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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
ENDOWMENT FUND



A View of St. Thomas's Mount, 9 Miles to the South West of Fort St. George, on the Coast of Coromandel.

SAINT THOMAS'S MOUNT.

A.

P O E M.

Written by a GENTLEMAN in INDIA.

“ Enough for me, that to the lift'ning swains,
“ First in these fields I sung the Sylvan strains.”

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

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To the P U B L I C.

WITH every doubt, with every fear, that diffidence and sensibility can inspire, the Author of the following Sheets presents them at your dread Tribunal.—Unknown in the Poetic walk, and fully conscious of his inability to excite envy, he is the more inclined to hope that his first appearance in the world will be treated with candor; and that the generosity of the Public will overlook the intrusion which brings him to their notice.

As a relief from business, and in some measure to enliven the many dull hours that our countrymen must feel in the small and confined societies that India affords, this Poem was originally written. Such a confession may, perhaps, prejudice it in the opinion of the severe critic; and indeed the justness of what an excellent Poet (speaking of his situation in these parts) spiritedly observes, must be duly allowed.

- “ An office suits not with a Poet’s brain,
- “ Or scenes of bus’ness with the Muse’s strain;
- “ Rapt in wild extacy she wings her way,
- “ Spurns at the croud, and struggles into day.”

WYNNE.

Let

Let however these difficulties, with which the Author had to combat, rather plead with the impartial Reader in favor of his Poem. A Poem, wherein the chief (perhaps only) merit lies in the novelty of the subject: in its being the first attempt to celebrate a place so deservedly admired; and which has been in the possession of the English for such a length of time.

If any thing further can be said to recommend the work of one who is too unassured of success to disclose his name, it may be, that Saint Thomas's Mount was written before the Author had attained his Twentieth year; though it has had several revivals to bring it to the state in which it now solicits your indulgence.

Fort Saint George,
1st of *January*, 1773.

SAINT THOMAS'S MOUNT.

INSCRIBED TO

A L A D Y.

CANTO I.

MADAM, since you from public noise retire,
To court that peace the tuneful throng admire;
Since, in defiance of the gen'ral voice,
An happier taste proclaims these shades your choice;
'Tis just the Muse with pride and pleasure greets 5
Your wish'd arrival in her lov'd retreats.

In DENHAM's lays the hill of Cooper shines,
And Windsor blooms in POPE's immortal lines:

With

With equal spirit teach my breast to glow !
 Then you, all gracious ! might your smiles bestow : 10
 St. Thomas' Mount without a rival reign,
 And Delia, thou ! the Goddess of the plain.

But what she can, the Muse will dare essay,
 Describe these fields with constant verdure gay ;
 These happy fields, where genial spring appears 15
 Th' eternal season of our Eastern years.

Let-England's sons attend with just surprize,
 And mourn the havock of their boist'rous skies.
 When Northern winds succeed the Southern breeze,
 And wint'ry storms deform the drooping trees ; 20
 When ev'ry flow'r has lost its rich perfume,
 And Nature wears an universal gloom ;
 When e'en the feather'd choir forget to sing,
 In silence pine, and hang the naked wing ;
 Then let them view, with envy view this scene, 25
 For ever fragrant ! and for ever green !
 Here limpid brooks their mazy progress bear,
 Beyond the influence of congealing air :

The scaly tribes amid their waters gleam,
 Nor dread destruction in a frozen stream — 30
 Oh ! while the sun unclouded holds his way
 Thro' glowing skies, and darts his vertic ray,
 Oft' let me wander thro' the Mango shade,
 Whose boughs the doubtful light can scarce pervade :
 While from the scorching plain the ardent breeze 35
 Blows cool and temp'rate thro' th' embow'ring trees.
 No frosts, or killing blights, by Boreas sent,
 The rip'ning Mango from its growth prevent.
 Ambrosial fruit ! to sing thy lively hues,
 And matchless flavour, would transcend the Muse : 40
 Thy very look, tho' once forewarn'd in vain,
 Had tempted thoughtless EVE to sin again !
 Where to the clouds the lofty * Palm aspires,
 The wearied traveller at noon retires ;
 Blesses the tree which such a tribute pays, 45
 While draughts, unbought, his sinking spirits raise.

* From the Palm a refreshing liquor is extracted, by boring a hole towards the top of the tree.

In heathen ages, ere the vineyard's use,
 Had PAN but tasted this refreshing juice,
 For Indian climes he had left th' Arcadian fields,
 To court the Dryad who this Nectar yields. 50

What form stupendous hither moves along?
 Some fancied monster of the Poet's song!
 Or is it he, the terror of the day,
 Who struck LÆVINUS' bands with dire dismay?
 When PYRRHUS first, to Rome's astonish'd fight, 55
 Produc'd th' enormous Elephant in fight,
 The startled courfers, heedless of the rein,
 Fly wild and various o'er the hostile plain:
 The vet'ran legions next, appall'd with fear,
 Dissolve their ranks, and press upon the rear: 60
 Confusion reigns! the warlike King pursues,
 And death the field with mangled warriors strews.
 Sad chance for Rome! but soon she learns to know,
 To stem th' impetuous fury of the foe:
 Their charge the Elephant but faintly dares, 65
 And, gall'd with wounds, controul no longer bears;

Back.

Back on his friends he turns the dread array,
 Their squadrons scatter, and their ranks give way :
 Rome and her eagles follow where they yield,
 And greatly triumph o'er th' enfanguin'd field. 70
 Thus where the mighty Elephant appears
 'Tis tumult all ! and death ! and flight ! and fears !
 But when the ravage of the war is done,
 Sweet Peace ne'er smil'd upon a gentler son.
 As lofty woods their stature proudly show, 75
 Yet bend obedient to the winds that blow,
 His bulk and strength their purpos'd ends fulfil,
 And bow submissive to the master's will.
 Emblem of Government, where reason sways,
 And passive force contentedly obeys. 80
 This way and that, directed by the goad,
 He moves, or humble kneels to bear his load ;
 But should the little tyrants in command
 Increase his burden with oppressive hand,
 Pride and resentment in his breast awake, 85
 Like Britain's sons, when Liberty's at stake ;

He rises uncontrollable, and round
Scatters his various load upon the ground.

But when by happier chance it proves his care,
Some AMMON in triumphal pomp to bear, 90
How swells his stature, as he moves along
The awful wonder of the gazing throng!
Around his portly limbs the massy chains
Of polish'd silver sweep the dusty plains.
Spread o'er his back and ample sides, behold 95
The tiffued vestment of enfigur'd gold!

Where proudly plac'd the regal Houdah stands,
Whose tow'ring height a prospect wide commands:
The burnish'd canopy reflects a blaze,
And far transmits the sun's refulgent rays: 100
While he precedence with his Lord may claim,
First of his kind in majesty and fame.

Nor must the hardy Camel pass unsung;
Fam'd for his patience and endurance long!
In Afric climes, where suns intensely glow, 105
And scorching winds across the desert blow;

Where

Where the wide prospect, sick'ning to the sight,
 Is one continued glare of burning light ;
 With solemn pace the Camel treads the plains,
 Rich with the trav'ler's stores, or merchant's gains : 110
 Fram'd by all-bounteous Nature long to bear
 Thirst unappeas'd, and breathe a fultry air.
 Lo! the proud Steed, in strength and beauty bold,
 Form'd for the fight, and proof against the cold,
 With heat, half-fainting, lolls the livid tongue, 115
 Pants for the stream, and scarcely creeps along ;
 While the tall Camel, with unbated force,
 Pursues with aukward strides his wonted course.
 But what avails his patience, as he strays
 O'er dreary desarts, and o'er trackless ways ? 120
 Should the dark * spirit of the plain arise,
 And drive the black'ning storm that hides the skies,

The

* These whirlwinds, so common in the desarts of Africa, are known, tho' in a less degree, in the northern parts of India. Their cause is as extraordinary as their effect. On a calm day, when not a breath of wind stirs, one of them will arise, and, carrying immense clouds

The burning sand in whirling blasts ascends,
 Sweeps o'er the waste, and death its course attends!
 Not such his wayward fortune or his pains, 125
 When happy chance conducts him to these plains:
 Thro' fruitful vales his daily journies lie,
 With crystal streams, and herbage ever nigh;
 There, as the eye o'er rural beauties strays,
 His movements images of grandeur raise! 130

Where yon far * mountains lift their heads on high,
 And, Atlas-like, appear to prop the sky,
 In lonely haunts the Tyger seeks to hide,
 And only Luna views his spotted pride.

clouds of dust along with it, make a regular progress over a large tract of country; but not extend beyond a certain circle. Nothing can resist its amazing velocity. The natives call them Shitan, or Spirit; and the vulgar notion is, that they are the ghosts of departed men, who have not been allowed rest. The same opinion prevails in the works of Ossian.

* The Balleghaut hills. They form the first land that mariners descry on this part of the Coast of Coromandel; and are so very high, that tho' supposed to be 80 miles from Madras, they are distinguishable in almost any weather.

For fearful still he shuns the peopled glades, 135

And reigns sole tyrant of the dreary shades*.

Should the lost wand'rer thither take his way,

He springs from ambush on his helpless prey ;

With thirst insatiate sucks the vital breath,

Exulting roars, and stuns the cries of death! 140

But if, impell'd by hunger's raging call,

He boldly roam, or leap the village wall †,

With shouts and pikes at once the natives rise,

'Till, red with wounds, the bloody savage dies.

But sports more pleasing ask our morning care, 145

To chase the wily Fox or doubling Hare :

These, as in Britain, try the hunter's pains,

O'er deeper coverts, and o'er wider plains.

But mark the beauteous Antelope! — he springs —

He bounds — he flies — nor needs the aid of wings. 150

* Pre-eminence is here given to the tyger, as there are no lions to the southward of the Ganges.

† The villages in the inland parts of India are generally surrounded by mud walls, as a security from wild beasts, and to prevent in some measure hostile depredations.

Not the fleet greyhound, Persia's boasted breed,
 Nor, from Arabia's coasts, the rapid steed,
 In swiftness can compare — he strips the wind,
 And leaves them lagging, panting, far behind.
 Now, freed from dread, he sports upon the plain, 155
 Until their cries salute his ears again ;
 Again the fugitive his flight renews ;
 In vain the stretching eye his winged course pursues.
 Then say what swiftness shall this prize obtain,
 Which dogs and horses follow but in vain ? 160
 Behold the Chetah ! of the leopard-kind,
 Watchful as night, and active as the wind.
 Bred to the sport, he steals towards the prey,
 As the herds browse, or inattentive play ;
 One he selects, and meas'ring with his eyes 165
 The distance, darts like light'ning to the prize :
 (So, when the fowler takes his certain aim,
 A swift destruction strikes the flutt'ring game.)
 The helpless prey his useless speed bemoans,
 Drops the big tear of grief, and dies in groans. 170
 But

But should or chance or accident betray
 Th' approaching savage on his murd'rous way,
 Instant the Antelope betakes to flight —
 Instant the Chetah, furious at the sight,
 Springs to arrest his speed — but springs in vain ! 175
 Rescu'd, he now exults and bounds along the plain :

But lo ! the disappointed Chetah turns,
 While tenfold fury in his bosom burns : —
 Beware, ye hunters ! lest, his ire to fate,
 Heedless you feel ACTEON'S wretched fate ! 180

All but his keeper, whose familiar hand
 Supplies his wants, and practises command ;
 Sooth'd by his voice, reluctantly he stays,
 Growls furly discontent, and slow obeys.

Mourn, Britons ! mourn an act your laws ordain, 185
 Once feel inferior to the Indian swain.

Tho' to the ground by vile oppression trod,
 His life and fortune at his Monarch's nod,
 He shares, unquestion'd, Nature's bounteous hoard,
 Whate'er the fields or forests wild afford : 190

The Hare, the Partridge, or the stately Deer
 Is his, in common with the richest Peer.
 While, strange reverse! where freedom stands confessed,
 Cheers ev'ry face, and glows in ev'ry breast;
 On Britain's shores, where Magna Charta thrives, 195
 An act oppressive to the subject lives!

Denies a starving wretch the woodland game,
 But sanctifies the wealthy's useless claim.
 Oh! may some Patriot in his country's cause
 Plead with success, and blot it from her laws: 200
 Blessings and fame shall on his steps attend,
 And Poverty salute her new-born friend!

Our ev'nings too, the cheerful walk beguiles,
 O'er tempting meads where Nature ever smiles:
 Where she, sweet nymph! for ever young and gay, 205
 Thro' the whole year is drest like laughing May.
 Thus lov'd FIDELIA beautiful appears,
 Whom ever-pleasing Humor ever cheers:
 Her lively looks to each idea bring
 The glow of summer, and the sweets of spring: 210

The

The gen'rous purpose still her bosom warms,
 And mild good-nature spreads a thousand charms.

Where thou, SAINT THOMAS, rear'st thy sacred height,
 Successive beauties strike the ravish'd sight :

There orange-groves diffuse their sweets around, 215

And flow'rets paint the variegated ground :

On ev'ry side ten thousand blooms appear,

Like Luna circled in her starry sphere.

Enchanting feat! who e'er thy prospect views,

But feels APOLLO! and invokes the Muse! 220

Behold a maid, the meanest of the throng,

Thy praise attempts, and thus pursues her song.

End of the FIRST CANTO.

SAINT THOMAS'S MOUNT.

C A N T O II*.

WHEN Truth and Justice were in darkness hurl'd,
And Sin, with giant-stride, o'er-ran the world;
When Faith 'tween doubt and ignorance was tost,
And Hope, and Peace, and Piety were lost;
The Lord of mercies, list'ning to their cries, 5
For men's redemption bade his Son arise:

* This episode, which contains the peregrination of Saint Thomas to the East Indies, is by no means a poetical fiction. If the Reader will take the trouble of looking into Stackhouse's History of the Bible, he will find it supported by the evidence of that Author, who says, he collects his intelligence from different Ecclesiastical Writers.

Bade

Bade him a form of mortal substance take,
 And pain and death experience for their sake.
 Then dawn'd the light of Gospel o'er the earth,
 And distant nations blest a Savior's birth. 10

The ray divine to utmost India spread,
 By zeal supported, and Saint THOMAS led.
 For while thro' Persia's antient realms he trod,
 And saw converted Heathens own his God,
 (His eloquence, adapted to succeed 15

With the rough Bactrian or the polish'd Mede)
 One night to rest composing as he lay,
 Fatigu'd with all the labors of the day,
 A golden cloud forth issued from the shade,
 And beams celestial round his temples play'd; 20
 An awful voice the midnight silence broke,
 And to the wond'ring Saint commanding spoke.

“ Distinguish'd mortal! chosen from thy race
 “ To spread my laws, and vindicate my grace;
 “ Tho' in thy journey thro' th' enlighten'd East 25
 “ Thou still hast been a free, a welcome guest;

" Realms yet unfought thy pious labors claim —
 " Go — teach the Indian to revere my name:
 " Teach him for me idolatry to leave,
 " And trust that power which will ne'er deceive. 30
 " Danger the sword to bar thy progress draws;
 " But challenge danger in a righteous cause.
 " And after troubles past, if fall thou must,
 " And mix thy ashes with the Indian dust;
 " Know, that from thee an hill shall take its name, 35
 " And stand thy monument of deathless fame;
 " For thee its meads be pregnant with delight,
 " Abound with sweets, and charm the ravish'd sight."

Here ceas'd the voice — no more his ears attend,
 But heav'nly slumbers on his eyes descend. 40

Now rose the morn with blended colors gay,
 The Prophet hasten'd to pursue his way:
 Strait to pursue the Heav'n-directed road,
 For all his bosom with the Godhead glow'd.

Short was the time (for what can zeal withstand ?) 45
 Ere reach'd our traveller the Indian land:

Known by his miracles, where'er he came
 The spacious country founded with his fame.
 But chief SAGAMO, Monarch of the place,
 To reason yields, and takes him into grace : 50
 Loads him with honors, confidence and praise,
 And worship to his God in public pays.
 'Till now the Priests, with jealous fury fir'd,
 In secret council 'gainst his life conspir'd :
 Him as a vile impostor they accus'd, 55
 His name, his doctrine, and his zeal abus'd.
 Sternly the King their artifice reprov'd,
 His faith he honor'd, and the man he lov'd.
 Nor were the Priests by this rebuke dismay'd,
 Again their cries the royal ear invade : 60
 No peace, no quiet could SAGAMO find,
 But malice work'd not on his noble mind.
 By arts traduc'd, oppos'd on ev'ry side,
 No more the Prophet strove against the tide :
 The foe prevail'd — thro' fav'ring night's dark hue 65
 From bigotry and envy he withdrew.

So when some Patriot, ruler of the State,
 (Like CHATHAM anxious for a nation's fate)
 The tide of factious rage has long withstood,
 And nobly struggled for his country's good ; 70
 When late he finds his past endeavours vain,
 That States must perish for the thirst of gain,
 He flies from scenes of avarice and strife,
 And finds contentment in a rural life.

Pale Luna sunk — and now the rising day 75
 Beheld our Prophet on his weary way :
 Onward he travell'd far o'er hill and plain,
 Nor stopt, 'till he perceiv'd the azure main.
 The awful rolling of the waves on high,
 The dazzling brightness of a summer's sky, 80
 The notes of thousand choristers around,
 The fragrance breathing from the painted ground,
 Urge him with speed to climb a neighb'ring height,
 From whence he may indulge his ravish'd sight.
 There all the prospect opens to his view, 85
 Delights unknown, and beauties wholly new :

The

The curling ocean bounds the varied scene,
 With woods, and glades, and wand'ring streams between.
 And now reflection whispers to his mind,
 For him this sweet retirement was design'd : 90
 Each blooming charm recalls the vision still,
 And lo ! he stands upon the promis'd hill.
 No farther stray'd he on a foreign road,
 But here the Prophet fix'd his last abode.
 Determin'd here to pass his future days 95
 In pray'r, thanksgiving, abstinence and praise.
 A life so pious, innocent, and new,
 Around his cell the wond'ring natives drew :
 Each sought his smiles, with care officious ran
 To hear his words, or serve the holy man. 100
 Milk from their flocks his early call supply'd ;
 For his repast they search'd the mountain's side :
 Herbs of sweet taste, with richest odors fraught,
 His table load, and but with thanks are bought.
 Say, what return thro' gratitude was made 105
 For all their kindness, their attention paid ?

The clouds of superstition he dispel'd,
 And lo! the God of mercy they beheld:
 The Pagan now, with ardent hope elate,
 Looks bright'ning forward to a future state! 110

Ah hapless Saint! our views how insecure!
 That all thy merits could not life ensure!
 That peace should fly thee after years of toil,
 And blood like thine distain the Indian soil!
 The imp of darkness, he who shuns the day, 115

And, like the Tyger, nightly roams for prey;
 Whose vengeance still is sated on the good,
 Pursues thy steps, and thirsts for sacred blood.
 Now to the deed a madman he inspires,
 Whose brain was heated by devotion's fires: 120

A deed accurst! which ages must detest —
 But what avails when frenzy wakes the breast?
 This wretch, should he th' impostor's life pursue,
 Is taught to hold high paradise his due.

Rage leads him on, a murderer thro' zeal, 125
 Against the Saint he lifts the deadly steel;

The martyr'd Saint, to daily pray'r retir'd,
 Without a murmur or a groan expir'd!

So when the spring with verdure decks the plains,
 And Philomel renews her grateful strains; 130

The heav'nly song sweet warbling thro' the grove,
 Charms from his airy height the bird of Jove;
 Her hapless art directs him to the spray,
 And off he bears his unsuspecting prey.

Oh! were the Muse with eloquence endued 135

To paint the grief and horror that ensued,
 From Pity's eye she'd draw the pearly dew,
 And bring the scene to memory anew.

Suffice it, that his bones in earth were laid,
 And at his shrine each pious honor paid: 140

His num'rous Converts mourn'd his hapless doom,
 And yearly strew'd fresh flow'rets on his tomb.

Th' adjacent rocks some marks as yet display,
 Which spoke a God, and pav'd the Prophet's way:
 Of wonders wrought — they shew the moss-grown cell, 145

A printed footstep, and a depthless well.

And tho' no vestige of the grave remains,
 SAINT THOMAS' sacred name the Mount retains.

Thus fell the Saint — nor fears the nipping blast
 Of time, for with the Mount his fame shall last. 150
 How long his doctrines flourish'd, when they fell,
 No lights discover, and no hist'ries tell.
 For diff'ring sects inhabit now the land —
 There the proud MUSSULMAN assumes command;
 Into his Prophet's vile example gives, 155
 Delights in bloodshed! and by rapine lives!
 Here the GENTOO, an inoffensive race,
 His temple builds, and keeps with justice pace:
 Contented with his fruitful fields' increase,
 War he disowns, and walks thro' life in peace. 160
 His state, a picture of the golden age,
 So oft the subject of the Bard and Sage;
 When men united in a friendly band,
 And Truth presided o'er the guiltless land.
 Of Christian tenets little trace remains; 165
 Two chapels only grace these verdant plains:

These . . .

These plains which erst were consecrated ground,
 When to the Prophet flock'd the country round :
 One awful rises on SAINT THOMAS' brow,
 And one adorns the distant dale below. 170
 Thy gardens, Ross, here crown the river's side,
 Swell from the valley, and o'erhang the tide :
 Here late fair LESSLEY led th' harmonious throng,
 'Till Echo grew enamor'd of her song :
 But thou, sweet warbler ! seek'ft some distant shore, 175
 And will thy music sooth these shades no more !

End of the SECOND CANTO.

SAINT THOMAS'S MOUNT.

C A N T O III.

OH thou ! by Nature form'd to charm the heart,
To force esteem without the aid of art ;
Whose outward beauties, gracefully combin'd,
But yield to those that dignify thy mind ;
Whose sense and taste would claim our earliest praise, 5
If not eclips'd by virtue's brighter rays ;
From those domestic scenes, those scenes of joy,
Where love and friendship ev'ry hour employ ;
From Hymeneal sweets one moment spare,
Nor, DELIA, deem these strains beneath thy care. 10

When

When twinkling stars bedeck the face of night,
 And silver Cynthia sheds her welcome light;
 When universal Nature seems to rest,
 All still and peaceful as thy gentle breast;
 When neither hill nor vale is heard to ring, 15
 A cave to echo, or a bird to sing:
 Save where the Screech-owl haunts the lonely grove,
 Or Philomel deplores her absent love;
 Then let the Muse this varied prospect view,
 For ever pleasing, and for ever new. 20
 Let her, and Fancy on her steps attend,
 Stray thro' the meads, or where the shades extend;
 Thoughtful ascend SAINT THOMAS' gradual steep,
 From whence the eye can reach the distant deep;
 And tho' too far to hear the billows roar, 25
 The rising surge is seen to lash the shore:
 On ev'ry wave the streaming moon-beams play,
 Like fires that glitter in the milky way.
 How calm! how glorious seems that wide domain!
 When nought but Zephyrs hold their gentle reign. 30

Deep-

Deep-loaded vessels on the surface sail,
 And own the safety of a steady gale :
 The sandy beach the rolling waters lave,
 Nor seek to pass the limits Nature gave.
 But ah ! how chang'd the scene ! how awful grown ! 35
 When Boreas usurps the airy throne.
 Such as of late disturb'd this peaceful coast,
 When here the tyrant led th' Æolian host.
 Not with such terrors Mars ascends his car,
 To deal destruction thro' the ranks of war, 40
 To make mankind his utmost malice feel,
 And add new weight to the descending steel ;
 As Boreas cloath'd, when he, on that dire * day,
 Thro' land and ocean mark'd his rapid way.

* This dreadful storm came on the 30th of October 1768, and raged without intermission for 16 or 17 hours. The damage sustained by it round Madras is inconceivable. Four or five vessels with their crews were lost in the road, or wrecked on the coast ; and many of the poor natives, with an innumerable quantity of cattle, perished on shore. A more violent and destructive storm was never known in this part of the world.

At ev'ry step he blew a deadly found, 45

While light'nings flash'd, and thunders burst around :

Before his breath the mounting billows flew,

Sunk to the deep, and urg'd their course anew.

At distance while the elements engage,

Wave spent on wave its ineffectual rage ; 50

But when, approaching nearer to the shore,

The tempest rose by opposition more,

Rich-freighted ships, for other ports prepar'd,

One hapless end ! one common ruin shar'd !

But thou for Europe bound — the chief of all ! 55

How many hearts as yet lament thy fall !

How many eyes, on Albion's happy coast,

Expecting long to view what long were lost ;

How many tongues which did on Hope depend

To hail the coming of a son or friend, 60

Are destin'd still the signs of grief to keep,

As yet to murmur ! and as yet to weep !

Ill-fated Chatham ! what avail'd at length

Thy boasted beauty ! and thy seeming strength !

And that thy keel (avails it now to thee) 65
 From far Atlantic reach'd the Indian sea?
 Nor strength nor beauty could avert thy doom —
 That sea deceitful is become thy tomb !

And here his genius should obtain its due,
 Who brings the horrors of a storm to view ; 70
 Whose social Muse, in melting numbers drest,
 Must wring compassion from the flinty breast ;
 But that my pen, oh FALCONER ! would fail
 In doing justice to thy tragic tale.

What, tho' at last fell Ocean holds thee dead, 75
 And rolls his billows o'er thy hapless head ;
 What tho', excluded from the realms of light,
 Thy body seeks the drear abyss of night ;
 Above the waves thy * SHIPWRECK lifts thy name,
 And ranks thee with the laurel'd sons of fame ; 80

Recalls

* The beauties of this celebrated Poem are too well known to need a panegyric here. If the distresses the Author underwent, if the dangers he escaped, become subjects of pity and astonishment from his masterly description of them, what emotions must it excite in every feeling

Recalls the woes thy wayward fortune gave,
And points thee struggling in thy watry grave!

But ah! what mis'ries on the deep await!

The Muse must weep a second suff'rer's fate:

And where th' Aurora sinks in storm or flame, 85

From black oblivion snatch VANSITTART'S name.

Vain thought! this friendly zeal, blest shade! forgive;

To latest times the truly good shall live:

When not a Muse, and not a verse remain,

Virtue shall rise, and gild th' Etherial plain! 90

Thy various worth in various climes was known,

But chiefly India claims thee as her own.

Ask in Bengal their former Ruler's praise;

Bengal shall bear due witness to these lays.

feeling breast, to learn that he was lost in the Aurora frigate, bound for the East Indies? The particulars of this melancholy accident are still, and ever must remain unknown, as the ship has never been heard of since she was met off the Cape of Good Hope, in December 1769, and either foundered or took fire at sea. Among the many partakers of this calamity, Henry Vansittart, Esquire, was unfortunately on board of the Aurora.

The naked Goddess upward flies forlorn,
 And weeps to see her fragrant garlands torn :
 Each fav'rite tree the Dryads leave behind ;
 The Myrtle bends beneath the raging wind :
 The Laurel too — which on a MILTON'S brow 115
 For ever blooms — alas is wither'd now !

But ah ! what pow'r this sudden change contriv'd ?
 By what enchantment are these plains reviv'd ?
 What means this view ? in this late-ruin'd place
 Behold fair Nature wears a cheerful face : 120
 Once more the groves majestic rear their heads,
 The gardens flow'r, and verdure crowns the meads :
 The feather'd songsters strain their little throats,
 Whilst Echo answers to the vocal notes.
 'Twas DELIA'S influence these wonders wrought — 125
 At her approach the whole existence caught !
 With myrtle plants in haste the Dryads wove
 A bower worthy of the Queen of Love.
 At her approach the laurels sprung around ;
 Her smiles could raise the laurel from the ground ! 130

From

From Beauty's will the source of glory flows ;
 The laurel-wreath is all Ambition knows !
 Heroes and Bards would seek this distant land
 To gain that honor from her lovely hand.

Let England then the court of Beauty boast ; 135
 Her rays extend, and dignify this coast.

Let WALDGRAVE there each feeling bosom fire,
 Let STANHOPE'S name the tuneful train inspire ;
 The Graces breathe ! the Muses touch the strings !
 When to her lute our BROOKE melodious sings. 140

In softest numbers CLIFTON'S charms rehearse ;
 Her name, my Muse, will raise thy glowing verse.
 The highest polish Art's last hand can throw
 On Nature's works, her mind and person show.
 In her each bright accomplishment is found ; 145

The taste of courts, with rural manners crown'd !
 Oh ! had sad chance to thy esteem denied
 Her sex's envy, ornament, and pride ;
 Had'st thou, neglectful of her matchless worth,
 In silence pass'd the fairest theme on earth ; 150

Nor

Nor angry Phœbus had inspir'd again,
 Nor thou successful fought the golden fane.

And, TASWELL, thou, distinguish'd from the throng!
 (Thyself a songstress) smile upon her song.

Ah! let not Modesty in vain implore, 155

But stamp a value on th' unpolish'd ore :

Nor blushes she in TASWELL to submit

To DACIER's judgment, and to SAPPHO's wit!

Thy form, sweet POWNEY! rises on the sight,
 Like the mild dawning of Aurora's light : 160

In native grace array'd, and native ease,

Like thee, oh! teach th' admiring Muse to please!

So shall the world a kind reception give

To this attempt, and bid her numbers live :

For, as thy voice enchants the list'ning swains, 165

Her song first woke sweet Echo on these plains.

But should that world condemn his bold desire,

Whose hand unskilful struck the living lyre ;

Who

Who rashly daring Fortune's field to try,
Obtrudes his labors on the public eye; 170
Still be't indulgent to his fond mistake,
And spare the Author for SAINT THOMAS' sake.

F I N I S.

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