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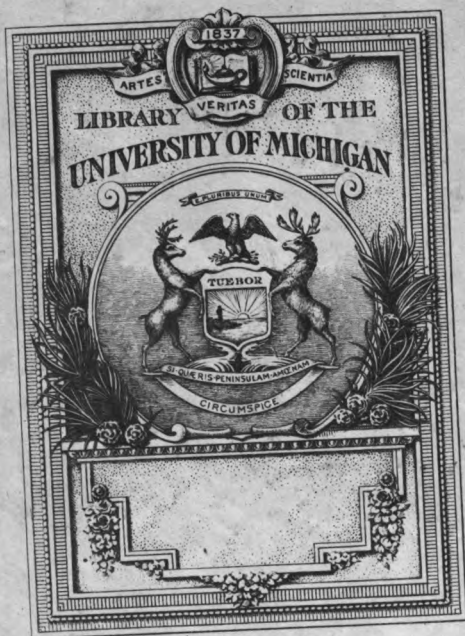
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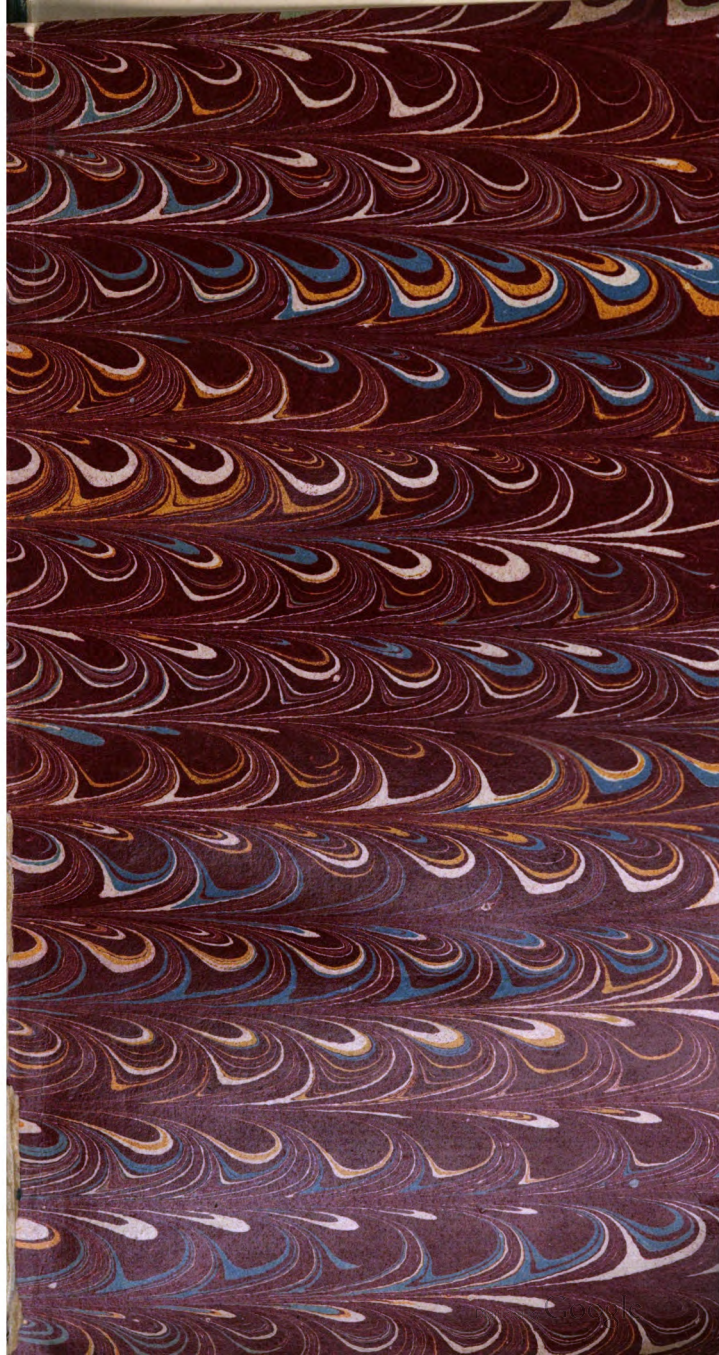
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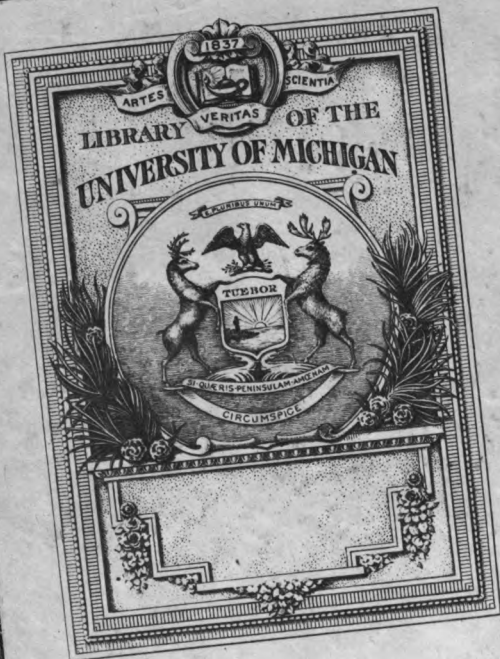
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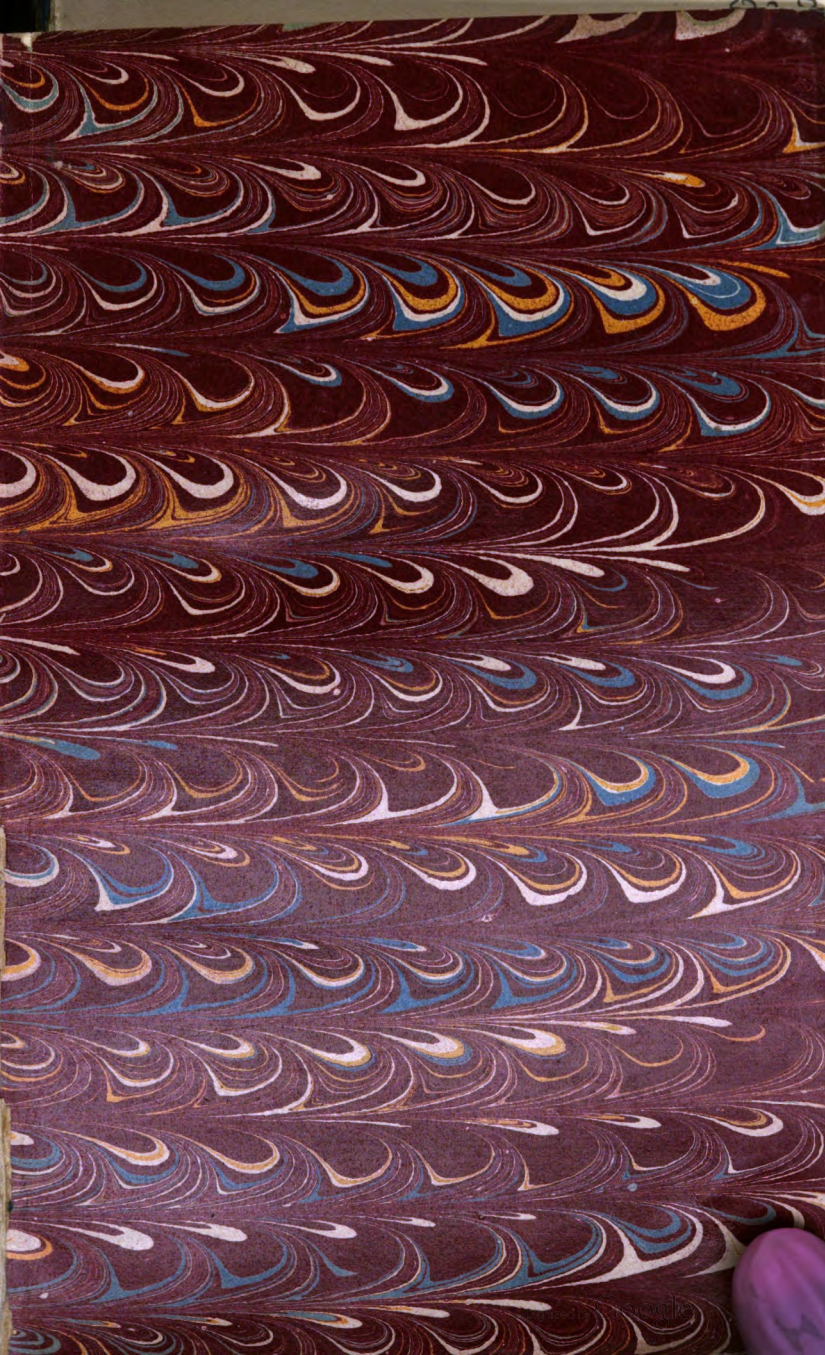
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1806

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF THE LATE

(Dorsey)
Mrs. MARY ROBINSON:

INCLUDING MANY

PIECES

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

—
IN THREE VOLUMES.
—

VOL. III.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
MRS. ROBINSON.

THE
PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

BOOK THE FIRST.

HAIL, LIBERTY SUBLIME ! hail godlike pow'r,
Coëval with the skies, to earth new born ;
Thou parent of delight, thou source refin'd
Of human energy ! Thou fountain vast
From whose immortal stream the soul of man
Imbibes celestial fervour ! But for thee,
O ! best and noblest attribute of God !
Who would the coil endure of mortal woe,
The frowns of fortune, or the taunts of pride ;
Float with the gale, or buffet with the storm ;
Who labour thro' the busy dream of time,
War with oppression, or resist the base ;
Opposing ever, and by each oppos'd,
To count succeeding conflicts ; and to die ?
Hail, LIBERTY ! legitimate of Heav'n !

VOL. III.

B

Who, on a mountain's solitary brow
First started into life; thy sire, old TIME ;
Thy mother, blooming, innocent, and gay,
The GENIUS of the scene ! Thy beauteous form
She gave to nature ; on whose fragrant lap,
Nurs'd by the breath of morn, each glowing vein
Soon throbb'd with healthful streams. Thy sparkling
eyes

Snatch'd radiance from the sun ! while ev'ry limb,
By custom unrestrain'd, grew firm and strong.
Thy midnight cradle, rock'd by howling winds,
Lull'd thee to wholesome rest. Thy bev'rage pure,
The wild brook gushing from the rocky steep,
And foaming, unimpeded, down the vale.
For thee no victim bled ; no groan of death
Stole on the sighing gale to pitying Heav'n !
Thy food the herbage sweet, or wand'ring vine
Bursting its luscious bounds, and scatt'ring wide
The purple stream nectareous. O'er the hills,
Veil'd with an orient canopy sublime,
'Twas thine to rove unshackl'd ; or to weave
Young mountain flow'rs to deck thy flowing hair,
But not confine it. Where thy footsteps fell,
No vagrant bud was crush'd ; for swift and light
As summer breezes, flew thy active limbs,
Scarce brushing the soft dews. Thy song divine,
Warbled with all the witchery of sound,
Welcom'd the varied year ; nor mark'd the change

Of passing seasons : for to thee **THE MORN**
 (Whether Favonius op'd the sunny east,
 Flaunting its lustrous harbinger of light,
 Or slow the paly glimpse of Winter's eye
 Peer'd on the frozen brow of sickly day),
 Still wore an aspect lovely ! Ev'ning's star,
 Spangling the purple splendours of the west,
 And glowing, 'midst infinity of space,
 Temper'd by twilight's tears, still smil'd on **THEE**,
 And bade thee dream of rapture ! Nor could night,
 With all its glooms opaque, its howling blasts—
 Thunders, appalling to the guilty soul—
 Or livid fires, winging the shafts of death,
 Shake the soft slumbers of thy halcyon home.
 The wild was thy domain ! at morn's approach
 Thy bounding form uprose to meet the sun,
 Thyself its proud epitome ! For thou,
 Like the vast orb, wert destin'd to illume
 The mist-encircled world ; to warm the soul,
 To call the pow'rs of teeming reason forth,
 And ratify the laws by nature made !

Long didst thou live, unruling and unrul'd,
 The reveller of **NATURE's** wide domain !
 'Till weary of thy solitude sublime,
 And seeking bliss, beyond the bliss of Heav'n,
 Thy truant steps the mazy haunts of **MEN**
 Unheeded trod. Thy mighty voice was heard
 Amidst the groans of anguish and despair,

The din of revelry, or silence deep
Of dungeon horrors ; while high-bearing pride,
First taught to feel, her ghastly visage wrapp'd
In superstition's cowl. Ambition next
Assum'd the mask of valour ; till revenge
Mock'd the shrewd spoiler. Terror then rush'd forth ;
Her eyes glar'd wildly through the specious tears
Of holy sorrow ; while her livid lip
Mutter'd relentless curses, each approv'd
By FOLLY, CRUELTY, OPPRESSION, PRIDE :
Confederate FIENDS, that trampled on the laws
Of bleeding NATURE. While they stood aghast,
Thy bosom bare, and form of godlike mould,
Burst on their startled gaze ! they shrunk appall'd,
Trembling and pale ! But soon the torpid spell
Of broad-ey'd horror vanish'd, and each arm
Was rais'd for slaughter. Legions bold uprose,
While fierce despair a frantic phalanx form'd.
To intercept thy path ! The daring host
At thy command gave way. Still, urg'd by fate,
Onward thou cam'st, o'er cliffs stupendous ; where
Dark-brow'd DECEIT hung brooding o'er the wave
That lash'd the sands below. Down the dread gulf,
Oblivion's black domain, unnumber'd fiends
Hurl'd shrieking victims ; spirits that rebell'd,
And spurn'd oppression's chain. Upon a rock
(Which seem'd the top-most beacon of the world),
A lofty fabric stood, whose ebon tow'rs

Shadow'd their pond'rous gates. At thy approach
 The bolts flew wide, and with a thund'ring crash
 The scene disclos'd ! There on his iron throne
 Terrifically frown'd **DESPOTIC POWER**,
 A giant strong ! his vassals, bound in chains
 (Artfully twin'd with wreaths of opiate flow'rs,
 Thro' which the clanking links sad music made),
 Stood trembling at his gaze. Beneath his feet
 Pale captives groan'd ; while shad'wy spectres dire,
 Of persecuted innocence and worth ;
 Of **GENIUS**, bent to an untimely grave ;—
 Of **ETHIOPS**, burnt beneath their native sun,
 Their countless wounds wide yawning for revenge,
 Rose in a mighty host,—and yell'd despair !—

The flinty fabric shook ! the thund'ring spheres
 Frown'd, dark as Erebus ! upon its base
 The Pandemonium rock'd ! while with'ring bolts
 From heav'n's red citadel fell fast around.
 The vex'd sea, swoln above its tow'ring walls,
 Foam'd madly furious. The gigantic fiend
 Wav'd high his adamantine wand in vain ;
THY POTENT GRASP PALSY'D THE MONSTER'S

ARM,

And hurl'd him fathoms down his native hell !
 All earth convulsive yawn'd ; while nature's hand
 Crush'd the infernal throne, and in its stead,
 A thousand temples rose, each dedicate
 To valour, reason, **LIBERTY**, and fame !

Now from her dark and solitary cell
 Suspicion started, vigilant and shrewd,
 Fear in her eye, and malice in her breast :
 She scowl'd around, trembling, perplex'd, amaz'd,
 Scarce daring to believe, yet more afraid
 To doubt her startled senses. Ev'ry breeze
 That whisper'd peril to the ear of night,
 Bathing its ebon cheek with humid fears,
 Bade her be wary : ev'ry blushing dawn
 Beheld a scene of blood. The public streets
 Flow'd with ensanguin'd streams : the prisons
 groan'd

With vengeful MINIONS ; while the subtle slaves
 Aim'd at the breast of freedom. For a time
 Valour with-held the desolating sword,
 And pity offer'd to the lips of pride
 The cup capacious, fill'd with essence pure,
 Drawn from the fount of REASON. Shrewd revenge,
 With all the restless demons of her train,
 Thirsting for blood, the sacred pledge receiv'd ;
 And while the eye of PITY turn'd to heav'n,
 Infus'd a deadly poison ! on themselves
 The fatal vengeance fell ; *they drank*—AND DIED !

Now the broad eye of freedom, like the sun,
 Flam'd on the northern world ! an awful beam
 Descending mark'd the solitary path
 To the dim cloister, where the VESTAL sad
 Wither'd thro' life's dull hour in ling'ring death ;

Her spring of youth chill'd by untimely frost,
 And all the warm perceptions of her soul
 Spell-bound by sorrow ! What were her pursuits ?
 Fasting and pray'r ; long nights of meditation ;
 And days consum'd in tears. The matin songs,
 By repetition dull, familiar grown,
 Pass'd o'er her lip mechanically cold,
 And little mark'd devotion. The wing'd choir,
 Blithe airy travellers of the spheric climes,
 Hover'd around the grey and mould'ring spires
 Of her dim habitation. Could their songs,
 Their dulcet warblings and wild mazy trills,
 Sooth the wan mourner's breast, or prompt her
 thoughts

Anticipating freedom ? The cold moon,
 Scatt'ring nocturnal incense on the world,
 Stole o'er her lonely prison, sadly pale,
 Rob'd in a starry vest ; her crescent bright
 Silver'd the ivy battlements ; the haunts
 Of that lone bird, whose melancholy note,
 Breaking the solitude, from fev'rish dreams
 Startl'd her aching breast. The fervid noon
 No streamy light bestow'd to gild the cell
 Where bigot frenzy barr'd the icy grate,
 And spread perpetual horrors ! Day retir'd ;
 The gaudy monarch of unbounded space,
 Furling his ample vest of blushing gold,
 Hie'd to his dusky bed ; the vesper bell,

Pale twilight's sound funereal, rous'd her soul
From transient spells of contemplation sad,
By small and silver sounds; vibrations sweet!
Yet not more sweet than solemn. HAPLESS MAID!
On the cold marble of her cell she kneel'd
To chant her midnight orisons, and mourn,
The slave confess'd of passion and despair!
'Twas her's to breathe upon her cross the sigh
Of unavailing grief, while love's pure torch,
In the mild radiance of her humid eyes,
Gleams like an April sun thro' passing show'rs,
To shew another idol in her breast!
Her smooth cheek reddens thro' the snowy veil
That half conceals its bloom: ah! transient bloom!
The self-reproving flush of conscious love,
Which, like the wood-wild rose, unfolds its hues,
And, drest with morning's tears, expires unseen!
Counting her beads, she number'd not her pray'rs:
Yet who can blame the VESTAL's wand'ring thoughts?
Could the day past, to her reflecting mind
Shew consolation? Could the relique cold
Chill the warm pulse that throbs within her breast,
Or chasten its rebellion, while no gleam
Of peace was her's, save that which hope unfolds,
The quiet of THE GRAVE? O! beamless GRAVE!
Thou sombre curtain, which o'er life's dull scene
Throws blank oblivion; while the busy throng
Are bound in apathy, 'till lab'ring time

Dissolves them into nothing! Yet the spark
 Of immortality, escap'd the bounds
 Of its dark prison-clay, roves, unconfin'd,
 Thro' regions infinite, and worlds unknown!
 Then joyful is the hour, when, to the wretch
 (Whose feet ne'er wander'd from sequester'd haunts,
 Who, shut from nature's wond'rous scenery,
 Breathes but a living spectre), death shall come,
 Robb'd of his terrors, like a herald gay,
 To force the frozen gates of BIGOT zeal,
 Clos'd by OPPRESSION's hand, and barr'd by PRIDE.
 Ask the pale VESTAL's meditating soul,
 Was it for this her rosy infancy
 Was nurs'd with tender care? Her perfect form,
 Fashion'd by all the graces and the loves,
 Rear'd to the op'ning summer of delight,
 A model of perfection? Was her mind,
 Stor'd with the prodigality of nature,
 Expanded, warm'd, enlighten'd, and inspir'd,
 For this to perish? Can the sable vest,
 The lawn transparent, or the pendent cross,
 Deceive th' OMNISCIENT! while her beating heart
 Proclaims her form'd for rational delight?
 Prepost'rous sacrifice! Sweet fading flow'r!
 Condemn'd to waste its bloom in one dull speck
 Of freezing solitude; to lift its head,
 Lovely as spring! Yet, ere the summer sun
 Unfolds its od'rous breast,—to droop, AND DIE!

'Mid the grey horrors of his narrow cell,
The wasted **MONK** is seen. His silv'ry beard
Falls, like Helvetia's snow, half down his breast,
Shading his frozen heart. A torpid spell
Benumbs life's fountain, while the feeble pulse
Marks the slow progress of time's weary course,
With languid circulation. Ev'ry clock
That sounds the passing hour, appears the knell
Which warns him to oblivion. A coarse garb
Hangs round his meagre frame; his hollow cheek,
Shrivell'd with frequent fasting as with age,
Scarce hides his bony jaws. Beneath his cowl,
His dimly-gleaming eyes, sunk in their cells,
And glaz'd with midnight watching, ask of Heav'n
A solitary grave. Poor, breathing ghost!
Tell that still questioner, thy weary mind,
'Twas not for cloister'd, visionary glooms,
For castigation and sequester'd hours,
For cold inanity, life's conscious death,
That nature gave thee strength in busy scenes
To act a nobler part. Misguided **MONK**!
Thou wretched slave of bigotry and fraud!
Was it to gabble o'er a canting tale,
To trim the wasting lamp, to wear away
The flinty pavement with thy wounded knees,
To scourge thy meagre flesh, embrace cold saints,
To starve thy appetites, till ev'ry bone
Shews what a wretched, ghastly thing thou art,

Robb'd of thy outward form? Was it for this
 That reason dawn'd upon thy op'ning youth;
 And science smil'd, while love, with sportive mein,
 Danc'd gaily on, leading expectant joys
 Which told thee thou wert MAN? O! did the spark,
 Th' electric spark which kindles fancy's fire,
 Ne'er in perspective bright unfold such scenes
 As bade thy bosom glow, ambition warm'd,
 Or melt in rapt'rous visions? What art thou?
 Deluded, sad, forgotten! Like a tree
 Plac'd on a blasted desert, where no sun
 Visits the sapless trunk, but all around
 One gloom perpetual reigns. Where are thy pow'rs?
 Where the perception strong, the active mind,
 Th' ethereal essence that expands the heart;
 The depth of knowledge, and the will to act?
 Where is the stamp which marks th' immortal soul,
 And places THEE above the growling brute?
 Shrouded by superstition, chain'd by fear,
 Benumb'd by long seclusion from the world;
 While naught remains, but a lean, wither'd form,
 Inert, enfeeb'l'd, useless, and debased!
 The Indian wild, that roves the pathless steep,
 Chasing the famish'd wolf, or savage bear,
 Anticipates the hour when to his hut
 He drags the bleeding spoil, and shouts, and sings,
 In social feasting with his untaught tribes;
 The blazing fire encircled, sheds a glow

On the brown cheek, and gilds the gloomy hour
Of wint'ry desolation!—O'er his hut,
Scoop'd in the snowy ridge or flinty rock,
The blast howls horrible, while the gaunt beast,
That roves for prey, fills up the sullen pause
With yell'd defiance.—On the distant shore
The white surge dashes, with a fateful sound,
While the wreck'd mariner the slipp'ry steep
Climbs desperately bold. List'ning he hears
The deafning din of elements combin'd;
Where clouds embattled mingle; while beneath
Waves roll on waves, curling their tyrant heads
In wild fantastic fury. From the cliff
The sea-bird screams, while the half-shrouded moon
Throws its dim light upon the world below,
Frozen and desolate. Yet ev'n there
MAN is the friend of MAN! While the rude grasp
The deafning war-hoop, or the uncouth garb,
Shews, with fantastic gestures, the caprice
Of ever-varying nature. But, for THEE,
O solitary MONK! no cheerful hour
Shall mark the summer morn, or deck the wing
Of time with sunny lustre! all, yes all,
To thee shall seem a blank; a dreadful blank,
Veiling the face of nature, while her voice
Whispers reproof; reproof that will be heard
Ev'n in the cloister's melancholy shade;
Till death shall close the tablet of thy fate,

Nor leave one friend, to PITY or to PRAISE.
Explore the dungeon's gloom, where, all alone,
The HOMICIDE expires; the guilty wretch,
Whose hands are steep'd in gore; whose timid soul,
The mild and pitying angel, HOPE, forsakes,
While all the demons of despair and hell
Howl in his startled ears! His weary hours
Have many a season pass'd, since to his cheek
The breeze of heav'n gave freshness; since his lip
Imbib'd th' ethereal spirit of the morn,
Or balmy sleep, the opiate of the mind,
Lull'd the sick sense of sorrow. If his brain
Snatches a transitory dream of peace;
If, wearied by perpetual, painful thought,
A short, but broken slumber fills the throne
Of tott'ring intellect: sudden and fierce
Some shriek appalling, or some spectre dire,
Taunts him to waking madness, and again
The mental fever rages! Down his cheek
The scalding tear rolls fast. His bloodshot eyes
Glare motionless and wide, as if their sense
Turn'd inward on his soul. His quiv'ring lip,
Drain'd of the life-stream by the conscious fiend,
Mutters a brief appeal to angry heav'n,
Then freezes into death. No friendly hand
Closes the beamless eye: no kindred breast
Sustains the livid cheek, grief-worn and mark'd
With water-fretted channels. His bow'd head,

Silver'd by sorrow in the prime and pride
Of lusty youth, shews like a goodly tree,
Frost-nipp'd and drooping. Wretched homicide !
Whom did he kill ? The minion of his foe ;
The sordid STEWARD, whose infuriate rage
Snatch'd from his helpless babes the well-earn'd store
Of many a toilsome hour ; the pamper'd slave,
Whose mind, grown callous by oppression's task,
Repell'd compunctuous pity.—Ask thy heart,
DIVINE PHILANTHROPIST ! who rais'd his hand
Against the caitiff's life ? The CAITIFF'S SELF !
The petty tyrant, who with barb'rous wrongs,
Propell'd him on to sin. For REASON's breast,
Arm'd 'gainst oppression, in resistance strong,
Can combat giant fierceness ; and tho' oft
By subtle malice vanquish'd or betray'd,
Still owns the plea of NATURE ! In his low cell
The patient child of persecution sits,
Pensively sad. His uncomplaining tongue,
His stedfast eye, his lean and pallid cheek,
Grac'd with the stamp of dignified disdain,
Wait the approach of death. No haggard glance
Ruffles the placid orb, whose lustre, dimm'd
By dungeon vapours, like a dewy star,
Gleams 'midst surrounding darkness. On his lip
Smiles innocence, enthron'd in modest pride,
And eloquently silent ! On his breast
His folded arms (shielding his guiltless heart

From the damp poisons of a living grave),
Are firmly interwoven; while his soul,
Calm as the martyr at the kindling pyre,
Holds strong with resignation. Who will now
Breathe the contagious mischiefs of his cell?
Who quit the gorgeous splendours of the sun,
To watch with him the slowly-wasting lamp,
Dim with obtrusive vapours? Who will share
The bread of misery, and with the breath
Of sympathy more palatable make
The cup of human sorrow? Who resign
The midnight revelry of happier scenes,
Turn from the banquet and illumin'd hall,
The throne of flaunting beauty, gaily deck'd,
The costly shews of life, to count with him
The silent hours of anguish? Tell, O TRUTH!
Thou heav'n-descended judge! what has he done?
Has he refus'd to bend the flexile knee
Before the blood-stain'd foot of ruthless pow'r?
To fawn upon the bloated, lordly fool,
Who claim'd his vassalage? Has he refus'd
To load the groaning altars of the church;
Libell'd, by *truth*, some wanton, courtly dame;
Or, like an arrogant, rebellious knave,
Dar'd talk of *freedom*? Say, O vengeful MAN!
Are these thy destin'd victims? Is it thus
Thou deal'st the meed of justice? Dost thou think
Thy petty rage will sever them from HIM,

Whose attribute is mercy, and whose grace
Mocks all distinctions? O! let NATURE speak,
And with instinctive force inform thy soul,
That LIBERTY, the choicest boon of heav'n,
Is REASON's birth-right, and the gift of GOD!

In the worst den of human misery,
Behold the hopeless and forsaken wretch,
Who on the humid pavement naked lies,
Tearing his burning flesh! Then ask thy heart,
O! LITTLE GREATNESS! and let nature's voice,
Piercing the adamant shield of pride,
Tell thee, thy victim is thy fellow MAN!
Once nature's darling, now a maniac wild!
His intellectual treasures scatter'd wide,
By persecution's strong and ruthless arm,
While he, an atom, shrinking from the storm,
Flies to an unblest grave! Was it for this
His youth was pass'd in toil—in mental toil—
The hardest labour? Did the classic fount,
Such as Athenian sages taught to flow,
For him diffuse his renovated streams,
The muses bind his brow, the virtues grace
His bland, instinctive mind, to bow the slave
Of barb'rous IGNORANCE! Did FANCY smile,
And bid his fingers smite th' HORATIAN lyre,
His pulses throb with the fine fervour, strong;
His depth of thought explore the wond'rous page,
Which bade LONGINUS live, HIMSELF to die,

Unblèst, neglected, indigent, and mad?
 Did he, for this, with NEWTON climb the spheres,
 And traverse worlds unknown? Or did the thrill
 Of heav'n-born POESY, thro' ev'ry vein
 Dart the electric fire, whose vivid glow
 Illum'd the darken'd sense of Britain's bard*,
 With full Promethean blaze, while at his touch
 Immortal themes, embodied, burst to view
 Angels, and all the mighty hosts of heav'n,
 Rang'd in tremendous glory? POW'R SUPREME!
 Oh! theme of justice! VICTIMS such as these
 Make REASON tremble; rouse the thinking soul,
 And, in the frenzied agony of wrongs,
 Present such sceptical and daring thoughts,
 That MAN'DISOWNS HIS MAKER! Guilty PRIDE,
 The crime is THINE, not HIS; thy lofty rage,
 Insulting tyranny, and cold disdain,
 Pour'd fell oppression's torrent o'er his sense,
 Madden'd his shrinking brain, and WHELM'D HIS
 SOUL!

Now anarchy roam'd wide a monster fierce,
 Of sullen discontent, and rancour born,
 And nurs'd with blood! Breaking the sacred bonds
 Of social order, trampling to the dust,
 Destructions requisite of worth and laws,
 And dealing desolation all around!
 Veil'd by its growing wing, the dawning hour,

* Milton.

Which welcom'd LIBERTY, and spread around
A pure effulgence, suddenly grew dark,
And storms impending blacken'd the broad sun.
The highmost hills re-echoed with the shouts
Of yell'd destruction; while the concave vast
Of heav'n shook horrible! The beaten ways,
By the unwearied foot of commerce made,
Were wash'd with blood: the holy altar stain'd
With gore of innocents. The good, the wise,
The smiling infant, and the hoary sage,
The pride of genius, and the boast of fame,
Sunk in the mighty ruin. Rabble rage,
And low suspicion, lurk'd beneath the guise
Of patriotic ardour. Mem'ry, rous'd
By the arch-fiend rebellion, dy'd the steel
With fury indiscriminate and wild
In the unwary heart. Rebellion then
Usurp'd the form of freedom, whose bland soul
Shrunk at the boundless and licentious rage
Of lawless innovation. 'Midst the scene,
Wild as the wintry storm, uprose the lord
Of tow'ring desolation!—on his breast,
Expanded and omnipotently strong,
A gorgon shield shone dazzling, while his arm,
Wielding a flaming sword with giant strength,
Hew'd down the tree of reason. Then the eye
Of shudd'ring liberty was dimm'd with tears,
Haggard and grief-swoln. The ensulphur'd air

Thicken'd to blot the sun!—The shriek of death
Deepen'd the midnight horrors, and the dawn
Redden'd thro' tears, while o'er th' ensanguin'd scene
Pale nature trembled: for infuriate man,
Wild with the fateful plenitude of pow'r,
Warr'd 'gainst his desperate fellow. Not alone
O'er proud oppression flew the bolts of fate;
But all around, as the swift summer storm
Tears from the mountain's brow the sturdy oak,
While the small flowret and the pois'nous weed
Alike are levell'd, so the vengeful shaft
Bore down the breathing race: the clang of arms
Deafen'd the ear of reason: the loud shout
Of uproar, frantic, now was heard to ring
The vaulty arch of heav'n, while mingling groans
Drown'd the deep sighs of nature! Liberty,
Thou rational delight! thou good
Ordain'd to bless mankind, how was thy name
Profan'd by cruelty! How dimly gleam'd
Thy heav'n-illumin'd orbs, beneath a front
Blood-stain'd and ghastly! How was thy domain
By slaughter desolated, while around,
A dread depopulation swept the path
Which anarchy had trodden. Where were then
Thy fields prolific, and thy hamlets gay,
Thy mountain revelries, and peaceful glens,
The boast of a brave peasantry? Each hour
Mark'd on the page of time some guilty deed,

The rav'nous hords wolf-like were gorg'd with blood,
While two arch demons, the fierce phalanx led
Lawless and cruel*! Daring homicides,
Apostates to their God! How many fell
Beneath the arm, in usurpation strong,
Yet recreant in oppression!

On the plain

The mangled carcase black'ned ; rivers bore
Their murder'd victims down the blushing wave
Of blank oblivion. O'er the flinty way
The mutilated limb and streaming heart
Met the full eye of pity. Beauty's breast,
Polluted by the touch of sensual rage,
Quiver'd beneath the fell assassin's sword ;—
While outrag'd nature stamp'd the hellish deed
On retribution's tablet. Ev'ry street
Presented the wide scaffold, crimson-stain'd,
And menacing destruction. Palaces
Were now the haunts of ruthless revellers,
Of vices abject, dark conspiracies—
While uncurb'd rapine, and blaspheming rage,
Rov'd with licentious frenzy. Sacred shrines
And temples consecrate, were public marts
Of profligate debasement. Not the wise,
The virtuous, or the brave, THEN held the scale
Of even justice : freedom's sons inspir'd,
In vain rear'd high their banners 'mid the scene

* Marat and Robespierre.

Of madd'ning slaughter. For a time their zeal
Was mock'd with barb'rous rage; their great design
By frenzy violated, or constrain'd
By spells infernal. Then, O liberty!
Thy frantic mien, and heav'n-imploring eye,
Turn'd from the dreadful throng to trace new paths,
And seek, in distant climes, new scenes of woe.

'Mid the dread altitudes of dazzling snow
O'er-topping the huge imag'ry of nature,
Where one eternal winter seem'd to reign,
An HERMIT'S threshold, carpeted with moss,
Diversified the scene. Above the flakes
Of silv'ry snow, full many a modest flow'r
Peep'd through its icy veil, and blushing op'd
Its variegated hues—the orchis sweet,
The bloomy cistus, and the fragrant branch
Of glossy myrtle. In the rushy cell
The lonely ANCHORET consum'd his days,
Unblessing and unblest'd. In early youth,
Cross'd in the fond affections of his soul
(For in his soul the purest passions liv'd)
By false ambition, from his parent home
He, solitary, wander'd: while the maid,
Whose peerless beauty won his yielding heart,
Condemn'd by lordly, needy persecution,
Pin'd in monastic horrors!

Near his sill

A little cross he rear'd; where prostrate he,

At day's pale glimpse, and when the setting sun
Tissued the western sky with streamy gold,
His orisons wou'd pour, for her whose hours
Were wasted in oblivion. Winters past,
And summers faded slow, uncheerly all
To the lone hermit's sorrows. For still, LOVE
A mild and unpolluted altar rear'd
On the white waste of wonders ! From the peak
Which mark'd his neighb'ring hut, his tearful eye
Oft wander'd o'er the rich expanse below ;
Oft trac'd the glow of vegetating spring,
The full-blown summer splendours, and the hue
Of tawny scenes autumnal. Still was HE
By all forgotten ; save by her whose breast
Sigh'd in responsive sadness to the gale
That swept her prison turrets. Five long years
Had the lone HERMIT turn'd the sandy glass
In silent resignation ! Five long years
Had seen his graces wither, ere his youth
Of life was wasted. From the social scenes
Of human energy an alien driv'n,
He almost had forgot the face of man.
No voice had met his ear, save when perchance
The pilgrim wanderer, or the goat-herd swain,
Bewilder'd in the starless midnight hour,
Implor'd the HERMIT's aid, the HERMIT's pray'rs ;
And nothing loth by pity or by pray'r
Was he to sooth the wretched. On the top

Of his low rushy dome, a tinkling bell
Oft told the weary trav'ler to approach
Fearless of danger. The small silver sound
In quick vibrations echo'd down the glade
To the dim valley's quiet, while the breeze
Slept on the glassy LEMAN. Thus he pass'd
His melancholy days, an alien man
From all the joys of social intercourse,
Alone, unpitied ;—by the world forgot !
His scrip each morning bore the day's repast,
Gather'd on summits mingling with the clouds ;
From whose bleak altitude the eye looks down,
While fast the giddy brain is rock'd by fear.
Oft would he start from visionary rest,
When roaming wolves their midnight chorus howl'd ;
Or blasts tremendous shatter'd the white cliffs,
While the huge fragments, rifted by the storm,
Plung'd to the dell below ! Oft would he sit,
In silent sadness, on the jutting block
Of snow-encrusted ice, and shudd'ring mark,
'Mid the vast wonders of the frozen world,
Dissolving pyramids, and threat'ning peaks,
Hang o'er his hovel, terribly sublime !
And oft, when SUMMER breath'd its fragrant gales,
Light sweeping o'er the wastes of printless dew,
Or twilight gossamer, his pensive gaze
Trac'd the swift storm advancing, whose broad wing
Blacken'd the rushy dome of his low hut ;

While the pale lightning smote the pathless top
Of tow'ring CENIS,—scatt'ring, high and wide,
A mist of fleecy snow. Then would he hear,
While mem'ry brought to view his happier days,
The trembling torrent, bursting wildly forth
From its thaw'd cavern, sweep the shaggy cliff,
Vast and stupendous ! strength'ning as it fell,
And delving, 'mid the snow, a chasm rude.
One dreary night, when WINTER's icy breath
Half petrify'd the world ; when not a star
Gleam'd thro' the blank infinity of space ;
Sudden the HERMIT started from his couch,
Fear-struck and trembling ! ev'ry limb was shook
With painful agitation. On his cheek
The blanch interpreter of horror wild
Sat terribly impressive ! In his breast
The purple fount of life convulsive throb'd,
And his broad eyes, fix'd motionless as death,
Gaz'd vacantly aghast ! his feeble lamp
Was wasting rapidly ! the biting gale
Pierc'd the thin texture of his narrow cell ;
And silence seem'd to mark the dreary hour
With tenfold horrors ! As he list'ning sat,
The cold drops pacing down his hollow cheek,
A groan, a second groan, assail'd his ear,
And rous'd him into action. To the sill
Of his low entrance he rush'd forth, and soon
The wicker bolt unfasten'd. The keen blast

His quiv'ring lamp extinguish'd, and again
His soul was thrill'd with terror. From below
A stream of light shot forth, diffusing round
A partial view of trackless solitudes ;
While mingling voices seem'd, with busy hum,
To break the spell of silence ! Down the steep
The HERMIT hasten'd ; when a shriek of death
Re-echo'd to the valley ! As he flew,
Half hoping, half despairing, to the scene
Of wonder-waking anguish, suddenly
The torches were extinct,—and glooms opaque
Involv'd the face of nature. All below
Was wrapp'd in darkness ; while the hollow moan
Of cavern'd winds, with melancholy sound,
Deepen'd the midnight horrors. Four long hours
The HERMIT watch'd and pray'd. And now the dawn
Broke on the eastern summits ; the blue light
Shed its cold lustre on the colder brows
Of Alpine mountains ; while the dewy wing
Of weeping twilight sweep'd the naked plains
Of the Lombardian landscape. On the snow,
Dappled with ruby drops, a track was made
By steps precipitate ; a rugged path
Down the steep frozen chasm mark'd the fate
Of some night traveller, whose bleeding form
Had toppled from the summit. Lower still
The ANCHORET descended—till arriv'd
At the first ridge of snowy battlements,

Where, lifeless—ghastly, paler than the bed
 On which her cheek repos'd—his darling maid
 Slept in the arms of death. Frantic and wild
 He clasps her well-known form, and bathes with tears
 The lilies of her bosom,—icy cold !
 Yet beautiful and spotless !

Now afar

The wond'ring HERMIT heard the clang of arms
 Re-echoing from the valley ! the white cliffs
 Trembled, as tho' an earthquake shook their base
 With terrible concussion ! thund'ring peals
 From warfare's brazen throat proclaim'd th' approach
 Of conq'ring legions. Onward they extend
 Their dauntless columns ;—shouts of victory
 With deaf'ning clamours ratify the toils
 Of ruthless depredators ! In the ranks
 A RUFFIAN met the HERMIT's startled gaze,
 Like hell's worst demon ! for his murd'rous hands
 Were smear'd with gore, and on his daring breast
 A golden cross, suspended, bore the name
 Of his soul's darling !—Hapless ANCHORET !
 Thy vestal saint, by his unhallow'd rage
 Torn from monastic solitude, had been
 The victim of rude rioters, whose souls
 Had mock'd the touch of pity ! To his cell
 The wretched alien turn'd his trembling feet ;
 And, after three sad weeks of pain and pray'r,
 Clos'd the dark tablet of his fate—and DIED !

Hail'd by the breathing race, O child of time,
Borne on thy parent's wings, thy eagle eyes
Glanc'd o'er the pendent world! Full many a spot
Seem'd dark with misery; and many a wretch
Pin'd in oppression's chain. Italia's sons,
Plac'd in the blooming garden of the world,
A second Athens, Europe's proudest clime,
Pregnant with spicy gales, and balmy dews,
Whose seminaries, rich with treasur'd lore,
Mark'd that emporeum, where the classic mind
Gave and receiv'd the pure exchange of thought;
E'en there the sun of intellect was dimm'd
By gloomy tyranny. There mis'ry's race,
Dark in the centre of expanding light,
Still groan'd beneath the worst of slavery,
The spells of SUPERSTITION. Temples vast,
And shrines of massy gold, their prisons were;
Replete with galling chains; while daring hands
Dealt the decrees of heav'n; and impious tongues
Pronounc'd anathemas, to fright mankind.

SUPERSTITION! more destructive still
Than plague or famine, tyranny or war!
Thou palsying mischief, thou benumbing foe
To all the proudest energies of man!
Whence springs thy subtle desolating charm,
From pompous pageantry and bigot pride,
From mitred canopies, and shrines of gold,
And bones of mould'ring monks? Can freezing nights,

In cells where cold inanity presides,
Cloath'd in religion's meek and sainted guise,
Or long-drawn pageantry of empty show,
Conceal the trembling soul, from that dread pow'r
Which marks th' All-seeing ! On Italia's shores,
On every plain, on ev'ry mountain top,
The voice of nature speaks, in mighty sounds,
To bid thee tremble ! Then, O ! nature, say—
Shall rich Italia's bow'rs, her citron shades,
Her vales prolific, mountains golden clad,
And rivers fring'd with nectar-teeming groves,
Re-echo with the mighty song of praise
To empyrean space, while shackled still
The MAN OF COLOUR dies ? Shall torrid suns
Shoot downward their hot beams on mis'ry's race,
And call forth luxuries to pamper pride,
Steep'd in the ETHIOP'S tears, the ETHIOP'S blood !
Shall the caprice of nature, the deep tint
Of sultry climes, the feature varying,
Or the uncultur'd mind, endure the scourge
Of sordid tyranny, or heap the stores
Of his fair fellow man, whose ruddy cheek
Knows not the tear of pity ; whose white breast
Conceals a heart, than adamant more hard,
More cruel than the tiger's ! Bend thy gaze
O ! happy offspring of a temper'd clime,
On whom the partial hand of nature set
The stamp of bloomy tints, proportions fine,

Unmixing with the goodly outside shew
The mind appropriate ; bend thy pitying gaze
To Zembla's frozen sphere ; where in his hut,
Roof'd by the rocky steep, the SAVAGE smiles,
In conscious freedom smiles, and mocks the storm
That howls along the sky. Th' unshackled limb,
Cloth'd in the shaggy hide of uncouth bear,
Or the fleet mountain elk, bounds o'er the cliff
The free-born tenant of the desert wild.
The glow of liberty, thro' ev'ry vein
Bids sensate streams revolve ; the dusky path
Of midnight solitudes no terror brings,
Because he fears no lord. The prowling wolf,
Whose eye-balls redden 'midst the world of gloom,
Yells fierce defiance, form'd by nature's law
To share the desert's freedom. O'er the sky
The despot darkness reigns, in sullen pride,
Half the devoted year. His ebon wing
O'ershadows the blank space : his chilling breath
Benumbs the breast of nature ; on his brow,
Myriads of stars with lucid lustre gem
His boundless diadem ! The savage cheek
Smiles at the potent spoiler ; braves his frown ;
And while the partial gloom is most opaque,
Still vaunts the mind unfetter'd ! If for these
Indulgent nature breaks the bonds of woe,
Gilding the deepest solitudes of night
With the pure flame of liberty sublime ;

If for the untaught sons of gelid climes,
Health cheers the darkest hour with vig'rous * age,
Shall the poor AFRICAN, the passive slave,
Born in the bland effulgence of broad day,
Cherish'd by torrid splendours, while around
The plains prolific teem with honey'd stores
Of Afric's burning soil ; shall such a wretch
Sink prematurely to a grave obscure,
No tear to grace his ashes ? Or suspire,
To wear submission's long and goading chain,
'To drink the tear, that down his swarthy cheek
Flows fast, to moisten his toil-fever'd lip,
Parch'd by the noontide blaze ? Shall he endure
The frequent lash, the agonizing scourge,
The day of labour, and the night of pain ;
Expose his naked limbs to burning gales ;
Faint in the sun, and wither in the storm ;
Traverse hot sands, imbibe the morbid breeze,
Wing'd with contagion, while his blister'd feet,
Scorch'd by the vertical and raging beam,
Pour the swift life-stream ? Shall his frenzied eyes,
Oh ! worst of mortal miseries ! behold
The darling of his soul, his sable love,

* Buffon, speaking of the inhabitants of Nova Zembla, says—" they are seldom or never sick, and all arrive at extreme old age. Even the old men are so vigorous, that it is difficult to distinguish them from the young."

Selected from the trembling, timid throng
 By the wan tyrant, whose licentious touch
 Seals the dark fiat of the slave's despair!
 Humanity! from thee the suppliant claims
 The meed of retribution! Thy pure flame
 Would light the sense opaque, and warm the spring
 Of boundless ecstasy; while NATURE's laws
 So violated, plead, immortal-tongu'd,
 For her dark-fated children; lead them forth
 From bondage infamous! Bid reason own
 The dignities of MAN, whate'er his clime,
 Estate, or colour. And, O! sacred TRUTH!
 Tell the proud lords of traffic, that the breast
 Thrice ebon-tinted, bears a crimson tide,
 As pure, as clear as Europe's sons can boast.
 Then, LIBERTY, extend thy thund'ring voice
 To Afric's scorching climes, o'er seas that bound
 To bear the blissful tidings, while all earth
 Shall hail HUMANITY! THE CHILD OF HEAV'N!

THE
PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

BOOK THE SECOND.

WHERE summer smiles, clad in the golden garb
Of sunny splendours! where the tangled vine,
Bending with purple clusters, richly glows!
Where the brown olive clothes the Sabine hills
In tawny veil, repelling the hot breeze,
The lab'ring throngs advance. In ev'ry eye,
The living ray of waken'd intellect
Marks REASON's lamp divine! on ev'ry cheek
A stranger smile is seen, deep'ning the tint
Which southern climes diffuse, with ruddy flush
Of conscious ecstasy! The voice, unchain'd,
Breathes the pure eloquence of nature's tongue,
Mocking the fine-wrought sophistry of schools,

The pomp of learning, and the vaunted lore
 Of metaphysic art. The untaught race,
 Grown to maturity, yet newly born,
 Above pedantic lessons, feel the glow
 Of nature's own philosophy. O! change
 Transcendent and sublime! Blest as the day
 That, after a long night of gloom opake,
 A night of months, which blotting the broad sun,
 From Scandinavia's deserts, smiling comes,
 And peering o'er some frozen mountain's top,
 Illumes the ebon world. On ev'ry plain
 Where Italy unfolds her treasur'd store
 Of summer gifts luxurious, tepid dew,
 And gales impregnated with spicy breath
 Of buds ambrosial, greet the daring hosts
 Of conquering France. The brazen cannon's roar
 Echoing to heav'n's high concave, steals away
 In sullen, long vibration; while around,
 O'er ev'ry hill, green copse, and woodland glade,
 From troublous Tiber to th' Etrurian meads,
 That skirt the vale where Arno's limpid tide
 Flashes the silver wave, in dulcet sounds,
 The music of the tinkling mandolin
 Calls forth the rustic throng, to feast, and sing,
 And mingle, wildly gay, in mazy dance.
 And thou, fair city, rising from the wave,
 Girt with a lucid zone, thy Parian tow'rs,
 Proud sea-marks, glitt'ring while the sunny beam

Glows o'er the Adriatic ; thou, emerg'd
From gloomy superstition, far more dread
Than ocean's vast and liquid battlements
Rock'd by tempestuous winds, when all around
The equinoctial blast howls fierce and strong,
Braving its tyrant orb ; thou, 'mid the deep,
Standst like a lofty temple, whose firm base
The green main guards triumphant ; thy proud sons
Hymn the loud song of liberty, new-born ;
While the white sails of welcome treasures
(From worshipp'd Ganges*, or Peruvian hills ;
From odour-breathing Persia's pearly sands,
Wash'd by the Caspian wave,) to greet thy mart,
Thronging the pale horizon each new morn,
Now swell with gales propitious. Now no more
Slaughter steals hoodwink'd thro' the gloomy haunts
Of thy wave-circl'd citadel. No lord,
From the dark gondola, beholds his slave,
Whose trade is murder, deal the deadly wound
On his unwary foe ; while, by the ray

* This river is in great esteem in India, not only on account of the long course it runs, the depth of its several channels, and the pureness of its stream, but from the sanctity which the natives believe to be in the waters. It is visited annually by pilgrims, who pay their devotions to this river, and carry their dying friends to expire on its banks.

Of holy lamp, the keen stiletto glares,
 And the pale victim sinking, groans and dies.
 Time was, and mem'ry sickens to retrace
 The tablet fraught with wrongs, when seasons roll'd
 O'er the small hut of lowly industry
 In dim succession of eternal gloom ;
 Tho' rosy morn upon the eastern cliff
 Burst wide her silver gates, and scatter'd round
 A bright ethereal show'r ! When nature's breast
 Unveil'd its fragrance, and its bloomy tints,
 Spangled by twilight's tears, to weary eyes,
 Unbless'd with sweet repose ! Poor, toil-worn race !
 The hardy blossoms of a fervid soil ;—
 What was their hapless lot ? To sigh, to pant,
 To scorch and faint, while from the cloudless sky
 The noon-tide beam shot downward. By their hands
 The burning ploughshare thro' the Tuscan glebe
 Pursued its sultry way : the smoking plains,
 Refresh'd by tepid show'rs, receiv'd the pledge
 Of future luxury. The tangling vine,
 Nurs'd by their toil, grew fibrous : the brown rind,
 Dried by the parching gale, wove close and firm,
 Guarded the rich and nec'trous distillation.
 The tendrils twin'd, to ev'ry point minute
 The od'rous bev'rage stole, till the swoln fruit,
 Empurpled by the sun, the labourers prest
 To yield its luscious burthen. Yet, for THEM
 Did summer gild the plain ? Did autumn glow ?

Did austral breezes fan the tepid show'r,
Scarce whisp'ring as it fell? Did the day's toil
Ensure the night's repose?—sweet recompence,
That well befits the PEASANT's guiltless soul!

Could THEY, when down the crimson plains of light
The lord of day retir'd, when ev'ry bird,
The plummy trav'ller of unbounded space,
Claim'd the short hour of rest, could LABOUR's sons
Shake from their freckled brows the ev'ning dew,
And homeward, blithesomely, return to quaff
The honey'd cup of joy? Could THEY suspire
Health's breezy hour; on THEIR OWN cultur'd plains
Reap the full harvest, pen their fleecy store;
Or, as the night-mist gather'd o'er the heath,
Call home their wand'ring herds?—O! suff'ring

CARLE!

When the rich vintage heap'd the lordly board,
Moisten'd the feasted lip, or flashing foam'd
Within its crystal prison, amber-dyed;
When nectar, thrice distill'd by burning gales,
Sated the palate of the pamper'd fool;
What were THY poor rewards?—A scanty boon!
Dealt out with freezing scorn, or brutal pride;
A rushy pillow, and a mountain hut,
Whose sides of clay, and tempest-shatter'd roof,
Scarce screen'd thy bosom from the wint'ry blast;
(The very DOGS of princes warmer hous'd!)

While the long hour, 'till morning's dawn, stole on
In sullen sadness, or in fruitless pray'r!

Turn to the marble PALACES of PRIDE,
The velvet hangings, and the golden shows,
That made their tables groan! Behold their feasts
Of luscious fruits, and blood-inflaming spice;
Their oily syrups of ambrosial flow'rs,
Conserves, thrice essenc'd in Phœnician dew,
Fit for the sick'ning palate of the wretch
By luxury unnerv'd! Beneath his feet,
The polish'd pavement must be sprinkled o'er
With perfumes of Arabia! From above,
The lattic'd roof, with summer flow'rs o'erhung,
'Midst aromatic sweets, shed cooling airs
On his feast-fever'd cheek! On ev'ry side,
In sumptuous colonnades of Parian stone,
Or glitt'ring granite, or the fibrous earth
Of rich SIENNA's hills; slow-breathing flutes,
In dulcet strains, take captive the dull sense
Thro' the long hour of feasting; cheating time
With enervating bliss! O! CONTRAST INFINITE!
Yet WHO, amidst the mortal myriads,
Most labour'd to embellish NATURE's plan
Of boundless wonders? WHO, with ceaseless toil,
Dug from the beamless mazes of the earth
The boast of varying climes, from LYBIA's groves
To caves ARMENIAN, guarded by the rocks
Of wild EUPHRATES? Who, but the SONS OF TOIL,

Enrich'd the sculptur'd dome, reviv'd the ARTS,
Sinking, o'whelm'd, amidst the wrecks of time?

Look round the lofty palaces of PRIDE,
Behold the BREATHING CANVAS, wond'rous proof
Of imitative pow'r! where human forms,
Colours, and space, miraculously rang'd,
Drew order out of chaos! where the vast
Of bold perception varied hues disclos'd,
From the rich foliage of embow'ring woods,
To mountains, azure capp'd, scarce visible
Amid the dusk of distance. Trace the lines
That form the graceful STATUE, Grecian born
From rough-hewn quarries! See the rounding limb,
The modest look serene! which marks the nymph
Of MEDICEAN fame: proud monument
Of heav'n-instructed GENIUS! thou shalt charm
When POMP and PRIDE shall mingle in the mass
Of UNDISTINGUISH'D CLAY, inanimate!
That, having borne its hour of busy toil,
Shrinks into shapeless nothing! Dreadful thought!
To mingle with the cold and senseless earth;
In spells of dull inanity to rest;
The noblest passions, and the living pow'rs
Of intellectual light, the SOUL's pure lamp,
All, all extinguish'd! Tell me, nature's GOD!
Then what is the warm magic that supplies
The strong life-loving flame, which fills the breast,
Enliv'ning TIME's slow journey? LIBERTY!

If thou art not the impulse exquisite,
Where does it dwell? What else can teach the wretch
(Lab'ring with mortal ills, disease and pain,
Deep-wounding poverty, presumptuous scorn,
High-crested arrogance, affections spurn'd,)
To bear the weight of thought, and linger out
This weary task of being? Blest with THEE,
The PEASANT were as happy as his LORD—
For NATURE knows no difference! Summer smiles
For the poor cottager, and smiling shews
The vegetating scene, diffusing fair
And equal portions for the sons of earth!
But MAN, proud MAN, a bold usurper, takes
The law of nature from its destin'd course,
And fashions it at pleasure! Hence we trace
The gloomy annals of receding time
Spotted with gore, and blurr'd by pity's tears,
Where GENIUS, VIRTUE, NATURE's progeny!
Mark'd by th' ETERNAL's hand with ev'ry charm,
Have shrunk beneath oppression!—bow'd the neck
Before the blood-stain'd shrines of impious fraud,
Flouted by fools, the gilded dregs of earth,
And forc'd to hide the gushing tear of scorn,
Till driv'n to mountain caves, and desert glooms,
The godlike wonders fled. The FIRST, sublime,
The darling of his race; majestic! grand!
With eyes, whose living lustre beam'd afar
The blaze of intellect, Promethean-touch'd,

And infinitely radiant!——

By his side,

Beauteous and mild as MORN'S returning STAR,
The maiden, VIRTUE, mov'd! and who can tell
But in some hovel low, whose rushy roof
The barren cliff defends from wint'ry storms,
The godlike pair, scorning the din of fools,
(Ambition's clamour, which the despot DEATH
Awhile observes, then, with his iron hand,
Locks in eternal silence!) who can tell,
But the proud pair, by REASON'S pow'r sustain'd,
Cherish a glorious race? STATESMEN and CHIEFS,
POETS, and sage PHILOSOPHERS, whose lore
Might rival ancient Greece, and nobly prove
The solitude of VIRTUE—WISDOM'S sons!
Thy day begins to dawn! REASON sublime!
Thy penetrating eye, no more obscur'd
By superstition, politic and shrewd,
Beholds, beneath the cowl of whining fraud,
Blood-thirsty tyrants! subtle hoodwink'd knaves,
Who, 'mid the gloomy labyrinths of time,
Have murder'd millions. Heap'd the bigot pile,
And bit the brand accurs'd, where martyr'd saints
Fed the consuming flame. Who, bound in oaths,
Hostile to man, insulting to their God,
Wove the thick veil which closely shrouded round
Th' infernal Inquisition! Hydra fiend!
Whose wide-extended hand and ruthless pow'r,

Grasp'd the Peruvian desert, rooting thence
 The tree of reason, and enforcing zeal
 Which instinct shunn'd, while ages sanctified
 A grandly fervid worship *! In that cause
 How many perish'd, while the ensanguin'd hords
 Of sanctified despoilers, dyed the steel
 In blood and innocence. Oh! sacred truth!
 How are thy laws profan'd, when cavils shrewd
 Warp the instinctive mind, and bend the will
 To tenets politic : when interest rules
 The mind's strong energies, and bigot fangs
 Blur the fair aspect of religion pure
 To feed ambition's maw ; destructive gulf,
 Yawning, but never, never sated !—Now, no more
 Shall reason, palsied by licentious pow'r,
 Pay flexile homage to the lofty fool,
 The carping minion, or the high-rai'd shrew,
 While with'ring victims cram the ebon jaws
 Gf Gallia's fell Bastile. O! dreadful hour!
 Disastrous to the groaning tribes of earth,
 And doubly horrible, in sight of heav'n!
 Trace but the source of ev'ry mortal crime,

* The Peruvians worshipped the sun, the source of every good—the emblem of the incomprehensible Divinity: but the Spaniards *compelled* them to change their faith, and many thousands were destroyed (on pretence of their refusing to submit to the Pope, or the King of Spain); but, in reality, for the vile purpose of usurpation.

Of rapine, murder, or the hopeless pang
Of that misguided and blaspheming wretch
Who disavows his GOD. Whence do they rise?
From what deep hell, than Acheron more dark,
More terrible to think of? Ask thy heart,
O thou, who blest with giddy fortune's smiles,
Canst riot in voluptuous wanton joys,
Feed on the banquet prodigally rich,
Nursing the embryo mischiefs of disease,
Clothe thy gross frame, bloated with idleness,
In silk, and gems, and perfumes exquisite,
Recline on downy beds, where o'er thy breast,
Sated with feasting, hangs the gay festoon
Of costly velvet; while, till busy noon,
In Doric halls, crouded with motley slaves,
The vestibules of pride, the drooping child
Of humble virtue waits; 'till his faint form,
Struggling with poverty and conscious worth,
Is spurn'd indignant, or compell'd to hide,
In some lone corner of obscure distress,
Those mental treasures, which would make thee poor
By fair comparison. Then why is he
Forc'd by the tyranny of custom's law,
To yield thee homage? FORTUNE is his foe!
He wants that vile contaminating dross,
Which gives to falsehood all the grace of truth;
To fools respect; to villains empty praise;
Buys fawning smiles from sycophants and knaves;

Deadens the hand of justice ; seals the tongue
Of busy admonition, hateful guest
To that dull empty dupe, whose ear imbibes
The honey'd poison of deceitful tongues,
While int'rest holds a mirror to his breast,
Which flatters, while it damns him. At his gate
The famish'd beggar lies ; the lame, the blind,
The poor artificer, or vet'ran bold,
Whose guiltless age and mutilated limbs
Are his proud passports ! Dost thou feel for him,
Thy brother MAN, but nobler than thyself,
By nature's heraldry ? Behold his scars,
His silver hairs, scatter'd by ev'ry blast
That wings the wintry storm. Does gratitude
To him present a portion of that wealth—
Which he, by many an hour of fierce exploit,
Rescued from foreign foes ? Does fancy paint,
Amid thy dreams of labour'd respiration,
The stormy night, when on the tatter'd shrouds,
Drench'd by the pelting show'r, while deaf'ning peals
Rung in his startled ears, the seaman stood
Braving the dreadful gulf that yawn'd below !
Such was the mendicant that haunts thy gate !
So were his youthful hours consum'd for thee ;
When o'er the rocking deck the sulphur'd flash
Of desolating war its terrors threw
Midst dying groans : while thund'ring peal on peal
The brazen tongue of slaughter roar'd revenge,

Making heav'n's concave tremble ! See that cheek
Wither'd by torrid suns, or frozen climes,
Bath'd with a silent tear. Beside him stands,
With half-retiring step and modest eye,
Fraught with the silent eloquence of woe,
His mis'ry's only hope, a beauteous girl,
Gentle as innocent ! Her daily task
Is filial piety, attention sweet,
That marks th' angelic mind ! Her outstretch'd arm
Guides the slow footsteps of her drooping sire,
Grown blind with age, and wearied out with toil ;
Yet, 'midst the sombre wilderness of woe,
Her voice breeds comfort ; and her thrifty hand,
When on a bed of straw her parent sleeps,
Is turn'd to industry. O ! fortune blind !
Thou, from whose lap uncounted treasures fall,
Strewing the paths of folly and of pride
With rich redundancy of nature's stores—
Till the pall'd fancy sicken, and the sense
Faint with satiety : O ! fortune blind !
Hadst thou no little hoard for modest worth,
No silent nook in the vast space of earth,
Where the wrong'd child of poverty might rest,
Screen'd from the worst of mortal miseries,
The cold contempt of IGNORANCE and PRIDE.
How glows the patriot soul, while fancy's dream
Anticipates the day when ruthless war
Shall cease to desolate ! Prophetic hope

Beholds the heav'nly vision, bleeding France,
When o'er thy blooming vales and tawny hills,
Thy pine-clad summits and thy yellow plains,
Thy peaceful tribes shall rove. The laughing throng,
Link'd in the bonds of social amity,
Live for each other. Honesty and mirth,
Twin children of the mountain cottagers,
Labour and peace, come dancing o'er the heath,
Purpled with fragrant flow'rs. Before them fly,
Flutt'ring their sunny wings, unshackled loves;
And hope, with sparkling eyes, whose humid lids
Are fill'd with tears of joy! The breezy hills,
Glowing with fruits redundant, seem to snatch
The sun-beam's lustre; while exulting HEALTH
Bounds o'er the topmost summit. The soft dews
Spangle her airy vest of gossamer,
And bathe her od'rous bosom. On her cheek,
Deepen'd by exercise, the orient tint
Plays on the dimpled smile, while thro' her veins
The temper'd blood its purple channel fills
By streams revolving; not with sluggish pace
Of glutt'd feasting, or benumbing sloth,
But pure and limpid as the vagrant brook
Wand'ring in liquid lapse along the vale,
And bright'ning as it wanders. All around
Reason and peace, exulting, dance o'er flowers
Whose austral fragrance thro' the whisp'ring air
Scatter a world of sweets.

Then, smiling spring!

Thy beauties shall unfold redundantly
To strew the paths of PEACE! Then, summer, thou
Shalt wear thy golden stole, with cheek of fire
Flush'd by extatic bliss, thy broad clear eye
Flaming o'er fields luxuriant! Then shall
Fame, led on by smiling commere, drop her tear
On valour's grave, while rustic revellers
Mark the long hour of autumn's closing day
By many a simple tale, as simply told,
Of hardy valour; then the spacious hearth,
Encircled by the sons of toil, shall blaze,
Which thro' the long day fed its embers faint,
Lonely and unattended.

Then the sound

Of boisterous glee shall echo to the roof,
While the tir'd lab'rer joins, with half-clos'd eyes,
The clam'rous burthen of the uncouth song.

Who has not seen the cheerful HARVEST HOME!
Enliv'ning the scorch'd field, and greeting gay
The slow decline of autumn? All around
The yellow sheaves, catching the burning beam,
Glow golden-lustred; and the trembling stem
Of the slim oat, or azure corn-flow'r,
Waves on the hedge-rows shady. From the hill
The day-breeze softly steals with downward wing,
And lightly passes, whispering the soft sounds
Which moan the death of summer. Glowing scene,

• Nature's long holiday ! Luxuriant, rich,
In her proud progeny, she smiling marks
Their graces, now mature, and wonder-fraught !

Hail ! season exquisite !—and hail, ye sons
Of rural toil !—ye blooming daughters !—ye
Who, in the lap of hardy labour rear'd,
Enjoy the mind unspotted ! Up the plain,
Or on the sidelong hill, or in the glen,
Where the rich farm, or scatter'd hamlet, shews
The neighbourhood of peace, ye still are found,
A merry and an artless throng, whose souls
Beam thro' untutor'd glances. When the dawn
Unfolds its sunny lustre, and the dew
Silvers the outstretch'd landscape, labour's sons
Rise, ever healthful,—ever cheerily,
From sweet and soothing rest ;—for fev'rish dreams
Visit not lowly pallets ! All the day
They toil in the fierce beams of fervid noon—
But toil without repining ! The blithe song,
Joining the woodland melodies afar,
Flings its rude cadence in fantastic sport
On echo's airy wing ! The pond'rous load
Follows the weary team : the narrow lane
Bears on its thick-wove hedge the scatter'd corn,
Hanging in scanty fragments, which the thorn
Purloin'd from the broad waggon.

On the plain
The freckled gleaner gathers the scant sheaf,

And looks, with many a sigh, on the tythe heap
Of the proud, pamper'd pastor ! To the brook
That ripples shallow down the valley's slope,
The herds slow measure their unvaried way ;—
The flocks along the heath are dimly seen
By the faint torch of ev'ning, whose red eye
Closes in tearful silence. Now the air
Is rich in fragrance !—fragrance exquisite !
Of new-mown hay, of wild thyme dewy wash'd,
And gales ambrosial, which, with cooling breath,
Ruffle the lake's grey surface. All around
The thin mist rises, and the busy tones
Of airy people, borne on viewless wings,
Break the short pause of nature. From the plain
The rustic throngs come cheerly ; their loud din
Augments to mingling clamour. Sportive hinds,
Happy !—more happy than the Lords ye serve !—
How lustily your sons endure the hour
Of wintry desolation ! and how fair
Your blooming daughters greet the op'ning dawn
Of love-inspiring spring !

Hail ! harvest home !

To thee, the muse of nature pours the song,
By instinct taught to warble ; instinct pure,
Sacred, and grateful to that POW'R ADOR'D,
Which warms the sensate being, and reveals
The soul self-evident !—beyond the dreams
Of visionary sceptics ! Scene sublime !

Where earth presents her golden treasures;
 Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart
 Delights unspeakable! Where seas, and skies,
 And hills and vallies,—colours, odours, dews,
 Diversify the work of nature's God!

Now turn, my Muse,
 To ALBION's plain prolific; where serene,
 Temper'd by REASON, liberty delights
 To warm th' enlighten'd mind! Where, since the days
 When her bold BARONS ratified their deed,
 Freedom has smil'd triumphant and secure.
 Oh! favoured isle, long may discordant broils
 Be sever'd from thy shores; may howling war
 Blow its dread blast far, ALBION, far from thee,
 While thy white ramparts, tow'ring o'er the waves,
 Shall bid thy foes defiance! Here the hind
 Enjoys the well-earn'd produce of his toil,
 And sleeps secure, protected by those laws
 FORM'D FOR THE PEASANT AND THE PRINCE

ALIKE.

Still may thy infants, Albion, instinct taught,
 Prattle of liberty; the sun-burnt swain,
 As slow the flaming torch of day retires,
 Sing the loud strain of freedom and of joy.
 Still may no wrongs invade his midnight dreams,
 No guilty wish contaminate his will,
 To violate the laws: for 'tis the sting
 Of keen oppression that gives birth to crimes,

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And brutalizes man. The rav'nous wolf
Feeds not upon his kind,—his murd'rous will
Being but instinctive. Lions prowl abroad,
Famish'd and watchful of the desert path
Where the lone traveller passes; on his kind
He scorns to batten; none but THINKING MAN
Preys on his species, sheds his brother's blood,
And while opposing, still oppos'd, derides
The pleading tongue of nature. Let the brave
Turn to the clay-built hovel of content,
Where peace and reason consecrate the toils
Which virtue's sons endure. See! at their door
No shiv'ring pilgrims wait the murd'rous glance
Of scowling superstition. No dark fiend
Dashes the frugal cup with terror's gall,
Or from the fever'd lip, with churlish hand,
Snatches the cooling draught. No bigot wrath
Starves the poor sinner into faith; or steals
From fainting toil that wholesome nourishment
Which nature meant for all, nor mark'd the day
Nor hour of recreation. ALBION! still
May thy brave peasantry indignant turn
From priestcraft, ignorance, and bigot fraud,
To view in nature's wonders, nature's GOD!
For where can man so proudly contemplate
Th' OMNISCIENT's pow'r, as in the tablet vast
Of infinite creation? Ev'ry breeze
Seems the soft whispering of nature's voice,
Fraught with the lore of reason. Ev'ry leaf

That flaunts its vernal hue, or eddying falls,
Its fibres wither'd by autumnal skies,
A moral lesson shews. The rippling rill
Prattles with nature's tongue. The ev'ning gale
Means the decline of day: while twilight's tears
Fall on the dusky wings of chilling night,
Spreading to hide its triumphs. The vast dome
Gleams with unnumber'd stars, the prying eyes
Of those bright centinels, ethereal borne,
That watch the sleep of nature. O'er the main,
In ebon car aërial, lightning wing'd,
The pealing thunder whirling his vast flight,
A short-liv'd fiend, gigantic boru, the son
Of equinox, rides furious. The freed winds
Howl as he passes by. The foamy waste
Bounds with convulsive horrors; while the waves
Lash the loud-sounding shore. O! nature's God!
These are the varied pages of that lore
Which REASON searches; these the awful spells
That seize on all the faculties of man,
And bind them to allegiance. For THAT POW'R
Which speaks in mighty thunder, wakes the soul,
Breathing in balmy gales; is seen alike
In the swift lightning and the ling'ring hue
Of ev'ning's purple veil; looks thro' the stars,
And whispers 'mid the solitude sublime
Of thickening glooms nocturnal: from the east
Flames forth his burning eye: the grateful earth
Welcomes his glances with her boundless stores,

And robes herself in splendours: odours rich,
And colours varying, decorate her breast,
To greet the Lord of nature: forests wild
And oceans multitudinous unfold
Their wonders to his gaze! Then why should man
Creep like a reptile, fearful to explore
The page of human knowledge? Why mistrust
The sensate soul, the faculty supreme
Which instinct wakens? REASON, pow'r sublime!
Accept the strain spontaneous from the MUSE,
Which nurs'd on Albion's cliffs, delights to sing
Of LIBERTY, and thee, her ALBION's boast.
And tho' no flight sublime shall grace her toil,
No *classic* lore expand her thinking mind,
Prophetic inspiration, rapt, shall pour
This mystic oracle. The pendent globe
Shall greet, with pæans loud, the sacred claim
'To Britain's sons, by REASON ratified;
And when the God of nature, "trumpet-tongu'd,"
Shall check the fiery steeds that hurl the car
Of shouting vict'ry, time shall trace her course
On the proud tablet of eternal fame;
And nature, tow'ring 'mid the wrecks of war,
Shall bless her BRITISH shores, which grandly lift
Their rocky bulwarks o'er the howling main,
Firm and invincible, as BRITAIN's sons,
The sons of REASON! UNAPPALL'D and FREE!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

A MONODY
TO THE MEMORY OF
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Thus, when thy draughts, O Rafaele! time intrudes,
And the bold figure from the canvas fades,
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part
Some latent graces, equals art with art:
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life!

BROOME.

WHEN RESIGNATION, bending from the sky,
Steals the fond lingering tear from VIRTUE's eye;
When the keen agonies of GRIEF are flown,
And REASON triumphs on her tranquil throne;
The MUSE to worth and GENIUS tunes her lyre,
While the chords glisten with celestial fire:
The MUSE, in strains untutor'd, and unsought,
Soars on the pinions of enraptur'd thought;
While MEMORY to her eagle eye portrays
The lustrous tablet of a NATION'S PRAISE;

While FAME, exulting, spreads her fost'ring wings,
 And TRUTH spontaneous sweeps the bounding strings!
 Hark! the full chords in mystic sounds aspire,
 To swell the chorus of the heavenly choir!
 Where, to seraphic harps, ethereal borne,
 The song of PATIENCE bids us cease to mourn;
 Contemns the tear that gems each kindred eye,
 Calms the quick throb, and checks the frequent sigh!
 While, 'midst the blaze of pure Promethean light,
 The meek-ey'd cherub bends to mortal sight!
 See from her dazzling wing soft essence pour
 Heaven's sacred balm for mis'ry's darkest hour;
 When Fate inexorable deals her blow
 O'er this rude wilderness of human woe,
 'Till VIRTUE, pointing out the purer mind,
 Secures the gem, and leaves the dross behind,
 Claims the bright spirit from its native clod,
 And bears it, spotless, to the sight of God!
 Yet, REYNOLDS, while the winged minstrels join
 In all the melodies of sounds divine,
 Round thy cold image, on its icy bed,
 Some light illumes the mansion of the dead;
 An unextinguish'd light, that gilds the gloom
 Where weeping GENIUS guards her fav'rite's tomb!
 Brightly it shines where thy pure ashes sleep;
 And while pale melancholy hides to weep,
 FAME, with glittering wing, shall fan the fire,
 To shed new lustre on the MUSE's lyre!

O, if the graces of pathetic verse
Can add one trophy to thy sable hearse;
If the soft sympathy of sorrow's strain
Can, for a moment, sooth the throb of pain;
Can check the drop that steals from mem'ry's eye,
Or calm affliction's meek and melting sigh;
Where is the Muse? why sleep the tuneful throng,
While BRITAIN'S RAFAELLE claims the grateful
song?

Ye solemn mourners, who, with footstep slow,
Prolong'd the sable line of public woe;
Who, fondly crowding round his plumed bier,
Gave to his worth th' involuntary tear;
Ye children of his school, who oft have hung
On the grac'd precepts of his tuneful tongue;
Who many an hour in mute attention caught
The vivid lustre of his polish'd thought*!
Ye, who have felt, for ye have taste to feel,
The magic influence o'er your senses steal,
When eloquently chaste, from wisdom's page,
He drew each model for a rising age!
Say, is no kind, no grateful tribute due
To HIM, who twin'd immortal wreaths for you?

* Vide SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S Discourses delivered at the Royal Academy.

Who, from the dawn of youth, to manhood's prime,
Snatch'd hidden beauties from the wings of time;
Who gave new lessons to your wond'ring sight,
Drawn from the chaos of oblivious night;
Where, chain'd by ignorance, in ENVY'S cave,
The ART he courted from a chilling grave;
Where native genius faded, unadmir'd,
While emulation's glorious flame expir'd;
'Till REYNOLDS, braving ENVY's recreant spell,
Dragg'd the huge monster from her thorny cell;
Who, shrinking from his mild benignant eye,
Subdued, to Stygian darkness fled—TO DIE!

Now round the brows of British genius play
The broad effulgent beams of mental day!
See, native taste the vivid scene imbues
With the rich lustre of the rainbow's hues!
See, from each pencil varying beauties rise,
While the proud canvas glows with mingling dyes:
See, fancy gives to every mimic form,
New power to fascinate, new grace to charm,
While o'er each finish'd, each attractive part,
NATURE stands wond'ring at the touch of ART.

O, if philanthropy can boast the pow'r,
To sooth affliction's dark and dreary hour;
If HE, who meekly shunn'd the flatterer's gaze,
Whose splendid talents shrunk from venal praise;

Who, in retirement's consecrated bow'rs,
Strew'd the rough path of life with modest flowers;
Or with a fost'ring hand, to genius just,
Twin'd his own laurel round each youthful bust;
Can bid your grateful bosoms proudly glow
With innate praise,—*beyond the pomp of woe*;
Now, true to native worth, assert his claim
To the *best diadem*! THE WREATH OF FAME!

And thou, CONTENTION! fiend, of ENVY born,
Hide in some haunt profane thy mien forlorn;
Howl in some flinty cave's impervious gloom,
Nor break the sacred silence of the tomb!
Go, prey on hearts congenial with thy own,
Drink their big tears, and mingle in their groan;
Sate thy mean rage upon some *idiot's* breast,
But let the sainted shade of GENIUS REST!

Beneath yon lofty dome that props the skies,
Low on "the lap of earth" your patron lies:
Cold is that hand, that gave the touch divine,
Which bade the mimic orbs of reason shine;
Clos'd is that eye, which beam'd with living light,
That gave the mental soul to mortal sight!
For, by the matchless wonders of his art,
The outward mien bespoke the hidden heart!
Taste, feeling, character, his pencil knew,
And, TRUTH acknowledg'd e'en what FANCY drew!

So just to nature every part combin'd,
Each *feature* mark'd the tenour of the *mind*!
'Twas his, with varying excellence, to show
Stern manhood's dignity, and beauty's glow!
To paint the perfect form, the 'witching face,
With GUIDO's softness, and with TITIAN's grace!
The dimpled cherub at the mother's breast,
The smile serene, that spoke the parent blest;
The POET's vivid thought, that shone divine
Through the rich mazes of each finish'd line!
The tale* that bids the tear of pity flow;
The frenzied gaze of petrifying woe;
The dying father, fix'd in horror wild
O'er the shrunk image of his famish'd child.—

 AH! stay, MY MUSE—nor trace the madd'ning
 scene,
Nor paint the starting eye, the frantic mien:
Turn from the picture of distracting woes;
Turn from each charm, that beauty's smile bestows;
Go, form a wreath, TIME's temples to adorn,
Bedeck'd with many a *rose*, and many a *thorn*;
Go, bind the HERO's brow with deathless bays;
Or to calm friendship chaunt the note of praise;
Or with a feather, stol'n from fancy's wing,
Sweep, with light hand, the gay fantastic string;

* The Story of Count Ugolino, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But leave, oh, leave thy fond lamenting song,
The feeble echo of a wond'ring throng!—
Canst thou with brighter tints adorn the rose,
Where nature's vivid blush divinely glows?
Say, canst thou add one ray to heav'n's own light;
Or give to Alpine snows a purer white?
Canst thou increase the diamond's burning hues,
Or to the flow'r a richer scent infuse?
Say, canst thou snatch, by sympathy sublime,
One kindred bosom from the grasp of TIME?
AH, NO!—then bind with cypress boughs thy lyre,
Mute be its chords, and quench'd its sacred fire;
For dimly gleam the POET'S votive lays,
'Midst the vast splendours of a NATION'S PRAISE?
Yet, blest shall be the MUSE, and blest the art,
That thrills in dulcet murmurs through the heart;
That pictures nature in her fairest form;
That bids the torpid soul to rapture warm;
That soothes the mind, by sorrow's load oppress'd,
And bends, with force supreme, the tyrant's crest.
Blest be the mingling tones, whose magic leads
Through splendid halls—o'er dew-bespangled meads;
The clay-built hut, with rapture to explore,
Or round the diadem's proud gems to soar;
That quell the force of superstitious rage,
And shed new lustre o'er the classic page.
Blest poetry! whose witching sounds impart
All that can harmonise, or grace the heart;

'Tis thine, with lenient balm, to cure despair,
To check the throbbings of unpitied care;
To bind with weeping flow'rs the lover's urn;
To bid ambition's brightest incense burn!
SUCH ARE THY ATTRIBUTES! then tune thy lays,
To chaunt thy SISTER ART's coëval praise;
To PAINTING lift the loud extatic song,
Wake with celestial notes the vapid throng;
And, as the rapt'rous strains exulting rise
On truth's white pinions to th' op'ning skies,
Haply, some RAFAELLE's spirit hov'ring near,
Shall greet the PÆAN with a grateful tear,
And, proud to share the glories of the lay,
Shall bear its echoes to the realms of day.
THERE, REYNOLDS, shalt thou claim the votive line;
THERE, smiling, own the artless picture THINE:
And though thy form lies mould'ring in the tomb,
IMMORTAL GENIUS braves the common doom;
Though lost, still honour'd by each feeling heart,
That shar'd thy converse, or admir'd thy art:
And though thy voice no more can charm the breast,
Though thy pure spirit mingles with the blest,
Thy sainted ashes shall e'en DEATH defy;
For FAME, which VIRTUE gives—SHALL NEVER
DIE.

Oh, Britain's darling—nature's fav'rite child,
In judgment strong, in manners sweetly mild!

Could my fond lay one added wreath bestow,
Long as my heart laments, my strain should flow;
But, ah! where'er my wand'ring fancy leads,
Whether to pine-clad hills, or flow'ry meads;
Whether at twilight's calm and pensive hour,
I weep, unseen, in some lone ivy'd bower,
Or, with high-bounding bosom, haste along,
To greet the matin lark's melodious song;
Whether in tones forlorn, or themes divine,
Still shall the strain, the tuneful strain be THINE:
For all that nature yields, 'twas thine to trace,
Love's sportive smile, and wisdom's sober grace,
Fear, rage, relentless vengeance, shrivell'd care,
And the worst misery of supreme despair:
Then where shall FANCY turn, or TRUTH aspire,
To catch new subjects for her mournful lyre?
Where shall the MUSE untrodden paths explore?
Where find a theme untry'd by THEE before?
Vain is her search! thy penetrating skill
Fashion'd each scene, obedient to thy will;
And stealing every flow'r by nature drest,
Left but the thorn of WOE, TO PIERCE HER
BREAST.

High o'er the eastern hill, day's burning eye
Darts streams of radiance through the sev'ring sky!
The upland mead reflects a vivid glow
On the calm bosom of the vale below:

Soon flames meridian lustre o'er the scene;
 The out-stretch'd landscape glows with brighter green;
 Soft silky blossoms, bath'd in ling'ring dews,
 Ope their sweet breasts, and blush with deeper hues:
 But when chill twilight, stealing o'er the west,
 Spreads her grey mantle on EVE's humid breast;
 All nature mourns! obtrusive shadows veil
 The tow'ring mountain, and the lowly dale!
 While each meek blossom, scarcely wak'd to birth,
 Hides its shrunk head,—and, weeping, fades to earth!

So REYNOLDS shone! the Phœbus of his day,
 While art and science own'd his genial ray:
 And since those orbs that shed celestial light,
 Are clos'd and faded in impervious night;
 By the mild precepts of his social hours;
 By the strong magic of his mental powers;
 By his meek diffidence, his modest mien;
 His solid judgment, and his soul serene!
 Oh, YE! who owe to each the meed of praise,
 Who shar'd the converse of his blameless days;
 Who, living, own'd the virtues of his heart,
 Who mark'd the rising glories of his art;
 STILL GUARD HIS FAME! and when, to happier skies,
 Like him ye mourn, each sainted spirit flies!
 May the fond MUSE, to WORTH and GENIUS true,
 WITH EQUAL JUSTICE FORM A WREATH FOR
 YOU!

SAPPHO AND PHAON:

IN A SERIES OF LEGITIMATE

SONNETS.

SPLENDUS AMOR MEUS EST; ELEGIA FLEBILE CARMEN;
NON FACIT AD LACHRYMAS BARBITOS ULLA MEAS.

Ovid.

Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to elegies of woe.

Pope.

SONNET INTRODUCTORY.

FAVOUR'D by heav'n are those, ordain'd to taste
The bliss supreme that kindles fancy's fire ;
Whose magic fingers sweep the Muse's lyre,
In varying cadence, eloquently chaste !
Well may the mind, with tuneful numbers grac'd,
To fame's immortal attributes aspire,
Above the treach'rous spells of low desire,
That wound the sense, by vulgar joys debas'd.
For thou, blest POESY ! with godlike pow'rs
To calm the miseries of man, wert giv'n ;
When passion rends, and hopeless love devours,
By mem'ry goaded, and by frenzy driv'n,
'Tis thine to guide him 'midst Elysian bow'rs,
And shew his fainting soul—a glimpse of heav'n.

VOL. III.

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SONNET II.

HIGH on a rock, coëval with the skies,
A temple stands, rear'd by immortal pow'rs
To CHASTITY divine! ambrosial flow'rs,
Twining round icicles, in columns rise,
Mingling with pendent gems of orient dyes!
Piercing the air, a golden crescent tow'rs,
Veil'd by transparent clouds; while smiling hours
Shake from their varying wings—celestial joys!
The steps of spotless marble, scatter'd o'er
With deathless roses, arm'd with many a thorn,
Lead to the altar. On the frozen floor,
Studded with tear-drops petrified by scorn,
Pale vestals kneel the goddess to adore
While love, his arrows broke, retires forlorn.

SONNET III.

TURN to yon vale beneath, whose tangled shade
Excludes the blazing torch of noon-day light,
Where sportive fawns, and dimpled loves invite,
The bow'r of PLEASURE opens to the glade :
Lull'd by soft flutes, on leaves of violets laid,
There witching beauty greets the ravish'd sight,
More gentle than the arbitress of night
In all her silv'ry panoply array'd!
The birds breathe bliss! light zephyrs kiss the ground,
Stealing the hyacinth's divine perfume ;
While from pellucid fountains glitt'ring round,
Small tinkling rills bid rival flow'rets bloom!
HERE, laughing Cupids bathe the bosom's wound;
THERE, tyrant passion finds a glorious tomb!

SONNET IV.

WHY, when I gaze on Phaon's beauteous eyes,
Why does each thought in wild disorder stray?
Why does each fainting faculty decay,
And my chill'd breast in throbbing tumults rise?
Mute on the ground my lyre neglected lies,
The Muse forgot, and lost the melting lay;
My down-cast looks, my faltering lips betray,
That stung by hopeless passion,—Sappho dies!
Now on a bank of cypress let me rest;
Come, tuneful maids, ye pupils of my care,
Come, with your dulcet numbers sooth my breast
And, as the soft vibrations float on air,
Let pity waft my spirit to the blest,
To mock the barb'rous triumphs of despair!

SONNET V.

O ! HOW can LOVE exulting reason quell !
How fades each nobler passion from his gaze !
E'en fame, that cherishes the poet's lays,
That fame ill-fated Sappho lov'd so well.
Lost is the wretch, who in his fatal spell
Wastes the short summer of delicious days,
And from the tranquil path of wisdom strays,
In passion's thorny wild forlorn to dwell.
O ye ! who in that sacred temple smile
Where holy innocence resides enshrin'd ;
Who fear not sorrow, and who know not guile,
Each thought compos'd, and ev'ry wish resign'd ;
Tempt not the path where pleasure's flowry wile
In sweet but, pois'nous fetters, holds the mind.

SONNET VI.

Is it to love, to fix the tender gaze,
To hide the timid blush, and steal away ;
To shun the busy world, and waste the day
In some rude mountain's solitary maze ?
Is it to chant *one* name in ceaseless lays,
To hear no words that other tongues can say,
To watch the pale moon's melancholy ray,
To chide in fondness, and in folly praise ?
Is it to pour th' involuntary sigh,
To dream of bliss, and wake new pangs to prove ;
To talk, in fancy, with the speaking eye,
Then start with jealousy, and wildly rove ;
Is it to loath the light, and wish to die ?
For these I feel,—and feel that they are love.

SONNET VII.

COME, reason, come! each nerve rebellious bind,
Lull the fierce tempest of my fev'rish soul;
Come, with the magic of thy meek control,
And check the wayward wand'rings of my mind:
Estrang'd from thee, no solace can I find;
O'er my rapt brain, where pensive visions stole,
Now passion reigns and stormy tumults roll:
So the smooth sea obeys the furious wind!
In vain philosophy unfolds her store,
O'erwhelm'd is ev'ry source of pure delight;
Dim is the golden page of wisdom's lore;
All nature fades before my sick'ning sight:
For what bright scene can fancy's eye explore
'Midst dreary labyrinths of mental night?

SONNET VIII.

WHY, through each aching vein, with lazy pace,
Thus steals the languid fountain of my heart,
While, from its source, each wild convulsive start
Tears the scorch'd roses from my burning face?
In vain, O Lesbian vales! your charms I trace;
Vain is the poet's theme, the sculptor's art;
No more the lyre its magic can impart,
Though wak'd to sound with more than mortal grace!
Go, tuneful maids, go bid my Phaon prove
That passion mocks the empty boast of fame;
Tell him no joys are sweet, but joys of love,
Melting the soul, and thrilling all the frame!
Oh! may th' extatic thought his bosom move,
And sighs of rapture fan the blush of shame!

SONNET IX.

YE, who in alleys green and leafy bow'rs,
Sport, the rude children of fantastic birth;
Where frolic nymphs, and shaggy tribes of mirth,
In clam'rous revels waste the midnight hours;
Who, link' d in flaunting bands of mountain flow'rs,
Weave your wild mazes o'er the dewy earth,
Ere the fierce lord of lustre rushes forth,
And o'er the world his beamy radiance pours!
Oft has your clanking cymbal's madd'ning strain,
Loud ringing through the torch-illumin'd grove,
Lur'd my lov'd Phaon from the youthful train,
Through rugged dells, o'er craggy rocks to rove;
Then how can she his vagrant heart detain,
Whose lyre throbs only to the touch of love?

SONNET X.

DANG'ROUS to hear is that melodious tongue,
And fatal to the sense those murd'rous eyes,
Where in a sapphire sheath love's arrow lies,
Himself conceal'd the crystal haunts among!
Oft o'er that form, enamour'd, have I hung,
On that smooth cheek to mark the deep'ning dyes,
While from that lip the fragrant breath would rise,
That lip, like Cupid's bow, with rubies strung!
Still let me gaze upon that polish'd brow,
O'er which the golden hair luxuriant plays;
So, on the modest lily's leaves of snow
The proud sun revels in resplendent rays!
Warm as his beams this sensate heart shall glow,
Till life's last hour with Phaon's self decays!

SONNET XI.

O! REASON! vaunted sov'reign of the mind!
Thou pompous vision with a sounding name!
Can'st thou the soul's rebellious passions tame?
Can'st thou in spells the vagrant fancy bind?
Ah, no! capricious as the wav'ring wind
Are sighs of love that dim thy boasted flame;
While folly's torch consumes the wreath of fame,
And pleasure's hands the sheaves of truth unbind.
Press'd by the storms of fate, hope shrinks and dies!
Frenzy darts forth in mightiest ills array'd;
Around thy throne destructive tumults rise,
And hell-fraught jealousies thy rights invade!
Then, what art thou, O! idol of the wise?
A visionary theme!—a gorgeous shade!

SONNET XII.

Now, o'er the tessellated pavement strew
Fresh saffron, steep'd in essence of the rose,
While down yon agate column gently flows
A glitt'ring streamlet of ambrosial dew !
My Phaon smiles ! the rich carnation's hue,
On his flush'd cheek in conscious lustre glows,
While o'er his breast enamour'd Venus throws
Her starry mantle of celestial blue !
Breathe soft, ye dulcet flutes, among the trees
Where clust'ring boughs with golden citron twine ;
While slow vibrations, dying on the breeze,
Shall sooth his soul with harmony divine !
Then let my form his yielding fancy seize,
And all his fondest wishes blend with mine.

SONNET XIII.

BRING, bring, to deck my brow, ye sylvan girls,
A roseate wreath ; nor for my waving hair
The costly band of studded gems prepare,
Of sparkling chrysolite or orient pearls :
Love o'er my head his canopy unfurls,
His purple pinions fan the whisp'ring air ;
Mocking the golden sandal, rich and rare,
Beneath my feet the fragrant woodbine curls.
Bring the thin robe, to fold about my breast,
White as the downy swan ; while round my waist
Let leaves of glossy myrtle bind the vest,
Not idly gay, but elegantly chaste !
Love scorns the nymph in wanton trappings drest ;
And charms the most conceal'd, are doubly grac'd.

SONNET XIV.

COME, soft Æolian harp, while zephyr plays
Along the meek vibration of thy strings,
As twilight's hand her modest mantle brings,
Blending with sober grey the western blaze!
O! prompt my Phaon's dreams with tend'rest lays,
Ere night o'ershade thee with its humid wings,
While the lorn philomel his sorrow sings
In leafy cradle, red with parting rays!
Slow let thy dulcet tones on ether glide;
So steals the murmur of the am'rous dove;
The mazy legions swarm on ev'ry side,
To lulling sounds the sunny people move!
Let not the wise their little world deride,
The smallest sting can wound the breast of love.

SONNET XV.

Now round my favour'd grot let roses rise,
To strew the bank where Phaon wakes from rest ;
O! happy buds! to kiss his burning breast,
And die beneath the lustre of his eyes!
Now let the timbrels echo to the skies,
Now damsels sprinkle cassia on his vest,
With od'rous wreaths of constant myrtle drest,
And flow'rs, deep tinted with the rainbow's dyes!
From cups of porphyry let nectar flow,
Rich as the perfume of Phœnicia's vine!
Now let his dimpling cheek with rapture glow,
While round his heart love's mystic fetters twine ;
And let the Grecian lyre its aid bestow,
In songs of triumph to proclaim him mine!

SONNET XVI.

DELUSIVE hope! more transient than the ray
That leads pale twilight to her dusky bed,
O'er woodland glen, or breezy mountain's head,
Ling'ring to catch the parting sigh of day.
Hence, with thy visionary charms, away!
Nor o'er my path the flow'rs of fancy spread;
Thy airy dreams on peaceful pillows shed,
And weave for thoughtless brows a garland gay.
Farewell, low vallies; dizzy cliffs, farewell!
Small vagrant rills, that murmur as ye flow;
Dark bosom'd labyrinth, and thorny dell;
The task be mine all pleasures to forego;
To hide where meditation loves to dwell,
And feed my soul with luxury of woe!

SONNET XVII.

LOVE steals unheeded o'er the tranquil mind,
As summer breezes fan the sleeping main,
Slow through each fibre creeps the subtle pain,
Till closely round the yielding bosom twin'd.
Vain is the hope the magic to unbind,
The potent mischief riots in the brain,
Grasps ev'ry thought, and burns in ev'ry vein,
Till in the heart the tyrant lives enshrin'd.
Oh! victor strong! bending the vanquish'd frame;
Sweet is the thraldom that thou bidst us prove!
And sacred is the tear thy victims claim,
For blest are those whom sighs of sorrow move!
Then, nymphs, beware how ye profane my name,
Nor blame my weakness, till like me ye love!

SONNET XVIII.

WHY art thou chang'd? O Phaon! tell me why?
Love flies reproach, when passion feels decay;
Or, I would paint the raptures of that day,
When, in sweet converse, mingling sigh with sigh,
I mark'd the graceful languor of thine eye
As on a shady bank entranc'd we lay:
O! eyes! whose beamy radiance stole away,
As stars fade trembling from the burning sky!
Why art thou chang'd, dear source of all my woes?
Though dark my bosom's tint, through ev'ry vein
A ruby tide of purest lustre flows,
Warm'd by thy love, or chill'd by thy disdain;
And yet no bliss this sensate being knows;
Ah! why is rapture so allied to pain?

SONNET XIX.

FAREWELL, ye coral caves, ye pearly sands,
Ye waving woods that crown yon lofty steep ;
Farewell, ye Nereides of the glitt'ring deep,
Ye mountain tribes, ye fawns, ye sylvan bands ;
On the bleak rock your frantic minstrel stands,
Each task forgot, save that, to sigh and weep :
In vain the strings her burning fingers sweep,
No more her touch the Grecian lyre commands !
In Circe's cave my faithless Phaon's laid,
Her demons dress his brow with opiate flow'rs ;
Or, loit'ring in the brown pomegranate shade,
Beguile with am'rous strains the fateful hours ;
While Sappho's lips, to paly ashes fade,
And sorrow's cank'ring worm her heart devours !

SONNET XX.

OH ! I could toil for thee o'er burning plains ;
 Could smile at poverty's disastrous blow ;
 With thee could wander 'midst a world of snow,
Where one long night o'er frozen Scythia reigns.
Sever'd from thee, my sick'ning soul disdains
 The thrilling thought, the blissful dream to know :
 And can'st thou give my days to endless woe,
Requiting sweetest bliss with cureless pains ?
 Away, false fear ! nor think capricious fate
Would lodge a demon in a form divine !
 Sooner the dove shall seek a tyger mate,
Or the soft snow-drop round the thistle twine ;
 Yet, yet, I dread to hope, nor dare to hate,
Too proud to sue ! too tender to resign !

SONNET XXI.

WHY do I live to loath the cheerful day,
 To shun the smiles of fame, and mark the hours
 On tardy pinions move, while ceaseless show'rs
 Down my wan cheek in lucid currents stray?
 My tresses all unbound, nor gems display,
 Nor scents Arabian! on my path no flow'rs
 Imbibe the morn's resuscitating pow'rs,
 For one blank sorrow saddens all my way!
 As slow the radiant son of reason rose*,
 Through tears my dying parents saw it shine;
 A brother's frailties swell'd the tide of woes,—
 And, keener far, maternal griefs were mine!
 Phaon! if soon these weary eyes shall close,
 Oh! must that task, that mournful task, be thine?

* Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
 Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.

Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
 Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.—*Ovid.*

SONNET XXII.

WILD is the foaming sea ! the surges roar !
And nimbly dart the livid lightnings round !
On the rent rock the angry waves rebound ;
Ah me ! the less'ning bark is seen no more !
Along the margin of the trembling shore,
Loud as the blast my frantic cries shall sound,
My storm-drench'd limbs the flinty fragments wound,
And o'er my bleeding breast the billows pour !
Phaon ! return ! ye winds, O ! waft the strain
To his swift bark ; ye barb'rous waves, forbear !
Taunt not the anguish of a lover's brain,
Nor feebly emulate the soul's despair !
For howling winds, and foaming seas in vain
Assail the breast when passion rages there !

SONNET XXIII.

To Ætna's scorching sands my Phaon flies*!
False youth! can other charms attractive prove?
Say, can Sicilian loves thy passions move,
Play round thy heart, and fix thy fickle eyes,
While in despair the Lesbian Sappho dies?
Has spring for thee a crown of poppies wove,
Or dost thou languish in th' Idalian grove,
Whose altar kindles, fann'd by lovers' sighs?
Ah! think, that while on Ætna's shores you stray,
A fire, more fierce than Ætna's, fills my breast†;
Nor deck Sicilian nymphs with garlands gay,
While Sappho's brows with cypress wreaths are drest;
Let one kind word my weary woes repay,
Or, in eternal slumbers bid them rest.

* Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoïdes Ætnæ.

† Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit. Ovid.

SONNET XXIV.

O THOU! meek orb! that stealing o'er the dale,
Cheer'st with thy modest beams the noon of night!
On the smooth lake diffusing silv'ry light,
Sublimely still, and beautifully pale!
What can thy cool and placid eye avail,
Where fierce despair absorbs the mental sight,
While inbred glooms the vagrant thoughts invite,
To tempt the gulph where howling fiends assail?
O, night! all nature owns thy temper'd pow'r;
Thy solemn pause, thy dews, thy pensive beam;
Thy sweet breath whisp'ring in the moonlight bow'r,
While fainting flow'rets kiss the wand'ring stream!
Yet, vain is ev'ry charm! and vain the hour,
That brings to madd'ning love, no soothing dream!

SONNET XXV.

CANST thou forget, O! idol of my soul!
Thy Sappho's voice, her form, her dulcet lyre!
That melting ev'ry thought to fond desire,
Bade sweet delirium o'er thy senses roll?
Can'st thou, so soon, renounce the blest control
That calm'd with pity's tears love's raging fire,
While hope, slow breathing on the trembling wire,
In ev'ry note with soft persuasion stole?
Oh! sov'reign of my heart! return! return!
For me no spring appears, no summers bloom,
No sun-beams glitter, and no altars burn!
The mind's dark winter of eternal gloom
Shews 'midst the waste a solitary urn,
A blighted laurel, and a mould'ring tomb!

SONNET XXVI.

WHERE antique woods o'er-hang the mountain's
crest,

And mid-day glooms in solemn silence lour,

Philosophy, go seek a lonely bow'r,

And waste life's fervid noon in fancied rest.

Go, where the bird of sorrow weaves her nest,

Cooing, in sadness sweet, through night's dim hour;

Go, cull the dew-drops from each potent flow'r

That med'cines to the cold and reas'ning breast!

Go, where the brook in liquid lapsæ steals by,

Scarce heard amidst the mingling echoes round,

What time, the moon fades slowly down the sky,

And slumb'ring zephyrs moan, in caverns bound:

Be these thy pleasures, dull philosophy!

Nor vaunt the balm to heal a lover's wound.

SONNET XXVII.

O_H! ye bright stars! that on the ebon fields
Of heav'n's vast empire, trembling seem to stand;
'Till rosy morn unlocks her portal bland,
Where the proud sun his fiery banner wields!
To flames, less fierce than mine, your lustre yields,
And pow'rs more strong my countless tears command;
Love strikes the feeling heart with ruthless hand,
And only spares the breast which dulness shields!
Since, then, capricious nature but bestows
The fine affections of the soul, to prove
A keener sense of desolating woes,
Far, far from me the empty boast remove;
If bliss from coldness, pain from passion flows,
Ah! who would wish to feel, or learn to love?

SONNET XXVIII.

WEAK is the sophistry, and vain the art,
That whispers patience to the mind's despair!
That bids reflection bathe the wounds of care,
While hope, with pleasing phantoms, soothes their
smart;
For mem'ry still, reluctant to depart
From the dear spot, once rich in prospects fair,
Bids the fond soul enamour'd linger there,
And its least charm is grateful to the heart!
He never lov'd, who could not muse and sigh,
Spangling the sacred turf with frequent tears,
Where the small rivulet, that ripples by,
Recalls the scenes of past and happier years,
When, on its banks, he watch'd the speaking eye,
And one sweet smile o'erpaid an age of fears!

SONNET XXIX.

FAREWELL, ye tow'ring cedars; in whose shade,
Lull'd by the nightingale, I sunk to rest,
While spicy breezes hover'd o'er my breast
To fan my cheek, in deep'ning tints array'd;
While am'rous insects, humming round me, play'd,
Each flow'r forsook, of prouder sweets in quest;
Of glowing lips, in humid fragrance drest,
That mock'd the sunny Hybla's vaunted aid!
Farewell, ye limpid rivers! oh! farewell!
No more shall Sappho to your grotts repair;
No more your white waves to her bosom swell,
Or your dank weeds entwine her floating hair;
As erst, when Venus in her sparry cell
Wept, to behold a brighter goddess there!

SONNET XXX.

O’ER the tall cliff that bounds the billowy main,
Shad’wing the surge that sweeps the lonely strand,
While the thin vapours break along the sand,
Day’s harbinger unfolds the liquid plain.
The rude sea murmurs, mournful as the strain
That love-lorn minstrels strike with trembling hand,
While from their green beds rise the Syren band
With tongues ærial to repeat my pain!
The vessel rocks beside the pebbly shore,
The foamy curls its gaudy trappings lave;
Oh! bark propitious! bear me gently o’er;
Breathe soft, ye winds! rise slow, O! swelling wave!
Lesbos, these eyes shall meet thy sands no more:
I fly, to seek my lover, or my grave!

SONNET XXXI.

FAR o'er the waves my lofty bark shall glide,
Love's frequent sighs the flutt'ring sails shall swell,
While to my native home I bid farewell,
Hope's snowy hand the burnish'd helm shall guide!
Tritons shall sport amidst the yielding tide,
Myriads of Cupids round the prow shall dwell,
And Venus, thron'd within her opal shell,
Shall proudly o'er the glitt'ring billows ride!
Young dolphins, dashing in the golden spray,
Shall with their scaly forms illumine the deep,
Ting'd with the purple flush of sinking day,
Whose flaming wreath shall crown the distant steep;
While on the breezy deck soft minstrels play,
And songs of love, the lover sooth to sleep!

SONNET XXXII.

BLEST as the Gods! Sicilian maid is he*,
The youth whose soul thy yielding graces charm;
Who bound, O! thralldom sweet! by beauty's arm,
In idle dalliance fondly sports with thee!
Blest as the Gods! that iv'ry throne to see,
Throbbing with transports, tender, timid, warm!
While round thy fragrant lips light zephyrs swarm,
As op'ning buds attract the wand'ring bee!
Yet, short is youthful passion's fervid hour;
Soon, shall another clasp the beauteous boy;
Soon, shall a rival prove, in that gay bow'r,
The pleasing torture of transcendent joy!
The bee flies sicken'd from the sweetest flow'r;
The lightning's shaft but dazzles to destroy!

* Vide Sappho's Ode.

SONNET XXXIII.

I WAKE! delusive phantoms, hence, away!
Tempt not the weakness of a lover's breast!
The softest breeze can shake the halcyon's nest,
And lightest clouds o'er cast the dawning ray!
'Twas but a vision! Now, the star of day
Peers, like a gem o'er Ætna's burning crest!
Welcome, ye hills, with golden vintage drest:
Sicilian forests brown, and vallies gay!
A mournful stranger, from the Lesbian isle,
Not strange in loftiest eulogy of song!
She who could teach the stoic's cheek to smile,
Thaw the cold heart, and chain the wond'ring throng,
Can find no balm, love's sorrows to beguile;
Ah! sorrows known too soon! and felt too long!

SONNET XXXIV.

VENUS! to thee, the Lesbian Muse shall sing,
The song, which Mitylenian youths admir'd,
When echo, am'rous of the strain inspir'd,
Bade the wild rocks with madd'ning plaudits ring!
Attend my pray'r! O! queen of rapture! bring
To these fond arms, him who my soul has fir'd;
From these fond arms remov'd, yet still desir'd,
Though love, exulting, spreads his varying wing!
Oh! source of ev'ry joy! of ev'ry care!
Blest Venus! goddess of the zone divine!
To Phaon's bosom, Phaon's victim bear;
So shall her warmest, tend'rest vows be thine!
For Venus, Sappho shall a wreath prepare,
And love be crown'd, immortal as the Nine!

SONNET XXXV.

WHAT means the mist opake that veils these eyes;
 Why does yon threat'ning tempest shroud the day?
 Why does thy altar, Venus, fade away,
 And on my breast the dews of horror rise?
 Phaon is false! be dim, ye orient skies,
 And let black Erebus succeed your ray;
 Let clashing thunders roll, and lightnings play;
 Phaon is false! and hopeless Sappho dies!
 "Farewell! my Lesbian love*," you might have said,
 Such sweet remembrance had some pity prov'd;
 Or coldly thus, "farewell, Oh! Lesbian maid!"
 No task severe for one so fondly lov'd!
 The gentle thought had sooth'd my wand'ring shade,
 From life's dark valley, and its thorns, remov'd!

* Pope.

Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius issues,
 Et modo dixisses Lesbi puella, vale. *Ovid.*

SONNET XXXVI.

LEAD me, Sicilian maids, to haunted bow'rs,
While yon pale moon displays her faintest beams,
O'er fading woodlands, and enchanted streams
Whose banks infect the breeze with pois'nous flow'rs.
Ah! lead me, where the barren mountain tow'rs,
Where no sounds echo, but the night-owl's screams;
Where some lone spirit of the desert gleams,
And lurid horrors wing the fateful hours!
Now goaded frenzy grasps my shrinking brain,
Her touch absorbs the crystal fount of woe!
My blood rolls burning through each bursting vein :
Away, lost lyre ! unless thou can'st bestow
A charm, to lull that agonizing pain,
Which those who never lov'd, can never know !

SONNET XXXVII.

WHEN, in the gloomy mansion of the dead,
This with'ring heart, this faded form shall sleep:
When these fond eyes at length shall cease to weep,
And earth's cold lap receive this fev'rish head;
Envy shall turn away, a tear to shed,
And time's obliterating pinions sweep
The spot, where poets shall their vigils keep,
To mourn and wander near my freezing bed!
Then, my pale ghost, upon th' Elysian shore,
Shall smile, releas'd from ev'ry mortal care;
While, doom'd love's victim to repine no more,
My breast shall bathe in endless rapture there!
Ah! no! my restless shade would still deplore,
Nor taste that bliss, which Phaon did not share.

SONNET XXXVIII.

OH sigh! thou steal'st, the herald of the breast,
The lover's fears, the lover's pangs, to tell;
Thou bid'st with timid grace the bosom swell,
Cheating the day of joy, the night of rest!
Oh! lucid tears! with eloquence confest,
Why on my fading cheek unheeded dwell,
Meek, as the dew-drops on the flowret's bell
By ruthless tempests to the green-sod prest.
Fond sigh, be hush'd! congeal, O! slighted tear!
Thy feeble pow'rs the busy Fates control!
Or if thy crystal streams again appear,
Let them, like Lethe's, to oblivion roll:
For love the tyrant plays, when hope is near,
And she who flies the lover, chains the soul!

SONNET XXXIX.

ON the low margin of a murm'ring stream,
As rapt in meditation's arms I lay,
Each aching sense in slumbers stole away,
While potent fancy form'd a soothing dream;
O'er the Leucadian deep, a dazzling beam
Shed the bland light of empyrean day!
But soon transparent shadows veil'd each ray,
While mystic visions sprang athwart the gleam!
Now to the heaving gulf they seem'd to bend,
And now across the sphery regions glide;
Now in mid-air their dulcet voices blend:
"Awake! awake!" the restless phalanx cried,
"See ocean yawns the lover's woes to end;
"Plunge the green wave, and bid thy griefs subside!"

SONNET XL.

YES, I will go, where circling whirlwinds rise,
Where threat'ning clouds in sable grandeur lour;
Where the blast yells, the liquid columns pour,
And madd'ning billows combat with the skies!
There, while the demon of the tempest flies
On growing pinions through the troublous hour,
The wild waves gasp impatient to devour,
And on the rock the waken'd vulture cries!
Oh! dreadful solace to the stormy mind!
To me, more pleasing than the valley's rest,
The woodland songsters, or the sportive kind,
That nip the turf, or prune the painted crest;
For in despair alone, the wretched find
That unction sweet, which lulls the bleeding breast!

SONNET XLI.

OH! can'st thou bear to see this faded frame,
Deform'd and mangled by the rocky deep?
Wilt thou remember, and forbear to weep,
My fatal fondness, and my peerless fame?
Soon o'er this heart, now warm with passion's flame,
The howling winds and foamy waves shall sweep;
Those eyes be ever clos'd in death's cold sleep,
And all of Sappho perish, but her name!
Yet, if the Fates suspend their barb'rous ire,
If days less mournful, Heav'n designs for me!
If rocks grow kind, and winds and waves conspire,
To bear me softly on the swelling sea;
To Phœbus only will I tune my lyre,
"What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee*!"

* Pope.

Grata lyram posui tibi Phœbe, poëtria Sappho:

Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi. *Ovid.*

SONNET XLII.

WHILE from the dizzy precipice I gaze,
The world receding from my pensive eyes,
High o'er my head the tyrant eagle flies,
Cloth'd in the sinking sun's transcendent blaze!
The meek-ey'd moon, 'midst clouds of amber plays,
As o'er the purpling plains of light she hies,
Till the last stream of living lustre dies,
And the cool concave owns her temper'd rays!
So shall this glowing, palpitating soul,
Welcome returning reason's placid beam,
While o'er my breast the waves Lethæan roll,
To calm rebellious fancy's fev'rish dream;
Then shall my lyre disdain love's dread control,
And loftier passions prompt the loftier theme!

SONNET XLIII.

CONCLUSIVE.

HERE droops the Muse! while from her glowing
mind,
Celestial sympathy, with humid eye,
Bids the light sylph, capricious fancy, fly,
Time's restless wings with transient flow'rs to bind!
For now, with folded arms and head inclin'd,
Reflection pours the deep and frequent sigh,
O'er the dark scroll of human destiny,
Where gaudy buds and wounding thorns are twin'd.
O! sky-born VIRTUE! sacred is thy name!
And though mysterious Fate, with frown severe,
Oft decorates thy brows with wreaths of fame,
Bespangled o'er with sorrow's chilling tear!
Yet shalt thou more than mortal raptures claim,
The brightest planet of th' ETERNAL SPHERE!

SONNET.

TO AMICUS.

WHEN the poor EXILE, who, the live-long night,
Mark'd the pale moon-beam trembling on the wave,
Doom'd, cold, forlorn, the howling winds to brave,
From the bleak mountain spies MORN's silv'ry light;

Soon he forgets his toilsome journey past,
With patient smile descends the rugged steep,
And in the valley, shelter'd from the blast,
Looks gaily forward, and forgets to weep!

So the sad TRAV'LLER, in this world of care,
Led through the mazy labyrinths of pain;
Sooth'd by false vows, and chill'd by cold disdain,
By turns, the slave of hope and dark despair;
Still finds the balm, his anguish to beguile,
In TRUTH'S unerring voice, and FRIENDSHIP'S
TEMPER'D SMILE.

SONNET.

TO INDEPENDENCE.

SUPREME, ENCHANTING POW'R! from whose
blest source

The human mind receives its purest joys,
'Tis thine to check OPPRESSION's baneful course,
And smile indignant on AMBITION's toys!

Thy calm and open eye alike disdains
The TYRANT's threat, and the smooth FLAT-
T'ERER's art;
The wealthy SYCOPHANT, in gilded chains,
Or the FAIR MASK, that hides the RECREANT
HEART.

O nymph ador'd! still let my bosom share
Thy conscious joys, thy ecstasies divine!
Let tinsel GLORIES deck the brow of CARE;
CONTENT and INDEPENDENCE shall be mine!
So will I shun the base and little crowd,
Pitying the servile SLAVES—UNPITIED BY THE
PROUD!

SONNET.

WHERE, thro' the starry curtains of the night,
Soft whisp'ring breezes wake the ruddy morn,
Whose sparkling eye darts forth returning light,
Whose golden brows refulgent beams adorn:

Where gaudy blossoms o'er the tufted vale,
Fling their soft breathings on the spicy gale,
From the lorn NIGHTINGALE on yonder spray,
In melting murmurs steals the love-fraught lay;

Stranger to joy, and hopeless of relief,
At morn's proud glow, and twilight's pensive hour,
Her widow'd breast its plaintive song shall pour,
In all the luxury of tender grief:
For ah! nor morn, nor fragrant gales can move
The faithful heart, that MOURNS A TRUANT LOVE.

SONNET.

TO MY BELOVED DAUGHTER.

WHEN FATE in ruthless rage assail'd my breast,
And Heaven relentless seal'd the harsh decree;
HOPE, placid soother of the mind distress'd,
To calm my rending sorrows—gave me THEE.

In all the charms of innocence array'd,
'Tis thine to sprinkle patience on my woes,
As from thy voice celestial comfort flows,
Glancing bright lustre o'er each dreary shade.

Still may thy growing REASON's light divine,
Illume with joy my melancholy bow'rs;
Still may the beams of sacred VIRTUE shine,
To deck thy spring of youth with thornless flow'rs:
So shall their splendid attributes combine,
To shed soft sunshine ON MY WINTRY HOURS.

SONNET.

NIGHT's dewy orb, that o'er yon limpid stream
Its silent light in soft refulgence throws;
Yon limpid stream, whose quiv'ring bosom shows
The tender radiance of the silv'ry beam:

Yon tangled wood, whose high and waving head
Hangs o'er the dashing torrent's frothy source;
Which wildly bounding from its pebbly bed,
Thro' the lone valley winds its dimpling course;

Have oft, full oft, been witness to my woe,
When cold neglect, false hopes, and jealous fears,
The RUBY DROPS that in my bosom glow,
With icy touch transform'd to CRYSTAL TEARS;
DEAR PRECIOUS GEMS, still shall your rays impart
The brightest lustre of THE FEELING HEART.

SONNET.

THE PEASANT.

WIDE o'er the barren plain the bleak wind flies,
Sweeps the high mountain's top, and with its breath
Swells the curl'd river o'er the plain beneath,
Where many a clay-built hut in ruin lies.

The hardy PEASANT in his little cot
Lights his small fire, his homely meal prepares;
No pamper'd luxury, no splendid cares,
Invade the comforts of his humble lot.

Born to endure, he labours thro' the day,
And when the midnight storm o'erspreads the skies,
On a clean pallet peacefully he lies,
And sweetly sleeps the lonely hours away;
Till at the peep of dawn he wakes to find,
HEALTH in his veins, and RAPTURE IN HIS MIND.

SONNET.

TO INGRATITUDE.

He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
 All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

YOUNG.

I COULD have borne affliction's sharpest thorn;
 The sting of malice—poverty's deep wound;
 The sneers of vulgar pride, the idiot's scorn;
 Neglected love, false friendship's treach'rous
 sound;

I could, with patient smile, extract the dart
 Base calumny had planted in my heart;
 The fangs of envy, agonizing pain;
 ALL, ALL, nor should my steady soul complain:

E'en had relentless FATE, with cruel pow'r,
 Darken'd the sunshine of each youthful day;
 While from my path she snatch'd each transient
 flow'r,
 Not one soft sigh my sorrow should betray;
 But where INGRATITUDE's fell poisons pour,
 HOPE shrinks subdu'd—and LIFE'S BEST JOYS
 DECAY.

SONNET.

TO EVENING.

Written under a tree in the woods of St. Amand, in Flanders.

SWEET BALMY HOUR!—dear to the pensive mind,
Oft have I watch'd thy dark and weeping shade,
Oft have I hail'd thee in the dewy glade,
And dropp'd a tear of SYMPATHY refin'd.

When humming bees, hid in their golden bow'rs,
Sip the pure nectar of MAY's blushing rose,
Or faint with noon-day toils, their limbs repose,
In baths of essence stol'n from sunny flow'rs.

Oft do I seek thy shade, dear with'ring tree,
Sad emblem of my own disast'rous state;
Doom'd in the spring of life, alas! like THEE,
To fade, and droop beneath the frowns of FATE;
Like THEE, may Heaven to me the meed bestow,
To shelter sorrow's child, and sooth THE TEAR OF
WOE.

SONNET.

THE MARINER.

THE SEA-BEAT MARINER, whose watchful eye
Full many a boist'rous night hath wak'd to weep ;
When the keen blast descending from the sky,
Snatch'd his warm tear-drop from the rav'nous deep.

Drench'd by the chilling rain, his dreary hour
Creeps slowly onward to the dawn of day ;
Till burning PHŒBUS, darting thro' the show'r,
Warms with his golden beam the frothy spray :

With lightning's swiftness he ascends the mast,
And cries, " another tedious night is o'er ;"
He spreads the swelling sail, he sees at last
His darling MISTRESS, and his NATIVE SHORE ;
The restless wand'rer then forgets past pain,
Steals a fond kiss, and BRAVES HIS FATE AGAIN.

SONNET.

TO PHILANTHROPY.

FIRST blessing frail mortality can know !
Philanthropy divine ! all-healing pow'r,
Wand'ring untir'd to seek the haunts of woe,
Where ruthless sorrow lingers to devour ;
Thou scorn'st the mummary of empty show ;
Mankind thy kindred ! while from pole to pole,
They seek the same inevitable goal,
Stung by distinctions, that from custom grow.

Thou know'st all light is less than *mental day*,
The Ethiop's dusky brow, Circassia's rose,
Are but the varying tints of breathing clay !
Life's gilded pageant, dazzling as it goes,
Stops at the sepulchre, and fades away,
To let the BEGGAR and the PRINCE repose.

SONNET.

Written among the Ruins of an ancient Castle in Germany, in the
year 1786.

YE mould'ring walls, where Titian colours glow'd,
And the soft minstrel's echo charm'd the ear;
Alas ! how chang'd your dreary haunts appear,
The solitary screech-owl's dark abode.

Where in yon gothic wall fair forms divine,
Tripp'd with light heel, or swam with graceful ease;
Now clasping ivy round the columns twine,
And loathsome weeds infect the midnight breeze.

Those turrets wasting in the northern blast,
No more with burnish'd radiance proudly glow,
But in small fragments on the pavement cast,
Heap the wild ruin on the plain below ;
Mingling with dust thy mighty roofs are laid :
So **MAN**, the grandest work of Heav'n, **SHALL FADE**.

SONNET.

LAURA TO PETRARCH.

O SOLITARY wand'rer! whither stray
From the smooth path the dimpled pleasures love,
From flow'ry meadow, and embow'ring grove,
Where hope and fancy smiling, lead the way!
To thee, I ween, full tedious seems the day;
While lorn and slow the devious path you rove,
Sighing soft sorrows on the garland wove
By young desire, of blossoms sweetly gay!
Oh! blossoms! frail and fading! like the morn
Of love's first rapture! beauteous all, and pure,
Deep hid beneath your charms lies mis'ry's thorn,
To bid the feeling breast a pang endure!
Then check thy wand'rings, weary and forlorn,
And find in friendship's balm sick passion's cure.

SONNET.

THE TEAR.

AH ! lust'rous gem, bright emblem of the heart,
That proudly scorns a borrow'd ray to share :
Whose gentle pow'r can break the spells of care,
And sooth with lenient balm the keenest smart.

Whether from holy friendship's vow profan'd,
Or the dire frenzy of unpity'd love ;
Whether from cherish'd passion unrestrain'd,
Or the worst pang the jealous mind can prove :

Yet, if sad mem'ry, ling'ring o'er past love,
Calls thee, soft trembler, from thy crystal throne,
And sternly bids thy pearly incense flow,
E'en when the treach'rous phantom, *hope*, is flown :

How fickle are the gifts thy rays impart,
At once the *balm* and *poison* of the heart !

SONNET.

PALE twilight! wrapp'd in melancholy grey,
Thee I adore! and all thy shadowy train :
Thy tears, that tremble on each blossom'd spray,
Thy breezy breath, that skims along the plain,
Fanning the bosom of the weary swain,
As home he saunters at the close of day,
While the hills echo at his thoughtless strain,
Of ditty old, or merry roundelay !
Where splendour gilds deceit, let pride control ;
Mine be the low-roof'd cot, and tranquil mind,
Where truth, unvarnish'd, calm, and unconfin'd,
Shrinks not to scrutinize the conscious soul !
Let insects in meridian lustre shine ;
The cool, the pensive hour of mental bliss be mine !

SONNET.

O BUSY world ! since ev'ry passing day
Unfolds new scenes of agonizing woe ;
Say, whither shall the child of mis'ry go ?
Where seek, mid thorns, one flow'r to deck his way ?
My stormy hour presents no cheering ray ;
For me, no summer morn shall proudly glow :
Round my chill'd heart the winds of winter blow,
While fainting hope but lingers to decay.

Oh, barb'rous world ! Why from my bleeding breast
Bid peace, with all the pure affections, fly ?
While round my couch, despair, in horrors drest,
From my torn heart extorts th' eternal sigh.
Bid me, oh ! bid thy trembling victim rest,
For if he thus must live — 'tis heav'n to die !

SONNET.

TO LIBERTY.

**AH ! liberty ! transcendent and sublime !
Born in the mountain's solitary crest ;
Nature thy nurse ! thy sire, exulting *time* !
Truth, the pure inmate of the glowing breast !**

**Oft dost thou wander by the billowy deep,
Scatt'ring the sands that bind the level shore ;
Or, tow'ring, brave the desolating roar,
That bids the tyrant tempest lash the steep !**

**'Tis thine, where sanguinary demons low'r,
Amidst the thick'ning host to force thy way ;
To quell the minions of oppressive pow'r,
And crush the vaunting nothings of a day !**

**Still shall the human mind thy name adore !
'Till chaos reigns—and worlds shall be no more !**

SONNET.

O GOLD! thou pois'nous dross, whose subtile pow'r,
Can change men's souls, or captive take the will;
Thou, whose fell potency can save or kill,
Illume or darken life's precarious hour.
Thou tipp'st the leaves of fancy's fairest flow'r
With glitt'ring drops: it feels the numbing spell
Creep through each fibre slow; while ev'ry ill
Of sordid mis'ry blossoms to devour.
The bland and lustrous morn of mental grace
Thy touch contaminates: thy sev'ring force
Breaks friendship's charm; bids honour's wreath
decay;
Tears the pure blush of love from beauty's face;
Arms bold oppression in her ruthless course:
While the wide groaning world feels thy destructive
sway.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT SEA, SEPT. 1, 1792.

WHILE o'er the waste of waters, loud and deep,
I dimly trace the cliffs of Albion's shore ;
While evening's shadows o'er the ocean sweep,
And wild winds whistle, as the billows roar ;

For the poor, hopeless *mariner* I weep ;
For friends far off, and destin'd to deplore ;
Who on their downy pillows calmly sleep,
While he, alas ! is doom'd to *wake no more !*

Yet why should *fancy* others woes reveal ?
Have I not felt the rudest storms of fate,
And prov'd each pang the human heart can feel ?
Then fortune, I defy thy fiercest hate !
Henceforth, each sensate nerve be hard as steel ;
For where DESPAIR resides, REFLECTION comes
too late !

SONNET.

TO AMICUS.

WHEN o'er the darken'd globe, the wings of night
Sprinkle soft dews, or fan the chilling wind ;
The solitary *lover*, hid from sight,
On the bleak rock, sits mournfully reclin'd :

Fix'd in the spells of melancholy thought,
Unmov'd, he hears the waves that dash below ;
While his fond heart, with dire destruction fraught,
Feeds on the misery of ling'ring woe :

But when the jocund day, above the hills
Lifts its bright crest, the murky shadows fly ;
Hope's soothing voice his soul with rapture fills,
And checks the fear just trembling in his eye.

So the lov'd MUSE, flies from the vapid throng,
Till charm'd, and waken'd, by thy dulcet song !

STANZAS.

" Absence lessens small passions, and increases great ones; as the
the wind extinguishes tapers, and kindles fires."

Roche foucault's Moral Maxims.

TELL me, that nature welcomes rosy spring;
That plenty weaves a garland for her breast;
That summer spreads her renovated wing,
And smiles, in gay and glowing colours drest;
Tell me, that rapture is her handmaid fair;
But tell me not, that ABSENCE cures DESPAIR!

Tell me, autumnal suns, with fiercer pow'r,
Come darting forth, earth's bosom to adorn;
That many a whisp'ring gale, and silky flow'r,
Welcomes the lustrous glances of the morn;
Tell me, that round her flutters fragrant air;
But tell me not, that ABSENCE cures DESPAIR;

Tell me, that winter's howling winds, and rain,
Strip the thatch'd cot, and scatter ruin wide;
That snows thick falling on the cheerless plain,
The scenes of pastime and of labour hide;
Tell me, that man is but the prey of care;
But tell me not, that ABSENCE cures DESPAIR!

Tell me that melodies in ev'ry grove

Steal to the breast, and charm each throbbing vein,
That hope gives swiftness to the wings of love,
Averts his dart, and heals his direst pain,
And bids blithe youth his softest transports share ;
But tell me not, that ABSENCE cures DESPAIR !

Tell me, that beauty fascinates the heart,

And binds each captive sense in thralldom sweet ;
That genius mocks the sting of envious art ;
That baseness only cherishes deceit ;
Tell me, that falsehood candour's mark can wear ;
But tell me not, that ABSENCE cures DESPAIR !

Tell me, that wealth can purchase short-liv'd fame ;

That pride can trample on meek modest worth ;
That idiot souls are flatter'd by a name ;
That guilt is sanction'd by superior birth ;
Tell me, that vice assumes a semblance fair ;
But tell me not, that ABSENCE cures DESPAIR !

Tell me, that reason comes with sober eye,

To wean the soul from life's delusive toys ;
That dauntless truth, and mild philosophy,
Lead in their train unperishable joys ;
Tell me, that wisdom laughs at taunting care ;
But tell me not, that ABSENCE cures DESPAIR !

Each scene I've mark'd, and mark'd them all decay ;
Youth, hope, meek-bosom'd friendship, pleasure,
pain;
Cold winter's storms, and summer's radiant day ;
Truth's mental bliss, and folly's low disdain :
And though condemn'd each mortal change to share,
Still found, that ABSENCE could not cure DESPAIR !

CUPID SLEEPING.

INSCRIBED TO

GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

CLOSE in a woodbine's tangled shade,
 The blooming god asleep was laid ;
 His brows with mossy roses crown'd,
 His golden darts lay scatter'd round ;
 To shade his auburn curled head
 A purple canopy was spread,
 Which gently with the breezes play'd,
 And shed around a soften'd shade.
 Upon his downy smiling cheek,
 Adorn'd with many a dimple sleek,
 Beam'd glowing health, and tender blisses ;
 His coral lips, which teem'd with kisses
 Moist, glisten'd with ambrosial dew
 That reach'd the rose's deepest hue ;
 His quiver on a bough was hung,
 His bow lay carelessly unstrung ;

His breath mild odour scatter'd round,
 His eyes an azure fillet bound :
 On ev'ry side did zephyrs play
 To fan the sultry beams of day ;
 While the soft tenants of the grove,
 Attun'd their notes to plaintive love.

Thus lay the boy—when Devon's feet
 Unknowing reach'd the lone retreat ;
 Surpris'd to see the beauteous child
 Of every dang'rous pow'r beguil'd !
 Approaching near his mossy bed,
 Soft whisp'ring to herself she said :—
 " Thou little imp, whose potent art
 " Bows low with grief the FEELING HEART ;
 " Whose thirst insatiate loves to sip
 " The nectar from the ruby lip ;
 " Whose barb'rous joy is prone to seek
 " The soft carnation of the cheek ;
 " Now, bid thy tyrant sway farewell,
 " As thus I break each magic spell."
 Snatch'd from the bough, where high it hung,
 O'er her white shoulder straight she flung
 The burnish'd quiver, golden dart,
 And each vain emblem of his art ;

LINES

FROM ANGELICA*.

I WAKE from dreams of proud delight,
 Where gorgeous visions blest my sight!
 Where fancy rear'd Elysian bow'rs,
 Adorn'd with never-fading flow'rs;
 While radiant streams of beaming gold
 Around the distant mountains roll'd!
 And gossamer on light winds flew,
 Sweeping the spangled fields of dew;
 And weaving with a zephyr's hand
 A net-work o'er the glowing land.

The fervent ORB, now spreading wide,
 Shed all around a silv'ry tide;
 From ev'ry stem, from ev'ry flow'r,
 Fast fell the soft and brilliant show'r;
 Till with his flame-expanding eye
 He trac'd the confines of the sky,
 While his gold banner, wide unfurl'd,
 Stream'd glorious o'er the rolling world!

* A novel, in three volumes, by the same author.

O! visions of supreme delight!
Why did ye quit my cheated sight?
Why did I wake to mark the hour
When winter's angry tempests lour?
While on the warring whirlwinds fly
The fleecy fragments of the sky,
The pelting hail, the bleak blast wild,
That chills *misfortune's* shivering child;
Where hopeless and forlorn she weeps,
Or to the dropping pent-house creeps,
To view with many a rending sigh
The lordly mansion tow'ring nigh!
Where, while the keen blast cuts her breast,
The pamper'd cur sleeps warm at rest;
While for a famish'd parent's woes
The tear of filial virtue flows,
There lux'ry spreads profusion wide,
To glut the iron breast of pride!

Hark! the shrill winds are whistling round!
Thy mantle, winter, wraps the ground;
In torrents fall thy hoarded tears,
Thy thick'ning breath absorbs the spheres;
Thy ebon pinions spread dismay—
And mock the sun's enfeebled ray!

OH! WINTER! fly, thou sternest child,
That from the mass of chaos wild,

'Mid storms ~~and~~ howling tempests grew,
 Thy kindred seasons to subdue!
 Rock'd by the hurricane, or cast
 Upon the swift wings of the blast;
 Thy nurse, the boist'rous north, whose hand
 Bestow'd the petrifying wand,
 Taught thee, with desolating breath
 To form the icy chains of death;
 Till with resistless fury proud,
 Exulting, pitiless, and loud,
 Thou bad'st faint NATURE own thy hour,
 And smot'st her with a giant's pow'r!

Now gliding on revolving years,
 Thou chill'st the ocean, earth, and spheres!
 Yet, transient is thy tyrant reign,
 Ere nature wakes and smiles again;
 Ere spring leads on the rosy hours,
 Calls forth her perfumes, tints, and flow'rs;
 Bids zephyrus unlock the streams,
 And revel in the fost'ring beams,
 While round the tow'ring trunk they play,
 To renovate the shrivell'd spray!
 Then up the darting shafts of light,
 The insect myriads bend their flight,
 And mingling in a mazy throng,
 With rapture hum their busy song,
 To greet the proud effulgent ray
 That deigns to gild their little day!

Oh! ye! who nurs'd in mis'ry's breast,
Have long forgot the hour of rest!
Ye who have trac'd with ceaseless tears
The seasons of disastrous years,
Behold the gaudy painted fly,
The offspring of a sunny sky;
And trust that HE who gilds its wing
With all the rainbow hues of spring;
Who gives the lark its plumage gay
To skim along the floods of day;
Who bids the busy lab'ring ant
Foresee the freezing hour of want;
Who guides the spider's vital loom
To weave th' unwary insect's doom,
Will teach the sensate reas'ning MIND,
To own his pow'r, *and bow resign'd!*

TO HIM

WHO LAMENTED SEEING A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
WEEP.

THE tear that falls from Lesbia's eye,
Down her soft cheek in pity flows;
As ether drops forsake the sky,
To cheer the drooping blushing ROSE!

For, like the SUN, her eyes diffuse
O'er her fair cheek so bright a ray,
That tears must fall like heav'nly dews,
Lest the twin ROSES fade away!

THE ADMONITION.

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ANCIENT POETS.

LADY! 'tis somewhat strange to find
You still are pleasing, still are kind,
Still gay and lovely, fair and free,
To all—but ME!

Ah! lady! when those azure eyes
A knight right loyal would surprise;
If you are just, if you can see,
You'll turn to ME!

I first ador'd you in your prime,
I follow'd you with restless TIME;
Yet still a thousand charms I see
That still please ME!

Some wou'd declare those eyes were less
With speaking lustre taught to bless ;
Yet temper'd sweetness now I see,
More dear to ME !

Some would those scanty tresses scorn ;
I think thy brows they best adorn
When they no longer wanton free,
Except for ME !

'Tis true they now are sprinkled o'er
With silvery lustre ; I adore
The placid hue—whose modesty
Most charmeth ME !

They do not, like the golden day,
As erst in wild confusion play :
Such dazzling fires I hate to see,
They sicken ME !

Thy smooth fair cheek its rosy hue
Hath lost ; but tho' 'tis gone, I view
The tear of sensibility—
'Tnat witcheth ME !

Soft airs of tender languishment,
And sighs, with tears of discontent,
For BOYS' fond passion's spring may be—
But not for ME !

I cannot jealous fear endure :
If wounded much, I seek a cure ;
I must be *lov'd*, fair nymph, or *free* :
So answer ME ?

I swear to love you, if you prove
Deserving such a lover's love ;
I swear till death your slave to be :
Then list to ME !

But first my love must be repaid :
I cannot see my being fade,
And sigh and mourn, unless I see
You sigh *with* ME !

Think, lady, you are past your prime,
And soon will be the slave of TIME !
For TIME will never constant be,
Lady, like ME !

He changes with the passing hour,
He fades to dust the sweetest flow'r ;
And you again may never see
A swain like ME !

'Tis *autumn*, lady! *summer's* o'er !
You will behold a *spring* no more !
Then let your *winter* moments be
Still gay with ME !

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

A LOVER, when he first essays
 A lady's heart to gain,
 A thousand tender fears betrays,
 And talks of jealous pain !
 All day he sighs, and sighing swears,
 That love, and hope, and anxious cares,
 Destroy his peace, his nights molest,
 And agonize his "*feeling breast* !"

If not believ'd, he ardent pays
 Obedient homage still !
 And ev'ry gentle grace displays,
 To gratify her will !
 Where'er she goes, he follows there ;
 And if she flies him, he'll pursue ;
 And if she frowns—he'll still adore ;
 And if she scorns—he'll doat THE MORE !

Let her *another* kindly treat,
He sighs in hopeless pain ;
Let her his eyes with coldness meet,
And ev'ry glance disdain ;
Let her avoid him, wayward prone,
To favour *all*, save *him alone* !
Let *others* see her always glad,
But let *him* find her—ever *sad* !

Thus wou'd you keep a LOVER still,
Unkind and careless prove ;
For MAN is humble—*treated ill* !
And coldness fosters LOVE !
Spurn him with harshness, and he sighs ;
Most servile, when most cross'd ;
Reward with kindness—and he *flies* !
Adore him—and HE'S LOST !

IMPROMPTU.

SAYS TIME to LOVE, "Thou idle boy!

"Thy art is now a jest!

"Thy raptures only serve to cloy,

"And freeze the modern breast."

"True," replies LOVE, "but why dost thou

"This keen reproach bestow?

"Since 'tis before *thy wing* I bow,

"*THY scythe* has laid me low;

"For what ~~so~~ dims the flame of LOVE?

"(Since coldness is my crime)

"Ah! what can so destructive prove

"As thou, oh! *chilling TIME*!"

TO ARABELLA!

(AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ENGLISH POETS.)

My love, whene'er those radiant eyes
 Their sunshine on this planet throw,
 A thousand arrows love supplies,
 To fill thy lover's heart with woe!
Lady! when from that rosy lip
 The angry word in haste you speak,
 My heart is like to sinking ship,
 And thro' my stormy breast wou'd break;
 Yet, **LADY!** better thou shou'dst chide,
 Than I offend thy beauty's pride.
Lady, whene'er you deign to smile,
 Though winter frown, it still is spring!
 For joy and fancy all the while
 Are flutt'ring on hope's sunny wing!
 Then, lady! smile, and let me prove
 Each hour a *summer day* of **LOVE!**

Bright eyes ! then still your brilliance keep,
And lips still glow with ruby red ;
And TIME, oh ! never hope to sweep
With envious wing that golden head ;
For know ! when round my fair you play,
That LOVE will turn your scythe away !

TASTE AND FASHION.

SAYS FASHION to TASTE, "I am strangely perplex'd,

" For nothing to please me you bring ;
 " With whims and with changes for ever I'm vex'd,
 " And still fancy is wild on the wing !

" I've invented all things that caprice can devise,
 " I have mingled all colours—and still
 " The leaders of FASHION her fancy despise,
 " And in ridicule, laugh at my skill !

" I have dress'd and *un*-dress'd the fair nymphs of
 our land,
 " I've display'd ev'ry charm they possess ;
 " Like their grand-mother EVE, I have led the gay
 band,
 " Or like VENUS, have taught them to bless."

“ And ’tis therefore they scorn you!” cried TASTE
with a smile,

“ You have left them no charm to display!

“ When *I* led the blythe phalanx, I taught them
the while,

“ To be sparing, and *decent*, and gay!

“ I told them, that *beauty*, when seen by all eyes,

“ Wou’d the proud charm of novelty lose;

“ And that he is most constant who fearfully sighs,

“ She the most happy who learns to refuse!”

Let the daughters of fashion to TRUTH then give ear

Let them *hide* the fair charms they possess:

And tributes of FAME at their feet shall appear,

And mankind shall their empire confess.

IMPROMPTU

ON

* * * *

WHEN MYRA bloom'd at gay fifteen,
 Mankind proclaim'd her beauty's queen,
 And ev'ry heart ador'd her :
 Now MYRA trembles at three-score ;
 The barb'rous sex, alas! no more
 A single glance afford her !

Now slander occupies her hours !
 And spleen her wither'd form devours,
 Of "*envious fate*" complaining !
 'Tis thus we see the ROSE decay,
 And all its beauties fade away,
 The THORN alone remaining !

FAIRY RHYMES.

OBERON'S INVITATION TO TITANIA.

OH! come, my pretty love! and we
 Will climb the dewy hill together ;
 An acorn shall our goblet be,
 A ROSE our couch in sunny weather ;
 Amidst its fragrant leaves we'll lie,
 List'ning the zephyrs passing by!

Come, come, my pretty love, and sip
 The dew that from each herb is flowing ;
 And let the insects round thy lip
 With envy hover while 'tis glowing!
 Beneath a spring-flow'rs bell we'll sing,
 While southern gales shall fragrance bring.

Then haste, my pretty queen, and dress
 Thy snowy breast with pearls of morning ;
 Thy smiles shall charm, thy voice shall bless,
 Thy beauty ev'ry grace adorning!
 By dawn-light o'er the daisied ground
 We'll sport, while fairies gambol round.

Ah ! why delay, my pretty love !

The sun is sinking in the ocean,
The clear green waters slowly move;
The weary zephyrs scarce have motion!
Soon, soon the gloomy shades of night
Will want those eyes of starry light.

I've made thee, love, a canopy
Of tulips tinted rich—a cluster
Of golden cups is waving nigh,
Bath'd in the moon-beams' dewy lustre !
The softest turf shall be our floor,
With twinkling dew-drops spangled o'er !

Thy curtains are of insect's wings,
With feather-grass festoon'd and corded ;
And, for their tassels, zephyr brings
The thistle's down, in winter hoarded.
Thy pillow is of swan-down fair,
“ Which floats upon the summer air.”

Now, OBERON, thy love attends,
His heart with doubt and terror swelling ;
While low his brow with sorrow bends,
To mark of LOVE the *lonely dwelling* !
Oh ! come ! or ere night's shadows fly,
The chilling breeze shall *bid me DIE* !

TITANIA'S ANSWER TO OBERON.

IN vain, for me, thy gifts display'd,
 Meet the red eye of smiling morning;
I still will court the lonely shade,
 Alike thy vows and splendours scorning!
Inconstant! ev'ry fairy knows
 Thy love is like the gale that blows!

Thy oaths are like the summer flow'rs,
 No sooner made than quickly faded;
 Thy home, like April's transient show'rs,
 Now gay—and now by storms invaded!
 Thy song is like the vagrant bird,
 That sweet in ev'ry clime is heard!

Thy couch, so fragrant, rich, and gay,
 Will fade ere love has learnt to sicken;
 And thou wilt wander far away,
 While hope declines, by falsehood stricken:
 And o'er the moonlight dewy space
 A thousand rivals fear shall trace!

152 TITANIA'S ANSWER TO OBERON.

False lover! to the shaggy steep

Titania flies, from thee and sorrow!

There, while, beneath, the waters sleep,

From night a sable veil I'll borrow,

And on a thorny pillow rest,

Beside the bird of pity's nest.

Yes, the lorn nightingale shall be

My only friend in hopeless anguish;

And to the star of ev'ning we

Will tell, how faithful love can languish!

The owl shall watch us all night long,

Hooting the dreary cliffs among!

Go! vagrant lover! 'mid the throngs

Of fairy rovers seek a dwelling;

While I in silence mourn my wrongs,

My sighs upon the cold breeze swelling:

Go! sport in wanton, idle play,

While moonlight scatters mimic day.

Go, where the sun its splendour throws

Upon the crest of yon tall mountain—

Go, drink oblivion to love's woes,

Where ev'ning gilds the lucid fountain:

Go, where inconstant zephyrs flee—

But think, ah! think, no more of me!

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

A GYPSY TALE.

LUBIN and KATE, as gossips tell,
 Were lovers many a day ;
 LUBIN the damsel lov'd so well,
 That folks pretend to say,
 The silly, simple, doting lad
 Was little less than loving mad :
 A malady not known of late—
 Among the little-loving great!

KATE lik'd the youth ; but woman-kind
 Are sometimes giv'n to range.
 And oft the giddy sex, we find,
 (They know not why)
 When most they promise, soonest change,
 And still for conquest sigh :
 So 'twas with KATE ; she, ever roving,
 Was never fix'd, though always loving!

STEPHEN was LUBIN's rival ; he
A rustic libertine was known ;
And many a blushing, simple she
The rogue had left—to sigh alone !
KATE car'd but little for the rover,
Yet she resolv'd to have her way ;
For STEPHEN was the village lover,
And women sigh for sov'reign sway :
And he, who has been known to ruin,—
Is always sought, and always wooing.

STEPHEN had long in secret sigh'd ;
And STEPHEN never was deny'd.
Now, LUBIN was a modest swain,
And therefore treated with disdain :
For, it is said, in *love* and *war*,—
The boldest most successful are !

Vows were to him but fairy things,
Borne on capricious fancy's wings ;
And promises but phantoms airy,
Which falsehood form'd to cheat th' unwary ;
For still deception was his trade :
And though his traffic well was known,
Still ev'ry trophy was his own,
Which the proud victor, love, display'd.
In short, this STEPHEN was the bane
Of ev'ry maid,—and ev'ry swain !

KATE had too often play'd the fool,
And now, at length, was caught ;
For she, who had been pleas'd to rule,
Was now, poor maiden, taught !
And STEPHEN rul'd with boundless sway,
The rustic tyrant of his day.

LUBIN had giv'n inconstant KATE
Ten pounds, to buy her wedding gear :
And now, 'tis said, tho' somewhat late,
He thought his bargain rather dear.
For, lo ! the day before the pair
Had fix'd the marriage chain to wear,
A GYPSY gang, a wand'ring set,
In a lone wood young LUBIN met.
All round him press with canting tale,
And, in a jargon well design'd
To cheat the unsuspecting mind,
His list'ning ears assail.

Some promis'd riches ; others swore
He should by women be ador'd ;
And never sad, and never poor—
Live like a squire, or lord ;
Do what he pleas'd, and ne'er be brought
To shame—for what he did, or thought ;
Seduce men's wives and daughters fair,
Spend wealth, while others toil'd in vain,

And scoff at honesty, and swear,—

And scoff, and trick, and swear again!

ONE roguish girl, with sparkling eyes,

To win the handsome LUBIN tries :

She smil'd, and by her speaking glance,

Enthrall'd him in a wond'ring trance.

He thought her lovelier far than KATE,

And wish'd that she had been his mate ;

For when the FANCY is on wing,

VARIETY's a dangerous thing :

And FANCY, when she learns to stray,

Will seldom keep the beaten way.

The gypsy girl, with speaking eyes,

Observ'd her pupil's fond surprise ;

She begg'd that he her hand would cross

With sixpence ; and that he should know

His future scene of gain and loss,

His weal and woe.—

LUBIN complies. And straight he hears

“ That he had many long, long years ;

“ That he a maid inconstant loves,

“ Who to another slily roves ;

“ That a dark man his bane will be—

“ And poison his domestic hours ;

“ While a fair woman, treach'rously,

“ Will dress his brow—with thorns and flow'rs !”

It happen'd, to confirm his care—
STEPHEN was *dark*,—and KATE was *fair*!
Nay more, that “home his bride would bring
“A little, alien, prattling thing
“In just six moons!” Poor LUBIN hears
All that confirms his jealous fears;
Perplex'd and frantic, what to do
The cheated lover scarcely knew.
He flies to KATE, and straight he tells
The wonder that in magic dwells!
Speaks of the fortune-telling crew,
And how all things the vagrants knew.
KATE hears; and soon determines, she
Will know *her* future destiny.

Swift to the wood she hies, tho' late,
To read the tablet of her fate.
The moon its crystal beam scarce shew'd
Upon the darkly shadow'd road;
The hedge-row was the feasting-place
Where, round a little blazing wood,
The wand'ring, dingy, gabbling race
Crowded in merry mood.
And now she loiter'd near the scene,
Now peep'd the hazel copse between,
Fearful that LUBIN might be near,
The story of *her* fate to hear.—

She saw the feasting circle gay
By the stol'n faggot's yellow light ;
She heard them, as, in sportive play,
They cheer'd the sullen gloom of night.
Nor was sly KATE by all UNSEEN,
Peeping the hazel copse between !

And now across the thicket side
A tatter'd, skulking youth she spied ;
He beckon'd her along, and soon,
Hid safely from the prying moon,
His hand with silver thrice she crosses—
“ Tell me,” said she, “ my gains and losses !”

“ You gain a *fool*,” the youth replies,
“ You lose a *lover* too.”
The false one blushes deep, and sighs,
For well the truth she knew !
“ You gave to STEPHEN vows ; nay more,
“ You gave him favours rare :
“ And LUBIN is condemn'd to share
“ What many others shar'd before !
“ A false, capricious, guilty heart,
“ Made up of folly, vice, and art,
“ Which only takes a wedded mate
“ To brand with shame an husband's fate.”

“ Hush ! hush ! ” cried KATE, “ for heav’n’s sake, be

“ As secret as the grave !

“ For LUBIN means to marry me ;

“ And if you will not me betray,

“ I for your silence well will pay ;

“ *Five pounds* this moment you shall have.”—

“ I will have TEN ! ” the gypsy cries :—

The fearful, trembling girl complies.

But what was her dismay, to find

That LUBIN was the gypsy bold,

The cunning, fortune-telling hind

Who had the artful story told—

Who thus was cur’d of jealous pain,—

And got his TEN POUNDS back again!

Thus fortune pays the LOVER bold !

But, gentle maids, should fate

Have any *secret* yet untold,—

Remember *simple* KATE !

POOR MARGUERITE.

SWIFT o'er the wild and dreary waste
 A NUT-BROWN GIRL was seen to haste ;
 Wide waving was her unbound hair,
 And sun-scorch'd was her bosom bare ;
 For summer's noon had shed its beams
 While she lay wrapp'd in fev'rish dreams ;
 While, on the wither'd hedge-row's side,
 By turns she slept, by turns she cried,
 " Ah ! where lies hid the balsam sweet,
 " To heal the wounds of MARGUERITE ?"

Dark was her large and sunken eye,
 Which wildly gaz'd upon the sky ;
 And swiftly down her freckled face
 The chilling dews began to pace :
 For she was lorn, and many a day
 Had, all alone, been doom'd to stray,
 And many a night her bosom warm
 Had throbb'd beneath the pelting storm ;
 And still she cried, " the rain falls sweet,
 " It bathes the wounds of MARGUERITE."

Her garments were by briars torn,
 And on them hung full many a thorn ;
 A thistle crown she mutt'ring twin'd,
 Now darted on,—now look'd behind—
 And here and there her arm was seen
 Bleeding the tatter'd folds between ;
 Yet on her breast she oft display'd
 A faded branch, that breast to shade :
 For though her senses were astray,
 She felt the burning beams of day ;
 She felt the wintry blast of night,
 And smil'd to see the morning light ;
 For then she cried, “ I soon shall meet
 “ The plighted love of MARGUERITE.”

Across the waste of printless snow
 All day the NUT-BROWN GIRL would go ;
 And when the winter moon had shed
 Its pale beams on the mountain's head,
 She on a broomy pillow lay,
 Singing the lonely hours away ;
 While the cold breath of dawn-light flew
 Across the fields of glitt'ring dew :—
 Swift o'er the frozen lake she past,
 Unmindful of the driving blast,
 And then she cried, “ the air is sweet—
 “ It fans the breast of MARGUERITE.”

The weedy lane she lov'd to tread
When stars their twinkling lustre shed ;
While from the lone and silent cot
The watchful cur assail'd her not,
Though at the beggar he would fly.
And fright the trav'ller passing by :
But she, so kind and gentle seem'd,
Such sorrow in her dark eyes beam'd,
That savage fierceness could not greet
With less than love,—POOR MARGUERITE !

Oft by the splashy brook she stood,
And sung her song to the waving wood ;
The waving wood, in murmurs low,
Fill'd up the pause of weary woe ;
Oft to the forest tripp'd along,
And inly humm'd her frantic song ;
Oft danc'd mid shadows ev'ning spread
Along the whisp'ring willow-bed.
And wild was her groan,
When she climb'd, alone,
The rough rock's side,
While the foaming tide
Dash'd rudely against the sandy shore,
And lightning flash'd amid the thunder's roar.

And many a time she chac'd the fly,
And mock'd the beetle humming by ;

And then, with loud fantastic tone,
 She sang her wild strain, sad—alone.
 And if a stranger wander'd near,
 Or paus'd the frantic song to hear,
 The burthen she would soft repeat,
 “ Who comes to sooth POOR MARGUERITE ? ”

And why did she with sun-burnt breast,
 So wander, and so scorn to rest ?
 Why did the NUT-BROWN MAIDEN go
 O'er burning plains and wastes of snow ?
 What bade her fev'rish bosom sigh,
 And dimm'd her large and hazel eye ?
 What taught her o'er the hills to stray,
 Fearless by night, and wild by day ?
 What stole the hour of slumber sweet,
 From the scorch'd brain of MARGUERITE ! ”

Soon shalt thou know ; for see how lorn
 She climbs the steep of shaggy thorn—
 Now on the jutting cliff she stands,
 And clasps her cold and trembling hands ;—
 And now aloud she chaunts her strain,
 While fiercely roars the troublous main.
 Now the white breakers curling shew
 The dread abyss that yawns below,
 And still she sighs, “ the sound is sweet,
 “ It seems to say, POOR MARGUERITE ! ”

“ Here will I build a rocky shed,
“ And here I’ll make my sea-weed bed ;
“ Here gather, with unwearied hands,
“ The orient shells that deck the sands.
“ And here will I skim o’er the billows so high,
“ And laugh at the moon and the dark frowning sky ;
“ And the sea-birds, that hover across the wide main,
“ Shall sweep with their pinions the white bounding
plain ;
“ And the shivering sail shall the fierce tempest meet,
“ Like the storm in the bosom of POOR MARGUE-
RITE !

“ The setting sun, with golden ray,
“ Shall warm my breast, and make me gay.
“ The clamours of the roaring sea
“ My midnight serenade shall be ;
“ The cliff, that like a tyrant stands
“ Exulting o’er the wave-lash’d sands,
“ With its weedy crown, and its flinty crest,
“ Shall, on its hard bosom, rock me to rest ;
“ And I’ll watch for the eagle’s unfledg’d brood,
“ And I’ll scatter their nest, and I’ll drink their
blood ;
“ And under the crag I will kneel and pray,
“ And silver my robe with the moony ray :
“ And who shall scorn the lone retreat
“ Which heav’n has mark’d for MARGUERITE !

“ Here did the exil’d HENRY stray,
“ Forc’d from his native land away;
“ Here, here upon a foreign shore,
“ His parents, lost, awhile deplore;
“ Here find, that pity’s holy tear
“ Could not an *alien wand’rer* cheer:
“ And now, in fancy, he would view,
“ Shouting aloud, the rabble crew—
“ The rabble crew, whose impious hands
“ Tore asunder nature’s bands!
“ I see him still,—he waves me on!
“ And now to the dark abyss he’s gone—
“ He calls—I hear his voice so sweet,—
“ It seems to say—POOR MARGUERITE!”

Thus wild she sung! when on the sand
She saw her long-lost HENRY stand;
Pale was his cheek, and on his breast
His icy hand he, silent, prest;
And now the twilight shadows spread
Around the tall cliff’s weedy head:
Far o’er the main the moon shone bright,
She mark’d the quiv’ring stream of light—
It danc’d upon the murm’ring wave,
It danc’d upon her HENRY’s grave!
It mark’d his visage, deathly pale,—
His white shroud floating in the gale;

His speaking eyes, his smile so sweet,
That won the love—of MARGUERITE!

And now he beckon'd her along
The curling moonlight waves among;
No footsteps mark'd the slanting sand
Where she had seen her HENRY stand!
She saw him o'er the billows go—
She heard the rising breezes blow;
She shriek'd aloud! The echoing steep
Frown'd darkness on the troubled deep;
The moon in cloudy veil was seen,
And louder howl'd the night blast keen!—
And when the morn in splendour dress'd,
Blush'd radiance on the eagle's nest,
That radiant blush was doom'd to greet—
The lifeless form—of MARGUERITE!

THE CONFESSOR.

A SANCTIFIED TALE.

WHEN SUPERSTITION rul'd the land,
 And priestcraft shackled reason,
 At GODSTOW dwelt a goodly band,
 Grey monks they were, and but to say
 They were not always giv'n to pray,
 Would have been construed treason.
 Yet some *did* scoff, and some believ'd
 That sinners were themselves deceiv'd;
 And taking monks for more than men,
 They prov'd themselves, nine out of ten,
 Mere dupes of these old fathers hoary;
 But read—and mark the story.

Near, in a little farm, there liv'd
 A buxom dame of twenty-three;
 And by the neighbours 'twas believ'd
 A very saint was she!
 Yet, ev'ry week, for some transgression,
 She went to sigh devout confession.

For ev'ry trifle seem'd to make
Her self-reproving conscience shake ;
And conscience, waken'd, 'tis well known,
Will never let the soul alone.

At GODSTOW, 'mid the holy band,
Old FATHER PETER held command.
And lusty was the pious man,
As any of his crafty clan ;
And rosy was his cheek, and sly
The wand'rings of his keen grey eye ;
Yet all the farmers' wives confess'd
The wond'rous pow'r this monk possess'd ;
Pow'r to rub out the score of sin,
Which SATAN chalk'd upon his tally ;
To give fresh licence to begin,—
And for new scenes of frolic rally ;
For abstinence was not his way—
He lov'd to *live*—as well as *pray* ;
To prove his gratitude to heav'n
By taking freely all its favours,—
And keeping his account still even,
Still mark'd his best endeavours :
That is to say, he took pure ore
For benedictions,—and was known,
While PLUTUS op'd his golden store,
Not to unlock his own !

And often to his cell went he
With the gay dame of twenty-three:
His cell was sacred, and the fair
Well knew, that none could enter there,
Who (such was PETER's sage decree)
To Paradise ne'er *bought* a key.

It happen'd that this farmer's wife
(Call MISTRESS TWYFORD—alias BRIDGET,)
Led her poor spouse a weary life—
Keeping him in an endless fidget!
Yet ev'ry week she sought the cell
Where holy FATHER PETER stay'd,
And there did ev'ry secret tell,—
And there, at sun-rise, knelt and pray'd.
For near there liv'd a civil friend,
Than FARMER TWYFORD somewhat stouter,
And he would oft his counsel lend,
And pass the wintry hours away
In harmless play;
But MISTRESS BRIDGET was so chaste,
So much with pious manners grac'd,
That none could doubt her!

One night, or rather morn, 'tis said,
The wily neighbour chose to roam,
And (FARMER TWYFORD far from home)
He thought he might supply his place;

And, void of ev'ry spark of grace,
Upon HIS pillow rest his head.
The night was cold, and FATHER PETER
Sent his young neighbour to entreat her,
That she would make confession free—
To him,—his saintly deputy.
Now, so it happen'd, to annoy
The merry pair, a little boy,
The only son of lovely Bridget,
And, like his *daddy*, giv'n to fidget,
Enquir'd who this same neighbour was
That took the place his father left—
A most unworthy, shameless theft,—
A sacrilege on marriage laws!

The dame was somewhat disconcerted ;
For, all that she could say or do,
The boy his question would renew,
Nor from his purpose be diverted.
At length, the matter to decide,
“ 'Tis FATHER PETER,” she replied ;
“ He's come to pray.” The child gave o'er,
When a loud thumping at the door
Proclaim'd the husband coming! Lo!
Where could the wily neighbour go?
Where hide his recreant, guilty head—
But underneath the farmer's bed?—

NOW MASTER TWYFORD kiss'd his child;
And straight the cunning urchin smil'd:
" Hush, father ! hush ! 'tis break of day—
" And FATHER PETER's come to pray !
" You must not speak," the infant cries—
" For underneath the bed he lies."

NOW MISTRESS TWYFORD shriek'd and fainted ;
And the sly neighbour found, too late,
The FARMER than his wife less sainted ;
For with his cudgel he repaid
The kindness of his faithless mate,
And fiercely on his blows he laid, . . .
'Till her young lover, vanquish'd, swore
He'd play THE CONFESSOR no more !

Tho' *fraud* is ever sure to find
Its scorpion in the guilty mind :
Yet, PIOUS FRAUD, the DEVIL's treasure,
Is always paid in TENFOLD MEASURE.

EDMUND'S WEDDING.

By the side of the brook, where the willow is waving,
 Why sits the wan youth, in his wedding-suit gay!
 Now sighing so deeply, now frantically raving,
 Beneath the pale light of the moon's sickly ray?
 Now he starts, all aghast, and with horror's wild gesture,
 Cries, "AGNES is coming, I know her white vesture!
 " See! see! how she beckons me on to the willow,
 " Where, on the cold turf, she has made our rude pillow!

" Sweet girl! yes I know thee! thy cheek's living roses
 " Are chang'd and grown pale with the touch of despair;
 " And thy bosom no longer the lily discloses—
 " For thorns, my poor AGNES, are now planted
 there!
 " Thy blue, starry eyes are all dimm'd by dark sorrow;
 " No more from thy lip can the flow'r fragrance
 borrow;
 " For cold does it seem, like the pale light of morning,
 " And thou smil'st, as in sadness, thy fond lover scorn-
 ing!

“ From the red scene of slaughter thy Edmund re-
turning,

“ Has dress’d himself gaily with May-blooming
flow’rs ;

“ His bosom, dear AGNES ! still faithfully burning,

“ While, madly impatient, his eyes beam in show’rs !

“ O ! many a time have I thought of thy beauty—

“ When cannons, loud roaring, taught valour its duty ;

“ And many a time have I sigh’d to behold thee—

“ When the sulphur-of war in its cloudy mist roll’d me !

“ At the still hour of morn, when the camp was re-
posing,

“ I wander’d alone on the wide dewy plain :

“ And when the gold curtains of ev’ning were closing,

“ I watch’d the long shadows steal over the main !

“ Across the wild ocean, half frantic, they bore me,

“ Unheeding my groans, from thee, AGNES, they tore
me ;

“ But, tho’ my poor heart might have bled in the battle,

“ Thy name should have echoed amidst the loud rattle !

“ When I gaz’d on the field of the dead and the dying—

“ O AGNES ! my fancy still wander’d to thee !

“ When around my brave comrades in anguish were
lying,

“ I long’d on the death bed of valour to be.

“ For, sever’d from THEE, my SWEET GIRL, the loud
thunder,
“ Which tore the soft fetters of fondness asunder,
“ Had only one kindness, in mercy, to shew me—
“ To bid me *die bravely*, that thou, love, may’st *know*
me!”

His arms now are folded, he bows as in sorrow,
His tears trickle fast down his wedding-suit gay:
“ My AGNES will bless me,” he murmurs, “ to mor-
row,
“ As fresh as the breezes that welcome the day!”
Poor youth! know thy AGNES, so lovely and bloom-
ing,
Stern death has embrac’d, all her beauties entombing!
And, pale as her shroud, in the grave she reposes,
Her bosom of snow all besprinkled with roses!

Her cottage is now in the dark dell decaying,
And shatter’d the casements, and clos’d is the door,
And the nettle now waves where the wild kid is playing,
And the neat little garden with weeds is grown o’er!
The owl builds its nest in the thatch, and there, shriek-
ing,
(A place all deserted and lonely bespeaking)
Salutes the night traveller, wandering near it,
And makes his faint heart sicken sadly to hear it.

Then, youth, for thy habit, henceforth thou should'st
borrow

The raven's dark colour, and mourn for thy dear :
Thy AGNES for thee would have cherish'd her sorrow,
And drest her pale cheek with a lingering tear :
For, soon as thy steps to the battle departed,
She droop'd, and, poor maiden! she died broken
hearted ;

And the turf that is bound with fresh garlands of roses,
Is now the cold bed where her sorrow reposes!

The gay and the giddy may revel in pleasure,—
May think themselves happy their short summer-
day ;
May gaze, with fond transport, on fortune's rich trea-
sure,

And, carelessly sporting,—drive sorrow away :
But the bosom, where feeling and truth are united,
From folly's bright tinsel will turn undelighted—
And find, at the grave where thy AGNES is sleeping,
That the proudest of hours, is the lone hour of weeping!

The youth now approach'd the long branch of the
willow,
And stripping its leaves; on the turf threw them
round :

“ Here, here, my sweet AGNES! I make my last pillow,
“ My bed of long slumber shall be the cold ground!

" The sun, when it rises above thy low dwelling,
" Shall gild the tall spire where my death-toll is
 knelling ;
" And when the next twilight its soft tears is shedding,
" At thy grave shall the villagers—witness *our* WED-
 DING !"

Now over the hills he beheld a group coming,
 Their arms glitter'd bright, as the sun slowly rose ;
He heard them their purposes, far distant, humming,
 And welcom'd the moment that ended his woes !—
And now the fierce comrade, unfeeling, espies him,
He darts thro' the thicket, in hopes to surprise him ;
But EDMUND, of valour the dauntless defender,
Now *smiles*, while his CORPORAL bids him—" SURRE-
 NDER !"

Soon, prov'd a DESERTER, stern justice prevailing,
 HE DIED ! and his spirit to AGNES is fled :
The breeze, on the mountain's tall summit now sailing,
 Fans lightly the dew-drops that spangle their bed !
The villagers, thronging around, scatter roses,
The grey wing of evening the western sky closes,—
And night's sable pall, o'er the landscape extending,
Is the mourning of nature ! the SOLEMN SCENE
 ENDING !

THE ALIEN BOY.

'TWAS on a mountain, near the western main,
An ALIEN dwelt. A solitary hut
Built on a jutting crag, o'erhung with weeds,
Mark'd the poor exile's home. Full ten long years
The melancholy wretch had liv'd unseen
By all, save HENRY, a lov'd little son,
The partner of his sorrows. On the day
When persecution, in the sainted guise
Of liberty, spread wide its venom'd pow'r,
The brave saint HUBERT fled his lordly home,
And, with his baby son, the mountain sought.
Resolv'd to cherish in his bleeding breast
The secret of his birth—Ah! birth too high
For his now humbled state!—from infancy
He taught him labour's task : he bade him cheer
The dreary day of cold adversity
By patience and by toil. The summer morn
Shone on the pillow of his rushy bed ;
The noontide sultry hour he fearless past

On the shagg'd eminence ; while the young kid
Skipp'd to the cadence of his minstrelsey.

At night young HENRY trimm'd the faggot fire,
While oft Saint HUBERT wove the ample net
To snare the finny victim. Oft they sang
And talk'd, while sullenly the waves would sound,
Dashing the sandy shore. Saint HUBERT's eyes
Would swim in tears of fondness, mix'd with joy,
When he observ'd the op'ning harvest rich
Of promis'd intellect, which HENRY's soul,
Whate'er the subject of their talk, display'd.

Oft the bold youth, in question intricate,
Would seek to know the story of his birth ;
Oft ask, who bore him : and with curious skill
Enquire, why he, and only one beside,
Peopled the desert mountain ? Still his sire
Was slow of answer, and, in words obscure,
Varied the conversation. Still the mind
Of HENRY ponder'd ; for, in their lone hut,
A daily journal would Saint HUBERT make
Of his long banishment : and sometimes speak
Of friends forsaken, kindred massacred ;
Proud mansions, rich domains, and joyous scenes
For ever faded,—lost !

One winter time,
'Twas on the eve of Christmas, the shrill blast

Swept o'er the stormy main; the boiling foam
Rose to an altitude so fierce and strong,
That their low hovel totter'd. Oft they stole
To the rock's margin, and with fearful eyes
Mark'd the vex'd deep, as the slow rising moon
Gleam'd on the world of waters. 'Twas a scene
Would make a stoic shudder! For, amid
The wavy mountains, they beheld, *alone*,
A LITTLE BOAT, now scarcely visible;
And now not seen at all; or, like a buoy,
Bounding, and buffeting, to reach the shore!

Now the full moon in crimson lustre shone
Upon the outstretch'd ocean. The black clouds
Flew swiftly on, the wild blast following,
And, as they flew, dimming the angry main
With shadows horrible! Still the small boat
Struggled amid the waves, a sombre speck
Upon the wide domain of howling death!
Saint HUBERT sigh'd! while HENRY's speaking eye
Alternately the stormy scene survey'd,
And his low hovel's safety. So past on
The hour of midnight,—and, since first they knew
The solitary scene, no midnight hour
E'er seem'd so long and weary.

While they stood,
Their hands fast link'd together, and their eyes
Fix'd on the troublous ocean, suddenly

The breakers, bounding on the rocky shore,
Left the small wreck ; and crawling on the side
Of the rude crag,—a HUMAN FORM was seen!
And now he climb'd the foam-wash'd precipice,
And now the slipp'ry weeds gave way, while he
Descended to the sands. The moon rose high—
The wild blast paus'd, and the poor shipwreck'd man
Look'd round aghast, when on the frowning steep
He mark'd the lonely exiles. Now he call'd ;
But he was feeble, and his voice was lost
Amid the din of mingling sounds that rose
From the wild scene of clamour.

Down the steep

Saint HUBERT hurried, boldly venturous,
Catching the slimy weeds from point to point,
And unappall'd by peril. At the foot
Of the rude rock, the fainting mariner
Seiz'd on his outstretch'd arm, impatient, wild
With transport exquisite! But ere they heard
The blest exchange of sounds articulate,
A furious billow, rolling on the steep,
Engulph'd them in oblivion!

On the rock

Young HENRY stood, with palpitating heart,
And fear-struck, e'en to madness! Now he call'd,
Louder and louder, as the shrill blast blew ;
But, 'mid the elemental strife of sounds,
No human voice gave answer! The clear moon

No longer quiver'd on the curling main,
But, mist-encircled, shed a blunted light,
Enough to shew all things that mov'd around,
Dreadful, but indistinctly! The black weeds
Wav'd, as the night-blast swept them; and along
The rocky shore, the breakers sounding low,
Seem'd like the whispering of a million souls
Beneath the green-deep mourning.

Four long hours

The lorn boy listen'd! four long tedious hours
Pass'd wearily away, when, in the east,
The grey beam coldly glimmer'd. Ah alone
Young HENRY stood aghast, his eye wide fix'd;
While his dark locks, uplifted by the storm,
Uncover'd, met its fury. On his cheek
Despair sate terrible! for, 'mid the woes
Of poverty and toil, he had not known,
Till then, the horror-giving cheerless hour
Of TOTAL SOLITUDE!

He spoke—he groan'd,
But no responsive voice, no kindred tone,
Broke the dread pause: for now the storm had ceas'd,
And the bright sun-beams glitter'd on the breast
Of the green placid ocean. To his hut
The lorn boy hasten'd; there the rushy couch,
The pillow still indented, met his gaze,
And fix'd his eye in madness.—From that hour
A maniac wild the alien boy has been;

His garb with sea-weeds fring'd, and his wan cheek,
The tablet of his mind, disorder'd, chang'd,
Fading, and worn with care. And if, by chance,
A sea-beat wand'rer from the outstretch'd main
Views the lone exile, and with gen'rous zeal
Hastes to the sandy beach, he suddenly
Darts 'mid the cavern'd cliffs, and leaves pursuit
To track him, where no footsteps but his own
Have e'er been known to venture! YET HE LIVES
A melancholy proof, that man may bear
All the rude storms of fate, and still suspire
By the wide world forgotten!

THE GRANNY GREY.

DAME DOWSON, was a granny grey,
 Who, three-score years and ten,
 Had pass'd her busy hours away,
 In talking of the men!
 They were her theme, at home, abroad,
 At wake, and by the winter fire;
 Whether it froze, or blew, or thaw'd,
 In sunshine or in shade, her ire
 Was never calm'd; for still she made
 Scandal her pleasure—and her trade!

A grand-daughter DAME DOWSON had—
 As fair, as fair could be!
 Lovely enough to make men mad;
 For on her cheek's soft downy rose
 LOVE seem'd in dimples to repose;
 Her clear blue eyes look'd mildly bright,
 Like ether drops of liquid light,
 Or sapphire gems,—which VENUS bore,
 When, for the silver-sanded shore,
 She left her native sea!

ANNETTA was the damsel's name;
A pretty, soft, romantic sound,
Such as a lover's heart may wound,
And set his fancy in a flame;
For had the maid been christen'd JOAN,
Or DEBORAH, or HESTER,—
The little God had coldly prest her,
Or let her quite alone!
For magic is the silver sound—
Which, often, in a NAME is found!

ANNETTA was belov'd; and she
To WILLIAM gave her vows;
For WILLIAM was as brave a youth
As ever claim'd the meed of truth;
And, to reward such constancy,
Nature that meed allows.
But old DAME DOWSON could not bear
A youth so brave—a maid so fair.

The GRANNY GREY, with maxims grave,
Oft to ANNETTA lessons gave:
And still the burthen of the tale
Was, "Keep the wicked men away,
"For should their wily arts prevail,
"You'll surely rue the day!"
And credit was to GRANNY due,
The truth she, by EXPERIENCE, knew!

ANNETTA blush'd, and promis'd she
Obedient to her will would be.
But LOVE, with cunning all his own,
Would never let the maid alone :
And tho' she dar'd not see her lover,
Lest GRANNY should the deed discover,
She, for a woman's weapon still,
From CUPID's pinion pluck'd a quill ;
And, with it, prov'd that human art
Cannot confine the female heart.

At length, an assignation she
With WILLIAM slily made ;
It was beneath an old oak tree,
Whose widely spreading shade
The moon's soft beams contriv'd to break
For many a village lover's sake.

But envy has a lynx's eye ;
And GRANNY DOWSON cautious went
Before, to spoil their merriment,
Thinking no creature nigh,

Young WILLIAM came ; but at the tree
The watchful GRANDAM found !
Straight to the village hasten'd he,
And summoning his neighbours round,
The hedgerow's tangled bows among,
Conceal'd the list'ning wond'ring throng.

He told them, that for many a night
An OLD GREY OWL was heard ;

A fierce, ill-omen'd, crabbed bird—

Who fill'd the village with affright.

He swore this bird was large and keen,
With claws of fire, and eye-balls green ;

That nothing rested where she came ;

That many pranks the monster play'd,

And many a timid trembling maid

She brought to shame,

For negligence that was her own :

Turning the milk to water clear,

And spilling from the cask small-beer ;

Pinching, like fairies, harmless lasses,

And shewing imps in looking-glasses ;

Or, with heart-piercing groan,

Along the church-yard path swift gliding,

Or, on a broomstick, witch-like, riding.

All listen'd trembling ; for the tale

Made cheeks of ochre chalky pale ;

The young a valiant doubt pretended ;

The old believ'd, and all attended.

Now to DAME DOWSON he repairs,

And in his arms enfolds the granny :

Kneels at her feet, and fondly swears

He will be true as any !

Caresses her with well-feign'd bliss,
And, *fearfully*, implores a kiss;—
On the green turf distracted *lying*,
He wastes his ardent breath in sighing.
The DAME was silent; for the lover

Would, when she spoke,

She fear'd, discover

Her envious joke :

And she was too much charm'd to be
In haste,—to end the comedy !

Now WILLIAM, weary of such wooing,
Began, with all his might, holloqing :—
When suddenly from ev'ry bush
The eager throngs impatient rush ;
With shouting, and with boist'rous glee,
DAME DOWSON they pursue,
And from the broad oak's canopy,
O'er moonlight fields of sparkling dew,
They bear in triumph the OLD DAME,
Bawling, with loud huzzas, her name :
“ A witch, a witch ! ” the people cry,
“ A witch ! ” the echoing hills reply :
Till to her home the GRANNY came,
Where, to confirm the tale of shame,
Each rising day they went, in throngs,
With ribald jests, and sportive songs :
Till GRANNY of her spleen repented ;
And to young WILLIAM's ardent pray'r,

To take for life ANNETTA fair,—

At last—CONSENTED.

And should this TALE fall in the way

Of LOVERS CROSS'D, or GRANNIES GREY,—

Let them confess, 'tis made to prove—

The wisest heads—TOO WEAK FOR LOVE !

GOLFRE.

A GOTHIC SWISS TALE.

IN FIVE PARTS.

WHERE freezing wastes of dazzl'ing snow
O'er LEMAN's lake rose tow'ring,
The BARON GOLFRE's castle strong
Was seen, the silv'ry peaks among,
With ramparts darkly low'ring!—

Tall battlements of flint uprose,
Long shadowing down the valley,
A grove of sombre pine, antique,
Amid the white expanse would break,
In many a gloomy alley.

A strong portcullis entrance show'd,
With ivy brown hung over ;
And stagnate the green moat was found,
Whene'er the trav'ller wander'd round,
Or moon-enamour'd lover.

Within the spacious courts were seen
A thousand gothic fancies ;
Of banners, trophies, armour bright,
Of shields thick batter'd in the fight,
And interwoven lances.

The BARON GOLFRE long had been
To solitude devoted ;
And oft in pray'r would pass the night,
Till day's vermilion stream of light
Along the blue hill floated.

And yet his pray'r was little mark'd
With pure and calm devotion ;
For oft, upon the pavement bare,
He'd dash his limbs, and rend his hair,
With terrible emotion !

And sometimes he, at midnight hour,
Would howl, like wolves wide-prowling ;
And pale the lamps would glimmer round—
And deep the self-mov'd bell would sound,
A knell prophetic tolling !

For, in the hall, three lamps were seen,
That quiver'd dim ;—and near them
A bell-rope hung, that from the tow'r
Three knells would toll at midnight's hour,
Startling the soul to hear them !

And oft a dreadful crash was heard,
Shaking the castle's chambers !
And suddenly the lights would turn
To pale grey, and dimly burn,
Like faint and dying embers.

Beneath the steep, a maiden dwelt,
The dove-ey'd ZORINETTO ;
A damsel bless'd with ev'ry grace—
And springing from as old a race,
As Lady of LORETTO !

Her dwelling was a goatherd's poor ;
Yet she his heart delighted ;
Their little hovel open stood,
Beside a lonesome frowning wood,
To travellers—benighted.

Yet oft, at midnight, when the moon
Its dappled course was steering,
The castle bell would break their sleep,
And ZORINETTO slow would creep—
To bar the wicket—fearing !

What did she fear? O! dreadful thought!
The moon's wan lustre streaming ;
The dim grey lamps, the crashing sound,
The lonely bittern—shrieking round
The roof,—with pale light gleaming.

And often, when the wintry wind
Loud whistled o'er their dwelling,
They sat beside their faggot fire,
While ZORIELLO's aged sire
A dismal tale was telling.

He told a long and dismal tale,
How a fair LADY perish'd ;
How her sweet baby, doom'd to be
The partner of her destiny,
Was by a peasant cherish'd !

He told a long and dismal tale,
How, from a flinty tow'r,
A lady wailing sad was seen,
The lofty grated bars between,
At dawnlight's purple hour !

He told a tale of bitter woe,
His heart with pity swelling,
How the fair lady pin'd and died,
And how her ghost, at Christmas-tide—
Would wander—near her dwelling.

He told her, how a lowly dame
The lady, lorn, befriended—
Who chang'd her own dear baby, dead,
And took the lady's in its stead—
And then—" *Forgive her, hear'n !*" he said ;
And so his story ended.

GOLFRE.

PART SECOND.

As on the rushy floor she sat,
Her hand her pale cheek pressing,
Oft, on the goatherd's face, her eyes
Would fix intent, her mute surprise
In frequent starts confessing.

Then slowly would she turn her head,
And watch the narrow wicket;
And shudder, while the wintry blast,
In shrilly cadence, swiftly past
Along the neighb'ring thicket.

One night, it was in winter time,
The castle bell was tolling;
The air was still, the moon was seen
Sporting her starry train between,
The thin clouds round her rolling.

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And now she watch'd the wasting lamp,
Her timid bosom panting ;
And now the crickets faintly sing ;
And now she hears the raven's wing
Sweeping their low roof, slanting.

And, as the wicket latch she clos'd,
A groan was heard !—she trembled !
And now a clashing, steely sound,
In quick vibrations, echo'd round,
Like murd'rous swords assembled !

She started back ; she look'd around,—
The goatherd swain was sleeping ;
A stagnate paleness mark'd her cheek,
She would have call'd, but could not speak,
While through the lattice peeping.

And O ! how dimly shone the moon
Upon the snowy mountain !
And fiercely did the wild blast blow,
And now her tears began to flow,
Fast as a falling fountain.

And now she heard the castle bell
Again toll sad and slowly ;
She knelt and sigh'd : the lamp burnt pale—
She thought upon the dismal tale—
And pray'd with fervour holy !

And now her little string of beads
 She kiss'd,—and cross'd her breast ;
It was a simple rosary,
Made of the mountain holly-tree,
 By sainted fathers blest !

And now the wicket open flew,
 As though a whirl-wind fell'd it ;
And now a ghastly figure stood
Before the maiden—while her blood
 Congeal'd, as she beheld it !

His face was pale, his eyes were wild,
 His beard was dark ; and near him
A stream of light was seen to glide,
Marking a poniard, crimson-dy'd ;
 The bravest soul might fear him !

His forehead was all gash'd and gor'd,
 His vest was black and flowing,
His strong hand grasp'd a dagger keen ;
And wild and frantic was his mien,
 Dread signs of terror showing.

“ O fly me not !” the BARON cried,
 “ In heav'n's name, do not fear me !”
Just as he spoke, the bell thrice toll'd—
Three paly lamps they now behold—
 While a faint voice, cried—“ HEAR ME !”

And now, upon the threshold low,
The wounded GOLFRE, kneeling,
Again to heav'n address'd his pray'r ;
The waning moon, with livid glare,
Was down the dark sky stealing.

They led him in, they bath'd his wounds,
Tears to the red stream adding :
The haughty GOLFRE gaz'd, admir'd !
The peasant girl his fancy fir'd,
And set his senses madding !

He prest her hand ; she turn'd away,
Her blushes deeper glowing,
Her cheek still spangled o'er with tears :
So the wild rose more fresh appears
When the soft dews are flowing !

Again the BARON fondly gaz'd ;
Poor ZORIELLO trembled ;
And GOLFRE watch'd her throbbing breast,
Which seem'd with weighty woes oppress'd,
And softest love dissembled.

The GOATHERD fourscore years had seen,
And he was sick and needy ;
The BARON wore a sword of gold,
Which poverty might well behold
With eyes wide stretch'd and greedy !

The dawn arose! the yellow light
Around the Alps spread cheering!
The BARON kiss'd the GOATHERD's child—
“Farewell!” she cried,—and blushing smil'd—
No future peril fearing.

Now GOLFRE homeward bent his way,
His breast with passion burning:
The chapel bell was rung for pray'r,
And all—save GOLFRE, prostrate there—
Thank'd heav'n for his returning!

GOLFRE.

PART THIRD.

THREE times the orient ray was seen
 Above the east cliff mounting,
 When GOLFRE sought the cottage grace,
 To share the honours of his race,
 With treasures beyond counting!

Th' ev'ning sun was burning red,
 The twilight veil spread slowly,
 While ZORETTO, near the wood
 Where long a little cross had stood,
 Was singing vespers holy.

And now she kiss'd her holly-beads,
 And now she cross'd her breast;
 The night-dew fell from ev'ry tree—
 It fell upon her rosary,
 Like tears of heav'n twice bless'd!

She knelt upon the brown moss cold,
She knelt, with eyes mild beaming !
The day had clos'd, she heard a sigh !
She mark'd the clear and frosty sky
With starry lustre gleaming.

She rose ; she heard the draw-bridge chains
Loud clanking down the valley ;
She mark'd the yellow torches shine
Between the antique groves of pine,
Bright'ning each gloomy alley.

And now the breeze began to blow,
Soft-stealing up the mountain ;
It seem'd at first a dulcet sound—
Like mingled waters, wand'ring round,
Slow falling from a fountain.

And now, in wilder tone it rose,
The white peaks sweeping shrilly :
It play'd amidst her golden hair,
It kiss'd her bosom cold and fair,
And sweet as vale-born lily !

She heard the hollow tread of feet
Thridding the piny cluster ;
The torches flam'd before the wind ;
And many a spark was left behind,
To mock the glow-worm's lustre.

She saw them guard the cottage door,
Her heart beat high with wonder!
She heard the fierce and northern blast,
As o'er the topmost point it past,
Like peals of bursting thunder!

And now she hied her swift along,
And reach'd the guarded wicket;
But O! what terror fill'd her soul,
When thrice she heard the deep bell toll,
Above the gloomy thicket!

Now fierce the BARON darted forth,
His trembling victim seizing;
She felt her blood in ev'ry vein
Move with a sense of dead'ning pain,
As though her heart were freezing.

"This night," said he, "yon castle tow'rs
"Shall echo to their centre!
"For, by the holy cross, I swear,"—
And straight a cross of ruby glare
Did through the wicket enter!

And now a snowy hand was seen
Slow moving round the chamber!
A clasp of pearl it seem'd to bear—
A clasp of pearl, most rich and rare!
Fix'd to a zone of amber.

And now the lonely hovel shook,
The wicket open flying ;
And by the croaking raven flew,
And, whistling shrill, the night-blast blew,
Like shrieks that mark the dying !

But suddenly the tumult ceas'd—
And silence, still more fearful,
Around her little chamber spread,
Such horrors as attend the dead,
Where no sun glitters cheerful !

“ NOW, JESU, HEAR ME !” GOLFRE cried ;

“ HEAR ME !” a faint voice mutter'd !

The BARON drew his poniard forth—

The maiden sunk upon the earth,

And—“ Save me, heav'n !” she utter'd.

“ Yes, heav'n will save thee,” GOLFRE said,

“ Save thee to be MY bride !”

But while he spoke, a beam of light

Shone on her bosom, deathly white,

Then onward seem'd to glide.

And now the GOATHERD, on his knees,

With frantic accent cried,

“ O ! GOD forbid ! that I should see

“ The beauteous ZORRETTO be

“ The BARON GOLFRE's bride !

- " Poor lady! she did shrink and fall,
" As leaves fall in September!
" Then be not **BARON GOLFRE's** bride—
" Alack! in yon black tow'r **SHE** died—
" Full well I do remember!
- " Oft to the lattice grate I stole,
" To hear her sweetly singing;
" And oft, whole nights, beside the moat,
" I listen'd to the dying note—
" Till matin's bell was ringing.
- " And when she died! poor lady dear!
" A sack of gold she gave,
" That masses every Christmas day
" Twelve bare-foot monks should sing, or say,
" Slow moving round her grave.
- " That, at the Holy Virgin's shrine,
" Three lamps should burn for ever—
" That ev'ry month the bell should toll,
" For pray'rs to save her husband's soul—
" I shall forget it never!"

While thus he spoke, the **BARON's** eye
Look'd inward on his soul:
For he the masses *ne'er* had said—
No lamps their quiv'ring light had shed,
No bell been taught to toll!

And yet the bell *did* toll, self-mov'd ;

And sickly lamps were gleaming ;

And oft their faintly wand'ring light

Illum'd the chapel aisles at night,

Till MORN's broad eye was beaming,

GOLFRE.

PART FOURTH.

THE maid refus'd the BARON's suit,
 For well she lov'd another ;
 The angry GOLFRE's vengeful rage
 Nor pride nor reason could assuage,
 Nor pity prompt to smother.

His sword was gone ; the goatherd swain
 Seem'd guilty, past recalling :
 The BARON now his life demands,
 Where the tall gibbet skirts the lands,
 With black'ning bones appalling !

Low at the BARON's feet, in tears,
 Fair ZORETTO kneeling,
 The goatherd's life requir'd ;—but found
 That pride can give the deepest wound
 Without the pang of feeling.

'That pow'r can mock the suff'rer's woes,
And triumph o'er the sighing ;
Can scorn the noblest mind oppress'd,
Can fill with thorns the feeling breast,
Soft pity's tear denying.

" Take me," she cried, " but spare his age—
" Let me his ransom tender ;
" I will the fatal deed atone,
" For crimes that never were my own,
" My breaking heart surrender."

The marriage day was fix'd, the tow'rs
With banners rich were mounted ;
His heart beat high against his side,
While GOLFRE, waiting for his bride,
The weary minutes counted.

The snow fell fast, with mingling hail,
The dawn was late and louring ;
Poor ZORIELLO rose aghast !
Unmindful of the northern blast,
And prowling wolves devouring.

Swift to the wood of pines she flew,
Love made the assignation ;
For there the sov'reign of her soul
Watch'd the blue mists of morning roll
Around her habitation.

The **BARON**, by a spy appriz'd,
Was there before his bride ;
He seiz'd the youth, and madly strew'd
The white cliff with his streaming blood,
Then hurl'd him down its side.

And now, 'twas said, an hungry wolf
Had made the youth his prey :
His heart lay frozen on the snow,
And here and there a purple glow
Speckled the pathless way.

The marriage day at length arriv'd,
The priest bestow'd his blessing :
A *clasp of orient pearl* fast bound
A *zone of amber* circling round,
Her slender waist compressing.

On **ZORIETTO**'s snowy breast
A ruby cross was heaving :
So the pale snow-drop faintly glows,
When shelter'd by the damask rose,
Their beauties interweaving !

And now the holy vow began
Upon her lips to falter !
And now all deathly wan she grew,
And now three lamps of livid hue
Pass'd slowly round the altar.

And now she saw the clasp of pearl
A ruby lustre taking ;
And thrice she heard the castle bell
Ring out a loud funereal knell,
The antique turrets shaking.

O! then how pale the baron grew,
His eyes wide staring fearful !
While o'er the virgin's image fair
A sable veil was borne on air,
Shading her dim eyes tearful.

And on her breast a clasp of pearl
Was stain'd with blood, fast flowing :
And round her lovely waist she wore
An amber zone ; a cross she bore
Of rubies, richly glowing.

The bride, her dove-like eyes to heav'n
Rais'd, calling Christ to save her !
The cross now danc'd upon her breast ;
The shudd'ring priest his fears confest,
And benedictions gave her.

Upon the pavement sunk the bride,
Cold as a corpse, and fainting ;
The pearly clasp, self-bursting, show'd
Her beating side, where crimson glow'd
Three spots of nature's painting.

Three crimson spots of deepest hue !
The BARON gaz'd with wonder :
For on his buried lady's side
Just three such drops had nature dy'd,
An equal space asunder.

And now remembrance brought to view,
(For heav'n the truth discloses,)
The baby, who had early died,
Bore, tinted on its little side,
Three spots—as red as roses !

Now, ere the wedding-day had past,
Stern GOLFRE and his bride
Walk'd forth to taste the evening breeze,
Soft sighing mid the sombre trees,
That drest the mountain's side.

And now, beneath the grove of pine,
Two lovely forms were gliding ;
A lady, with a beauteous face !
A youth, with stern, but manly grace,
Smil'd,—as in scorn deriding.

Close by the wand'ring bride they pass'd,
The red sun sinking slowly :
And to the little cross they hied—
And there she saw them, side by side,
Kneeling with fervour holy.

The little cross was golden ting'd,
The western radiance stealing;
And now it bore a purple hue,
And now all black and dim it grew,
And still she saw them kneeling.

White were their robes as fleecy snow,
Their faces pale, yet cheerful:
Their golden hair, like waves of light,
Shone lust'rous mid the glooms of night;
Their starry eyes were tearful.

And now they look'd to heav'n, and smil'd,
Three paly lamps descended!
And now their shoulders seem'd to bear
Expanding pinions broad and fair,
And now they wav'd in viewless air!
And so the vision ended.

GOLFRE.

PART FIFTH.

Now, suddenly, a storm arose,
The thunder roar'd tremendous !
The lightning flash'd, the howling blast,
Fierce, strong, and desolating, past
The altitudes stupendous !

Rent by the wind, a fragment huge
From the steep summit bounded :
That summit, where the peasant's breast
Found, 'mid the snow, a grave of rest,
By GOLFRE's poniard wounded,

Loud shrieks across the mountain wild,
Fill'd up the pause of thunder :
The groves of pine the lightning past,
And swift the desolating blast
Scatter'd them wide asunder.

The castle turrets seem'd to blaze,
The lightning round them flashing ;
The draw-bridge now was all on fire,
The moat foam'd high with furious ire,
Against the black walls dashing,

The prison tow'r was silver white,
And radiant as the morning ;
Two angel's wings were spreading wide,
The battlements, from side to side,
And lofty roof adorning.

And now the bride was sore afraid,
She sigh'd, and cross'd her breast ;
She kiss'd her simple rosary,
Made of the mountain holly-tree,
By sainted fathers blest.

She kiss'd it once, she kiss'd it twice ;
It seem'd to freeze her breast ;
The cold show'rs fell from ev'ry tree,
They fell upon her rosary,
Like nature's tears, " twice blest !"

" What do you fear ?" the BARON cried—
For ZORIELLO trembled.—
" A WOLF," she sigh'd with whisper low,
" Hark how the angry whirlwinds blow,
" Like demons dark assembled !

"That WOLF which did my lover slay!"

The BARON wildly started.

"That WOLF accurs'd!" she madly cried—

"Whose fangs by human gore were dy'd,

"Who dragg'd him down the mountain's side,

"And left me—broken hearted!"

Now GOLFRE shook in ev'ry joint,

He grasp'd her arm, and mutter'd;

Hell seem'd to yawn on ev'ry side;

"Hear me!" the frantic tyrant cried—

"HEAR ME!" a faint voice utter'd.

"I hear thee! yes, I hear thee well!"

Cried GOLFRE, "I'll content thee:

"I see thy vengeful eye-balls roll—

"Thou com'st to claim my guilty soul—

"The FIENDS—the FIENDS have sent thee!"

And now a goatherd-boy was heard,

Swift climbing up the mountain:

A kid was lost, the fearful hind

Had rov'd his truant care to find,

By woodland's side and fountain.

And now a murm'ring throng advanc'd,

And howlings echo'd round them:

Now GOLFRE tried the path to pace,

His feet seem'd rooted to the place,

As though a spell had bound them.

And now loud mingling voices cried—

“ Pursue that WOLF, pursue him !”
The guilty BARON, conscience stung,
About his fainting DAUGHTER hung,
As to the ground she drew him.

“ O ! shield me, HOLY MARY ! shield
“ A tortur’d wretch !” he mutter’d.
“ A murd’rous WOLF ! O GOD ! I crave
“ A dark, unhallow’d, silent grave—”
Aghast, the caitiff utter’d.

“ ’Twas I, beneath the goatherd’s bed,
“ The golden sword did cover ;
“ ’Twas I who tore the quiv’ring wound,
“ Pluck’d forth the heart, and scatter’d round
“ The life-stream of thy lover.”

And now he writh’d in ev’ry limb,
And big his heart was swelling ;
Fresh peals of thunder echo’d strong,
With famish’d WOLVES the peaks among
Their dismal chorus yelling !

“ O JESU, save me !” GOLFRE shriek’d—
But GOLFRE shriek’d no more !
The rosy dawn’s returning light
Display’d his corse,—a dreadful sight,
Black, wither’d, smear’d with gore !

High on a gibbet, near the wood,
His mangled limbs were hung;
Yet ZORIELLO oft was seen
Prostrate the chapel aisles between,
When holy mass was sung.

And there three lamps now dimly burn,—
Twelve monks their masses saying;
And there the midnight bell doth toll,
For quiet to the murd'rer's soul—
While all around are praying.

For CHARITY and PITY kind,
To gentle souls are giv'n;
And MERCY is the sainted pow'r
Which beams thro' mis'ry's darkest hour,
And lights the way—TO HEAV'N.

JASPER.

I.

THE night was long, 'twas winter time,
 The moon shone pale and clearly ;
 The woods were bare, the nipping air
 Across the heath, as cold as death,
 Blew shrilly and severely.

II.

And awful was the midnight scene !
 The silent river flowing,
 The dappled sky, the screech-owl's cry,
 The blackning tow'r, the haunted bow'r,
 Where pois'nous weeds were growing !

III.

With footsteps quick, and fev'rish heart,
 One tatter'd garment wearing,
 Poor JASPER, sad, alone, and MAD,
 Now chaunted wild, and now he smil'd,
 With eyes wide fix'd and glaring.

IV.

His cheek was wan, his lip was blue,
His head was bare and shaggy ;
His limbs were torn by many a thorn ;
For he had pac'd the pathless waste,
And climb'd the steep rock craggy.

V.

An iron window in the tow'r
Slow creek'd as it was swinging ;
A gibbet stood beside the wood,
The blast did blow it to and fro,
The rusty chains were ringing.

VI.

His voice was hollow as the tone
Of cavern'd winds, and mournful ;
No tears could flow, to calm his woe ;
Yet on his face sat manly grace,
And grief, sublimely scornful !

VII.

Twelve freezing nights poor JASPER's breast
Had brav'd the tempests yelling ;
For mis'ry keen *his* lot had been
Since he had left, of sense bereft,
A tyrant father's dwelling.

VIII.

That father, who with lordly pride,
Saw him from MARY sever ;
Saw her fair cheek in silence speak,
Her eyes blue light, so heav'nly bright,
Grow dim, and fade for ever !

IX.

" How hot yon sun begins to shine !"
The maniac cried, loud laughing :
" I feel the pain that burns my brain ;
" Thy sulphur beam bids ocean steam,
" Where all the fiends are quaffing.

X.

" Soft ! soft ! the dew begins to rise,
" I'll drink it while 'tis flowing ;
" Down ev'ry tree the bright rills see,
" Quick let me sip, they'll cool my lip,
" For now my blood is glowing.

XI.

" Hark ! the she-wolf howling by !
" Poor JASPER smiles to hear thee ;
" For he can hide by the hedge-row's side,
" While storms shall sweep the mountain's steep ;
" Then, she-wolf, can he fear thee ?

XII.

- " Pale moon! thou spectre of the sky!
" I see thy white shroud waving :
" And now behold thy bosom cold—
" Oh! mem'ry sad, it made me mad!
" Then wherefore mock my raving?

XIII.

- " Yes! on my MARY's bosom cold
" Death laid his bony fingers.
" Hark! how the wave begins to lave
" The rocky shore!—I hear it roar—
" The whirling pilot lingers!

XIV.

- " Oh! bear me, bear me o'er the main!
" See the white sails are flying :
" Yon glitt'ring star shall be my car,
" And by my side shall MARY glide,
" Mild as the south wind sighing.

XV.

- " My bare-foot way is mark'd with blood—
" Well—what care I for sorrow?
" The sun shall rise to cheer the skies,
" The wintry day shall pass away,
" And summer smile to-morrow!

XVI.

- “ The frosted heath is wide and drear,
“ And rugged is my pillow ;
“ Soon shall I sleep beneath the deep—
“ How calm to me that sleep will be,
“ Rock’d by the bounding billow !

XVII.

- “ The village clock strikes mournfully,
“ It is my death-bell tolling ;
“ But though yon cloud begins to shroud
“ The gliding moon, the day-stream soon
“ Shall down you steep come rolling.

XVIII.

- “ Roll down you steep, broad flood of light !
“ Drive hence that spectre ! JASPER
“ Remembers now, her snowy brow—
“ ’Tis MARY ! see—she beckons me—
“ O ! let me, let me clasp her !

XIX.

- “ She fades away ! I feel her not,—
“ She’s gone !—’tis dark and dreary :
“ The drizzling rain now chills my brain,
“ The bell, for me, tolls mournfully !
“ Come, death ! for I am weary.

XX.

- " I'll steal beneath yon haunted tow'r,
" And wait the day-star's coming;
" The bat shall flee at sight of me,
" The ivy'd wall shall be my pall—
" My priest, the night-fly humming.

XXI.

- " Yon spectre's iron shroud I'll steal,
" With frozen drops bespangled!
" The night-shade too, besprent with dew,
" With many a flow'r of healing pow'r,
" Shall cool my bare-feet mangled.

XXII.

- " Is it the storm that JASPER feels!
" Ah, no! 'tis passion blighted!
" The owl's shriek makes white my cheek,
" The dark toads stray across my way,
" And sorely am I frightened.

XXIII.

- " Amid the broom my bed I'll make,
" Dry fern shall be my pillow;
" And, MARY, dear! wert thou but here,
" Blest should I be, sweet maid, with thee,
" To weave a crown of willow.

XXIV.

- “ The church-yard path is wet with dew,
“ Hence, ravens ! for I fear ye !
“ Fall, gentle show’rs, revive the flow’rs
“ That feebly wave on MARY’s grave ;
“ But whisper—she will hear you !

XXV.

- “ Beneath the yew-tree’s shadow long,
“ I’ll hide me and be wary ;
“ But I shall weep when others sleep !
“ Is it the dove that calls its love ?
“ No ! ’tis the voice of MARY !

XXVI.

- “ How merrily the lark is heard !
“ The ruddy dawn advancing :
“ JASPER is gay ! his wedding-day
“ To-morrow’s sun shall see begun,
“ With music and with dancing !

XXVII.

- “ How sullen moans the midnight main !
“ How wide the dim scene stretches !
“ The moony light all silver white,
“ Across the wave, illumes the grave
“ Of heav’n-deserted wretches !

XXVIII.

“ The dead-lights gleam, the signal sounds !

“ Poor bark ! the storm will beat thee !

“ What spectre stands upon the sands ?

“ 'Tis MARY dear ! Oh ! do not fear—

“ Thy JASPER flies to meet thee !”

XXIX.

Now to the silent river's side

Poor JASPER rush'd unwary ;

With frantic haste the green bank pec'd,

Plung'd in the wave—no friend to save,

And, sinking, call'd—ON MARY !

LONDON'S SUMMER MORNING.

WHO has not wak'd to list the busy sounds
 Of summer's morning, in the sultry smoke
 Of noisy London? On the pavement hot
 The sooty chimney-boy, with dingy face
 And tatter'd covering, shrilly bawls his trade,
 Rousing the sleepy housemaid. At the door
 The milk-pail rattles, and the tinkling bell
 Proclaims the dustman's office; while the street
 Is lost in clouds impervious. Now begins
 The din of hackney-coaches, waggons, carts;
 While tinmen's shops, and noisy trunk-makers,
 Knife-grinders, coopers, squeaking cork-cutters,
 Fruit-barrows, and the hunger-giving cries
 Of vegetable venders, fill the air.
 Now ev'ry shop displays its varied trade,
 And the fresh-sprinkled pavement cools the feet
 Of early walkers. At the private door
 The ruddy housemaid twirls the busy mop,
 Annoying the smart 'prentice, or neat girl,
 Tripping with band-box lightly. Now the sun

Darts burning splendour on the glitt'ring pane,
Save where the canvas awning throws a shade
On the gay merchandize. Now, spruce and trim,
In shops (where beauty smiles with industry,)
Sits the smart damsel ; while the passenger
Peeps thro' the window, watching ev'ry charm.
Now pastry dainties catch the eye minute
Of humming insects, while the limy snare
Waits to enthrall them. Now the lamp-lighter
Mounts the tall ladder, nimbly vent'rous,
To trim the half-fill'd lamp ; while at his feet
The pot-boy yells discordant ! All along
The sultry pavement, the old-clothes-man cries
In tone monotonous, and side-long views
The area for his traffic : now the bag
Is slily open'd, and the half-worn suit
(Sometimes the pilfer'd treasure of the base
Domestic spoiler), for one half its worth,
Sinks in the green abyss. The porter now
Bears his huge load along the burning way ;
And the poor poet wakes from busy dreams,
To paint the summer morning.

LINES.

BID me the ills of life endure,
 Ills that shall rend my heart !
 Bid me resign the hope of cure,
 And cherish endless smart !
 Bid me a weary wand'rer be,
 But never bid me part from thee !

Bid me encounter vulgar scorn ;
 And, hopeless of relief,
 Bid me awake each sadden'd morn,
 To feed the source of grief !
 Bid me from pomp and splendour flee,
 But never bid me fly from thee !

Bid me o'er barren deserts rove,
 O'er mountains rude and bare ;
 Bid me the keenest torments prove,
 That feeling bosoms share !
 Bid me no dawn of comfort see—
 I'll bear it all—if blest with thee !

LESBIA AND HER LOVER.

LESBIA upon her bosom wore
 The semblance of her lover;
 And oft with kisses she would cover
 The senseless idol, and adore
 The dear capricious rover.

Lesbica would gaze upon his eyes,
 And think they look'd so speaking,
 That oft her gentle heart was breaking;
 While glancing round with frequent sighs,
 She seem'd her lover seeking!

One day, says reason, "Why embrace
 " A cold and senseless lover?
 " What charms can youthful eyes discover
 " In such a varnish'd, painted face?
 " Prithee the task give over."

Cried Lesbia, "Reason, wherefore blame?

" Must you the cause be told?

" My breathing lover I behold

" With features painted just the same—

" As senseless and as cold!

" Then, reason, 'tis the better way

" The harmless to commend;

" My breathing lover soon would end

" My weary life, to grief a prey—

" This never can offend!"

TO JEALOUSY.

A THOUSAND torments wait on love ;
 The sigh, the tear, the anguish'd groan !
 But he who never learnt to prove
 A jealous pang, has nothing known.

For jealousy, supreme of woe,
 Nurs'd by distorted fancy's pow'r,
 Can round the heart bid mis'ry grow,
 Which darkens with the ling'ring hour ;

While shadows, blanks to reason's orb,
 In dread succession haunt the brain ;
 And pangs, that ev'ry pang absorb,
 In wild convulsive tumults reign.

At morn, at eve, the fever burns,
 While phantoms tear the aching breast ;
 Day brings no calm, and night returns,
 But marks no soothing hour of rest.

Nor when the bosom's wasted fires
 Are all extinct, is anguish o'er ;
 For JEALOUSY, which ne'er expires,
 Can wound—when passion is no more.

TO A FRIEND

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR'S OPINION OF

A KISS.

“WHAT is a KISS?” ’tis but a seal
 That, warmly printed, soon decays ;
 ’Tis but a zephyr taught to steal
 Where fleeting falsehood, smiling, plays.

The breeze will kiss the flow’r—but soon
 From *flow’r* to *weed* inconstant blows :
 Such is the kiss of love, the boon
 Which fickle fancy oft bestows.

A perfum’d kiss once VENUS gave
 The ROSE that caught her lover’s sigh ;
 That ROSE with ev’ry gale wou’d wave,
 At ev’ry glance of morning die :

Would give its radiance to the beam
Which glowing noon promiscuous threw ;
Or to the twilight's parting gleam
Would yield responsive tears of dew.

Oft to the bee its love would give,
And breathe its odours wild around ;
With honied sweets bid pleasure live,
Or with its hidden mischiefs wound.

This ROSE was *white*, and to be blest,
Around it insect myriads flew,
Charm'd by the wonders of its breast,
Thrice essenc'd in the summer dew.

But when the lip of beauty shed
A rival sweetness on that breast,
It *blush'd*, and droop'd its fragrant head,
Asham'd to be so proudly blest.

Its colour chang'd, a crimson glow,
Fix'd on its alter'd form, appears ;
While round the sighing zephyrs blow,
And NATURE bathes its leaves in tears.

Then, does not ev'ry KISS impart,
In magic thrills of speechless pleasure,
Reproaches to the wand'ring heart,
That knows not how to prize the treasure?

O yes! then let my bosom prove
No throb—but FRIENDSHIP's throb divine ;
And let the KISS of FICKLE LOVE,
Capricious monitor,—BE THINE !

A REFLECTION.

THE loathsome toad, whose mis'ry feeds
 On noxious dews and baneful weeds,
 Disgusts the startled sight ;
 Yet, when the sultry vapours low'r,
 He drinks the poison from each flow'r,
 Shook by the wings of night.

Behold the beauteous speckled snake,
 Writhing amidst the leafy brake,
 Gilt by the beams of day :
 Mark, as the wand'ring victim's eyes
 Fix on its dazzling orient dyes,
 'The traitor stings its prey !

Trace, then, the moral, simply true ;
 Here NATURE'S varying picture view,
 Where outward forms deceive ;
 Where WORTH in loathsome garb we find,
 While glitt'ring VICE, with pow'r combin'd,
 In splendid baseness live !

THE POET'S GARRET.

COME, sportive fancy ! come with me, and trace
 The poet's attic home ! the lofty seat
 Of the heav'n-tutor'd nine ! the airy throne
 Of bold imagination, rapture fraught
 Above the herds of mortals. All around
 A solemn stillness seems to guard the scene,
 Nursing the brood of thought—a thriving brood
 In the rich mazes of the cultur'd brain.
 Upon thy altar, an old worm-eat board,
 The pannel of a broken door, or lid
 Of a strong coffer, plac'd on three-legg'd stool,
 Stand quires of paper, white and beautiful !
 Paper, by destiny ordain'd to be
 Scrawl'd o'er and blotted ; dash'd, and scratch'd, and
 torn ;
 Or mark'd with lines severe, or scatter'd wide
 In rage impetuous ! Sonnet, song, and ode,
 Satire, and epigram, and smart charade ;
 Neat paragraph, or legendary tale,

Of short and simple metre, each by turns
Will there delight the reader.

On the bed
Lies an old rusty suit of "solemn black,"—
Brush'd thread-bare, and, with brown, unglossy hue,
Grown somewhat ancient. On the floor is seen
A pair of silken hose, whose footing bad
Shews they are trav'lers, but who still bear
Marks somewhat *holy*. At the scanty fire
A chop turns round, by packthread strongly held;
And on the blacken'd bar a vessel shines
Of batter'd pewter, just half fill'd, and warm,
With Whitbread's bev'rage pure. The kitten paws,
Anticipating dinner; while the wind
Whistles thro' broken panes, and drifted snow
Carpets the parapet with spotless garb,
Of vestal coldness. Now the sullen hour
(The fifth hour after noon) with dusky hand
Closes the lids of day. The farthing light
Gleams thro' the cobwebb'd chamber, and the bard
Concludes his pen's hard labour. Now he eats
With appetite voracious! nothing sad
That he with costly plate, and napkins fine,
Nor china rich, nor fork of silver, greets
His eye or palate. On his lyric board
A sheet of paper serves for table-cloth;
An heap of salt is serv'd,—oh! heav'nly treat!
On ode Pindaric! while his tuneful puss

Scratches his slipper for her fragment sweet,
And sings her love-song soft, yet mournfully.
Mocking the pillar Doric, or the roof
Of architecture Gothic, all around
The well-known ballads flit, of Grub-street fame!
The casement, broke, gives breath celestial
To the long dying-speech; or gently fans
The love-inflaming sonnet. All around
Small scraps of paper lie, torn vestiges
Of an unquiet fancy. Here a page
Of flights poetic—there a dedication—
A list of dramatis personæ, bold,
Of heroes yet unborn, and lofty dames
Of perishable compound, light as fair,
But sentenc'd to oblivion!

On a shelf,
(Yclept a mantle-piece) a phial stands,
Half fill'd with potent spirits!—spirits strong,
Which sometimes haunt the poet's restless brain,
And fill his mind with fancies whimsical.
Poor poet! happy art thou, thus remov'd
From pride and folly! for in thy domain
Thou can'st command thy subjects; fill thy lines;
Wield th' all-conqu'ring weapon heav'n bestows
On the grey goose's wing! which, tow'ring high,
Bears thy sick fancy to immortal fame!

TO JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.

TO the heart that has feeling, what gift is so rare
 As the wreath which the hand of true elegance
 weaves?

'Tis the only delight which proud friendship can share;
 For bestowing it, tastes the same rapture it gives!

Like the soft dews of morning, it flows from the mind!
 To expand the weak blossom, just waking to day!
 Like the sunbeam, with warmth and with lustre combin'd,
 It diffuses its perfumes, and bids it look gay!

Then think not the praises your kindness bestows,
 Like the zephyrs, pass over my bosom, and die;
 For, I know, 'tis from friendship the bright current
 flows,
 That reflects the small flow'ret with tints of the sky!

With the fair hand of nature to guide me along,
I no laurel from art or from learning implore!
For my bosom, that prompts the rude efforts of song,
Courts the wild-rose of fancy, and asks for no more!

The rose that pure friendship divests of its thorns!
And the breath of fond praise bids eternally bloom!
That thro' life the rough path-way with fragrance
adorns!
And with hope's gentle promise encircles the tomb!

LINES

Sent by PETER PINDAR to MRS. ROBINSON, borrowing her Lap-Dog to paint his Likeness.

FROM her who sweeps the Sapphic lyre,
Come, pretty cur, whom I admire ;
A moment quit her fond embrace.
Yes, little creature, haste away,
Whate'er thy name, Bejoux or Tray ;
And let me paint thy mop-like face.

O tell thy mistress, if she choose
Her idle moments to amuse
With my shock poll, instead of thine,
She's welcome, up or in her bed,
To smooth my ears or pat my head,
And bid me on her breast recline.

Were this to happen, I should be,
O cur, a happier dog than thee.

THE ANSWER.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

O PETER! since thy sportive Muse
 A puppy for her theme will choose,
 How envied must his race of brothers be!
 How will their mop-like tresses flow,
 How will their mops and long ears glow,
 When crown'd by genius, Peter, and by thee!

But thou, the Muses' watch-dog, Peter,
 Who scar'd the highest with thy metre,
 Thou never would'st a servile state survive:
 Thou would'st not wear a puppy's chain,
 But treating bondage with disdain,
 Would'st hope to lead where I would wish to drive.

Then, Peter, boast a nobler pate,
 Nor envy SHOCK's inglorious state;
 For, know, the puppy species I despise!
 With thee I'll wander, wake, or dream,
 By Helicon's immortal stream,
 Where Peter guards a passage to the skies!

But if, in sportive vein, you seek
To paint a puppy's whisker'd cheek,
My little fav'rite shall your levee grace ;
For oft, if they are not bely'd,
At levees, in due pomp and pride,
The highest patronize the fawning race.

My dog has something more to boast ;
He scorns the cringing, sneaking host,
And looks to lasting wreaths by genius twin'd ;
Since Peter, with his magic help,
Will keep in countenance the whelp,
And prove the painter, like the puppy—*kind!*

TO LEONARDO.

AND dost thou hope to fan my flame
 With the soft breath of **FRIENDSHIP's** name?
 And dost thou think the thin disguise
 Can veil the mischief from my eyes?
 Alas, sweet bard! the dazzling ray
 Long round my fearful heart did play,
 In *reason's* sober mantle drest;
 It pour'd warm incense on my breast,
 My mind in rosy fetters bound,
 Then, smiling, gave th' insidious wound!

Yes, I have liv'd each bliss to feel
 That o'er the sensate heart can steal;
 Have tasted all that youth could bring
 On giddy fashion's painted wing;
 Have mark'd the base and sordid mind
 Couch'd in the sentiment refin'd!
 Have known flush'd adulation's song
 The brain's weak lab'rins wind among,

And with its feath'ry touch impart
Corroding anguish to the heart!
Have heard the soothing, specious tale
O'er th' unguarded sense prevail,
In ev'ry varying clime the same,
Under the mask of FRIENDSHIP'S name.

Harmonious bard! if thou hast found
Envenom'd slander's careless wound;
If hopes o'erthrown, and jealous fears,
Have drench'd thy manly cheek with tears;
If fell caprice, insatiate fiend,
Has taught the darling of thy mind,
Unblushing, with the vile to rove
In the coarse path of vagrant love;
O scorn the wretch, subdue thy pains,
And soar exulting from her chains!
Yes, I can "triumph," I can "bear,"
Can quell the ruthless fiend despair;
Can brave *ingratitude's* keen dart,
And pluck it, rankling, from my heart.

But cease thy soft notes silver strain,
That wakes thy soul to living pain;
Cease to recall thy slumb'ring mind
To all the pangs it left behind:
Perhaps again love's potent art
May wind a spell about thy heart,

May round its branching fibres twine
The thrilling joy, the hope divine,
Thy feeling breast again may prove
Th' ecstatic harmonies of love.
Nor will I bend my lonely way
Where cheerless horror veils the day:
Can Lapland's chilling spheres controul
The genial warmth that *swells the soul*?
'Midst lakes of ice, or clouds of snow,
Thy swelling bosom *still would glow*;
Nor will its vivid pow'rs decay
'Till life's last flame shall fade away!

THE
SNAKE AND THE LINNET.

A FABLE.

Inscribed to HER who will remember it.

Self-pamper'd *ignorance*, in fancied state,
Frowns on the humbler dignity of *worth* !
Thro' life's short summer, miserably great ;
And, born illustrious—shames the pride of birth !

BESIDE a WOOD, whose lofty shade
O'ercanopy'd the neighb'ring glade,
Where no rude wand'rer's step was seen
To print the dew that gemm'd the green ;
Where many a wild-flow'r, scatter'd round,
Shed fragrance o'er th' enamell'd ground ;
Beneath a branch of verdant hue,
To chaunt its lays, a LINNET flew ;

Tir'd of its life, it sought repose,
And pour'd its plaint, to sooth its woes :
For long the tuneful feather'd choir
Had vex'd its heart with envious ire ;
And, conscious of its sweeter lays,
With insult mock'd its harmless days.
Its soft song echo'd through the grove,
Mild as the murmurs of the DOVE ;
Not e'en the LARK's melodious throat
Could emulate its thrilling note.

Oft, at still EVENING's hour, it flew
To sip the drops of scented dew,
That, trickling from the cowslip's head,
Adorn'd with pearls its mossy bed ;
While owls and ravens, hov'ring near,
With screams discordant dinn'd its ear :
For hateful to th' envious throng,
Are the sweet sounds of witching song ;
And vainly shall its magic steal
O'er the dull mind that cannot feel.

Near, on a bank, with flow'rets drest,
A speckled reptile form'd its nest ;
Oft would it writhe in wanton play,
And bask beneath the solar ray.

The SNAKE, the gentle WARBLER spy'd
In all its charms—in all its pride ;
And, dazzled with its lustrous dies,
Its shining form, its brilliant eyes,
Flew round its head with curious gaze,
And wanton'd 'midst its leafy maze ;
But, ah! the linnet's 'witching strain
Assail'd its tasteless ears in vain ;
For the fell SNAKE, with murd'rous art,
Glanc'd at its breast, and STUNG ITS HEART!

'Tis thus the fairest forms invite,
With glitt'ring charms, the wond'ring sight :
We gaze upon the beauteous mien,
Nor dread its mischiefs while unseen ;
Nor feel, that MODEST WORTH CONFESS'D
Inflames with rage the ENVIOUS BREAST ;
While mean and fulsome FLATT'RY finds
A welcome pass—TO VULGAR MINDS!

ODE.

THE EAGLE AND FLOCK OF GEESE.

How rarely, by the outward show,
 The inward soul can mortals know!
 How gaudy flits the insect's wing,
 While we gaze, heedless of its sting:
 How lustrous to the startled eye
 Seems the swift lightning, darting by!
 But *moralizing* is so *very* old,
 A fable shall, in lieu of it, be told.

Once on a time, an EAGLE bold,
 (Appointed by his master, Jove,
 O'er this terrestrial sphere to rove)
 Held his high station on a sea-girt shore,
 Where many a whit'ning billow roll'd,
 Laving the strand with desolating roar!

Long had he tow'r'd the sov'reign of the peak,
His cloud-roof'd nest defied the wind and rain ;
A solitude sublime,
Sacred to deathless TIME !

No human foot the craggy height would seek,
Save where the ship-wreck'd soul, despairing, clung
On the wild weeds that round it hung,
Or wav'd fantastic, mocking the rous'd main !

There, 'mid the deaf'ning din of wind and wave,
This lordly bird his daring eye would roll ;
And oft his pinions in the green-deep lave,
And oft, with rav'nous beak, the lesser birds control :

The *curlew's* yell, the *bittern's* hollow cry,
Wou'd greet the lofty despot passing by ;
'Till all the neigh'bring rocks were left, and he
Reign'd tyrant of the cliff that bound the raging sea.

Sick with the plenitude of pow'r,
This *eagle*, in a gloomy hour,
Regardless of his *master*, Jove,
Resolv'd to rove ;
And, skimming o'er the waters wide,
AMBITION-taught, a new dominion tried.
On th' ethereal floods of day,
He bent, with eager rage, his ardent way ;

With steady eye he view'd the solar blaze,
And bask'd, undazzled, in meridian rays ;
Full on the western gale his course pursued,
And, with imperious pride, bath'd in the sunny flood :

To make my fable short, this BIRD,
Like many of *ambition's* race,
With consciousness of strength was grown absurd,
Or, plainer speaking, sought his own disgrace :
The bird of mighty Jove (thought he)
May scatter wide the bolts of destiny.

Away he flies!
Thirsting for carnage, eager to embrace
His talons in the streaming blood
Of lesser birds (more useful and more good :)
For this proud EAGLE knew no joy
Like that which prompts the pow'rful to destroy !

Soon to a distant scene he came,
Where, on a yellow, broomy heath,
Quaffing the dawn's resuscitating breath,
Waddled a flock of GEESE, peaceful and tame :
No tow'ring wings had they, but fed content
On stubble, or what bounteous NATURE sent ;
And, till this luckless hour,
They felt, by an instinctive pow'r,

That the wide mead, and golden heath,
 The breezy morn, the sunny noon,
 The dewy vale, soft twilight's breath,
 Sighing its odours to the modest moon;
 Skies, seasons, herbage, water, wind,
 Were all for *nature's commoners* design'd;
 That the world-fostering SUN
 O'er *all* his equal journey run:
 Poor fools! they little knew that heav'n's best things
 Were portion'd out by birds with eagle wings;
 That *all* the lord of sunny lustre seizes,
 He hovers o'er, and gives them *what he pleases*;
 That is to say, he lets them all alone
 Provided he may call the airy world—*his own*!

The EAGLE now was hov'ring near;
 The GEESE look'd up askance, and gabbled loud with
 fear!

“ Dull BIRDS!” the sun-ey'd desolator cried,
 “ Soon in your panting hearts my talons shall be dy'd!
 “ Plebeian brawlers! you shall know
 “ That I was destin'd to subdue
 “ Such THINGS as you!
 “ And crush your little empire base and low.
 “ Look at these eyes,
 “ Behold the fire that in them lies!
 “ View my resistless wing,
 “ Form'd from ethereal heights to spring!

- “ Tho’ *gaunt* my lofty form,
 “ Toil-worn with many a busy storm,
 “ With restless nights and restless days,
 “ Still can I meet the SUN with *dauntless* gaze;
 “ That SUN which lends me all his light,
 “ And sanctions my aerial flight:
 “ Plebeians bold,
 “ Shrink and behold!!”
- “ Well!” cried a GANDER, fierce and old,
 “ We listen, and we *do* behold!
 “ We hear thee arrogant and vain,
 “ Disturbing this our peaceful plain!
 “ We know that fate has giv’n thee pow’r
 “ O’er earth, and oceans vast, to scow’r;
 “ But what attends thy lofty flight?
 “ Do you not ravage all you find,
 “ Filling the harmless with affright,
 “ And mangling our defenceless kind?
 “ Shame on such cruel sport, away!
 “ Go hide thy *meager form* in shades,
 “ Brave not the reddened front of day,
 “ But skulk in cavern’d rocks, and gloomy glades.
 “ No use art thou to human-kind;
 “ For tho’ with crimson rag, our race
 “ Is driv’n to slaughter and disgrace,
 “ Still are we for *some* good design’d:

“ And tho’ we yield our little breath,
“ We *save* the creature MAN from death :
“ We feed him, and he finds his ends
“ In making *humble birds his friends* :
“ While fierce despoilers, such as THEE,
“ But dash with bitter woes our cup of destiny!”
So says the fable ! Let the EAGLE’s wing
Above such lowly teachers fly ;
For *harmless, humble, PEACEFUL BIRDS*, I sing,
Their *fellow-commoner*, and NATURE’s laureat, I !

LINES

Written on a Day of Public Rejoicing!

WHILE shouts and acclamations rend the skies,
 From the deep ocean, bleeding cold and wan,
 See groaning SPECTRES in a phalanx rise,
 To mourn the mis'ries of ambitious MAN!

O'er them the rude sea dashes, mix'd with gore ;
 The wild winds howl in dreadful blasts along ;
 The sulphur show'rs upon the high deck roar,
 And livid lightnings flash the wave among !

Here glides the PARENT, bleeding is his breast !
 Here the lost HUSBAND falls, and, groaning, dies !
 Here the lov'd SONS, the mother's darlings, rest,
 While o'er their mangled limbs the billows rise !

Are these forgot ? OH ! NATURE ! yet awhile
 Shed the soft tear, and heave the tender sigh ;
 Suspend the shout of triumph, rapture's smile ;
 And raise, in sorrow raise, the tearful eye.

Let reason, truth, RELIGION's pow'r divine,
Call to the feeling and reflecting mind,
The wretched suff'ers who in anguish pine—
The soldier's, sailor's kindred—left behind!

And while the long-drawn pompous cavalcade
Bids clam'rous exultation lift the head;
Let mild humanity the triumph aid,
And pity's tear embalm the ~~scattered~~ dead!

THE SWAN.

MAJESTIC bird! who lov'st to glide
In all the plumed pomp of pride!
Who in the glassy stream all day
Pursu'st the bright pellucid way!
Why art thou, bird of splendid grace,
More favour'd than thy kindred race?
Why art thou form'd so wond'rous fair,
With downy breast, and pinions rare?
And wherefore, on the liquid way,
Dost thou enjoy superior sway?

No song is thine, no thrilling note
Winds dulcet from thy beauteous throat;
No mazy flight thy wings essay
Along the burning plains of day!

No murm'ring cadence marks in thee
Love's soul-entrancing minstrelsy!
Thou can'st not raise the eagle eye
To greet the sov'reign of the sky!
No sweetly social instinct sways
The tenour of thy placid days ;
Man finds in thee no cheerful song
To lead his weary feet along ;
No mild domestic friend to pour
Soft music thro' life's sombre hour :
For thou, to sullen pleasures prone,
Liv'st, proudly, for thyself alone !

The lark, that soars on early wing,
And, soaring, loves his joy to sing ;
The swallow, who to distant skies,
Allur'd by gentler zephyrs, flies ;
The thrush, that twitters while the dawn
Spreads purpling lustre o'er the lawn,
Are richer far in pow'rs than thee,
With all thy vaunted majesty !

Then what avails thy lofty crest ?
What all the down that clothes thy breast ?
What thy slow-gliding haughty grace,
That scarcely moves the lucid space ?

Man finds in thee no soft control
To heal the pain-inflicted soul!
For outward beauty's pleasing pow'r
Charms only for its little hour;
And reason sickens when we find
A form without a kindred mind!

LINES

ON HEARING A GENTLEMAN DECLARE, THAT NO WOMEN WERE SO
HANDSOME AS THE ENGLISH.

BEAUTY, the attribute of heav'n,
In various forms to mortals giv'n,
With magic skill enslaves mankind,
As sportive fancy sways the mind.
Search the wide world—go where you will,
Variety pursues you still :
Capricious nature knows no bound,
Her unexhausted gifts are found
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry face,
Each has its own peculiar grace.

To Gallia's frolic scenes repair,
There reigns the tiny debonnaire ;
The mincing step, the slender waist,
The lip with bright vermilion grac'd ;

The short pert nose, the pearly teeth,
With the small dimpled chin beneath;
The social converse, gay and free,
The smart *bon mot* and *repartée*.

Italia boasts the melting fair,
The pointed step, the stately air;
Th' impassion'd look, the languid eye,
The voice of thrilling harmony;
Insidious love, conceal'd in smiles,
That charms, and as it charms, beguiles.

View Grecian maids, whose finish'd forms
Th' admiring sculptor's fancy warms;
There let thy wond'ring eye behold
The softest gems of nature's mould;
The look that *Reynolds* learnt to trace
From *Sheridan's** bewitching face.

Imperious *Turkey's* pride is seen
In beauty's rich luxuriant mien;
The dark and sparkling orbs that glow
Beneath a polish front of snow;
The auburn curl, which zephyr blows
About the cheek of glowing rose;

* See the portrait of the late Mrs. SHERIDAN, in the character of Saint Cecilia.

The shorten'd zone, the swelling breast,
With costly gems profusely dress'd,
Reclin'd in softly waving bow'rs,
On painted beds of fragrant flow'rs ;
Where od'rous canopies dispense
Arabia's spices to the sense ;
Where listless indolence and ease
Proclaim the sov'reign wish—to please.

'Tis thus capricious fancy shows
How far her frolic empire goes :
On Asia's sands, on Alpine snow,
We trace her steps where'er we go ;
The British maid with timid grace,
The tawny Indian's varnish'd face,
The jetty African, the fair
Nurs'd by Europa's softer air,
With various charms delight the mind ;
For fancy governs all mankind.

STANZAS

WRITTEN FOR "THE SHRINE OF BERTHA*."

PLEAS'D with the calm bewitching hour,
 When ev'ning shadows o'er the plain,
I seek my solitary bow'r,
 And listen to the night-owl's strain!

Here, where the woven ivy hangs,
 Once the rich shrine of marble rose!
 And chaste-ey'd VESTALS sigh'd their pangs,
 And bath'd, with icy tears, their woes.

And *here*, where on the rugged ground
 The sculptur'd fragments scatter'd lie,
 Erst did the choral anthem sound,
 And holy incense meet the sky.

* A novel, by M. E. ROBINSON.

What are ye now ? ye arches drear,
What can ye shew to sooth the breast?
Save pensive twilight's frequent tear,
That falls in crystal lustre drest !

Yet o'er the scene of rude decay
Blithe *nature* darts the *morning* beam!
And here the blushing *evening* ray
Inspires the soul with FANCY's dream!

And here wan CYNTHIA sheds her light,
The shatter'd roofs and walls among;
And here the solemn hour of night
Is cheer'd by philomela's song !

And here the PILGRIM, poor and sad,
No kindred smile his breast to warm,
May find what cruel *foes* forbad,
A shelter from the *howling* storm !

Blow, blow, ye keen, ye ruthless winds !
Ye livid light'nings, dart around !
While terror freezes *guilty* minds,
And conscience owns the *cureless* wound.

Here can *I* view, unchill'd with dread,
The lofty aisle and shadowy dome ;
The turrets tottering o'er the dead ;
The long-drawn monumental gloom !

Here, still, without one holy rite,
The hapless BERTHA's form shall sleep!
While blushing RIGOUR shrinks from light,
And MELANCHOLY hides—to weep.

With SUPERSTITION gliding round,
A thousand ghastly shades shall gleam;
While o'er the dew-besprinkled ground
Steals the faint MOON's retiring beam!

Yet, hither shall the RED-BREAST bring
The lily, and the palest rose;
And all the fairest flow'rs of spring,
To dress her bed—of long repose.

Oh, gentle BIRD! no wand'rer rude
Shall bid thee from these ruins flee;
Blest minstrel of this solitude!
Still shalt thou sing—TO SOLACE ME

STANZAS.

THE chilling gale that nipp'd the ROSE,
 Now murm'ring sinks to soft repose ;
 The shadowy vapours sail away
 Upon the silv'ry floods of day ;
 HEALTH breathes on ev'ry face I see ;
 But, ah ! she breathes no more on ME !

The butterfly, with rain-bow wing,
 Flits round the blushing front of spring ;
 And if a gloomy hour appears,
 Fans her warm breast, and sips her tears.
 LOVE wakes the feather'd choir to glee ;
 But, ah ! they wake no more for ME !

The jasmine wafts its perfume meek,
 To kiss the ROSE's glowing cheek ;
 Pale twilight sheds her vagrant shows
 To wake AURORA's infant flow'rs ;
 MAY smiles their native charms to see ;
 But, ah ! she smiles no more on ME !

The SEA-BOY, by the tempest's roar,
Dash'd on some rude and rocky shore,
Sees HOPE, amidst the furious foam,
That points towards his distant home!
But I, alas ! shall never see
HOPE's radiant beam reflect on ME !

E'en ZEMBLA's freezing sons, forlorn,
Await their long-expected morn ;
Swift to their icy cliffs they run,
To greet, at length, the tardy SUN !
But dark despair shall never see
The dawn of comfort shine on ME !

Then, far I'll wander, where no ray
Breaks thro' the gloom of doubtful day ;
There will I court the midnight hour,
The ling'ring dawn, the wintry show'r ;
For cold and comfortless shall be
Each future SCENE ordain'd for ME !

STANZAS,

FROM "THE SHRINE OF BERTHA."

FAREWELL! dear haunts of pleasing woes!
 Ye sun-burnt *vales* and *forests* drear;
 Where oft, at *ev'ning's* solemn close,
 I drop the sad, the pensive tear.

Farewell! ye *vineyards*, whose rich glow
 Derides the flaming *orb* of light!
 Ye limpid *streams*, that brawling flow,
 Ye *vanes*, that greet the traveller's sight.

Farewell, ye shades of mountain *pine*,
 Ye rude *rocks*, black'ning o'er the wave;
 And, oh! farewell, dear rugged SHRINE,
 That marks my BERTHA's lowly grave.

I go to paths of brighter hue:
 Yet *mem'ry* oft shall wander here;
 And FANCY still shall flow'rets strew,
 Begemm'd with PITY's holy tear!

And when to distant realms I stray,
To mingling scenes of pomp and glee,
Oft will I steal, lov'd SHADE, to pray,
And drop a tender tear for THEE !

That *tear* perchance may give relief,
And med'cine comfort to *my* woes !
For oft from *sympathetic* grief
The wounded bosom finds repose.

Oh ! I would ruminare and mourn
From early DAWN 'till fading EVE ;
For midst the GAY this *heart* forlorn
Would turn to thee—and turn to grieve.

Still would my zealous care display
Each tribute thy sad fate demands !
Oft would I scatter garlands gay,
To shield *thee* from unhallow'd hands.

When MORN, its sunny wings spread wide,
Should wake each flow'r of gaudiest hue,
THY SHRINE should glow with softer pride,
MY TEARS surpass its spangling dew !

And when at EV'NING's crimson hour
The bat and beetle flit around,
Faint *echo*, from yon mould'ring tow'r,
Should greet my song's prophetic sound.

And when the tissued veil of night
Should scatter wide a doubtful gloom,
Oft would I steal from mortal sight,
To weep and sigh o'er BERTHA'S tomb!

But, ah! FAREWELL! no more thy strain
Shall vibrate thro' yon CLOISTER'S shade;
No more enchant the village SWAIN,
Or sooth to hope the love-lorn MAID!

No more, when rapt in pensive mood,
The CONVENT'S bell, with silver sound,
Shall echo thro' yon spectred wood,
To wake me from my dream profound;

No more the distant taper's glare
Shall thro' the painted windows burn,
To mark the VESPER hour of pray'r,
And bid my truant steps—*return!*

OH, BERTHA! since ordain'd to part,
Since destin'd from thy dust to stray,
Let RESIGNATION bathe my heart!
And THY meek SPIRIT—*guide my way.*

THE MISER.

MISER, why countest thou thy treasure,
 Thy ill got hoards of paltry gold?
 Hast thou a throb of secret pleasure
 When conscience whispers soft and slow,
 These are the shoals that from oppression flow,
 For which thy FAME is sold?

Why dost thou doat on useless ore?
 Thou hast no joy in all thy wealth;
 Thou never hear'st the simple poor
 Bless thy benevolence, and cry,
 While gratitude illumines the uprais'd eye,
 "Heav'n grant THEE years of health!"

Why dost thou, in the gloom of night,
 While the loud tempest rages wide,
 Tremble with horror's cold affright,
 And, grasping every shining woe,
 To some dark nook with falt'ring footsteps go,
 Thy useless heaps to hide?

Dost thou not hear the thunder's voice,
 Reproving heav'n's just vengeance, speak?
Dost thou not hear the fiends rejoice,
While on thy tott'ring roof obscure,
'The tears of outrag'd nature whelming pour,
 To chill thy wither'd cheek?

See thy lean frame, thy sunken eyes ;
 Behold thy victor death, and know,
That when the wretched miser dies,
No bosom pities —on his tomb
No grateful wreath of spring shall ever bloom,
 No tear of friendship flow!

Forgotten—or, if not, abhorr'd!
 Can all thy treasures left behind,
Bid memory thy toil reward,
Or meek religion breathe to heav'n
One pray'r that thou may'st ever be forgiv'n,
 O! miscreant unkind!

Thou that wouldst live belov'd, caress'd,
 Let sweet humanity be giv'n
By thee to e'en a *foe* distress'd :
For where the child of virtue sighs,
Where genius to thy open threshold flies,
 Know, 'tis the path to heav'n!

STANZAS

PRESENTED WITH A GOLD CHAIN RING TO A ONCE DEAR FRIEND.

OH! take these little easy chains,
 And may they hold you while you live :
 For know, each magic link contains
 The richest treasure I can give!

AN EMBLEM, earnest, of my LOVE!
 PURE as the gold that forms the toy ;
 The more 'tis try'd, the more 'twill prove
 Beyond the touch of base alloy.

AS EVEN as these LINKS shall be
 The giver's MIND, that scorns to range ;
 And, like the HEART ordain'd for thee,
 They may be BROKE! but cannot change!

Then, take the little shining toy,
 And may it never quit thy sight ;
 And let it be my proudest joy,
 To know MY CHAINS, tho' *lasting*, LIGHT!

A FRAGMENT.

**I LOVE the labyrinth, the silent glade,
For soft repose, and conscious rapture made ;
The melancholy murmurs of the rill,
The moaning zephyrs, and the breezy hill;
The torrent, roaring from the flinty steep,
The morning gales that o'er the landscape sweep,
The shade that dusky twilight meekly draws
O'er the calm interval of nature's pause!
'Till the chaste moon, slow stealing o'er the plain,
Wraps the dark mountain in her silv'ry train!
Soothing, with sympathetic tears, the breast
That seeks for solitude, and sighs for rest!**

TO THE MAY FLY.

Poor insect! what a little day
 Of sunny bliss is thine !
 And yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay,
 And bid'st them, spreading, shine.

Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
 Unmindful of the blast ;
 And careless, while 'tis burning noon,
 How quick that noon be past!

A show'r would lay thy beauty low ;
 The dew of twilight be
 The torrent of thy overthrow,
 Thy storm of destiny !

Then spread thy little shining wing,
 Hum on thy busy lay !
 For *man*, like *thee*, has but his spring,
 LIKE THINE, IT FADES AWAY!

JANUARY, 1795.

PAVEMENT slipp'ry, people sneezing,
 Lords in ermine, beggars freezing;
 Titled gluttons dainties carving,
 Genius in a garret starving.

Lofty mansions, warm and spacious;
 Courtiers cringing and voracious;
 Misers scarce the wretched heeding;
 Gallant soldiers fighting, bleeding.

Wives who laugh at passive spouses;
 Theatres, and meeting-houses;
 Balls, where simp'ring misses languish;
 Hospitals, and groans of anguish.

Arts and sciences bewailing;
 Commerce drooping, credit failing;
 Placemen mocking subjects loyal;
 Separations, weddings royal.

Authors who can't earn a dinner ;
Many a subtle rogue a winner ;
Fugitives for shelter seeking ;
Misers hoarding, tradesmen breaking.

Taste and talents quite deserted ;
All the laws of truth perverted ;
Arrogance o'er merit soaring ;
Merit silently deploring.

Ladies gambling night and morning ;
Fools the works of genius scorning ;
Ancient dames for girls mistaken,
Youthful damsels quite forsaken.

Some in luxury delighting ;
More in talking than in fighting ;
Lovers old, and beaux decrepid ;
Lordlings empty and insipid.

Poets, painters, and musicians ;
Lawyers, doctors, politicians :
Pamphlets, newspapers, and odes,
Seeking fame by diff'rent roads.

Gallant souls with empty purses,
Gen'als only fit for nurses ;
School-boys, smit with martial'spirit,
Taking place of vet'ran merit.

Honest men who can't get places,
Knives who shew unblushing faces ;
Ruin hasten'd, peace retarded ;
Candour spurn'd, and art rewarded.

IMPROMPTU

Sent to a Friend who had left his Gloves, by mistake, at the
Author's house on the preceding evening.

YOUR GLOVES I send,
My worthy friend,
With no *gallant* intent :
With gauntlet I
No knight defy ;
So take it as 'tis meant.

In merry mood,
'Tis understood,
That frolic *fancy* loves,
When eye-lids close
In sweet repose,
To *steal* a pair of gloves.

But neither here
(I vow and swear)
My sportive measures rule ;
Too *weak* to wield
The daring shield,
Too *old* to play the fool.

Tho' dark their hue,
Their semblance true,
Like fortune's frowns appear ;
By absence torn,
Like me, they mourn
For *him*—who thought them *dear*.

Then take the pair,
And let them share
The warmth that from your breast
On all bestows,
The balm of woes,
Which gives to sorrow—rest!

These truant twins,
To mend their sins,
Shall wait your kind command ;
And ev'ry day,
Or sad, or gay,
Shall—take you by the hand.

In solitude,
 'Mid sorrows rude,
 Or passion's wildest storm,
 Where'er you go,
 Thro' weal or woe,
 You'll find them ever warm.

So fare you well ;
 This pair shall tell,
 And tell with lungs of leather,
 That friends who part,
 Must know the smart
 They never feel *together*.

MADRIGAL.

Love was a little blooming boy,
 Fond, innocent, and true ;
 His ev'ry smile was fraught with joy,
 And ev'ry joy was new !
 Till stealing from his mother's side,
 The urchin lost his way ;
 And wand'ring far o'er deserts wide,
 Thus, weeping, pour'd his lay:

" O TIME ! I'll dress thy locks of snow
 " With wreaths of fragrant flow'rs ;
 " And all that rapture can bestow
 " Shall deck thy fleeting hours :
 " But for one day, one little day,
 " Thy wings in pity spare ;
 " That I may homeward bend my way,
 " For all my wreaths are there."

TIME, cheated by his tears and sighs,
The wily god confess'd ;
When, soaring to his native skies,
He sought his mother's breast !
Short was his bliss ! the treach'rous boy
Was hurl'd from clime to clime,
And found, amidst his proudest joy,
He'd still the *wings of* TIME !

ANACREONTIC.

TO CUPID.

HITHER, god of pleasing pain,
HITHER bring my wand'ring SWAIN;
 See, my BOW'R is hung with roses,
 On my couch CONTENT reposes;
 See, fond HOPE her blush concealing,
 O'er the ivy'd threshold stealing;
 While to meet her, BLISS advances—
 Mark their soft extatic glances!
 Here shall mirth his revels keep,
 While dull CARE retires to weep.

Now the myrtle wreaths divine
 Round my auburn tresses twine;
 See, my white transparent vest
 Scarce confines my beating breast;
 Hark! the LYRE's melodious measure
 Wakes the vapid soul to pleasure;

Light-heel'd GRACES, tripping round,
Scarcely print the velvet ground:
TIME arrests his busy wing,
And wantons in the sportive ring;
See! his SCYTHE he throws away,
And scorns to stint the rapt'rous day!
See, advancing full of glee,
Laughing HEALTH and JOLLITY!
Dapper fairies, skipping, strew
Fragrant huds begemm'd with dew!
See, the rosy god of wine,
Crown'd with clust'ring boughs of vine,
Sportive, mirth-inspiring guest,
TEMP'RANCE leads to grace the feast!

See, the tuneful NINE advance;
And VALOUR, with his LAUREL'D LANCE;
And SPORT, with glowing cheek of fire;
And bright-ey'd TRUTH, and young DESIRE;
While in their train, with modest mien,
Divine PHILANTHROPY is seen!
And gentle FRIENDSHIP wand'ring nigh,
And SYMPATHY with tearful eye;
While godlike GENIUS, heav'n's best boast,
Sheds radiance o'er the glitt'ring host!

COME, THEN, god of pleasing pain,
COME, THEN, with my wand'ring swain;

See, my BOW'r drops ruby wine,
Canopy'd with twisted vine!
See, in every CITRON grove,
Luscious fruits, to feast my love.
Bring him quickly, DARLING BOY!
Touch his heart with conscious joy:
If he pines with jealous fears,
With thy BREATH disperse his tears;
If he sighs repentant, say,
Love shall waft those sighs away!

ZEPHYR, whose enamell'd wing
Fans the perfum'd breast of spring,
ESSENCE on my pillow throws,
Pilfer'd from the musky ROSE;
PILLOW! thou shalt ne'er be press'd
Till my vagrant LOVE shall rest!

Say, thou rosy URCHIN, say,
Is not LIFE a fleeting day?
MORN, a scene of childish FOLLY;
EVENING, COLD and MELANCHOLY?
Let us revel, while 'tis NOON;
Sombre NIGHT will shroud us soon.

See the star of TWILIGHT peep
O'er yon mountain's dusky steep;
Round thy brow thy fillet bind:
LOVE that ROVES, IS EVER BLIND!

SOFT, perhaps the truant swain
Sighs some other nymph to gain :—
Gentle URCHIN, if 'tis so,
Let the silly wand'rer go.

† No, he comes! I own thy skill!
Now, let the FATES DO WHAT THEY WILL!

STANZAS.

TEACH me, love, since thy torments no precepts can
cure,

Since reflection and reason deny me relief;
Oh! teach me thy scorn and thy wrongs to endure,
While the balm of resentment shall solace my grief.

Let my sighs never heave, let my tears never flow,
Let the smile of contempt the stern victor defy;
For the tear has a charm which no art can bestow,
And the language of love is the soul-breathing sigh.

Let me shun the proud despot who causes my care,
Lest the torture I suffer should feed his disdain;
For my tyrant delights in the pang of despair,
And the sound which he loves, is the deep groan
of pain.

I will traverse the desert, climb mountains untrod,
Where reflection shall sadden with legions of woes;
I will cool my scorch'd brain on the dew-moisten'd
sod,
While around my torn bosom the loud tempest
blows.

Yet the mild breath of morning shall bid the storm fly,
And the sun's glowing wreath shall encircle the
steep;

But my bosom shall never forget the deep sigh,
Nor my eyes lose their vision that prompts them
to weep.

Then, oh! where shall I wander in search of repose?
Where explore that oblivion that calms the wrung
breast,—

Since the lover finds sorrow wherever he goes,
And the world has for passion no pillow of rest?

ANACREONTIC.

YOU say, my love, the drifted snow
 Around our ivy roof is flying;
Why, what care I? our bosoms glow,
 And love still smiles, the storm defying!
Love shall no angry tempest fear,
 Tho' frowning skies the hail may scatter;
For still our guardian god is near,
 Should howling blasts our hovel shatter.

Let icy bosoms freeze, while shrill
 The north-wind blows around our dwelling;
Our bosoms know the glowing thrill,
 And still with melting joys are swelling!
The hollow gust that passes by,
 We scarcely hear, no danger fearing;
Yet love's most soft and murmur'd sigh
 Shall speak in accents sweetly cheering.

Our faggot fire shall brighter blaze,
Our bed of down invite to slumber ;
And, 'till the morn shall spread its rays,
Time shall delicious moments number.
See the dull flame our taper shows,
How faint it burns !—well ! let it quiver ;
The torch of love unwasted glows,
And still shall glow as bright as ever !

ANACREONTIC.

TO BACCHUS.

Is it the purple grape that throws
 A lustre on the sparkling eye?
 Is it the nectar-draught that glows
 Upon the lip of ruby dye?
 Is it the BACCHANALIAN set
 That makes old TIME his scythe forget;
 And gives the long, long joyous night,
 To fill the breast with rich delight?

Does WINE expand the glowing soul?
 Does FRIENDSHIP weave the magic vine,
 And strengthen in the magic bowl?
 Does GENIUS own its pow'r DIVINE?
 Does SCIENCE smile, and WISDOM find
 The nectar cup expand the mind?
 And does the MORN's returning light
 APPROVE "the long, long joyous night?"

If so, thou ROSY GOD! then take
My ardent vows, and give to mirth
The fleeting hour; for thou can'st make
This mortal scene an HEAV'N ON EARTH!
Bring, bring the magic cup, and we
Will laugh and chaunt the catch and glee,
That all the long and joyous night
Our hearts shall glow with rich delight!

But if thy purple stream should prove
The spell, my finer sense to bind;
If it can dim the flame of LOVE,
Or chill the source that warms the MIND;
If REASON, BACCHUS, flies from thee,
I ne'er thy grov'ling slave will be!
Nor will I share thy long, long night,
Which robs THE SOUL of pure delight.

ANACREONTIC.

BRING me the flowing cup, dear boy,
 And bring it full; for I
 Must taste the grateful liquid joy,
 And bid dull sorrow fly:
 Bring, bring the sparkling cup divine,
 And let its bev'rage, sweet, be mine.

Not with the purple luscious stream
 Its crystal sides must glow;
 Not with a fev'rish restless dream
 Will with'ring anguish go;
 Bring me the cup of bev'rage pure,
 Which shall the wounds of MEM'RY cure.

Give to the BACCHANALIAN throng
 Phœnicia's perfum'd glass,
 While tipsy revelry and song
 Greet TIME, and bid him pass:
 I ask the goblet—not of WINE,
 I ask the limpid draught divine!

Let the hot sun beam give the fruit
A bloom of purple hue ;
Let the pale moon, in silv'ry suit,
Scatter nocturnal dew ;
I to the fountain clear will haste,
A healthful crystal cup to taste :

And now my fev'rish senses find
A calm and soothing rest ;
Sweet are the visions of my mind,
And tranquil is my breast :
For 'twas from LETHÉ's sacred stream
I drank farewell to passion's dream !

MORNING.

ANACREONTIC.

THE sun now climbs the eastern hill ;
 Awake, my love! thine eyes unclose!
Hark! near our hut the limpid rill
 Calls thee, soft tinkling, from repose!
The lark soars high above thy couch of rest ;
 And on the plain the hunter's cries
 Call echo from the misty skies :
 Awake, my love! those glances meet,
 Which promise hours of blisses sweet!

The dew-pearls fall from ev'ry flow'r—
 See how they glitter o'er the heath!
 While balmy breathings fill the bow'r
 Where LOVE still sighs with softer breath.
'Tis time to wake, my love! the day
 On sunny wing flies swift away :

Noon will thy velvet cheek annoy,
And ev'ning's dews will damp thy joy :
Then wake, my love! and ope thine eyes,
As bright, as *blue*, as *summer skies*!

We'll hunt the rein-deer, chase the boar,
Thou shalt my ATALANTA be!
And when our sportive toil is o'er,
Venus shall snatch a grace from thee!
Young BACCHUS shall his ivy band
Receive from thy soft snowy hand;
And TIME his scythe aside shall fling,
While rosy rapture holds his wing :
Then wake, my love! the sun his beam
Darts golden on the rapid stream.

Thy cheek shall bloom, as HEBE's fair;
Thy lip shall steep'd in honey be;
The graces shall entwine thy hair;
The loves shall weave a zone for thee:
Thy feet shall bound across the waste,
Like DAPHNE's by APOLLO chas'd;
And ev'ry breeze that round thee blows,
Shall bring the fragrance of the ROSE.
Then come, my love! thy hours employ
No more in dreams—but wake to joy.

I hear thy voice, I see those orbs
As blue, as brilliant as the day;
Thy vermil lip the dew absorbs,
And scents thy breath like op'ning May:
Upon thy dimpled cheek the hue
Of summer's blushing buds I view;
And on thy bosom's spotless glow,
The whiteness of the mountain snow:
Ah! close those eyes again—for see,
All nature is ECLIPS'D BY THEE!

MALE FASHIONS FOR 1799.

CROPS like hedgehogs, high-crown'd hats,

Whiskers like Jew **MOSES** ;

Padded collars, thick cravats,

And cheeks as red as roses.

Faces *painted pink* and *brown* ;

Waistcoats strip'd and gaudy ;

Sleeves thrice doubled thick with down,

And straps to brace the body.

Short great-coats that reach the knees,

Boots like French postillion ;

Worn the **G**—— race to please,

But laugh'd at by the million.

Square-toed shoes, with silken strings,

Pantaloons *not* fitting ;

Finger deck'd with *wedding* rings,

And small-clothes made of knitting.

Curricles so low, that they
Along the ground seem dragging;
Flacks that weary half the day
In Rotten-row are fagging.

Bull-dogs grim, and boxers bold,
In noble trains attending;
Science which is bought with gold,
And flatt'ers vice commending.

Hair-cords, and *plain* rings, to shew
Many a LADY's favour,
BOUGHT by ev'ry vaunting *beau*,
With mischievous endeavour.

Such is giddy FASHION's son!
Such a MODERN LOVER!
Oh! wou'd their reign had ne'er begun!
And may it soon BE OVER!

FEMALE FASHIONS FOR 1799.

A FORM, as any taper, fine ;
 A head like half-pint bason ;
 Where golden cords, and bands entwine,
 As rich as fleece of JASON.

A pair of shoulders strong and wide,
 Like *country clown* enlisting ;
 Bare arms long dangling by the side,
 And shoes of ragged listing !

Cravats like towels, thick and broad,
 Long tippets made of bear-skin,
 Muffs that a RUSSIAN might applaud,
 And *rouge* to spoil a fair skin.

Long petticoats to *hide* the feet,
 Silk hose with clocks of scarlet ;
 A load of perfume, sick'ning sweet,
 Bought of PARISIAN VARLET.

A bush of hair, the brow to shade,
Sometimes the eyes to cover;
A necklace that might be display'd
By OTAHEITEAN lover!

A bowl of straw to deck the head,
Like porringer unmeaning;
A bunch of POPPIES flaming red,
With motly ribands streaming.

Bare ears on either side the head,
Like wood-wild savage SATYR;
Tinted with deep vermilion red,
To shame the blush of nature.

Red elbows, gauzy gloves, that add
An icy cov'ring merely;
A wadded coat, the shape to pad,
Like Dutch-women—or nearly.

Such is CAPRICE! but, lovely kind!
Oh! let each mental feature
Proclaim the labour of the *mind*,
And leave your charms to NATURE.

ANACREONTIC.

THE day is past! the sultry west
 Its golden curtain closes!
 My mossy couch is gayly drest
 With leaves of summer roses—
 For thee!

The day is past! the silv'ry moon
 Will light the shadowy mountain soon;
 Then come, my love, let soft delight
 Give downy wings to fleeting night—
 With me!

The day is past! the rising dews
 Spangle the meadows over;
 Where buds retint their faded hues,
 To greet the wand'ring lover—
 Like thee!

The gossamer its silver thread
 Winds round the glow-worm's twinkling head;
 The beetle sounds its drony horn,
 And pearl-drops all the flow'rs adorn—
 For me!

The purple vine its branches bends,
The bow'r of love confining ;
And there the rosy god attends,
An ivy wreath entwining—

For thee !

The golden goblets foaming round,
Seem with impatient streams to bound :
Haste, haste, my truant, let thy lip
The cup of heav'nly nectar sip—
With me !

But let not low and base desire
Degrade thy bosom's feeling ;
Let love illumine his sacred fire,
The light of truth revealing—
For thee !

Let vulgar, common natures rove
In paths of sordid, sensual love ;
But know, the frozen, grov'ling mind,
Nor friend, nor monitor, shall find—
In me !

STANZAS

TO A FRIEND WHO WISHED TO HAVE MY PORTRAIT.

E'EN from the early days of youth,
 I've bless'd the sacred voice of truth—
 And candour is my pride :
 I always speak what I believe ;
 I know not if I can deceive—
 Because I never tried.

I'm often serious, sometimes gay,
 Can laugh the fleeting hours away,
 Or weep for others woe :
 I'm proud! this fault you cannot blame,
 Nor does it tinge my cheek with shame :
 Your friendship made me so.

I'm odd, eccentric, fond of ease,
 Impatient, difficult to please ;
 Ambition fires my breast :
 Yet, not for wealth or titles vain ;
 Let but the LAUREL deck my strain,
 And dulness take the rest.

In temper quick, in friendship nice ;
I doat on genius, shrink from vice,
 And scorn the flatt'rer's art :
With penetrating skill can see,
Where, mask'd in sweet simplicity,
 Lies hid the treach'rous heart.

If once betray'd, I scarce forgive ;
And tho' I pity all that live,
 And mourn for ev'ry pain,
Yet never could I court the great,
Or worship fools, whate'er their state ;
 For falsehood I disdain.

I'm jealous, for I fondly love ;
No feeble flame my heart can prove,
 Caprice ne'er dimm'd its fires :
I blush to see the human mind,
For nobler, prouder claims design'd,
 The slave of low desires.

Reserv'd in manner, where unknown ;
A little obstinate, I own,
 And apt to form opinion ;
Yet, envy never broke my rest,
Nor could self-int'rest bow my breast
 To folly's base dominion.

No gaudy trappings I display,
Nor meanly plain, nor idly gay,
 Yet sway'd by fashion's rule;
For singularity, we find,
Betrays to ev'ry reasoning-mind,
 The *pedant* or the *fool*.

I fly the rich, the sordid crowd,
The little great, the vulgar proud,
 The ignorant and base :
To sons of genius homage pay,
And own their sov'reign right to sway—
 Lords of the human race.

When coxcombs tell me I'm divine,
I plainly see the weak design,
 And mock a tale so common :
Howe'er the flatt'ring strain may flow,
My faults, alas! too plainly show,
 I'm but a mortal woman !

Such is my portrait now believe ;
My pencil never can deceive,
 And know me what I paint.
Taught in affliction's rigid school,
I act from principle, not rule,
 No sinner, yet no saint.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

I.

Do you see the OLD BEGGAR who sits at yon gate,
 With his beard silver'd over like snow?
 Tho' he smiles as he meets the keen arrows of fate,
 Still his bosom is wearied with woe.

II.

Many years has he sat at the foot of the hill,
 Many days seen the summer sun rise;
 And at evening the traveller passes him still,
 While the shadows steal over the skies.

III.

In the bleak blast of winter he hobbles along
 O'er the heath, at the dawning of day;
 And the *dew-drops* that freeze the rude thistles among,
 Are the *stars* that illumine his way,

IV.

How mild is his aspect, how modest his eye,
 How meekly his soul bears each wrong!
 How much does he speak by his eloquent sigh,
 Tho' no accent is heard from his tongue.

V.

Time was, when this BEGGAR, in martial trim dight,
Was as bold as the chief of his throng ;
When he march'd thro' the storms of the day or the
night,
And still smil'd as he journey'd along.

VI.

Then his form was athletic, his eyes' vivid glance
Spoke the lustre of youth's glowing day !
And the village all mark'd, in the combat and dance,
The brave youngker still valiant as gay.

VII.

When the prize was propos'd, how his footsteps wou'd
bound,
While the MAID *of his heart* led the throng,
While the ribands that circled the May-pole around,
Wav'd the trophies of garlands among !

VIII.

But love o'er his bosom triumphantly reign'd,
Love taught him in secret to pine ;
Love wasted his youth, yet he never complain'd,
For the silence of love—is divine !

IX.

The dulcet ton'd word, and the plaint of despair,
Are no signs of the soul-wasting smart ;
'Tis the pride of affection to cherish its care,
And to count the quick throbs of the heart.

X.

Amidst the loud din of the battle he stood,
Like a lion, undaunted and strong ;
But the tear of compassion was mingled with blood,
When his sword was the first in the throng.

XI.

When the bullet whizz'd by, and his arm bore away,
Still he shrunk not, with anguish oppress'd ;
And when victory shouted the fate of the day,
Not a groan check'd the joy of his breast.

XII.

To his dear native shore the poor wand'rer hied ;
But he came to complete his despair :
For the maid of his soul was that morning a bride !
And a gay lordly rival was there !

XIII.

From that hour, o'er the world he has wander'd forlorn ;

But still LOVE his companion would go ;
And tho' deeply fond memory planted its thorn,
Still he silently cherish'd his woe.

XIV.

See him now, while with age and with sorrow oppress'd,

He the gate opens slowly, and sighs !
See him drop the big tears on his woe-wither'd breast,
The big tears that fall fast from his eyes !

XV.

See his habit all tatter'd, his shrivell'd cheek pale ;
See his locks, waving thin in the air ;
See his lip is half froze with the sharp cutting gale,
And his head, o'er the temples, all bare !

XVI.

His eye-beam no longer in lustre displays
The warm sunshine that visits his breast ;
For deep sunk is its orbit, and darken'd its rays,
And he sighs for the grave's silent rest.

XVII.

And his voice is grown feeble, his accent is slow,
And he sees not the distant hill's side ;
And he hears not the breezes of morn as they blow,
Nor the streams that soft murmuring glide.

XVIII.

To him all is silent, and mournful, and dim,
E'en the seasons pass dreary and slow ;
For affliction has plac'd its cold fetters on him,
And his soul is enamour'd of woe.

XIX.

See the TEAR, which, imploring, is fearful to roll,
Tho' in silence he bows as you stray ;
'Tis the eloquent silence which speaks to the soul,
'Tis the *star* of his *slow-setting day* !

XX.

Perchance, ere the *May-blossoms* cheerfully wave,
Ere the *zephyrs* of SUMMER soft sigh ;
The sun-beams shall dance on the grass o'er his
GRAVE,
And his *journey* be mark'd—TO THE SKY.

THE END.



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