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*Charles C. Grayson*

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OF

P O E M S,

MOSTLY ORIGINAL,

BY SEVERAL HANDS.



*C. C. Grayson*  
SPARSA COEGI.

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T,

### T O T H E R E A D E R.

THE favourable reception, with which my two former volumes, of Miscellaneous Poems, were honoured by the public, induced me to continue my pleasing labours; I have been favoured by a number of friends with such an abundance of original matter, that I found some difficulty in selecting the pieces comprised in the volume which I now offer to the world. It is but justice to say that the selection is all my own, and if I have been mistaken, or partial, in the preference bestowed by me on the Poems which appear, over

many which I have postponed, I shall hope for pardon from my readers, and the ingenious writers, whose works are, as yet, withheld from the light; and I beg they will ascribe my choice, in great measure, to my desire of giving this volume, as great a variety as possible, in the style, manner, and character, of the pieces which it contains; I flatter myself, this is a merit which it will be found to possess, in no common degree.

IF, in this busy and untunable age, when there are found so few readers of poetry; and the muses, if not silent, are unheard, and unregarded, amidst the din of arms; this volume should be fortunate enough to attract any share of public notice, it will be found that the compiler has endeavoured to erect a monument to the honour of his native country; by combining a number of specimens of the poetical talent of IRISH WRITERS, and snatching from obscurity the Productions of many authors of merit, whom modesty, retired situations, and other causes,

would, for ever, have prevented from appearing in print, and reflecting on their native country that credit they are well calculated to bestow.

THE present volume differs from my two former, in this particular, that it is solely, and exclusively, the GROWTH of IRELAND; it is also to be observed, in favour of this collection; that it is, with one or two exceptions, composed intirely of Poems which now for the first time, see the light; and the Editor can say, with confidence, that he, alone, is the cause of the major part of them appearing at all.

As the present volume consists of detached Poems, few of them of any considerable length, it is not to be considered as having any necessary connexion with, or dependence on, the two former volumes; it is a complete, entire, work in itself, and the possessors of this book will not find any reference to the two former publications; it was, I have said, a selection on a plan entirely new,

being exclusively composed of poetry strictly and purely IRISH; for the accommodation, however, of the purchasers of the former volumes, this is printed with the same type, and a similar paper, and embellished in an uniform style with those which I have already published.

I AM desired by Mr. PRESTON, a large number of whose Poems are included in this publication, to say, that it is with shame and reluctance he permits the major part of these pieces of his to be obtruded on the public; that most of them were written at an early age, as the marks of juvenile haste and imperfect judgment which they appear in, will too plainly testify; that their author had determined to consign them to the flames; and that they have been rescued from that fate, by the interference and solicitations of the Editor; and that he entreats the public to excuse the folly of letting such trifles come abroad, out of regard to the motive, which was solely the desire of gratifying a friend; particularly as the reader

will find three or four Poems, which, the Author flatters himself, may atone for the despicable character of their companions.

THE Editor, however, feels himself under a necessity of observing, upon the preceding paragraph, that though Mr. PRESTON'S modesty recoils at ushering into public notice his JUVENILE POEMS;—He, the Editor, felt so much pleasure from reading them that he thought it would be withholding from his friends, a treat, that their encouragement of his former Publications entitled them to—and this opinion was augmented, by the high approbation given, by some judicious friends, upon reading, in manuscript, what Mr. PRESTON'S diffidence wished to leave in obscurity.—

I THEREFORE present them, hoping for an indulgent public to pardon, whatever they may think has been collected without judgment,

x      A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

trusting, however, that Mr. PRESTON's will not  
be considered the most exceptionable.

JOSHUA EDKINS.

Gordon's-Lane, Charlemont-Street,

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## THE COLLEGE GIBB,

AN HEROIC SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM O'BRIEN LARDNER, ESQ.

ORBILIUS, frowning despot, now from school  
Dismiss'd Aphronius; fraught with all the lore  
That scienced flagelites acquire; the pride  
And prodigy of schools:—the proofs extern  
Were on his back, ruddy and prominent;

As chiefs of Zealand or of Otaheite  
 By marks cutaneous indicate their rank,  
 So scars of erudition—birchen honors,  
 In purple bloom portray his school achievements,  
 The trophies of his struggles with the muse.  
 Now, fledg'd with plumes horatian and homeric,  
 He vent'rous dares in higher sphere to move ;  
 And seeks the halls of Alma, sapient nurse  
 Of rising genius, and aspiring thought :  
 The dire examen o'er, the hoary judge,  
 Aphronius' ancestry, his name, and age,  
 In volume academial fair records :  
 Aphronius issues forth—but how describe  
 The wond'ring wond'rous being ? First his head,  
 Of science the emporium, now adorn'd  
 With flowing ringlets, fable, crisp'd, and curl'd,  
 He straight invests with cap rectangular  
 Of fable woof ; then o'er his shoulders throws  
 The ample folds of garment, black as down  
 Of raven plumage, or that earth which slept  
 From first of time the stygian wave beneath ;  
 Enrob'd he issues forth, with pride elate :  
 His high ambitious wish now realiz'd,  
 He strides majestic ; or to senate house,  
 Or down the pathway towards vice regal halls,  
 Or o'er the bridge from hapless Essex named,

Or Sackville's crowded walk, there to display  
 His garment's flowing folds—the fable robe  
 One time falls from his round broad shoulders down  
 In folds exact.—Now negligent depends  
 Ev'n from his elbows bellying with the gale,  
 Or drags a length of train—anon succinct  
 He brings it to his shoulders, and collects  
 Its ample breadth in his puissant grasp ;  
 Then draws it intertwin'd within his arm.  
 Lo! as he strides magnificent, inly pleased,  
 He ever and anon beholds askance  
 The envied robe—reviews its varied folds ;  
 Then of importance conscious, looks and struts,  
 And looks and struts, and looks and struts again.  
 Such have I seen the bird of ebon plume,  
 By mortals Jackdaw called, when buskin'd high  
 With greaves of tyrian hue, striding along,  
 Full oft he stops to view each gaudy heel ;  
 Ev'n so Aphronius frequent looked and strode  
 Eblana's crowded ways.—But, hark! the bell  
 Aphronius summons to collegiate halls,  
 To feast on cates muttonian—or of ox  
 With culinary art embrown'd—as vulture  
 From food long held, or as the bird of Jove,  
 The royal eaglet, from some frowning cliff  
 Precipitates his flight, and pounces down

Relentless on his prey—thus fierce and fell,  
 With speed as rapid, appetite as keen,  
 Aphronius rushes to the festive board :  
 Where pewter bright as Berenice's hair,  
 Or Pallas's blue eye, upholds the spoils  
 Of slaughtered sheep, by vulgar tongue yclep'd  
 Shoulders and legs of mutton—lo, how soon  
 Aphronius' brandished blade incision deep  
 Makes in the reeking viand—slice o'er slice,  
 Hot, smoaking, pond'rous, overload his plate ;  
 His plate, of snowy timber form'd, doth groan  
 With the incumbent spoils—the youth now thrice  
 Doth load his plate—thrice make it light as air :  
 The fourth replenished heap, his appetite,  
 And jaded jaws refuse—he respite fought,  
 And stimulatives to provoke desire ;  
 Then calls the button'd slaves, who wait behind ;  
 Directs that to the culinary cells,  
 Beneath the hall, they bear it—there to broil  
 With particles saline embrued, and spice  
 Of indian product —Scarce the purpled slaves  
 Return'd the viand spiced from cells beneath,  
 When odorif'rous steam arrests the sense  
 Of fell Aphronius' proboscis : desire  
 And renovated appetite return :  
 His steely blade he seizes, and amain



The fourth full platter's spicy weight consumes ;  
 Ne'er, since the nuptial feast of Pirithoüs,  
 When mountain Centaurs with the Lapithæ  
 Vied emulous of the banquet, was there known  
 Such mortal havoc, as Aphronius' jaws  
 All potent made in Alma's foodful halls.  
 Not more infatiate was the jaw that hurl'd  
 Philistine thousands down the fiery gulph,  
 Where Satan reigns, as holy writ records.  
 But lo ! th' attending Cerberus, with eye  
 Malign and glaring, marks the feats immense  
 O'er slaughter'd sheep achieved, and mutt'ring curses,  
 And meditates revenge ; and wonders what  
 Of human form Aphronius bears—but then  
 Reflection comes—Aphronius is a Gibb :  
 This solves the doubt, and wonder is no more :  
 They praise the wight of academial fame,  
 Hight \* Minister, who oft at portal fire  
 Defined the wond'rous being.—  
 Lo, now in subterranean cells, where Sol  
 Ne'er sent his vital beam—nor fuel'd hearth  
 The frigorific walls e'er cheer'd—where Night  
 And Night's compeer, grim Darknefs, ancient sage,  
 Hold undisputed fway—save, when the gleams  
 Of farthing tapers only give to view  
 Darknefs, and render visible the gloom ;

\* Mr. Minister a badgeman of college memory.

Lo here the youth and his bold peers descend,  
 Vociferant, and loud, to celebrate  
 Collegiate orgies, and to quaff potations ;  
 Not Gallia's vintage, not Burgundia's boast,  
 Not fam'd Falernian, theme of Roman song,  
 Nor the imperial nectar of Hungaria,  
 Tockay, the beverage of demi gods,  
 But native brown October, foaming high  
 In vase of silver, donative, embossed,  
 High flavour'd with the vegetable gold  
 Of proud Hesperia, fragrant as the gale  
 That wafts arabian fleets to indian isles ;  
 Lo ! in this sphere of jovial revelry  
 Aphronius moves, sublime and eminent,  
 The loudest of the loud—the vaulted roof  
 Reverberating thunders—nought is heard  
 Distinct—from twenty tongues vociferous,  
 Reeling from theme to theme, the subject runs ;  
 From Murray's logic to demolish'd lamps,  
 From Lock on intellect to Crown-Ally sports,  
 From who best answer'd at the late examen,  
 To the best appetite at commons' hall ;  
 But frequent interruptions mar these themes ;  
 Aphronius, sportive, ever and anon,  
 Hurls glomerated globes of Ceres forth ;  
 Some issue harmless.—But, if missive ball

Extinguish taper, or hit other mark,  
 Then uproar rises boundless thro' the cells :  
 As when of old the bacchanalian rout  
 On thracian hills their midnight orgies kept,  
 What time, with frantic howl, on Rhodope,  
 They Orpheus slew, Calliope's sweet son :  
 Or wou'd'st Aphronius view, and his compeers,  
 In other scene, of more import ; repair  
 To the balcony of the senate house ;  
 Mark well the group of gibbs with gaping mouth  
 Of horrid aperture, set wide to drink  
 The oily stream of eloquence, whose " Soft  
 " Meanders lubricate the course they take ;"  
 Aphronius and his peers besotted stare :  
 As much emoved are they, when Baalam's ass  
 Brays in broad accent, as when Gracchus holds  
 Attention chain'd, and opes the grand debate ;  
 When, with such force in ardent phrase, he hurls  
 The potent thunder of convictive truth,  
 That foul Corruption's torpid nerves are shook  
 Ev'n to convulsion round the venal bench.—  
 Gibbs equally admire the drawling phrase  
 Of vapid Barrus, as when Curio's wit  
 Explodes in brilliant flashes.—When Borachio,  
 Like mongrel snarling at the great and wise,  
 As wide the Gibb extends admiring jaws,

As when Pomponius, clear, succinct, and strong,  
 Gives energy to reason.—But what now?  
 Why sobs the Gibb? Aphronius, wherefore weep?  
 Is't sympathy? O yes—behold a knight,  
 Now that the days of chivalry are past,  
 Pathetic weeps the fate, and fall, of kings,  
 Gives all he can in these barbaric times  
 To royal woe—bedews with tears the star  
 That glitters on his breast, the regal toy  
 Feels sympathetic sorrow, and grows dim.—  
 But, wayward muse, tire not thy auditors:  
 Of COLLEGE GIBB enough; to sketch the portrait  
 Of features false and prominent thy task,  
 Thy province to correct, not irritate,  
 To cure, but not inflame, the morbid part.

ODE TO FROST.

BY H.

PRECEDED by the pinching storm  
That through fiberiar forests play'd,  
With withering look and wizard form,  
The pallid pow'r whose magic force  
Arrests the wand'ring river's course,  
Stands on our shore with hostile flag display'd.

At his approach each flow'ret dies,  
That prematurely dar'd to rise  
And court the wintry sun's deceitful rays :  
Each bud that treach'rous moisture drew  
Untimely into public view,  
Night suddenly decays.

No music in the skies we hear,  
Altho' serene, and oft, as summer's clear :  
    The woods and fields are dumb ;  
Save where the shuddering peasant stands,  
And hoarsely coughs, or claps his tingling hands,  
    Left cold his nerves benumb.

Save where along the blasted wold,  
By hunger pinch'd, without a fold,  
    The bleating sheep and lowing heifer roam ;  
While, shrinking from the freezing gale,  
Beneath the lamp of night so pale,  
    They call the heedless hind, in vain, to take  
        them home.

Save where the feather'd flock from stream or lake,  
In quest of food their noisy movements make ;  
    Or where, from her dark citadel, the owl  
        Sallies abroad, with hideous scream,  
Along the leafless shade for prey to prowl,  
    Marring the sleeping linnet's tuneful dream.

But never since thy hoary banner, FROST!  
Wav'd glittering o'er HIBERNIA'S hills and  
plains,  
Didst thou approach her sea-encircled coast,  
More dreaded by her poor, laborious swains,  
Groaning beneath Dearth's gripe, pining with Hunger's  
pains !

Ah ! while thy rigours, pow'r severe !  
Obedient thus to Nature's law,  
In bonds of double hardship bind the year,  
May Pity's gentle sun arise and thaw  
The ice in ev'ry cold, indiff'rent breast,  
Till warm'd with charitable zeal,  
AV'RICE itself an inclination feel  
To save the poor, and succour the distress !

THE

TEARS OF APRIL.

BY THE SAME.

APRIL, thy bow'r, alas! remains  
Still unadorn'd with bud, or bloom;  
In lengthen'd rigour Winter reigns—  
And Nature mourns her hapless doom!

Beneath his hut, the shiv'ring hind  
Beholds the hostile season's fway,  
And listens to the bellowing wind  
With mute attention, and dismay.

The bee within her waxen cell,  
As her scant stock of honey fails,  
Dreads the approach of Famine fell,  
And tardy Spring's delay bewails



No zephyr dares its filken wing  
Expand beneath the freezing sky ;  
No tuneful Lark attempts to sing,  
While tempests howl, and snow-drifts fly.

No swallow, as in milder years,  
Dares yet our coast a visit pay ;  
No cuckoo's note the valléy cheers ;  
The drooping shade, no linnet's lay.

No genial warmth yet glads the grove,  
And decks the lawn with vernal hues ;  
The birth of beauty, music, love,  
Cold's unpropitious pow'r subdues.

April, thy bow'r, alas ! remains  
Still unadorn'd with bud, or bloom ;  
In lengthen'd rigour Winter reigns—  
And Nature mourns her hapless doom !

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

BY THE SAME.

COME balmy spirit of the Spring!  
And breathe upon our languid plains;  
And shed from thy salubrious wing  
Nutritious dews, and kindly rains.

Unbind the bud, the shoot extend,  
With verdant beauty clothe the tree,  
The garden's tender train befriend,  
And fill the grove with choral glee.

Too long has Winter's lingering sway  
Repress'd thy influence, gentle power!  
For now we see returning MAY—  
But seek in vain to find her flower.

## ODE TO JUNE.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE Summer weaves her flow'ry wreath ;  
 While sweetest gales of fragrance breathe ;  
 While beauty charms the ravish'd eyes  
 With finest forms, and richest dyes ;  
 My muse attunes her rustic lay  
 To the bright heir of blooming May.

O JUNE! were mine the potent song,  
 That erst, elysian bow'rs among,  
 Prevailed o'er stubborn Fate's decree,  
 And fet the grecian \* lady free ;  
 I'd try to charm thy princely ear—  
 Prolong thy empire o'er the year ;  
 While Time, in silken slumbers bound,  
 Shou'd cease to run his wonted round,

\* Eurydice.

And wonder all the nations fill,  
As when of old the sun stood still.

Where Scandinavia's mountains rise  
With snow-capt summits to the skies,  
And Hecla's doom'd with endless rage,  
The burning war with Frost to wage ;  
At thy approach, botanic queen !  
The vegetable tribes are seen  
To start from their long, polar trance—  
With sudden shoot their stems advance—  
Unfold the leaf—the flower expand,  
And deck with smiles the dreary land.

Such was the season, when the \* SAGE,  
The pride and wonder of his age,  
From Upsal's academic shade  
Through Lapland's lonely regions stray'd,  
Exploring Nature's northern train,  
With persevering toil and pain,  
Till, master of her mystic lore,  
He classified the blooming store,  
And gave mankind a work of art,  
The noblest genius could impart.

\* Linnæus.

Such is the season † DARWIN loves,  
 When, leaving Derwent's classic groves,  
 He culls from Flora's fair domain  
 The charming subjects of his strain.  
 Delighted sylphs on balanced wings,  
 And fullen gnomes in silent rings,  
 Meek naids, sprightly nymphs of fire,  
 All Fancy's light, aerial quire  
 Around th' enchanting lyrist throng,  
 To hear the scientific song  
 That vegetation's mystic pow'rs,  
 The loves and joys of plants and flow'rs,  
 Describes—unfolding thus to view  
 A scene delightful, curious, new—  
 A scene that must the athiest awe,  
 And from him this confession draw ;  
 “ A BEING INFINITE, SUPREME,  
 “ Alone, could form the wond'rous scheme—  
 “ Still o'er its movements must preside !  
 “ CHANCE cannot such a system guide !”

† Author of the celebrated Poem on the Economy of Vegetation  
 and Loves of the Plants.

E L E G Y,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF FOUR YOUNG LADIES,

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG,

NAMED \*SCHRADEN.

BY NORMANNUS.

YE brother puppies, all attend,  
Who flutter thro' this sea-bound nation,  
From weightier trifles, deign to bend,  
And join my rueful lamentation.

Small was my mother, smaller yet,  
Was I myself, when I was born ;  
I might have liv'd an happy pet,  
And been carefs'd, from morn to morn.

\* A dwarfish thing.

I might have liv'd in Mary's smiles,  
And then have liv'd in blifs indeed ;  
I might have used a thousand wiles,  
As with her lovely hands I play'd.

I might have toy'd in Sally's arms ;  
Such fortune feldom mortal blesses ;  
I might have view'd her countless charms,  
And wanton'd with her raven tresses.

I might have lain on Ellen's breast,  
And gaz'd upon her neck with wonder ;  
Her snowy bosom gently prest,  
And felt the panting captive under.

I might have liv'd with Betfy too,  
And slept secure in her good nature ;  
Then tell me brothers, which of you,  
Could hope to be so blest a creature ?

But envious Fate too plainly saw,  
The good design'd for poor SCHRADDEEN ;  
Her bailiff, death, with harpy claw,  
Has dragg'd me to her iron reign.

But why should mortals thus complain,  
Why should we thus misfortune harp at?  
I might have felt the lash of \* Payne,  
For piddling on the Wilton carpet.

Or Tabby might have scratch'd my face,  
Or † Burton dragged me through the mire;  
Or worse, I might be in disgrace,  
Or scorch my whiskers at the fire.

Content, to Fate I then resign,  
The little share I had of breath,  
Nor longer at the change repine,  
From Ellen's arms, to those of Death.

Then all my mistresses adieu,  
My only wish is this, and know it;  
May you have wealth, and husbands too,  
And gooseberries to give the poet.

\* The Servant.

† A Footman.



THE SWEET-PEA,

THE

LAURUSTINUS, AND THE OAK

A F A B L E,

IN IMITATION OF LANGHORNE.

BY THE SAME.

- “ RISE lovely flower around me twine,  
“ And point thy tendrils to the skies ;  
“ Thy weakly branches rest on mine,  
“ Arise, my blushing fair, arise.
- “ No longer trail the chilling ground,  
“ But in supported beauty smile ;  
“ Spread all thy fragrant perfume round,  
“ Nor thy fair blossoms thus defile.
- “ For fearless of the wintry breeze,  
“ My humble, hardy, branches spread ;  
“ When winter strips the prouder trees,  
“ He moves unheeded o'er my head.

“ Come, then, and in this lonely shade,  
“ Let me thy beauteous buds sustain;  
“ Accept my shelter, lovely maid,  
“ Against the wind and driving rain.”—

Thus, to the roving SWEET-PEA's bloom,  
The humble LAURUSTINUS spoke;  
Where, in the dark sequester'd gloom,  
He grew beneath a lofty OAK.

The SWEET-PEA blush'd a deeper red,  
'Twas like Eliza's blush of scorn;  
“ And was my beauty form'd,” she said,  
“ Thy homely branches to adorn?

“ What, though in each fair blossom dwells,  
“ The lily blended with the rose;  
“ Which scarce Eliza's cheek excels,  
“ When she with love and rapture glows.

“ Yet, think not in thy homely shade,  
“ Those blended beauties to sustain;  
“ Nor, think I want thy vulgar aid,  
“ Against the wind and driving rain.

“ No! round the monarch of the grove,  
“ In bold ambition, let me twine ;  
“ There plight my truth and faithful love,  
“ And, proudly, call the monarch mine.”

The clouds of winter veil the sky,  
The whistling winds begin to roar ;  
Around the screaming sea-fowl fly,  
And fill with shrieks the frightened shore.

Around the OAK the SWEET-PEA clings,  
And softly folds her feeble arms ;  
While through his boughs the tempest sings,  
He stands unmindful of her charms.

In vain, unhappy plant, in vain,  
She seeks for aid beyond her power ;  
Her tendrils strew the wasted plain,  
And wild winds tear each blushing flower.

Let this short tale, my lovely fair,  
A plain, but useful, maxim prove ;  
That mutual aid and fostering care,  
Are only found in equal love.

E P I T A P H,

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS ELLEN TOBYN,

WHO DIED AT WEXFORD, MARCH 14, 1796,

AGED TWENTY SEVEN,

BY THE SAME.

IF artless innocence, and native truth,  
A form engaging, and a heart sincere;  
Torn hence, by Death, in all the bloom of youth,  
Deserve the sacred tribute of a tear.

On Ellen's tomb, the pious meed bestow,  
May kindred piety thy soul inspire;  
Her angel form lies mouldering here below,  
Her angel spirit swells the heavenly choir.

## B R I G H T L E Y.

In the month of July, 1791, the writer visited the ruined Mansion of his Fore-Fathers, at Brightley, in Devonshire.—His feelings upon that occasion are expressed in the following verses, written May 1791.

NE VILE VELIS.

BY THE SAME.

IF in the bosom of this devious wood,  
Far from the sight of men, ye love to dwell,  
Whence frighted TAW escapes with hurried flood,  
While all his waves with panting terror swell.

If, in these awful shades, in calm repose,  
Forgetting mortal cares, with mortal breath;  
Where the brown oak around his mantle throws,  
Ye haunt your favourite woodlands even in death.

Souls of my fathers ! guide my wandering feet,  
To that dark dell, where sit your fading forms ;  
Where, far from strife, ye hold communion sweet,  
And, far from care, deride the passing storms.

I hear the hallowed sound, the yielding boughs,  
 Obsequious, shew a passage thro' the grove;  
 I feel my heart beat high, my spirit rouse,  
 And now they speak in strains of joy and love.

“ Welcome, thrice welcome, to these sacred shades;  
 “ To fathers for their loyalty renown'd,  
 “ Who know the bloom of virtue never fades,  
 “ Who ne'er the stain of foul dishonour found.”

And now I see advance a manly shade,  
 Whose open features beam with stern delight,  
 His airy armour glitters thro' the glade,  
 And his plum'd helmet sheds a waving night.

“ My son,” he cries, “ I mark'd the rising sigh;  
 “ When through the tottering hall you bent your way,  
 “ Where BRIGHTLEY'S walls in dreary ruin lie,  
 “ And even our memory hurries to decay.

“ I saw, with rapture saw, thy tearful eye,  
 “ The pious offering to a grandfire's grave;  
 “ Where deck'd with sculptur'd pomp, in silence lie,  
 “ Your mothers virtuous, and your fathers brave.

“ Though proud achievements shew our spotless birth,  
 “ Our loyalty a prouder boast shall prove ;  
 “ For, while we trod, in mortal form, the earth,  
 “ Our king possess'd our lives, our swords, our love.

“ And when fanatic fury thro' the land,  
 “ Rais'd her infernal head, against the crown ;  
 “ I saw a ruffian aim his murderous hand ;—  
 “ This arm uplifted, fell'd the traitor down.

“ But treason triumph'd o'er my hapless king,  
 “ His sacred blood, by villain hands, was shed ;  
 “ Then did the wretched land with discord ring,  
 “ And anarchy distracting darkness spread.

“ But, e'er my wearied limbs had sunk to rest,  
 “ I saw my monarch's son regain his throne ;  
 “ The glorious vision, calm'd my troubled breast,  
 “ I sunk in death without a parting groan.

“ And, you my son, attend to my command,  
 “ Defend your king, be loyalty your pride ;  
 “ And, should contending faction tear the land,  
 “ Prove it most firmly, when most fiercely tried.

THE  
P R O S T I T U T E.

SEE where the poor abandoned outcast wretch,  
From virtue's sweet society cut off,  
Saunters, with wanton step and careless air,  
Along the bustling streets, with looks forlorn,  
Enrob'd in loosest trim, and ev'ry charm  
Display'd, to tempt th' unwary youthful heart,  
And raise the lustful wish. Think ye, while thus  
She thoughtless roams beneath the moon's pale beams,  
And smiles seem dimpling on her faded cheek,  
As yon rude wights, with spirits high enflamed,  
From draining deep the fancy-stirring bowl,  
Approach. Think ye, that appetite alone  
Prompts the soft blandishments, the tender sigh,  
The love-alluring look, the unchaste kiss,  
And eager pressure of the glowing hand,  
Anxious to win them to her arms? Ah, no!



Beneath this mask of counterfeited joys,  
 The heart, convuls'd, bewails her wretched fate;  
 And worlds, if worlds could be at her command,  
 She'd deem a barter of the proudest gain,  
 For virgin innocence and conscious peace,  
 The once lov'd inmates of her guileless breast,  
 E'er fraudulent man, with diabolic arts,  
 In evil hour, with well dissembled love,  
 Gain'd on her wilding soul—robb'd the sweet maid  
 Of treasures of inestimable price,  
 And left her friendless to the rude attacks  
 Of prudish scorn, the poorest of the poor.

Ye gen'rous youths, whose noble souls aspire  
 Beyond the feelings of the vulgar crowd;  
 If ye, perchance, in passion's wild career  
 Are led to visit scenes of shameful vice,  
 And some such object as the muse bewails,  
 Won by your mild demeanour, should unfold,  
 With many a heart-felt pang, her sad, sad tale  
 Of matchless woe—how first her youthful heart,  
 The truest heart that e'er affection warm'd,  
 Repos'd its confidence on empty vows,  
 And fell a victim at the shrine of love:  
 How then, "abandon'd on the world's wide stage,"  
 An orphan, poor and destitute, a prey

To savage man—by censure's keenest stings  
 Encompass'd round, t' avert the gripe of want,  
 The loveliest form that goodness ever grac'd,  
 Surrender'd up to shame and self-reproach,  
 The dire attendants of a life of guilt.  
 Oh! to your bosoms clasp the suff'ring fair,  
 Kiss off contrition's tear, and from these haunts  
 Of foulest infamy, with friendly hand  
 Conduct the wand'rer to some safe retreat.  
 From virtue's rude assailants far remov'd,  
 There, like the good Samaritan of old,  
 Pour wine and oil into her bleeding wounds;  
 To pity mild, join tender counsels for  
 Her future good;—teach her religion pure,  
 And chearful industry, whose grateful aid  
 May ever furnish out the plenteous means  
 To banish want, and all her chilly train;  
 So shall her each remaining hour of life,  
 In gentle peace glide on, and at each dawn  
 And close of day, her fervent orisons  
 In penitential sweetness shall ascend  
 To mercy's throne, where greater joy prevails,  
 In minds angelic, o'er one guilty wretch  
 Repentant, than o'er ninety-nine of those  
 Whose lives unspotted, no repentance need.

How will your hearts, ye worthy youths, exult,  
When ye to peaceful solitude retire,  
To contemplate, in retrospection sweet,  
On actions such as these;—yet not alone  
To this short life are your rewards confin'd;  
Soon shall the hour, the awful hour arrive,  
When, in the presence of assembled worlds,  
The JUDGE OF ALL your plaudits shall proclaim,  
“ And all the hosts of heav'n shall shout you welcome!”

## HIALMAR AND HYRINDA.

BY W. B.

The following Stanzas were put together, to exhibit in one point of view, a variety of the superstitions of the scandinavian tribes; as they remain recorded in fragments of the icelandic poetry.

### HYRINDA.

CLOUDS have wrapt the stars in darkness,  
And the failing moon beshroud;  
Thro' the drear, and mofs-clad ruin,  
The shrill tempest whistles loud.

Deep I hear the groaning thunder,  
Light'nings play around my head;  
Whilst my lone, and anxious footsteps,  
Seek the mansions of the dead.

In yon grave is laid HIALMAR,  
 Mightiest of the \* giant brood ;  
 O'er the † web of time, eventful,  
 With unbounded ken endued.

Him, by my resistless numbers,  
 I must rouse from his repose ;  
 That, constrained, his voice unerring  
 May the hidden fate disclose.

Charm ! which to the winds I whisper,  
 Let no footstep wander nigh ;  
 Whilst the solemn deed is doing  
 Yell not wolf, nor owlet cry.

Now the written spell I scatter,  
 As I pace the tomb around :  
 Now, unto the north I turn me,  
 Smiting thrice the yawning ground.

\* The heroes who accompanied Odin in the migration of the Scandinavians from Asia, were honoured by their posterity, with the title of giants ; but the superstition seems to have alluded more to the magical knowledge, and preternatural endowments, which they were supposed to possess, than to any idea of extraordinary size.

† The history of all human occurrences was supposed to be woven in a loom, by the VAL-KYRIUR, or destinies.

Warrior ! by thy prowess hear me,  
 By the amulet I bear !  
 By the mystic rhyme of \* Hela  
 Graven on this bloody spear.

Virkar o'er the wintry ocean,  
 From HYRINDA wanders far ;  
 To the hostile shore of Erin  
 He has borne the storm of war.

Months have passed in tedious sequence,  
 Tho' not long he meant to roam ;  
 Clear this painful expectation :  
 Comes my hero victor home ?

#### HIALMAR.

Ha ! what voice with strain unhallowed  
 Dares pervade this awful gloom ?  
 Cease thy sacrilegious errand,  
 Spare the quiet of the tomb.

\* HELA, from whence our hell, meant properly the subterranean region ; but it was sometimes personified ; as the mother of the fates, giants, monsters, &c.

## HYRINDA.

Warrior ! no irreverent motive,  
 Leads me to thy marble bed ;  
 Nor, unwilling from thy slumber,  
 Dost thou raise thy helmed head.

Oft the traveller belated,  
 Hears thee by the \* moon's pale light ;  
 With thy voluntary descant,  
 Pierce the silence of the night.

If thy voice can flow spontaneous,  
 If thou may'st invoked forbear :  
 Answer at my potent bidding !  
 Answer ! answer, to my prayer.

## HIALMAR.

Since no awe can bar thy purpose,  
 Dread the vengeance of mine ire ;  
 Lo ! the fatal flame arises,  
 Hasten from the wrathful † fire.

\* The stories of the Scalds, the bards of the Scandinavians, are full of instances of dead warriors amusing themselves, by sitting up in their graves, and singing to the moon.

† Many examples are quoted by the Scalds, of persons who, having attempted to penetrate the tombs of the dead, were repulsed by

## HYRINDA.

Know I not that men sepultured  
 Loud may threat, but cannot harm?  
 This weak flame is all illusion,  
 And innocuous <sup>shine</sup> ~~is thy~~ arm.

Once again, I pray thee, warrior!  
 Ere I use a harsher spell,  
 Show compassion for a lover;  
 And how fares my Virkar, tell?

## HIALMAR.

I have seen the bird of carnage,  
 Wing its way from Erin's land;  
 Gorged it seeks its native region,  
 Blood has stained the hostile strand.

Hie thee home, undaunted maiden!  
 Seek no more of me to know:  
 Patient wait, if joy the issue;  
 Speed it not, if it be woe.

flames that arose from the grave. It was a superstition probably inculcated with a view of preserving funeral monuments from wanton injury. It was, however, held that if any person had the intrepidity not to shrink from these flames, they could not be hurted by them; for they did not admit that the dead had any power over the living.



HYRINDA,

Yes, my bosom meets the presage ;  
 Pause not, but the worst reveal ;  
 For affection nought of anguish  
 Equal to suspense can feel,

HIALMAR,

Late I saw beside the \* banquet,  
 A new couch in Odin's hall ;  
 Arms unclaim'd, the Dwarfins' labour,  
 Hung against the gilded wall.

Loudly sang the fatal † sisters,  
 Loth I wound thy tender ear,  
 " Warriors ! meet the valiant stranger,  
 " Virkar from the field comes here.

\* Departed heroes were invited by Odin to reside with him in the VAL HALLA, or hall of the slain. Each had there his couch at the banquet, he had also arms, which were forged for him by the DUERGAR, or DWARFINS, minute subterranean beings, for the purpose expressed below.

† The DISIR, who seem to have been a subordinate class of the VAL-HYRIUR, were virgins, whose whole employment was to signify the invitation of Odin to dying heroes.

“ Here, he reaps the meed of valour,  
“ From the cares of earth released ;  
“ Tastes each day, the joys of \* combat ;  
“ And at night partakes the feast.”

Sigh not, maiden, for the hero ;  
Victor songs have knolled his knell ;  
Fame awaits thy dying lover,  
Virkar conquered, though he fell !

HYRINDA.

Peace be to thee, noble warrior !  
No rude step thy tomb profane ;  
Pardon that my anxious <sup>sorrows</sup> footsteps  
Made me use the magic strain.

Now I must the verse memorial  
Trace on his sepulchral stone ;  
That when future warriors see it,  
They may think of times foregone.

When they talk of former heroes,  
They may Virkar's fame recall :  
He shall, as they praise his valour,  
Smile well pleased in Odin's hall.

\* The happiness of the heroes in the VAL HALLA consisted in fighting and slaying each other every morning. It was, however, but a temporary death they suffered in these combats; for after the fray they all rose again, and passed the evening in drinking wine, or metheglin, out of the skulls of those they had killed on earth.

My heart's blood, this duty ended,  
 Eager shall the faulchion stain;  
 Lest the doom of nature class me  
 Amidst \* Thor's ignoble train.

<sup>ou</sup>  
 Then, thy powerful intercession  
 With the slain's great ruler lend,  
 That, within his realm admitted  
 I may on my Virkar tend.

Sedulous I'll brace his corslet,  
 Fix his helm and bring his shield;  
 Earnest lead the fable courser,  
 That must bear him to the field.

Joyful shall I serve my hero,  
 When the busy banquet glows;  
 When the rosy liquor sparkles  
 From the skulls of slaughtered foes,

Now, no more the sigh shall flutter,  
 Now, no more the tear shall flow;  
 Peace be to thee, noble chieftain!  
 Quickly we shall meet below!

\* They who died a natural death, unless much distinguished in war during life, fell under the dominion of THOR, and resided in a very inferior state to those who perished violently. The latter became subjects of Odin, who was thence called VAL-FADR, the father, or ruler, of the slain.

T R I O.

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN, M. D.

I.

HERE sits J\*\*\*\*\* P\*\*\*\*\*, and could I but find  
A pallet well charg'd with the colours of mind,  
I should venture to paint, with inadequate plan,  
The lights and the shades of this great, little, man.

Achilles, 'tis said, had a skin made of steel,  
And was callous to all—save the kibe on his heel :  
But our friend feels, all over, the sting or the smart,  
And wherever you touch—'tis a pulse from the heart :  
With such sense and such foreness, I can't understand,  
Why he ne'er feels an itch—in the palm of the hand.

Acute, argumentative, agile yet strong,  
 With a heart ever right, and a head feldom wrong,  
 With passions too prompt to fit quiet and still ;  
 In his principles fix'd, with a wandering will ;  
 Perplext in his creed, and too apt so to tell us ;  
 In his friendships a little too lovingly jealous ;  
 Still eager to get or to give satisfaction,  
 He dives after motives, and misses the action.  
 No axiom so clear, but he'll make it more plain ;  
 No action so fair, but he likes to explain ;  
 Too nice in the right, too sincere for profession,  
 And with meaning so full that he fails in expression,  
 For when crowds of ideas all strive to rush out,  
 Each must elbow his neighbour, and shove him about ;  
 But his life and his language have masculine merit ;  
 Both are deeply impress'd with the print of his spirit :  
 It burns in his eyes—it enlarges his frame—  
 And it tempers his clay not with water—but flame—  
 His words burst afunder the shackling of art,  
 And the pen that he writes with is dipt—in his heart.  
 'Tis not from a fountain like this you can draw,  
 Any languid harangue of loquacious law,  
 'Tis clear sense gushing out, unconfin'd, incompress'd,  
 From the pure and perennial spring in the breast.  
 When all was at sea—all confusion and fear—  
 Like the sea-man's small needle he show'd how to steer,

Nor ever declin'd from the patriot direction,  
 'Till the lightning of Grattan, once, hurt the attraction;  
 But the transient dip, and the slight deviation,  
 Prove the needle points true, in its NATURAL station.—

## II.

No prancing, curvetting, episcopal poney,  
 No desk petit-maitre, no church macaroni,  
 With his curl carv'd as stiff as the top of the crozier,  
 And manners more pliant and loose than an osier;  
 But tall—and erect—and with resolute air,  
 And with head that disdains ev'n one hypocrite hair,  
 Here stands W\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\*—the stem of our table,  
 A column of prelacy, stately and stable.—  
 The capital, doric; and doric, the base;  
 It excels more in strength than corinthian grace;  
 Without flourish, or frieze, or parisian plaster,  
 A pillar for use, not a showy pilaster;  
 Such a pillar when Samson was call'd out for sport,  
 Perhaps might have sav'd the whole philistine court,  
 Sam, might crack all his sinews, and bow with his  
 weight  
 But Will would uphold both the church and the state—  
 On all who dare shake that convenient alliance  
 He bends his black brows and he scowls a defiance;  
 Yet forgets, while he thunders against reformation,  
 That what is establishment, was innovation.

Our patriots, alas! are all dwarfish and weak,  
 Too puny to make aristocracy quake.  
 But oh! could thy principles change to the whig,  
 Could'st thou throw them as readily off as thy wig;  
 That old tyrant call'd Custom, in vain, would resist,  
 The momentum of such a republican fist.  
 His strong castle would tumble, like Jericho's wall,  
 And, his talisman broken—the giant must fall.

More solid, than shining; more weighty, than wordy;  
 In the right, very stout; in the wrong, very sturdy;  
 Both sudden and sure in the grasp of conception,  
 But too fond of the rule, to admit the exception.  
 Too tenacious in tenet to sport an opinion,  
 Each dogma with him has despotic dominion.  
 Too apt to mistake argumentative strife,  
 And to lay down a word as he'd lay down his life.  
 He takes always good aim, but too quick in the timing,  
 He flushes the bird and his temper burns priming.  
 His heart always flames, with good fuel well fed,  
 But it sends up, at times, a thick smoke to the head:  
 And 'till that clears away, 'tis not easy to know  
 The fact, or the motive, the friend, or the foe.  
 Then take up this tankard, of rough massy plate,  
 Not for fashion preferr'd, but for value and weight.

When you lift up the cover—then—think of our vicar,  
 And take a hard pull at the orthodox liquor  
 That keeps hale and hearty, in every climate,  
 And makes the poor curate as proud as the primate.

## III.

But when genius and judgment are called to the feast,  
 Make the TRIO complete and cement them with taste.  
 And for taste let me call on our courtly Collector,  
 Not the king of his company,—but the protector ;  
 Who, with easy hilarity, knows how to sit  
 In a family compact with wisdom and wit.

With the art to know much, without seeming to  
 know it,

Joins the art to have wit, without straining to show it.  
 For his mind, not case-harden'd, by form or profession,  
 Always yields—with a spring, and impels—by con-  
 cession.

'True politeness, like sense, is begotten, not made,  
 But all our professions smell strong of a trade—  
 All vocation is craft—both the black and the scarlet,  
 The doctor—the pleader—the judge—and the harlot,

No collector of medals or fossils so fine ;  
 He gathers good-fellows around his good wine.  
 No collector of shells, or of stuff'd alligators,  
 But of two-leg'd, unfeather'd, erect, mutton-eaters ;



That join, heart in hand, to drive round the decanter,  
 While the bishop hob-nobs with the lowly dissenter.  
 Here, the puddle of party ne'er rises in riot,  
 But the oil of urbanity keeps the waves quiet :  
 Neither faction nor feud his good-humour espouses,  
 He's the happy Mercutio who " curses both houses ;"  
 With a pretty plump place, and a cellar well stor'd,  
 Makes his bow to the bench, and his bow to the  
 board ;

In political faith knows how much to believe,  
 And, when 'tis convenient, to laugh in his sleeve ;  
 His sense is well set, not a word out of joint,  
 Rather too much in epigram—too much for point.  
 With some effort, his ease,—with some stiffness, his  
 sense—

His spirit is free—the expression is tense.  
 His brand on our hogheads he lawfully puts,  
 But 'tis harder to brand with his wit—all our butts ;  
 'Tis our irish primum—our raw manufacture,  
 That keeps well thro' all seasons, nor needs an in-  
 spector.

Thus in mind and in manners, a man " comme il  
 faut,"

He glides smoothly thro' life, with a serpentine flow  
 That still tends to a point, when it seems to incline ;  
 And the curve gently blends with the rigid right-line.

E P I T A P H,

ON

M R S. R A I N E Y,

OF GREENVILLE, COUNTY OF DOWN.

BY THE SAME.

THE light of mem'ry, struggling thro' the gloom,  
Awakes, to life, the tenant of this tomb;  
Restores each mild, majestic, matron, grace,  
Dwells on the form, and lingers on the face;  
In strong delusion, waits to hear her speak,  
And sees the bloom just mantling o'er the cheek;  
Her mind recalls—the vary'd loveliness,  
The pow'r to warm—to harmonize—to bless.  
The tranquil constancy in acting right,  
And, the fine sense of elegant delight;

Her breast by duty warm'd, by goodness grac'd,  
 While round it play'd the lambent flame of taste.  
 Hers—every charm that could in courts prevail,  
 Her charm, and choice, to steal along the vale.  
 Hers—the full sweetness of domestic life,  
 The friend—the daughter—sister—mother—wife—  
 The WIFE!—oh! thou, whom most my soul desires,  
 In whom I liv'd—with whom, my bliss expires;  
 In vain does mem'ry pierce this mortal gloom,  
 Thy husband sees—and only sees—the TOMB.

TO

I R E L A N D.

BY THE SAME.

MY COUNTRY! shall I mourn, or blefs,  
Thy tame and wretched happinefs?

'Tis true!—the vaft Atlantic tide,  
Has scoop'd thy harbours deep, and wide,  
Bold to protect, and prompt to fave,  
From fury of the western wave:  
And Shannon points to Europe's trade,  
For THAT, his chain of lakes was made,  
For THAT, he fcorns to wafte his ftore,  
In channel of a fubject ftore,  
But courts the fouthern wind to bring  
A world, upon its tepid wing.

True!—thy resplendent rivers run,  
 And safe beneath a temp'rate sun,  
 Springs the young verdure of thy plain,  
 Nor dreads a torrid, eastern reign.

True!—thou art blest, in Nature's plan,  
 Nothing seems wanting here—but—MAN,  
 Man---to subdue, not serve the soil,  
 To win, and wear its golden spoil,  
 Man---conscious of an earth his own;  
 No savage biped, torpid, prone;  
 Living, to dog his brother brute,  
 And hung'ring for a lazy root;  
 Food for a soft, contented slave,  
 Not for the hardy and the brave.

Had Nature been her enemy,  
 FERNE might be fierce and free.  
 To the stout heart, and iron hand,  
 Temp'rate each sky, and tame each land;  
 A climate and a soil less kind,  
 Had form'd a map of richer mind.  
 Now, a mere sterile swamp of SOUL,  
 Tho' meadows spread, and rivers roll;  
 A nation of abortive men,  
 That dart---the tongue; and point---the pen,

And, at the back of Europe, hurl'd  
A base POSTERIOR of the world.

In lap of Araby the blest,  
Man lies with luxury oppress'd ;  
While spicy odours, blown around,  
Enrich the air, and gems—the ground.  
But thro' the pathless, burning waste,  
Man marches with his patient beast,  
Braves the hot sun, and heaving sand,  
And calls it free and happy land.

Enough to make a desert known,  
“ Arms, and the Man,” and sand, and stone.

THE

A S P I R A T I O N.

BY W\*\*\*\*\* D\*\*\*\*\*.

O ! How I long to be at rest,  
No more oppressing, or oppress'd  
To sink asleep, on Nature's nursing breast !

In Earth's green cradle to be laid,  
Where larks may build, where lambs have play'd,  
And a clear stream may flow, and sooth my hov'ring  
shade.

The twilight mem'ry loves to spread,  
Haply, may linger o'er my head,  
And half illumine the long departed dead,

TO

A Y O U N G L A D Y,

FROM HER

G U A R D I A N S P I R I T.

BY THE SAME.

MAID much belov'd ! to heav'n-sent truth attend,  
A spirit speaks---but listen to the friend.  
That guardian angel, whose unwearied care,  
Form'd thee so pure, and fashion'd thee so fair :  
Who, like the wall of paradise, arose,  
To guard thee safe, amid furrounding foes ;  
Who left his heav'n, to point thee out the road,  
Regain'd it in thy mind, and made it his abode.---  
That spirit speaks---and, O ! be free from dread,  
That spirit hovers o'er thy honour'd head,  
Looks down, with ever new delight, to find  
His image beaming from thy spotless mind,



My form I might reveal, and flash to fight,  
 In all the living majesty of light,  
 My ample wings expand, and fill the room,  
 With splendor of high Heav'n, with Eden's lost perfume;  
 Entranc'd in light, o'erwhelm'd with ardent gaze,  
 Thy sense would shrink, and shun the vivid blaze;  
 My flow'r would droop, or vainly seek to shun  
 The scorching radiance of the parent sun.  
 Th' event I fear, and hide myself in shade,  
 Unseen the angel, unabash'd the maid.  
 Lift then, O! lovely maid, to truth attend,  
 Forget the angel, but believe the friend.

When on thy lips the unfledg'd accents hung,  
 And feebly flutter'd on thy falt'ring tongue,  
 When still in motion, sweetly vagrant still,  
 Thro' its blest Eden, flow'd life's little rill;  
 With fresh supplies I fed its babbling tide  
 And clear as crystal made the current glide,  
 Sweet flow'rs sprung up, profuse, where'er it came,  
 And constant sun shine sparkled on its stream.

Old Time stood wond'ring, while the fearless child,  
 Play'd with his lock, and at his wrinkles smil'd:  
 And as he gaz'd intent, the frolic Hours  
 Stole his broad scythe, and hid it deep in flow'rs.

Thus blest of heav'n, thy op'ning beauties grew,  
 The passing year still added something new :  
 You caught the mantle as the prophet flew.

I saw thy virtues take their morning flight,  
 And spread their wings to catch the liquid light :  
 Bright'ning they rose, with heav'n's own lustre crown'd,  
 Then fearful dropt from high, and fought the humble  
 ground.

I saw the new-born thought, in words not drest,  
 Cling, like a blushing infant, to thy breast :  
 I see it, now, as Venus from her wave,  
 Wishing to leave it, yet afraid to leave,  
 Sweetly it turns the half-seen form away,  
 And gently bends to shun the gaze of day.

'Twas I who sent thy ever-varying dreams,  
 That 'rose like clouds illum'd by Fancy's beams ;  
 And sail'd along, my breath th' impelling wind,  
 Thro' the clear azure of thy settled mind ;  
 And some I sent to raise thy transient fears,  
 Then touch'd thee with my wand, and saw thee wake  
 in tears.

I make th' angelic voice so sweetly rise,  
 Swell the bold note, and lift it to the skies.

O luxury of sound!—to one alone  
 That one a parent! luxury unknown,  
 Pensive she sits, while music floats around,  
 And sometimes starts, as if she heard the sound;  
 The sound still flutters o'er and fears to rest,  
 Like some small songster o'er its ruin'd nest;  
 When now too sad to sing—too weak to fly—  
 It utters one shrill note—and lights to die.

But let no cloud o'ercast thy dawning day,  
 Thy mother listens to a softer lay,  
 To sweeter sounds—to music more refin'd—  
 She listens to the harmony of mind.  
 That harp of God to its creator plays,  
 Her life—an Alleluiah in his praise.  
 Music—the angel in the breast must hear  
 While his soft whispers sooth her mental ear.  
 Music responsive to those notes alone  
 Which swell, enraptur'd, round the sapphire throne.

Sweet Maid, attend---the fleet-wing'd minute flies,  
 Destin'd to waft me to my native skies.  
 Thy Genius leaves thee---but he leaves behind,  
 Prudence---best guardian to th' obedient mind---  
 At her sage call, the vagrant passions fly,  
 Crowd round her parent wing, and cow'ring lie;

Compell'd by pow'r supreme, to heav'n I bear  
 The charge which heav'n committed to my care :  
 Should I then grieve to make thy virtues known  
 To make th' applauses of all worlds, thy own?---  
 My lyre, in joy, shall speak its sweetest lays,  
 My wings diffuse the richest dew of praise.

Yet whence this weight?---my languid wings move  
     flow---

I strike my lyre---it sounds the note of woe---

Slowly I rise to Heav'n---sweet Eden smiles below.---

I shall return, to catch thy parting breath,  
 To gild the grave, and blunt the dart of Death.  
 In bright procession make thy virtues pass,  
 While Mem'ry looks, and Fancy holds the glass;  
 When life's last light shall tremble in thine eyes,  
 And cease to animate these crystal skies,  
 Then shall these virtues pour the cheering ray,  
 To decorate the setting of thy day.  
 The dazzling glories of the day may fade,  
 The crescent hope shall rise, and brighten with the  
     shade.

Thy faults!--where are they? angels cannot name,  
 A slight smoke hovers o'er a vestal flame.

Which grows more bright, illum'd by mercy's ray,  
And as it mounts to heav'n---it melts away.

O THOU! who on yon pole-star sit'st sublime,  
To mark the lapse of ever rolling TIME---  
I feel thy Call ——

V E R S E S,

TO

A Y O U N G L A D Y.

BY THE SAME.

THO' fate for some more happy swain,  
That faultless form design'd;  
You still may grant, and I may gain,  
Sweet wedlock with thy mind.

Shall yon pure light to mortals giv'n,  
Illumine ev'ry part;  
And this still purer light of heav'n,  
Bless but a single heart?

The winter sun, tho' void of heat,  
Still cheers the frozen pole;  
O! in this winter of my fate,  
At least illumine my soul.

In converse soft, we'll realize  
Our pure connubial joys,  
And as the fair ideas rise,  
Call them our girls and boys.

Or while you read, and melting feel  
Soft Pity's artless smile  
I'll watch the woe you half conceal,  
Beneath a weeping smile.

The sweets of sense were never made  
Pure spirit to command :  
The flowret droops—its colours fade  
Ev'n in the gath'ers hand.

But virtue, like some hallow'd tree,  
Springs from a stronger root ;  
And bears at once—fair type of thee—  
The blossom and the fruit.

Fleeting the beauty which ensures,  
The love to sense confin'd :  
Eternal as itself endures,  
The marriage of the mind.

TO

A F R I E N D,

WRITTEN AT MALLOW.

BY THE SAME.

My torpid feelings now begin,  
Like summer flies to cast their skin,  
Creeping in humble prose too long  
They spread their wings—they mount in song,  
Thro' trackless air enraptur'd stray,  
Or sparkle in the solar ray  
Or gently sip Parnassus stream,  
Or hover round the flow'rs of fame.  
And now their wanton circles end—  
They throng around the name of friend;  
There, a sweet-scented dwelling chuse,  
And there distil pierian dews  
Taste---then---this product of the spring  
And seize the sweet---nor fear the sting.



In careless thought, in fruitless ease,  
 Thy D\*\*\*\*\* wastes his useless days,  
 They pass as flakes of feather'd snow,  
 Melt' in the stream that glides below---  
 The folded arms---the long-drawn sigh---  
 The fun'ral step---the earth-bent eye,  
 Lifting at times its ample roll  
 In search of the translated soul.---  
 The heart that pants for honest fame,  
 That swells to meet affection's beam,  
 Are characters that still attend,  
 Dear K—— thy wand'ring friend  
 Doom'd, hapless exile ! still to roam,  
 And seek for health, less priz'd than home.

That health now shines with cloudless ray,  
 And, sweetly, cheers life's april day.  
 On fancy's heights, hope smiling stands  
 The changeful prism now decks her hands :  
 Around the gaudy beam she throws  
 And all the bright creation glows :  
 And while the sun that beam supplies  
 Sparkle her wild, romantic eyes,  
 But should, perchance, one hov'ring cloud  
 The bright meridian splendor shroud,  
 Ah ! soon the transient glories fade—  
 Ah ! soon they sink in sorrow's shade.

Yet why, just heav'n, am I unblest?  
 I melt not on soft pleasure's breast;  
 With sober temp'rance I restrain  
 The dropsied thirst of fordid gain.—  
 I dive not in ambition's flood  
 Or creep thro' ministerial mud,  
 To deck with pearls a tyrant's store  
 Then weep their loss—and dive for more.  
 Ye crowns! I give you leave to shine—  
 Are not the pearls of morning mine?  
 Mine—the rich lawns where em'ralds lie,  
 And mine—the sapphires of the sky.  
 With glow-worm gems my feet are spread,  
 The rain-bow triumphs o'er my head,  
 And kings, with envy, may behold,  
 My mantle of the solar gold.  
 But why this groan?—that sudden start?  
 These pallid cheeks? this beating heart?  
 Ah!—see! the locusts spawn'd by spleen,  
 Brood o'er the souls enliv'ning green.  
 They load me with a weight of wings—  
 They pierce me with their venom'd stings—  
 They mount the couch—they scale the bed—  
 And crawl around my sleeping head.—  
 Rise—foolish youth! thy pow'rs unbind  
 Set free the heav'n directed mind.

Submit to reason's calm controul  
 Each vagrant passion of the foul;  
 The love of fame shall point the way  
 Pillar by night and cloud by day.—  
 The rock shall melt, and mercies flow  
 To cheer this wilderness of woe.  
 And Hope ascending feast her eyes,  
 With promis'd blisses as they rise;  
 Then shall thy present suff'rings cease,  
 And all thy cares be hush'd to peace.

'Till then, I melt away the time,  
 In careless thought, and playful rhyme;  
 Or, on green lap of nature laid,  
 Where solitude, the bashful maid,  
 Flies from the sun, and hides in shade;  
 Trifle away the present hour,  
 And thus address the lonely Pow'r.—

Hail! heart-ennobling Solitude!  
 Hail—Godlike leisure to be good—  
 Thee, pensive nun! thy vot'ry hails,  
 In twilight walks, thro' lonely vales,  
 Where, melted by the western breeze,  
 The moon-beams trickle thro' the trees:  
 And stillest earth around doth seem,  
 Wrapt as in some golden dream,

And ev'ry ruder thought suppress'd,  
 Soothes the calm halcyon of the breast,  
 O, grant me, heav'n! that golden state,  
 Too low to dread the bolt of fate,  
 And too ambitious—to be great.  
 Where shelter'd from the glare of folly,  
 Child of the muse and melancholy,  
 I may sink down on Nature's breast,  
 Lull'd by the buzzing world to rest,  
 And when life fails ———  
 Wrapt in a web of well-spun thought,  
 By fate fore-boding fancy wrought,  
 A self-made tomb—like silk-worm lie,  
 And feel it luxury to die.

THE  
 LOUSE AND THE LADY,  
 A FABLE.

BY THE SAME.

THREE hours elaps'd—her glass confess'd,  
 That Delia was divinely dress'd :  
 And own'd in every finish'd feature,  
 The rivalry of art and nature ;  
 When from a lock that ling'ring stray'd  
 O'er the white forehead of the maid,  
 Down dropt,—I fear you'll think me shameless,—  
 An animal that shall be nameless ;  
 Slowly it crept across the table,  
 And serv'd as subject for our fable.

The lady's colour went and came—  
 She more than once prepar'd to scream,

But knowing there were none beside her,  
And that a Louse was not a spider ;  
She very wisely spar'd her breath  
Then doom'd the wretch to instant death,  
But first, she boldly thus address'd him,  
While thumb and finger closely press'd him.

“ So Mr. G\*\*\*\*\*—I surprize you—  
“ On what adventure thus disguise you ?  
“ Do you put on this transmigration,  
“ To filch for female conversation,  
“ Or forc'd again thy home to quit,  
“ Thou vagabond of broken wit ;  
“ As this same trade of scandal-monger,  
“ Brings little in to stay your hunger ;  
“ Do you desert your ancient calling,  
“ To gain a livelihood by crawling ?”

Sudden, a voice salutes her ear,  
Shrill was its tone, and wond'rous clear.

“ Madam, I scorn the base allusion,  
“ Torture you may, yet not abuse one ;  
“ To burn me, is not very civil,  
“ But such a nick-name is the Devil :  
“ Look on me, madam, who am I ?  
“ A Louse of ancient family.

“ The ancestors from whom I spring,  
 “ Were bosom friends of Egypt’s King ;  
 “ And well were known in Britain’s court,  
 “ When scratching was a royal sport ;  
 “ Ev’n kings, that rule by right divine,  
 “ Can boast no purer blood than mine ;  
 “ From us—full proof of ancient fame,  
 “ The great Lycæum took its name ;  
 “ From us are sprung, of modern note,  
 “ The Lys that swarm on Louis’ coat ;  
 “ For hide it as they will in spelling,  
 “ This marks our name, and that our dwelling.  
 “ Oblig’d, at length, to quit the ermine,  
 “ Kings growing fond of other vermin,  
 “ Still in the capitol we sit,  
 “ And wander o’er the realm of wit,  
 “ Expatiate free, by well-known ways,  
 “ O’er human heads—a mighty maze—  
 “ Call that whole world of man, our own,  
 “ And rule supreme, and rule alone.”

“ Shall then this base, ignoble creature,  
 “ The fly-blow of corrupted nature,  
 “ This maggot, crawling thro’ the nation,  
 “ Sprung from the offal of creation,  
 “ And leaving, where you do not find him,  
 “ The slime of infamy, behind him ;

“ This reptile’s name be match’d with mine !

“ And the long honours of our line.”

“ Was it for such, for such disgrace,

“ O ! fathers of our royal race,

“ Ye bore the dangers that environ,

“ The craping and the curling iron ?

“ Ye bore the blast of public breath,

“ Powder’d, pomatum’d, pinn’d, to death.

“ Was it for such a name at last,

“ The wilderuess of wig was past,

“ For this, the spacious Jordan cross’d ?

“ For this, such precious blood was lost ?

“ Madam, it gives me no vexation,

“ Altho’ I be your blood relation,

“ To bear what tortures you design,—

“ To triumph and to die, be mine.

“ Hasten, then,—the fatal rites begin—

“ Quickly empale me on that pin—

“ Or squeeze me, to make vengeance sure,

“ Between your nails—*peine forte et dure*,

“ Or place me, where yon fun’ral pyre,

“ Tremendous rolls, a sea of fire,

“ Burn’d in one half—the other drown’d

“ In waves of wax that boil around,

“ Then snatch me, where I welt’ring lie,

“ And hurl me, flaming, thro’ the sky,—



“ 'Tis well—

“ But spare—O spare! that hated name,

“ Take, take, my life—but save my fame.”—

The lady smil'd—surpris'd to find,  
In bulk so small, so great a mind,

“ Fear not,” she said, “ that I'll disgrace

“ Or thee, or yet thy royal race ;

“ For with this G\*\*\*\*\* once compare,

“ What's vile in water, earth, or air ;

“ The meanest reptile shines complete,

“ All is majestic—all is great,

“ And rising in the scale of nature,

“ A Louse appears a noble creature.

“ Fear not—I spare the hated name—

“ I take thy life—I save thy fame.”—

She spoke—and dealt the fatal blow

That laid the grateful victim low ;

Then hurry'd to the festive croud,

And danc'd, and talk'd, and laugh'd aloud ;

Wholly forgot her former fright,

And reign'd the Goddess of the night.

But just before she went to bed,

She show'd her sense—and comb'd her head,

E X T E M P O R E,

AT

A M U S I C - M E E T I N G .

BY THE SAME.

O ! LET the soul of Music come,  
And call my restless fancy home,  
With filken thread of sound, inclose  
Her wings—and rock her to repose !—

Such whispers of angelic breath,  
As quicken spirits chain'd in death ;  
And gently o'er their senses creep,  
And fear to break the fainted sleep !

THE

## LOTTERY OF LOVE.

BY THE SAME.

SOME days ago, the cyprian Dame,  
 With Cupid, self-invited, came,  
 To spend an ev'ning with the Graces—  
 They curtsy'd, kifs'd, and took their places.—  
 The fire was clear—the party free—  
 And heav'nly scandal sweeten'd tea.  
 The Sisters fought each shining toy,  
 To prove their taste, and please the boy.  
 But when he sued to be carefs'd,  
 And from the lap to scale the breast ;  
 They seiz'd his hand, and cry'd “ take care—  
 “ Little stranger come not there.”

“ Sweet girls”—the playful Venus said,  
 “ I've got a frolic in my head,

“ Let’s have a LOTT’RY juft to know  
“ The fate of all our friends below—  
“ Write tickets—in my ceftus shake ’em,  
“ And thence my little rogue fhall take ’em ;  
“ Fortune below is Fate above—  
“ We’ll draw a LOTTERY of LOVE.”

’Tis done ; enclos’d the urchin ftands  
And o’er his head he holds his hands,  
No bandage on his eyes they bind,  
For all muft know that Love is blind ;  
That he is blind, there’s no concealing,  
But ah ! how wond’rous nice his feeling—  
He holds up tickets of all fizes,  
And calls aloud the blanks and prizes.

The laft of all the number came,  
Before he call’d out Edwin’s name—  
“ Search—boy”—they cry’d—“ perhaps you’ll find  
“ Some fmall good-fortune left behind.  
“ Well—child—fpeak out—what have you got ?”  
“ Hope”—he reply’d—“ ’Tis Edwin’s lot.”—

HOPE came, with face of fmiling air,  
Yet fomething in’t that look’d like care.  
Her eyes diffus’d a mental treasure,  
And, light’ning, own’d delicious pleasure.

A rose-bud lean'd against her breast,  
 And on the panting softness press'd :  
 The tender leaves were scarcely seen,  
 They shrunk so, in the mossy green ;  
 Yet seem'd half-wishing to appear,  
 Emblem of Hope, represent'd by Fear.

Hope came, and Edwin bless'd the hour,  
 That felt her smile—that own'd her pow'r,  
 And lifting up his drooping head,  
 Sigh'd, from his inmost heart, and said—

“ O ! may the heart that longs to find,  
 “ Some refuge in this world of mind,  
 “ Like the poor dove, sent out to roam,  
 “ Far from the ark, its native home—  
 “ Some soft retreat—some kindred breast—  
 “ Where all its hopes and cares might rest ;  
 “ O ! may it wander not in vain,  
 “ Nor wish to find its home again.”

“ For this, I came,” fair Hope reply'd,  
 “ To be its guardian and its guide,  
 “ To bring the olive leaf of peace,  
 “ And bid thy mental tumult cease.  
 “ Rest then—thou anxious wand'rer, rest—  
 “ And be, at least, in Fancy, blest ;

“ Think not of aught that brings despair,  
“ Nor look reserv'd—nor guarded air—  
“ O search the future but to find  
“ One sweet perhaps to sooth your mind,  
“ That as you're constant—she'll be kind.” }  
}

“ She's gone,” the pensive Edwin said,  
“ And all the buds of hope are dead.”—

“ Yet she,” cry'd Hope, “ who went away,  
“ In dark December's darkest day,  
“ Again, perhaps, may re-appear,  
“ When my sweet fav'rite of the year,  
“ Sweet April leads the frolic hours,  
“ Smiling between her sunny show'rs,  
“ Next to the month, which some can prove,  
“ To be so near a-kin to Love.”—

“ Hold,” cry'd the youth “ dear Goddess hold—  
“ How can Love break thro' bars of gold?  
“ 'Till then, I'll try with soothing pow'r  
“ To cheer the heavy, heartless, hour,  
“ And Fancy, too, her aid shall lend,  
“ Fancy, my follower and friend;  
“ Swifter than light'nings swiftest flame,  
“ Rapt in a darling morning dream.—

“ For white-wing’d dreams collect from far,  
 “ To draw bright Fancy’s magic car—  
 “ Shall place thee, where thy heart has flown,  
 “ Where thy Corinna sits alone.—  
 “ Alone, if solitude can be  
 “ With sense, and sensibility.  
 “ Then she’ll give boldness to impart  
 “ The wishes of a feeling heart,  
 “ Till pity beaming from her eye,  
 “ Seems to foretell a soft reply.—  
 “ Start not, fond youth, I said but SEEMS,  
 “ These are you know thy morning dreams—  
 “ Mere frost-work in the night begun,  
 “ To melt before the morning sun ;  
 “ I wish to chace the cloud of care,  
 “ I wish to save thee from despair ;  
 “ I would not one dear dream destroy,  
 “ But Hope can never give thee joy ;  
 “ I can but ease the wound you feel,  
 “ Which she, alone, who gave—can heal—

“ What I can give, you’ll gain from me—  
 “ Edwin—I’ll spend my life with thee ;  
 “ With thee, in lonely crowds, I’ll talk,  
 “ With thee, I’ll share my ev’ning walk ;

“ And, at the sun’s departing ray,  
“ When Nature mourns the loss of day,  
“ And all above, and all below,  
“ Drest in the sable garb of woe,  
“ Shows some sad sympathy between  
“ The sorrow felt and sorrow seen,  
“ I’ll point to where the moon doth rise,  
“ Hanging her crescent in the skies;  
“ Then bid thee bless the growing light,  
“ For HOPE shall shine—tho’ all were night.”



L O V E - E L E G Y.

BY THE SAME.

THE lonely hours move by with heavy wing,  
And April weeps upon the lap of Spring ;  
Retire—soft month—for cheerful May appears,  
Like a fond sister to dry up thy tears :  
Her sunny smile shall chase thy hovering frowns,  
Her blushes redden on thy fruits and frowns.

I watch the progress of the vernal bloom,  
The breath of Spring exhales its sweet perfume ;  
I feel that every hope and every fear,  
Has some new interest in the opening year ;  
For every bud that blows, I think will bring her here, }  
Her, whom my heart has made its chosen theme,  
My daily visitant—my nightly dream —

Oh! in return, does her soft bosom prove,  
 One partial thought for Edwin, and for Love;  
 Blest be that thought—oft steal into her mind,  
 And gently intercede, and woo her to be kind;  
 Seize some soft moment, that delight employs,  
 Not such delight as springs from selfish joys,  
 But such as rather grave than gay appears,  
 That loves to smile, and sometimes smiles in tears—  
 When at her touch, soft music breathes around;  
 When the soul owns its sympathy with sound;  
 When the heart melts with ev'ry melting tone,  
 Feels others sorrows, and forgets its own.—  
 Then, blest idea, then, suggest the youth,  
 Whose plea is constancy, whose pride is truth;  
 In the small circuit of whose scarce-known name,  
 No pompous pile ascends, no shining spire of fame;  
 Yet fertile is the soil, and pure the air,  
 And Love has built a modest mansion there;  
 There folds his wings, forgetful now to roam,  
 Warms his dear hut, and calls it second home;  
 Wit seldom calls—Pride scorns to be a guest,  
 And Fashion's flow'rs, but wither on the breast;  
 But Love is there—a company alone,  
 And pleads his cause, who fears to plead his own—  
 Who fears to speak, yet scarcely can conceal,  
 Whose tongue may falter, but whose heart can feel;

Who cannot boast he ever felt the fire,  
That burns so fiercely it must soon expire.—  
The torch of Love, is form'd of finer flame,  
Plac'd in the heart, it sheds its genial beam,  
Light of our length'ning life, and glory of our frame. }

L O V E - E L E G Y,

IMITATED FROM TIBULLUS.

BY THE SAME.

*Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum, &c.*

TIBULLUS.

YES—'twas the vow that clos'd the happy night—  
“None of thy sex shall taste such dear delight!”—  
Still as that night thou wert, the same thou art,  
Light to my eyes, and rapture to my heart.  
Beauty, thro' country and thro' town, I see,  
But feel it only when I look on thee!  
O! that its force were felt by me alone,  
Then valued less, it would seem more my own.  
I wish to shun the gaping, gazing, crowd—  
They make me jealous, and may make thee proud.  
True love in blessing one, is fully blest,  
Sitting in silence on the secret nest.  
With thee I'd live—where never footstep trod,  
Thy breast my home—the stranger, life, abroad.

O thou from care my soft and sweet repose !  
 Thou moon mild rising in a night of woes !  
 In lonely crowds my sole asylum plac'd !  
 My world amidst the solitary waste !  
 Had fond Tibullus stood on Ida's hill,  
 The rival Beauties had been rival still.—  
 Fair Venus, I had whisper'd, spare to blame,  
 The NON-PAREIL I keep for her—I dare not name.  
 Again do I attest that mystic pow'r,  
 Who mark'd our transports in the silent hour !—  
 What have I done ?—Now—now—I'll feel the smart ;  
 Now will she rend this unresisting heart—  
 A fearful slave that meets his master's eye,  
 And stops and trembles but he dare not fly ;  
 Whate'er thou will, I am—and must remain,  
 Born for thy use and honour'd by thy chain ;  
 Lo!--at thy feet, my fortune, fate, and fame—  
 Here---on this breast, inscribe the owner's name :  
 Yet, not too far the pow'r of Venus brave,  
 Who tames the tyrant, will her suppliant save.

E P I G R A M,

ON

SEEING MISS C\*\*\*\*\*,

BY THE SAME.

HER gait proclaims a daughter of the game;  
Her glance is witchcraft, and her touch is flame,  
Tread not too near yon circling maze of grace,  
Nor trust too far that love-illumin'd face;  
The treach'rous light will guide you to a coast,  
Where life is wreck'd, and hope, itself, is lost;  
Where Love turn'd gambler, at one desp'rate stake,  
Loses both wish to give, and power to take;  
All is one blank, the quick enjoyment o'er,  
And each sex wakes, to feel itself,—a whore.

TO

J \* \* \* \* C \* \* \* \* \*,

WHO SAID,

“ I CARE NOT WHAT THE CROWD MAY THINK.”

THE crowd, my friend, have common sense,  
They feel the pow'r of pounds and pence ;  
And, as they feel, they prize ;  
For wealth when rightly understood,  
Is the best blessing of the good,—  
The wisdom of the wife.

What's wealth ? Enough and somewhat over,  
Of this I own myself the lover,  
And who is not's, a ninny ;  
What signifies the sun-gilt cot,  
Without a pullet in the pot,  
What's life without a guinea ?

It is to sneak down from a garret,  
To sponge on other's beef and claret,  
To get, but not to give ;  
To feel each rising wish repress'd,  
The wish to be, by blessing, blest,  
But this is not to live.

'Tis not to sit, and con a theme,  
Or in a smooth pellucid stream,  
Thy rueful phiz behold ;  
And when the lunar light has spread,  
A yellow radiance o'er thy head,  
To catch poetic gold.

Whate'er the Cynic may pretend,  
Money, a means, but not an end,  
Is happiness below ;  
Oh ! for a mine of gold to give,  
'To live, and to make others live,  
And clear the world of woe.

To bless unseen, unseen descend,  
On with'ring hearts that want a friend,  
Like dew-drops from above ;  
And oft both seen and felt to pour,  
In one abundant Jove-like show'r,  
And fill the lap of Love.



For sharper suff'rings than thy own,  
'Tis thine, O Penury, to groan,  
    Stretch'd on the rack of life ;  
Thy cradled child unconscious sleeps,  
But woe for her who wakes and weeps,  
    The mother and the wife.

O Fortune ! come, and crown my fate,  
Wafted along in winning state,  
    Like Egypt's queen of old ;  
When frequent dash'd the silver oars,  
And silken sails perfum'd the shores,  
    And Cydnus burn'd with gold.

To youth—and industry—and health—  
She comes—the sov'reign good of wealth,  
    And ev'ry blessing bears ;  
But to enjoy her golden mean,  
It must be felt—it must be seen—  
    And save it—from your heirs.

L I N E S,  
TO  
A Y O U N G G E N T L E M A N,  
AGED SEVENTEEN.

BY THE SAME.

I FEEL the fragrance of thy early muse,  
A modest violet, bath'd in morning dews.—  
Barren the soil, where no such hopes appear,  
Blossoms like these, foretel the rip'ning ear.  
The harsh preceptor chills with cold disdain,  
Kind Nature loves the flow'r before the grain.  
In ev'ry age, as ev'ry season kind,  
She loves the vernal verdure of the mind;  
Smiles on the bud as on the yellow sheaf,  
And trains to light and life, its soft evolving leaf;  
But tho', with wisdom, she can waste her hours,  
And fondle with her family of flow'rs;  
She hopes to find, as changeful seasons roll,  
Fruits more mature—and harvest of the soul;  
No off'ring now for her—the poet's pen—  
Flow'rs to the fair, she cries,—but bring me food for

MEN.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BY THE SAME.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

HORACE.

'Tis done, the pyramid of poetry,  
In firm magnificence assails the sky—  
Fame, on the cloudless top, expands her wings,  
And fees below the wasting works of Kings :  
For—not one wintry blast so high can climb,  
Too deep for fapping show'rs, for tempests too fu-  
blime ;  
And falling snow of years, and noiseless stealth of  
time;  
Beneath that snow, my laurels shall be seen,  
In the full freshness of perennial green—  
I shall not die---this work---this work, shall save,  
The nobler half of Horace from the grave.---  
His fame shall 'lighten all succeeding times,  
A circling sun around the polar climes,

That dips its disk into the sea of night,  
 Then mounts again his throne of ever-living light.  
 For—while the priest ascends yon pompous road,  
 Whose long gradation seeks our patron-God,  
 And, at his side, in sadly pleasing shade,  
 Moves slow along the mute mysterious maid—  
 So long my name shall triumph on the tomb,  
 And Horace shall be co-etern with Rome,  
 Where Upper Nile, in annual phrenzy throws  
 The melted mass of ethiopian snows ;  
 Cleaving the cliff, that guards Sienna's side  
 A wild, abrupt, innavigable tide ;  
 There, o'er the cataract, my fame shall soar,  
 And stoop to hear the repercussive roar ;  
 Where savage Thames, now scarcely known to song,  
 Winds thro' the western isle his silv'ry length along,  
 Pregnant, perhaps, with glories yet to come,  
 The destin'd Tiber of some greater Rome ;  
 There shall my verse the fullen climate tame,  
 And the rich fragrance of horatian fame  
 Melt on the tongue, and humanize the heart,  
 'Till barb'rous nature yields to tuneful art ;  
 Horace---who made th' colian lyre his own,  
 To Latin measures harmoniz'd its tone ;  
 While the rack'd strings reveal'd their secret charms,  
 And roman arts kept pace with roman arms.

Affume—my soul! a meritorious state,  
And proudly prescient of thy future fate;  
Be,—what the gods and nature will'd thee, Great—  
Come—therefore—come, sublimest of the Nine!  
Come, forward, from the rest, O! Muse divine,  
And with thy facile hand, and with thy smile benign,  
Let fall th' eternal laurel on my head,  
Adorn me living, and enshrine me dead.

M I S S . E L I Z A M \* \* \* \* ,

WITH

SOME GUITTAR MUSIC.

BY THE SAME.

Not in the trifling tinkling lyre,  
Is music sought or found ;  
The voice must with the note conspire,  
And mingle sense with sound.

Far—far, beyond the fingers art.  
One thrilling weeping tone ;  
That makes the strings of ev'ry heart,  
Responsive to thine own.

Yet vain the voice and tinkling strings  
With all their arts combin'd ;  
But to their aid Eliza brings,  
The music of the mind.

Still may that living lyre impart,  
More bliss than meets the ear ;  
And gladden, still, a mother's heart,  
And be to one—more dear.

AN

ORIGINAL LETTER,

FROM

MR. L\*\*\*\*\*, ORGANIST AT ARMAGH,

TO

MR. J\*\*\*\* O\*\*\*, AT NEWRY,

RELATIVE TO

THE SIEUR PALME.

BY THE SAME.

S I R,

You have ask'd me to give you in faithful narration,  
What the SIEUR and I said in our late conversation ;  
I shall write down the whole, and to melt away time  
In an easy hand-gallop of reason and rhyme.—

When I read his \*Address, I felt ev'ry disorder  
In the way he describ'd them, and all in their order ;

\* Vide his Address to the Town of Newry.



With the gout I was crippled, with palsy struck dumb  
 My brain teem'd with maggots, and worms gnaw'd  
 my b—m.

My flesh wasted away, and I died with dejection,  
 I was stretch'd on the rack of tormenting contraction;  
 I fell down in the fits—but my good-natur'd wife  
 Tweak'd me hard by the nose, and restor'd me to life.—  
 Next a fit of the asthma depriv'd me of breath,  
 Then he gravell'd me fairly, and ston'd me to death.

At last from much thinking on what I had read,  
 A deluge of dropfy came into my head—  
 And then it became my desire and ambition,  
 To receive a few strokes from this SHOCKING physician;  
 For all that my malady seem'd to require,  
 Was to foak up the water—by passing thro' fire.

I remember the time, I first made my approach,  
 It was just when the Doctor stept out of his coach;  
 I look'd at the arms, on his rev'rend old hack  
 The crest—a lame duck—and the motto—"QUACK—  
 QUACK."  
 Below lay a boar, and appeared to bleed,  
 Which I've found to my sorrow—a damn'd BORE  
 indeed.

With a wink at his wife and a jesuit grin,  
 He caught hold of my hand, and he welcom'd me in;

My hand its contraction no longer could hold,  
But relax'd at his touch—and, in dropt the gold.—

“ Sir”—said I, “ your great fame has illumin'd the  
nation,  
“ And spread over the earth, like a grand conflagration;  
“ With the light of all science your head must be full,  
“ For it beams on your brain thro' the cracks of your  
scull;  
“ And the foul which inhabits that learn'd attic story,  
“ By the help of these sky-lights is guided to glory;  
“ All your cures I have heard, all your writings I've  
read,  
“ And I'm come to get water pump'd out of my head.”

“ Sir,” said he, “ you have seen with delight and  
surprise,  
“ The meteor that lately illumin'd the skies;  
“ Thro' the air with such splendid celerity driv'n,  
“ That, Sir, was the luminous PALME of HEAV'N;  
“ I cast the same light—make the same hissing noise,  
“ I'm the wonder of women, and terror of boys;  
“ I cause and I cure almost every ail,  
“ A rocket my head—and a cracker my tail;  
“ At one end, I'm all fire for the poor paralytic,  
“ And discharge at the other, the air call'd mephitic;  
“ Now, Sir, in your head, I'll just augre a hole,  
“ Then lift from the water the half-drowning soul;

“ And when I have brought her securely to land,  
“ I shall mount her astride on the pineal gland ;  
“ But perhaps for such boring there is no occasion,  
“ We may soon soak it up, with a warm embrocation.”

Then he pour'd out some liquid upon my bare scull,  
While I roar'd all the time, like the Phalaris Bull ;  
Next, towards his electric machine was I led,  
And large drops of fire, fell, like rain, on my head,  
Which made me re-bellow, with exquisite pain,  
And the water to bubble, and boil, in my brain ;  
Then he forc'd me to swallow a poisonous potion,  
Which bred in my bowels, strange noise and commotion ;  
“ And now, Sir,” said he, “ I will cure your disease,  
“ In but twenty more visits—and twenty more fees.”

“ Sir,” said I, “ my disease is a most cursed evil,  
“ But to die of the doctor, is worse than the devil ;  
“ You're a Will o' the Wisp, that is form'd in a fog,  
“ To bewitch silly travellers into a bog ;  
“ From putrefcence it rises, and plays in the air,  
“ And then it is gone—and the devil knows where ;  
“ Now it shines in the place, where it first seem'd to sink,  
“ And at last it goes out, in a sulphurous stink.”—

Then I caught up my hat, and my wig, in a fury,  
And cursing all quacks, I departed from Newry.

## W A L K

ON THE

## B A S O N A T N E W R Y .

BY THE SAME.

THE sun has just set, and now ev'ning comes on,  
 Like a widow who grieves that her husband is gone ;  
 But her weeds are put on with so charming a grace,  
 And yon crescent, the moon, so enlightens her face ;  
 Her cheeks are suffus'd with such delicate red,  
 And her twinkling eyes keep such stir in her head ;  
 That she's still like a widow, both kind and forgiving,  
 Who can live for the dead, and can die for the living.

Now the belles, and the beaux, meet to simper and sip,  
 And much does fall out 'tween the cup and the lip ;  
 For all that is said, must be witty and bright,  
 The lips are so red and the teeth are so white ;

And I'm sure to the ladies, 'tis needless to show  
 That from ev'ry *bonne bouche* there must fall a bon-mot.  
 O how pleasant to sit by a babbling river,  
 Running on, running on, for ever, and ever ;  
 The rustic may wait 'till the river is gone,  
 As it ran, so it runs, and will ever run on.

'Tis at tea that the bud of the lip learns to blow,  
 That the ice-plant grows gracious, and shakes off the  
     snow ;

Ev'n him who at dinner, fat mute as a block,  
 Or like to a lighter that's jamm'd in a lock,  
 Tea lifts to the level of communication,  
 And he glides down the current of glib conversation---  
 Celestial water !—true Helicon stream !  
 Pure fount of the poets meridian dream---  
 Divine coalition ! tea, sugar, and cream ;  
 Sweet solace of life ! from whence happiness springs,  
 To duchess and dowdy---to cobblers and kings ;  
 It is thine to make body with spirit agree ;  
 Thou art potent to chace e'en the spectre *ennui* ;  
 It is thine the fierce throb of the pulse to restrain,  
 And raise the sick head from the pallet of pain ;  
 To temper the bitters of family strife,  
 And slacken, a little, the cordage of life.

But now for the BASON, the ladies prepare,  
 And forsake the warm water, to taste the cool air ;

See, in rows, how they wind down the serpentine street,  
 O'er a carpet of nature so soft and so sweet;  
 While to give more distinction to ev'ry row,  
 It is ty'd at each end, with a well-puft-out beau;  
 Not a bow made of ribbon and lace, and all that,  
 But a chitterlin beau with a head and a hat;  
 A hat cock'd with air, and a head cock'd with claret,  
 Like a well-furnish'd house, with a great empty garret.

To steer thro' such streets, requires mariners art,  
 'Tween Scylla---a cellar---Charybdis---a cart---  
 But the fair are protected by monstrous fine fellows,  
 As e'er flutter'd fans, or expanded umbrellas;  
 One hand serves to pilot the damsels divine,  
 And a switch fills the other---to keep off the swine.

At length o'er the bridge, glide the radiant files,  
 And quite dazzle the moon, while the River-God  
 smiles.—

On the Island arriv'd, it is needless to halt,  
 Good-humour and wit serve for sugar and salt;  
 The end of their labours at last they attain,  
 And are free of the BASON in spite of the chain---

Then they spread o'er the walk that's so neat and  
 so trim---

For all Basons are shabby without a bright brim;

Not a blade of grafs grows where it ought not to grow,  
 Not an unpolish'd pebble dare pester the toe;  
 They meander along with a smooth undulation,  
 And the trees stand stock still with profound admiration.  
 Yet their leaves seem all list'ning to ev'ry remark,  
 As wishing to have them inscrib'd on the bark,  
 While the moon walks; on high, with her very best  
     face on,  
 And at times casts a glance in her mirror the BASON,  
 Or to heighten the beauty it seems to conceal,  
 She peeps thro' a cloud, as a prude thro' her veil;  
 For the sun must resign to his sister the art,  
 Which sooths ev'ry sense, while it softens the heart;  
 And throws that delicious light o'er the face  
 Where Night and where Day seem to meet and em-  
     brace.---

That dear doubtful light which serves to discover,  
 Much more than the lady dare own to the lover;  
 But the chillness of modesty keeps all suppress'd,  
 Like the dew on the gauze that envelopes the breast;  
 Chaste Luna looks down on the favourite fair,  
 And her heart beats a RUFFLE to bid her beware.---

Now turning, returning, line presses on line,  
 All with airs damn'd delightful, and dev'lish divine;  
 Each line passes by, with bright eyes enfiling,  
 Or beneath the broad shade of the hat ambuscading;

For the flintiest breast may strike fire in the dark,  
 And the bluntest conductor can draw—a bright spark;  
 And hence nothing pointed in females is found,  
 But all is protuberant—swelling—and round;  
 Nothing turns from the touch—nothing shrinks from  
     the sight,  
 But all bounces forward, and bumps into light;  
 Ev'n the bosom disdains to retreat from the view,  
 But heaves up the window, and asks—“who are you?”  
 O! why take such pains to be tumid and tall,  
 When the Venus that models all beauty, is small;  
 And in well-guarded nakedness, strives to seem less,  
 It were easy to make her indecent—by dress—  
 But the Statue would blush to be trick'd in the ton,  
 With a round-about rump, and a swelling bouffon.

And now—but dear Zara, pray take up my pen,  
 For with so many nows, you may ask me what then?  
 What then?—why review as they pass in a line,  
 From the doctor in boots to the dapper divine;  
 From the quick-silver smart, to the leaden-head Tony,  
 From the cravated count to the cit macaroni,  
 And the tight little parson, that rides the tight poney; }  
 Then sketch me a view of the favourite fair,  
 And prove all your rules, by the LINE, and the SQUARE.



P O E M,

ADDRESSED TO

M R S. S I D D O N S.

BY THE SAME.

SIDDONS—accept my tributary tear,  
Nor scorn an offering humble, but sincere:  
Not clouds of fragrance curling to the skies,  
Nor golden censers form the sacrifice;  
More precious far, the hand of humble love,  
That on the altar lays “ th’ unblemish’d dove.”

In Thee, the broken heart finds sweet relief,  
And lulls its suff’ring with ideal grief:  
Loft to the ills of life, it leaves behind,  
Corroding care, and quarrel of the mind;  
The harsh pain softens in thy soothing tone,  
Wond’ring, we melt at sorrows not our own;  
Our own lie hush’d, in short and balmy sleep,  
But ’tis strange happiness, with Thee, to weep.

Blest be that art, which makes misfortune wear,  
 A form so mild, as only costs a tear,  
 When mirth would madden—can our woes beguile,  
 When mirth would only force—an agonizing smile.  
 Delightful, then, to see thy passions roll,  
 Driv'n in the tempest of Calista's soul.  
 To mark the wasteful deluge of the breast,  
 When hov'ring love so vainly seeks to rest ;  
 No light divine—no breath of God to bless,  
 Wretched but great—sublime in wickedness.  
 Foolish young man !—to think Calista's charms,  
 Could taste the circle made by modest arms,  
 Call not a friv'lous Cupid to thy aid,  
 In light'ning and in thunder meet the maid ;  
 Resistless flash with ev'ry base desire,  
 And in thy fierce embrace—she'll smilingly expire.

Ah !—SIDDONS! strive not in this dress to win  
 Our hearts—too facile of themselves to sin—  
 In thee—the Devil wears something too divine,  
 And Abra'm's bosom is forgot for thine—  
 Act from the moral of thy life—and move,  
 With awful dignity of wedded love ;  
 From bold seduction start—and lift thine eyes,  
 As if to draw the light'ning from the skies ;  
 Then bend at once, their fierce collected blaze,  
 And blast th' astonish'd wretch that kneels and prays.

Let our hearts hear thy long-protracted moan,  
 Pouring its mellow, melancholy, tone;  
 Like the sweet horn, that floats upon the gale,  
 And streams its music down some lonely vale.

Let cares maternal heave the anxious breast,  
 And clasp thy child, and tremble, to be blest'd;  
 Or, give the look that calms the father's fears,  
 While the white bosom drinks his falling tears,  
 Sees the blood redden on his pallid cheek,  
 And looks a happiness, too great to speak;  
 Bends o'er his face, with eyes of dewy light,  
 Watches the kindling life, and smiles supreme delight.

Or, let the poet once allot the part—  
 Sublime thy nature—but thy pathos, art.—

O! then assume the part of PALLAS—stand  
 The stern avenger of a blood-stain'd land,  
 Beauty and terror mingling in thy face  
 With fiery motion, and with awful grace;  
 O'er the calm eyes, thy curling brows be seen,  
 Like thunder gath'ring round the blue serene:  
 Thy black plumes rustle with the coming storm—  
 WISDOM—to feeble men a fearful form—  
 On base of adamant thy feet be press'd,  
 And on thy arm, the dreadful Egis rest—

Where endless anguish of the eyes is roll'd,  
 And round the gasping head the serpents glide in gold,  
 While life in monumental stone is laid,  
 As the shield shifts its gloomy breadth of shade—  
 Then—Goddess—then—move on, with might divine,  
 The strength and swiftness of thy Sire be thine;  
 For pow'r Almighty still thro' Wisdom flows,  
 And blest the bolt of Jove which Pallas throws;  
 But e'er the vengeance from thy hand be hurl'd—  
 Stop—and address the Giants of the World.—

Tyrants !—for whom lies human life defac'd,  
 A tangled wilderness—a dreary waste—  
 Whose savage sport with Nimrod first began,  
 And down the steep of time has hunted man;  
 Made him in ev'ry state, or food, or game,  
 Pursued him, wild; or kennel'd him, if tame;  
 Taught human hounds to join the bloody chace,  
 And fix the famish'd fang in their own wretched race.

Tyrants !—whose arms upheld by beasts of prey,  
 Or captive men, more monst'rous still than they;  
 Lions and tigers under propping law,  
 And grasping charters with contracted paw;  
 Tyrants !—in vain you massacre your kind,  
 Your swords but serve to propagate—the mind;

Vainly yon pyramid of heads will rise—  
 My father's eagle from the summit flies,  
 And seeks some sacred shrine—some Cato's breast,  
 Where the whole spirit of the pile may rest.  
 To Cæsar's scale lean'd all the host of heav'n,  
 Cato, tho' conquer'd, kept the ballance even ;  
 The Gods could not destroy the Hero's weight,  
 Their choice was Fortune—but his will---was Fate.

Why thus affect the worship of the sky ?  
 Were ye not born ?---and are you not to die ?  
 Why make men murmur at the pow'r divine  
 And curse HIS world because they feel it THINE ?  
 Because they feel that the same impious plan,  
 Lifts Men to Gods, and sinks the God to Man---  
 The God, a piece of ornamented clay---  
 The Man, a haughty slave, and proud t' obey,  
 Proud to receive, and proud to give the nod,  
 To his own morals shapes his docile God ;  
 Yet his hard fate affectedly deplores,  
 And the same moment,—curfes and adores.—

But vain are words—from Wisdom's self address,  
 Terror, alone, can quell the brutal breast ;  
 In this rais'd arm, behold the wrathful flames,  
 That plunge to hell your nature and your names,  
 Endless your sleep—but dreadful be your dreams, }

Not the soft sleep that on the nurse's breast,  
Smiles in its placid and unruffled rest,  
But haunted by despair, and fear behind,  
Hurrying with torches thro' the night of mind.

From torment, Tantalus ! for once set free—  
Lo ! P\*\*\* shall respite thy long misery,  
O'er the sweet stream in painful transport hung,  
False as his heart, and fluent as his tongue ;  
Or some fair cloud shall plague his cheated sense,  
And tickle still th' eternal impotence.  
Colossal Russia shall unpity'd groan,  
Raising, in vain, the sisyphæan stone ;  
At once the mass of nation thunders down,  
And grinds to dust the murd'refs and her crown.—  
Prussia !—lye stretch'd upon the burning wheel  
Of mad ambition and of savage zeal ;  
Th' imperial eagle rears his rebel crest,  
And turns his vengeance 'gainst the despot's breast ;  
Shakes the dark wing, and dips the beak in gore,  
And Holland croaks along the stygian shore.—

Down then to hell, whose statue touch'd the skies,  
Because men knelt, and shrunk to pigmy size—  
Make thy own Providence—O ! Man—and rise.—

P R O L O G U E

TO

D O U G L A S,

PERFORMED BY A PRIVATE COMPANY.

BY THE SAME.

CHILL'D to the heart, expires the wasted year—  
I hope December has no influence here—  
No—not one wint'ry visage clouds the room,  
All breathes sweet Spring—and Summer's choicest  
bloom—  
From blissful eyes the sparkling spirits flow,  
And, the cheeks redden with a social glow;  
No winter surely in such hearts can freeze,  
The will for pleasure, and the wish to please.  
In such a groupe, at such a happy hour,  
The wish to please, is more than half the pow'r:  
And I who only such a wish can show,  
Come to announce a tale of pleasing woe;

Your tastes refin'd, such pleasure better suits,  
 Than Breslaw's fingers, or than Astley's brutes,  
 A tale, from which no heedlessness can roam,  
 Which finds in ev'ry female heart—a home;  
 Makes every mother, tremulous tho' blest,  
 Compress her child more closely to her breast.—

We boast our ignorance of scenic art,  
 To con a feeling—or rehearse—a start;  
 To roll from Pit to Box the clock-work eye,  
 Or lift both arms to storm the canvas sky;  
 Or at the Prompter's whisper, sink distressed,  
 Or beat upon that sounding board—the breast.  
 This is to hold the mirror up—to art;  
 To get by rote—is not to get—by heart;  
 “To get by heart”—an honest phrase tho' plain,  
 For what you do not feel—O! never hope to feign!  
 O never hope to reach that art divine,  
 Which shoots a soul into each lifeless line,  
 Like the fam'd Dervise who with magic breath,  
 Transfus'd himself at will, within the ribs of death.

To feel what we express is all our scope—  
 And e'en our Heroine has no higher hope—  
 No stratagem she lays, to catch a tear—  
 Her action artless, as her soul sincere;



Her best ambition, and her future bliss,  
To BE—what her delighted mother is ;  
Of a sweet flock, the guardian and the guide,  
And to her happy husband—still a bride.

[*Going—returns—*

I had forgot, before the year was gone,  
To give the blessing of old NINETY-ONE—  
May all your lives in even current, flow !  
For floods of pleasure, often ebb in woe,  
Your days slide by, with soft and noiseless wing—  
Your winter usher in perpetual spring.—

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

THE girls I see, in diff'rent way,  
Are fram'd to yield delight ;  
With one, I'd spend the summer's day,  
With one, the winter's night.

But her I seek who can dispense  
An uniform controul ;  
By night, supply the feast of sense,  
By day, the flow of soul.

L O U V E T ' S H Y M N

to

D E A T H,

TRANSLATED.

BY THE SAME.

OPPRESSORS of my native land!

In vain have I denounc'd your crimes—

You conquer—and at your command,

I go—to live in after times.

Freedom! my last farewell receive—

The tyrant's stroke 'tis base to fly,

Our country lost, the slave MAY live;

Republicans MUST die.

How base to grasp the golden hire,

And serve a more than savage zeal;

Better, with dying France, expire;

Better to brave yon lifted steel.

Freedom ! to thee my life I give,  
 This steel elicits patriot fire :  
 Dishonour'd slaves know how to live ;  
 But patriots—to expire.

O ye whom great example fires !—  
 Take arms for liberty and laws :  
 The player king, with kings conspires ;  
 Crush Collot—crush their cursed cause.  
 And you begot by murder upon fear,  
 You trembling tyrant ! soon to meet your fall,  
 Your Mountain quakes, O Robertspierre !  
 And soon shall bury all.

But ah ! possessor of my heart !  
 Whom here I see, yet dread to own,  
 Now, play a more than female part,  
 Now, learn to bear distress—alone.  
 Freedom ! shed comfort from above,  
 To make her bear the yoke of life,  
 O spare the quick'ning pledge of love,  
 The mother save, if not the wife.

My wife !—as mother, doubly dear,  
 With care thy cradled child attend ;  
 And teach, to his attentive ear,  
 His Father's glorious end ;

To Freedom's altar lead our boy;  
To her high accents, tune his breath;  
And let his first, and latest cry,  
Be—Liberty or Death.

Should villains in thy time, grow great,  
And human blood in torrents flow;  
Seek not t' avenge thy Father's fate:  
For France, France, only, strike thy blow.  
Let future Syllas dread their doom,  
When my young Cato's frown they see;  
Or hear him, o'er his Father's tomb,  
Cry—give me Death, or Liberty.

Blood-hounds of France! your race is run—  
One Monster welters in his gore—  
Angelic Woman here has done,  
A deed which Brutus did before.  
O Freedom!—lift thy arm sublime,  
Copy the fair Tyrannicide;  
Whose virtue rose to balance crime,  
And liv'd until Marat had died.

I feel the pressing multitude;  
I hear their wild, impatient cry;  
How much it costs, to do them good!  
Who lives for them, for them must die.

I go to meet the fond embrace,  
Of heroes long to hist'ry known,  
And Sydney on this head shall place,  
A laurel from his own.

Now take my eyes:—one ling'ring view,  
Then bid to France, a long adieu.—

TO

S \* \* \* \* S \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*,

WITH

K O T Z E B U E ' S P L A Y S .

BY THE SAME.

A MUSE that pleases, without rule or art,  
The child of nature and an honest heart,  
That fears on fancy's wings too far to roam,  
Rapt in the sweet concentred bliss of home :  
A foreign Muse,—tho' nothing said, or sung,  
To me seems foreign, save the heartless tongue,  
Thy D\*\*\*\*\* sends—his zest for reading flown—  
Ev'n tears seem selfish when they're shed alone.  
No voice to praise—no darling Sarah near—  
No lip of love to catch the falling tear—

No neck inclining to the soft cares---  
 No eye to glisten, and no hand to press---  
 No mouth to meditate the matron kiss  
 While the heart palpitates for nameless bliss---  
 No sigh for something future, unpossess'd,  
 No smile that says—be with the present bless'd.—

If sorrows double, when we feel alone,  
 And pleasure palls, if only felt by one ;  
 If sympathy still makes the suff'ring less,  
 And, by dividing, adds to happiness :  
 If earth meets heav'n but by partaken bliss,  
 And heav'n grows brighter heav'n when angels kiss :  
 Oh then, sweet Sarah hasten to his arms,  
 Who shares thy joys, will sooth thy soft alarms,  
 On whom thy trembling confidence may rest,  
 That flutt'ring bird which beats within thy breast,  
 And fears, yet longs, to leave the parent nest. }

Oh ! come to him, who, in the husband's name,  
 Has father's, mother's, sister's, brother's claim,  
 And if 'tis duty that alone can move,  
 The first of duties is the law of love.  
 The law that circumscribes both earth and skies,  
 Forms but a wedding ring of ampler size,



Where em'rald stars and diamond funs combine,  
To grace a finger of the hand divine—  
That law—that ring—my Sarah, makes thee mine. }

Oh ! may our little ring, within the larger, found,  
Share the same fate, the same immortal round,  
And if attachment e'er should lose its force,  
Then, Nature, break thy ring, and keep the long  
divorce.

TO

S \* \* \* \* \* D \* \* \* \* \* ,

W I T H    A    R I N G .

BY THE SAME.

EMBLEM of happiness, not bought, nor sold,  
Accept this modest RING of virgin gold.  
Love, in the small, but perfect, circle, trace,  
And duty, in its soft, tho' strict embrace.  
Plain, precious, pure, as best becomes the wife ;  
Yet firm to bear the frequent rubs of life.  
Connubial life disdains a fragile toy,  
Which rust can tarnish, or a touch destroy ;  
Nor much admires, what courts the gen'ral gaze  
The dazzling diamond's meretricious blaze,  
That hides, with glare, the anguish of a heart  
By nature hard, tho' polish'd bright—by art.

More to thy taste the ornament that shows  
Domestic bliss, and without glaring, glows.  
Whose gentle pressure serves to keep the mind  
To all correct, to one discreetly kind.  
Of simple elegance th' unconscious charm,  
The holy amulet to keep from harm ;  
To guard at once and consecrate the shrine,  
Take this dear pledge—It makes, and keeps, thee

MINE.

V E R S E S,

TO THE

BROOK OF BORROWDALE,

IN CUMBERLAND.

BY D\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*.

ADIEU! ye rocks, and thou fweet vale,  
Where winds the brook of Borrowdale:  
With ling'ring steps, and forrowing heart,  
From your fequester'd scenes I part.—  
Adieu, fweet brook, with crystal tide,  
Still o'er thy pebbled channel glide,  
And slowly pour thy stream ferene,  
Thro' woody dells, and vallies green.

Let other waters rudely fweep,  
The cliffs abrupt of yonder fteep;  
From ufelefs noife acquire a name,  
And rife by violence to fame.

These to survey with idiot stare,  
 Let fashion's wond'ring sons repair ;  
 Admire the torrents of Lodore,  
 So steep the fall—so loud the roar—  
 And ring the nauseating chime,  
 Of cliffs and cataracts sublime.

Be thine—sweet Brook—an humbler fate—  
 Court not the honours that await,  
 The rude, the violent, the proud,  
 And scorn the wonder of the crowd.

Ye Naiads ! who delight to lave,  
 Your lovely forms in this pure wave,  
 Long o'er its peaceful banks preside,  
 And guard its inoffensive tide,  
 Lest yon tall cliff, whose summit gray,  
 E'en now o'erlooks its darken'd way,  
 Should headlong rush, with gath'ring force,  
 And violate its tranquil course :  
 Or, if so undeserv'd a fate,  
 Should e'er my lovely Brook await,  
 With gentle hands its current lead,  
 Along the flow'ry, fav'ring mead,  
 And yield it to some channel's care,  
 With bed as smooth, and banks as fair ;

Where, shelter'd from the ruffling gale,  
The streams may steal along the vale,  
And safely reach th' enchanted ground,  
Which Kefwick's awful hills furround.  
There, slowly winding, let them stray,  
Along the scarcely sloping way,  
Till tir'd at last, their current dead,  
They sink into their destin'd bed ;  
And shelter'd by yon flow'ry brake,  
Mix, silent, with the peaceful lake.

These blessings, lovely Brook, be thine,  
Such be thy course—and, Such be Mine.—

E P I T A P H,

ON AN

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

BY THE SAME.

A LINGERING struggle of misfortune past,  
Here patient Virtue found repose at last :  
Unprais'd, unknown, with cheerful steps she stray'd  
Thro' life's bleak wilds, and fortune's darkest shade,  
Nor courted fame to lend one friendly ray,  
To gild the dark'ning horrors of the way.

When fir'd with hope, or eager for applause,  
The hero suffers in a public cause ;  
Unfelt, unheeded, falls misfortune's dart,  
And fame's sweet echoes cheer the drooping heart.  
The patriot's toils immortal laurels yield  
And death, itself, is envy'd in the field.

Hers—was the humbler yet severer fate,  
 To pine, unnotic'd, in a private state ;  
 Hers—were the fuff'rings which no laurels bring,  
 The generous labours which no mufes fing,  
 The cares that haunt the parent and the wife,  
 And the fill sorrows of domeftic life.

What, tho' no pageant, o'er her humble earth,  
 Proclaim the empty honours of her birth !  
 What, tho' around no fculptur'd columns rife,  
 No verfe records the conquests of her eyes !  
 Yet here fhall flow the poor's unbidden tear,  
 And feeble age fhall fhed his bleffings here :  
 Here, fhall the virtues which her foul poffefs'd  
 With fweet remembrance footh a husband's breaft :  
 And here, in filent grief, fhall oft repair,  
 The helpiefs objects of her lateft care,  
 Recall her worth—their adverfe fate bemoan,  
 And, in a mother's woes forget their own.



V E R S E S

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE ROBERT FITZ-GERALD, ESQ.

IN HIS DAUGHTER'S PRAYER-BOOK.

ACCEPT—it is your Father's gift,  
This Book of Common-Prayer,  
And when your eyes to heaven you lift,  
Well ponder who is there.

There, there, is gone, angelic shade,  
That Form which gave thee birth ;  
That Form, whose love to us had made,  
A little heaven on earth.

Of these blest hours, ah ! me despoil'd,  
Where can we hope relief ;  
Oh ! what a loss, to thee, my child,  
To me, how vast a grief.

Though lost, that Guide, ourselves, tho' blind,  
Yet, still there is redress ;  
Since in this book we both may find,  
The road to happiness.

ON

NUTS BURNING,

ALL-HALLOW-EVE.

BY CHARLES GRAYDON, ESQ.

THESE glowing NUTS are emblems true,  
Of what in human life we view ;  
The ill-match'd couple fret and fume,  
And thus, in strife, themselves consume ;  
Or from each other wildly start,  
And with a noise for ever part.  
But see the happy—happy pair,  
Of genuine love, and truth, sincere ;  
With mutual fondness, while they burn,  
Still to each other kindly turn :  
And as the vital sparks decay,  
Together gently sink away ;  
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,  
Their mingled ashes rest at last.

H O P E.

BY THE SAME.

IN the gloomy dungeon cave,  
Dark and dismal as the grave,  
See the wretched culprit there,  
All around is black despair :  
Cheering HOPE admits a ray,  
And it brightens into day.

Floating on the waters wide,  
View the shipwreck'd seaman ride,  
'Midst the boist'rous billows roar,  
All in vain he looks for shore :  
Gentle HOPE extends her hand,  
Buoy'd by her, he reaches land.

Stretch'd upon the fev'rish bed,  
Pale disease reclines his head,

Grieved the soul, this earth to part,  
Lingers still within the heart :

HOPE, on airy pinions flies,  
And conducts it to the skies.

Chill'd with scorn, the hapless swain,  
Sees a favour'd rival reign,  
Asks his mistress, for the last,  
Hears his sentence plainly past :

Flatt'ring HOPE, still whispers love,  
And the fair, may kinder prove.

Far, the exile leaves his home,  
Doom'd, in foreign climes to roam,  
Nor, are friends or kindred near,  
Torn from all his heart held dear :

Fairy HOPE, with smiles attends,  
Gives him kindred, home, and friends.

HOPE, that lends the wretch relief,  
When 'tis false, but heightens grief,  
HOPE, the mind's close order breaks,  
And a breach for phrenzy makes :

Never mock me, HOPE, I pray,  
Tell me truth, or keep away.

ON THE

BANKS OF THE LIFFEY.

BY THE SAME.

SWEET LIFFEY, whose stream gently glides,  
And steals in soft murmurs along;  
How oft have I rov'd on your sides,  
How cheerfully carol'd my song.

No grief, my young mind, then oppress'd,  
No care my blithe heart ever knew;  
The calm of yon pool it possess'd  
Its clearness and purity too.

Sweet LIFFEY, thy scenes are the same,  
The same, is this green shady wood;  
Unalter'd the course of thy stream,  
Yon ruins are still where they stood.

But tell me, ah! where are those friends,  
Whose presence endear'd ev'ry spot?  
Whose image, still fancy attends,  
And forbids they should e'er be forgot.

The monitors, fage of my youth,  
My playmates, so artless and gay;  
Sweet maids, the bright vestals of truth,  
Young, charming, and good, where are they?

Yes, cypress, low bow down thine head,  
Sad emblem that weeps o'er the urn,  
Too well, you denote how they're fled,  
And willow, with thee shall I mourn,

OSSIAN'S LAST HYMN,

VERSIFIED.

BY THOMAS ROBERTSON, ESQ.

I.

STRIKE the lyre and raise the song,  
Bear the mournful sound along,  
Ye winds upon your swiftest wings ;  
Bear it to mighty Fingal's ear,  
And to that king of men declare,  
That OSSIAN, aged OSSIAN, sings.—  
The winds obey the pow'rful call,  
And wide disclose his airy hall,—  
I view the king—a cloud his feat—  
Heroes no longer dread his might,  
While dark and dreary shades of night,  
Surround the monarch, once so great.—



Can that be He? whom, when array'd  
 In all the tempest and the storm of war,  
 The bravest fear'd, and fled dismay'd,  
 Before the fury of his rapid car?—  
 Or is that he; who oft in Cona's tow'rs,  
 When peace and all her blessings he enjoy'd,  
 Amid his chieftains, spent the mirthful hours,  
 The chase each day, the feast each night employ'd;  
 Where, on his well-strung harp, some bard inspir'd,  
 To tales of pristine valour, struck the chord;  
 The list'ning heroes felt their bosoms fir'd,  
 And rose more valiant from the festive board?—

## II.

Those hours have fled—Fingal is gone—  
 And I, of many sons, alone,  
 I, thus weak and old am left—  
 Like a tall oak, on Selma's heath,  
 By winter's harsh unfriendly breath,  
 Of all his verdant leaves bereft.—  
 Althon's no more—and Oscar's might,  
 Resistless in the hour of fight,  
 With red-hair'd Gaul, have join'd the band,  
 Men of less fame to these succeed,  
 While Scandinavia's frozen breed,  
 Bear flames and ruin through the land.—

Yet they have felt the vigour of this arm,  
 And mourn'd its force and strength in bloody tears,  
 When at the unexpected war's alarm,  
 We dauntless met the flock of hostile spears.—  
 As the brown torrent, from the mountain side,  
 Pours desolation o'er the peaceful plain,  
 Sudden they came, in fierce embattled pride—  
 Dear was the treason to the perjur'd Dane—  
 The gloom of battle, long, uncertain lower'd,  
 And slow the dawn of victory arose  
 To gild our ensigns, while we pour'd,  
 A wide destruction 'mong our yielding foes.  
 Repuls'd, dispers'd, with coward haste they fled,  
 Urg'd by revenge and wrath, while we pursued.—  
 Full many a warrior on the sea shore dead,  
 With life's red stream the breaking waves imbrued.

### III.

How vain the boast—no strength remains ;  
 No pow'r this feeble arm retains  
 To wield the sword, and hurl the spear—  
 And by rapacious time aggriev'd,  
 Of youth, of every friend bereav'd,  
 The portal of the tomb is near——  
 Nor shrink I from the dark abode,  
 That closes life's intricate road ;

In fight impervious shade,  
 'Tis theirs, on whom young health bestows,  
 The bloom, and freshness, of the rose,  
 'Tis theirs, to be of death afraid.—  
 No vain desire, of ling'ring here below,  
 Restrains me, thus oppress'd with age and pain,  
 While sad remembrance bids my sorrows flow,  
 And ev'n my harp denies its usual strain.—  
 I long to hasten to those friendly shades,  
 Reliev'd, by welcome death, from all my care,  
 Where each, reclining on his cloud, proceeds,  
 In solemn journey, thro' the lurid air.—  
 Then farewell life, thou lasting source of grief,  
 Where fleeting pleasures, endless troubles dwell.—  
 Hasten thee, kind death, to bring thy wish'd relief—  
 Then, farewell life—and thou, my harp, farewell.—

TO THE MEMORY OF  
A FRIEND, DECEASED.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN thou art blest, why shou'd I mourn?  
When thou art happy, why repine?  
Tho' now within yon marble urn,  
All of thy precious form, that's mine,  
Thy ashes rest; while sheltering heav'n,  
Thy hallow'd spirit long hath gain'd,  
By mortal woes from friendship driven,—  
By mortal woes no longer pain'd—  
Tho' still, perhaps, thy gentle soul,  
May yet an earthly weakness know—  
Yield still to pity's mild controul,  
And feel a throb for those below.—  
Perhaps thy angel shape abides,  
In yonder silver-skirted cloud,  
Close where the moon her circuit rides,  
In solitary glory proud.

Or on the rose-impurpled way,  
Where lately posting day did haste,  
Dost thou with social spirits stray,  
And hold discourse of troubles past—  
And while to earth the glances fly,  
Where forrowing friends do yet survive,  
Dost thou o'er them a blessing sigh?—  
I hear it in the gale of eve,  
I feel it wafting o'er my breast,  
Peace to the heart, a calm divine.—  
Why should I mourn when thou art blest?  
When thou art happy, why repine?—

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY THE SAME.

I.

Now balmy zephyrs from us fly,  
To seek the gentler southern sky ;  
Winds of the north their place assume,  
And wrap the day in mist and gloom.  
Where late the fields were clothed in green,  
Now winter's snowy robe is seen—  
Then homewards haste prepare thy cheer—  
For CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.

II.

Let blazing fires, on every hearth,  
Illume the smiling face of mirth,  
Let sprightly youth his gambols play,  
And age begin his stories gay—  
With plenty let the board be crown'd,  
But never, there, let room be found,  
For sorrow past, or future fear,  
For CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.

III.

And temperance, power of steady soul!  
Do thou deal forth the sober bowl,  
By cheerfulness to every guest—  
Which she, fair Hebe of the feast,  
Dispenses round with modest air,  
And open smiles, unknown to care—  
Thus, festive, all be happy here,  
For CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.

IV.

Hence discord, of confusion proud,  
Hie thee, on thy murky cloud—  
Nor let one ruffling whisper fly,  
Over the smooth-faced harmony—  
Let joy and peace alone prevail—  
There's time enough for sorrow's gale—  
But now let all be fair and clear,  
For CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.

V.

Blest season, of the annual close,  
Altho' arrayed in fleecy snows,  
Thus, jocund, should we pass the hours—  
Spring is the reign of fragrant flowers.  
Loose Summer lends his cooling shades,  
His fruits delicious, Autumn spreads—  
But Mirth to thee, alone is dear,  
For CHRISTMAS comes but once a year.

R E F L E C T I O N S

ON THE

BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.

BY THE SAME.

As one who feels his courage shrink,  
While on the river's verdant brink,  
He sees the wave dark gliding by—  
Unwilling yet the deep to try ;  
Thus I, with mind o'ercast by fear,  
Tremble at the coming year,  
And, in my anxious breast revolve,  
What twelve swift-passing months shall solve.—  
Perhaps those eyes with tears shall lave,  
Lustration sad ! a parent's grave,  
This bosom yield the tribute sigh,  
Where a loved brother's ashes lie,  
Or stretch'd above where friendship's laid,  
While wizard memory raise the dead,



To rapture, 'mong his visions blest,  
 Give half the day, to grief the rest.—  
 Perhaps—and may the alarming thought,  
 To lab'ring virtue's aid be brought,  
 'Ere autumn's yellow leaves are shed,  
 I shall be number'd with the dead,  
 Submissive, yield this earthly frame,  
 To death's resistless regal claim.—  
 Thus, melancholy, thoughtful, slow,  
 O'er tracts of step-incumb'ring snow,  
 I reach the year's ice-pillar'd gates,  
 Where restless time impatient waits,  
 With waving pinions stretch'd to fly,—  
 YOUTH spread before, with rosy dye,  
 His cheeks and limbs—while AGE unkind,  
 Blasted his wither'd form behind.—  
 And leaning on his scythed spear,  
 He saw, he mock'd, my idle fear.—  
 “ Why dost thou grieve, vain child of clay !  
 “ That mortal man, must know decay ?  
 “ By my protrusive force deprest,  
 “ Lodg'd on the earth's damp chilly breast ;  
 “ My power, alas ! is too confin'd,  
 “ My arm can't reach th' immortal mind ;  
 “ And thou, and thine, shall yet revive,  
 “ To endless joy—awake—alive,  
 “ When I ——— ——— ——— ——— .”

More he had said, but Hope, aside,  
 Threw the season's portals wide.—  
 On his broad wing, he sprang aloft,  
 And thro' the air he mov'd so soft,  
 That not a flutter, whisper weak,  
 Could guide a foe his course to check.—  
 Consoling power!—with winning smiles,  
 She smooths my brow from former ills,  
 With orient colours limns the skies—  
 Points where her Eden prospects rise,  
 Then, her blue robe succinct for speed,  
 Thro' spring's domains my course she led,  
 And, as we pass'd, these words express—  
 “ Heav'n's will is all—that will is best—  
 “ Would'st thou for every change prepare,  
 “ Let virtue be thy choice, thy care.”—

H E A L T H.

BY THE SAME.

HEALTH, rosy nymph, the pleasing boon  
Of happiness thou can'st bestow—  
Without thee, life's best journey soon  
Becomes a pilgrimage of woe.

Shunning the palace, did'st thou dwell  
With slav'ry in his gloomy cell;  
More blest the captive in the mine,  
Than he for whom the metals shine.

But no—thy haunt cannot be there,  
Th' abode of pining misery,  
Where the sad bosom of despair  
Heaves with unpity'd agony.—

Nor, wanton, dost thou love to sport,  
 In pleasure's gay delusive court—  
 Over the gem-imbossed vase,  
 To smile in Bacchus' ruddy face.

Thou fly'st th' intoxicating bowl,  
 Fountain of madness and disease,  
 Whose wild and absolute controul,  
 The vanquish'd reason sways.

Thou shun'st the fragrant myrtle groves,  
 Which the paphian Venus loves—  
 Where, while Pan pipes a roundelay,  
 Th' unblushing nymphs and satyrs play.

Ah! modest health, from scenes like these,  
 Thou turn'st thy steps aside, to haste  
 And catch the balmy morning breeze,  
 Its spirit-giving breath to taste;

Where bath'd in dew some valley lies,  
 Or up a mountain's woody rise—  
 Whence stretching to the eastern sky,  
 Bright rural prospects greet the eye.

Here, a deep forest widely spread,  
Its variegated foliage flows,—  
There, rolling thro' a flowery mead,  
With rapid course, a river flows.

On to the sea—where meets the view  
Thro' opening hills its bosom blue,  
Save when a white-sail flies the gale before,  
Or a wave breaks upon the rocky shore.

And, as thou darts thy looks around,  
O'er the lively landscape smiling,  
More blithe the plowman's carols sound,  
His tedious furrow'd way beguiling.—

More sweet the birds their songs renew,—  
More fresh each blooming flowret's hue—  
From every valley springs, without alloy,  
A general cheerfulness—a burst of joy.

ADDRESS, TO A PLANET.

BY THE SAME.

WHY risest thou, fair STAR, so bright,  
Rival of Cynthia's silver beams,  
While round thee of the purest light,  
An undulating glory streams?  
Say, what radiant cherub there,  
Abides in thy resplendent sphere,  
Thence on this world to shed compassion's tear—  
Or doth his vifage Anger's crimfon wear?

And from the trump, denouncing woe,  
Gives he a devastating blast,  
Such as th' angelic prince shall blow,  
When Time his utmost bound has past—  
When Death bereav'd his ancient sway,  
Shall thrust his vassals into day,  
And, eager, sinking to his last repose,  
The tomb, for ever, on himself shall close.

Hark! hark! the dire terrific sound  
 Thro' wide-extended space pervades,  
 Earth trembles in her deeps profound,  
 And fear the boldest heart invades—  
 Rejoic'd the awful call to hear,  
 War, burnishing his rusted spear,  
 Rushes exulting forth in mad disdain,  
 To stain with gore th' uncultivated plain.

Again it sounds!—the vernal gale,  
 In salutary breath denies,  
 Life's vegetable nurfes fail,  
 And Famine's pallid demons rise.  
 Impatient Hunger, raving wild,  
 Who feeds the parent with the child,  
 Relentless Want, whose eyes so madly bend,  
 Snatching the morsel from his fainting friend.

And, tott'ring 'mong the ghastly crew,  
 Disease brings on his languid frame,  
 Before him fades health's rosy hue,  
 Mirth droops—and pleasure is a dream.—  
 While next, to heap the cup of woe,  
 'Till o'er the brim the sorrows flow,  
 Sedition runs, the spring of mad desires,  
 And lights, on ev'ry hill, her signal fires.

Seduced by the uncertain glare,  
 As travellers by the meteor's ray,  
 Prudence resigns her modest air,  
 And leaves her inoffensive way:—  
 Opinions strange, 'till now unknown,  
 Among the humble crowd are thrown,  
 Truth is perverted, innocence abused,  
 Justice restrained, and right and wrong confused.

But wherefore trace the source of woe,  
 From yonder night-illuming plains?  
 Aside the lyre presumptuous throw,  
 Vain bard, and cease the idle strain,  
 From thence nor grief, nor sorrow came,  
 Death shuns yon PLANET's bright extreme—  
 No inmate he for realms of pure delight,  
 Climes ever smiling with unclouded light.

There, resting on unfading flowers,  
 Souls of celestial mould repose,  
 Who against Sin's seductive powers,  
 Unyielding Virtue did oppose.—  
 And now they've past the toilsome way,  
 Pure and unchanged from Life's assay,  
 While seraphs hymn around immortal airs,  
 Oblivious sounds of sublunary cares.



Prelude divine to endless joy,  
 Fit opening to celestial scenes,  
 Of happiness which ne'er can cloy,  
 Of glory which eternal reigns,  
 When th' unembarrass'd mind shall see  
 Truth's beauties, from concealment free,  
 Pursue her course thro' Science' boundless wave,  
 And in the golden current ceaseless lave,

Thus Fancy cheers the weary soul,  
 Disclosing bright ethereal views,  
 While life's rough path, such her controul,  
 Without a murmur man pursues,  
 So cheerful o'er the mountain's arid brow  
 The pilgrim toils, when seen the vale below,  
 Where, 'mid her fields and streams, Damascus lies,  
 In groves embower'd, an earthly paradise.

VERNAL STANZAS.

BY THE SAME.

“ SEEK other climes, ye gloomy hours,  
“ To your unkindly preference suited,  
“ Where despotic winter lowers,  
“ On savage rocks, and men embruted.

“ Where, on the rough and craggy ledge,  
“ That hangs above his cavern narrow,  
“ The north-wind whets to keenest edge,  
“ And sharpest point, his icy arrow.”—

The gloomy hours obey, they fly,  
To Siberia's wilds of anguish,  
Where those bereft their native sky,  
Amid imprisoning deserts, languish.—

Lo! spring from Cashmire's happy vale,  
The bower of joy, her constant dwelling,  
Sends forth her animating gale,  
The wintry sleep of earth dispelling.—

Cheer'd by the whispers of the south,  
The rosy flowers steal into day,  
While in the groves the plummy youth,  
With songs salute the budding spray,

Now is the time, when rapture's wing,  
Exalts the hallow'd thought to heaven,  
When is beheld, the breath of spring,  
Purpling the glowing cheek of even.—

When seen the distant mountain's brow,  
With the sun's western lustre beaming,  
While shadows veil his base below,  
Save where a lingering ray, is gleaming,

From the grey rock, that hangs above,  
The azure lake in mists reposing ;—  
And when the eyes delighted rove,  
The mid-lands verdant scene, disclosing.

The wheat's green robe, between his hedge  
Auspice of life, securely waving—  
The groves, which yonder meadows edge,  
Whose shades, the brawling brook is leaving,

To murmur at the pebbled foot,  
Of this soft bank, with violets spread,  
To cool this red-pine's thirsty root,  
And branch him for the victor's head.—

Blest rural scenes, yours is the art,  
To pour delight around the soul,  
To heal the wounds that reach the heart,  
From fortune's mutable controul.

Ye, on the captive's mind imprest,  
Delicious visions, can't supply—  
Cheer'd by th' intellectual feast,  
He lives upon your memory.—

THE POST-BAG,

OR, A CONFERENCE BETWEEN

A DEPUTY POST-MASTER

AND

THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

BY R\*\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*.

POST-MASTER.

THE POST-BAG now fent,  
Is very much rent,  
And not fit to carry a letter ;  
Then hear our petition,  
Behold its condition,  
And fend us by next post a better.

POST-OFFICE.

Best of POST-MASTERS,  
Frequent difasters,  
And various, have happen'd the mail.

Yet when you think meet,  
 In verses to greet,  
 Your petition, we'll warrant, sha'nt fail.

ESTEEMED good friend,  
 With this mail we fend,  
 A LEATHERN CONVENIENCE secure,  
 Your cogent desire  
 And poetick fire,  
 Well pleases us all, we assure.

POST-MASTER.

When oft in plain prose,  
 I repeated my woes,  
 Lamenting my POST BAG's poor state ;  
 Disregarded by all,  
 I talk'd to the wall,  
 And nobody minded my prate.

At long last thought I,  
 I will certainly try  
 What effect by a rhyme can be wrought,  
 My suit was straight granted,  
 I got what I wanted,  
 In a WHOLE SKIN my letters safe brought.

No wonder that we,  
 Post-masters agree,  
 So nicely in point of good taste,  
 Since Hermes, we're told,  
 Jove's Envoy of old,  
 Prefided o'er Wit and Post-haste.

And now that I've found  
 Poetical ground,  
 Is the stand to procure your good grace,  
 Pray once more befriend me,  
 Some sealing-wax fend me,  
 A perquisite due to my place.

A place without pension—  
 Oh! shocking to mention,  
 Did Clermont, our Master, but know it,  
 Or if I could please,  
 My worthy friend, Lees,  
 They, sure, would not starve a poor Poet.

Let none say my rhyme  
 Is quite out of time,  
 A good thing is ne'er out of season,  
 As all trades must live,  
 A small salary give,  
 And, for my rhyme, let me have reason.

POST-OFFICE.

Most worthy, good friend,  
Though our wishes do tend,  
To grant you your full expectation,  
Nor verses, nor prose,  
Can influence those,  
Who guide the purse strings of the nation.

We send you the wax,  
On the Office a tax,  
That's granted by justice and reason;  
But as for the pension,  
Though good our intention,  
At this time 'tis quite out of season.

Then thrive by your trade,  
It will never degrade,  
As a pension does those that bestow it,  
Content will attend you,  
And virtue befriend you,  
Nor poverty reach the good Poet.

POST-MASTER.

For the sealing wax sent,  
And your wishes well meant,  
My grateful acknowledgments take;



Sure politeness and wit,  
 In your Post-office fit,  
 And there their chief residence make.

In these selfish times,  
 By the magic of rhymes,  
 To loose purse-strings, I own, would be hard;  
 What though Orpheus could lead  
 Stocks and stones, we don't read  
 That money, too, follow'd the Bard.

Contented, therefore,  
 I'll tease you no more,  
 'Tis pity to spur a free horse,  
 I'll take what I've got,  
 Submit to my lot,  
 And so practice patience, perforce.

And now, my good friends,  
 My simple muse ends,  
 With kind valediction to you;  
 And lest she should tire  
 With too much of her lyre,  
 She bids, for the present, adieu.

“I LOVE TO BE ALONE.”

BY THE SAME.

WHILE busy mortals crowd around  
The city, court and throne,  
Intent to see and to be seen,  
To know and to be known ;  
I turn away, content I turn,  
To sweet, domestic bow'rs,  
And ponder how I best may spend  
My life's few, fleeting hours :  
The twinkling twilight oft I trace,  
Sometimes the dusky dawn,  
My steps unseen by human race—  
I LOVE TO BE ALONE.

Yet sure, my thoughtful, musing mind,  
The social transport knows ;  
Round many a friend, these opening arms,  
With extacy would close :

Sure I would leave my couch by night,  
To serve my greatest foe,  
Would quit the brightest hour of joy,  
To wipe the tear of woe :  
'Tis giddy, trifling, vain parade,  
My heart and mind difown,  
The endless buzz by folly made—

I LOVE TO BE ALONE.

Yet not averse, when duty calls,  
I leave my quiet sphere,  
And mingle in the walks of men—  
The walks of men are dear !

I love the intellectual feast,  
Shar'd with the good and wise,  
Nor less the little, temperate meal,  
Simplicity supplies ;  
I freely join the rustic throng,  
Licentious scenes unknown,  
With children play—but e'er its long,

I LOVE TO BE ALONE.

But ah ! while Sorrow's mingled cries,  
Through earth's far vales resound,  
The ear of pensive Fancy tries  
To catch the piercing found,

Her wistful eye surveys the shores,  
Where fable lovers part,  
His trembling limbs fell iron tears,  
And anguish breaks HER heart.—  
Oh! could I aid this injur'd Race,  
I'd seek their flaming Zone,  
The White and Sable Tyrants face,  
Nor wish to be ALONE.

And oh! for sweet sincerity,  
The pensive muse shall guide,  
I feel the lonely lot of man,  
Has happiness denied;  
Unblest'd is he that wanders o'er  
The vary'd plains of time,  
Without a kind and faithful maid,  
Companion of his prime—  
Good natur'd, faithful, kind and fair,  
Was such a maid my own!  
Better with her, my lot to share,  
Than live and die ALONE.

## A R U N A.

BY A L A D Y.

RETIR'D and secluded from all that could please,  
 I court a retreat in the depth of the grove ;  
 More grateful the murmurs that sigh on the trees,  
 Than the gentle vibrations of gladness and love.  
 The voice of my friend, more delicious than wine,  
 That lately the full-tide of pleasure convey'd,  
 Ah ! I turn from the sound, his embraces decline,  
 And beg that he'd leave me to die in the shade.  
 The muses that once could illumine the dull hour,  
 And sooth with their numbers the bosom of pain ;  
 Now fly my sad haunts, since, depriv'd of their power,  
 Their melody wounds, and their numbers are vain.  
 Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,  
 On the cheek of ARUNA, blooms lovely no more :  
 This grass-matted pillow denies me repose,  
 Where sweetly I slept in the summers of yore.

The rocks of the desert, rude, awful and high,  
 Seem nodding, with horror, to me as I go :  
 The wild-gushing streams, that run rapidly by,  
 In sympathy swell their loud cadence of woe :  
 Thick clouds from the summits of mountains I view,  
 Hang darkly benighting the sides of the vale :  
 The raven's dull bodings are heard from the yew,  
 And the spirit of sorrow I hear in the gale.  
 Thus, while through each province of nature I turn,  
 Her face seems unlovely wherever I go,  
 I look not for comfort 'till in my cold urn—  
 Ah ! well that we there find a respite from woe.  
 Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,  
 On the cheek of ARUNA, blooms lovely no more ;  
 In the cold arms of death, all the graces repose,  
 And ocean's salt waves wash her tomb on the shore.

'Twas night, and the stars and mild Luna were fled,  
 When as pensive I listen'd the voice of the gale ;  
 Through a dim gleam of light that encompassed my bed,  
 The shade of ARUNA rose silent and pale :  
 How chang'd from the maiden once blooming and fair,  
 The pride of the village, the joy of the plain !  
 Now mournful her step, and dejected her air,  
 And languid her look, as the moon in her wain ;

Her hair was dishevell'd and dripping with dew,  
 Her head it hung down like a flow'ret that dies ;  
 Her robe it was damp, and her lips they were blue,  
 And sunk was the lustre that lighten'd her eyes.  
 Her lilies were fled, and the delicate rose,  
 On the cheek of my fair-one, bloom'd lovely no more ;  
 To still my emotions, her right hand arose,  
 Her left was collecting the robe that she wore.

“ Dear youth,” she began, “ thou remembers the day  
 “ When warm on my bosom thou wept our adieu,  
 “ ’Twas the soft voice of friendship that call'd me away,  
 “ While far from the shores thy kind glances pursue :  
 “ Now brews the black storm in the sides of the west,  
 “ And loud on the wild winds comes howling along,  
 “ Each hill shook the forest that rose on its breast,  
 “ And lost was the wood-lark’s mellifluent song :  
 “ But wide o’er the ocean more vehement the blast—  
 “ The winds rushing downward its bosom deform,  
 “ Like mountains bent onward the huge breakers pass’d,  
 “ And death rode in fury the wings of the storm :  
 “ Thou used to compare my poor cheeks to the rose,  
 “ But the rose and the lily are blended no more ;  
 “ Down the steep-flanting surges our stout vessel goes,  
 “ And high, o’er thy damsel, the loud billows roar ;

“ Beneath the deep waters our vessel was torn,  
“ Through a rent in the side my poor corpse found  
its way;  
“ To the shore in wild eddies ’twas rapidly borne,  
“ And found by some swains on the beach where it  
lay;  
“ On the brink of the ocean they made me my grave,  
“ The virgins, with tears, bid my relics adieu”—  
She ceas’d—but how moving the look that she gave,  
As wistful and wan from my chamber she drew!  
Dear, lovely, sad, maiden remov’d in thy bloom,  
E’er Hymen’s light wings on our passion were spread—  
Ah, gentle companion, too good for the tomb!  
How dark, and how cold, and how silent’s, thy bed!  
Her lilies are fled, and the delicate rose,  
On the cheek of ARUNA, blooms lovely no more;  
No parent averse to our love was the cause,  
No broken engagement, like Colin’s of yore.

Stern tempest! ah why didst thou rise from the caves,  
And pour all thy wrath on a virgin so fair?  
Proud ocean! thou might have restrained thy waves,  
And, for once, made a virtuous maiden thy care.  
Now in these wild deserts, dejected and lone,  
The thought of ARUNA still saddens my strain;  
With the chill blast of evening I mingle my moan,  
Till death more indulgent unites us again.



And now, ye fair virgins, that live in the vale,  
When the turf on our ashes grows level and green;  
Commit to your children our sorrowful tale,  
And silent and fad will your daughters be seen.  
Her lilies are fled, and the sweet damask rose,  
On the cheek of ARUNA, blooms lovely no more;  
Ye virgins! adieu, drop a tear on our woes,  
And lay me, ye swains! by my love on the shore.

WRITTEN IN A BOWER.

BY THE SAME.

DEAR lovely bower, to-morrow morn,  
From thee I haste away,  
Say, will the sun with smiles adorn  
That melancholy day?

Ah! yes, the sun as bright will shine,  
The flowers as gayly blow ;  
Nought but this hapless heart of mine,  
Will wear the gloom of woe.

How quickly am I forc'd to haste  
From scenes so fair and new !  
Thy charms I just began to taste—  
Sweet Abbeville, adieu !

What though to me more lovely vales,  
And sweeter shades are given ;  
A pang the parting spirit feels,  
Though leaving earth for heaven.

T H E     W I D O W.

BY THE SAME.

NINE days the mortal wound thou bore,  
And death with nature strove ;  
And I was on this distant shore,  
Thou husband of my love !

Denied, to me, each sacred rite  
Of mourning love to pay,  
Denied, to me, the last sad fight—  
Oh ! thou wert far away.

Why was the youth, I held so dear,  
With every beauty blest ?  
And why such ties of truth sincere  
Attach him to my breast ?

That fated day why did we prize,  
Which saw our hands unite ?—  
Unthinking love no cloud descries  
In fortune's glaring light.

And why did war, her voice abhorr'd,  
Lift in our peaceful land ?  
And why did he, my wedded lord,  
Mix with the martial band ?

Why did he trust, the promise vain,  
That he should here abide ;  
Should stay to guard his native plain,  
And guard his helpless bride ?

O you ! who honour's just demand  
So slightly can forego,  
Who tear him from his native land,  
Ye shall not part us so.

With many a weary step I moved,  
Distress my bosom tore,  
And now, a mother's throes I proved,  
And now, a babe I bore.

Patient for thee, my infant mild,  
I bore a mother's throes ;  
But thou hast cost me, hapless child !  
Severer pangs than those.

And is not yet our journey done,  
Though Britain's isle we greet?  
My luckless lord! a burning sun  
Must on thy temples beat.

Yon vessel bound for indian lands,  
Invokes the favouring wind—  
Then go, where rigorous fate commands;  
I will not stay behind.

With thee I'll tempt the ocean drear,  
And every dangerous way;  
This smiling babe our toils shall cheer,  
And hope shall be our stay :

And, when the battle rages loud,  
My prayers shall louder be;  
I'll watch thee midst the furious crowd,  
I'll tend and cherish thee.—

But see! the war-steel'd chiefs appear,  
Their purpose dire to tell,  
And from the father's breast to tear,  
All that he lov'd so well.—

O thou, who did this doom approve,  
Ye mothers, all depart !  
Connubial or paternal love  
Ne'er warm'd thy savage heart ;

Else had that general cry of pain  
Relax'd thy stubborn will—  
Keen anguish seiz'd my throbbing brain,  
I feel, I feel it still.

My babe !—When every fond delay  
Of lingering love was o'er,  
How light did all the sorrows weigh,  
Thy mother felt before !

Now high in air the streamer flows,  
The fails their bosoms swell,  
While, to the husband of my vows,  
I breath'd a last farewell :

“ And take,” he cried, “ these garments fair :  
“ These shall thy wants supply :  
“ Thy widow'd spouse has now no care  
“ To please thy partial eye.

“ And take this watch, of silver fine,  
“ My joyous hours are past,  
“ When want shall feize each gift of mine,  
“ Resign this gift the last.”

Ye pitying maidens, listning round,  
I see your cheeks grow pale ;  
Your gentle breasts why should I wound,  
With such a mournful tale ?

Ne'er may your tender frames endure  
The hardships which I proved ;  
Cold, hungry, feeble, faint, and poor,  
And far from him I lov'd.

Oh ! ne'er may yours these tortures own,  
Which oft my bosom dried,  
While, answering to its mother's moan,  
My trembling infant cried !

But fortune now with transient smile,  
As wearied with my harms,  
Restores me to my native isle,  
And to my kindred's arms.

How short the calm!—now rumour flies

Swift from the hostile plain,  
And rumour tells my husband lies,  
Lies, mingled with the slain.

Yet o'er the clouds, which death portend,

Deceitful comfort stole;  
And hope, the wretch's latest friend,  
Upheld my sinking soul,

For sure I thought, that free from stain,

A guiltless life I led,  
And pitying heaven would cease to rain  
Such sorrows on my head.

At least, oh! grant me strength to bear

My misery now complete—  
I heard the truth—I lived to hear,  
And reason kept her seat.

It was that fatal day of blood,

On Coromandel's coast,  
When Cuddalore the force withstood  
Of Britain's warlike host;



That ruthless war permission found  
To make my lord her prey—  
He languish'd with his mortal wound,  
And I was far away.

In those dark hours my tender cares  
Might haply have prevail'd,  
And faithful love, with ardent prayers,  
Had mercy's gate assail'd.

That precious flood of streaming gore,  
My duteous hands had dried,  
And, friendless, on that burning shore,  
My husband had not died.

No wonder now my fongs are sad,  
And tears incessant flow ;  
This heart must never more be glad,—  
'Tis wedded now to woe.

Had he, I loved, unfaithful been,  
And given my vows away ;  
I could have borne that anguish keen,  
And for his safety pray.

Oft, in my dreams, his image dear  
Returns upon my sight—  
I wake—to pour the lonely tear,  
And sicken at the light.

Oh! fure my fainting heart had died,  
But mercy sweet I found,  
And He the healing balm applied,  
Whose power ordain'd the wound.

He, gracious Father, firmest friend,  
Beheld a widow's moan ;  
And taught me comfort's dews descend  
From Him, and Him, alone.

The widow ceas'd—my Nancy dear  
Indulgent pity fway'd ;  
And to her Mary's listening ear,  
The mournful tale convey'd.

Thou gave the subject to my muse,  
To thee she gives the strain ;  
And never may our hearts refuse,  
To share another's pain !

THE  
\* BLACKBIRD AT CABIN-HILL,

TO

M. M \* \* \* \* ,

BY W \* \* \* \* \* D \* \* \* \* \* .

THE hermit BIRD, with yellow bill,  
And plumes of darkeſt hue ;  
In his lov'd haunt of CABIN-HILL,  
Prepares the note for YOU.

Sweet note ! that link'd to rural charms,  
The heart to nature draws ;  
Suspended the vain world's alarms,  
In its melodious pauſe !—

\* The foregoing Lines, came too late to be infered with the other, beautiful, Productions of their ingenious Author ; no reader will regret their admiſſion in this place.

- “ I court the filence of retreat,  
“ Conceal'd in thickest wood ;  
“ More strongly love, and sing more sweet,  
“ From fenfe of folitude.
- “ Acrofs the garden walk I fpring,  
“ So focial yet fo fhy ;  
“ And the quick fhudder of the wing,  
“ Now tells my inward joy.
- “ My welcome to the morning light,  
“ Shall foon be heard by thee :  
“ And at the fall of dewy night,  
“ My Hymn to Liberty.
- “ O for one burft of noble rage,  
“ Which tyrants might appal ;  
“ That Birds and Men could break their cage,  
“ And live, at Nature's call !
- “ Th' imprifon'd man, th' imprifon'd Note,  
“ In fad effect combin'd ;  
“ All tunelefs grows the vocal throat,  
“ And Mufic of the Mind.

- “ But wood-notes wild I careleſs ſing,  
“ Attach the virtuous ear :  
“ They harbinger the warmth of ſpring ;  
“ They wake the torpid year.
- “ On them, the penſive pleaſures hang,  
“ When other ſongſters cloſe :  
“ And e’en o’er mem’ry’s ſharpeſt pang,  
“ A ſoft oblivion throws.
- “ Departed worth ſhall mix and blend,  
“ With ev’ry tender tone ;  
“ And ſcenes that call the buried friend,  
“ Shall ſeem again his own.
- “ Thy ev’ning life, of widow’d hue,  
“ May yet be fancy-bleſt—  
“ Return—’tis time to build anew,  
“ Our long abandon’d neſt.”

P R O L O G U E

INTENDED TO BE SPOKEN BY

LITTLE PARKER.

BY J\*\*\*\* B\*\*\*\*, ESQ.

WITH favours rais'd, with gratitude oppress'd,  
What mix'd emotions swell my throbbing breast;  
I see the beautiful and the brave appear,  
The dawning hopes of Infancy to cheer:  
But lisping accents of a Childish tongue,  
The warm emotions of the bosom wrong,  
Where words are weak, my feelings to portray,—  
Spare me—and think what gratitude would say.

Behold the hand that raises from the ground,  
Sustains with moisture and encloses round  
Some tender plant, that shrinks beneath the blast,  
Relentless howling o'er the dreary waste,

With fond solicitude its growth attends  
 From beating rain, from nipping frost defends,  
 And bids its growth pursue the circling year,  
 And spread a tree, and flow'rs, and fruitage bear ;  
 Not to the tree, but cultivating aid,  
 Must we refer the flow'r, the fruit, the shade.  
 Within the marble block a statue lies,  
 When fair to view the just proportions rise ;  
 The sculptor claims the merit for his own,  
 Who call'd the breathing figure from the stone.

Amid the various walks of social life,  
 Where virtue's palm awakes a gen'rous strife,  
 'Midst the diverging paths that science spreads,  
 While genius to the shrine of honour leads ;  
 Should early culture with a plastic hand,  
 To manly growth my little pow'rs expand,  
 And bid them glad the fond parental hearts,  
 With lib'ral studies, or with useful arts ;  
 Bid the soft buds of infancy display  
 Their hopeful promise to the rising day,  
 My friends shall mark them, with an eye benign,—  
 And each, in secret, say—this work was mine.

ON  
 OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

HER father lov'd me—oft got drunk with me,  
 Captain, he'd cry, come tell us your adventures,  
 From year to year, the scrapes, intrigues, and frolics,  
 That you've been versed in.  
 I ran them thro' from the day I first wore scarlet,  
 To the very hour I tasted first his claret.  
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
 In my amours with widow, maid, and wife;  
 Of hair breadth 'scapes from drunken frays in bagnios,  
 Of being taken by the insolent foe, and lodg'd in the  
 watch-house,  
 Of my redemption thence, with all my gallantry at  
 country quarters;  
 When of rope-ladders and of garret-windows,  
 Of scaling garden-walls, lying hid in closets,  
 It was my hint to speak, for I love bragging,  
 And of the gamblers, that each other cheat,



The pawn-brokers that prey on needy soldiers,  
 When sword or waistcoat's dipt. All these to hear,  
 His daughter PRUE would from a corner lean,  
 But still to strain the milk, or skim the cream,  
 Was call'd to the dairy. I A T  
 Which when she'd done, and cleanly lick'd the spoon,  
 She'd come again, and sit, with gaping mouth,  
 And staring eyes, devouring my discourse.  
 Which I soon smoaking,  
 Once kneel'd by her in church, and entertain'd her,  
 With a full history of my adventures,  
 Of fights in countries where I ne'er had been,  
 And of amours with those I never saw;  
 And often made her stare, with stupid wonder,  
 When I did talk of leaping from a window,  
 Or lying hid on tester of a bed.  
 She gave me, for my pains, a gloting look;  
 She swore, ecod, 'twas strange, 'twas woundy strange;  
 'Twas comical, 'twas hugely comical;  
 " I fags, you officers are wicked creatures,"  
 She'd be afraid of me, she vow'd—" and yet,  
 " You are so comical and entertaining;  
 " Well, I declare, of all the men on earth,  
 " I like a foldier."—on the hint I spoke.  
 She lov'd me, for the sex loves wicked fellows,  
 And I lov'd her, to get her father's money.

B A L L A D I.

TALE FROM OSSIAN.

BY THE SAME.

I.

F AIR MOINA sat on Tara's height,  
To watch for him she lov'd,  
When gloomy DERMID came in fight ;  
Like thunder clouds he mov'd.

II.

Slow striding o'er the heath he came ;  
And hum'd a fullen song ;  
His shield, that shot a crimson gleam,  
Was o'er his shoulder flung.

III.

Thine, DERMID, was the heart of pride,  
Relentless as the grave,  
Thine love, that never softly sigh'd,  
The spirit fiercely brave.

IV.

To fly, the affrighted maiden strove,  
But he arrests her flight.  
“ Here, MOINA, hear me plead my love,  
“ Thou art my soul's delight.

V.

“ Along the hill, along the plain,  
“ My dogs, my arrows flew ;  
“ Three stags, with branchy horns, lie slain ;  
“ One stag, for thee, I flew.

VI.

“ To love the chase, I'll teach my fair,  
“ My dogs her voice shall know,  
“ To mark the flying game from far,  
“ And bend the unerring bow.

VII.

“ Together will we rove the dale,  
“ Together climb the hill,  
“ Together rest in shadow'd vale,  
“ Or sleep by murmuring rill.

VIII.

“ Ne'er may I pierce my foes from far,  
“ The tide of slaughter roll,  
“ But thou than all the pomp of war,  
“ Art dearer to my soul.

IXI

- “ Thy voice more fires my heart with joy,  
“ Than bards applauding songs;  
“ Thy charms are dearer to mine eye,  
“ Than spoils of conquer'd throngs.”

X.

- “ The spoils of war, within my wall  
“ Are pil'd, a precious store;  
“ And foes on foes shall daily fall,  
“ To make the treasure more.”

XI.

- “ Are frowns,” the blushing maid reply'd,  
“ Are frowns the garb of love?  
“ Can stormy words and gloomy pride  
“ The female bosom move?”

XII.

- “ No—love must wanton in the eyes,  
“ In every feature smile,  
“ With whispers soft, and melting sighs,  
“ The yielding heart beguile.”

XIII.

- “ Like babes, that cry some toy to gain,  
“ Let filken courtiers sue;  
“ Let striplings smooth describe their pain,  
“ But like a man I woo.”

XIV.

- “ Mine arms are strong, to guard my dear,  
“ As blasts that rend the wood ;  
“ Mine arm has taught the brave to fear,  
“ To earth the proudest bow'd.

XV.

- “ Young Ronan late its fury found ;  
“ The boastive youth I flew :  
“ 'Twas when the mirthful bowl went round,  
“ On me the taunt he threw.

XVI.

- “ On me the scornful glance he tost ;  
“ And mock'd me at the feast ;  
“ But short-liv'd was the empty boast ;  
“ This sword went thro' his breast.

XVII.

- “ The youth was bred on Ullin's plain ;  
“ His hair like sunbeams flow'd :  
“ For him the maidens sigh'd in vain ;  
“ His soul was brave and proud.”

XVIII.

- “ Now curst be that detested land,  
“ That saw my Ronan bleed !  
“ And doubly curst thy guilty hand,  
“ That wrought the savage deed !

XIX.

“ Ah ! where is now the gallant youth,  
“ Unrivall'd in the chace,  
“ The mind replete with worth and truth,  
“ The form with every grace ?”

XX.

“ If grief would e'er thy soul pervade,  
“ Or pity fill thy breast;  
“ Refuse not to the wretch thou'st made,  
“ One last, one poor request.”

XXI.

“ Give me the sword, on yon curst plains  
“ That slew mine only dear ;  
“ I'll wash away its guilty stains,  
“ With many a bitter tear.”

XXII.

He gave the weapon to her tears,  
She pierced his manly breast.—  
He fell, as sinks a tow'r, by years  
Or raging storms oppress'd.

XXIII.

“ The sword is cold, revengeful maid,  
“ Within my aching breast ;  
“ My head is wrapt in death's dark shade,  
“ I soon shall sink to rest.”

XXIV.

“ Death’s chilly damps my limbs o’erflow,  
“ I feel his icy pow’r ;  
“ One last embrace, my fair bestow,  
“ To sooth my parting hour.

XXV.

“ Tho’, MOINA, from thy cruel hate,  
“ I meet the untimely doom ;  
“ One faithful maid will mourn my fate,  
“ Will weep around my tomb.

XXVI.

“ Tho’ I despis’d her charms, for thee,  
“ And pierc’d her soul with woe ;  
“ Yet heav’d shall be her sighs, for me,  
“ For me her tears shall flow.”

XXVII.

With doubtful step, and slow, she went ;  
And fore she wept and sigh’d.  
An arrow thro’ her breast he sent ;  
And grimly smiling dy’d.

XXVIII.

Together stretch’d in death they lie,  
Together fill the tomb :  
Their faintly screaming spirits fly,  
Along the midnight gloom.

XXIX.

Oft, some belated hunter laid,  
Beneath the mofs-grown trees,  
Beholds each difembod'y'd shade,  
Dim—flitting on the breeze.



B A L L A D II.

E D I T H.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE fun was funk, the fight was done,  
That many a head laid low ;  
The Briton curst the failing fun,  
That fav'd the fainting foe.

II.

When transport flash'd in every eye,  
And every bosom thrill'd,  
Nor fill'd was EDITH's eye with joy,  
Nor EDITH's bosom fill'd.

III.

The triumph, how could she enjoy  
That EDWIN did not share ;  
Or how could transport fire her eye,  
That found not EDWIN near ?

IV.

Each wife survey'd her warrior's scars,  
With pleas'd, yet fearful eyes ;  
While, EDITH ! thine were bitter tears,  
Thine, agonizing sighs.

V.

O'er fever'd limbs, and mangled dead,  
Her frantic course she bends ;  
While, here and there, beneath the shade,  
A dying groan ascends.—

VI.

“ Arise ! arise ! fair queen of night !  
“ In all thy pensive charms,  
“ Give EDWIN to my longing fight,  
“ And to my longing arms.

VII.

“ And thou, bright star, to love and truth,  
“ That lend'st thy nightly aid,  
“ To guide the fond enamour'd youth,  
“ And light the timorous maid.

VIII.

“ Ah ! now to guide my frantic way,  
“ Bright star of Venus rise ;  
“ Ah ! tell me, in thy brightest ray,  
“ Where EDWIN weltering lies ?

IX.

“ No Leech, his throbbing wounds to tend ;  
“ And hard his earthy bed ;  
“ While cold the dews of night descend,  
“ Around his fainting head.

X.

“ All grim, with wounds, his comely frame,  
“ Perhaps, my foldier, lies ;  
“ And calls on wretched EDITH's name,  
“ With groans and feeble cries.

XI.

“ Oh ! EDWIN, EDWIN, dost thou live,  
“ Amidst this heap of slain ?  
“ Thy EDITH would thy pangs relieve,  
“ And smooth thine hour of pain.

XII.

“ I'd freely rend my flowing hair,  
“ Thy gaping wounds to bind ;  
“ My flowing robe, I'd freely tear,  
“ To shade thee from the wind.

XIII.

“ The Pow'r that knows our mutual flame,  
“ Knows EDITH's grief and care ;  
“ Would strengthen, sure, this feeble frame,  
“ The wounded youth to bear.

XIV.

- “ No—thou art dead, my EDWIN'S gone,  
“ The untimely end is thine;  
“ Mine, frantic shrieks, woe's deepest groan,  
“ And desperate anguish mine.

XV.

- “ When tidings of the youth I fought,  
“ From all the martial throng;  
“ With sorrow every brow was fraught,  
“ And mute was every tongue.

XVI.

- “ Blast, blast, oh heav'n! the son of war,  
“ That struck the guilty blow;  
“ His portion, here, be deep despair,  
“ Be endless pangs below.

XVII.

- “ May those his hour of plenty fed,  
“ His hour of anguish leave,  
“ His wife deride, his sickly bed,  
“ And triumph o'er his grave.

XVIII.

- “ Oh! had'st thou, in thy native land,  
“ My EDWIN, met thy doom;  
“ Thy parents, then, with pious hand,  
“ Would rear thy decent tomb.

XIX.

- “ Thy weeping EDITH, every spring,  
“ The babe we left at home,  
“ The garden’s sweetest blooms would fling,  
“ And kneel around thy tomb.

XX.

- “ Not unlamented would’st thou lie,  
“ Not quite forgotten sleep ;  
“ Thy village friends would heave the sigh,  
“ Thy village maidens weep.

XXI.

- “ Thy tomb, the traveller call aside,  
“ To hear thy dawning fame ;  
“ Where rustic rhymes, with honest pride,  
“ Should tell thy race and name.

XXII.

- “ Thy corse, shall screaming vultures rend,  
“ And flap with eager wing ;  
“ No pious friend, thy bones to tend,  
“ The sacred earth to fling.

XXIII.

- “ Left thou, for this, thy native land,  
“ And brav’d the wintry main ;  
“ Roam’d thou, for this, a foreign strand,  
“ The untimely end to gain.

## XXIV.

- “ Too soon, too soon, the face of death,  
 “ We wretched mortals view ;  
 “ Why then, ah ! why provoke his wrath,  
 “ His flying steps pursue ?

## XXV.

- “ Ah ! death ! thou ever haunt’st the dome  
 “ Where ease and plenty play ;  
 “ When weary anguish courts the tomb,  
 “ Art ever far away,

## XXVI.

- “ The brave, the witty, young, and fair,  
 “ Thou lovest of light to reave ;  
 “ While palsy’d age, thro’ pangs and care,  
 “ Crawls toward a tardy grave.

## XXVII.

- “ Did impious wishes fill my mind ?  
 “ Or impious words my tongue ?  
 “ Was I, my fire ! to thee unkind ?  
 “ Or, wrought my neighbour’s wrong ;

## XXVIII.

- “ That angry heaven should fingle me,  
 “ For torture and for grief ;  
 “ A living warning, doomed to be,  
 “ How frail the joys of life.

XXIX.

- “ Hear, EDWIN ! hear thine EDITH’s cries,  
“ Rise to her longing view ;  
“ From hated life, to call her, rise,  
“ To call her from her woe.

XXX.

- “ And hark !—that voice—’tis he—’tis he ;—  
“ He calls me in the blast ;  
“ And now his bleeding form I see,  
“ EDWIN !—I come !—I haste !”

B A L L A D, III.

THE

C R U E L F A T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

I.

LOVE, with their growing years, that grew,  
Once join'd a gentle pair :  
Young WILLIAM, he was brave and true,  
Young LUCY, fond and fair.

II.

The damsel's fire withstood their flame ;  
For great his wealth and pride ;  
Of gentle blood, tho' WILLIAM came,  
To him was wealth deny'd.

III.

Nor forms, religious, join'd their hands,  
Nor vulgar ties confin'd ;  
But mutual love's more sacred bands,  
The union of the mind.



IV.

Three little months, of transport, flew,  
And lo—the heavy day,  
When thro' his sails the west wind blew,  
And chid the lover's stay.

V.

The hours her growing shame matur'd,  
And bade it spring to life ;  
Lucy, a mother's pangs endur'd,  
Ere she became a wife.

VI.

The busy tongues, that love the tale,  
Of sorrow, guilt, and shame ;  
Soon, to the damsel's fire reveal,  
Her frailty and her flame.

VII.

The fire, he rush'd, with fury stung,  
Soon as the tale he hears,  
Where, fondling o'er her child she hung,  
And bath'd him with her tears.

VIII.

“ And, must for thee—the glow of shame,  
“ These furrow'd cheeks o'erspread ;  
“ For thee, the venom'd taunts of fame,  
“ Bow down this hoary head.

IX.

“ No—fly my face, for ever fly,  
“ And, with thee, fly thy shame ;  
“ And fled be every tender tye,  
“ That links thee to my name.”

X.

The light'ning glar'd, the whirlwind's roar,  
Howl'd o'er the dreary wild ;  
He turn'd her forth—he clos'd the door,  
Against his only child.

XI.

• She clasp'd her boy—a tear that fell,  
Kiss'd from his cheek away,  
And fought a friendly peasant's cell,  
Beside the neighbouring sea.

XII.

“ Oh ! may,” she cry'd, “ thy Mother's arms,  
“ Each furly blast defeat ;  
“ May heav'n protect thine infant charms,  
“ And make thy slumbers sweet.

XIII.

“ 'Tis thine, my infant ! folded warm  
“ In rosy sleep to glow ;  
“ To smile, on all this ruffian storm,  
“ On all thy mother's woe.

XIV.

- “ Nor keen repentance, claims thy tear,  
“ Nor anxious fear is thine :  
“ But mine the breast that's rack'd with fear,  
“ And keen repentance mine.

XV.

- “ Thy Mother's steps, a Father's hate,  
“ A Father's curse pursues ;  
“ Nor conscious virtue smooths her fate,  
“ Nor pity heals her woes.

XVI.

- “ Oh ! happy is the infant breast,  
“ Exempt from guilt and care :  
“ Soon are its little woes suppress'd,  
“ Soon dry'd its little tear.

XVII.

- “ Sleep on, sweet innocent ! a while ;  
“ Sleep on—nor share my woe ;  
“ Too near, thine hour of pain and toil,  
“ Too soon thy tears shall flow.

XVIII.

- “ For who, my child ! with fond command,  
“ Thy witless days shall guide ?  
“ Or who with kindly, careful, hand  
“ Thy daily bread provide ?

XIX.

“ Thy gallant Father, who shall save,  
“ What gracious power sustain?  
“ When whirlwinds plow the wat’ry grave,  
“ And death scowls o’er the main?”

XX.

“ And soon, thy wretched Mother’s woes,  
“ Must stretch her, cold and pale;  
“ Thus, both thy parents, shalt thou lose,  
“ E’er thou their loss can’st feel.

XXI.

“ Thou, at the unopening door, shalt stand,  
“ Beneath the winds and rain;  
“ In vain, extend the little hand,  
“ Implore the alms in vain.

XXII.

“ Shall rove, the child of want and scorn,  
“ By chance, or famine, led;  
“ No friend, thy bitter fate to mourn,  
“ No house to shield thine head.”—

XXIII.

Now past the flooded lonely wild,  
She gain’d the peasant’s feat,  
Where joy and Lucy oft had smil’d,  
Oft love and WILLIAM met.

XXIV.

Proud of his guest—the swain each art,  
Of awkward duty tries,  
Spreads the coarse meal, with willing heart,  
The straw-heap'd couch supplies.

XXV.

A stranger youth, lay stretch'd in rest,  
All night he'd trod the wild,  
And pleasing dreams, his soul possess'd,  
The youth, in slumber, smil'd.

XXVI.

“ Yes—I will see,” he cry'd, in sleep,  
“ Once more I'll see my dear ;  
“ Cease, Lucy, cease, dear maid, to weep,  
“ For lo !—thy WILLIAM's here.

XXVII.

“ My God ! my God ! 'tis He !—'tis He !  
She sunk upon his breast ;  
“ Begone, my fears, my sorrows flee,  
“ He lives, and I am blest.”

XXVIII.

The constant youth, the wintry skies,  
To see his charmer, brav'd ;  
His homely garb, his alter'd guise,  
Their rustic friend deceiv'd.

XXIX.

Yet knew the swain, tho' poor, to feel  
For all the sons of care;  
And where the hand of sorrow fell,  
His helping hand was there.

XXX.

“ A youth,” said William, “ swain, you see,  
“ That's roam'd o'er many a strand;  
“ Sore tost, by wintry storms, at sea,  
“ And fortune's storms, at land.

XXXI.

“ Receive, beneath your roof, a wretch,  
“ With toil and cares oppress;  
“ His shiv'ring limbs, that fain would stretch,  
“ Beside your hearth, to rest.

XXXII.

“ And welcome, youth! and if thy days  
“ Were mark'd with toil and care,  
“ Our cot, mayhap, shall not displease,  
“ Nor yet our homely cheer.”

XXXIII.

When, in his arms, he clasp'd the Fair,  
Oh! who his joy can tell?—  
The man, like him, that's roam'd so far,  
From one belov'd so well.

XXXIV.

He clasp'd her, never more to part,  
He kiss'd her o'er and o'er ;  
He'd brought her back, a faithful heart,  
Nor, did she covet more.

B A L L A D S I V.

THE

FATAL MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

“ THIS place is lonely, bleak, and drear,  
“ To nurse the feeds of grief;  
“ Disease, flits thro’ the misty air,  
“ To chill the spark of life.

II.

“ Say, pilgrim, must thy reverend head,  
“ The damps of midnight brave;  
“ Say, must thy feeble limbs be spread,  
“ Beneath yon flinty cave.

III.

“ The bed of rest, and dutious cares,  
“ Should prop the head that’s hoar;  
“ Old age, is too much bow’d, by years,  
“ Why should we bow it more?—



IV.

“ Why dost thou shun the social crowd,  
“ Why seek this horrid wild,  
“ Where seldom human foot hath trod,  
“ Or human visage smil’d.

V.

“ Did baffled aims, and wounded pride,  
“ From courtly seats expel ?  
“ For that you’ve stood a throne beside,  
“ Your port, your accents, tell ?

VI.

“ Or, dost thou mourn the wife that’s dear,  
“ The friend that’s old and kind ;  
“ Does conscious guilt, demand thy tear,  
“ And sting thy restless mind ?”

VII.

“ My cot, it stands by yonder hill,  
“ Oh ! thither turn with me ;  
“ Before it, winds, the useful rill,  
“ And o’er it waves the tree.

VIII.

“ My fire, there lingers still in life,  
“ Tho’ full of days and care ;  
“ Ye two, may grief recount for grief,  
“ And tale with tale compare.

IX.

- “ His head, like thine, is silver'd o'er,  
“ Like thine, is bow'd with cares ;  
“ And tears, have stain'd each weary hour,  
“ Of his declining years.

X.

- “ A lov'd, and loving wife he lost,  
“ Belov'd from early prime ;  
“ Four gallant sons, were still his boast,  
“ They fell before their time.

XI.

- “ Their growing virtues, spake his care,  
“ Claim'd all his hope and pride ;  
“ Their country call'd, the youths to war,  
“ They went—they fought—they died.

XII.

- “ I only, then too young for arms,  
“ To cheer his age, remain ;  
“ To guard him, from contempt and harms,  
“ His darkling steps sustain.

XIII.

- “ Nor fear, lest ill-tim'd comfort wound  
“ Thine avarice of grief ;  
“ Lest studied mirth, with hateful sound,  
“ Essay the unkind relief.

XIV.

- “ 'Tis I, to please the man of care,  
“ By long experience know ;  
“ To lend his sighs, a patient ear,  
“ Weep o'er his tales of woe.”

XV.

- “ Cease thine officious pity, swain !  
“ Nor wish to smooth my life ;  
“ Each moment's lost, that's lost to pain,  
“ Each word that's lost to grief.

XVI.

- “ Too scant, too scant, my last few years,  
“ For penitence and shame ;  
“ My crime, would ask an age of tears,  
“ An age of penance claim.

XVII.

- “ Yet, some return thy pity claims,  
“ And, some return shall find ;  
“ Let then, the story of my shames,  
“ From vice deter thy mind.

XVIII.

- “ Oft, as my form, and winning art,  
“ The female heart assail'd ;  
“ My form, as oft, subdu'd the heart,  
“ My winning art prevail'd.

XIX.

- “ The base, unfeeling heart, was mine,  
“ Could innocence mislead;  
“ And then, to shame, and want, resign,  
“ A fond, believing maid.

XX.

- “ Could teach a heart, to throb for me,  
“ Then leave that heart to break :  
“ Seduce a maid, with me to flee,  
“ And then, that maid forsake.

XXI.

- “ One virgin, all my arts desired,  
“ One virgin, could incline  
“ An heart, averse, thro' vice and pride,  
“ In marriage ties to join.

XXII.

- “ An orphan, left, as story said,  
“ Her parents, both, unknown ;  
“ An ancient lady, took the maid,  
“ And bred her, for her own.

XXIII.

- “ Her beauteous charge, from eye profane,  
“ The rigid dame withheld ;  
“ Her house, a casket, close from man,  
“ The shining gem conceal'd.

XXIV.

- “ There, tho’ not happy, yet content,  
“ From love and flattery far ;  
“ Her youth, fair ISABELLA spent,  
“ Scarce conscious she was fair.

XXV.

- “ In reading, work, and prayer, she past  
“ Her, gravely, idle days ;  
“ The only passion, in her breast,  
“ Her patroness to please.

XXVI.

- “ Yet, tho’ recluse, I saw, I lov’d,  
“ To her I vow’d my life ;  
“ My suit, her patroness approv’d,  
“ And she became my wife.

XXVII.

- “ Not many weeks, had o’er us past,  
“ With love and virtue fraught ;  
“ A stranger came, with eager haste—  
“ A folded packet brought.

XXVIII.

- “ I tore the seal, with anxious soul,  
“ Inclos’d, my picture found ;  
“ I trembling read the fatal scroll,  
“ And sunk upon the ground.

## XXIX.

" My wife perus'd the guilty tale,  
 " Her husband's picture knew;  
 " Distracted, trembling, wild, and pale,  
 " She shriek'd—she ran—she flew!—

## XXX.

" These dreadful words, the fatal scroll,  
 " To blast my peace, did say:  
 " Too deep they pierc'd, my wretched soul,  
 " For time to wipe away."

## XXXI.

" Thy friends, to knit thy nuptial band,  
 " With Altamont, conspire;  
 " But, give not, Altamont, thine hand,  
 " For, know, he is thy fire!

## XXXII.

" A noble virgin he misled,  
 " Then left, to shame, and grief;  
 " Her rigid fire, her home, she fled,  
 " And gave thee forth to life!

## XXXIII.

" That only fault, the eye of blame,  
 " In all her actions found;  
 " And forely, fure, her tears and shame,  
 " That only fault atton'd.

XXXIV.

- “ Recluse, she liv'd, and chang'd her name,  
“ To shun her father's wrath;  
“ But, soon, her grief, and conscious shame,  
“ Obtain'd the rest of death.

XXXV.

- “ We, fond companions, day and night,  
“ Had pass'd our infant years;  
“ I shar'd her secrets, shar'd her flight,  
“ Her exile, and her tears.

XXXVI.

- “ Thy mother dead, the care of thee,  
“ Devolv'd on me alone;  
“ I watch'd thy tender infancy,  
“ And lov'd thee, as mine own.

XXXVII.

- “ The Countess, mark'd thy dawning charms,  
“ Thy sense, thy hopeful mind;  
“ With joy, she took thee from my arms,  
“ And I, with joy, resign'd.

XXXVIII.

- “ A foldier, then, my love had gain'd,  
“ I dwelt beyond the seas;  
“ 'Till late within my native land,  
“ I long'd to end my days.

XXXIX.

- “ Disease had chain’d me to my bed,—  
“ Oh! horror, shame, and grief;  
“ To hear, that ISABELL must wed,  
“ The man who gave her life.

XL.

- “ And, now, conviction full receive,  
“ My dying words obey;  
“ Inclos’d, a ring, thy father gave,  
“ Thy father’s picture see.”

XLI.

- “ Recall’d to life, with trembling haste,  
“ I fought my child and wife;  
“ The desperate steel, had pierc’d her breast,  
“ She panted forth her life.

XLII.

- “ My friends, from death, with cruel care,  
“ My frantic grief withheld;  
“ Now sunk, to patient, calm despair,  
“ To suffer life, I yield.”—

XLIII.

- “ May heav’n! old man, relieve thy woes,  
“ And call thee, soon, to peace:  
“ May, in the grave, thy suff’rings close,  
“ Thy shame, thy sorrows, cease!”



B A L L A D V.

T H E P A L M E R.

BY THE SAME.

I.

“ K I N D P A L M E R, teach my doubtful pace,  
“ The hallow'd spot to find;  
“ Where died, for all our sinful race,  
“ The Saviour of mankind.

II.

“ To kiss the rocks, whereon he died,  
“ The tomb, wherein he lay;  
“ And, with contrition's faltest tide,  
“ To wash my sins away.

III.

“ To heal a bosom, self-condemn’d,  
“ To make my peace with God :  
“ Full many a stormy wave I stemm’d,  
“ And weary step I trod.”

IV.

“ Thy words, and looks, discordant shew,”  
The PALMER meekly said,  
“ For virtues, seeming, smoothes thy brow,  
“ And crowns thine hoary head.

V.

“ That sacred garb, the child declares,  
“ Of prayer and sacred song ;  
“ The soul, escap’d from sordid cares,  
“ The hand, unstain’d with wrong.

VI.

“ But craggy, Friar, is the way,  
“ And far the day is worn ;  
“ And fierce, by night, the Arabs stray,  
“ With me remain till morn.

VII.

“ Yon mountain see, forlorn and bare,  
“ Tho’ once with olives crown’d ;  
“ Oft forms angelic, hover’d there,  
“ A Saviour trod the ground.

VIII.

“ There stands a small and homely cell,  
“ Yet large enough for me ;  
“ For long, to pomp, I’ve bade farewell  
“ Forbade my wish to stray.

IX.

“ And there, with tears, I strive, like thee,  
“ To make my peace with heav’n;  
“ My sole employment, is to pray,  
“ Sole wish, to be forgiven.”

X.

Discourse beguil’d their tedious way,  
The steep ascent they trod ;  
And hollow’d, in a rock, furvey  
The PALMER’s lone abode.

XI.

Where nought bespoke the worldly soul,  
The man of prayer to lure ;  
A cross, a bible, dish, and bowl,  
And pitcher, all its store.

XII.

Their drink the brook, their viands bread,  
And godly speech their feast ;  
The boughs of palm compos’d a bed,  
Where toil alone could rest.

XIII.

But e'er in rest their limbs were laid,  
The PALMER, faintly, cries,  
" Oh ! holy Friar, lend thine aid,  
" E'er death opprefs mine eyes.

XIV.

" Thine aid, to housel and to thrive,  
" Oh ! holy Friar, lend ;  
" The pangs of death, my bosom rive,  
" And soon my life shall end."

XV.

With solemn voice, the Friar pray'd,  
The cross before him held ;  
" Now, pour forth all thy soul," he said,  
" Be all thy sins reveal'd.

XVI.

" For God, the contrite spirit heals,  
" He loves the pious tear ;  
" His saving mercy, never fails,  
" The child of faith and prayer."

XVII.

" I trust," the PALMER said, " to gain  
" His pardon, and his peace ;  
" Tho' grievous have the follies been,  
" That stain'd mine early days.

XVIII.

“ For, sure, it may my pardon plead,  
“ Those follies soon to flee ;  
“ And all the bitter tears I’ve shed,  
“ May wash my crime away.

XIX.

“ Know, Friar—I am not what I seem,  
“ My sex, this garb belies ;  
“ This form, was once, the flatterer’s theme,  
“ The flatterer’s wretched prize.

XX.

“ The maid that loves her praise to hear,  
“ The flatterer soon deceives ;  
“ Incredulous, tho’ reason fear,  
“ Still vanity believes.

XXI.

“ Herself, she in his words, admires,  
“ ’Till some weak hour he find,  
“ ’Till intimacy wake desires,  
“ And wise suspicion blind.

XXII.

“ The flatterer, praised me on to shame,  
“ My virtue was his prey ;  
“ Thus, pride deprest my virgin fame,  
“ To want and infamy.

XXIII.

- “ My parents saw dishonour close  
“ A life of spotless fame ;  
“ But, soon they found the grave’s repose,  
“ From sorrow, and from shame.

XXIV.

- “ Who thus mist his easy mind,  
“ My folly well repaid ;  
“ To shame, and want, he soon resign’d,  
“ The fondness he betray’d.

XXV.

- “ My parents, in the grave were laid,  
“ The unkind seducer fled ;  
“ I mourn’d, with not a friend to aid,  
“ To every comfort dead.

XXVI.

- “ The unpitying female, spurn’d my grief,  
“ Lest she my shame should share ;  
“ From selfish man, the poor relief,  
“ With vice, were bought too dear.

XXVII.

- “ From those, in virtue’s name, that pride,  
“ The fierce reproof I bore ;  
“ The loose, proclaim’d my follies wide,  
“ And sought to make them more.

XXVIII.

“ To wilds, I from reproach depart,  
“ Where fame should ne'er pursue ;  
“ Where shame should never wring mine heart,  
“ Nor insult stab my woe.

XXIX.

“ But, haply for my sex and years,  
“ Might unchaste eyes allure ;  
“ To hide my weakness, and my fears,  
“ The manly garb I wore.

XXX.

“ A hermit's gown and staff, I chose,  
“ I bade the world farewell ;  
“ I hid myself, my shame, and woes,  
“ Within this haggard cell.

XXXI.

“ The calls of luxury, diffuse  
“ Hath stifled, one by one ;  
“ Resign'd to penitential woes,  
“ Long have I liv'd unknown.

XXXII.

“ —Oh God ! recall him to thy peace,  
“ That XENIA plung'd in grief ;  
“ Oh ! guide him with the beams of grace,  
“ To everlasting life.

XXXIII.

“ Oh! let not XENIA’s folly, vice,  
“ Or, XENIA’s tearful doom ;  
“ Against his foul in judgment rise,  
“ When thou to judge shalt come.”—

XXXIV.

“ They will—they will,”—He frantic cry’d,  
And smote his hoary brow ;  
“ The deepest pit will open wide,  
“ Among the accurst below.

XXXV.

“ ’Twas I, thine artless youth misled,  
“ But, spotless may’st thou die :  
“ Heap’d on this curst—detested head !  
“ May all thy follies lie.

XXXVI.

“ Oh! had’st thou staid, I then were blest,  
“ Within thy native land ;  
“ My love, for thee, had been profess’d,  
“ In holy nuptial band.

XXXVII.

“ Repentant, home, I soon return’d,  
“ To dry my XENIA’s tears ;  
“ I found her not, I fullen mourn’d  
“ Away, my youthful years.



XXXVIII.

“ I fought that peace, in cloister'd cells,  
“ Which virtue only gives ;  
“ There guilt-born anguish often dwells,  
“ Remorseful folly grieves.

XXXIX.

“ Heav'n's peace and mercy here to seek,  
“ By pray'r, I then decreed—  
“ But why, of peace and mercy speak,  
“ For XENIA I betray'd.”

XL.

“ Some spirit bids me boldly flee,  
“ To world's unknown,” she cry'd,  
“ And bids me whisper peace to thee,”—  
She grasp'd his hand, and died.

XLI.

No tongue can paint, no thought conceive,  
His frenzy and his woe ;  
He laid the Mourner in her grave,  
He bade mankind adieu.

XLII.

And duly with the morn's first red,  
With evening's earliest gloom ;  
His pray'rs arise, his tears are shed,  
At beauteous XENIA's tomb.

XLIII.

And, duly, when o'er half its round,  
The wain of night has roll'd ;  
The impassion'd oraifon refund,  
The frequent bead is told.

XLIV.

As o'er the grave, for many an hour,  
He bends in woe profound ;  
The bitter tears, incessant show'r,  
And moisten all the ground.

M A R I A,

A N E L E G Y.

BY THE SAME.

THE silent river glided down the dale,  
 Where way'd, from either bank, the whisp'ring trees;  
 And silver'd o'er with glancing moonlight pale,  
 Its bosom curl'd, and panted to the breeze.

Among the mazes of the cavern'd rock,  
 The distant wave was, faintly, heard to roar,  
 And, with its iron tongue, the village clock,  
 To love and sickness told the midnight hour.

In flowing robes of purest white array'd,  
 Her tresses floating on the dewy wind,  
 Swift glanc'd MARIA, thro' the chequer'd shade,  
 Like fabled forms of spirits, mild and kind.

Of pride the victim, and of love the prey,  
 From her sad mind the light of reason fled ;  
 Many an hour, will the poor mourner stray,  
 In visionary converse with the dead.

Nor distant far there dwelt a pensive youth,  
 Of solid merit, and of soul refin'd ;  
 Each classic image, and each moral truth,  
 Were treasur'd in the modest EDWARD'S mind.

Whene'er the tale of misery was told,  
 His eye would shine with sympathetic dew ;  
 To cells, where want and sickness, shudder'd cold,  
 With unexpected aid he secret flew.

He'd seek the squalid seats of bashful woe ;  
 He'd wipe the big-tear from the widow's eye ;  
 He'd smooth the languid pain-contracted brow,  
 And hush the starving orphan's piteous cry.

Well his plain mansion knew the sick and poor ;  
 His praise was lip'd by every orphan's tongue ;  
 The foot of mis'ry oft his threshold wore ;  
 And oft he stay'd the outstretch'd hand of wrong.

For love was EDWARD's tender bosom made,  
He lov'd, and young MARIA was his choice;  
Each scene romantic, and each lonely glade,  
At morn and evening, heard his plaintive voice.

When at her father's board the youth was set,  
His eye would o'er MARIA's beauties rove,  
Then timid fall, when'er her glance they met,  
In all the blushing cowardice of love.

He lov'd in secret, and he sigh'd by stealth,  
Nor wish'd the charmer of his heart to gain,  
For Fate deny'd him title, pomp, or wealth,  
The nameless offspring of the humble plain.

Full eager was MARIA's soul refin'd,  
The paths of useful knowledge to explore;  
And EDWARD lov'd to fill her ready mind,  
With nature's wonders, and historic lore.

Together, would they muse o'er moral strains,  
And mighty tales that ancient poets sing;  
Together, would they rove the cultur'd plains,  
And talk of nature's works, and nature's King.

Supported by her father's stern command,  
 The sway despotic of parental pow'r ;  
 When wealth and folly proffer'd to her hand,  
 In place of happiness the splendid dow'r ;

No wish she knew that vestals might not tell,  
 Within her soul sat innocence inthron'd ;  
 Low, at her father's feet, MARIA fell,  
 And blushing soft, her love for EDWARD own'd.

“ And, wouldst thou then mine ancient blood debase,  
 “ And wed a boy unknown to wealth or fame ;  
 “ Whose fortune's narrow, as obscure his race,  
 “ Whose views are humbler, than his humble name ?”

She clasp'd his knees, bedew'd with many a tear,  
 He sternly spurn'd her, as she prostrate lay ;  
 Then cry'd, “ As thou a father's curse dost fear,  
 “ Forget that EDWARD, and my will obey.”

With locks and bars, and many a busy spy,  
 In durance close he held the gentle maid ;  
 With visage harsh, the maiden old was nigh,  
 To mock her sorrows, and her love upbraid.

As shrinks the vernal flow'r, e'er fully blown,  
Beneath the harshness of the northern wind;  
So shrunk MARIA, at her father's frown;  
Her beauties faded, and her bloom declin'd.

With proffer'd gold he lur'd a ruffian band,  
The wretched EDWARD to their ship to bear;  
Of freedom's name while vainly boasts the land,  
Th' indignant Briton from his home that tear.

They spread their canvas, and the land they leave,  
The gale was prosp'rous, and they swiftly fled;  
A starting plank receiv'd the briny wave,  
And clos'd the circling deep o'er EDWARD'S head.

Her fire the tidings bore, with cruel joy,  
To sad MARIA, where she lonely wept;  
A deadly darkness seal'd her swimming eye,  
A leaden slumber o'er her senses crept.

The leech's efforts call'd her back to life,  
But call'd her back to reason's use no more;  
Distraction lent, to sooth her matchless grief,  
The fond creations of its magic pow'r.

Yet ev'n in frenzy, amiable and kind,  
 Nor does her tongue unlovely thought impart,  
 Compassion, truth, and innocence, refin'd,  
 Inform the wildest wand'rings of her heart.

“ Ah ! now I've shunn'd my father's jealous eye,  
 “ To-night, will EDWARD meet me in the grove ;  
 “ There will we sing, like little birds that fly,  
 “ And talk—we much will talk—of guileless love.

“ But then my father—let not him o'erhear,  
 “ Or he will rage—my EDWARD ! how he'll rage ;  
 “ Sometimes he's harsh, yet still I love him dear :  
 “ His harshness, EDWARD, is the fault of age !

“ He was not harsh, while I was yet a child,  
 “ He'd kiss me, then, and set me on his knee ;  
 “ He's fat, for hours, and fondly gaz'd, and smil'd,  
 “ To see the playful feats of infancy.

“ The fable dames of India's golden shore,  
 “ With all their treasures, fought my EDWARD's love,  
 “ Pour'd at his feet, their gems and heapy ore,  
 “ But nought could lure, the constant youth to rove.



“ Lo! brought to pay his constancy and truth,  
“ By fairy hands, what sudden treasures lie;  
“ All these are EDWARD’S—and the lovely youth  
“ With gems shall glitter, as with stars the sky.

“ MARIA’S tresses, too, shall float unbound,  
“ And, drest by EDWARD’S hand, with jewels shine;  
“ The youths and maids shall wond’ring crowd around,  
“ And envy much, to see us both so fine.

“ See there his tall ship trembling on the waves!  
“ A thousand mermaids push it on the land,  
“ He casts his anchor, and the vessel leaves;—  
“ I fly to meet my EDWARD on the strand.”

She flew but soon the gay delusion o’er,  
Her pensive step, in silent sadness, turn’d:  
Her father stood, and smote his temples hoar,  
And curst his cruelty, and vainly mourn’d.

I N D O L E N C E,\*

AN

E L E G Y.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE yonder oaks, a noon-day twilight throw,  
And hoar, with moss, extend their aged arms :  
Now, let me walk, with measur'd step and flow,  
And woo soft melancholy's sober charms.

Sadness, I know, oft have I met the maid  
At even-tide, along yon cavern'd steeps ;  
Or, by the stream, that thro' the fullen shade,  
Like me, unheeded, steals along and weeps.

No more, the busy world my heart insnare ;  
No more, the fool of counsel will I prove,  
The sport of projects and the prey of cares,  
No more in search of wealth and grandeur rove.

\* Written while the Author was a student in Trinity College, Dublin.

To humble station, let me live confin'd,  
 For little are the cares of little men;  
 Of unsuspecting heart, believing mind,  
 I cannot look thro' life with prudent ken.

'Tis not in me, of spirits to discern,  
 I think mankind to be, whate'er they say;  
 Nor know 'till I, by sad experience learn,  
 That men can lye, can perjure, or betray.

That useful skill, my bosom never knows,  
 To shun, by cold mistrust, the distant wrong;  
 No doating girl, is more the dupe of vows,  
 More fondly hangs upon the flatterer's tongue.

No more, will I, the world's mean lore obey;  
 My wants are bounded, and my wishes few:  
 Each year; each month, each week, that rolls away,  
 Some want shall banish, or some wish subdue.

Why is our sprightly youth to labour sold,  
 In rugged studies spent the painful hour;  
 To grasp vexation, in the form of gold,  
 And win disquiet in the garb of pow'r?

To give our time to forms, to live by rule,  
 To slander's spiteful notice to be rais'd ;  
 To boast acquaintance with a titled fool,  
 Or by a needy parasite be prais'd ?

Cut off from pleasure, and bereft of peace,  
 We swell with every gainful art our store,  
 Against the day, when appetite shall cease,  
 And all our pleasure be—to count it o'er.

E'er pleasure's price, our cares, our labours, gain,  
 We, chill'd by age, must pleasure's call despise :  
 No more desire shall pant in every vein,  
 Wit, mirth, and gaiety, we cease to prize.

To thee, obscurity, I give my days,  
 Forego my wishes, and contract my cares ;  
 Resign'd to, serious, trifling, letter'd ease,  
 I'll steep th' unlabour'd simple strain in tears.

While, unexhausted is my little store,  
 My slender meal, the child of woe shall share ;  
 While, thro' this frame the vital currents pour,  
 The child of woe shall have my honest tear.

My mind shall follow, still, its harmless bent,  
For vice, or guilt, too indolent or proud ;  
I'll in the dignity of rich content,  
Enjoy my poverty and scorn the crowd.

The thoughts of future, ne'er shall haunt my breast,  
Nor gloom, unfriendly, o'er the present throw ;  
Soft as an infant's dream, that smiles in rest,  
Unvext, unnotic'd, shall my moments flow.

The self-important rhymer's idle toils,  
Amusive studies, and the chosen friend,  
Shall dress my poverty in sober smiles,  
And down the tide of fate contented send.

E L E G Y,

IN THE MANNER OF

T I B U L L U S.

BY THE SAME.

OTHERS, with specious eloquence may move,  
Who feign a passion, with dishonest art;  
But, polish'd rhet'ric, suits not artless love,  
Nor glozing flatt'ry with the feeling heart.

Others, in fortune's tinsel gifts may shine,  
With Lybia's gold, Golconda's diamonds glow;  
Sincerity, is all the wealth that's mine,  
A heart, is all that's giv'n me to bestow.

Poor, tho' I am, yet will I bless that fate  
That made me honest, when it made me poor;  
No fordid arts shall raise my low estate,  
No dark contrivance shall encrease my store.

Nor honest poverty, shall DELIA scorn ;  
 She judges not by mercenary rules ;  
 She knows the little, gaudy, gifts to spurn,  
 That fortune lavishes on knaves and fools.

Oh ! would'st thou bear, retir'd, with me to live,  
 To share my heart, and share my little store ;  
 Love, peace, and competence, are mine to give,  
 And nature, simple nature, asks no more.

For Thee, my love ! I'd deck the rural feat,  
 And, o'er its walls the mantling woodbine train ;  
 The humble roof should with fresh straw be neat,  
 And, clear, the stream, should wander o'er the plain.

In simple neatness should the garden smile,  
 With no vain flow'r, nor rare exotic stor'd ;  
 And, thro' the year, to pay my pleasing toil,  
 With wholesome luxury should crown our board.

Beneath the trees, wild scatter'd o'er the lawn,  
 In shady tufts, I'd place the frequent feat ;  
 Where oft, by unprofessing kindness drawn,  
 An evening groupe of cheerful friends shall meet.

Of fruits and cream, we'd spread the rural feast,  
 The dance led o'er the flow'r-enamell'd ground ;  
 The sudden frolic, and the harmless jest,  
 The song, the tale of pity, should go round.

The sportive business of a country life,  
 Enough to chequer, not consume the day ;  
 The soft employs, of parent and of wife,  
 Should wing the hours with silent lapse away.

Our family, should each in other blest,  
 In winter, circling, crowd around the fire ;  
 While every face in healthful smiles is drest,  
 And playful tongues, in general mirth conspire.

Against the window, with amusive sound,  
 The rain should patter, and the wind should howl ;  
 With blazing faggots, while the hearth is crown'd,  
 And social neighbours share the temp'rate bowl.

Than many an owner of a wide domain,  
 We'd richer prove, amidst our little store ;  
 Why waste our lives, perplex our souls for gain,  
 Since man is but comparatively poor.



E L E G Y,

IMITATED FROM

T I B U L L U S.

BY THE SAME.

WHY did my daily incense reach the sky?  
Or, why my tongue the suppliant accents pour;  
What the fond wish that prompts the secret sigh,  
That still recurs with every pensive hour?

Is it that menial herds should sue to me,  
Who crush the needy, kneel to those above?  
The marble dome, the equipage that's gay,  
The vile applause of envious wonder move?

Or, are ambition's daring heights my aim,  
To rule, with steady law, the wond'ring crowd?  
That shouting armies should my deeds proclaim,  
And slaughter'd nations write my fame in blood?

Or, did my breast the foolish wish admit,  
 To gain applause by making others wife ;  
 Did the vain palms of wisdom or of wit,  
 Seduce my reason—and excite my sighs ?

No—my SABINA—but of thee possést,  
 To scorn life's serious follies, causeless woes,  
 That my warm youth might pant upon thy breast,  
 And on thy breast, my feeble age repose.

Poor, let me be, so I possess thy love,  
 Mean, let me be, so not despis'd by thee ;  
 SABINA'S love, my only wealth shall prove,  
 Her fond regard, my only pride shall be.

In aught, can lasting happiness be found,  
 Which chance bestow'd, and chance may take away ?  
 Satiety may pall, affliction wound,  
 Malice subvert, or slander make her prey.

THE  
**C U R I O U S L O V E R .**

BY THE SAME.

FROM whence, fair ZEPHYRETTA, say,  
 The subject of your tuneful lay,  
 That softly whispers to the air,  
 The native sweetness of the fair ?  
 From lips of coral did it fly,  
 In form and likeness of a sigh ?  
 To tell what secret tumults, pent  
 Within, are lab'ring for a vent :  
 For stormy griefs, I know it well,  
 Fair ZEPHYRETTA's bosom swell ;  
 Or did you mean it a reward,  
 To pay the Sonnets of your Bard ?  
 In token of a bounteous mind,  
 Nor, to one sense alone confin'd ;  
 As glowing from your heart it came,  
 To speak the warmth of mutual flame——

But not from lips of coral red,  
I know it well, the pris'ner fled.  
O! whence, fair ZEPHYRETTA, say,  
The subject of your tuneful lay?  
Above, below, before, behind,  
Whence came it to perfume the wind?—  
Oh! let me, to encrease my flame,  
Behold the place from whence it came.

L O V E

WILL NOT BE

LED BY THE NOSE.

BY THE SAME.

NUMPS strove with NOSEMUNDA his suit to advance,  
By fighting, by ogling, by song, and by dance ;  
Her heart he assaulted, from every quarter,  
But from her could obtain nothing more than a garter ;  
Unavailing, were all the attempts of his head,  
The Nymph was too nice, by the Nose to be led :  
His off'rings she slighted, his passion repell'd,  
With love and the colic, his stomach was swell'd.

With pain and despair, he employs a new part,  
His pangs to relieve, and to soften her heart ;  
“ Tho' strong as a fortress, I needs must regard her ;  
“ Surrender she may, should I try to bombard her ;

“ By preposterous means, the perverse one be mine,  
 “ While clouds of rich incense, I wreath to her shrine.”

The sighs of his love, to the Nose of the maid,  
 Thro' a postern gate, or a breach, he convey'd,  
 In notes that were something 'twixt music and song ;—  
 But here he was found Fundamentally wrong ;  
 He pierc'd not the heart thro' the Nose of the fair,  
 She snuff'd up his incense, but slighted his pray'r,  
 Nor on the whole matter, could better his case,  
 For she stuck a large Quaker pin, in his Broad-Face.

V E R S E S,

WRITTEN AT

CASTLETOWN, IN THE COUNTY OF LIMERICK;

THE SEAT OF

JOHN WALLER, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

How many long revolving years,  
Of sorrows, pleasures, hopes, and fears,  
Of anxious cares, and worldly strife,  
Have mark'd the chequer'd web of life,  
Since fortune first my footsteps drew,  
These happy rural scenes to view?  
Again, to meet th' Atlantic tide,  
I see majestic Shannon glide,  
And, smooth as glass, reflect the shore,  
Or, hear him, with majestic roar,  
Summon his tributary waves,  
And wake the Tritons from their caves.  
Where'er my eyes delighted range,  
I mark the grateful interchange,  
Of tilth and pasture, lawn and glade,  
The lowly copse, the stately shade.

Sweet scenes, where I have whilom rang'd,  
 I trace you all—myself how chang'd!  
 Then youth infus'd its colours warm,  
 And every object had its charm;  
 With lavish hand, now time and care,  
 Their snows have sprinkled on my hair;  
 My soul, what mix'd emotion fills!  
 How sorrow melts, how pleasure thrills!  
 The parted, soft regrets impart,  
 The living, warm th' expansive heart;  
 Each grove, each prospect, as I tread,  
 Recalls the mem'ry of the dead.  
 With open brow, and social heart,  
 And converse free, disclaiming art;  
 With harmless mirth, and fancies light,  
 That wing'd the day, prolong'd the night:  
 With welcome, in his heart and hand,  
 I see my Friend before me stand;  
 That heart which, late, so warmly burn'd,  
 With friendship's flame, to clay is turn'd;  
 The hand and tongue, that welcome gave,  
 Are vanish'd in the silent grave.  
 How, like the leaves around me strown,  
 Are faded joys, that I have known!  
 Thus, musing, 'till the close of day,  
 'Mid venerable shades I stray;



Advancing eve, in still repose,  
 Along the deep her mantle throws,  
 In streaming gold and purple fires,  
 The glorious orb of day retires ;  
 And now, the last departing blaze,  
 On Shannon's level bosom plays,  
 And now, to catch th' enamour'd gale,  
 The stately bark expands her sail ;  
 Alternate seen, and veil'd, she moves,  
 And seems to range among the groves.  
 Nor, does the varied scene delight,  
 With forms, alone, that glad the sight ;  
 For many an object, here, we find,  
 Speak home, and inward, to the mind ;  
 The features of progressive good,  
 And bounty, truly, understood.  
 On every side, the cultur'd land,  
 Confesses the laborious hand ;  
 The cots, in simple neatness rise,  
 The redd'ning harvests glad our eyes ;  
 Advancing, hand in hand, with toil,  
 Content and ease adorn the foil.  
 Here, humble worth, shall rear its head,  
 And here, the virtuous habits spread ;  
 Here, decent love and order dwell,  
 And, drunken rage and sloth, expel ;

The precepts of religious truth,  
 Shall form, to good, the rising youth ;  
 Shall dignify the peasant's fate,  
 With knowledge suited to his state ;  
 For, see ! the School expands its door,  
 To summon in the youthful poor—  
 What judging head—what lib'ral hand,  
 Convoles around the harmless band ?  
 To virtue trains their little hearts,  
 Their little hands to useful arts,  
 And gives, more rich than India's wealth,  
 The treasures of eternal health !—  
 What heart conceiv'd such useful aims ?  
 The just applause, a Female claims.

I turn my face, with secret pain,  
 From paths I ne'er may tread again ;  
 With rapid vortex, cares of life,  
 The busy scene, the wordy strife,  
 Again absorb me—from the dream,  
 Of haunted shade and wizard stream ;  
 Forbid my devious feet to rove,  
 By upland copse, or gloomy grove.—  
 Yet, should I, at some future day,  
 Again, these fav'rite scenes survey ;  
 Be it my fate, unchang'd, to find,  
 These fav'rite scenes—their owner's mind.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN AT THE HOUSE OF

JOHN WALLER, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

SEQUESTER'D scenes, beloved retreat,  
Of ease and elegance, the seat ;  
Where virtue dwells, and beauty shines,  
And taste, the social hour refines.  
The master of this fertile ground,  
Diffuses happiness around ;  
And shews the virtuous use of wealth,  
Imparting comfort, peace, and health ;  
No haughty Thane, whose iron hand,  
Severely, grinds the vassal band ;  
He loves to hear, in accent rude,  
Th' untutor'd voice of gratitude ;  
He loves to mark, how honest gain,  
Repays the labours of the swain ;

How plenty, child of rustic toil,  
And sleek contentment love the soil ;—  
Thrice happy they ! that wealth employ,  
To fill the humble heart with joy ;  
What pleasure must their souls o'erflow,  
Beyond what luxury can know !  
The blessings, they confer, to see,  
And inly say—“ These flow from me.”  
Thus, heav'n, its first creation view'd,  
Saw, and rejoiced, that all was good.

L I N E S,

ADDRESSED TO

M R S. W A L L E R.

BY THE SAME.

THE rhyming vain discarded quite,  
What subject tempts me now to write?—  
Let youth unite, with female grace,  
Harmonious form, expressive face :  
These charms, exterior, let us find  
Surpass, by the still fairer mind ;  
Let every female virtue blend,  
To mark the parent and the friend ;  
With polish'd sense, let freedom dwell,  
And all united, form a BELLE.\*

\* The Lady's Name.

V E R S I E S,

ADDRESSED TO

THE INFANT SON OF JOHN WALLER, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

TREASURE of parental eyes,  
Flow'r of fresh and vermil dyes ;  
Not so bright, the morning ray,  
Ushers in a summer's day ;  
Not so sweet the buds appear,  
Promising a fruitful year.  
Happy nature, beauteous child,  
In thy face, serenely mild ;  
In th' harmonious form so fair,  
Speaks the object of thy care ;  
'Tells, that she thy form design'd,  
Mansion of a fairer mind—

May, sweet child, thy riper will,  
All that nature meant fulfil ;  
May'st thou 'scape the snares of youth  
May'st thou walk in paths of truth  
As thy little thoughts expand,  
Science lead thee by the hand ;  
Thus, to perfect manhood rise,  
Treasure of parental eyes,

E L E G Y,

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. ANNE HOWES,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, JANUARY 2, 1796,

BY THE SAME.

HEARD you that sigh?—The fatal stroke is o'er;  
What once was youth and beauty is no more!  
No more, shall lively sense illumine that face,  
No more, that figure beam with female grace;  
Within the mansion of the faultless breast,  
No more, the feelings and the virtues rest.  
Where now that eye devoutly raised to heav'n?  
Where now the tear to human sorrows giv'n?—  
Nor, was her feeling to that tear confin'd,  
Her bounteous hand accorded with her mind:  
The virtues that, to heav'n and mortals dear,  
Shine mildly bright in the domestic sphere,



In fair gradation, to their final close,  
 From filial duties to parental rose :  
 Embracing all the charities of life,  
 The gentle sister and the tender wife.—  
 Yet not engross'd alone by nature's claim,  
 Th' expansive heart was warm with friendship's flame—  
 Oh ! mourn her not, tho' now from sight remov'd,  
 Nor think her lost to all that here she lov'd ;  
 Calm resignation sooth'd the pangs of death,  
 Surrounding angels caught her parting breath,  
 Disarm'd the stings of the devouring grave,  
 And wafted back to God—the soul he gave ;  
 Th' exulting spirit purified by pain,  
 Releas'd from thralldom of its mortal chain,  
 Congenial spirits seeks, and kindred skies,  
 Where tears are wip'd, for ever, from all eyes.

VERY LONG TALE ABOUT NOTHING,

FROM

T H E . G E R M A N .

BY THE SAME.

INTENT to journey many a mile,  
DAN WILLIAM took his way ;  
From radiant eyes and rosy smile,  
That led his heart astray.

He deem'd it meet and wife to part,  
From her he cou'd not win ;  
For why ? the tyrant of his heart  
Him valued not a pin.

And, for he wish'd a comrade dear,  
Upon the road to have,  
He fought him out a barrister,  
A man both learn'd and grave.

Their chaise it was both large and wide,  
 Their horses stout and strong;  
 Their fardels fast, behind, were tied,  
 For why?—the road was long.

They journey'd on in comely state,  
 With mirth and goodly glee;  
 And points of law they did debate,  
 As far as Kilkenny.

Our pilgrims, there, a vow did make,  
 A solemn vow perdie;  
 That for their beauteous ladies sake,  
 They'd set the pris'ners free.

From triple tree, with puissant tongue,  
 The silly swain to save;  
 And shield from beadle's bloody wrong,  
 The back of damsel brave.

To Waterford they did proceed,  
 And thence unto Clonmel;  
 And, where they went, the pris'ners freed,  
 And did the bailiffs quell.

But soon their glorious race was run,  
 When they to Limerick came ;  
 For, an Enchanter there did wonn,  
 Obefo was his name.

His body it was fat and round,  
 His spirit light and gay ;  
 When wandering knights his castle found,  
 'Twas odds but they wou'd stay.

For he to wicked ways inclin'd,  
 All in a cavern deep,  
 To facinate the knightly mind,  
 Doth pois'nous liquor keep.

Of ruddy hue up to the head,  
 It flies with might and main ;  
 The wight that hath a bottle sped,  
 Will gladly make it twain.

The Enchanter gives him then a punch,  
 That fets him on the rack ;  
 'Till like a log or lifeless bunch,  
 He lays him on his back.

Then on a bed the wight he claps,  
 All, in a darksome cell ;  
 And, hardy he that thence escapes,  
 Ere tink of breakfast bell.

At breakfast then the Enchanter's wife,  
 And, daughters bad as he ;  
 Will cut him bread, with pointed knife,  
 And, make him swallow tea.

His mouth, tho' gaping ne'er so wide,  
 With butter'd cake they fill ;  
 And, had he twenty mouths beside,  
 To stop them they have skill.

The Enchanter heard of WILLIAM's fame,  
 That he was true to love ;  
 Quoth he, I'll win a mighty name,  
 If I can make him rove.

When once I have him hous'd with me,  
 Within yond castle wall ;  
 Botella black his love shall be,  
 Or he shall try a fall.

Th' Enchanter bent to rob the Knight,  
Of that which was his pride :  
Did to his castle him invite,  
All by the Shannon side.

The castle stands on rising ground,  
Where fawns and dryads sport ;  
And darksome thickets wave around,  
Where love-sick swains resort.

“ How goodly 'tis in cool retreat,  
“ To wear the sultry day ;  
“ While beef and mutton, thou shalt eat,  
“ Thy horses, corn and hay.

“ Thy looks are all as black as ink,  
“ Forego thy cares awhile ;  
“ Come eat and drink and never think,  
“ And, thou shalt learn to smile.

“ And, for to fire the sultry air,  
“ The dog-star doth ascend ;  
“ With me, my wife and daughters fair,  
“ Thou in a coach shalt wend”——

The Knight agrees, in evil hour,  
 To love and courtesy ;  
 And soon, the Enchanter, to his bower,  
 Him bore with mirth and glee.

The roads were good, the wheels they roll'd,  
 The steeds were stout and tall ;  
 And, e'er the bell to vespers toll'd,  
 They reach'd the Enchanter's hall.

Ting tang ! to dinner, not to pray'rs,  
 And fewers', hasty feet ;  
 Sound huffle shuffle, on the stairs,  
 As they bring up the meat.

Then turkey boil'd, and sirloin roast,  
 With pies and ducks beside ;  
 And salmon, too, the Shannon's boast,  
 Smoak on the board so wide.

Clink clank, the glass and bottle flew,  
 Splish splash, the wine so red ;  
 That scarce a Knight, at table, knew,  
 Which were his heels or head.

Each Knight then names the Lady fair,  
That holds his heart in chains ;  
And kneeling on his knee, so bare,  
A mighty goblet drains.

Th' Enchanter bent on wicked wile,  
Then named the Nut-Brown Maid ;  
And wink'd, at WILLIAM, with a smile,  
To notice what he said.

Says WILLIAM, " Such a toast as that,  
" Shall never pass me by ;  
" I know thee—thou art round and fat,  
" Sir Knight, so am not I.

" Yet, for my beauteous Lady's sake,  
" If thou her name profane ;  
" And, to her health, a bumper take,  
" I'll dare to make it twain.

" With love and this good glass to boot,  
" Her health I'll swallow down ;  
" While there's a passage in my throat,  
" And drink within the town."



“ A challenge fair,” th’ Enchanter cry’d,  
“ Agreed by cup and can”——  
Then, gurg’ling down his throat so wide,  
The blood-red liquor ran.

The goblet WILLIAM next essay’d,  
And call’d upon his Dame ;  
But fate th’ advent’rous Knight betray’d,  
And, to the ground he came.

And, flubber’ lubber, there he sprawl’d,  
Pick pack, upon the floor——  
His menial imps th’ Enchanter call’d,  
And him, to bed they bore.

Asleep, the huddle cuddle lay,  
And snored and snorted loud ;  
As, when in scores, on maket day,  
The piggen riggen crowd.

And; there opprest with wine and sleep,  
He might have snor’d till now ;  
Tho’ rats, on floor, began to creep,  
And watch-dogs cry’d bow wow.——

With niggling tooth the nimble moufe,  
 The boards began to gnaw ;  
 And, love-sick cats, on eave of houfe,  
 Yell'd many a fond miau.—

All at this dreadful dreary hour,  
 Most horrible to tell !  
 A Spectre came from stygian bow'r,  
 Evok'd by magic spell.

If down the chimney, black, he glanc'd,  
 Or thro' the broken pane ;  
 Or yet, from keyhole, small, advanc'd,  
 Must, still in doubt remain.

But, such a grim and grisly Sprite,  
 Lives not in German Song ;  
 His pinions, they were red and white,  
 His talons, sharp and long.

His nose was hook'd, his eyes of fire,  
 Glar'd, as the faucer round ;  
 His shrieks, ill-omen'd, shrill and dire,  
 Might stoutest heart astound.

“ Toohit,” he cries, with might and main,  
The tipsy Knight awakes ;  
Toohit, Toohit, resounds again,  
The bed beneath him shakes,

As round the room, the Spectre flew,  
In shrilly tone he wails ;  
And scrambles, at the curtains blue,  
With long and hooked nails.

Then, “ Jesu ! Jesu ! ” WILLIAM cries,  
And rising with a start ;  
He sees the flaming faucer eyes,  
And faintly screams, “ What art ? ”

( Toohit, resounds close in his ear,  
He shakes and funks awain ;  
Toohit, toohit, both far and near,  
Resounds again, again.

Had this quandary long endur'd,  
'Tis odds but he had died ;  
But cocks they crew, and Knight was cured,  
When morning they descry'd.

The morning dawn'd, with rosy light,  
And, swifter than the wind ;  
The grisly Spectre took his flight,  
An owl remain'd behind.

ON

## S E N T I M E N T.

BY THE SAME.

OH SENTIMENT! thou comprehensive name!  
 Spleen, vapours, spite, ill-humour, am'rous flame!  
 Thou something, which, still aping virtue's form,  
 By turns, are all that's vicious and deform!  
 Compendious charter of imposing fools,  
 That decent order wound, and sober rules,  
 How are our follies privileg'd by thee,  
 Thou elder sister of divine ENNUI!  
 Through thee, we scold, we rave, we laugh, we cry,  
 We love, we hate,—and all, we scarce know why.—

Behold the SENTIMENTAL Lady's mind,  
 With flimsy novels, like a band-box, lin'd;  
 While the thin froth, of all the trash she's read,  
 By fancy whipp'd, fills up the giddy head,

Divinely languid now the Fair appears ;  
 And now the mask, of frantic spirit wears.  
 In pangs ideal, of her own creation,  
 She runs through every form of exclamation ;  
 Whether, in love, or hate, or grief, or joy,  
 No common modes of speech, will she employ :  
 No common feelings in her bosom reign,  
 Eternal trance of pleasure or of pain ;  
 Whether, she laughs, or cries, or loves, or hates,  
 'Tis all high influence of o'er-ruling fates.  
 Lord ! with what scorn she views the vulgar crew,  
 That rest in common sense, like me and you.  
 Poor wretched beings ! stupidly content,  
 That shun the flow'ry paths of SENTIMENT.  
 Who can the rough, unfeeling, things endure ?  
 'Tis vastly horrid !—vastly, to be sure !

But, when two SENTIMENTAL Spirits meet,  
 For scorn and ridicule, oh ! what a treat !  
 “ Sir, your address, so winning and so stealing ;”—  
 “ And, dearest creature ! you have so much feeling.  
 “ Oh ! my dear Miss ! your SENTIMENTS, divine !  
 “ Are, something exquisite, sublime, and fine.”  
 “ Ah ! Sir, with you to taste, without controul,  
 “ The feast of reason, and the flow of soul.

“ Sure, in one mould, kind Nature form'd our hearts.”—

“ Miss, you have genius :”—“ Oh ! Sir, you have—  
PARTS.”—

“ What transports were it, on some lonely steep,

“ With thee, my Fair ! to tend my fleecy sheep,

“ To listen to the soft Æolian lyre,

“ Or hear the cricket chirp from the fire.”

“ Oh, Damon ! where you tread, contentment beams ;

“ The wild—a court ;—the cot—a palace seems.”—

Thus, in a MENTAL AIR-BALLOON they ride,  
Tow'ring o'er prudence, and from reason wide ;  
'Till, many a region of romance o'erpass,  
In DOCTOR'S-COMMONS, they come down at last.

THE SNAKE, THE VIPER,

AND

THE COUNTRYMAN,

A F A B L E.

BY THE SAME.

THE summer fun, with scorching pow'r,  
Sat high in his meridian tow'r ;  
When, smoothly, gliding from a brake,  
Out came a sleek and polish'd SNAKE ;  
Her skin, was azure, gold, and white,  
Her eyes, like rubies, red and bright,  
With glance too keen for living thing,  
As if their very balls could sting ;  
With venom swell'd and self-conceit,  
She bask'd, she wriggled, in the heat ;  
And, thus, her conscious worth exprest,  
As vanity inform'd her breast :  
“ Sure, never yet was form'd a creature,  
“ So elegant in mind and feature ;  
“ With bright and varied hues I shine,  
“ The curve of beauty, too, is mine ;



“ My spires unfold a nameless charm,  
“ A bracelet fit for Venus’ arm ;  
“ A plaything that might well employ,  
“ Her wicked Imp, her urchin Boy ;  
“ Such is my form, and for my mind,  
“ Sagacity with taste refin’d ;  
“ And genius, which is ever shown  
“ In doing mischief, are my own.  
“ What creature walks, or creeps the plain,  
“ Blest with such power of giving pain ?  
“ What precious venom I distil,  
“ I wind my path, and sily kill ;  
“ The human race my poison fear,  
“ And, my superior sense revere,  
“ My claim to wisdom they allow,  
“ Since, for its type, my form they show.”

A little dusky VIPER near,  
Her sayings drank, with greedy ear ;  
The reptile beauty she beheld,  
And pride, her footy bosom swell’d ;  
Propt on her tail, she spurn’d the ground,  
And hiss’d her vanity around ;  
“ If I may trust my form and make,  
“ I too,” she said, “ am born a SNAKE ;  
“ And, tho’ in beauty I may fail,  
“ Yet I can bite, and have a tail ;

“ I, something shorter am, 'tis true,  
“ Dutch-built, in form, and dark in hue ;  
“ Yet, I can give as keen a wound,  
“ As any SNAKE that crawls on ground ;  
“ And so the first of human kind,  
“ That passes near, shall surely find.”

A MAN that saw the rancorous Thing,  
Determin'd, thus, to bite or sting ;  
A stone, with aim unerring, sped,  
And, all her dreams of mischief fled.—

With patience, now, my Girl, attend,  
And hear an old, experienc'd, Friend ;  
No mighty charms, your face imparts,  
Nor yours, a shape to conquer hearts ;  
Belinda's form, Belinda's eyes,  
A thousand failings can disguise :  
Her smiles, her glances, have an art,  
That makes us quite forget her heart ;  
But, would you imitate her ?—Child !  
O ! never was attempt so wild ;—  
Good-nature is the bridal dress,  
The saving charm of ugliness.

THE

## E S C A P E.

BY THE SAME.

FAREWELL, Lady, I am free,  
 Lady, think no more of me ;  
 Take thy tokens, take thy rings,  
 Amorous gawds, and idle things ;  
 Take thy letters, give me mine,  
 Breathing love, in every line ;  
 With dissimulation stain'd,  
 Thine are artful, all, and feign'd :  
 But thy kisses must remain,  
 Those I give not back again.—  
 Every kiss, was once a dart,  
 Piercing, ev'n, the heart of heart,  
 Bidding tumult and surprize,  
 Flush the face, dissolve the eyes ;

Poison'd, now, with force unkind,  
 How they rankle in the mind !  
 Kisses, bide no more with me,  
 From these lips I fet you free :  
 Take them, wanton, wild as air,  
 Take them, false, and venal Fair.  
 Venal Fair, disperse them wide,  
 So, with me, no more they bide ;  
 Give me back my foolish rhyme,  
 But, alas ! my lavish'd time !  
 Wishes and regrets are vain,  
 It must ne'er return again ;  
 Yet—no matter—I am free—  
 Lady, think no more of me.

When we first were wont to meet,  
 Hearts, in eyes, would kiss and greet ;  
 Diff'rent, now, the glance unkind,  
 Herald of embitter'd mind,  
 Flashes scorn, defiance wings,  
 Angry taunt, reproachful stings.  
 Rising blushes wont to speak,  
 Mantling pleasure o'er the cheek ;  
 All the secret of the breast,  
 Ardent wishes, sighs suppress,

Big desires, that inly swell,  
 All, the lips were flow to tell ;  
 Now, the tint of mutual blame,  
 Mantles rage and mantles shame :  
 Farewell, Lady, I am free,  
 Lady, think no more of me.

Idle scrolls, of fond desire,  
 Expiate your sins in fire ;  
 Oh ! that I could thus destroy,  
 Every trace of vanish'd joy ;  
 Amorous hope, for ever fled,  
 All her tender nurslings dead :  
 Cold disdain, with killing blast,  
 O'er the gay creation past—  
 Borne away, like painted clouds,  
 See the fairy vision crowds ;  
 Fading, they dissolve away,  
 Gloomy night shuts in the day ;  
 And the vapours, whence they grew,  
 Now dissolve in briny dew ;  
 Farewell, farewell, fancy's reign,  
 Never to return again !  
 Heav'ns ! how fondly I have hung,  
 On that false and fraudulent tongue ;

What endearments—but no more—

Why should I their loss deplore?—

Now, my follies I can see—

Lady, think no more of me.

'Twas no perfidy of mine,

Lady, this event was thine ;

Was it chance, or was it fate ?

Pitying my deluded state,

Grieving that I thus should fall,

Simple unsuspecting thrall :

Was it pre-determined vice ?

Was it sudden light caprice ?

Snatch'd me, from the selfish wile,

From the false and cruel smile ;

From the proud disdainful heart,

From professions full of art ;

From the tiger aim that lay,

Crouching for the destin'd prey ;

From the pride, but ill-conceal'd,

Furious passions half reveal'd ;

From the malice of thy sex,

Hoarded up, my heart to vex,

From the harpy of a wife,

Doom'd to make me sick of life—

From such plagues, behold me free,

Lady, think no more of me.

Fond endearments that are past,  
 Confidence too full to last ;  
 Fatal hour, when first we met,  
 O ! farewell, could I forget,  
 Could I banish from my mind,  
 Words so foolish and so kind—  
 Scarcely can thy captive tell,  
 How he broke the magic spell,  
 That befotted and deprav'd,  
 Held the darkling soul enslav'd ;  
 Sooner, Circe's fabled train,  
 Could their fordid change explain,  
 Or record the blest escape,  
 That restor'd the human shape :  
 'Twas no perfidy of mine,  
 Lady, this event was thine—  
 Reason fainted at the task,  
 'Twas the merry midnight mask,  
 At the jocund rebeck's sound,  
 And the sprightly dance went round,  
 That display'd thy secret heart,  
 Rent the veil of specious art ;  
 Caught my Tyrant unaware,  
 Pointed out the fatal snare ;  
 Show'd the tenor of a mind,  
 Vain, capricious, false, unkind ;

Then, from his meridian tower,  
My propitious star had power;  
Then, my better genius sway'd,  
Pallas, then, her shield display'd :  
Farewell, Lady, I am free;  
Lady, think no more of me.



## DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

IN MEMORY'S TRAIN, ye muses haste,  
 And sing a dirge, to FRIENDSHIP past.  
 Alas ! no more, with temp'rate ray,  
 To gild the night, or glad the day ;  
 No more, to charm ; no more, to rise ;  
 For ever vanish'd from these eyes ;  
 No more, to come on angel wing,  
 And joys and comforts with her bring ;  
 The conversations void of art,  
 The vacant laugh, the expansive heart ;  
 The evening walk, the social meal,  
 And soothing kind, that sorrows heal ;  
 Friendly debate, on pinions light,  
 That wings the day, and wafts the night,  
 By opposition, more combin'd,  
 While mind strikes fire, from kindred mind ;

Similitude in taste, the fruits  
 Of labour, join'd in learn'd pursuits ;  
 Imparted hopes, imparted fears,  
 And joyous sympathetic tears.

In MEMORY'S TRAIN, ye muses haste,  
 And sing a dirge, to FRIENDSHIP past.  
 DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP, with what pain  
 I mark'd thy sick declining wane !  
 How fought to cheer thy languid hour,  
 With fond attention's cordial power ;  
 Then, explanation fought to tame  
 The ill, but alienation came ;  
 Oh ! say, what poison or what spell ?  
 Forbade thee in my soul to dwell ;  
 Did jealousy impair thy health,  
 Or rivalry in power or wealth ?  
 No—fled was every young desire,  
 Extinguish'd all ambition's fire ;  
 For early disappointments came,  
 To chill both fond and daring aim.—  
 Or, was it the desire of change,  
 In youthful bosoms, prone to range ;  
 When light, in FRIENDSHIP, as in Love,  
 From mate to mate, they joy to rove ?  
 No progeny of wild caprice,  
 No child of partnership in vice ;

'Twas manhood first beheld me thine,  
Thy reign endur'd to life's decline.

In MEMORY'S TRAIN, ye muses haste,  
And sing a dirge, to FRIENDSHIP past.  
O! FRIENDSHIP, didst thou find a place,  
In bosoms of unequal race,  
And leave a void, between, where pride  
Might enter in, as FRIENDSHIP died?—  
No—I may tell, from boasting free,  
I was not lower in degree—  
But, base are they, that spurn the good,  
The learn'd, and gentle, for their blood.  
O! how the vassal pride I scorn,  
That courts the ignoble, nobly born;  
Did rank superior shake the truth,  
Of FRIENDSHIP in the Hebrew Youth?  
Did princely Theseus fail to find,  
In humbler rank, a kindred mind?  
No, minds are pair'd before their birth,  
And scorn mechanic ties, of earth;  
Yet bonds like those, we rarely find,  
To draw, the haughty, high-born mind;  
While FRIENDSHIP, like a modest flow'r,  
Oft loves the low sequester'd bow'r;  
And flies from pomp, and shrinks at pride,  
And scorn, to folly, near allied;

And oft, in wealth's meridian blaze,  
The blossom droops, the root decays.

IN MEMORY'S TRAIN, ye muses haste,  
And sing a dirge, to FRIENDSHIP past.  
O! why withdraw thy lov'd controul?  
Emotion, kindred to my soul,  
Acknowledged more, by reason's voice,  
The boast of manhood's sober choice!  
Perfection of the social ties,  
Thou most refin'd of sympathies;  
The copy of angelic loves,  
The bond, that reason most approves.  
Did idle babbling to the day,  
The close deposit e'er betray?  
Say, did I touch, with hand unkind,  
The secret forencfs, of the mind?—  
If ought deform—if ought unsound,  
In FRIENDSHIP'S open hours I found;  
If FRIENDSHIP trusted to my ear,  
A thing unfit to tell, or hear;—  
All these, in dark oblivious gloom,  
Shall rest, with FRIENDSHIP, in the tomb.

IN MEMORY'S TRAIN, ye muses haste,  
And sing a dirge, to FRIENDSHIP past.

O! FRIENDSHIP, how thy gifts are fled,  
 And, alienation, in their stead,  
 With civil scorn, and secret shame,  
 For courtesy resigns thy name;  
 And measur'd love, with worldly art,  
 To forms extern transforms the heart;  
 Professions vague, attentions faint,  
 And civil forms, and dull constraint:  
 Oh! how the little love of self,  
 The deference to pow'r and self,  
 Appear, when swifter than the wind,  
 The change of fortune tries the mind,  
 And shows the faults it strove to hide,  
 The base desires, that inly bide:  
 Yet, never, FRIENDSHIP, in thy place,  
 May hatred come, with pallid face;  
 With forky tongue, and snaky hair,  
 And viper breath, that taints the air.  
 Ne'er may these spectres of the night,  
 Dance round thy tomb with wild affright:  
 A tender thought, a mournful sigh,  
 Be given to FRIENDSHIP's memory,  
 And let oblivion spread a veil,  
 To hide the woe she cannot heal.

In MEMORY'S TRAIN, ye muses, haste,  
 And sing a dirge, to FRIENDSHIP past.

SOMERVILLE GALA.

BY THE SAME.

The following Jeu D'Esprit was occasioned by the Author's being impertuned to write on a Ball given by Sir Marcus Somerville, at his Seat in the County of Meath.

TO SOMERVILLE'S GALA, the muse takes her flight,  
And, were she a GOURMAND, would sing with delight,  
Of the turbot, the venison, the melons, and pines,  
The sweet-meats, and ices, the liqueurs, and the wines ;  
The pies, and the tofs-ups, so savory and warm,  
Would the heart and the tripes, of an Alderman charm ;  
Like Gods we carouse, tho' like Mortals we eat,  
'Till the fiddles and dulcimers found a retreat ;  
While the rays of bright beauty, with Champaign  
combin'd,  
The senses to cheer and enliven the mind ;  
For Everard, the polish'd, the gentle, and fair,  
With the three little Graces, her Daughters, was there ;

And sure, I must ever remember with pain,  
 The eyes of bright Fisher, the glory of Slane;  
 Had I paper and time, I could name many more,  
 For of Beauties Sir Mark had assembled two score,  
 Besides others, for reasons full easily guefs'd,  
 Who are welcome at Dances, for foils to the rest.

So to dancing they fall, fiddles, dulcimers, chime,  
 And a Lad, with his drumsticks, keeps beating the time;  
 While I, who to dancing am little inclin'd,  
 Amusement, in Spenfer and Politics, find;  
 With shuff'ling and cutting, and capering and bowing,  
 They dust it away, 'till the cocks fall a crowing;  
 Then supper is serv'd, we wheel off to the right;  
 And "spark'ling Champaign," is the word of the night.

The supper, like dinner, was marvellous good,  
 And the Baronet's wine ran about like a flood;  
 Soups, turkies, and chickens, and lobsters, and  
 grouse,——  
 "Well, truly, Sir Marcus, you keep a good house;"  
 Superb were the ornaments, ice in profusion,  
 Magnifique the dessert; without any confusion  
 We all were attended.—Now supper is done,——  
 Ha!—the fiddles again,—to the dancing room run;

Where the feet of the dancers so merrily sped,  
 We saw the Champaign had crept up to the head ;  
 A few were excepted, sedate and compos'd,  
 Who sat quietly down, and deliciously doz'd ;  
 Among this sober set, there befel a mischance,  
 Such as I, in my life, never heard at a dance ;  
 Our features we scarcely knew how to compose,  
 When R—— caught D——, aloud by the nose ;  
 The Lady was ancient, and starch was her wig,  
 Tho' youthful the Squire, he was fat as a pig ;  
 So great a report, you may think could arise,  
 From cheeks of no common circumference and size.—  
 Some call'd it a pistol-shot, others a rocket,  
 One said, " He let off air balloons from his pocket,"—  
 He dream'd he smelt powder, and 'woke with a start,—  
 " Oh foh ! you rude beast, at a Lady to f—t,"  
 Mrs. D—— exclaim'd, and then hid, with her fan,  
 Her visage, and scuttled away from the man ;  
 My companions took warning, from this signal gun,  
 To turn out in fresh air, so we cut, and we run ;  
 And home with the fun we were trundled along,  
 Which brings to a period, my Supper and Song.



T H O U G H T S

ON VISITING THE

M O A T O F N A V A N.\*

BY THE SAME.

THE stately mound, commanding wide,  
The cultur'd plains on ev'ry side;  
With rapture while the eye is borne,  
O'er meadows green, and waving corn,  
And fees the Boyne, in silver wind,  
Its tributary stream to find;  
Whose waters their bright comforts stain,  
And blacken, as they seek the main;  
Was once the seat of rude alarms,  
Was dreadful with destructive arms;  
For here, encamp'd, insulting foes,  
And here, the song of battle rose.—

\* The MOAT of NAVAN is the remains of an ancient Fortification near the Town, from which it takes its name; from the summit, is a fine and extensive view of a rich cultivated country.

Oh! ERIN, oft with rude command,  
 Infulting foes have vex'd thy land,  
 Have come, in arms, with tyrant aim,  
 The treasures of thy foil to claim;  
 And ev'ry wind from Heav'n that blew,  
 Bore to thy ports the pirate crew,  
 The cruel Dane,—the Saxon fierce—  
 The hearts of ERIN's sons to pierce,  
 To fill the land with blood and spoil,  
 And lord it o'er the ravag'd foil;  
 But, now, to war and murd'rous deeds,  
 The farmer's cheerful toil succeeds;  
 And flocks repose, and harvests rise,  
 Where haycock wing'd ferocious cries,  
 In grim array where warriors stood,  
 And ERIN's sons lay bath'd in blood.

Oh! ERIN, ERIN, never more  
 May savage Aliens drink thy gore;  
 Oh! never may th' infuriate throng,  
 Spread flames and death thy fields among;  
 May thy green fields, and temp'rate air,  
 Be sacred to thy children fair;  
 Erased, as here, be ev'ry form  
 Of human woes, and wrathful storm;  
 May useful steel, redeem'd by fate,  
 No more the slave of human hate;

Bid all her deadly engines take  
The shape, of sickle, scythe, and rake ;  
May patriot cares the bad o'er-awe,  
And licence yield to sober law ;  
May Freedom lead thy childrens hearts,  
To feel and love the peaceful arts ;  
The attendant virtues with her bring,  
And bid thy meadows laugh and sing.

THE  
R E T U R N H O M E,

WRITTEN AT NAVAN IN THE YEAR 1799.

BY THE SAME.

'T<sup>H</sup>O' many a friend, with special art,  
Effays, to fill th' expanded heart,  
And many a sport, and many a joy,  
Forbids the varied hours to cloy ;  
Yet still the secret sigh I fend,  
And still my wishes HOMEWARD tend.

For HOME the feeling heart can blefs,  
With joys no language can exprefs,  
No heart conceive, that loves to range,  
Joys that even care to pleasure change ;  
HOME bids us love the toil and pain,  
That glad the fond domestic train ;  
A high-born pleasure dwells at HOME,  
Unknown to those who seek to roam ;

From virtuous pride the pleasure springs,  
 HOME makes us patriarchs and kings,  
 And HOME, with luxury refin'd,  
 Exalts an independent mind.

How HOME, with all persuasive charms,  
 Allures me to my children's arms!  
 Their forms in slumber I behold,  
 And to my breast alternate fold;  
 With gentle look and graceful mien,  
 My little EYRE in sleep is seen;  
 With honest open face and bold,  
 My ALGERNON I then behold;  
 And ISABEL, whose dawning ray,  
 Gives promise of the rising day:  
 To realize this fond delight,  
 HOME shall present them to my sight,  
 Rejoicing all to meet their Sire,  
 They crowd, methinks, around the fire;  
 With pleasure laughing in their eyes,  
 And mix their little joyful cries;  
 Return'd, the gentle FAN employs  
 Their fond regard, and shares their joys,  
 The truant they, delighted, view,  
 Her dimpled smile, her eyes so blue;  
 Their toys produce, and coax to roam,  
 Thro' every corner of our HOME.

Their Mother, too, whose anxious fears,  
 So fondly watch their helpless years,  
 Shall find their soft embrace reward,  
 Her anxious fears her fond regard.

WILLIAM his low'ring brow shall cheer,  
 And welcome me, with heart sincere ;  
 Ere yet, renown and gold to find,  
 He seeks the distant shores of Ind.  
 Ere yet the tears of parting flow,  
 May HOME some happy days bestow ;  
 And while his Father life retains,  
 Safe, may he seek his native plains ;  
 And clasp his sisters round the waist,  
 And tell of all his travels past ;  
 Forget his toils, and cease to roam,  
 And doubly feel the charms of HOME.—

'Tis thus, by truth and feeling trac'd,  
 With no fictitious colours grac'd,  
 The images of pleasure rise,  
 And bid me HOMEWARD turn my eyes.

ELEGIAC POEM,

SACRED TO THE

M E M O R Y

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

BY THE SAME.

OPPREST with grief, on TARAH'S\* height I stood,  
And gaz'd, with moisten'd eye, the gloomy scene,  
The angel of destruction had been there ;  
The traces of his awful step remain'd  
Imprinted deep, frowning, on either side,  
The ruins spake the desolating hand  
Of civil war ; for late this thirsty soil  
Was drench'd with native blood ; when frantic rage,

\* The Town of Tarah was burned during the late Rebellion, the day after the Engagement at TARAH.

Oh! ERIN, hapless ERIN! drove thy sons,  
 In wilder'd blind pursuit of Anarchy,  
 To meet the fatal doom,—low hung the clouds,  
 Evening came on apace,—at intervals,  
 With loud and hollow sound, the loaded blast  
 Beat on the hill; and swept the cheerless plain.—  
 My heart was sunk; and recollections dire  
 Crowded on memory,—while thus I stood,  
 Absorb'd in bitterness; methought a Spirit  
 Past by me, in the wind, his form unseen,  
 I felt his influence; an ethereal impulse,  
 In gentle horror, tingling thro' my veins.—  
 As at the presence of a thing divine,  
 Awe-struck I lowly bent; and thus I said,—  
 “ I feel thee rushing on th' astonished sense;  
 “ What, and whence art thou, strange mysterious  
   Pow'r?”  
 I heard a voice—even now on fancy's ear,  
 It seems to vibrate; and, while life remains,  
 Shall vibrate ever, on my forrowing heart.

“ I come the afflicted GENIUS of the Land,  
 “ With dismal tidings fraught.—Mourn, ERIN, mourn!  
 “ Thy noblest OFFSPRING snatch'd, th' example bright  
 “ Of every virtue, and all honest praise,  
 “ The first of patriots, and, the best of men,  
 “ Snatch'd from thee; in these vile unhappy times,



" When patterns are so rare, of virtue and of truth.  
 " Mourn, ERIN, mourn! thy CAULFIELD is no  
 more." —  
 O heart-appalling sound! O messenger of woe!  
 The wind in cadence sigh'd; the plains around,  
 The distant hills, and every vale replied;  
 " Oh CAULFIELD is no more! mourn, ERIN, mourn;  
 " Mourn, ERIN, mourn! the patriot soul is fled;  
 " Is fled to heav'n from this afflicted land,  
 " Oh heart-appalling sound! O messenger of woe!" —  
 I call'd the Muse, for solace of my pain,  
 She, sweet companion, often had beguil'd  
 The weary hours, and smooth'd the rugged path  
 Of thorny life, but answer none return'd.  
 No more, with heart-felt strain, to words of fire,  
 Tremble the chords. Fancy and vigorous thought  
 From life's cold dregs recede. This drooping heart  
 Weighs down the mental energies; nor yields  
 A strain deserving of the Patriot's name.  
 Yet, what he may, the forrowing Bard shall give;  
 Poor off'ring! rhymes, that, like my gushing tears,  
 Spontaneous flow; and praises never won  
 By favours, or by hope. The indignant Muse,  
 Unprostituted, at the shrine of Pow'r,  
 And upstart Wealth, when Fortune's Minion, sworn  
 With sudden honours, rode to Mammon's fane

In transitory pomp, and slavish crowds  
 Wreath'd the vile offering of their venal tongues ;  
 I spurn'd the little triumph, and reserv'd  
 The poet's incense, for the Deity,  
 And those distinguish'd favourites of heav'n,  
 The virtuous few ; to birth and titled things  
 Little devoted.—CAULFIELD's nobleness,  
 Tho' sprung from a long line of ancestry,  
 Unstain'd and honour'd, CAULFIELD's nobleness  
 Was chiefly in himself, in heav'n recorded,  
 And not in parchment rolls ; blazon'd in deeds,  
 And not in vain heraldic pageantry,  
 Of gaudy colours, on the quarter'd field.  
 The heav'n-descended nobleness, that dwells,  
 In dignity of mind, in patriot worth,  
 In high pursuits, and bright accomplishments.  
 These were thy patent, CAULFIELD, of more worth,  
 Oh ! infinitely more, than all that Kings  
 Can grant, or kingly favourites receive,

Inmate, within his mansion dwelt the muse ;  
 And all the Graces harmoniz'd his tongue ;  
 While, from his lips the sounds instructive flow'd,  
 And various knowledge join'd with polish'd sense.  
 I knew it well—for, I may proudly boast,  
 That honour'd CAULFIELD deign'd to call me friend.

Never shall time from my sad mind erase  
 The dear remembrance, of the vanish'd hours,  
 Oh ! never to return, that fled with him,  
 In social converse.—At his pious hearth,  
 Domestic household gods, the virtues all,  
 Were ever resident ; and in his mind,  
 As in a sacred shrine, fair honour dwelt,  
 Off'ring incessant to the god of truth  
 Pure motives, an unspotted sacrifice.  
 How few the men, that, in our iron days,  
 Of selfish groveling, and of cruel rage,  
 Have priz'd and honour'd the neglected muse,  
 Companion, as she is, of public worth,  
 And all exertions of the exalted mind.  
 But CAULFIELD lov'd her, His harmonious mind  
 Was not unconscious of her influence.  
 And shall he silent rest ? shall not the muse,  
 Hang on the willows, that surround his tomb,  
 The tributary verse ; and give a form,  
 And measur'd cadence, to the general grief,  
 That bursts for CAULFIELD lost ? mourn, ERIN, mourn !  
 And thou dost mourn—how frequent and how loud  
 The groan of anguish sounds, for CAULFIELD lost !  
 Big falls the tear ; for thro' thy fertile vales,  
 And giant hills, that proudly mock the skies,  
 Was there an eye, that wept not CAULFIELD lost ?

Or harden'd heart, that felt not? while he yet  
 Ling'ring on life's last verge, with parting step,  
 Ponder'd his passage, to a better world;  
 While wayward nature, clinging to this earth,  
 Was wrestling with th' angelic messengers,  
 That waft the just to God; ere yet his breast  
 Had ceas'd to throb, with aspirations high,  
 For ERIN's welfare; ere the ray benign  
 Of mild benevolence, and piercing sense,  
 That wont to beam from CAULFIELD'S eye, was sunk  
 In shades of night; oh how we caught at hope,  
 With self-delusion fond! what earnest prayers,  
 From pious lips; by every form of faith,  
 Were wing'd to heav'n! and oh! with what reluctance,  
 Did we resign that hope, and in her place,  
 Receive despair, sad visitant, to rend  
 The bleeding heartstrings, with the dismal sound,—  
 "Mourn, ERIN, mourn! for CAULFIELD is no more."

Never shall ERIN and her sons forget,  
 While sense and memory of virtue dwell,  
 In human bosoms, what a mighty debt  
 Of gratitude her CAULFIELD'S patriot zeal  
 Justly demands, thro' long revolving time,  
 It never can be cancell'd.—Ye, who saw,  
 How fiercely beautiful, in dread array,

Spontaneous rose HIBERNIA's gallant Sons,\*  
 Arm'd to protect their rights, and guard the foil  
 That gave them being, from insulting foes;  
 When CAULFIELD led them on.—Ye will declare  
 His public merit. With a powerful charm,  
 His name rever'd, like heavenly music dwelt,  
 On every ear; that rudest, basest, minds  
 Were touch'd, were elevated, at the sound.—  
 They learn'd they had a Country; felt, that virtue  
 Was something more than words; that noble minds  
 Might ev'n amidst the wretched toil and din,  
 Of this low earth, from God and Man receive  
 The guerdon of their virtue. Oh! the tears,  
 That pour'd by myriads now bedew his grave,  
 Are of more worth, than oriental pearls.—  
 Tho' restless calumny and canker'd spite,  
 For ever waiting, in the hateful train,  
 Of party rage, and busy at her call,  
 Rang'd thro' the land; and prey'd with noxious tooth,  
 On proudest merit, and the fairest names;  
 Yet, so distinguish'd was a CAULFIELD's worth,  
 Those things of darkness, from its sacred light,  
 Shrunk back appall'd. His fair integrity,  
 And pure unquestion'd motives, ev'n from malice,  
 Rev'ence extorted. Parties all combin'd,  
 Who ne'er combin'd before, in CAULFIELD's praise.

\* The Volunteer Associations of Ireland.

After long absence, with propitious step,\*  
 When Science and the Muses, hand in hand,  
 Deign'd to revisit this neglected Isle,  
 Among the nations a degraded name,  
 Degraded for transgressions not her own;  
 Foremost of all the learn'd and polish'd train,  
 That strove, with liberal and useful arts,  
 Or elegant pursuits, to decorate  
 The parent soil, and teach the blessed lore  
 Of mental, proud, enjoyment; CAULFIELD shone.  
 Yes, he was first among full many names,  
 Of fame not undeserving, nor unknown,  
 To that mild glory, which in better times  
 Awaits the letter'd toil.—A day shall come,  
 When the wild burst of stormy war is spent,  
 For sure this storm at length must overblow  
 And halcyon calms succeed, when this fair Isle,  
 Too long the seat of ignorance and sloth,  
 Too long the scene of sanguinary rage,  
 The blandishments of that Aonian Maid  
 Shall hear enraptur'd; and awake her sons,  
 From deep lethean trance, to cultivate  
 The good and fair, and nurse with pious hand  
 The palm unstain'd with blood, O! CAULFIELD, then  
 Some bard may rise, with genius worthy thee.

\* Alludes to the Institution of the ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY, under the auspices of Lord CHARLEMONT.

Just to thy praise, he shall embalm thy name ;  
 And to the swelling breeze, in rapture borne,  
 Shall words of heav'n resound, and echo learn the song.  
 Meantime, the cultur'd vales and shaggy glens,  
 And lofty hills smote by the shafts of morn,  
 Deplore their patriot lost ; and all resound,  
 Responsive to my sighs, that CAULFIELD is no more.

Should ravag'd Italy again respire,  
 From murderous deeds, and more than gothic rage ;  
 On Tyber's bank some poet may, for him,  
 Melodious grief awake, for CAULFIELD's name,  
 Was not unhonour'd, or his steps unknown,  
 Where Arno flows or sliding Mincio strays ;  
 Nor was he heedless of the Tuscan lore,  
 The parted shades of many a bard arise,  
 Borne on the sweeping blast, at the sad strain.  
 Stern Dante's awful port, the graceful form  
 Of him that Laura\* lov'd, and the sweet muse,  
 To fancy dearest, fair Ferrara's child †  
 With him, that sung of Solyma redeem'd ; ‡

\* Petrarch.

† Ariosto.

‡ Tasso.—Lord CHARLEMONT had made considerable progress, in a most interesting Work, an History of Italian Poetry, to this Work these lines allude.

To celebrate a CAULFIELD'S honoured name,  
 Who felt the classic fire, and lov'd the beautiful arts.  
 While hoary Manfo \* bows the reverend head,  
 That faithful guardian of Torquato's praise.

And yet we mourn not CAULFIELD, for himself,  
 Not for himself, who parted well assur'd;  
 Of those rewards for virtuous men prepar'd;  
 And sorrowing mark'd, how cheerless was the fate,  
 Of gentle spirits, cast on iron days,  
 And iron men, amid th' outrageous din  
 Of war and factious hate; when polish'd arts  
 Are all despis'd, and some accursed spell  
 Has conjur'd up the furies of the mind,  
 With blood-stain'd garments, torch of stygian flame,  
 And maddening yell, to mix in conflict dire  
 The human savage. From the hideous scene,  
 The soul benign full gladly would escape.  
 What can the virtuous spirit find in life,  
 To make him prize it? In society,  
 What charm for him? Oh! no, he turns away,  
 With deadly loathing; and for freedom calls,  
 On welcome death, most willing to depart,  
 And seek th' abodes, where peace and virtue dwell,

\* The Friend of Torquato Tasso. He wrote a Life of that divine Poet. He was known to Milton when he visited Italy, and is celebrated by him in a beautiful Latin poem.



Oh! well I know, what gen'rous CAULFIELD felt,  
 When civil strife, with her infernal crew,  
 Defac'd the lov'd parental foil; and war,  
 With want, and woe, and sorrows, in the rear,  
 Spread her alarms around. His patriot soul  
 Could not within its own pursuits retire,  
 Sequester'd with the sweet abstracted muse,  
 Forget the world, with bards of classic strain,  
 And range, in letter'd ease, MARINO'S \* shades.  
 Born for mankind at large, his generous soul  
 Could not the welfare of the whole exclude;  
 Or lose th' afflicting sense of human ills,  
 In home enjoyments, or in private good.  
 Yet private goods were his, and home delights,  
 If these might wean the soul from public cares,  
 Ev'n to satiety;—wealth, honours, taste  
 Refin'd by science, general esteem,  
 And fame unenvied, with a spirit apt  
 For ev'ry pleasure, that consorts with virtue.  
 Nor yet did public cares estrange his mind,  
 From mild enjoyments of the social life,  
 And soft unbendings; from the tender charms,  
 Of the domestic hearth. He felt and lov'd  
 The endearing charities, that weave the band,  
 Of friendship, kindred, and affinity.

\* The Villa of Lord CHARLEMONT near Dublin.

The charm of flowing converse, and the grace  
 Of playful wit, in the gay festive hour,  
 Rebounding quick, shone eminent in him.  
 Benevolent affections, the warm heart,  
 Were his; nor wanted object meet; for heav'n  
 Bestow'd a partner, worthy of his choice,  
 With heart responsive, and a kindred soul,  
 In happy union join'd. Her mind improv'd  
 By useful knowledge polish'd sense combines,  
 With manners amiable; and, in her life,  
 Shows an example of all female worth,  
 As parent, wife, and sister. She in times,  
 When vice and folly, with too common sway,  
 The progeny of wealth and fashion lead,  
 Thro' senseless luxury, and wild expence,  
 To infamy and ruin; she could feel  
 Nor blush'd to own she felt, religion's force,  
 Parent of resignation, surest pledge,  
 Of true heroic christian fortitude;  
 Alas, how sorely tried in that sad hour!—  
 But here, I must be mute, and spread a veil,  
 On what no words can paint.—In that sad hour,  
 Oh! CAULFIELD, while thy pious family,  
 With hands uplifted, to the throne of grace,  
 And heav'nward eyes, implor'd the pow'r supreme,  
 To call away the messenger of death,

That hover'd round thy head ; Oh ! with what zeal  
 A Nation join'd their pray'rs ! and sure, if goodness  
 Might wrest a blessing, from th' Almighty's hand,  
 A blessing had been won ; and length of days,  
 Had crown'd their oraisons. Oh, Providence,  
 How awfully mysterious are thy ways !  
 Let none repine, or aim, with rash presumption,  
 To sound the depths of wisdom infinite !

Thou art not gone, for ever :—these sad eyes,  
 That now bewail thy loss, may yet behold  
 CAULFIELD in glory, if I may indulge,  
 Unworthy as I am, th' aspiring hope  
 Of such society, amid the train,  
 Of honest men, that lov'd their native soil,  
 The virtuous and the just ; in scenes remov'd,  
 From human sufferings, and from human crimes.  
 There, the full measure of his just reward  
 Attends the good ; and never-fading crowns  
 Adorn the patriot brow ; nor envy blasts  
 His fame deserv'd, nor human wickedness,  
 With human folly, shall combine, to foil  
 The wish benevolent, and pious aim.

ERIN, meantime, lament thy CAULFIELD dead,  
 With tears of grief unfeign'd, till thou hast shown,

To heal the wounds inflicted by his loss,  
 And dry those tears, a rival of his worth.  
 And we may hope;—for CAULFIELD'S line remains,  
 To give an image of his patriot cares,  
 And private worth, reflected in his sons.  
 His virtues in his children shall survive;  
 For well I know, th' example of their Sire,  
 And education, that, with pious hand,  
 Sow'd in the gen'rous soil, of ductile youth,  
 All good instruction;—these will form their minds,  
 With honour to sustain the dignity  
 And virtuous eminence of CAULFIELD'S name:

H Y M N,

TO

O L D A G E.

BY THE SAME.

FULL many a Bard attunes the string  
 For YOUTH, and all it loves to bring,—  
 Its graceful forms, its polish'd toys,  
 Delirium sweet, and promis'd joys ;  
 All these enchant the tuneful throng,  
 And YOUTH the season is for song ;  
 Rhyming, 'mid twenty whimsies more,  
 Adds but one folly to the score.  
 But should a Bard, in riper age,  
 Chance to retain poetic rage ;  
 The sole atonement for his rhyme,  
 Which he can make to slighted time,  
 Is, with some monitory lay,  
 To sing the praise of LIFE'S DECAY :

Not myrtle bower, not virgin's dream,  
 Nor field of combat, be my theme ;  
 No wreath my sober muse shall find,  
 For crimes and follies of mankind :  
 Thy praises, AGE, command my voice,  
 And let the theme reward my choice ;  
 Repress the fiery pride of Youth,  
 Impart the love of moral truth ;  
 Without regret, I can resign  
 The vanities, which once were mine.

Come, AGE, thy welcome visit make,  
 I know the journey I must take ;  
 Come, AGE, with me a season stay,  
 Then see me friendly on my way ;  
 I hail thy steps with bosom free,  
 No terrors dost thou bring to me ;  
 For precious gifts thou canst impart,  
 The thinking head, the tranquil heart ;  
 For moral truth 'tis thine to change  
 The dreams of youth, that widely range ;  
 When youthful sun-shine fills the skies,  
 The morning mists of passion rise ;  
 Unbridled love, ambition vain,  
 And hot revenge, and fell disdain,  
 Unbounded hope, and fond belief,  
 Intemp'rate joy, and causeless grief ;

That ravish from the dazzled sight,  
 The heav'nly forms of fair and right.  
 Illusions of intemp'rate heat,  
 In YOUTH abound, in AGE retreat ;  
 Then, evening blunts the noon-tide ray,  
 And all the phantoms melt away ;  
 We then imbibe a cooler sky,  
 And feel the thirst of pleasure fly ;  
 The thousand hopeless, vain, pursuits,  
 The plants that teem with bitter fruits ;  
 When the fierce noon-tide glare is fled,  
 Decline and hang the withering head.

Come, AGE, with influence kind inspire  
 The mild retreating of desire :  
 Declining strength, and failing sight,  
 Augmented pain, abridg'd delight ;  
 These have no terror, AGE, for me,  
 They come to set the spirit free.

Come, welcome, AGE, but do not bring,  
 The train, that aged bosoms wring ;  
 The narrow thought, the carking cares,  
 That bring contempt on hoary hairs ;  
 The spleen morose, the lust of gold,  
 Suspicious base, that haunt the old,

And fear, with selfish tremors pale,  
 And vanity, with twice-told tale;  
 O! well I know, that in thy train  
 Full oft attend the forms of pain,  
 Diseases fell, an hideous band,  
 That round the king of terrors stand;  
 While, breaking down our prison walls,  
 The hand of sickness heavy falls;  
 Spare them and let me wear away,  
 With unperceiv'd and mild decay;  
 Let me not know the pang that rends,  
 An AGED mourner from his friends;  
 Nor yet on Nature's pledges dear,  
 Untimely ravish'd, shed the tear;  
 Nor tempt me, with myself at strife,  
 To curse the sluggish dregs of life.

Oh! when th' accomplish'd and the brave,  
 When youth and beauty, seek the grave,  
 Who, this, unmov'd, can hear and see—  
 Then hast thou terrors, AGE, for me?

Yet, AGE can boast peculiar charms,  
 When sinking in our childrens' arms;  
 By thousand fond attentions footh'd,  
 We find the downward paths so smooth'd;



That scarcely conscious where they lead,  
 On flow'rets to the grave, we tread ;  
 The calm delights of social hours,  
 Where every mind expands its pow'rs,  
 The private duty, moral tie,  
 What pleasures they to AGE supply ;  
 Beyond what YOUTH and health bestow,  
 The wild excess, the vagrant glow,

Who can describe the pure delight,  
 When children's children glad the fight ?  
 What transport for our AGE is stor'd,  
 When tender olives grace the board ?  
 Each look benign, each accent kind,  
 Each act, that speaks expanding mind ;  
 Each prelude of some manly part,—  
 Heav'ns ! how they thrill a parent's heart !

Kind AGE, all these attend on thee,  
 And, sure, no terrors bring to me ;  
 From me while youthful spirits post,  
 They are but lent, not wholly lost ;  
 I see them in my children live,  
 New pleasure, thus, return'd they give,—  
 I mingle with the joyous train,  
 And in their sports am young again ;

Around my knees, they fondly crowd,  
 With hearts elate, and gaily loud ;  
 Nor meet a word, or look, severe,  
 To mingle filial love with fear :  
 If such delights reside with thee,  
 Thou hast no terrors, AGE, for me.

Come wearied Nature's fure repose,  
 Our noisy drama's peaceful close,  
 The hope of better life expands,  
 I hail the glimpse of distant lands ;  
 Away with sorrow, pain, and strife,  
 And all that can embitter life ;  
 With life they come, with life they end,  
 At thy approach, thou common friend,  
 Fled are the forms that broke our sleep,  
 And bade us 'wake to sigh and weep ;  
 Thy gentle shaking of the frame,  
 To slumber lulls the vital flame,  
 'Till, like an infant, sooth'd to rest,  
 We sink upon the MAKER'S breast,

E P I S T L E

FROM

A FATHER TO HIS SONS.

BY THE SAME.

DESPISING themes, that catch the public eye,  
The daily slanders, that are born to die,  
The selfish plaudits, that are bought and sold,  
And speak the boundless worth, of power and gold,  
The muse expatiates o'er the mental plain,  
And seeks a subject for the free-born strain.

First at my heart, for ever in my eyes,  
The sweet ideas of my Children rise,  
Far nobler theme my Boys, content and health,  
Than titled meannesses and exuberant wealth.  
In childhood blameless, in the unfulled mind,  
I boast, for once, a faultless theme to find.

How long, my Children, shall that boast be given?  
 Ye bear no traces, now, but marks of heaven.  
 Fair as creation, dawning from its God,  
 Ere Death and Sin the walks of EDEN trod,  
 As yet, my Boys, your spotless minds display  
 The Maker's touches, the celestial ray ;  
 What things unhallow'd an abode may find,  
 Within the paradise of blameless mind !  
 How soon the mortal foes of good and fair,  
 May sting the conscious heart with guilt and care ;  
 How soon, alas ! the raging mental storm,  
 May print the features, and the soul deform !  
 While yet the prospect is so fair and bright,  
 Let me enjoy the vision of delight ;  
 Here, boundless flattery no contempt shall move,  
 Here, partial prejudice may virtue prove !

Yet, though the present with such charms is fraught,  
 It cannot chase the future from my thought ;  
 No—the fond muse anticipates the time,  
 When you, my Children, shall peruse this rhyme—  
 When, cold the breast, that for your welfare glows,  
 And clos'd that eye, where love paternal flows ;  
 When of your Father verse alone remains,  
 If, haply, Time shall spare some fav'rite strains ;  
 Then if my SONS, from festive noise and sport,  
 Should steal an hour, and to my tomb resort,

As o'er my dust, fraternal, hand in hand,  
 With heads inclin'd in pensive mood you stand,  
 My Children, then, may heave a sigh, and say—  
 “ The frame, that here returns to parent clay,  
 “ Once held a heart, with fond unwearied zeal,  
 “ Warm for our fame, and anxious for our weal ;  
 “ And still, perhaps, with fond enquiring eyes,  
 “ Our Father's shade around his Children flies.”

It will, my Sons, if parted shades retain  
 A care of those that bide in earthly pain :  
 At least, believe it ; think your Father near ;  
 His warning voice in hours of trial hear ;  
 Think how he lov'd you, nor his quiet wound,  
 By deed irrev'rent, or ungentle sound ;  
 Thus, may my cares beyond the grave extend ;  
 In life the Father, ev'n in death the Friend.

Attend, my children, while your years demand,  
 The kind controul of a restraining hand ;  
 Ye may not learn, 'till time has blanch'd your hair,  
 The mighty value of parental care,  
 That care, despis'd or hated in the hour,  
 Of dangerous novelty's seductive pow'r :  
 Yet you, I trust, may pace the downward stage,  
 When mellow'd manhood ripens into age ;  
 Then sober reason shall assume the throne,  
 And wake, and watch, for children of your own.

If any worth my wakeful cares may claim,  
 If heav'n should prosper the parental aim,  
 In fair example, or imparted truth,  
 If ye should feel the Father of your youth,  
 Indulgent heav'n has to my Sons supply'd  
 The mighty blessing, to their Sire deny'd.  
 Whate'er I am, my mind spontaneous grew,  
 No father's forming care my childhood knew—  
 Forbear, my thankless and irrev'rent tongue ;  
 Forget the father ; be the mother sung.  
 Disease and suff'rings mark'd my tender age,  
 A mother's cares assuag'd their cruel rage ;  
 How many nights she watch'd around my bed !  
 How many tears maternal fondness shed !  
 When nature falter'd 'twixt my life and death,  
 Her pious pray'rs redeem'd my forfeit breath ;  
 If life is good—'twas hers that life to save,  
 If ill—the means of bearing ill she gave ;  
 Guided by her, my little footsteps trod,  
 The paths that early led me to my God.—  
 O sacred fountain of eternal truth !  
 Preserve th' impressions of my early youth ;  
 For, oft in hours, when woes assail the mind,  
 Their blest effects with grateful heart I find ;  
 And oft thy influence, with sustaining power,  
 Has arm'd my soul against the afflictive hour ;

Mortals may frown, and Fortune aim her rod,  
 I feel th' inspiring presence of my God ;  
 Each anxious thought it calms, my spirit fills,  
 And leaves no chasm for human fear or ills.  
 Oh ! may my Children early learn to feel,  
 The heav'n-ward hope and the religious zeal ;  
 Oh ! teach me so to guide their little feet,  
 That soon their steps may reach thy mercy seat.

Great is the precept that example gives—  
 A lesson to the SON the Father lives ;  
 Censure may fix, on talents misapply'd,  
 Aukward reserve, or solitary pride ;  
 Yet, when the volume of my life they trace,  
 My SONS, will read no maxims of disgrace ;  
 Yes—to my SONS I leave a spotless name,  
 And vanity would add—a Poet's fame ;  
 The spotless name preserve with pious care,  
 Of fame poetic, O my SONS, beware !  
 It sunk your Father in the jaundic'd ken,  
 The fordid estimate of little men :  
 I might have been—but why with thankless mind  
 Revolve the blessings that my stars assign'd ?  
 My purest pleasures to the muse I owe ;  
 My happiest hours in tuneful labours flow.  
 Hope and dependence were alike unknown,  
 Myself my patron, and my muse my own.

I calmly pass, without a wish or fear,  
 A graceless B—— or an upstart peer;  
 New to the task of panegyric lays,  
 Not ev'n a NEWCOME wins the song of praise.  
 In silence I revere the faintest aim,  
 The modest virtues, and the letter'd fame.  
 Fool that I am, I from afar descry  
 A P——'s shame, and shallow perfidy,  
 Mark, how he filch'd a star, or crib'd a place,  
 And scorn the meanness of his little Grace.  
 But why should wretches burst upon my pen,  
 I wish to write of innocents, or men.  
 The muse adopts a Father's wakeful fears,  
 And warns my Children in their tender years.

All forms of life are open to your choice,  
 But trust, my Sons, my monitory voice;  
 Let truth and virtue be your guiding stars,  
 'Mid war's wild ravage and domestic jars.  
 I yet may hope, should heaven my days extend,  
 And you, my Children, your assistance lend,  
 To see you rise, in manly virtues tried,  
 Ev'n to the wish of fond parental pride.  
 Oh! could you know, my Children, could you feel,  
 How this fond heart throbs, anxious for your weal.



Were prudence dumb, were other duties fled,  
 Yet gratitude triumphant, in their stead,  
 Would fill your bosoms, with an active fire,  
 And make you all my warmest vows desire.

Let love fraternal fill the tender mind ;  
 Tho' fortune sep'rate, be your souls combin'd ;  
 With perseverance meet the worldly strife,  
 And buoy each other, as you sail through life ;  
 Tho' cares and dangers in the tempest rave,  
 With open breast repel the troubled wave ;  
 Let friendship's ties and nature's bonds combine,  
 And heart with heart, and fate with fate, entwine.

In ev'ry station, and in ev'ry stage,  
 From sanguine youth to disappointed age,  
 Your filial rev'rence let your Mother share,  
 For well her love deserves your pious care ;  
 Be it, at once, your pleasure and your praise,  
 To gleam contentment on her latter days.  
 I cannot hope, nor does my fondest hour,  
 Desire for you the baubles, wealth and power ;  
 Yet, should dame Fortune's wild capricious play  
 In worldly pomp a Poet's SONS array,  
 Let not your trappings insolence impart,  
 Or noxious fumes intoxicate the heart ;

Still in your hearts retain the words of heav'n,  
 The length of days to filial duty given.  
 In real kindness, but in seeming hate,  
 Should fortune doom you to some humble fate,  
 To rugged paths, that pious HOOKER trod,  
 To painful duties of the man of GOD ;  
 Still let your Parent share your little store,  
 Prevent her wishes, and her wants explore.  
 Thus, on your little shall a blessing wait,  
 That, even in want, abundance may create ;  
 Such, as of old, the widow's cruise supply'd,  
 Such, as is now, to greedy gold deny'd.

Let no false aims, with specious colours fraught,  
 Warp the tribunal of the conscous thought.  
 Why should you envy, who trick'd out by fate,  
 Struts in the pageant of this mortal state ?  
 What are his trappings but the varied coat,  
 In life's procession that the herald note ?  
 Herald, that banishment to worth proclaims,  
 Rewards to follies, and to selfish aims,  
 And fortune's cruel sport, her fickleness and shames ;  
 The ncify pageant closing at the grave,  
 Impartial death disrobes the strutting slave.  
 Tho' THEMIS' bench should groan with burthens vile,  
 Or hands impure the sacred lawn defile ;

Let not these objects wake an envious care,  
 Who envy baseness, in that baseness share.

Seek for support, in the self-center'd mind;  
 Nor lean upon that broken reed, mankind;  
 Trust not professions, they are all a cheat,  
 Distrust the world, but chief, distrust the great.  
 Let not kind glance, or the familiar smile,  
 With air-built schemes believing youth beguile;  
 Sell not the golden quiet of your days,  
 For that fallacious empty bauble, praise.  
 Look through the world—behold the men of name,  
 Who braving infamy, can find a fame.  
 Heroic meekness shall sustain your youth,  
 That heavenly offspring of religious truth.  
 March on erect, mark with unalter'd ken,  
 The frowns and blandishments of little men.  
 The precepts of dishonour courts afford,  
 Th' unmanly tricks that make or please a lord.

Be firm and virtuous—trust my warning rhymes,  
 Far different scenes approach, and different times,  
 When rugged virtues yet may bear a price,  
 And honour lord it o'er despotic vice;  
 With equal rights Astrea shall return,  
 No more, in vain, the free-born flame shall burn;

No more shall honesty be made the sport  
 Of tinsel'd vermin flutt'ring in a court ;  
 No more shall pride, ambition, or caprice,  
 Bid guiltless myriads bleed for kingly vice.  
 These happy days, my Children yet may see ;  
 Far different from the days ordain'd for me.

What cruel fate reserv'd a man of rhymes,  
 For these ungentle and untuneful times ?  
 The rage of warfare and its direful train,  
 Terror, and care, and poverty, and pain,  
 Disease and famine march in dire array,  
 And gloom despondence on th' eventful day.  
 In each abode the hand of power is found,  
 In every ear th' alarms of war resound ;  
 The stormy times nor age nor station spare,  
 But summon all, to suffer and to dare.  
 A land unletter'd, and an iron-age,  
 The harden'd spirit selfish aims engage.  
 No season this for gay poetic dreams,  
 No place to muse beside th' Aonian streams.  
 Scar'd by the lust of gold and martial strife,  
 Are all the soft pursuits and ornaments of life.

Ere yet my Children rise to manly age,  
 They may be summon'd to th' eventful stage,

That all the energies of mind inflames,  
 And mighty crimes, or mighty virtues claims.  
 What parts to you, my Boys, shall be assign'd,  
 In this great drama of the human kind,  
 To him is known, who first infus'd your breath,  
 Who keeps the issues of your life, and death.  
 But act it well, whate'er may be your task,  
 And never stoop to act beneath a mask.

Ye do not issue, from the cells obscene  
 Of fordid parentage, and prospects mean.  
 Ye shall not need, to join the reptile brood,  
 Of aims, as base and fordid, as their blood ;  
 That win their crooked way, by many a wile,  
 And bask and wriggle in a great man's smile.  
 Ye shall not need, to be the wretched things,  
 That basely sell themselves to lords and kings.

From tender infancy, your Father's love  
 Shall fordid things, and guilty sounds remove ;  
 His reverential care shall form your youth,  
 To chaste regard, of order, and of truth.  
 As priests, that tend some temple's holy space,  
 Each sound obscene, and thing polluted chase ;  
 So, may I keep the temples of your mind !  
 Recesses pure, where godhead dwells enshrin'd.  
 So, may my SONS, with modest worth endu'd,  
 With virtuous pride, and temp'rate fortitude,

Behold poor greatness with undazzled ken,  
 And keep their station in a race of men!  
 So, may their gen'rous bosoms, still be fraught,  
 With every virtuous aim, and noble thought,  
 The laws and sanctions on the soul impress,  
 The just tribunal of the conscious breast!

Born, in the dregs of this unworthy age,  
 Too cold my bosom, for the noble rage,  
 That times corrupt, and public wrongs demand,  
 That dares to vindicate a suffering land;  
 The patriot flame lies smould'ring in my mind,  
 To silent pray'rs, and fruitless sighs confin'd;  
 But, well I know it, for your youthful prime,  
 Events are ripening in the womb of time,  
 Then, reason shall exult, in giant strength;  
 And prejudice extend her snaky length;  
 Subdued, exhausted, by full many a wound,  
 The monster falls—the victors shout around.  
 From all the train, loud Io Pœans rise;  
 And gratulations fill the gladsome skies;  
 The voice of freedom runs from shore to shore;  
 And bigotry and discord are no more.  
 The guilty genius, that delighted dwells,  
 In statesmen's closets, or in monkish cells,  
 Deserts the foil, with more than mortal pangs,  
 And breaks his scorpion whip, and iron fangs.

© D E

to

O B S C U R I T Y.

BY THE SAME.

I.

OH THOU, whose reign with chaos dread,  
In majesty co-equal and coeval spread,  
In mist and clouds expanded wide,  
Silence and darkness at your side,  
Amidst the cheerless realms of night,  
The germ of things were all your own ;  
Ere yet the unwelcome glare of light  
And order smote that anarch's throne.  
Confusion faded through the gloom,  
Creation bounded from the tomb,  
While thou and chaos fought to fly  
The great Creator's hand, the vast all-seeing eye.

## II.

Ye heard, with no delighted ear,  
 Cherubic symphonies, that, wafted soft and clear,  
 Pursued, in undulating streams,  
 Th' expansive flood of solar beams.

“ Depart, ye progeny of hell,  
 “ Along the turbid whirlwind sweep”—

One last despairing yell  
 Resounded thro' the toiling deep.  
 With ceaseless aim, ye strive to gain  
 Some portion of your old domain ;  
 And still, beneath your old command  
 Recall the beautiful forms of God's creative hand.

## III.

Conjoin'd on earth, ye seek to bind,  
 And in some favour'd spots triumphant hide ;  
 Ye still delight, to fix the throne,  
 Where pride your influence wou'd disown,  
 IERNE's mist and lazy fen

Allur'd thee, in her pitchy air,  
 To 'stablish thy parental den,

And make her sons thy chosen care,  
 From genius far, and far from fame,  
 From tow'ring hope and gen'rous aim ;  
 And thee and chaos still we find  
 Supreme in BESTIA's rude, and monster-teeming mind.



## IV.

How much of past bows to thy throne,  
 Stern, fullen, pow'r ! and all the future is thy own.—  
 The suns for other worlds that shine,  
 And many a wand'ring orb are thine.  
 Natives of regions unexplor'd,  
 And isles unbofom'd in the deep,  
 With thee the pride of many a lord,  
 And deeds of ancient warriors sleep,  
 The Lapithæ, and Centaurs old,  
 The manners of that age of gold.  
 Thine, many a sage's heav'nward thought,  
 And many a tuneful breast, with sweet delirium fraught.

## V.

Thine many a nymph, that in her hour  
 Resplendent shone with beauty's magic pow'r ;  
 Ere wanton Helen's fatal charms,  
 Conjur'd the kings of Greece in arms.  
 Thine Pindar's dithyrambic strain,  
 That echo'd thro' the vaults above ;  
 It soar'd an eagle flight, in vain,  
 To reach the starry courts of Jove.  
 Half Sapho's loves to thee belong,  
 And thine is all the Alcaic song.—  
 Vain hope of bards, that in their time  
 Have proudly aim'd to build th' immortal rhyme.

VI.

Tho' conscious pride inform'd the soul,  
How have their labours sunk beneath thy drear controul!  
Where now the wreath so proudly worn,  
Th' acclaim of ages yet unborn?  
The bard, to freedom's cause devote,  
That fought the Marathonian plain,  
Attemper'd to the trumpet's note  
That pour'd the bold gigantic strain,  
How small a part of him we see  
Preserv'd from ruthless time and thee!  
Tyrteus' song could martial fire infuse,  
Yet, darkling, now it sleeps, with Solon's moral muse.

VII.

Full many a fam'd historians page,  
That strove to snatch from thee the mute and distant age;  
Unequal contest, feels thy power,  
When reinforc'd by many an hour;  
Thy hand, with force resistless rais'd,  
Mock'd all his eloquence and skill,  
Confounded what he blam'd and prais'd,  
The forms of human good and ill;  
Then chaos smil'd, and to the cell  
Consign'd, where ancient sages dwell,  
Then nature's workings aim'd to view,  
With all the Brachmans taught, and mystic Memphis  
knew.

## VIII.

The torch of savage Omar spread  
 Thy mould'ring triumphs o'er the mighty dead,  
 Diffusing round its murky light ;  
 The fire of genius sunk in night.—

Then perish'd half the classic throng,  
 Historians, sages, tuneful train,

The noblest boasts of Grecian song,  
 All sunk for ever in thy reign.

Thine too is many a cob-web'd stall,  
 Where learned lumber hides the wall ;

Dulness and dust untroubled sleep,  
 And bloated spiders there, and lazy gownmen creep.

## IX.

The savage Omar, spite of thee,  
 Recorded stands thro' time, in deathless infamy.

Whate'er deserv'd immortal name  
 Perish'd, to found his barb'rous fame.

The second \*\*\* too was thine,

Who nobly scorn'd the Roman maids ;  
 And still, his hatred of the Nine

Informs the mind the taste degrades,  
 The labours of the tuneful train

Are consecrated now to gain ;  
 They rise, the meteors of a day,

Then calmly sink to rest, beneath thy leaden sway.

## X.

Unfold thy veil, unfold it wide,  
 And all my youthful faults, and venial follies hide;  
 The hours to raving rhyming giv'n,  
 The charms that rob my soul of heav'n.  
 Come, if thou canst, erase the form,  
 That still with sweet delirium fills;  
 O! come, allay the mental storm,  
 That shakes me with ideal ills:  
 Make ev'ry hope and wish to cease,  
 Make all a blank, and call it peace.  
 Mira, too long my soul is full of thee,  
 Come, blest OBLIVION, come, and bring me liberty.

## XI.

Come, reconcile me to my state;  
 Adapt my musings to my dark inglorious fate,  
 While cast on this Bæotian plain,  
 I share the fullness of thy reign;  
 Thy chilling influence let me own;—  
 Th' expansive efforts of the soul—  
 Degrade, embrate, and tread me down;  
 With damps th' æthereal flame controul;  
 Thus let me to the level sink,  
 Of those who live to eat and drink  
 In life's sequester'd vale and low,  
 A ling'ring sedgey stream let noiseless being flow.

## XII.

If I may sing, without a crime,  
 Thou lov'st th' Iernian air beyond each other clime.  
 There undisturb'd thy reign, and wide ;  
 And apathy is at thy side,  
 And self-conceit, of folly bred,  
     With copious influence fills the race,  
 And genius is with learning fled ;  
     But vulgar cunning holds their place.  
 The common herd, the sensual sty,  
 The muses mock, and fame decry,  
 Ingulf'd, concenter'd all in self,  
 And prostrate, all adore the bestial shrine of self.

## XIII.

I see thee stalk along the foil,  
 And mark the busy crowds, that now like emmets toil :  
 I hear thee, from thy misty throne,  
 Exclaim,—“ These myriads are my own.”  
 And surely, at no distant day,  
     Shall they be gather'd to thy shrine ;  
 With Bacchus, to promote thy sway,  
     While sloth and gluttony combine.  
 How little worthy future life,  
 In private aims, or public strife.  
 And wherefore do I raise the song ?  
 OBSCURITY, to thee, the bard and verse, belong.

XIV.

Thine influence now let Europe share ;  
Never was age or clime more worthy of thy care,  
O! come, beneath thy sober reign,  
Reduce the politics of Paine,  
Veil the disgrace that spreads so wide,  
Feroocious Frederick's idle threat ;  
The statesman's crooked counsels hide,  
The foe victorious in defeat,  
Conceal, from wounds no more to close  
Imprest by jealous fear, how freedom's life-blood flows,

S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

COME bufs me, dear Moll, and be prudifh no more,  
Why always, of honour and modesty, prating?  
Old fport-fpoiling Time, will fnatch from us this hour,  
While how we fhall ufe it, like fools, we're debating.

This Time is a fcandalous, fuffy old-maid,  
Not a man, as by lye-monger poets 'tis painted;  
Thro' pride, what fhe long'd to do, ftill fhe delay'd,  
'Till old-age came, foufe, and her market prevented.

And now to make mischief, for ever, fhe'll roam,  
Shed hope's faireft bud, e'er to pleafure 'tis blown;  
And e'er we can fay, that this minute is come,  
"Hey! prefto," fays Time—we look round, and 'tis  
gone.

'Gainst the common invader, let's both take the field,  
That feloniously comes, on our pleasures to prey;  
With love for our lance, and with mirth for our shield,  
Tho' unable to conquer, we'll keep her at bay.

Cease, then, my dear Molly, be prudish no more,  
Heav'n wills not, that mortals unhappy should be;  
Obey, then, my fair-one, the will of that pow'r,  
That made thee for pleasure, as pleasure for thee.

We'll laugh, my dear creature, we'll live and we'll  
love,  
Are the old and the ugly, fit patterns for you?  
While they pray, whine and fast, for a heav'n above,  
The fair and the witty, can make one below.



A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

THE moon diffus'd her pensive light,  
O'er river, vale, and grove ;  
Young Damon hail'd the queen of night,  
With tender tales of love.

Sabina, lovely, wild, unkind,  
Sabina, young and gay ;  
With tender anguish thrill'd his mind,  
With rapture fill'd his lay.

Despair, at length, his bosom fill'd,  
And all his soul was woe ;  
“ No more,” he cry'd, with anguish wild,  
“ Her fatal charms I'll view.”

" A sigh, a tear, perhaps she'll give,  
 " When I, no more shall be ;  
 " A wretch, thou friendly stream, receive,  
 " And end my woes and me."

While thus he spake, his starting eye,  
 Was charg'd with fell intent ;  
 And to the stream, that glided nigh,  
 His desperate course he bent.

" Stay, Damon, whither wouldst thou flee ?"—  
 Sabina ran and cry'd ;  
 For, close behind an aged tree,  
 She heard how Damon sigh'd.

She sigh'd into her Damon's ear,  
 Her love so long conceal'd ;  
 She heal'd each fondly anxious care,  
 Each idle doubt dispell'd.

P A R A P H R A S E,

ON PART OF THE

SEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

BY W. P.

FRIEND.

WHILE thy green years pursued with idle aim,  
The fleeting phantom of poetic fame ;  
Replete with many a charm, and many a wile,  
Thro' Syren rocks and the Circæan Isle ;  
The warning voice was vain, to witlefs youth,  
But added years, and pain, may feel its truth.  
The cares and sorrows printed on thy brow,  
Thy head declining, with a weight of snow ;  
Thy hopes and prospects running all to waste,  
May own that verse is foolishness at last ;

That deadly blights attend Aonia's dew,  
 More pois'nous far, its laurel, than the yew;  
 For pain, and scorn, and poverty, invade  
 Th' incautious man that slumbers in its shade.  
 Why wert thou tempted, with Icarian flight,  
 To rise, advent'rous, to the source of light?  
 Where raptur'd seraphs tune th' ethereal shell,  
 Where forms eternal of the beauteous dwell;  
 Thy treach'rous pinions scatter'd, wide, in air,  
 Deep art thou plung'd in oceans of despair;  
 Swell not, again, the trump of epic song,  
 Nor call, in fable weeds, the gliding throng,  
 Whose fates, ennobled by the Grecian stage,  
 In tuneful bosoms wake poetic rage.  
 What are the fruits of all thy life's proud aim?  
 To toil for glory, and to find it shame.—  
 Go—pile the hearth with faggots—let them blaze,  
 The fun'ral structure of thy darling lays;  
 Or, deep entomb thy labours, in a chest,  
 Retreat of spiders, worms, and moths, to feast.  
 Ere gen'ral apathy on genius frown'd,  
 The Poet's praise a ready market found:  
 Then stocks and stones had ears, for polish'd song,  
 And dedications charm'd the titled throng;  
 While favour'd verse, a two-fold hunger fed,  
 With praise the patron's, and the bard's with bread;

The dews of flatt'ry could a meal afford,  
 And lent existence to some nameless lord :  
 But such the spirit of our Gothic times,  
 Ev'n lordly littleness is proof to rhymes ;  
 And splendid poverty will scarce allow,  
 The barren tribute of a courtly bow :  
 For Orpheus' lyre, tho' stocks and stones had ears,  
 Hope not applause from senators and peers ;  
 To them—no music like the charming strain,  
 Of " Hear him"—" Hear him"—or of "Seven's the  
 main."

Would'st thou in age and poverty repent,  
 The mighty lavish of thy years mispent ?  
 Who deals in verses, drives, with idle hand  
 The unthrifty plough, along the barren sand ;  
 Who feeds on laurel finds it better food,  
 Infusing poison thro' the vital flood.  
 Shake off the muse ; and try, while strength remains,  
 The manual arts that lead to honest gains.  
 Ye famish'd bards, attend to hunger's call,  
 And stain no paper, but to hang a wall ;  
 In fountains there, and groves, and temples, sport,  
 And thus your works may be receiv'd at court.  
 A waggon drive, or delve the stubborn field,  
 Or, still more gen'ral task, a musket wield ;  
 For, commerce lost, and husbandry decay'd,  
 With taxes crush'd, war, war, is all our trade ;

Behold the rocks, that stream with noble blood!  
 What mangled corfes choak the crimson flood.  
 What piercing clamours fill the troubled air,  
 From frustrate vengeance, terror, and despair!  
 What slaughter'd crowds the dire result abide,  
 Of regal follies, and of feudal pride!  
 And thou, no more the hopeless victim pine,  
 Of banish'd Phœbus, and th' exploded mine,  
 Despis'd adherent of a ruin'd cause,  
 The Quixote champion of subverted laws;  
 An emigrant from wisdom's fair domain,  
 As mad and hopeless as the Gallic train,  
 Go, seek in death the remedy of Pain.

Or, dost thou feel an eager thirst for gold,  
 Explore the shops, where evidence is sold,  
 For spies and witnesses the times demand,  
 When prosecutions thunder thro' the land.  
 As Boswell, all he heard and saw records,  
 A filch of looks, a larcener of words,  
 A slave who lurch'd, with aim insidious fraught,  
 To rob his mess-mates, of each secret thought;  
 Whate'er you hear and see, and ten times more,  
 Preserve, repeat, and turn to golden ore.  
 Scorn the vain echoes of poetic fame;  
 And learn to thrive on profitable shame.

The muse's livery on the modern plan,  
 Is the sole livery that degrades the man.  
 For hadst thou sprung by dex'trous crime, or luck,  
 Obscene, and reeking from the dunghill's muck,  
 Unblushing pander, senatorian crimp,  
 In form, a porter; and in soul, a pimp;  
 Had fortune's worst caprice ordain'd thy lot,  
 The wealth, the state, the luxury, of \*\*\*\*.  
 Wert thou the vilest of the human race,  
 A cheat, like Semphill, or like \*\*\*\*\* base;  
 Thou shalt ascend, upon thy bags of gold,  
 Where all the honours of a land are sold;  
 For, ev'n the ermin'd honours of a land,  
 Are sometimes sold, with sacrilegious hand.

## POET.

Yet self-conceit essays her treach'rous skill,  
 And pride would whisper, "Be a Poet still;"  
 The laurell'd portrait and the lean reward,  
 That late posterity assigns the bard,  
 The meagre lines, strong mark'd by nature's hand,  
 In living marble shall hereafter stand.—

## FRIEND.

Are these thy hopes?—can such unenvy'd fate  
 Redeem the suff'rings of thy present state?

Why waste thy soul, and fame, with anxious zeal,  
 For praises, which obtain'd, thou shalt not feel?  
 For know, my friend, while these fastidious times,  
 The living poet starve, and scorn his rhymes;  
 With keen research, they seek the trash that bears  
 The sacred fiat, of revolving years;  
 And rake the dust, with antiquarian rage,  
 For Grub-street rhymers of a distant age.  
 Luxurious Britain! 'mid thy wild expence,  
 Thy tasteless joys, and vain magnificence;  
 Tell me, abode of all that's mean and great,  
 Prolific parent, of the sage, and cheat;  
 Why was a Priestley banish'd from thy shore,  
 The prelate's lawn, when furious Horsely wore?  
 From the sly courtier, to th' imperial throne,  
 What friend, what patronage, do letters own?

POET.

The best of friends.—The sov'reign of our isles,  
 The drooping muse sustains, with cheering smiles;  
 And royal bounty plumes her flagging wing,  
 To reach the glories of a patriot king.—  
 A king, who reigns in ev'ry subject heart,  
 Friend of the muses, and each lib'ral art;  
 As bounteous as the sun, with gen'rous hand,  
 Diffusing light and pleasure, thro' the land.



Propitious æra to the tuneful Nine,  
How have they flourish'd under Brunfwick's line?

FRIEND.

What!—Thou aspire to share the royal grace!  
So weak thy claim, pre-occupied the place!  
For Jerningham with soporific lay,  
Besieges Berwick all a summer's day,  
While, on one leg, the master's ear to charm,  
Our new Tyrtæus pipes his war alarm;  
Nor ev'n the sturdy Sheridan disdains,  
To pour the dew of panegyrick strains.

POET.

Yet, will I look for brighter days to come,  
In him, the second hope of mighty Rome;  
And, while his deeds a theme poetic give,  
The drooping muse his bounty shall revive;  
Not his, the lavish, which has never bought,  
The conscious pleasure, of a virtuous thought;  
While toil-worn peasants find that lavish steal,  
Some little comfort from their scanty meal;  
As 'mid the pelting of the ruthless storm,  
The cheering brand they seek, or raiments warm,  
Th' exulting muse, with warmest hope, furveys,  
The princely promise of the rising days;

How oft, angelic, will his aid descend,  
 To heal the pangs, that widow'd bosoms rend !  
 Tho' rage of pleasure, sometimes, fill'd the mind,  
 While sick'ning art on nature's wants refin'd ;  
 Yet still, my friend, the princely soul would need,  
 Th' exalted pleasure of some virtuous deed.  
 Genius is nurtur'd, by his large expence,  
 And arts, that wound not decency and sense ;  
 A just magnificence, not lavish waste,  
 It marks the mind of elegance and taste ;  
 Amid those halls, like Cæsar's dome of old,  
 With mirrors pannell'd and emblaz'd with gold,  
 Lo ! grateful genius breaths the courtly air,  
 See virtue's venerable form repair ;  
 Lo ! bards and sages, fly where bounty calls,  
 And living pencils breathe along the walls.

FRIEND.

Canst thou, when all, to sing his praise, conspire,  
 Hope for distinction to thine humble lyre ?  
 Too small thy stature, for the mighty crowd,  
 Too weak thy carrol, for the Pœans loud.  
 No, rather haste, if thy desire be gain,  
 Where drunken orgies ask a song obscene ;  
 Where impious mirth, is hurl'd against the skies,  
 And decency and God alike defies.

Ah! no—yet still th' unfetted soul is caught,  
With vain suggestions of romantic thought;  
Thy notions, all, to times remote belong,  
Exploded reveries of classic song.—

POET.

The generous bard, distinguish'd from the train,  
That pours no vulgar, prostituted, strain;  
Nor, basely, crouches to the little proud,  
Nor seeks poor plaudits, from th' unletter'd crowd;  
But bears, superior to the present doom,  
A spirit conscious of the days to come;  
The genuine offspring of celestial line,  
Whose powers we feel, but never can define;  
Rises superior to the present scorn,  
And hears the praise of myriads, yet unborn.

FRIEND.

Well—be it so—what subject wilt thou chuse?  
What theme deserving of a free-born muse?

POET.

Satire, perhaps—

FRIEND.

Tho' these corrupted times  
Invite the touch, severe, of caustic rhymes;

Far, far, is satire, from the land remov'd,  
 That furly guardian, by the virtues lov'd ;  
 The callous heart, which sometimes felt, of yore,  
 Is touch'd and sham'd, by ridicule, no more ;  
 In manners soft, in nature hard as steel,  
 Without an head to think, or heart to feel ;  
 Glaz'd o'er, by cold refinement's hollow frost,  
 Th' essential traits of character are lost.  
 Fear, affectation, fashion, and grimace,  
 Gives a false varnish, and a common face,  
 And vainly, wit, her shining falchion draws,  
 When modish vice becomes a public cause ;  
 The giant crimes, that stalk in open noon,  
 Find truth a libel, satire a lampoon ;  
 The hoary lechers and adult'rous wives,  
 If print, perchance, display their pictur'd lives,—  
 How virtue startles, at the loose details,  
 What pious rage th' immodest bard assails ;  
 They cannot trace, not they, poor simple elves,  
 In those details, a portrait of themselves !—  
 With Mævius, Curio joins, in one accord,  
 The blasted soldier, and the graceless lord ;  
 From prurient thorns, to weed Pieria's plain,  
 And teach the muse a dully decent strain.—

## FRIEND.

Yet satire 'mid this apathy survives,  
 And sly, fardonic, mirth, to Peter gives.—

And still PURSUITS of LITERATURE abound,  
To wing the shafts of classic censure round.

## POET.

But Pindar's muse, alas ! with harpy aim,  
On, present, profit falls, and, present, fame ;  
Nor seeks a being, in the days to come,  
Nor prizes plaudits, of a future Rome ;  
O ! monument of genius run to waste !  
O ! living instance of perverted taste !  
A meal and coat, to him, are more than praise,  
The fatirist, and satire, of our days ;  
With talents born to reach an height sublime,  
The Bookfellers, alone, inspire his rhyme ;  
The modest ear, decorum, oft he wounds,  
And time, and place, and decency, confounds ;  
Not the grave censor, but th' envenom'd foe,  
Intemp'rate rage his ribbald railings show—  
What useful lesson to the giddy throng ?  
What moral precept, dignifies the song ?—  
A tiger's fury, in a monkey's shape,  
Mangles the man, and lets the crime escape.

## FRIEND.

Well, be more grave, and ambush'd in the dark,  
Th' unguarded prey, with aim insidious mark !

Thy name, alone, with caution, be conceal'd,  
 Thy rank and station, in broad hints, reveal'd ;  
 Courtiers alike, and democrats, defy,  
 And show thy zeal, for Greek and loyalty.—  
 All ranks, all sects, the copious theme, afford,  
 From college pedants, to the mitred lord.—

## POET.

What ! imitate the wretch, of canker'd mind,  
 Who wears a mask, and stabs at all mankind ?—  
 While, scorpion-like, a dark envenom'd thing,  
 The coward only quits his hole, to sting ;  
 Th' o'er-weening pedant, vomits forth his gall,  
 Secure in secrecy, the foe of all ;  
 And rushes forth, vindictive war to wage,  
 For church and state, with more than holy rage—  
 What ! imitate the slave of proud conceit,  
 The shallow mind with airy visions cheat ;  
 In fond self-love, like vain Narcissus, pine,  
 And think the palms of verse, and learning, mine !—  
 Forbid it heav'n !—no—I would sooner chuse,  
 The bald productions, of some purblind muse ;  
 To pen loose prologues, for a private play,  
 And rhyme the mushroom tattle of the day ;

## FRIEND.

And let me tell you, if your mod'rate aim,  
 Be courtly readers, and a present fame ; .

Such are the models suited to the time,  
 The flimsy archetypes of easy rhyme;  
 Let smutty *EQUIVOQUE* adorn the song,  
 Charade and pun, amuse the female throng;  
 Ladies and lordlings, then, shall hiss your lines,  
 Tho' their poor author in a garret pines;  
 And, wond'rous favour, to an humble bard,  
 A *CHAIR AT READINGS*, be your proud reward.  
 With wits, male, female, epicene, and common,  
 The soldier feminine, the mankind woman;  
 Age, affectation, impotence, and spite,  
 All human reptiles that both sting and bite.

POET.

Are these the things whose plaudits are my aim?  
 Are these the mighty arbiters of fame?  
 Is it for this that bards renounce the hope,  
 Of ease and comfort, and neglected mope—  
 While scanning syllables, and weighing words,  
 Sleep flies their couch, and famine haunts their boards?  
 Oh shame—oh shame! tho' deaf to wisdom's cry,  
 Pride shall redeem me, from such slavery—  
 But tow'ring high, with oriental state,  
 The spacious theatre unfolds its gate,  
 Where the long pageant, the vast stage displays,  
 Where tinsel glitters, and where lustres blaze;

At random thrown, to tempt my wand'ring eye,  
 The comic mask, and tragic buskin lie.  
 Here I may thrive, or dreams, my fancy lure,  
 The task seems easy, and the profit sure.  
 The LAWS OF LOMBARDY my claim allow,  
 And PERCY leaves a laurel for my brow.  
 What, tho' the muse her progeny surveys,  
 Howards and Settles of these modern days,  
 Mores, Cowleys, Merrys, Whitehead, Greathead,  
     Jephson;  
 At least acknowledged as an humble step-son,  
 I may inherit from the tragic dame,  
 A child's provision of productive fame.  
 Tho' Rabbi Cumberland, with stern regard,  
 And circumcision threatens an upstart bard,  
 Keeffe, Inchbald, Richardson, no rivals mean,  
 Cobbe, Colman, Reynolds, Morton, fill the scene.  
 Yet, SUCH THINGS ARE, and haply I may be  
 The favour'd child of NOTORIETY.  
 The managers will, sure, that aid afford,  
 Delusive hope had promis'd from a lord;  
 And give my weary age some calm retreat,  
 Where, sick of rhyming, I may laugh and eat.

## FRIEND.

Your prose harmonious, flowing is your verse,  
 Your tragic vain sublime, your humour terse;



Elate with hope, three months sequester'd toil,  
 Arrange your incidents, refine your stile ;  
 The play complete ; your fancy, with delight,  
 Foreruns the profits of an author's night ;  
 Transcribe the scenes, and seek, with eager haste,  
 The proud dictators of the public taste.—  
 Oh fool ! to think thy poor plebeian pen  
 Should draw the notice of such mighty men ;  
 Despotic Harris, Kemble unpolite,  
 Himself a muse !—oh ! most advent'rous wight !  
 Dare you to hope the notice of the town,  
 Yourself, your manners, and your muse, unknown ;  
 Stranger alike to templars, beaux, and cits,  
 To reading clubs, and coteries of wits ?—  
 Th' oblivious drawer is gaping for thy lays,  
 The silent limbo of rejected plays ;  
 There shalt thou rest, for weary months and years,  
 While, thy vain bosom, throbs with hopes and fears ;  
 Thence, late return, unhonour'd and unread,  
 The drama slighted, and the bard unfed !  
 Nor is this all—fair Cowley's page arraigns  
 Perfidious managers, for pilfer'd strains ;  
 Thus, by the despots of the stage, expell'd,  
 “ Unhousel'd, unanointed, unannell'd,”  
 Proceed, poor bard, the whips and scorns endure,  
 All, all, are weak thy vanity to cure ;

Befotted, poison'd, by the love of fame,  
 Resort to tyrants, with another name,—

POET.

The Bookfellers, that generous, candid, train,  
 Shall kindly nurse the bantlings of my brain ;  
 Infuse their golden opiates, and assuage  
 The pangs inflicted, by the court and stage ;  
 When WHATMAN'S paper, work'd in BÜLMER'S press,  
 Presents my foundling, in a christ'ning dress ;  
 With puffs and pap, by the Reviewers, fed,  
 The child, perhaps, may grow and earn its bread ;  
 While Goody Stockdale, deigns, with nursing hand,  
 To teach the trembling brat, alone to stand.—

FRIEND.

What—Bookfellers recruit thy famish'd purse !—  
 How childish fancy, roams from bad to worse !  
 This deals in politics, but not in rhymes,  
 Another asks some touches at the times ;  
 This, never meddles with the tragic vein,  
 That, fears your muse may touch upon th' obscene :  
 This, works for kirk and democrats, alone,  
 That, is devoted, to the church and throne.  
 For patriot cares, good Johnson draws his breath,  
 Nichols, is all for anecdote and death.

'Tom Paine is sacred to th' illustrious dead,  
 The muse's friend, with dying Doddsley fled ;  
 Who for a publisher, in Edwards, looks ?—  
 He knows the bindings, not contents, of books.  
 Say, to what end, thy study, cares, and pains ?  
 Wilt thou thy body waste, and rack thy brains ?  
 When such the porters of the door of fame,  
 Who sit in judgment on the poet's claim.  
 Let noble lords, and titled ladies, rhyme,  
 Sweet are their numbers, if the guineas chime ;  
 The flowing lines of Burrel's lily hand,  
 And Hampden's classic strain, Bodoni's prefs command ;  
 Carlisle, in Turkey bound, with gold imboss,  
 May show the vein of Howards is not lost ;  
 The book, superbly bound, is gratis giv'n,  
 And all applaud the favourites of heav'n.  
 But thou—Oh ! happy bards of ancient Rome,  
 No danger, there, of such oblivious doom ;  
 They hir'd his pulpit, of an auctioneer,  
 And roar'd their poems in the public ear.  
 Pursue th' example, and a tub provide,  
 With quacks and methodists the crowd divide ;  
 Distribute samples of melodious song,  
 Where confluent streets unite the strolling throng ;  
 Sing Brunswick's palms and clemency, aloud,  
 With Frederick's trophies, charm the gaping crowd.

The crowd shall follow his triumphal car,  
 And hail the blessings of protracted war.  
 To Solyma conduct the christian knight,  
 In long procession, Turks and Franks unite ;  
 Rimnitzki's glories, shall a theme supply,  
 His benedictions, and his piety ;  
 His piety, that reeks round Ismail's wall,  
 His benedictions, that on Warsaw fall.

POET.

Spare thy derision—would'st thou hope destroy ?  
 Hope, sole remaining avenue to joy !  
 Chief soother of the warm poetic breast,  
 Sole good remaining in Pandora's chest!—

FRIEND.

Well, grant thy muse, superior to this age,  
 Should burst her way, triumphant, to the stage—  
 How shall the spirit, sunk with want and care,  
 Catch the bright phantoms, of the good and fair ?  
 Or fancy's visions, on the cell, descend,  
 Where blank despair, and cheerless famine, bend ?  
 No—the free muse, of pain impatient flies,  
 To meads enamell'd. and to cloudless skies,  
 The gush of fountains, and the vales and groves,  
 Where flocks and birds, renew their vernal loves :

When the grim offspring of a doom unkind,  
 When want and cares besiege the frame and mind;  
 How shalt thou bid the gen'rous fury rave?—  
 How court the muses, in Pierian cave?—  
 In vain—O poverty! thine abject band,  
 Would grasp the thyrsus, with unhallow'd hand:  
 Vacant and pure let rushing godhead find,  
 The sacred temple of the poet's mind:  
 No menial objects, there, admittance gain,—  
 No vulgar cares, divided sway retain;  
 No pangs, the bard, but pangs ideal, know,  
 And should he weep, the tear from fiction flow,—  
 When Horace wing'd the bold pindaric flight,  
 'Midst affluence, social hours, and gay delight,  
 Ease, from her couch, the downy plumage lent,  
 To imp the pinions of his bold ascent;  
 How had the muse of mighty Maro fail'd,  
 Had want's terrific form his soul assail'd?  
 By fortune doom'd, to famine and to care,  
 The snakes had fallen from his fury's hair:  
 No more, the bard, a daring glance had cast,  
 To gaze on godhead, thro' th' etherial vast.  
 No martial trump, had wak'd the Trojan host,  
 ARMS AND THE MAN, had been for ever lost.  
 While Pope, luxurious, in his grot reclines,  
 And forms his quincunx, or displays his vines;

With ease, and wealth, and leisure, at his board,  
 Fed, like a monk; and flatter'd, like a lord;  
 In happy hours, he woos the tuneful train,  
 And forms, with patient touch, the polish'd strain;  
 Then views, with scornful eye, the wretch who scrawls,  
 With desp'rate charcoal, round his darken'd walls;  
 Not Lombard-street could boast, with more parade,  
 The weight of purse, or scorn the tuneful trade.—  
 Had'st thou been doom'd in base dependent state,  
 To cope, like Savage, with misfortune's hate;  
 And had some other Pope arisen for thee,  
 To tread, exulting, on thy misery.—  
 Had'st thou, from cruel pride, and meanness, found  
 Gifts that debase, and benefits, that wound.—  
 Thy muse, the terror of the dunce and cheat,  
 Had cring'd, in flattery, to the vain and great;  
 Ev'n in thy garret quak'd at Lintot's frown,  
 And bow'd, submiss, to Curl, for half a crown;  
 Where then the muse, that scorning fancy's throng,  
 Had stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd the song?—  
 Had'st thou, when call'd to rhyme in nature's spite,  
 Perceiv'd, O bard!—**WHATEVER IS IS RIGHT?**—  
 Deluded friend! to think poetic rage,  
 Will charm the nobles of this laggard age!—  
 Wert thou an actor, could'st thou cog a die,  
 Had fate bereft thee of virility;

Wert thou endow'd with mimic pow'r of face,  
Then, might'st thou mix among the courtly race ;  
Such rare perfections more delight impart,  
Than all accomplishments of head and heart.

POET.

An hopeful preacher, I may well reply,  
Whose practice to his precepts gives the lie ;  
Such is the folly of the scribbling tribe—  
We oft, are all we censure and proscribe ;  
Write against poetry, in rhyming vein,—  
Write against satire, in satiric strain.—

FRIEND.

Just is th' objection—to its force I bend,  
Conclude my lecture, and release my friend.



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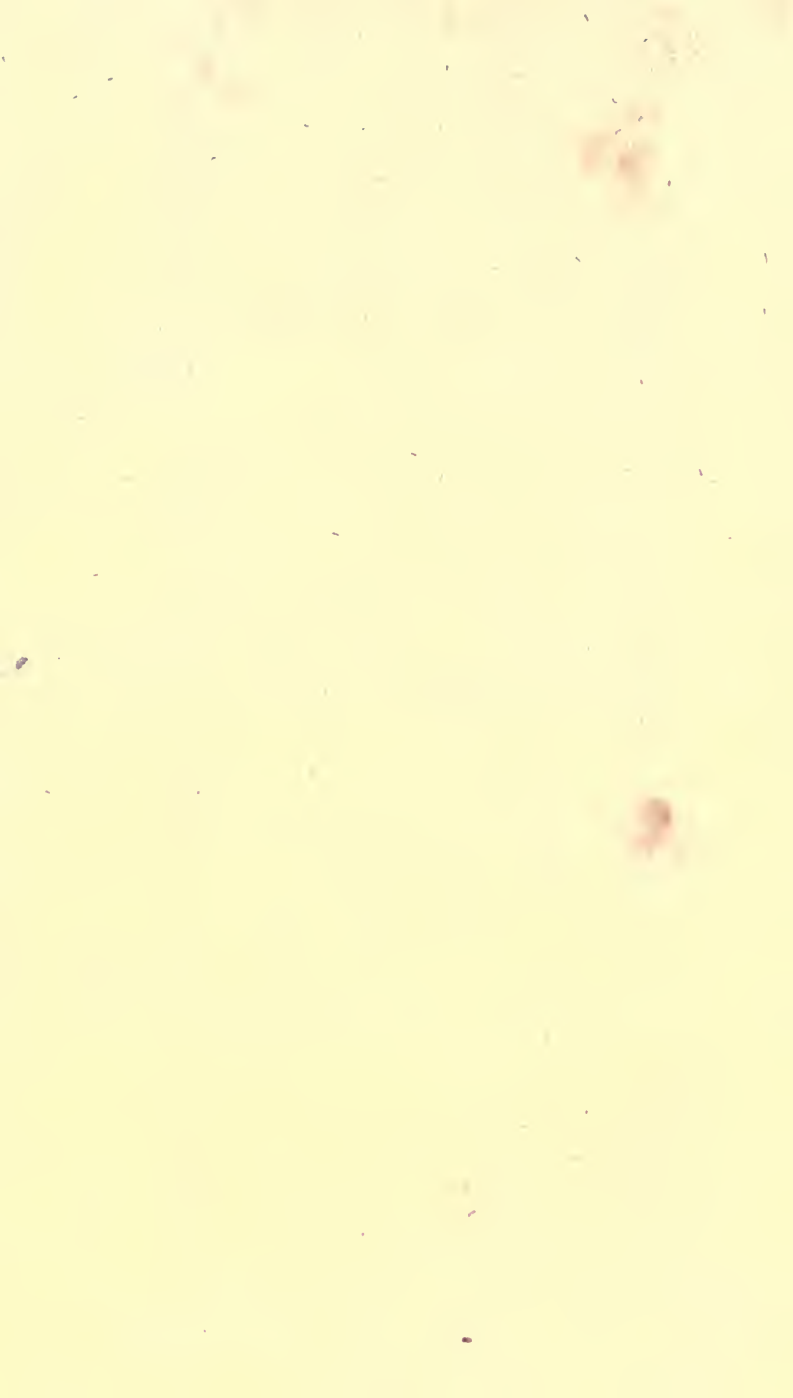
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