

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANALYSIS OF THE YEAR 1810.

Addressed, as usual, to the Printers of the
Belfast Magazine.

Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avena.

ONCE more, Mynheers,* doth Senor Calderone,
Appear in form, his indolence to own:
"Supineness! apathy! (perchance you'll say)
"Or else despairing to attain your aim,
"You've dropp'd your pen and sacrificed your fame."
My answer is...each dog will have his day.

How much the muse, when singing heretofore,
In tuneful strains displayed historic lore
How much to rouse besotted minds she strove,
And more than all, the IRISH HEART to move.
How much she laboured (events show in vain)
To give a proper view of things in SPAIN!
How much she lashed corruption..baited knaves—
And high or low, unmasked—venal slaves.
Lost was her labour, vain her toil, I ween,
Few folks or bought, or read your Magazine!
Your efforts thus with those of Calderone,
Were on the public lost, or little known.
No wonder then, the muse was somewhat shy,
And let twelve months unanalysed pass by,
The year now closed—this native strain she grieves;
Unchanged, unmuzzled, just to let you see,
And show your imps, that frank and full of glee—
At their devotion, unimpaired...she leers!
Now to display my graphic sons or Koster†,
That due regard to your behoof, I foster;

* 'Mynheer'—see Belfast Mag. Vol. 2, page 38.

† 'Sons of Koster, Alpha, &c.'—referring to the same Magazine.

I'll tell you why your work is not more read,
Begging you'll mind my thesis on this head;

And taking up the world as it passes,
Exempli gratia—throw it into classes.

That class of readers who are *Novel-taught*
(The *Monk*—and *Ida*—floating through their brain)

"Too much of Ethics in it, they complain!

"No exquisite sensations—quite too flat."

Another class (but not so full of mirth)
With whom each thing and circumstance on earth,

Excepting red-hot loyalty—is cold.
Friends, and supporters of—*eternal War!*
No pop'ry men—exclaim—"it is by far,
(And ought not to exist) by far too bold!"

Another class—(and numerous indeed)
Say,—“that they wish to have—when *they* do read;

“And like to see, so far as they're concerned,

“Something, that is immensely wise and good,

“Something that would be—easy understood,

“But for your Magazine it is too learned!”

Then class the fourth* comes, with a mighty fuss,

Saying, “Sir Editor—attend to us!

“What boots your treatises on moons, and planets?

“Philosophy—Mechanics—Turnips—Clover—

“Retrospects—Physics—Poems—Odes, or Sonnets:

“Give us Polemics, or your book is over;

“Doctrines—opinions—creeds and modes of faith—

Tell us what place we go to, after death;

“Perpend of holding up to truth the mirror:

“Say that *We* only are the chosen few,

“Who know the path for mankind to pursue—

* 'Third Class'—taken from the life.

* 'Class the fourth'—taken from the life, except the smoking simile.

“ Call virtue nonsense—and inculcate error!
 “ Tuning your voice, ’twixt braying and a roar,
 “ Look very, very grim, and very sour;
 “ Exhibit every topic as you pass,
 “ So dim, as if *seen darkly through a glass*;
 “ Then Mr. Editor, your Magazine
 “ Will thrive and sell like smoke; as will be seen,
 “ Smoke did we say? no simile can strike it!
 “ All peradventure *will*, nay all *shall* like it!”

Can I say more? there is my jolly boys,
 A chosen sample for you, take your choice.
 Hard would your task be; difficult your case,

Attempting every different taste to please.
 If to your aid each human mean you’d call,
 I’m much afraid you could not please them all

Therefore, adhering to your former plan,
 Let like who may, proceed as you began;
 And to this maxim, evermore attend—
 “ *The public will our guide—its good—our end.*”

Meantime the following little story
 Which, I shall briefly lay before you,

May tend these cases to illustrate:
 At all events, ’twill reach the asses,
 Contained in the aforesaid classes,
 And may, belike, their plainings frustrate.

Somewhere in India, near the sea,
 ‘The place my story doth not mention,
 Be’t where it will, I’m bold to say,
 The tale is not of my invention.

But there, like many other places,
 The sea with food the mouth’s solaces;
 Affording many a dainty dish
 Of most delicious, sav’ry fish;
 Which fish, the moment it is caught,
 (In order that it may be brought,
 To the next market town for sale;)
 Is crammed in bottom of a sack,
 And then put on a donkey’s back,
 ———So says my tale.

The fishers to old customs prone,
 In sack’s mouth always put a stone,
 To make the sack to balance!
 And when, one just the nick they’ve found,
 No corners sharp, but terse and round,
 They think they show some talents!

A Bramin chanc’d to pass along,
 Who told these fishers they were wrong,
 For that by balancing with stone,
 They bore two weights instead of one!
 Besides a world of pothor.
 He bade them lay the stone aside,
 And fairly then the fish divide;
 One half would balance t’other.

“ You infidel,” the fishers say,
 “ Reformer—leveller, away,
 “ Are we not keeping to the rules
 “ Of our forefathers? are we fools?
 “ D’ye think we know not how to pack
 “ Our fish upon a donkey’s back?
 “ If three days hence, your napper’s found;
 “ In this, our sea, you shall be drowned!

Now from their cases call your ALPHAS
 forth,

Let’s take a range, beginning at the north,
 Where, ocean bound by icy barriers roll,
 And arctic billows beat the frozen pole.

See, where the wintry horrors of those
 seas,

Join in destruction, with the stern decrees
 Of Napoleon. By the tempest tost,
 If ships remain at sea, they’re surely lost,
 If steering into port, fell *Douaniers*,*
 The sea-worn barque, (the moment it appears

Within their grasp, like cormorants assail)
 Ransack and plunder with rapacious zeal;
 Its rich contents to confiscation doomed,
 Hard hap to trade! are by the flames consumed.

The insured merchant thinking he avoids,
 These dread dilemmas, seeks redress at
 Loyd’s;
 But there he finds a crafty committee,
 Cold and remorseless as the raging sea.

Such events show, ev’n near the polar star,
 What states must feel, whose kings are prone
 to war.

See SCANIA’S sceptre from GUSTAVUS torn,
 Himself a wanderer in a foreign land...
 Stripped of his regal state...despised, for-
 loin,
 That sceptre waving in...a Frenchman’s
 hand!

Mark well the fate which wild ambition
 brings,
 When with the lust of lawless power
 combined;

* ‘*Douaniers*’—French custom house officers.

And sure as death (sad lesson though for kings)
Though late it evermore doth come we find.

That fool imperial, swaggering like a gander!

Of all the Russias' emperor...Alexander,
(Once our most "sage magnanimous ally!")

Behold him wasting all his ways and means,
Destroying mankind in absurd campaigns,
And not ev'n he can tell the reason why.

Say to him Noodle, stupid vain Tczar!

If you persist in carrying on this war,
Much may you lose, but nothing may you gain;

Mark well of all your *war-ing*, the upshot,
Mind Swede's new king...your neighbour
Bernadotte,

Not one of ALL THE RUSSIAS may remain

Show to this mad Tczar, that men were made,

For other purposes than being bled.

Show him a nation powerful, rich and great,
The people happy, generous, brave and free,

In one short reign, 'fallen from this high estate,"

Their commerce ruin'd

Taxes oppressive, freedom much curtail'd,
And nought but poverty where wealth prevail'd;

This faithful picture plac'd full in his view,
Will show what damage *one weak King may do*.

Say to him let all former errors cease,

Withdraw your troops, let mankind live in peace;

Retrench, reform, look round, and mark the fate

Of ill-star'd monarchs who were once as great,

As you are now, but lost all by their fooling;

The times are dreadful, and wont bear misruling.

Were you not tired, we would cease to roam,

And take a bird's eye view of things at home.

But statemens' errors and European blunders,

Have in America produced wonders;

Which with affairs in Spain, and ought else new,
Shall in our next appear, meantime adieu.

CALDERONE.

Edentecullo, Dec. 26, 1810.

Some Stanzas of the CASTLE of INDOLLENCE, said to be found among the papers of THOMSON.

HERE, in a gloomy grove, some little space,

From this fair castle, by a streamlet's side,

Where waving pines still sound a sullen base,

And water murmurs, as it down doth glide,

A goodly chapel there was edified.

Thither to wend, full many a sonne did use,

Them good man sexton, who doth there abide,

When in they entered been, eftsoons immews,

Silent, in very dark, and well y-cushioned pews.

Then chaplain sleek, up to his pulpit creeps,

A fat round body, and broad face he had,

(He many feasts, I wis, but few fasts keeps,)

Yet of his cheer, he seemed too solemn sad.

He was, in sooth, a drowsy stupid lad,
The rewddest ass, our castle's crew among,

He pranked his band, and then the people bade

Praisen the lord, by singing holy song,
So clerk it raised high, now sing it all the throng.

When this had tuned them to sweet repose,

Sir Sanctity gan preche of...reprobation.

He spake of mystic grace, which straungely flows,

On wight unworthy of justification,
Much hath he talked, and of predestination;

Still he repeteth what he said afore,
And still he crieth out...regeneration;