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POEMS

ON

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

BY

FERDINAND WESTON, Esq.

Nos ————— nec gravem

Peleidæ stomachum, cedere nescii;

Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulissei;

Nec sævam Pelopis domum

Conamur, tenues grandia : dum pudor,
Imbellisque lyræ musa potens vetat.

HOR. Ode 6. Lib. I.

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HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO
ETON COLLEGE,
AND TO
THE REV. DR. GOODALL,

NOW HEAD MASTER OF ETON COLLEGE, BUCKS.

NURSE of my youthful years, accept the lay
Which, ETON, to thy worth I grateful pay :
For whilst the mazes of thy school I trod ;
Whilst step by step I climb'd steep Learning's road,
Thou to my mind didst classic taste inspire,
And taught'st me first to love the tuneful lyre.
But whilst to thee the tribute due I raise,
Whilst memory delights to sing thy praise,
Let me be mindful to allow his share
To that benignant Guide, whose watchful care
First taught my infant pen to court the muse,
And through thy labyrinths what path to choose :

Yes, GOODALL, yes, I own to thee, I owe
 The little knowledge which these pages show.
 If any honour springs from these, 'tis thine ;
 If any shame, that shame is surely mine :
 For, urg'd by thee to toil in classic lore,
 Had I had will, I might have known much more.

P O E M S

O N

DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

O D E S.

ODE I.

ANSWER TO MRS. GREVILLE'S PRAYER.

SAY, GREVILLE, what excess of grief,

What rending woe beyond relief,

Could force a heart like thine,

To sigh for frigid apathy,

To give up love, and sympathy,

And every joy resign?

Would'st thou attain the stupid state,

Which the unerring hand of fate

Hath to the brutes assign'd?

Would'st thou of man, ah! say not so,

The brightest privilege forego,

Forego a feeling mind?

True, then thou'dst shun afflictive care ;
 Nor hope decciv'd, nor keen despair

Thy harden'd breast could move :

Thou'dst vegetate in listless ease,
 Without the wish or power to please,
 Without the means of love.

By bounteous nature form'd to dry
 The tear that dims affliction's eye,

Would'st thou that gift destroy ?

Reflect, what bliss the thought bestows
 Of having heal'd another's woes,
 And giv'n him back to joy.

And would'st thou shun true friendship's sweets ;
 And coldly meet the heart that beats

In unison with thine ;

That wishes all thy thoughts to know,
 To share each pleasure, chase each woe
 Which in life's scenes combine ?

Think of the joys of mutual love,
Ah ! could'st thou them one moment prove,

And not annul thy prayer ?

Man willingly submits to pain,
The heart's ecstatic blifs to gain,

A blifs beyond compare !

When the storm rages with incessant roar,
The sky with clouds is darken'd o'er,

No cheering sun-beams play :

But, soon as hush'd the blast, again
Phœbus resumes his fostering reign,

And shines with brighter ray.

Thus, GREVILLE, woe may for a while
Steal from the pallid face each smile,

And swell the heaving breast :

But trust in heaven's paternal care
Increases hope, expels despair,

And lulls the soul to rest.

Indifference was surely ne'er
 Intended for a soul so fair,

Where sense and feeling shine.

Let dull and narrow souls forego

The thrills which they can never know,

But let them still be thine !

And may that airy wanton sprite

Who lurks among the woods by night

Reject thy vain demands !

May he to us propitious prove,

And give us back a soul, for love

Form'd by kind nature's hand !

May'st thou no more, absorb'd by woe,

The icy torpor wish to know

That tends on apathy :

But cheerfully thy harp new-string,

The soft, though powerful joys to sing

That flow from sympathy.

O D E II.

TO IMAGINATION.

HITHER, IMAGINATION, drest in smiles,
 Fantastic nymph, Protean goddess, haste,
 And paint the landscape round
 With tints of richest hue !

Retrace the lively scenes of former bliss
 As if now present to my raptur'd mind,
 Making remembrance prove
 A source of constant joy.

And let thy magic wand, enchantress bright !
 Present, as paintings of my future life,
 A series of days
 Unclouded and serene !

Let airy visions, light as gossamer,
 Fleet 'fore my eyes in varied forms of bliss,
 And wing my soul beyond
 This vale of misery.

Ah ! be my youthful mind unconscious long
 That all thy pleasures are illusive dreams ;
 Let me long think this world
 A world of happiness :

Long let me think that friendship is sincere,
 That love is faithful, that mankind is just,
 That truth and equity
 Still rule a golden age.

Drop not the veil till youth's gay warmth is past
 Till reason, sober'd by the frigid touch
 Of age, hath taught my soul
 To bear the light of day.

Were bright Imagination's pencil lost,
 What would become of man? Parent of Hope,
 Restrain'd within due bounds,
 Thou art the source of bliss!

For without thee, could we the present ills
 Of life endure? Should we not sink a prey
 To torturing despair
 And ceaseless agony?

But in the midst of pains, the patient heart
 Already in imagination fees
 His virtuous life's reward,
 The promis'd joys of heaven.

But if with thee remembrance should be found
 The faithful picture of afflictions past;
 Imagination, then
 I court not thy approach!

The tears of grief once shed, let them remain

Wrapt in oblivion's darkness ever more ;

Nor raise, to banish rest,

Phantoms of future ill :

Few are the joys of life ; of real grief

The sources many : Let not fancy then

Create fictitious woes,

To blast our short-liv'd bliss.

ODE III.

TO VIRTUE.

CONFESS, unthinking, giddy throng,

Ye slaves to passion's sway,

Does bliss ay tend your steps among ?

Are ay your bosoms gay ?

Or, does sometimes corroding care
 Creep an unwelcome guest ;
 Does keen remorse, acute despair,
 Sometimes invade your breast ?

Can ye the monitor within
 Expel whene'er ye please ;
 And daily plunging deep in sin
 Can ye still feel at ease ?

Or, will not conscience, like a drum,
 E'en in the festive day,
 With threat'ning, thund'ring voice still come,
 And drown the jocund lay ?

If such the joys from guilt that spring,
 If such be passion's reign,
 Ah ! fly, before ye feel the sting,
 Fly from eternal pain !

With virtue dwells content and ease,

And rosy health attends ;

And cheerfulness will deign to please

Those who are virtue's friends.

The purest pleasures spring in hearts

Free from ambition's sway,

Free from the wishes vice imparts,

From vanity's display.

There meek humility, warm love

Resides tow'rd's all mankind ;

There piety will surely prove

A balsam to the mind.

But if a while the clouds of woe

Should blacken o'er the scene ;

If sin prevail, and the dark foe

Approach with threat'ning mien—

Still will the bosom void of guile

Securely keep the field ;

Whilst patience will serenely smile,

And hope rich prospects yield.

Come then, sweet virtue, angel bright,

To me assistance give ;

To my soul yield thy heavenly light ;

Deign in my breast to live.

So shall I as the castle be,

Which, built upon a rock,

When storm'd by winds, by rain, and sea,

Brav'd their united shock.

ODE IV.

ON THE PEACE OF 1801.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

NO more discordant tumults rise,
 Nor martial trumpets rend the skies,
 Exciting fury in each valorous breast ;
 No longer carnage stalks the field ;
 Neglected lies the spear and shield ;
 The earth once more feels universal rest.

No more a flood
 Of purple blood
 Shall inundate the plains :
 The foldier knows
 A calm repose,
 And peace triumphant reigns.

Let now the festive sound

Of minstrelsy resound ;

Your voices raise on high :

Let now melodious harps, sweet flutes,

The tabors gay, and new-strung lutes,

Join in celestial harmony :

Let revelry return of peace proclaim,

And every tongue resound the mirth-inspiring name.

No more the noisy drum alarms,

No more fifes shrilly call to arms.

See, see the yet unconquer'd band

Return to till their native ground.

Whilst smiling plenty crowns again the land.

Whilst all is joy, should there be found

Some murm'ring wretches, ignorant of good,

Unsatisfied ? Avaunt, ye men of blood.

Of a few dirty acres can the gain,

Won by the blood of many a hero slain,

In your inhuman fancies stand so high ?
 Would ye for them the murderous war renew ?
 Hence, hence, avaunt ! ye hell-inspired crew,
 Who love to hear the groans of agony ;
 To whom 'tis sport to see a fellow-creature die.

How like the deity the king appears,
 Who in compassion to a nation's tears,
 His glittering conquest liberally yields !

To him now raise

The song of praise ;

Let Briton's sons rejoice :

To heaven prepare

A fervent prayer,

To pour with humble voice,

And bow before the throne of the eternal God ;
 All ye who cities haunt, or dwell in verdant fields ;
 For he has cast away the avenging rod,
 And on our isle propitious deigns to nod.

O D E V.

TO FALSE SENSIBILITY.

HENCE, hence, thou hypocrite, blast not the name
Of Sensibility, it is not thine.

Thy frigid bosom ne'er
Felt its electric touch.

Hence to the stage, and there display thy power ;
Be there thy voice theatrically loud :

But even there, I ween,
Thy tones will fail to please :—

For even there must nature's language speak.

No ranter from the audience e'er obtains

The actor's best applause,
A sympathetic tear.

Think'st thou, by a mere mock of pity's tones,
 By a mere pageantry of empty words,
 To be esteem'd posselt
 Of true humanity ?

No, whilst from pain and penury thou turn'st
 Thy eyes averted, with a stern disgust ;
 Whilst thy obdurate ears
 Shut out affliction's voice :

Whilst ne'er in private thy relieving hand
 Seeks out the lonely hut of wretchedness,
 And pity's balmy tear
 Ne'er heals the rankling wound :—

All thy religious pious cant is vain.
 What though subscriptions see thy name inscrib'd
 For many a splendid gift ?
 'Tis ostentation all.

Nor will thy vaunts of feeling more avail :

No, charity delighteth not in words ;

Nor does her left hand know

'The gifts her right bestows.

Tho' pain'd at sight of human sufferings,

No wild hyfteric shrieks her bosom tear :

Her feelings all are hush'd,

Restrain'd the falling tear.

Attent she listens to the tale of woe,

And weighs each circumstance to yield relief ;

Then with an angel's voice

Spreads consolation round.

Tho' innocent herself, she can forgive

The erring wretch, and just allowance make

For the temptations which

Stood in the sinner's way.

No goading bitter taunts, no keen reproach,
Drops from her mouth, but with persuasive tongue

She leads to penitence,
And peace of mind restores.

Such are the mild, unostentatious deeds
Of Sensibility : Far otherwise

Are thine, thou pamper'd child
Of sloth and luxury.

Thee do the pleasures court : No sound of pain
Is suffer'd to approach thy tender ear :

Far from thy gate is driven
The victim of distress.

ODE VI.

TO CONSCIENCE.

BANE alone of the unwise,
 Terror of the faulty mind,
 From thy keenly piercing eyes
 Where shall guilt a refuge find?

If in solitude he roam,
 Alas ! he still finds thee there :—
 Even in the festive dome
 Thou appall'st his soul with fear.

Though a while full cups of wine
 May drive memory far away,
 And avail thy power divine
 For an instant to allay :

Yet, soon as the fumes are past,
 Thou, a bold obtrusive guest,
 Wilt, as loud as roars the blast,
 Speak new horrors to his breast.

Though to vice and guilt severe,
 Thou art, conscience, ever mild
 To the man whose bosom's clear
 To fair virtue's artless child.

At thy voice his sorrows fly,
 Cheerful thoughts his breast dilate;
 Pleasure beams within his eye,
 He defies the frowns of fate.

Taught by thee, his fancy soars
 Far beyond this vale of woe,
 To those blest eternal shores
 Where unfading flowers grow.

ODE VII.

THE WISH.

PLUTUS, to whom bends many a knee,

I nor require aught of thee,

Nor yet thy power despise.

If uninvited thou dost come,

Thou shalt be welcome to my home,

And I thy gifts will prize.

Nor will I blindly shut my door,

To banish all approach of power,

Though much I fear her sway :

Where'er she can an entrance find,

She's apt to tyrannise the mind,

And drive content away.

Nor do I wish to have my name
 Inscrib'd within the rolls of fame

For many a warlike deed :
 The din of war delights not me,
 Nor can I with composure see
 My fellow-creatures bleed.

But grant me, heaven, competence,
 Health, cheerfulness, and innocence,

A calm and snug retreat ;
 A cot, a garden, and a grove,
 Where, meditating, I may rove,
 Free from the noon-day's heat.

There let me live, unknown to all,
 Save but of friends a circle small,

And those my help who need ;
 But chiefly, grant a loving wife,
 A child or two to cheer my life,
 And I am blest indeed.

My books and pen, or pencil, may

Whilst wife is busy, children stray,

A lonely hour employ.

With all these blessings, I'll defy

Grief to approach my cottage nigh,

Or care to damp my joy.

ODE VIII.

TO HEALTH.

DAUGHTER of heaven, Hygeia bright,

Leave, O ! leave thy kindred sky,

Hither downward bend thy flight,

To the aid of mortals fly.

Come with rosy-dimpled cheek,

And with lips that sweetly smile ;

Lips, that when they move to speak,

Care of all his frowns beguile.

Come with eye that, never dim,
 Mocks the lustre of the skies,
 And with easy pliant limb,
 Aptly fram'd for exercise.

Hither hasten, nymph divine,
 Listen to a suppliant's prayer :—
 Without thee see nature pine ;
 Every joy gives place to care.

Did we but the treasure know,
 Which, possessing, we despise,
 We should greater pains bestow
 That we might secure the prize.

Still we catch at newer joys,
 Which still vanish from our sight ;
 Like the vapour that decoys
 Travellers in the gloom of night.

Heedless of our ruin we fly ;

Pleasure holds the glittering bait :

Soon we hold it, and descry

That 'tis tinsell'd o'er, too late.

We have lost thee in our way ;

Ah ! wilt thou no more return ?—

Hark ! I hear thee frowning say,

“ Cease, O man ! thy fate to mourn.

“ Let thy passions, tyrants wild,

“ Reigning with imperious sway,

“ Have compassion on their child,

“ And the loss of me repay.

“ Let ambition, envy, lust,

“ Anger, jealousy, and strife,

“ And sloth grovelling in the dust,

“ Fill thy blood with streams of life.

- “ Let each rarity combine
 “ Thy luxurious board to grace ;
 “ Let full cups of sparkling wine
 “ Thy enfeebled nerves new-brace.

 “ When on downy pillow laid,
 “ Let the poppy yield thee rest,
 “ Which intemperance had made
 “ Of late an unfrequent guest.

 “ But from me no longer seek
 “ The bright radiance of thine eyes,
 “ The bloom which once cloth’d thy cheek,
 “ Or the smile which care defies.

 “ With me, vigour, appetite,
 “ Playful cheerfulness, are gone ;
 “ When Hygeia took her flight,
 “ Anguish, pain and grief came on.

- " If, O man ! thoud'ft wish to have
 " Me with thee for ever live,
 " Be no more fierce paſſion's ſlave,
 " To my laws obedience give.—
 " If, O man ! abſolv'd from care,
 " Thou would'ſt with my gifts be bleſt,
 " Let thy heart each virtue ſhare,
 " And let temperance be thy gueſt."

THE ACTIVE MAN.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO

HENCE, baneful indolence,
 Of ſloth and luxury the child forlorn,
 In Turkiſh harem born,
 'Mongſt pomps and vanities, devoid of ſenſe :

Seek out some horrid cell,
 Where pale-fac'd famine, with mad, haggard eyes,
 'Midst toads and serpents lies ;
 Where want and indigence their vigils keep,
 And time does slowly creep :
 There with these monsters miserably dwell.
 But come, thou goddess blithe and free,
 Heavenly born activity ;
 Offspring of wisdom and of sense ;
 Sister of sweet innocence.
 Hasten thee, nymph, and bring with thee
 Peace and self-complacency ;
 Health adorn'd with rosy hue,
 Breeding pleasures ever new ;
 Cheerfulness with dimpled smile,
 Ever enemy to guile ;
 And bright learning's awful power,
 Spreading round her precious store.
 Here nature may our thoughts engage,
 Whilst she unfolds her wond'rous page :

Here history presents to view,
 Whatever former ages knew :
 Here ancient authors' works are found,
 And all around is classic ground :
 Here poetry, as thoughts inspire,
 Snatches up the swelling lyre,
 And utters words that e'en might move
 The Gods to leave the realms above.
 Bring liberty with noble mien,
 Such as is in Britain seen ;
 Not that enemy of good,
 Who delights in streams of blood :
 Hand in hand be seen with thee
 Virtue's child, felicity :
 And if I bow before your shrine,
 Be all your joys and pleasures mine :
 May I pass with her and thee,
 Days of blest utility,
 Which time of all his cares beguile,
 And make the hoary sage to smile.

At thy approach, see jocund mirth
 Flying o'er the gladden'd earth :
 Beneath thy steps each flower springs ;
 Plenty to thee her tribute brings ;
 By thee the fields with corn are crown'd,
 And orchards with rich fruits abound :
 For thee their sweets the bees prepare,
 And horse and ox their burdens bear ;
 Whilst the strong ploughman gaily plods,
 And turns the yet unfruitful clods ;
 And whilst he whistles, free from care,
 Responsive birds the concert share :
 As near they hop from spray to spray,
 They join the mirth-inspiring lay ;
 Or from the ground the larks arise,
 And chaunt, while towering in the skies.
 The labourer then, the evening come,
 Turns cheerly to his peaceful home :
 Nor does his wife, whilst he's away,
 In idleness mispend the day :

Her cottage swept, her children taught,
 Forth is the wheel for spinning brought ;
 And as the slender thread appears,
 A lively song her labour cheers.
 Thus passes each revolving day ;
 Thus glide the instants swift away.
 Soon as the western, setting sun
 Proclaims the workman's task near done,
 She for her man's return, with care
 Prepares the frugal, wholesome fare :
 Whilst all the children run to meet
 Their father, whom with smiles they greet :
 Each to outstrip his brother tries,
 To gain a kiss, the victor's prize :
 Then at their meal with joy they meet,
 By exercise made doubly sweet ;
 That o'er to their snug beds they creep,
 And there enjoy unbroken sleep.
 At morning's dawn refresh'd they rise,
 Each to his task again applies :

But first to God they grateful raise;
For blessings sent, a song of praise.
Within their guileless minds no room
Is left wherein dull care might come.
Their limbs are strong, their spirits free,
Whilst thou art their guest, Activity.—
If such the blessings thou can'st give,
With thee, sweet nymph, I mean to live.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

TO MRS. BILLINGTON.

ALL hail, melodious fyren, whose sweet strains
 Might, Orphean-like, by their rich harmony,
 Move even Pluto's self, of agony,
 To mitigate the hell-inflicted pains.

Whene'er I feel of care the envenom'd stings,
 May thy enchanting notes "come o'er my ear
 "Like the sweet south," as Shakespeare aptly sings,
 And lull the torments which my bosom tear.

C ij

Hapless the man who, void of taste, can be
 So lost to all the charms of melody,
 As with indifference thy strains to hear.
 For me, responsive to thy varied lays,
 Rosetta's whimsies now my laughter raise ;
 Now o'er Mandane's griefs I drop a tear.

SONNET II.

PARENT of every ill, curst Indolence,
 Destructive syren, whose enchanting lay
 Draws erring man from the right path astray,
 And in lethargic slumbers drowns each sense :

Unhappy he, who to thy guileful call
 Hath ever yielded an attentive ear ;
 He like the desert's noisome weed shall fall ;
 Nor shall his tomb be wash'd by friendship's tear.

But blest the man whose wise activity
Hath for his wintry season, like the bee,
Laid up within his cell a plenteous store.
In vain the storms of life assault his breast ;
Approving conscience lulls his soul to rest ;
And hope points out the ever-peaceful shore.

C iij

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

ON THE DEATH OF A TURKEY.

ELEGIAC muse, from high Parnassus hill
 Hither descend, and guide my mournful quill,
 That I may sing * Dindonia's hapless lot ;
 Dindonia, nurtur'd at † Ewartian cot ;
 Who by her master's hand was often fed
 With little remnants of the whitest bread :
 But, ah ! to feed no more ; for, direful fate,
 Once as she stroll'd, with conscious health elate,

* From Dindon, French for a Turkey.

† Ewart House, Colonel St. Paul's seat in Northumberland.

A heavy waggon o'er her body past,
 Crush'd all her bones, and made her breathe her last.
 Hark, how young turkeys standing all around,
 Lament her death, and strew with tears the ground !
 See, Peggy cook bewailing her sad loss,
 And Meg and Bella stand with hands across.
 But none can mourn thee with a deeper howl,
 Than we who were to eat thee, pretty fowl !
 Dindonia's dead, let yard and roost resound,
 And all the kitchen echo back this sound.
 Dindonia's dead, Oh ! destiny most hard !
 Mourn all ye muses of the poultry yard !

ELEGY II.

ON A RAT,

KILLED BY MONKEY, A FAVOURITE CAT, AT EWART.

ELEGIAC muse, who whilom taught my lay
 To sing with mournful voice the hapless day

On which Dindonia, so the fates had will'd,
 Under a waggon's heavy wheel was kill'd ;
 Aid me once more, with melancholy tone,
 To draw * Topina's woe, Topina's moan ;
 Topina mourning for her mate's o'erthrow,
 By Monkey, fiercest cat of cats laid low.
 Her little rats fat round her in dismay,
 Whilst from a sink she pip'd this plaintive lay :
 " Mourn, O ! my children, mourn your parent's fate,
 " And to his foe swear an eternal hate.
 " Who erst beheld a happier wife than I ;
 " Who erst than ye a happier family ?
 " Where is he now that whilom got us bread ?
 " Alas ! ' he's number'd with the mighty dead.'
 " Where are those paws that us'd with dexterous skill,
 " To steal for us such dainties ? they are still.—
 " Cold is that heart that erst with fondness beat ;
 " Defac'd that phiz, and stiff those pretty feet.—

* From topo, the Italian for a rat.

- " See where his mangled corpse unburied lies
 " Let all the sink resound with piercing cries.
 " And may his fell destroyer, for this deed,
 " To form a friendship with false man succeed :
 " When most he thinks himself securely blest,
 " When by that treacherous race he's most caress'd,
 " Him for some trivial fault may they betray,
 " And may fell hounds his carcase prostrate lay.
 " Attend, just heaven, to my rightful call ;
 " Thus vengeance fall on him for Ratto's fall."

ELEGY. III.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

WHY does the heaving sigh thy bosom rear ?
 Why fades thy cheek, why drops the scalding tear ?
 Why lonely thus dost thou delight to roam,
 Where the dark yew o'ershadows many a tomb ?

Heedless of all thy friends, to silent woe,
 Why every hour, every thought bestow ?
 Why shun whate'er thy sorrows might allay ?
 Why pine in solitude thy life away ?

Eliza's dead—With her each joy is flown—
 Where shall I meet with virtues like her own ?
 Where meet again such beauty and such sense,
 Allied to modesty and innocence ?
 Eliza's dead !—And here I sad remain
 A victim of despair, a child of pain.
 No pleasures now this bursting heart receives,
 Save what remembrance of her virtue gives.
 Where'er I stray, she's present to my mind ;
 I hear her voice melodious in each wind :
 That voice on which I oft in raptures hung,
 Whilst to the tuneful lute she sweetly sung :
 That voice, whose all-persuasive eloquence
 Oft kindly sooth'd the cares of indigence :

And whilst her hand was stretch'd from want to save,
 Enhanc'd the worth of what her bounty gave.
 I hear her still—Could the illusion last !
 But soon imagination's dreams are past ;
 And as they fleetly vanish from the brain,
 The loss increases still our load of pain.

VERSES IN IMITATION OF SWIFT.

*To W***** M G***** R, Esq. who desired the Author to
 write a Description of a perfectly beautiful Woman's Face.*

Y ou bid me, friend, to you rehearse,
 In all the pomp of lofty verse,
 Each charm that I should wish to trace
 Within a perfect beauty's face ;
 And likewise draw each grace that nature
 Should lavish on her every feature :

What though the task is far from easy,
I will this once attempt to please ye.

First, be her locks as carrots red,
O'er her wan temples thinly spread,
Hanging like rat-tails lank with grease,
And smelling rank as mouldy cheese.
Next, be her forehead low and spare,
All wrinkled o'er, true mark of care ;
Her brows too, if of these possest,
Should like hogs bristles rear their crest.
Her small grey eyes, sunk in her head,
And dim as those of fish that's dead,
Should, with a lovely squinting glare,
Obliquely vacant round them stare :
Whilst high cheek-bones, of yellow hue,
Are parted by a nose, true blue,
That like a negro's should be broad,
And take of snuff a grimy load,
Which falling on her livid lips,
Bemixt with flaver from them drips.

Her mouth being stretch'd from ear to ear,
 Like a vast oven should appear ;
 And have of teeth, that yellow shine,
 A scatter'd, broken, rotten line ;
 Whilst chin and upper lip are fear'd
 For the rough honours of her beard.

If this be not a perfect beauty,
 Then say I've not perform'd my duty :
 Take pen and paper from your shelf,
 And write a better one yourself.

BEAUTY, A PORTRAIT.

HER chesnut ringlets fall with natural ease
 Upon her lofty front, in whose clear skin,
 As fatin soft, and as the lily fair,
 The azure, slender vein is seen to flow.

Her arched eye-brows, like to Cupid's bow,
 Are ne'er distorted by disdainful frowns,
 Or frown lower in an angry mood.

Her well-form'd eyes of brightest, darkest blue,
 That beam intelligence, and speak a soul
 Replete with cheerfulness, to softness join'd,
 Are guarded by a long and even fence,
 Dark as her chestnut, undulating locks.

Her lovely cheeks, suffus'd with nature's red,
 Lively though faint, though rounded delicate,
 Like to the vernal rose disclose the glow
 Of youthful health; and now and then, as suits
 The inward workings of her feeling mind,
 The expressive blush is banish'd from her cheek,
 Then deeper still returns with crimson dye.

Her Grecian nose speaks the same character
 Her eyes before declar'd her soul possess.

Her coral lips, opening with playful smiles,
 Expose to view two even rows of teeth,
 Which alabaster's whiteness emulate ;
 Whilst round her mouth the cheerful dimple lies.

And last, her oval chin the master-stroke
 Of all-subduing perfect beauty gives
 Unto a face, whose features all display
 Of graceful nature th' unaffected child.

The six following Pieces were written upon twelve words, which were given to the Author to be by him introduced in the Poems according to the order in which they are placed. The twelve words are prefixed to the pieces they belong to, and in the course of them written in italics.

—I.—

1. HAPPINESS, 2. FOG, 3. OYSTER, 4. DUMPLING,
5. STRAW, 6. CARNATION, 7. CUPBOARD, 8. PANTALOONS, 9. CONCERT, 10. CHURCH,
11. APPLE, 12. ORGAN.

OF earthly *Happiness* how soon the beams,
Clouded by care's thick *Fog*, like empty dreams,
Subside ! And, as a pearl, perfect and round,
Within an *Oyster*-shell, is rarely found ;
Thus, and more rarely, in this varied scene,
Of fleeting life a constant bliss is seen.
But since no lasting joys to man are sent,
Let us each moment catch of gay content ;

Always rememb'ring that the poor and great
 Have each their cares assign'd by equal fate,
 Have each their comforts ;— but, by labour gain'd,
 Those of the hardy workman, once obtain'd,
 Give more delight ; his *Dumplings* taste more sweet
 Than all the rich man's pile of costly meat :
 His sleep is founders in his *Straw*-thatch'd cot ;
 His daily cares are in his bed forgot :
 The fresh *Carnation*, bloom of health, appears
 Upon his manly cheeks ; he feels no fears
 Lest plund'ring robbers coming in the night
 Should strip his *Cupboard* of its scanty right.
 His russet *Pantaloons*, and scarlet vest,
 He dons, as soon as Phœbus in the east
 Proclaims the morn ; the feather'd *Concert* cheers
 His wonted labours, and salutes his ears ;
 And as he works he joins the tuneful throng,
 Or sings, or whistles the gay fields among :
 Next, Sunday come, in best apparel drest,
 He to the *Church* repairs with guileless breast :

His coat of *Apple* green, his manly face,
 His chaunts which not the *Organ*'s notes disgrace,
 His half-check'd glance, as if t' offend afraid,
 Gain him the heart and hand of his lov'd maid.

—II.—

1. PETER PINDAR, 2. PUDDING, 3. AGAMEMNON,
 4. TALLOW, 5. POISON, 6. FOOL, 7. SAND,
 8. DOCTOR, 9. MULE, 10. GALLIA,
 11. TELL-TALE, 12. REPOSITORY.

TROLL, *Peter Pindar*, troll no more

The bold lascivious song :

Thy envenom'd malice now give o'er ;

Rein in thy rancorous tongue.

Thy ribald wit, thy oft repeated jest,

Will earn no *Pudding*—they have lost their zest.

Thersites, as old Homer sings,
 Like thee a slanderous knave,
 Mock'd *Agamemnon*, chief of kings,
 And his reward did have.

Dotard, beware how you your *Tallow* spend ;
 Your light's near burnt, your life is near its end.

Thy rhymes like noisome *Poison* spread
 Their influence around ;
 The wise and good avert their head,
 And sicken at the sound :

The *Fool*, the wicked man, is glad to see
 Virtue and genius both attack'd by thee.

Give o'er before thy *Sand* is run,
 Give o'er thy wanton lays,
 Whilst still thou canst behold the sun,
 Whilst still thou feel'st its rays :
 Whilst still thy dying couch no *Doctors* tend,
 Repent thy life, prepare thee for thy end !

But, stubborn as a *Mule*, I fear

Thou wilt no counsel take ;

Nor on past sins let fall one tear,

Nor fair atonement make :

Thou'lt let th' irrevocable moments pass,

And show no son of *Gallia* has more brags.

Believe me, fool, the hour will come,

And then thou'lt shrink with fear,

When *Tell-Tale* conscience, like a drum,

Shall thunder in thine ear :

Then shall thy works appear in thine own eyes

A fiend-like, damn'd *Repository* of lies.

—III.—

1. PAIL, 2. NAIL, 3. TAIL, 4. SNAIL, 5. FLAIL,
 6. RAIL, 7. TRAIL, 8. SAIL, 9. FAIL,
 10. MAIL, 11. HAIL, 12. BAIL.

ONCE as a milk-maid, with her *Pail*,
 Was trudging homeward, labour o'er ;
 From out the bottom dropt a *Nail*,
 And with it dropt the milky store.

Like the poor dog, who hangs his tail
 When conscious he deserves a blow,
 She downcast walk'd ; or, as a *Snail*
 She slowly o'er the green did go.

As she crept on, the well-known *Flail*
 With frightful sounds assail'd her ears ;
 She thought she heard her father *Rail* ;
 And a cold sweat proclaims her fears.

Her trembling limbs refus'd to *Trail*

Her trembling body to the cot ;

No breeze of hope to fill her *Sail* ;

No ray was left to cheer her lot.

“ Alas !” she cried, “ thus at once *Fail*

“ All the bright prospects of this day ;

“ No means are left to pay the *Mail*

“ That was to bear me far away.

“ Our crops too, all destroy'd by *Hail*,

“ How shall my father pay his rent !

“ Where can he turn to seek for *Bail*,

To keep him from imprisonment !”

—IV.—

1. FEATHERS, 2. GUN-POWDER, 3. METROPOLIS,
 4. FARMER, 5. PIN-CUSHION, 6. PHAETON, 7. WOLF,
 8. SULTANA. 9. PLASTER, 10. FLORA,
 11. HUMILITY, 12. DESPONDENCY.

*F*EATHERS less light, less fickle are the winds
 Than woman-kind : As quick as *Gun-powder*
 Is by a spark blown up ; thus, and more quick
 Their mind from point to point keeps veering round.
 What lately they disdain'd, now most they prize.
 The gaieties of the *Metropolis*
 One while encroach their thoughts : Arriv'd, they sigh
 To share the pleasures of a rural scene ;
 To see the *Farmer* and his busy teams
 Tilling the verdant plains : Have they their wish,
 It is too hot, too cold, too damp to stir,
 And they must hasten back to town again.

Thus each new moment breeds a new caprice.
 Were you to stick in a huge *Pin-cushion*
 A single pin for every change of mind,
 In one short day no space for pin were left.
 More rash than *Phaeton* who trusts the fair :
 Like the keen *Wolf* in fleecy garb disguis'd,
 Each fair *Sultana*, with her face bedaub'd
 With *Plaster* red and white, like *Flora* deck'd,
 Preys on the heart of poor deluded man.
 Serve with *Humility* the haughty sex,
 They'll play upon your love, now smile, now frown,
 Till cold repulse, or hopes too oft deceiv'd,
 Have at length drove you to *Despondency*.

—V.—

1. SOPHA, 2. DIAMOND, 3. HUMPBAC, 4. WIG, 5. MISANTHROPE, 6. TAMARINDS, 7. BLOCKHEAD, 8. PERGRINATIONS, 9. WHIMSICAL, 10. MAGNANIMOUS, 11. OYSTER, 12. DEVIL.

WHEN, on my *Sopha* couch'd, I loll at ease,
 From all the vanities of life apart,
 Not all the *Diamonds* India boasts could please,
 Or all the gold of Peru charm my heart.

What, though no beauties in my form appear :
 Though an *Humpback*, still peace lies in my breast :
 Though on my hairless pate a *Wig* I wear,
 Still in my bosom dwells eternal rest.

Though all mankind laugh at my crooked shape,
 No *Misanthrope* am I, or temper lose :
 Though I am scoff'd by many a little ape,
 I ne'er return their mocks by word or blows.

As boys love *Tamarinds*, as women, drefs ;
 As loves the *Blockhead* nothing else but play ;
 Thus, and still more I love to cheer distress,
 And guide the lonely wanderer on his way.

Thus my *Peregrinations* all do tend
 To find fit objects for my charity :
 Though *Whimsical* I'm call'd, yet none offend
 Me by that name, such my humility.

I grieve to see that scarce one generous mind
 Loves to relieve the oppress'd, and banish care :
 Few souls *Magnanimous* now pleasure find
 In wiping off affliction's briny tear.

Many there are, indeed, who loudly speak
 Of sensibility's resistless power,
 Whose souls recoil with dread, who sudden shriek,
 If barbarous man an *Oyster* should devour.

Such hypocrites as these how I detest !

Their heart flicks not to do the greatest evil :

Though theirs be beauty's form, yet in their breast

The cunning reigns, and malice of the *Devil*.

—VI.—

1. WINTER, 2. SNOW, 3. COTTAGER, 4. HOPELESS,
5. DREARY, 6. FOREST, 7. BANDITTI, 8. TERROR,
9. DEATH, 10. ESCAPE, 11. RETURN,
12. HAPPINESS.

COLD blew the *Winter's* keen and piercing blast ;
Loud roar'd the angry storm, the *Snow* fell fast ;
Night o'er the earth her darkest curtain spread ;
Whilst ERNEST roam'd from the right path astray ;
No *Cottager* was near to guide his way ;
No friendly hut where he might crave a bed.

Hopeless he rode the *Dreary Forest* through ;
At every step denser the darkness grew,

Save when the lightning shot a vivid flame.

Soon of *Banditti* a fierce horde appear'd ;

They bid him stand : The words he scarcely heard ;

Unusual *Terror* shook his sinking frame.

Where'er he turns, *Death* meets his haggart eyes ;

No prospect of *Escape* before him lies,

No prospect of *Return* : They bind him tight ;

His dreams of *Happiness* are done away.—

See ! they approach—he starts, he wakes, 'tis day—

'Twas but a fleeting phantom of the night.

HENRY & AGNES,

OR,

DANGERS OF SUPERSTITION.

A TALE IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

HENCE, SUPERSTITION, bane of social life,
 Seek out some rugged desert far from man,
 Where horrid snakes, and venom'd reptiles creep,
 Where the fell beast of prey his loath'd abode
 Hath taken up ; there isolated reign
 O'er these thy subjects fit.—But far from hence ;
 Far from this happy country live remote.
 Here mild religion casts her light around,
 And elevates the mind, as forth she holds

Her peace-inspired laws, unstain'd by blood,
 Uncramp'd by monkish arts : Here liberty
 Of conscience, hand in hand with tolerance
 Of divers faith, is found. Here no proud priest
 Hurls down destruction on the heads of those
 Whose tenets do not with his own agree.

Where Superstition, haggard witch, resides,
 There hatred, strife, and horrid murder skulk :
 No ties of blood, no strong affections bind ;
 Each link of social life she bursts in twain ;
 She cramps all genius, she all virtue taints ;
 Each loathsome vice is in her company ;
 Assuming ignorance, luxurious sloth,
 Cool cruelty, unmanly, dark revenge,
 And sleek hypocrisy, her footsteps tend ;
 And while the dagger at the breast she aims,
 She smiles upon her victim, fyeen like.
 E'en love, who o'er the other passions reigns,
 Despotic monarch of the human mind,

Shrinks back appall'd from superstition's view,
 Like the soft sensitive from mortal touch,
 And yields subservient to her dread commands.

Where the fam'd Tagus rolls his crystal stream
 Through Portugal's enamell'd flowery banks,
 And runs and mingles with the ocean's waves,
 Close to the impetuous deep a cottage stood.
 Nature had here her every blessing spread :
 The golden orange, and the myrtle fair,
 Spontaneous grew around ; here verdant lawns,
 Enrich'd with Flora's varied colour'd gifts,
 On which rich herds of cattle gaily brows'd,
 Were seen to form the mazy river's banks,
 And reach'd the very sea : Here, beyond these,
 Upon an eminence, wide spreading woods,
 Impervious to the sun's too potent rays,
 Nodded their lofty heads. O ! happy spot,
 Had'st thou ne'er heard, with falsely-foothing voice,
 Dread superstition's call.—Here AGNES dwelt ;

A beauteous simple maid, whose bosom knew
 No guile ; “ * whose only care to tend her flock,”
 And to her widow'd, aged mother give
 That due attention which a mother craves :
 And these, indeed, were joyful, pleasing cares.
 Though fresh and lovely as the opening rose,
 Her breast as yet was ignorant of love.
 Though seventeen, (sweet age !) no suitor yet
 Had won the affections of her artless mind :
 All was serene within. Happy had she
 Thus evermore remain'd, or had she plac'd
 Her love on one of her own country's swains ;
 Or had she in another land been born,
 Where priestcraft, and its mischief are unknown.
 One day as forth she stroll'd upon the beach,
 She heard afar a mighty crash, and shrieks
 Of persons in distress ; she look'd around,
 And, shuddering, saw a gallant vessel wreck'd

Against a rock which rose amid the deep.
 All the crew perish'd in the dread abyss,
 Save but one hapless youth, whose nervous arms
 The angry surges beat. She anxious watch'd
 Whilst he was striving 'gainst the opposing waves,
 And often saw him sink, and dreaded lest
 He should no more arise : But joyful soon
 Again she mark'd his head above the main.
 Thus for a while did her kind bosom heave
 With hopes and fears alternate. Sometimes he
 Had nearly reach'd the shore, and then a wave,
 Impetuous rolling, wash'd him back again.
 Long time the conflict lasted ; but at length,
 Fainting with constant toil, the youth was thrown
 Upon the sands where AGNES trembling stood.
 She thought him dead a while, and pitying bent
 Her tearful eyes over his manly face,
 Though pale, still lovely. As she earnest gaz'd,
 She heard him breathe, and joyful call'd for aid
 To bear the sailor to her friendly cot,

Where she might tend him with far better care.
 Soon her endeavours did successful prove
 To call his fleeting spirit back again.
 He op'd his eyes, and staring wild around,
 "Where am I?" he exclaim'd. "Have I escap'd
 "A watery grave? Or is this paradise,
 "And this an angel come to seal my bliss?
 "You shake your heads, and smile at my conceit.
 "For my escaping from the angry gulph
 "Be first my orisons to God address,
 "Whose guardian power guided me to shore,
 "And to my sinews gave their needful strength.
 "And next do you, kind friends, accept my thanks;
 "A scanty recompence for care like yours;
 "But all I have to give, a stranger here.
 "At home I have some friends, whose grateful hearts
 "Will joyfully return you better thanks
 "Than merely empty words, though of a soul
 "Oppress'd by kindness they the language speak."—
 "Talk not to us of recompence, my son,"

The ag'd THERESA, mother to the maid,
 In smiling accents said. " To a good mind
 " A pious deed ay brings its own reward.
 " But run, my AGNES, run, my daughter dear,
 " Our guest now needs some little nourishment."
 Thus spake the prudent dame ; thus kindly they
 Receiv'd the shipwreck'd HENRY to their cot :
 Nor would they hear of his departure thence,
 Until he had his helpless state made known
 Unto his friends, and got from them relief.
 Each time he strove to make acknowledgments
 They stopt the effusions of his ardent mind :
 They would not let him speak ; but much his eyes
 Confest the feelings of his honest heart.
 Ere long he lov'd, and strove not to restrain
 The pleasing sentiment : He blindly thought
 'Twas only gratitude inflam'd his breast.
 Nor was the gentle AGNES more at ease.
 Under soft pity's name the passion grew ;
 And innocence of mind it friendship call'd.

Thus was young HENRY's love with love repaid ;
 Unconscious both.—But soon the mother saw,
 And joy'd to see the mutual flame arise :
 For long experience soon had pointed out
 The youth's intrinsic value ; and she wish'd,
 By giving him her daughter, to secure
 To both a happy lot. Thus mortals err ;
 And whilst they think they journey in the path
 Which leads to happiness, they hurry down,
 With zeal impetuous, fell destruction's road.
 Thus did THERESA. On a solemn feast,
 Whilst AGNES was at mass, she HENRY sought,
 And thus with smiles benignant him address :
 “ You love, my son—Why need you blush, young man ?
 “ She who has gain'd your heart is worthy sure
 “ Of all your best affections ; and I think
 “ ('Tis supposition all) that she repays
 “ You with an equal flame : Nor shall you find
 “ Me careless of your welfare.—But, my friend,
 “ Before you urge unto my child your suit,

" Hear the conditions on which she is your's ;
 " The urgent reasons of them I'll point out,
 " As I unfold to you my history.—
 " Such then they are :—You must with care disguise
 " That you're a Protestant, until you've reach'd
 " Your country's blessed shores, where freedom reigns ;
 " And you must bear me there, for much I long
 " To visit once again that much-lov'd land :
 " For I'm (be not surpris'd) a native too
 " Of Albion's isle, a child of Albion's church.
 " My father was a merchant of small note,
 " Living in London, mart of all the world ;
 " And my poor husband was a trader from
 " This hateful country, so it is to me :
 " He knew my father well, and often came
 " To our dwelling : But, to be short, we lov'd.
 " We both were young, alas ! and little thought
 " Of difference of faith. My parents too,
 " Attracted by the splendour of the match,
 " (For Lopez was a wealthy merchant's son,

“ And had an only brother in the church)
 “ Gave their most glad consent. Without delay
 “ Our hands were join’d in wedlock’s holy bond.
 “ We had not long been married, ere there came
 “ A letter from our brother in these words :
 “ Our father, Lopez, has with anger heard
 “ Of your engagement, which he will forgive
 “ But on these terms :—You must both hasten home ;
 “ Your wife must promise to conceal her faith,
 “ Which she with ease may do, as I can pass
 “ For her confessor ; and your children must
 “ Be given to our fire, to be by him
 “ Brought up as best he wills. On these hard terms
 “ (For much I feel them hard) he will forgive.
 “ I said before we both were very young ;
 “ And I must own that these conditions then
 “ Did not unto our thoughtless minds appear
 “ So very onerous.—We hasten’d here,
 “ And were receiv’d, if not with cordial joy,
 “ At least with no resentment for the past.

- “ Our brother was most kind ; to him I owe
 “ The share of comfort that I’ve tasted here :
 “ For though a priest, he is not bigotted ;
 “ His liberal mind thinks virtue can exist
 “ In every sect. Not so his father was :
 “ In him religion cast a gloom around ;
 “ And I soon felt his hate of me, which sprung
 “ From superstition’s influence alone.
 “ AGNES was born soon after we came here :
 “ Nor would my cruel father e’er permit
 “ That I should nurse my child, which soon as born
 “ Was snatch’d from my fond arms, and was consign’d
 “ To mercenary care, far from my view :
 “ Nor was I e’er allow’d to see my girl.
 “ A year after her birth my husband died ;
 “ And I had left this country to return
 “ Into my native land, had not the tie,
 “ The sacred tie of mother (though debarr’d
 “ From seeing of my infant) still compell’d
 “ Me to remain within this hateful place.

- “ Two years ago my cruel tyrant died,
 “ And left his son the guardian of my child,
 “ Which on his death-bed he permitted should
 “ Be given to my care, if I would vow
 “ To hide my lov’d persuasion from her sight.
 “ I soon embrac’d my girl, and found she far
 “ Surpass’d my fondest hopes : She has no faults,
 “ Save only one—she is, my dearest son,
 “ A slave to superstition ; and therefore,
 “ Whilst here the power of crafty priests surround,
 “ ’Tis better that you hide your faith from her.
 “ In England you’ll be safe.—I have disclos’d
 “ Unto her uncle all that I intend :
 “ And if you have her love, he will perform
 “ (Though much he wish’d it otherwise) the rites ;
 “ And will pretend to be your beadsman too.
 “ Thus have I open’d to you all my heart :
 “ Do you approve the plan that I have form’d ?
 “ Or have I blindly thought that you did love ?”

CANTO SECOND.

THUS spake the dame.—Th' enraptur'd HENRY vow'd
 Obedience full ; then fought his AGNES fair,
 And sued her love ; nor sued he long in vain.
 They once agreed, there needed no delays
 Of marriage-settlements : Nor did the maid,
 Through an affected modesty, protract
 The happy day. The good RINALDO soon
 Was call'd upon to join in Hymen's bands
 A pair whose hearts love had already bound.
 For one short month the beauteous AGNES knew
 True happiness, nor had a fingle wish
 Ungratified. Her time past swiftly on
 Serene and calm, like an autumnal day
 Undarken'd by a cloud.—Though happy too,
 Her husband wish'd a vessel might be found
 To bear them to his country ; for his soul,
 Too open for deceit, could but ill brook

The necessary cheat.—THERESA join'd
 Her anxious wish to his. Thus matters stood,
 When, dread event, RINALDO was one morn,
 Seiz'd by a sudden fit, found dead in bed.
 What pen or tongue can in true colours paint
 THERESA's, HENRY's consternation, at
 This horrid news, horrid indeed to them.—
 What they should do, and whom to trust, engross'd
 Their every thought; they stood on slippery ground;
 Were in a country given up to priests,
 Who never would forgive an impious fraud
 Committed 'gainst their church. This they knew well,
 And soon perceiv'd the danger of their state;
 On this whene'er alone they full discours'd.
 Whilst they demurr'd, unknowing how to act,
 AGNES had pitch'd upon another priest,
 A strict Dominican, ANSELMO call'd,
 Who darkly plotted to effect their ruin.
 He was a man who might with truth be said
 To be in every point the opposite

To good RINALDO ; for he had a foul
 Well vers'd in cunning, malice and deceit ;
 A sensual hypocrite ; he would not stick
 At any crime, if secret, to enjoy
 His lustful appetites ; and add to this,
 He was besides an hidden officer,
 A prowling spy of that atrocious bar,
 The Holy Brotherhood. He long had lov'd
 (If such impure desires e'er as his
 Could with the name of love be dignified)
 HENRY's fair spotless wife ; but knew too well
 'Twere needless to reveal his impious flame ;
 So therefore lodg'd it safely in his breast,
 Till a fit time should come to give it vent.
 In the mean time, under the specious garb
 Of piety austere, he strove to gain
 Over her mind a firm ascendancy ;
 And soon she thought him all he seem'd to be :
 For how should nature's simple child see through
 A man, who could deceive the most profound

Observers of mankind? To penetrate
 The mazy windings of his callous heart
 Had been a task beyond the powers of man.
 Even THERESA and her son once thought
 To trust him with their secret ; but they fear'd
 His zeal too strong in his religion's cause
 To be their friend. Long he suspected them ;
 But whilst RINALDO liv'd, durst not avow
 The thoughts his breast conceal'd : He met with smiles,
 And commendations sleek, those whom his hate
 And rancorous malice plotted to destroy ;
 And thus had lull'd them to security.
 One day, when AGNES had confess'd herself,
 He said, " No doubt, my daughter, but you can
 " Banish the ill reports about your friends.
 " Why have they never since RINALDO's death
 " Been at confession, or attended mass ?"—
 " I know not, holy father," she replied ;
 " Nor had I ever mark'd the omission, till
 " You mention'd it."—" You know it not, good God,"

He sighing cried, and lifed up his eyes
 And hands devout to heaven : “ Much I fear
 “ The fatal rumour then is fully true :
 “ From Britain they both came, are British born,
 “ And in that wretched and apostate land
 “ Most people have thrown off allegiance due
 “ To mother church, and have most deep imbib’d
 “ Notions heretical against her peace,
 “ For which they are without remission lost,
 “ Unless they quick recant.” At these dread words
 The unhappy AGNES grew most ghastly pale.
 “ Be not alarm’d,” the artful priest exclaim’d :
 “ Perhaps my judgment errs ; or if ’tis true,
 “ They may be yet reclaim’d : But, dearest child,
 “ Compose yourself, and firm confide in me.
 “ You must go home, and try to solve our doubts.
 “ Use every means, (all means are lawful, sure,
 “ When meant to save the souls of them we love) ;
 “ Each method try to liſten privately
 “ To their diſcourſe ; then haſten back to me,

" And we'll devise some way t' enfranchise them
 " From the deep gulph upon whose brink they stand."
 Thus the insidious monster fill'd her soul
 With poisonous doubts, which ne'er had entrance found
 But for his wiles, in her once peaceful breast ;
 Peaceful, alas ! no more. She home return'd,
 Distracted at the thought, that those she lov'd
 Could be apostates to the mother church.
 But she disguis'd her feelings, and too soon
 She found, alas ! an opportunity
 To rid herself of her incertitude.
 Frozen with horror at the impious truth,
 She frantic rush'd to seek the artful priest,
 And with heart-breaking sighs to him disclos'd
 The dreadful tale. He prais'd her pious zeal,
 Conjur'd her to be calm : " My suffering child,"
 He added, " Listen to a friend's advice ;
 " Calm those emotions of your tortur'd breast :
 " If to my guidance you give up yourself,
 " All may as yet be well, and they restor'd

" Into the bosom of th' indulgent church.
 " Against a violent evil we must use
 " A violent remedy : Besides, your soul
 " Is an accomplice in their heinous crime,
 " If that you do refuse to give them up
 " To the humane and charitable hands
 " Of our most holy fathers, in whose love
 " To all their Christian brethren you may trust.
 " Then let us without loss of precious time
 " Depart for Lisbon, where we will make known
 " Unto the holy brotherhood these facts."

AGNES had nothing ready to object
 Against this specious plan ; for, from her youth
 Brought up in reverential awe towards
 The Inquisition, she fear'd worse than death
 Th' offending them ; and superstitious zeal
 Had ta'en so fast a hold of her young mind,
 That though her gentle nature shudder'd at the thought,
 And her affections struggled with her dread,
 Yet, what she thought her duty, strengthen'd by
 The insidious arguments ANSELMO us'd,

At length prevail'd—Th' infatuated wretch
 Became th' accuser, murderer of those
 She dearly lov'd.—They soon were dragg'd in chains
 Before the bloody court, and on their frank
 Confession of their faith, and firm resolve
 Not to abandon it, they both were doom'd
 To be the victims of consuming flames.
 Nor could young Henry, as an Englishman,
 Escape his destiny, seeing he had
 Under the name of Catholic espous'd
 The wretched AGNES.—She knew not their fate :
 ANSELMO fed her with illusive hopes,
 Until the morning came on which they were
 Condemn'd to suffer at the cruel stake :
 Then he reveal'd the fatal truth, and tried
 By superstition's aid to steel her heart.
 But now too late, her eyes at once were op'd ;
 She saw th' abyss in which she'd plung'd herself :
 “ Ah ! wretch,” she cried, “ No longer think t'abuse
 “ My credulous weak mind : Somewhat within,
 “ An energetic monitor, reveals

" That the Almighty Being not delights
 " In such inhuman, bloody means as yours.
 " He tells me I have done a deed which must
 " Bring down perdition on my guilty head.—
 " If such my lot, what then must be thy fate
 " Who drov'st me to destruction ? Woe to me !
 " And, woe to thee, thou bloody monster ! Woe
 " To all thy brethren !" As she raving spoke
 These incoherent words, the beat of drums
 Proclaim'd the murderous work begun : She shriek'd ;
 And breaking from th' astonish'd father's hold,
 She, maddening, hasten'd to the fatal spot,
 Where the consuming fire already had
 Seiz'd on the victims of her fanaticism ;
 And there arriv'd, she rush'd with rending cries,
 No one suspecting what she meant to do,
 Upon the scaffold where her HENRY died ;
 Then headlong threw herself into the flames,
 And there was join'd in death to those she kill'd ;
 Leaving a shocking instance to the world,
 Of all the ills which SUPERSTITION breeds.

FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTICUS

PARAPHRASED.

FROM thee, Jehovah, mighty Lord of hosts,
 First wisdom came, and evermore shall dwell
 Near thy eternal throne. Who can presume
 The sands to number of the vasty deep,
 Or scan the drops of rain, or calculate
 Eternity? Who can find out the height
 Of heaven's starry dome, the breadth of earth,
 The depths of ocean's waves, of Wisdom, who?
 She from the first, by the Eternal Word,
 With Prudence was created: Hence arose
 Her sacred origin; hence all her ways
 Are everlasting laws, and fix'd commands.
 To whom hath Wisdom's root been shown, or who
 Hath known her counsels: Who hath understood
 Her great experience? Sure there is one,
 And greatly to be fear'd—the living Lord,

Sitting upon his throne. 'Twas he alone
 Created her, and “ * saw that she was good ;”
 And number'd her, and pour'd her o'er his works.
 Now with each soul according to his gifts,
 But chief with those who love the Lord, she dwells.
 The fear of God is honour, glory, joy,
 A crown of happiness : The fear of God
 Maketh the heart to leap, the lips to sing,
 And lengtheneth our days. Who feareth God,
 Prosperity attendeth to the grave,
 And the Lord's favour smooths the bed of death.
 To fear the Lord is the first step that leads
 To Wisdom's courts : She with the faithful was
 E'en in his mother's womb ; and she has seal'd
 With man, and with his seed for ever more,
 An everlasting bond of amity.
 To fear the Lord is Wisdom's harvest time ;
 With her rich fruits are hungry mortals fill'd ;

* Genes.

And with her stores their granaries abound.
 Who fear the mighty Lord, they crown their head
 With Wisdom's brightest wreath : She maketh peace
 And perfect health to flourish in their house.
 Wisdom, like rain, skill, understanding pours ;
 Exalts to honour those who hold her fast.
 The fear of God springs from her root, her boughs
 Are length of days : She driveth far away
 Iniquity ; wrath from her sight recoils.
 A furious man cannot be justified :
 On his own head he hurls destruction down :
 His anger unrestrain'd shall on himself
 Heap the full load of ruin. Far otherwise
 Shall Patience be rewarded : For a while
 She bears affliction's gripe ; but afterwards
 Full tides of heavenly joy her bosom warm,
 She for a time in silence bears with grief,
 But many lips her wisdom speak aloud.
 The parables of knowledge all are found
 In Wisdom's treasures : But of godliness

The scoffing sinner hates the very name.
 If, man, thy bosom after Wisdom yearns,
 Obey the will of the Omnipotent,
 And he will give her thee : For in his fear
 Is deep instruction found, and virtue learnt.
 In faith and meekness is the Lord's delight.
 Wherefore, when poor, distrust not thou his name ;
 Nor, as a hypocrite, in mortals fight
 Approach his altar with a double heart :
 But heed the words thou speak'st. Nor yet exalt
 Thyself above thy merit, lest thou fall
 Dishonour'd in the eyes of God and man ;
 The secrets of thy sinful heart made known,
 And the deceit of thy proud bosom bar'd.

SONGS.

SONG I.

TO LADY F——S H——

LET other swains attune their lay
 To sing, if such their will is,
 Their Daphnes, and their roses gay,
 And eke their Amaryllis :
 Let them on pipe or oaten reed
 Their various charms display :
 A nobler theme my muse decreed,
 That I should sing of HAY.

One sweet the purple violet yields,
 Another boasts the rose ;
 The simple lilies of the field
 A different sweet disclose.

The various flowers that we find,

A various charm display ;

But every beauty is combin'd,

And every sweet in HAY.

Ye blasts that would too rudely blow,

Avoid the hallow'd place

Wherein this favour'd HAY doth grow,

And shine with every grace.

Thou scorching sun, approach not nigh,

With all-consuming ray,

To fade that bloom which fades the eye

In this unrivall'd HAY.

SONG II.

AIR—*Seize life's glad moments.*

SEEK not to see through

The veil which covers future days ;

Enjoy the present,

Whilst youth around you plays.

Let hope with sweet illusions glow,
 Expelling every thought of woe,
 During this pilgrimage below,
 Where life is but a dream.

Seek not, &c.

From every flower

Let's sip the nectar, leave the rest ;
 And whilst we've power,
 Let pleasure be our guest.
 Of life the moments are but few,
 And scant the sun-beams in our view,
 But let us still their light pursue,
 And revel in their gleam.

Seek not, &c.

SONG III.

ADDITIONS TO—*Away with Melancholy.*

LET revelry, let pleasures,

Beneath our footsteps spring ;

These are the only treasures :

Then merrily, merrily sing,

Fal-la.

Let fancy's dreams furround us,

And hope with fluttering wing

Fly gaily still around us,

Whilst we will merrily sing,

Fal-la.

With youth and health before us,

Away dull care we'll fling,

We'll join in festive chorus,

And merrily, merrily sing,

Fal-la.

SONG IV.

THE QUESTION.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

LYCORIS gave to me a wreath,
 Made up of flowers gay ;
 And soon as Nyfis saw the gift,
 She bore it quick away.

Ye shepherds tell, which most of love
 The kindest proof did show ;
 The nymph who stole the wreath away,
 Or did the wreath bestow ?

CANZONETTA.

U_N ferto di fiori

Lycori mi die ;

E Nice cortese

Lo prese da me :

Che più del suo cuore

L'Amore mostrò

Che i fiori mi tolse

O me gli donnò.

SONG V.

FROM THE ITALIAN GALATEA OF SECRETI.

BEFORE the sun's all-powerful light
 Hath chas'd away the shades of night,
 Whether I roam the woods among,
 Sweet Echo answers to my song ;
 Or by the rivulet, or in the dale,
 She far resounds my plaintive tale :
 But neither meadow, stream, or grove,
 Can give relief, or cure my love.

The verdant lawn, the shady tree,
 No peace, alas ! can give to me ;
 The gentle stream that murmuring flows,
 Seems feelingly to speak my woes ;
 And Philomel with plaintive tone
 Mingles my sorrows with her own.
 Not all these scenes my heart can move,
 Nor give relief, nor cure my love.

CANZONETTA

DE LA GALATEA DI FLORIAN TRADOTTA IN ITALIANO
FER SECRETI.

PRIA che l'rai del sol nascente

Rendan' chiaro l'aer fosco

Gia nel pìan, nel rio nel bosco

Al affanno mio dolente

Piange l'Echo per pietà

Ma il rio, il piano, il bosco

Niun conforto al fin' mi do.

Verde fuol, ombre di piante

Pace piu non truovo in vuoi;

Turbo il rio col pianto, e suoi

Lai con mici triste ed errante

Lufignuol mescendo và

Ma il bosco, il piano, il rio

Niun conforto al fin mi da.

SONG VI.

FROM THE SAME.

My sheep they are the only care

This simple bosom knows ;

For them my mind is joy'd to find

Where a clear fountain flows.

All night I doze in calm repose ;

No dreams my sleep molest ;

No cause have I for tear or sigh ;

No cares disturb my rest.

Soon as the dawn of early morn

Begins to gild the skies,

With spirits gay I hail the day,

And from my couch arise.

UN ALTRA DA IL MEDESIMO.

LA sola cura, e l' unico diletto

Di questo petto-son le peccorelle—

Quando per quelle-una fontana rara

Pura, abbondante e chiara

A scoprir vegno

Parmi acquistare un regno ;

E-son contenta—Sepolta in quiete lenta

In dolce oblio

Passo la notte ; ed il mio

Sonno e costante ; poi quando roffegiante

Alfin l'Aurora il ciel indora

Lieta forgo, e mai desio ne guai

Il cor tranquillo ingombra :

Così viver disgombra

Vo di pene ; sprezzando le catene.

I scorn the pains, and idle chains,
 And eke of love the joy,
 Whom poets sing, though no such thing,
 A beauteous little boy.

In truth you'll find him old and blind :
 But he's not now my care :
 My lambkins dear feed without fear ;
 My dog the wolf shall scare.

If perchance Love should hither rove,
 And dare to cope with me,
 In spite of dart, and all his art,
 This crook shall make him flee.

Ed il van diletto del fanciulletto

Qual si pinga amore

Ma per errore

Poich' è vecchio e duro, or io nol curfe

E voì care agnellette, le verdi erbette

Contro il lupo scorte, del mio can' forte

In ficur'tà pascete

Se colla rete

Il rio fanciul m'affale

La pastorale

Mia Bacchetta a volo

Con fischìo solo

Ben fuggir farallo.

G

SONG VII.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

FAR from thee, my only treasure,

I shall soon resign my breath :

Love of thee was life, was pleasure ;

Love of thee will cause my death.

If by fate for ever parted,

Still to thee I'll constant prove ;

And when I die broken hearted,

My last words shall speak of love.

In this lonely forest straying,

I sought rest for my poor heart ;

But far from my pains allaying,

Solitude increas'd the smart.

'This scene 'fore my memory placing

A spot to our bosoms dear,

ROMANCE TIRÉE DE GONZALVE DE CORDOVE,

PAR FLORIAN.

LOIN de toi, ma Felicie,

Je sens que je vais mourir ;

L' amour souûtenoit ma vie,

L' amour va me la r  vir.

Mais pour toi toujours le m  me,

Quand je subirois mon sort,

Je dirois toujours je t'aime,

Et puis j'attendrois la mort.

Au pied de cet ancien ch  ne

Je crus trouver le repos ;

Loin de sou  lager ma peine

Je n'ai fait qu'aigrir mes maux.

Cette for  t me r'appelle

Des lieux chers    nos deux c  urs,

And the dove her woes retracing,
 Forces from my eyes a tear.

That fair stream whose limpid waters
 Murmuring flow so nigh to me,
 As o'er rocks its spray it scatters
 Babbles plaintive tales of thee.
 Every where I, Love, perceive thee,
 Hear thy voice in every wind :
 Nor can reason undeceive me ;
 Still thou'rt present to my mind.

SONG VIII.

FROM THE FRENCH.

YE lasses who kind hearts possessing,
 And faces cast in beauty's mould,
 Hasten to reap of love the blessing,
 And leave reflection to the old.

J'entends une tourterelle,
Et je sens couler mes pleurs.

Ce ruisseau dont l'onde pure
S'écoule tout près de moi,
Quand j'entends son doux murmure
Je crois qu'il parle de toi.
Partout je vois mon amie
Sans songer dans ma douleur :
Que ma chère Felicie,
N'est ici que dans mon cœur.

CHANSON.

JEUNES beautés aux regards tendres,
Aux minois fait pour tout charmer,
Gardez vous bien de vous défendre
Contre le doux besoin d'aimer.

Leave those to discourse about reason

Whose temples are whiten'd through time ;

And pluck ye, whilst youth is the season,

The blushing rose just in its prime.

This cup, which now flowing with pleasure

Kind Cupid presents to your lips,

Ah ! seize it ! ye know not the treasure

She finds there fresh beauties who sip.

Leave those, &c.

Whilst youth and the graces surround you,

Ah ! do not thus pleasure delay ;

The loves which now flutter around you,

When age comes, will vanish away.

Leave those, &c.

Laissez à l'hyver de la vie

Murir les fruits de la raison ;

Et cueillez la rose jolie,

Lorsque la rose est de saison.

Goûtez la coupe enchanteresse

Qui inspire la volupté ;

Elmire une tendre foiblesse

Ajoute encore à la beauté.

Laissez à, &c.

Jeune fille à quinze ans sauvage,

Soupire à trente, il n'est plus tems ;

Aimer est le fruit du bel age,

Le privilége du printems.

Laissez à l'hyver, &c.

CHARADES, &c.

—I.—

WHAT word is there in English found
Which little signifies ;
Yet in great wealth it must abound,
For all within it lies ?

—II.—

My first, the coy and blushing maid
Will often answer, though
She would the contrary have said,
But durst not answer so.
My second is a general name
For whatever we see :
To guess my whole now be your aim,
And still 'twill nothing be.

—III.—

My first would like my second tuneless be,
 Unless my last call'd forth its melody.

—IV.—

OfT, from my first, we read in Homer's song,
 That valiant heroes rag'd their foes among,
 And the swift javelin cast ;
 Whilst far remov'd from bloody scenes like these,
 My second dances on his mother's knees,
 Or rolls upon my last.

—V.—

My first oft shines on Chloe's ivory breast,
 Fastens her zone, or sits her tresses nigh ;
 My second by the fair is often prest,
 Oft yields her rest, and lulls each anxious sigh.

My last, when pierc'd by Chloe's snow-white hand,
 Receives without a groan the pointed steel;
 My first it keeps secure, at her command,
 Till drawn from thence her beauties to conceal.

—VI.—

My first from his mistress no man likes to hear;
 My second denotes surprise, pain, or fear;
 My last lov'd the vine, and from thence he gave birth
 To all jolly toppers we've had since on earth.

TO CHARLES MORSE, ESQ.

WITH NICHOLSON'S CHEMICAL DICTIONARY.

ACCEPT this book, a pledge of friendship—true !

But poets say that friendship's but a wind
That follows fortune's gay, unthinking crew,
And leaves the poor and wretched far behind.

Could this book teach thee by its chemic art

To solve the inmost secrets of my mind,
To analyse the feelings of my heart,
Thoud'ft there the errors of the poets find.

Douze Mots en François suivant la Regle
contenue Page 48.

—I.—

1. GRENOUILLE ; 2. JACOBINS ; 3. NERON ; 4. * MATTE-
FAIMS ; 5. LENTILLES ; 6. UNICORNES ; 7. SAUCE ;
8. PISTOLET ; 9. CHIENDENT ; 10. TOUR-
BILLON ; 11. BOISERIE ; 12. ASPERGE.

SORS ! fors de l' Helicon, O ! muse favorable !
Où comme une *Grenouille* on te voyoit dans l'eau ;
Viens m'inspirer des vers sur un ton redoûtable
Contre les *Jacobins*, et ce *Neron* nouveau ;
Ce fameux Robertspierre, un tyran qui tout pille
Qui de ses ennemis faisoit des *Mattefaims*,
Et qui les envoyoit sans potage aux *Lentilles*
Visiter de Pluton les filentieux confins
Un poëte autrefois avoit besoin de feindre

* Mattefaims, a kind of cake.—Old French.

Pour embellir ses vers des dragons effrayans ;
Unicornes, gryphons, vous les voyez tous peindre,
 Et mettre à toute *Sauce* des monstres differens.
 Mais notre siecle, hélas ! sans fiction trop abonde
 En monstres destructeurs, en monstres devoraus ;
 Songez à Robertspierre envoyant hors du monde
 Plus prompt qu'un *Pistolet* des milliers d'innocent
 A ce fameux tyran pour un tems tout prospère,
 Mais le sort inconstant lui fit malgré ses dents
 Avaler à la fin pilule plus amère
 Que ne sont les bouillons de Cresson, ou *Chiendents*
 Tout d'un coup se changea la fortune enemie,
 Semblable au *Tourbillon* soufflant avec fureur
 Qui brise d'un palais et murs, et *Boiserie*
 Elle le fit tomber du haut de sa grandeur
 Comme une *Asperge* cheoit de dessus sa racin
 Dès qu'elle a du couteau senti l'acier tranchant
 Ainsi son chef tomba, tranché par la machine
 Dont il avoit tant fait un usage sanglant.

—II.—

1. TYRAN ; 2. FAUTEUIL ; 3. EMBUSCADE ; 4. CRUCHE ;
 5. ARC-EN-CIEL ; 6. ENFER ; 7. MARMELADE ; 8. PI-
 ERRE ; 9. ARTICHAUD ; 10. VOYE-LACTEE ;
 11. SCIPION ; 12. GLAND.

TREMBLEZ ! tremblez *Tyrans* ! ni vos *Fauteuils* d'états
 Entourés tout autour d'un essaim de soldats ;
 Ni vos sceptres fumans du sang de l'innocence
 Ne vous mettent à l'abris d'une prompte vengeance.
 Partout est *Embuscade*, et piège en vos chemins.
 Et sur vos pas partout marchent des assassins :
 En allant trop à l'eau la *Cruche* enfin se casse,
 Trop de forfaix enfin amènent la disgrâce ;
 Ainsi qu'un *Arc-en-ciel* par ses vives couleurs
 Du peuple épouvante r'assure tous les cœurs,
 Votre trepas viendra faire naître la joye ;
 Et l'*Enfer* s'ouvrira pour avaler sa proie.
 Les grandmeres fêtant un jour aussi charmant

Donneront *Marmelade* à leur petits enfants
 Sur la *Pierre* funèbre au lieu de la tristesse
 On entend resonner que des chants d'allègreffe
 Point de pleurs, point de cris, chaq'un va son chemins
 Bouillis ses *Artichaux*, et fait cuire son pain
 Sans s'informer du tout si votre renommée
 Vous aura transporté jusqu' à la *Voye-lactée*
 Et sans s'embarrasser si jamais votre nom
 Sera joint à celui d'Alexandre, où *Scipion*
 Le Gardeur de Cochons ses *Glands* cueille barbare,
 Sans songer si vous êtes aux bords du noir Tenàre.

—III.—

- I. CRAPAUD ; 2. PITT ; 3. * VERGOGNE ; 4. SCARAMOUCHE ; 5. AMBROISIE ; 6. CHARBON ; 7. † BISTOURIS ; 8. CONSTITUTION ; 9. ‡ MEPHIBOSET ;
10. PLANTAIN ; 11. ARQUEBUZE ;
12. COCHENILLE.

COMMENCE un affreux *Crapaud* au souffle envenimé
L'envie ose attaquer la vertu la plus pure
Du grand *Pitt* les talens par elle dècriès
Sont couverts de *Vergogne*, et de honte, et d'injure.

Par chaque *Scaramouche* attaqué, déchiré,
Son nom jadis aimé devient un mot de haine
Tel du mérite, hélas ! est le fort assuré
Tels furent les § guerdons d'une vie de peine.

* Vergogne, shame.

† Bistouris, a surgical instrument.

‡ Mephiboset, an ill looking fellow.

§ Guerdons, rewards.—Old French

Lui qui sembloit jadis, admis au rang des Dieux,

Meriter de goûter Nectar, et *Ambroisie* :

Qui d'un peuple attendris emportoit tous les vœux

A present tout d'un coup voit sa gloire avilie.

Comme un *Charbon* ardent le peuple avec fureur

Poursuit de l'orateur le brillant caractère

L'Envie à noirs cheveux lui plante dans le cœur

Un *Bistouris* aigu qui le force à ce taire.

“ O ! trop ingrat pays, pour ta *Constitution*.”

S'ecria 'til enfin, “ J'ai travaillé sans cesse ;

“ Tu me délaisse donc, O ! ma chere nation,

“ Malgré tous mes travaux, mes soins, et ma tendresse.

“ Chaque *Mephiboset* élevé dans ton sein

“ Fait agir contre moi une injuste colere :

“ Ah ! leur ressentiment n'aura 'til point de fin ?

“ Ne ferois je jamais tranquille en Angleterre ?

H

- “ Semblable à ces oiseaux qui conservent le grain
 “ En détruisant les vers, et puis pour leur falaise
 “ En ceuillant dans les près quelques brins de *Plantain*,
 “ D'un bon coup d'*Arquebuse* on les mets vite à terre.
- “ Ainsi dans mon pays (des mechans préservé
 “ Par mes soins) je me fena atteint de calomnie
 “ Comme la *Cochenille* au chêne tient de près,
 “ A mes pas malheureux s'attache ainsi l'envie.

THOUGHTS ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY 1803.

WHAT mean those shouts of mirth ;
 What great occasion gives their utterance birth ?
 What mighty conqueror returns from war,
 Bearing the marks of many an honour'd scar,
 Rich with the spoils of all the vanquish'd earth ?
 Alas ! 'tis time, who from mortality

Hath stolen another year.

Then why this joy, whence this hilarity ?
 Why smiles the eye that ought to drop a tear ?
 To drop a tear—not for afflictions past—
 Not for the shortness of a life of woe—
 Not that we're hastening to the best, the last,
 The only refuge human care can know—
 Nor that to heaven we approach more near.

Then wherefore drop a tear ?

H ij

No, whilst the seraph Hope, with smiling face,
 In lively colours paints our future days,
 We undismay'd departed ills retrace,
 And hail of bliss to come th' auspicious rays ;
 Whilst to our fancy, cloth'd in endless light,
 The Christian's heaven appears, and charms th' enraptur'd sight.

BOUQUETS.

—L—

A MADAME B——S.

Vous offrir un bouquet c'est vous faire un outrage,
 Vous possédez déjà la plus belle des fleurs ;
 Dans Pauline l'on voit de la Rose l'image,
 Elle en a la beauté, elle en a la fraîcheur :
 Et Josephine aussi, bouton éclos à peine,
 Un peu de tems passé se développera ;
 Plus d'un amant viendra s'ôupirer sous ses chaines,
 De plus d'un cœur soumis elle triomphera.

A MADEMOISELLE PAULINE B——S.

Ces fleurs qui d'un brillant éclat
Charment les yeux, et l'odorat
De votre beauté font l'image :
Leur regne ne dure qu'un jour
Le votre durera toujours
De la vertu c'est l'apanage.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 53. line 5. *for tail read Tail* in italics.

60. 5. haggart *read* haggard.

93. 7. do *read* da.

97. 4. curfe *read* curo.

99. title, Gonzalve de Cordove *read* Bliom-
bérís.

110. 10. èpouvante *read* èpouvanté.









