ;
These sweet content and cheer renew,
These ever wear a smiling face.

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.

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.

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 wiles display,
T' attract fond man, and fix their easy prey ;
But, lest their killing graces should assail,
In mercy some conceal them in a veil.

THE MIRROR.

**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.**

**Flattering mirror, strange delight
Thou fashionest to beauty's sight ;
But when sweet Celia thou canst trace,
Thou shew'st a real—matchless grace.**

**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.**

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

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.

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.

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.

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 ;

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.

A NAVAL SONG.

Long was the voyage, hard the fare,
Tiresome the watch's dreary round ;
But Jack has braved both wear and tear,
And now the sailor's Homeward bound.

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.

HOMeward BOUND.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.

“Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.”

THOMPSON.

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.

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 !

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

No! thou wast grateful, generous, gentle, 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 conflicts meet.

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.

This then, my dog, be th' Epitaph 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.

“ When Delia on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.”

LYTTLETON.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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

“ 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.

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

Go, poor 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.

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 !

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 :

“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.

“ But now those white unblemished manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life !” —

THOMPSON.

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 social joy
Beamed on their feasts, and made the viands sweet :
The aged and infirm were fed and clothed,
Not by a sorry rate, and specious tale,
But just economy 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 antic 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 PLAINITIVE 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.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.
HOR. EP.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

A SONG.

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.

What though the amorous spark should prostrate be—

The welkin ring

With vows most sacred, on his bended knee ;

Hear no such thing :

No vapourings to truth belong,

But Love, though little, still lives long.

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

How ardent he ;

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.

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.

But swains who eye their nymphs with temperate joy

Are wiser far ;

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.

“Those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble to a man.”

POPE.

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 misers 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 throughout 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 host,
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 distress.

How shall a man consistent prove ? If bent

On "Virtue, Truth, and Love," by calm content.

REGRET.

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.

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 fled from me.

My tears rise,
Sighs swell,
Hope dies,
Joys 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.

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

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

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

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.

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.

There was a time indeed,
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 ; but now 'tis past,
Hideous to me ye 're grown, and fearful too,
As grim hyenas laughing on their prey ;
Sharper your bite 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 too. Your further rage
Is weak and powerless now: 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.

“ While the soft zephyr whispers through the vale,
And sweetly chaunts the lonely nightingale,
Delighting silence with her dulcet voice ;”—

BIRD.

'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 lonely stillness,—
A stillness how delightful ! interrupted
Only by the nightingale's sweet warbling—
The note of love. The shaded valley fades,
Soothing, in soft retirement from the sight,
Yet seems arrayed in peaceful, placid grandeur,
And mildest harmonies. The mazy river,

Flowing, in folds irriguous, along
The lengthened landscape, far and wide outspreads
Its mellowing lustre 'midst the halcyon scene.
Sweet Contemplation! in this tranquil hour,
Fain would I greet thy smiles, thy pure delights,
And own the master-spirit, whose mild power
Inspires the heart with gratitude and joy,
And animates the hopes of heedless 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 by-gone 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 din, its revellings unhallowed!
At such a time, the blind and grovelling care,
The busy pride of weak and restless men
Seem to the elevated mind no more
Than puny justlings of the insect-tribes.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

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

JOB.

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

**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 !**

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

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

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

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

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

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

JUNE 18th, 1815.

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

THE MAIDEN OF THE MERE.

A BALLAD.

“ Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest and die.”

MALLET.

Far from the lures of balls and plays,
Which damsels hold so dear,
A beauteous virgin passed her days—
The Maiden of the Mere.

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

Her vivid eyes which shone so bright,
 Immersed in heavenly hue,
Beamed like the blissful orbs of light
 Amidst cerulean blue.

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

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

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

A cruel spoiler won her heart,
Usurped a noble name ;
And wrongful nuptials, by his art,
Robbed her of peace and fame.

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

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.”

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.—

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 gather my cresses from dykes,
And I loves to go wherever I likes.—

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 these and more I'll give to thee,
If my true lovier thou wilt be.—

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 gather my cresses from dykes,
And I loves to do whatever I likes.

THE OLD EUROPA.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 *proper* ;
No ship was like the Old Europa.

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.

“ At once, I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning woman's soft dominion.”

BYRON.

How strange the notions that we meet
In every alley, lane, and street.—
Flounced dames, renouncing fries 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,
F'it 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.
 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.
 You never saw so fine a figure !
 Pity she isn't 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 Mistress Quiltit,
 On sand's your house, whoever built it.
 And do you think your minx a treasure ?
 Can she or profit bring or pleasure ?

Pray, what are all her gallic notions—
Her lures, and languishings, and lotions ;
Her taste for novels and romances,
Her butterflies and paper fancies ?—
What all her airs and tricky deeds ?
Will these supply a husband's needs ?—
Will they, when he droops in pain,
Restore him to his health again ?
Can studied gait and leering eye
Or mend 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 feminine 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 ways factitious :
And, though they at your follies wink,
They 're not so simple as you think.

A SKETCH.

“Formed by the Graces, loveliness itself!”

THOMPSON.

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. Sweetness
 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,
 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 friendships' warmth ; 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 spring of action, not a creed,
Or fading, evanescent sentiment :
Hope is its grateful 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.

“L' Amitie est L' Amour sans ailes.”

FRENCH PROVERB.

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 of faith more pure.**

NAPOLEON THE GREAT.

"Aut Cæsar aut nullus."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yes! Saint Helena's rock's the shrine
Of his undying name;
And mighty monarchies combine
To consecrate his fame.

Their fears his dread supremacy,
E'en when he sank, disclose:
Those fears will live in history
The offering of his foes.

Their shafts against his star on high,
Though leaguer-nations hurled,
He shines a sainted destiny—
The wonder of the world.

His country's glory and her zeal,
 Were centred fast in him ;
 He sought no separate, sceptred weal,
 Her trophies bright to dim.

Ambition urged his patriot might
 To empire truly great ;
 His single presence put to flight
 A king, enthroned in state.

Foremost he marched, and solely on,
 His wrested crown to seize ;
 The shout of *Vive Napoleon*
 O'erthrew his enemies.

On their undaunted chieftain's aim
 The nation set a price high :
 Well might their Cæsar then exclaim
 His " *Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

What he achieved, and what he won,
Is known to Europe well ;
But what for France Her hero's done,
For Frenchmen 'tis to tell.

(Say not the Gauls are idly brave,
And woo each changeful hour ;
Their hopes are shrouded in his grave,
But own his sacred power.

Ah ! they have flounced a restless night,
But now 'tis dawn of day ;
A better vision claims the sight,
The sprites have passed away.)

And Gallia will his glory rate,
Invincible, and power ;
Transcendent o'er the momes of state,
And minions of an hour.

His waving banners floated high,
 Above the prostrate foe :
 His eaglets dart along the sky,
 And hostile bands crouch low.

From Mauritania to the Isles,
 Vassals their suit addressed
 To him, their sovereign lord, with smiles,
 The Emperor of the West.

The Pyrenees and Alpine height,
 To his tremendous sway,
 Rocks, rivers, wilds, awed by his might,
 Ope wide a level way.

The capitol and towering dome
 No longer seem to frown ;
 Behold ! a tributary Rome
 Presents the iron crown.

Princes mistrust their sceptres frail,
And to his 'scutcheon cling ;
Confederate potentates now hail
Him their Protector-king.

The honors of the royal band
Rise from his effluence still ;
Thrones he o'erturns with potent hand,
And raises whom he will.

Austria to greet him, lo ! he brings,
And with a suppliant knee :
His coronation humbled kings,
And bowed the holy see.

Through hideous climes and barbarous lands,
He traced, for Freedom's right,
While Lithuania raised her hands,
The savage Muscovite :

He seized but could not lead the boar
 To Eurystheus' feet ;
 For recreant hordes and Fate's fell power
 Pursued his bold retreat.

Yet, 'midst disasters, deep and dire,
 All Europe for his foe,
 Three winters could not quench his fire,
 Nor work his overthrow.

Outstretched upon th' embattled plain,
 The warrior lifts his head,
 To shout " Napoleon, Live, Remain !";—
 Then sinks amongst the dead.

Protective, o'er the Niger flood
 He raised his arm, to save ;
 Fair Freedom's champion then he stood,
 And loosed the fettered slave.

And yet he felled the rebel tree
Of anarchy and blood :
He slew the hydra Liberty,*
And stayed the crimson flood.

But despotism he suffered not
To revel o'er its fall ;
For to the tyrant's heart he shot
An arrow dipped in gall.

Had Albion then the olive shewn,
Her fumes had found a cure,
Her faith had not insolvent grown,
Her forelands now were sure.

Alas ! that art in this brave land,
Should simple truth deform :
The ark of state is near the strand,
Amidst the rising storm.

* Mob-rule, misnamed liberty.

For sordid craft, in fairest guise,
 Drew once a monster grim ;
 And bigotry with moveless eyes,
 Proclaimed 'twas like to Him.

Hence Britain's honor is distained,
 And palms produce their pains :
 An airy triumph we obtained,
 A weight of woe remains.

'Til Heaven some dire probation sends,
 No one his virtue knows ;
 But then, what man like his had friends,
 What man like his had foes !

Popes, emperors, kings, they too are gone,
 Had saltant orgies new ;
 But then, Las Casas, Montholon,
 And Bertrand, he had you !

O Meara, in a twofold sense,
Dispensed the healing art :
The Emperor, then, found firm defence
In one true British heart.—

Hail ! good Samaritans, who passed
Not on “the other side” ;
Who cheered his spirit to the last,
And mourned him when he died.—

Then 'twas, the slime of vulgar spleen
Would tarnish his bright crown :
Its caitiff-toils, so dully mean,
Reached not his high renown.

Indignantly he wrongs sustained,
And spurned each low design :
A Power supreme, he knew, ordained
His diadem to shine.

And great Napoleon Fame defines,
 'Midst wars' and factions' rage,
By mighty deeds and grand designs,
 The glory of his age.

And History will her page adorn
 With his effulgence bright,
Which countless myriads, yet unborn,
 Will hail with fond delight.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

“ All Nature fades, extinct ; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.”

THOMPSON.

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

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

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.

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 !

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, when you
As "Truth's simplicity" are 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 transatlantic 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.

ODE TO NATURE.

“Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.”

DRYDEN.

I.

Spirit of peace !
O'er all the earth extends thy sway,
Never to cease,
'Til Time shall droop and die away :
Let me, sweet Nature, at thy altar bend ;
Inspire my unaffected 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 influence and force 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 form admire ;
Sweet is thy cheerful 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 the shores of adverse 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 lauded 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 life and 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 wondrous worth.

VIII.

But man alone,
Regardless of thy kind decrees,
Is to thy throne
An envious rebel, who would seize
Thy deified domain, and impious raise
Those trophies to himself which are thy proper 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 mazy 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 fiercest pangs bring blooming health again.

THE PEACHES.

Once on a time, such was the rage,
When birch brooms made boys learn'd and sage,
Not pampering the pretty dears
With praises, sugar-plumbs, and leers ;
A school-boy, so my story teaches,
Stole from a pale 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 tempting 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.

An English Rose is always fine,
Here sweetest breath and blushes join ;
But, after many presents past,
I prize thee, for thou art the last.

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

I view thee in a blooming state,
But see the parterre desolate ;
And, when I feel that thou must die,
I look upon thee mournfully.

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

THE METAMORPHOSIS.A FABLE.

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, wantoning in wealth, might soon
Become a mighty great baboon ;
So hied him to the sylvan court,
Where fauns and satyrs dance and sport.
Arrived, with art most sinister,
He thus addressed the minister :—

I'm come to 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,
Superintendent 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 he sate :
At this the grandee takes offence,
Regardless of his high pretence ;
So with a crab-tree stroke relentless lays him flat,
And loyal pug, reformed, springs up a demoerat.

TO HOPE.

A SONNET.

“ With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
 Thine is the charm of life’s bewildered way,
 That calls each slumbering passion into play.”

CAMPBELL.

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.

A SONG.

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.

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.

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

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.

A SONG.

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

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.

“The young, the old, have worn the chains of love,
Let those, they ne'er confined, my lay reprove.”

BYRON.

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

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

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

**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.**

**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.**

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

LIVE AGAIN.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

Purest streams, her eyes, at even,
Salute with her sweet cast in heaven ;
And woo her ear, each murmuring rill,
When all, but love, besides, is still.

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

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

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.

**“ The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen ; and all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.”**

THOMPSON.

**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 effulgent blaze in mute sublimity.**

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.

Whence the charm,
The mind, subdued, to elevate,
And to disarm
The ills of this inferior state ;
The self-same sky is cast,
Its splendors still must last,
Yet cannot I renew those visions long since past ?

'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.

Blest Innocence !
Preserve it in your hearts, ye youth :
Banish from thence
All that would steel the breast 'gainst Truth ;
Let nought thy feet entice
To tread the paths of vice ;
So shall this earth still prove a blissful paradise.

INNOCENCE.

“ But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it ;—”

GENESIS.

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.

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.

But, ah ! his miseries 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.

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.

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.

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.

A SONG.

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

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

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

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.

**“ May no distracting thoughts destroy
The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be winged with joy,
Which hover faithful hearts above !”**

BYRON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOVERNMENT.

As if a Pilot, that appears
To sit still only, while he steers,
And does not make a Noise and Stir,
Like ev'ry common Mariner,
Knew nothing of the Card, nor Star,
And did not guide the Man of War:

BUTLER.

A Peasant told a British tar,
That he much wished to know,
How they could guide the Man-of-War,
When swift proceeds the prow.

That's nothing strange the tar replies,
The secret when you learn ;
For when through waves she fastest plies,
We steer her by the stern.

The rustic put his thumb t' his lip,
Then said, I've hit the nail ;
A man is like a plough or ship—
He's governed by the tail.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

When nature smiled in gayest green,
 Hebe once dressed in blue ;
She seemed so slender, soft, and sheen,
 I thought it must be you.

I scarce recovered from surprise
 At these enchanting traces,
When, lo ! new scenes salute my eyes—
 I found you with the Graces.

I blessed my stars to see the Three,
 And felt a sudden joy ;
But, ah ! each bright divinity
 Had brought her Paphian boy.

Now, Lady fair, I beg of thee,
In frolic should he riot,
And play his roguish pranks too free,
Pray keep your bantling quiet.

THE FADING ROSE.

“Cropped this fair Rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Ah! Lovely Rose!

Thou sweetest of the bed!

Thy languor shows

No stream of joy now flows,

No rill of soft repose,

Within thy breast, to raise thy drooping head.

For thou art torn

From thy serene retreat :—

No more the morn

Thy beauty will adorn ;

Of all thy glories shorn,

Regretful sense no more thy place will greet.

The amorous bee,

Winging the buoyant air,

In vain for thee

From other flowers will flee,

No vestige can he see

Of thy loved presence, to reward his care.

Young zephyrs bland,

Like sighs of lovers warm,

Wooing the land

With sweets from Flora's hand,

Thy early bloom have fanned,

But now, must sigh a requiem to thy form.

The balmy glow
That played upon thy cheek,
Drew forth the foe ;
Whose loves no limit know,
Whose pleasures laid thee low,
And whose fierce joy swept as the tempest bleak.

Could not the tear
Which shone like pearly dew,
To virtue dear,
Plead from a brow so clear,
And nature cry " Forbear ?"
Ah ! no, the spoiler's heart no mercy knew.

Thy early bloom,
Alas ! was soon to fade :
Thy fated doom
Sheds o'er sensation gloom
Drear as the silent tomb ;
And pity still attend thee to the shade.

Yet, though thy fate
All earthly aid defies,
Thy future state,
Methinks, new hopes await—
Released and uncreate,
Thy fragrant spirit mingling with the skies.

THE RAVEN.

Hark ! War uplifts the sounding spear,
And Vengeance drives her blood-stained car ;
The wild discordant clang I hear,
And smell the carnage from afar.

Ye fleecy flocks, ye glebes of grain,
I love you not, nor Law's bright shield ;
I haste to quit the peaceful plain,
"The Raven's joy's the gory field :"

This is the food for which I pine,
I greet the hot cadaverous hill ;
Where crested brows with glory shine,
I tear the flesh and take my fill.

**Then stay me not, ye men of Peace,
Let my voracious flight be free ;
Were raging feuds and hate to cease,
Though bliss to you, 'twere death to me.**

THE CATALOGUE.

“O Pudor! O Pietas!”—

MART.

What’s this I see—a Regal Robe !

It is, and to be sold, by Job !

Here’s the whole costume coronation,

When some were in, some out of station,

Elastic trowsers too, I vow,

Just like the body, formed to bow.

Adzooks ! a girdle Hanoverian,

Of puissant princes a criterion ;

And Alexander's ermined green
Surtout, to pay his scot, I ween.
Here hangs a cloak, which, by its grace,
Reminds one of those garish days,
When wizard Walter raised the grades
To hail their monarch in their plaids.
Lo! mantles, aigrettes, silver tissue,
Are with plain decencies at issue.—
O courtly glories, where canst hide,
Too weighty grown with kings t' abide!
Since these first blushed few years have run—
The downward race is scarce begun—
Yet now they shew as idle relics
Of poor denuded George and Alec's.—
Methinks the auctioneer must stammer
To see such things beneath his hammer:
Sure every loyal heart is daunted
To hear the kingly vestments canted.
I marvel, when he knocks the cap
And Cambrian plume down, where 't may hap!

This, and the lofty iò Pæans,
Will suit our smutty, smudged plebeians,
Who are for grandeur qualified,
By outward praise and inward pride :
For see ! the castle and the steeple
Are sinking 'neath the sovereign people ;
And England's crown, and eke the mitre,
Are cowering to this bristling biter.
So our free gifts and flaming light
We best disband by shewing fight ;
And he who most illumined is,
To find his mettle cannot miss :
Our intellects are sure to brighten
If we can lords and commons frighten.
He who in politics would dabble,
Must try to please the rampant rabble ;
Obsequiously must court the smiles
Of Billingsgate and grim Saint Giles,
Or else he 'll meet with roguish rubs
From paltry knaves and dirty scrubs ;

And, if he would the top become,
Should mix discretely with the scum :
For those who live upon the rates
Can furnish saucy delegates ;
And every stew and common gaol
Propounds new laws 'bout gin and ale :
Perchance some stokers of dissension
May form a national convention,
And then dispose of the regalia,
With all our boasted paraphernalia.
The " multitude " no more are cattle,
Since they can read about a battle ;
For mobs are great as well as right,
When they can put e'en kings to flight.
Honour, it seems, must now turn out,
To make way for the dinging rout :
Old things are wheeling topsy turvy,
And yield to maxims base and scurvy :
Wisdom and law have no dominion,
But all must bend to rude opinion :

The common herd have learnt to scrawl
Their suffrages against the wall,
And these full oft accelerate
The ponderous engine of the state.
Not to our terraces but dormers
We cast about for fast reformers :
For, now " the schoolmaster 's abroad,"
He gravels every puny lord ;
He puts them all in " nomination,"
And then proceeds to flagellation :
As oft he plies these broomy feats,
No wonder that they lose their " seats."
Once fadging folk regarded station,
But all now sigh for degradation ;
No dexter point can rank adorn,
" The age of chivalry is gone."
Yet it must be a wretched job
To be the leader of a mob ;—
To cringe, submit, for popularity,
And fawning crouch to mean vulgarity.

O vile ambition, thine 's the curse
Of the redoubted Sisyphus :
Rather thou this, " I 'd be a toad,"
And feed upon the dustman's load :
Since to submit to rule we must,
Let us have that which we can trust :
Better to yield to great aspirants
Than be a slave to petty tyrants :
The ugliest form of tyranny
Appears in low democracy.
How can we look for virtuous fires
In men immersed in base desires !
They who now laud the people most
Are counting up without their host ;
Much as they chuckle at dexterity
Which costs them nothing but their verity.
Oh ! how I hate the wily cant
That truckles to the rebel-rant,
And recklessly would plunge the nation
Into th' abyss of desperation !

We want not shifting politics,
But on some moral good to fix ;
And that reform accords with sense
Which tallies with benevolence.
Our church and state are not "intended
For nothing else than to be mended":
In our just laws we have assurance,
Both from their excellence and endurance.
The wisest rules by knaves are spurned,
When subject to be overturned :
Once take away prescription's force,
Justice is turbid at its source ;
Passion pours in its restless strife,
And troubles all the springs of life ;
'Til some strong despot's fierce ambition
Repels the tide of opposition :
(For, as extremes at last will meet,
And contraries each other greet ;
So, license, grown too sharp and rude,
Is slavery and servitude) :

Subjects then find presumption's vain,
And Freedom's work begins again ;
The regal robe again revered,
The law is revered and feared.

NAPOLEON.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS.*

His puissant acts, 'midst rageful war,
 A legislator own ;
 Witness, his base of civil law—
 His “ Code Napoleon.”

Two empresses at once are seen
 The partners of his state ;
 And much extolled was Josephine,
 For France repudiate :

For Austria's virgin princess now,
 His fortunes deigns to share,
 And plight to him the nuptial vow,
 Since France desired an heir.

* To follow the words “ bowed the holy see,” p. 218.

No lordly lineage here had lent
Aid to his ardent plea ;
His lofty fame—her high descent—
Produced “ Equality.”

Thus, with a soldier’s zeal, he swept
His hot impetuous race ;
And exaltation still had kept
With bold achievements pace.

His laureled brows seemed formed to please
This empress, whom he won ;
And faithful was Marie-Louise—
She lived for him alone.

FINIS.

