

Wm
Hampbell 2. 2. 3
Hew

This bears more
upon occasion than
any other subject
that I know of

A second copy with the
second volume got
January 10. 1820.

Placed with family books
recording as reference
to David Campbell
in the second volume

J. F. Campbell
Widely Dodge
Kinsinger Larnson
W.

November 20 1878

Bought from Thos of the
South Bridge Edinburgh
who thinks that the second
volume never was
published. Campbell
of Skibo told me at
Winton of this book
as containing something
about Daniel
Campbell of Shawville

David Campbell
1st of Sharnford
Commissioner for the
Kingdom of Scotland
at the union 1707
died 1753 . . .
and was succeeded
by his grandson who
died 1777 David
Campbell. He was
succeeded by his brother
Walter father of Lady
Ruthven in whose
house Dempster told
me of this book

A

COLLECTION

OF

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY

The Rev. Mr BLACKLOCK, and other
SCOTCH GENTLEMEN.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. DONALDSON, at Pope's Head;
and sold by R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall, and
J. RICHARDSON in Pater-noster-row, *London*.

MDCCLX.

Entered in Stationers Hall, according
to Act of Parliament.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was the editor's intention to have given three volumes of original poems at once; but, at the desire of those gentlemen to whom the public are indebted for the following collection, this first volume is offered as a specimen of the whole.

It is not to be expected, that, in a miscellaneous collection, every poem will be found of equal merit, and to please every reader, mens tastes differing as much as their faces. Mean time no piece has been inserted in this volume without a critical examination by gentlemen of taste and character.

The editor takes this opportunity of making his acknowledgments to several gentlemen for their friendly contributions for this volume, in particular to the Rev. Mr BLACKLOCK, and Mr GORDON; and begs that other gentlemen, friends to the Muses, will give their assistance for the volumes intended to follow.

Persons possessed of original pieces, are desired to communicate them to the editor; which, if approved, shall be inserted in the second and third volumes.

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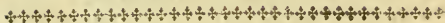
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COLLECTION

O F

ORIGINAL POEMS.



TO TWO SISTERS on their
WEDDING-DAY.

An EPISTLE.

By Mr BLACKLOCK.

DEAR Ladies, whilst the nuptial hour at hand
Must all your time, and all your thoughts de-
mand,

Though all the Nine my tuneful strain inspir'd,
My heart though all the force of friendship fir'd,
Though warm'd with transport for my lovely theme,
I wou'd not long your kind attention claim ;
Yet let me join the gratulating throng,
And breathe to Heav'n one ardent wish in song :
That all your future days, serene and bright,
May flow distinguish'd by sincere delight ;

A

That

No venal muse with mercenary praise,
 Insults thy taste, or wounds thy modest ear;
 When Heav'n, or heav'nly beauty prompts her lays,
 As high the theme, the tribute flows sincere.

Bless'd be the hours, which, with auspicious flight,
 Restore thy former health and native bloom;
 To bid the wishing world its eyes delight,
 And Fame, with all her mouths, thy praise resume.

O may the infant product of thy pain,
 Beyond a mother's wish to greatness rise;
 The cloudless glories of his race sustain,
 On earth belov'd, and honour'd in the skies.

Fraught with the richest, noblest gifts of fate,
 Serenely gay may all thy moments roll;
 To crown thy days let ev'ry pleasure wait,
 Bright as thy charms, and spotless as thy soul.



ODE on a favourite LAP-DOG.

To Miss G—— J——.

By the same.

Pretty, sportive, happy creature,
 Full of life, and full of play,
 Taught to live by faithful Nature,
 Never canst thou miss thy way.

By

By her dictates kind instructed,
 Thou avoid'st each real smart;
 We, by other rules conducted,
 Lose our joy to show our art.

Undisguis'd, each reigning passion
 When thou mov'st or look'st we see;
 Were the same with us the fashion,
 Happy mortals would we be!

May her favour still pursue thee,
 Who propos'd thee for my theme;
 Till superior charms subdue thee,
 And inspire a nobler flame.

In each other blest'd and blessing,
 Years of pleasure let them live;
 Each all active worth possessing,
 Earth admires, or Heav'n can give.



To a successful rival, who said ironically,
 he pitied the author.

An O D E.

By the same.

THOU pity! fond unthinking boy,
 Falsely elate with distant joy,

Did e'er thy heart the kind emotion know,
Th' endearing pangs of sympathetic wo !

Yes ; as on Nile's prolific shore,
The monsters, cloy'd with recent gore,
Sad o'er the reeking carnage howling lie,
Such tears, sincere as thine, o'erflow the murd'rer's eye.

O lost to virtue ! lost to shame !
Beneath fair Friendship's holy name,
Impious to tempt, and subtle to betray,
While heav'n and earth the daring crime survey.

What devil arm'd thy front with steel,
To feign a grief thou ne'er couldst feel ;
Without a blush, the faithless sigh to heave,
And mourn the mortal stab thy own curs'd dagger gave ?

But if to Heav'n's impartial throne,
The piercing sigh and bitter groan,
For just redress, on angel-wings arise, -
Then dread the blasting vengeance of the skies.

Ah, where will rage my soul impell ?
How high the tide of fury swell ?
Fool ! thus to curse the man whose ev'ry smart
Must pierce thy inmost soul, must wound Clarinda's
heart.

CATO UTICENSIS to his wife at Rome.

By the same.

IN distant regions, Freedom's last retreat,
 Where Rome and she their final crisis wait,
 Cato reflects how much he once was blest,
 And greets with health the fav'rite of his breast.

Oh! when my soul with retrospective eyes
 Beholds each scene of past enjoyment rise,
 Ere vice and Heav'n's irrevocable doom
 Shook the firm basis of imperial Rome,
 What horrors must this patriot heart congeal!
 What must a father and an husband feel!
 Ye moments, destin'd to eternal flight,
 Who shone on each domestic blessing bright,
 Who saw me with earth's legislators join'd,
 Balance the sacred rights of human kind,
 No more my soul your blest'd return must know,
 Consign'd to fetters, infamy and wo;
 Expell'd from Rome, and all that's dear, we fly
 Through fruitless deserts, and a flaming sky,
 Where thunders roar incessant, lightnings glare,
 And plagues unnumber'd taint the boundless air;
 Where serpents, children of eternal night,
 Ensure perdition with their mortal bite;
 Where burning sands to heav'n in surges roll,
 And scorching heats evaporate the soul.

Yet

Yet pleas'd these harsh extremes of fate we bear ;
 For Liberty, Heav'n's noblest gift, is here.
 Unaw'd by pow'r, from venal shackles free,
 Our hands accomplish what our hearts decree.
 Yet here, where anguish, want, and horror reign,
 The heav'nly power explores a feat in vain.
 Ambitious blood-hounds hold her close in view,
 Faithful to scent, and active to pursue.
 See o'er the spacious globe their course they bend ;
 See conquest and success their steps attend.
 Oceans in vain to stop their passage flow,
 And mountains rise in everlasting snow.
 Obsequious billows own tyrannic sway,
 And storms have learn'd to flatter and obey.
 Eternal Pow'rs ! whose will is Nature's guide,
 Who o'er high heav'n and earth and hell preside,
 Must then that plan of liberty expire,
 Which patriot bosoms more than life desire ?
 Is public happiness for ever fled,
 For which the sage explor'd and hero bled ?
 Shall Pompey's blood the coast of Egypt stain ?
 Shall civil slaughter load Pharsalia's plain ?
 With reeking gore shall plunder'd temples flow ?
 Is Jove or Cæsar god of all below ?
 Be curs'd the time when Pleasure and her train,
 O'er Rome extended first their fatal reign ;
 For O ! 'twas then, in that detested hour,
 That first the lust of treasure and of power
 From public welfare could our views divert,
 And quench each virtue in the human heart.

The genealogy of NONSENSE.

An EPISTLE.

By the same.

DEAR MADAM,

With long and careful scrutiny, in vain
 I search'd th' obscure recesses of my brain ;
 The muses oft with mournful plaints I woo'd,
 To find excuse for silence, if they cou'd.
 But through my search not one excuse appear'd,
 And not a muse would answer, if she heard.

Thus I remain'd in anxious sad suspense,
 Despairing aid from reason or from sense ;
 Till from a pow'r, of late well known to fame,
 Though not invoc'd, the wish'd solution came.

Now Night incumbent hung o'er half the ball,
 And Silence spread her empire over all ;
 When o'er my eyes imperfect slumbers spread
 Their downy wings, and hover'd round my head :
 But still internal sense awake remain'd,
 And still its first solicitude retain'd ;
 When lo ! with slow descent, obscurely bright,
 And cloth'd in darkness visible, not light,
 A form, high tow'ring to the azure skies,
 In stupid grandeur rose before my eyes.

As after storms waves faintly lash the shore,
 As hollow winds in rocky caverns roar ;
 Such was the voice which pierc'd my trembling ear,
 And chill'd my soul with more than common fear.

Thus spoke the power : “ From yon extended void,
 “ Where Jove’s creating hand was ne’er employ’d ;
 “ Where soft with hard, and heavy mix’d with light,
 “ And hot with cold, maintain eternal fight ;
 “ Where end the realms of order, form, and day,
 “ Where Night and Chaos hold primeval sway ;
 “ Their first, their darling offspring now explore,
 “ Who comes thy wonted calmness to restore.
 “ Ere yet the mountains rear’d their heads on high,
 “ Ere yet the radiant sun illum’d the sky ;
 “ Ere rising hills or humble vales were seen,
 “ Or woods the prospect chear’d with waving green ;
 “ Ere Nature was, my wondrous birth I date,
 “ More old than Chance, Necessity, or Fate ;
 “ Ere yet the muses touch’d the vocal lyre,
 “ My rev’rend mother, and tumultuous fire,
 “ Beheld my wondrous birth, with vast amaze,
 “ And Discord’s boundless empire roar’d my praise.

“ In me whate’er by nature is disjoin’d,
 “ All opposite extremes involv’d you find.
 “ Born to retain by Fate’s eternal doom,
 “ My fire’s confusion, and my mother’s gloom ;
 “ O’er all the vast extent of letter’d pride,
 “ With uncontroll’d dominion I preside ;
 “ Through its deep gloom I dart the doubtful ray,
 “ And teach the learned idiots where to stray :

“ The

“ The labouring chymist, and profound divine,
 “ Err, not seduc’d by Reason’s light, but mine :
 “ From me alone *these* boast the wondrous skill,
 “ To make a mystery more mysterious still ;
 “ While *those* pursue, by science not their own,
 “ The universal cure, and philosophic stone.
 “ Thus when the leaden pedant courts my aid,
 “ To cover ignorance with learning’s shade,
 “ To swell the folio to a proper size,
 “ And throw the clouds of art o’er nature’s eyes ;
 “ My soporific pow’r the sages own ;
 “ Hence by the sacred name of *Dulness* known.
 “ But if mercurial scribblers pant for fame,
 “ Those I inspire, and NONSENSE is my name.
 “ Sustain’d by me, thy muse first took her flight,
 “ I circumscribe its limits and its height ;
 “ By me she sinks, by me she soars along ;
 “ I rule her silence, and I prompt her song.”

My doubts resolv’d, the goddess wing’d her flight,
 Dissolv’d in air, and mix’d with formless Night.
 Much more the muse reluctant must suppress,
 For all the pow’r of Time and Fate confess :
 Too soft her accents, and too weak her pray’r,
 For Time, or Fate, or cruel posts to hear.

T. B.

February 22. 1758.

Thursday.

The post was just at that instant going to set off.

An ELEGY.

Inscribed to C—— S——, Esq;

By the same.

O Friend, by ev'ry sympathy endear'd,
Which soul with soul in sacred ties unite,
The hour arrives, so long, so justly fear'd,
Brings all its woes, and sinks me with their weight,

For now from heav'n my unavailing pray'r
Toss'd devious mingles with the sportive gale ;
No tender arts can move my cruel fair,
Nor all Love's silent eloquence prevail.

Though from my lips no sound unmeaning flows,
Though in each action fondness is exprest,
No kind returns e'er terminate my woes,
Nor heave th' eternal pressure from my breast.

Too well the weakness of my heart I knew,
Too well Love's pow'r my soul had felt before ;
Why did I then the pleasing ill pursue,
And tempt the malice of my fate once more ?

Conscious how few amongst the fair succeed,
Who boast no merit but a tender heart,
Why was my soul again to chains decreed,
To unrewarded tears, and endless smart ?

The

The siren Hope, my tardy pace to chear,
 In gay preface the short'ning prospect drest,
 With art fallacious brought the object near,
 And lull'd each rising doubt in fatal rest.

I saw Success, or thought at least I saw,
 Beck'ning with smiles to animate my speed:
 Reason was mute, impress'd with trembling awe;
 Nor Memory one precedent cou'd plead.

How curs'd is he who never learn'd to fear
 The keenest plagues his cruel stars portend!
 Till o'er his head the black'ning clouds appear,
 And heav'n's collected storms at once descend.

What further change of fortune can I wait?
 What consummation to the last despair?
 She flies, yet shows no pity for my fate;
 She fees, yet deigns not in my griefs to share.

Yet the kind heart where tender passions reign,
 Will catch the softness when it first appears,
 Explore each symptom of the sufferer's pain,
 Sigh all his sighs, and number all his tears.

This tribute from humanity is due,
 What then, just Heav'ns! what should not love bestow?
 stow?

Yet though the fair insensible I view,
 For others bliss I wou'd not change my woe.

O blind to wisdom ! to reflection blind,
 At length to reason and thyself return;
 See Science wait thee with reception kind,
 Whose frown or absence no fond lovers mourn.

Bounteous and free to all who ask her aid,
 Her sacred light anticipates their call,
 Points out the precipice to which they stray'd,
 And with maternal care prevents their fall.

Daughter of God ! whose features all express
 Th' eternal beauty whence thy being sprung,
 I to thy sacred shrine my steps address,
 And catch each sound from thy heav'n-prompted tongue.

O take me wholly to thy fond embrace,
 Through all my soul thy heav'nly beams effuse !
 Thence ev'ry cloud of pleasing error chase,
 Adjust her organs, and enlarge her views.

Hence ever fix'd on virtue and on thee,
 No lower wish shall her attention claim,
 Till, like her sacred parent, pure and free,
 She rise to native heaven from whence she came.

The chronicle of a HEART.

In imitation of COWLEY.

By the same.

I.

HOW often my heart has by love been o'erthrown,
 What grand revolutions its empire has known,
 You ask me, dear friend; then attend the sad strain,
 Since you bid me renew such ineffable pain.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

II.

For who that has got e'er an eye in his pate,
 So dismal a tale without tears can relate;
 Or who such dire annals recall to his mind,
 Without bursting in sighs, both before and behind?

III.

This kingdom, as authors impartial have told,
 At first was elective, but afterwards sold;
 For experience will show whoe'er pleases to try,
 That kingdoms are venal when subjects can buy.

IV.

Lovely Peggy, the first in succession and name,
 Was early invested with honour supreme;
 But a bold son of Mars, who grew fond of her form,
 Swore himself into grace, and surpris'd her by storm.

V.

Maria succeeded in honour and place,
 By laughing and squeezing, and song and grimace;
 But her favours, alas, like her carriage, were free,
 Bestow'd on the whole male creation but me.

VI.

Next Marg'ret the second attempted the chase;
 Though the small pox and age had enamell'd her face,
 She sustain'd her pretence *sans merite et sans leix*,
 And carried her point by a *Je ne sçais quoi*.

VII.

The heart which so tamely acknowledg'd her sway,
 Still suffer'd in silence, and kept her at bay,
 Till old Time had at last so much mellow'd her charms,
 That she dropt with a breeze in a liv'ryman's arms.

VIII.

The next easy conquest, Belinda, was thine,
 Obtain'd by the musical tinkle of coin:
 But she, more enamour'd of sport than of prey,
 Had a fish in her hook which she wanted to play.

IX.

High hopes were her baits; but if truth were confess'd,
 A good still in prospect is not good possess'd;
 For the fool found too late he had taken a tartar,
 Retreated with wounds, and begg'd stoutly for quarter.

X.

Urania came next, and with subtle address,
 Discover'd no open attempts to possess :
 But when fairly admitted, of conquest secure,
 She acknowledg'd no law but her will and her pow'r.

XI.

For seven tedious years, to get rid of her chain,
 All force prov'd abortive, all stratagem vain,
 Till a youth with much fatness and gravity blest,
 Her person detain'd by a lawful arrest.

XII.

To a reign so despotic, though guiltless of blood,
 No wonder a long interregnum ensu'd ;
 For an ass, though the patientest brute of the plain,
 Once jaded and gall'd, will beware of the rein.

XIII.

Now the kingdom stands doubtful itself to surrender,
 To Cloe the sprightly, or Celia the slender :
 But if once it were out of this pitiful case,
 No law but the Salic henceforth shall take place.

*Most of the characters here described are real, but
 the passions fictitious.*

An ELEGY on the anniversary of
the DEATH of a FRIEND.

By —————

Inscribed to Mr BLACKLOCK.

I.

TO pious sorrow sacred be this day,
By grief distinguish'd each revolving year;
Still let me form the melancholy lay,
And pay the tribute of a gentle tear.

II.

Let happier poets, prodigal of wo,
With fancy'd sorrows swell the pompous strain,
Mourn like some heart-exulting heir, for show;
I wish but to describe my real pain.

III.

Why was he form'd (ah, why) so sweet of soul,
Serene and gentle as a summer's sky?
Why did he reach so soon the destin'd goal,
Born just to make his value known, and die?

IV.

Thus in the morn the lily rears its head,
Unfolds its fragrant beauties to the skies;
Fairer than snow its virgin leaves are spread;
But ere 'tis noon it hangs its head and dies.

V.

In vain fair Science op'd her richest store,
 And Learning grac'd, and Genius bloom'd in vain;
 Learning, alas! nor Genius have the pow'r
 To shield one hour the human clay from pain.

VI.

Whene'er with him my happier days I past,
 Heedless I mark'd not how the seasons grew;
 Swift fled the jocund hours with blithsome haste,
 And scatter'd sweets ambrosial as they flew.

VII.

Then the young Spring in verdant mantle drest,
 Summer's unclouded skies and spreading trees,
 Autumn's brown fields with ripen'd harvests blest,
 And Winter's rattling tempests then could please.

VIII.

But now, to Sorrow's edge a moping prey,
 Dull as hoar Age, e'en in my growing prime,
 I chide each hour protracted to a day;
 Grief, surely Grief arrests the wings of Time.

IX.

Spring's op'ning charms, and Summer's ripen'd bloom,
 Autumn's brown fields, and Winter's low'ring brow,
 Alike unheeded now, unwish'd for come;
 Alike untasted, unregretted go.

X.

'Twas he, 'twas he, made ev'ry season gay,
 Tinged each flower with beauties not its own ;
 'Twas his to dress in smiles the blackest day ;
 But smiles are now no more — for he is gone.

XI.

Shed, virgins, shed the sympathising tear,
 You who deserve a tender virgin's name ;
 A youth untimely, press'd the fatal bier,
 Soft as your soul, and spotless as your fame.

XII.

And wilt thou, BLACKLOCK, grant the boon I crave ?
 (As I each year his mournful tale relate),
 Wilt thou strow annual flow'rs upon his grave,
 Sweet as his temper, early as his fate ?



TO A L A D Y.

With HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

By ———

O Form'd at once to feel, and to inspire
 The noblest passions of the human breast,
 Attend the accents of Love's fav'rite lyre,
 And let thy soul its moving force attest.

The soul of passion in each sound convey'd,
 Shall all its joy disclose, and all its smart,
 Reason to decent tenderness persuade,
 Smooth ev'ry thought, and humanize the heart.

False is that wisdom, impotent and vain,
 Which scorns the sphere by Heav'n to men assign'd;
 Which treats Love's purest fires with mock disdain,
 And, human, soars above the human kind.

Long mute the muse of Elegy remain'd,
 Her plaints untaught by nature to renew,
 Whilst sportive Wit delusive sorrows feign'd,
 With how much ease distinguish'd from the true!

Ev'n witty Waller mourns the constant scorn
 Of Sacharissa, and his fate, in vain:
 With love his fancy, not his heart seems torn;
 We praise his wit, but cannot share his pain.

Such force has Nature, so supremely fair,
 With charms maternal, her productions shine;
 The easy grace and animated air,
 Proclaim them all her own, and all divine.

O! should such merit in such strains implore,
 Let Beauty still vouchsafe a gentle ear;
 What can the soul with passion touch'd do more?
 The song must prove the sentiment sincere.

Cold Cunning ne'er, with animated strain,
 To other breasts can warmth unfelt impart;
 We see her toil with industry and pain,
 And mock the painted impotence of Art.



S O N G.

Inscribed to a FRIEND.

In imitation of SHENSTONE.

By Mr BLACKLOCK.

I.

Cease, cease, my dear friend, to explore
 From whence, and how piercing my smart;
 Let the charms of the nymph I adore,
 Excuse, and interpret my heart:
 Then how much I admire, you shall prove,
 When like me you are taught to admire;
 And imagine how boundless my love,
 When you number the charms that inspire.

II.

Than sunshine more dear to my sight,
 To my life more essential than air,
 To my soul she is perfect delight,
 'To my sense all that's pleasing and fair.

The

The swains who her beauty behold,
 With transport applaud ev'ry charm,
 And swear that the breast must be cold,
 Which a beam so intense cannot warm.

III.

Ah! say, will she slightly forego
 A conquest, though humble, yet sure?
 Will she leave a poor shepherd to wo,
 Who for her ev'ry bliss would procure?
 Alas! too presaging my fears,
 Too jealous my soul of its bliss;
 Methinks she already appears,
 To foresee, and elude my address.

IV.

Does my boldness offend my dear maid?
 Is my fondness loquacious and free?
 Are my visits too frequently paid;
 Or my converse unworthy of thee?
 Yet when grief was too big for my breast,
 And labour'd in sighs to complain,
 Its struggles I oft have suppress'd,
 And silence impos'd on my pain.

V.

And oft, while, by tenderness caught,
 To my charmer's retirement I flew,
 I reproach'd the fond absence of thought,
 And in blushing confusion withdrew.

My

From thought to thought, my starting soul,
 Incessant tides of passion roll ;
 My blood alternate chills and glows,
 Uncertain colour comes and goes ;
 While down my cheek the silent tear,
 Too plainly bids my grief appear ;
 Too plainly shows the latent flame,
 Whose slow consumption melts my frame.
 I burn when, conscious of his sway,
 The youth elated I survey ;
 Presume with insolence of air,
 To frown, or dictate to my fair ;
 Or in the madness of delight
 When to thy arms he wings his flight ;
 And, with indelicate embrace,
 Profanes the beauty of that face ;
 That face, where op'ning Heav'n bestows,
 The brightest charms with which it glows.
 O ! if my counsels touch thine ear,
 Love's counsel ever is sincere,
 From his indecent transports fly,
 Howe'er his form may please thine eye.
 For conflagrations fierce and strong
 Are fatal still, but never long :
 And he who rudely treats the shrine
 Where modest worth and beauty shine,
 Forgetful of his former fire,
 Shall soon no more these charms admire.
 How bless'd ! how more than bless'd are they !
 Whom Love retains with equal sway ;

Whose flame inviolably bright,
 Still burns in its meridian height :
 Nor jealous fears, nor cold disdain,
 Disturb their peace, nor break their chain ;
 But when the hours of life are past,
 For each in sighs they breathe their last.

On

On the cultivation of TASTE.

An EPISTLE.

To a young Lady.

By Mr G.——

The C O N T E N T S.

In consequence of the young lady's request, some manuscript poems are sent inclosed, to ver. 4. A caution not to confine her reading to manuscripts, which are often careless and uncorrect; but to regulate her taste by such compositions as have been published, and continue to receive the general approbation 10. Advantages attending a relish for the polite arts, both with respect to pleasure and improvement 14. and of poetry in particular 23. An exception to this in some performances, which tend to vitiate the taste and corrupt the morals 38. Homer recommended, not only as being the best poet, but as his works contain the ancient mythology; and will serve to make the allusions of other poets intelligible 46. Virgil's character 58. Milton's 70. Dramatic poetry 76. Shakespear's character in this light 86. Pope recommended as a moral writer 86. His Rape of the Lock characterised 93. His Dunciad 96. His Essay on Criticism. 100.

His Pastorals 104. *His style and numbers in general* 111. *Addison's character as a poet and patriot* 124. *Digression to the Spectator, which is described as proper to improve the mind, entertain the fancy, cultivate the taste, and form the style of a young person* 136. *Thomson's character as a poet* 145. *Young's Universal Passion described* 154. *Garth's Dispensatory and Clarixent* 158. *Swift's character for wit, humour, ill-nature, and want of delicacy* 170. *Short characters of Gay, Prior, Parnell, Hammond, Welsh, Shenstone, Gray, Lyttelton, Blacklock* 186. *Here the author leaves the lady to her own choice in poetry* 192. *A caution not to confine her reading to poetry alone* 195. *The advantages which attend the study of history.—The histories of Greece and Rome, and that of Britain, recommended* 204. *A notion of moral and natural philosophy not improper.—Shaftesbury's and Nettleton's short treatises pointed out for the first, and Nature displayed for the last* 216. *A recommendation to employ her leisure hours in reading, though some absurdly would confine all knowledge to the other sex* 222. *A caution against letting speculation ingross all her thoughts. Those active and social virtues recommended which are adapted to her nature, sex, and station* 240. *The above duties consistent with taste and knowledge. This exemplified in the characters of Madam Dacier and Mrs Rowe* 245. *Such examples likewise amongst ourselves hinted at.—Conclusion.*

MY dear ZELINDA, since you would explore
 What verses I at present have in store,
 Receive inclos'd some unconnected rhymes,
 The work of various hands, at various times.

Your dawning taste with pleasure I survey, 5
 And to its search would nobler scenes display;
 Nor still to manuscripts confine your views,
 The careless sallies of the sporting muse :
 But fix your eye where real beauty reigns,
 And public sanction dignifies the strains. 10

From Nature's charms supreme delight to share,
 To feel what's good — sublime — or new — or fair,
 With higher prospects fires the human aim,
 Refines our pleasures, and improves our frame :
 This task the muses claim, by Heav'n design'd 15
 The heart to soften, and enlarge the mind ;

Vers. 5. Your dawning taste, &c.

The lady's age fifteen.

Vers. 12. To feel what's good, &c.

Novelty, goodness, beauty, and grandeur or sublimity, are the sources from whence all the pleasures of the internal senses are derived.

Vers. 15. This task the muses, &c.

The muses preside alike over all the polite arts; but music, painting, and sculpture, contribute in some degree to the same end with poetry. — It has been disputed, which of the imitations are most productive of improvement; but, upon the whole, the preference seems due to poetry. — See HARRIS on that subject.

At once to guide and animate our way,
 Where Truth and Virtue hold eternal sway.
 These glorious ends effectually to gain,
 They charm the ear, the fancy entertain ; 20
 Paint all that's fair in Nature to the sight,
 And mix sublime instruction with delight.

Yet not alone this task the Muse essays ;
 Pretending fires oft usurp her praise,
 Deck with delusive charms the mimic lay, 25
 And lead too soon th' unwary mind astray.
 Hence, though in Music all her numbers flow,
 Through all her song though endless raptures glow,
 Let Taste, let Virtue fly th' enchanting strain ;
 Where false the sentiment, the joy is vain. 30

Not each assuming bard the Nine inspire,
 Whose sacrilegious hand profanes the lyre.
 Where-e'er the song to faithless Pleasure leads,
 Through fairy prospects or illusive meads,
 Or flows in dull unanimated rhyme, 35
 To meanness sinks, or swells to mock sublime ;
 The quaint conceit, the force of lab'ring art,
 Can to the Muse or Nature owe no part.

Let HOMER still your first attention claim,
 Whom all the Nine, with all their charms, inflame. 40

Vers. 37. The quaint conceit, &c.

Almost all the wits in Charles II.'s time may be ranged under this class, when even grave divines vouchsafed to be jocular, and threw their puns and quibbles from the pulpit.

He first essay'd their noblest wreaths to gain ;
 Ambitious task ! yet not essay'd in vain.
 Him future bards with veneration view,
 And with unequal wing his flights pursue ;
 From him Invention's copious source explore, 45
 And deck their labours with the borrow'd store.

To find a hand that durst attempt his strain,
 A thousand toiling years revolv'd in vain ;
 Till Fate and Nature smiling on mankind,
 Another brow for epic bays design'd, 50
 Destin'd beneath Hesperian suns to bloom,
 And shine the glory of the world and Rome.
 Hail sacred MARO ! in whose deathless strain,
 Nature and Art united praise attain :
 Correct and pure thy heav'nly numbers flow, 55
 Yet with the keenest flame of Genius glow ;
 Through all the records of eternal Fate,
 Fame saw but one of Nature's works so great.

Britannia's boast ! whose lyre, by angels strung,
 Refounded equal to the themes he sung ! 60
 That man his nature might with pleasure see,
 In its full height, — God said, Let MILTON be ;
 Then, as when first his world its charms display'd,
 Beheld, approv'd, and bless'd the work he made.
 Whether his song to hell's dark depth descend, 65
 Where Night and Wo united sway extend ;
 Or to fair Eden's happier climes arise,
 Or paint the brighter splendors of the skies ;

One boundless grandeur, one informing soul,
Sustains, illumes, and animates the whole.

70

In narrower limits, yet with epic rage,
Next view the buskin'd muses tread the stage;
Where Pity o'er the wrecks of Fate reclines,
And in the dignity of Sorrow shines;
Where Courage toils in storms of Fortune tost,
And silent Terror stalks in Hamlet's ghost.
Here mighty SHAKESPEAR on his natal throne,
Unrival'd shines, with glory all his own;
Great Nature's fav'rite, singularly blest,
With all the empire of the human breast:
Him equal knowledge, equal warmth inspire,
And Wisdom tunes, and Passion strikes his lyre.

75

80

In POPE's harmonious pages you may scan,
The proper task and estimate of man;
Through various life, his various song pursue,
Which as it leads, improves in every view.
In easy flowing numbers if he sing,
What dire effects from am'rous discord spring!
His pregnant fancy to our wond'ring eyes,
In various forms bids various objects rise;
And hangs suspended on a single hair,
All the conceits and whimsies of the fair.

85

90

Like grubs in amber, through his living line,
See Blackmore, Gildon, Dennis, Welsted shine.
For when rash witlings durst his rage inflame,
He damn'd the dunces to eternal fame.

95

If

If led by Truth and Taste, he trace the scenes
Where real Beauty in full splendor reigns,
Nature gives sanction to the critic's laws,
And shews her son the great sublime he draws. 100

If nigh the silver Thames his Doric strain
Displays the guiltless passions of the plain,
With force united on the melting heart,
Music and Love their utmost power exert.

If o'er rough rocks the torrent pours along, 105
Thunders the roaring torrent through his song;
If sighing breezes, wanton in the skies,
Soft in his lay the breathing zephyr sighs.
Thus bright he shines, in every glory crown'd,
The test of British elegance and sound. 110

But hark! what stream of music pours along,
Sublimely sweet, and elegantly strong,
Sacred to Liberty, who rais'd his aim
To add one wreath to Cato's deathless fame?
'Tis ADDISON, whose numbers court thy ear, 115
Where Churchill's glories ever bright appear.
Thrice happy pair, with equal ardor fir'd,
By one great pow'r in one great cause inspir'd.
Conquest obsequious led the hero's way;
With equal spirit glow'd the poet's lay. 120

Verf. 118. *By one great, &c.*

Liberty is here meant, in whose cause Addison and Marlborough exerted themselves each in their different spheres.

Who would not all the toils of war sustain,
 To shine immortaliz'd in such a strain?
 What muse would cease to strike the loftiest lyre,
 Should such heroic deeds their song inspire?
 But Wisdom, and the Genius of mankind, 125
 Another province to their son assign'd:
 Britain's Spectator, in whose easy page,
 At once is seen the gentleman and sage.
 Here Knowledge shines, in fairest colours dress'd;
 The noblest truths in justest words express'd. 130
 Here cultivate your taste, and form your style;
 Here at Sir Roger's various humours smile;
 Here view with Fancy's eyes the moral dream,
 Or with new relish pass from theme to theme.
 Hence may you learn in every light to please, 135
 To think with elegance, and write with ease.

With tender feeling and descriptive art,
 Let THOMSON charm thy mind and melt thy heart.
 Thomson! enamour'd Nature's darling care,
 Who bade him all her noblest talents share; 140
 With him to streams, and groves, and vales retir'd,
 Inform'd his judgment, and his fancy fir'd;
 Consign'd her faithful pencil to his hand,
 And taught him all her wonders to expand:
 So strong his colours, so divine his art, 145
 Such beauty forms, such life inspires each part,
 With keener transports scarce our eyes pursue
 The great original from which he drew.

Wouldst thou the ardor of thy thoughts unbend,
 And with the muse to gayer themes descend? 150
 See

See YOUNG, in quick exuberance of thought,
 With all the richest stores of fancy fraught,
 Arm Satyr's hand with darts, with smiles her face,
 And from the love of fame each action trace.

Let GARTH with sharp, but salutary spleen, 155
 As music gentle, but as lightning keen,
 In physic's mock solemnity appear,
 Or with correct description charm your ear.

The powers of Humour, Wit, and Malice join'd,
 To form one bard the scourge of human kind. 160
 Sudden as plagues his mortal shafts are thrown,
 And all alike their venom'd fury own :
 Not ting'd a single villain to disgrace,
 But wound, without distinction, all our race.
 O had his rage, not men, but crimes pursu'd, 165
 With milder eyes had he his nature view'd ;
 O'er Delicacy had not Wit prevail'd,
 And in gross pun or grosser jest exhal'd ;
 Then SWIFT in mirth and satire might have shown
 Perfection to the world before unknown. 170

Verf. 157. *In physic's mock, &c.*

In the Dispensatory.

Verf. 158. ——— *correct description, &c.*

In his Clerimont.

Spirit

Spirit and ease wouldst thou at once admire,
 Laugh through the well-told tale with GAY and PRIOR,
 PARNELL survey, with ev'ry laurel grac'd,
 HAMMOND with tenderness, and WELSH with taste,
 The soft distress of SHENSTONE's rural lay, 175
 The tender plaintive dignity of GRAY,
 Or he who deck'd his Lucy's urn with bays,
 The soul-dissolving Orpheus of our days.

Nor must I hear forget to recommend
 BLACKLOCK — my fav'rite — intimate, and friend. 180
 We from our earliest youth to each were known,
 Alike our pleasures, our associates one:
 Ah! could I add, our kindred souls the same,
 Both fir'd alike with one congenial flame;
 Then should my numbers flow, like his, refin'd, 185
 Delight your ear, and captivate your mind.

These ornaments of nature and their age,
 Shall all reward the moments they engage.

Verſ. 172. ——— Gay and Prior, &c.

One could not forbear to include these two authors in such a list; though, at the same time, it must be owned, had some few of their tales been left out, it would have done them no dishonour; and one could, with more confidence, have proposed their having a place in a lady's library.

Verſ. 178. *The soul-dissolving, &c.*

Lord Lyttelton. See his elegy upon Lady Lyttelton.

Thus

Thus far Direction holds her friendly light,
 To animate thy taste and guide its flight. 190
 But by attentive reading now refin'd,
 To its own choice she safely leaves thy mind.

Yet let not verse alone thy heart engage,
 But oft revolve the just historic page.
 To fancy this past ages shall restore, 195
 And Rome and Athens rise to view once more.
 Virtue and Truth, in heighten'd colours drest,
 Embody'd here, the passions interest.

When ALFRED's better constellation shines,
 When for the *sceptre* he the *crook* resigns; 200
 When WALLACE singly, with vindictive hand,
 Appears the saviour of a plunder'd land;
 What heart can cease with patriot warmth to beat?
 Who for their glory would not share their fate?

Now still to higher views let Reason soar, 205
 Philosophy's enchanting scenes explore.
 ASHLY humane, and NETTLETON shall show,
 What native joys from sacred Virtue flow.

The sage whose soul the love of Nature warms,
 To trace her wonders and display her charms, 210
 Consult attentive, and with curious eyes,
 From scene to scene of height'ning beauty rise;
 Till all the prospect op'ning to thy sight,
 Shall yield immense, ineffable delight;

Till Reason being's end and source shall find, 215
And all the God-head burst upon thy mind.

Though tyrant Custom, with decisive air,
From Learning's calm recess preclude the fair;
Though Pedantry, with self-enamour'd sneer,
Pronounce domestic toils their only sphere; 220
Their darling tenets let them still enjoy,
Your leisure-hours in reading still employ.

Yet as society may justly claim
A task adapted to each sex and frame,
Much it imports, in active life, to know, 225
What to ourselves, to others what we owe,
What offices from what relations rise,
And what our state, and what our frame implies.

Its proper place though speculation share,
Not less the active pow'rs demand thy care. 230
Heav'n on the soul its image has impress,
And lighted sacred Reason in the breast;
Yet plac'd each being in a diff'rent sphere,
And from their natures bade their tasks appear.
Domestic duties hence alike demand 235
Th' attentive judgment, and the active hand.
Let these, in due degree, thy mind engage;
Nor let the woman vanish in the sage.

O false to Nature, to her wisdom blind,
Who think her various tasks distract the mind! 240
By

By these in one consistent plan we rise,
 Sense makes us active, action makes us wise.
 Nor rests my song on theory alone ;
 These truths are likewise by experience known.
 To prove the maxim just, she still can show 245
 A Gallic DACIER, and a British ROWE.

Nor are these glories of the female kind
 To distant climes or periods past confin'd.
 Recent examples I might here display ;
 But this detail till meeting I'll delay. 250
 Till then, farewell, and every blessing know,
 That Wisdom, Taste, and Virtue, can bestow.

Dumfries, October 30.

1757.

Verf. 242. *Sense makes us active, &c.*

Good sense naturally points out action as proper for beings in our situation: and by engaging in the active scenes of life, we improve in wisdom and experience.

AN EVENING-WALK.

Written beside the ruins of the royal palace
at Linlithgow.

By Mr R. S.

TO nations far remote the lord of day
Now lends his chearful light ; his parting beam
Yet lines with purple, and celestial gold,
The cloud high-tow'ring from th' Atlantic deep.

From eastern climes, how peaceful and sedate,
In sober majesty, pale Night comes on !
And o'er gay Nature's sweetly-vary'd face,
Deep-shading all, her sable mantle throws !

Congenial Silence on her solemn steps
Obsequious waits, and thoughtful : not a breath
Disturbs the placid air ; and on the bough
The leaf unquiv'ring hangs ; the crystal lake
Enjoys the happy calm, nor wears a dimple
O'er all its silver surface. By her side
Sweet Contemplation walks with pensive brow,
Intently musing. Nature seems to feel
The soft impression, and sinks down to rest.

Come, Genius of the Night ! come ; for the wise
Adore thy footsteps : sweet Philosophy
Hails thy approach ; for kindly thou dispell'st

The

The noisy follies of the busy day,
 And wak'ſt the thoughtful mind to ſacred Wiſdom.
 Nor leſs the poet loves thy friendly reign,
 While wand'ring forth beneath the ſilver moon,
 Illuſtrious Queen! his raviſh'd fancy glows,
 Warm with each tender thought, each fair idea,
 And all th'enchanting harmonies of ſong.

Now, while the busy world is laid aſleep,
 Inſpire my ſoul, and brighten all her powers;
 And while I wander through theſe ſolemn ſcenes,
 Point out new beauties to the moral eye.

See there the ſky, how beauteous and ſerene!
 And there light veil'd with the gay fleecy cloud!
 While here black columns of thick darkneſs riſe,
 In which perhaps ten thouſand thunders ſleep,
 Which ſhall ere long their glowing priſons rend,
 And ſhake with awful roar th'aſtoniſh'd world.

How ſweetly gay is yon cerulean field,
 Inlaid with all the glittering gems of heav'n,
 Set by thy mighty hand, Father of light,
 And love, and beauty! In the dawn of Time
 Thou formedſt Nature's univerſal frame,
 Moulding its every part with ſov'reign ſkill.
 The golden ſun, bright maſs of vivid fire!
 Thou ſaſhion'dſt in the hollow of thy hand:
 Around the centre, thy omnific word,
 The ſtarry orbs in beauteous order hung,
 And bade the planets know their various ſpheres:

Impos'd those laws by which the harmony
 Of Nature is preserv'd. Then, to thy will
 Obsequious, in majestic solemn state,
 First mov'd the grand machine, as by thy breath
 Divine inspir'd; and ever since has mov'd,
 Incessant trav'ling in the glorious round.

Where-e'er I cast my ravish'd eyes abroad,
 The solemn scenes to solemn thoughts invite.
 The rising mists, gath'ring around the hills,
 Hide deep their verdant heads: o'er all the plain
 The lively green sinks into deepest shade,
 And mute are all the songsters of the day.

How sweetly awful is the pleasing gloom,
 Where o'er the dewy field yon spreading planes
 Stretch wide their aged boughs! how graceful there
 That beauteous fabric, once the blissful seat
 Of Caledonia's monarchs, rears its head
 Aloft in air, and on the neighb'ring walls
 Looks down superior! All-destroying Time!
 What can resist thy rage? The iron bar
 Melts down before thee; and the solid rock
 Moulders away. With every stormy blast
 The fragments from yon broken arches fly.
 The spacious windows, where erewhile appear'd
 Beauty and royalty, robb'd of their pride,
 Are desolate and void; and in the hall,
 Where once assembled senates awful sat,
 And all the pomp of majesty, there dwells
 Ruin and Desolation; there the owl,

Sad favourite of Night! eludes the day;
 And now, forth-issuing from his dark abode,
 Tunes his nocturnal elegy of wo.
 Yet beauteous still, and lovely in decay,
 The venerable ruins stand, and claim
 A pitying sigh from every patriot breast.
 Here once the garden charm'd the ravish'd eye;
 Here beauteous Flora pour'd forth all her sweets;
 And here 'Pomona, with a lib'ral hand,
 Hung with its golden load the fruitful tree.

Sov'reign Director of unnumber'd worlds!
 'Tis thine to bid cities and empires rise,
 And at thy pleasure fall; to lay in dust
 The proudest glories of the sons of men;
 To make a desert on the fertile plain,
 And with thy beauty clothe the barren wild:
 All is thy work, and all thou doest is good.

While at this solemn hour the prostrate world
 Unconscious lies, and the mad sons of Riot
 Pursue the midnight-revel, oft let me,
 With all the blest'd tranquillity of mind
 Which Innocence and Meditation give,
 To such delightful solitude repair,
 And to its sweet enthusiastic joys
 Give all my ravish'd soul. Oft let me rise,
 On Contemplation's ever-soaring wing,
 Above mortality, and life's low cares,
 To talk with angels. Oft let Fancy stretch
 Her boundless flight to regions unexplor'd;

And

And through ideal worlds delighted range,
Happy in her own gay creation's charms.

Bless'd Solitude ! a thousand joys are thine ;
The gen'rous, great design ; the noble thought ;
The feeling heart ; the boundless social wish ;
The wide embrace that grasps the works of God
With universal love. Peaceful and calm,
With thee fair Virtue evermore remains,
And sacred Wisdom makes her bless'd abode.

Thrice lovely pair ! best ornaments of heav'n !
Your happy paths let me for ever tread,
Unweary'd follow where you point the way,
And all your footsteps rev'rently adore.

T O S P R I N G.

A n H Y M N.

By the same.

L Ovely beauty-breathing Spring,
 Waving soft thy balmy wing;
 Fairest glory of the year!
 On our longing plains appear.
 Sweet inspirer of my song!
 On a sun-beam glide along;
 Shedding round, in mingled showers,
 Verdant herbs and fragrant flowers.

See the lovely nymph appears,
 And a crown of roses wears;
 Pinks and lilies mix'd are seen
 On her robe of flowing green.
 Welcome, welcome to these plains!
 Welcome to the longing swains!
 Thee with ravish'd voice I sing,
 Bounteous all-reviving Spring!

Now the mornings fairer rise;
 Gayer light now gilds the skies:
 Now a gentle whisp'ring gale
 Softly steals along the vale:

Now the husbandmen prepare
 To improve the coming year,
 Flinging free the gen'rous grain,
 Hoping pleasure, bearing pain.

Living verdure clothes the hills ;
 Wild, along the crystal rills,
 Gillyflowers and daisies spring,
 And invite the muse to sing.
 There the spreading blossom see,
 Bursting forth from every tree !
 Music wakes throughout the grove ;
 All is harmony and love.

Pouring forth their am'rous song,
 Hear the tuneful feather'd throng,
 Perch'd on ev'ry bloomy spray,
 Swell the sweetly-dying lay !
 Lowing herds, and bleating flocks,
 O'er the dales and mossy rocks,
 As with gladden'd hearts they range,
 Speak all Nature's grateful change.

Charming Celia! come ; a while
 Join the universal smile :
 Health and Beauty breathe around
 From the gay-enamel'd ground ;
 Smiling Nature's bounteous God
 Sheds the soul of Love abroad :
 Heav'n, my fair, delights to see
 Such a love as mine to thee.

See yon amaranthine bower,
 Strew'd with many a fragrant flower !
 Blooming plains, and shady groves,
 Happy scenes of rural loves !
 All, my love, to joy invite,
 All inspire a pure delight :
 Let us taste, and, tasting, sing
 Every pleasure of the Spring.



E P I S T L E.

To a FRIEND.

Written at Fort-George.

By the same.

FROM these lone walls, and this ungrateful shore,
 From whence the Muses never sung before,
 To thee this friendly tribute let me pay,
 For thee attune the long-neglected lay.

My FRIEND !— the dear, the ever-honour'd name,
 Awakes to life the near-extinguish'd flame ;
 Makes every source of tenderness o'erflow,
 And my fond heart with sacred transport glow.

When

When Heav'n with pity saw the sons of men
 Oppress'd with num'rous ills, and vary'd pain,
 Friendship and Love, twin-born, celestial pair!
 He sent to lavish all his bounties here:
 For love's the best and purest joy we know,
 The dearest blessing that we taste below.

'Tis thine, O sacred Friendship! to call forth
 The latent seeds of unexerted worth;
 To cherish Virtue, and to raise the mind
 To nobler views, and pleasures more refin'd;
 To teach us how our follies we may cure,
 Enjoy life's blessings, and its ill endure;
 To share our joys whene'er they overflow,
 And with kind pity to divide our wo.

Take, then, for praise the wishes of a friend;
 Heav'n mend your faults, (if you have faults to mend),
 Exalt your soul; your virtues all improve;
 The more your virtues, I the more shall love.

Yet, sure, if aught that's good resides below,
 And aught that's good 'tis granted me to know,
 Honour, and Truth, and Love, and Virtue join
 To make one friend; and let me call him mine!

Canst thou forget those dear delightful days,
 When first I sung, ambitious of thy praise?
 When, kindly-partial to the muse you lov'd,
 You urg'd her humble song, and then approv'd?

When,

When, with the blushing morn's reviving ray,
 We breath'd the fragrant sweets of orient day;
 With vigour climb'd the lofty mountain's brow
 Or rang'd, with jovial heart, the plain's below;
 Press'd by her rapid foe, the tim'rous hare
 Before us flying; pleasure too severe!
 By some clear stream, beneath the cooling shade,
 In grateful ease and sweet retirement laid,
 When from his flaming throne the god of day,
 Intensely bright shot down his fervid ray,
 We trac'd the labours of the tuneful throng,
 Charm'd with the beauties of immortal song?

When sober Eve, in sable mantle clad,
 Veil'd Nature's face with her delightful shade;
 When herbs and flowers drunk up the falling dew,
 And heav'n's bright queen illum'd th' ethereal blue;
 When flocks were folded, and the fields were still,
 Save the sweet murmurs of some tinkling rill;
 How oft did we prolong the grateful walk,
 While mutual pleasure crown'd our social talk!
 When each to each might all his soul impart,
 And share th'o'erflowings of a faithful heart,
 That without flatt'ry freely would commend,
 Or blame with all the candour of a friend!

Did such connections oft the care engage
 Of this unthinking and degen'rate age,
 Wiser and better soon should mankind grow,
 And Eden flourish once again below.

Heav'n's Sov'reign, powerful, wise, and gracious still,
 Educes perfect good from partial ill:
 To him I lowly bend the suppliant knee,
 And bless the hand that sent me far from thee;
 Far from the banks of Forth, the lovely plains,
 Where M—— dwells, and where my soul remains.

At that dear name afresh my sorrows flow,
 The copious tear, and long-indulged wo.
 In all her charms she rises to my view,
 And all her glories fire my soul anew.
 Thou amiable sweetness! thou shalt long
 Be the lamented subject of my song.
 Where-e'er Heav'n's providence my ways shall guide,
 Still thy dear mem'ry shall with me abide;
 Of my fond heart be still the darling care,
 The dearest, best belov'd remembrance there.

Alas! thou other partner of my soul,
 Between us mountains rise, and ocean's roll.
 How oft hath Fate from me call'd those away
 Whom of all others I have wish'd to stay?
 How oft have I, by the same Fate remov'd,
 Languish'd in absence from my best-belov'd?

Long may thy happiness delight my ear;
 Thy growing virtue let me ever hear;
 Virtue alone impells to noble deeds,
 And points the way that up to glory leads:
 And while thou lov'st to tread her paths divine,
 So long, nor longer, let me call thee mine.

The POWER of WINE.

By the same.

W Ith roses and with myrtles crown'd,
 I triumph; let the glass go round.
 Jovial Bacchus, ever gay,
 Come, and crown the happy day;
 From my breast drive every care;
 Banish sorrow and despair:
 Let social mirth, and decent joy,
 This delightful hour employ.

Haste, attend us, Wit refin'd,
 Thou sweet enliverer of the mind!
 And while the copious bumper's crown'd,
 Bid the free jovial laugh go round.

Come, Good-nature, show thy face
 With open smiles and sweetest grace;
 For ever gay: come, lovely Youth!
 With honest Freedom, candid Truth;
 Come; for without thee Mirth's a pain;
 And Wit without thee flows in vain:
 Chase Melancholy far away;
 Bid all be chearful, sweet, and gay.
 See the fragrant rosy wine
 Purpled deep with charms divine;

Shewing, through the crystal glafs,
 The beauties of my lovely lafs.
 For Chloe be the bumper crown'd,
 While Love and Friendship bear it round ;
 Her let every Muse declare,
 Gentle, modest, good and fair.

By wine the miser generous grows ;
 By wine the poet's breast o'erflows ;
 Wine fires the warrior's soul with rage,
 Wine gives the bloom of youth to age.
 Bright wine can make the coward bold ;
 Wine fills the heart with joys untold ;
 Wine can tame the fierce and wild ;
 Wine can make the savage mild ;
 On us each social joy bestows,
 And kindly softens all our woes.

Then let's be happy while we may,
 Despising care, forgetting sorrow ;
 Enjoy the pleasures of to-day,
 Nor fear what ills may come to-morrow.

The R O S E.

By the same.

FAir Rose ! whose lively glow the fancy warms,
 Bright with a thousand transitory charms;
 Gay, blushing sweetness; lovely, fragrant thing;
 Thy rise, thy flourish, and thy fall, I sing.

The vernal sun now with a brighter ray,
 Shed o'er the plain a more refulgent day;
 The dropping clouds their grateful showers distill'd;
 The genial zephyrs warm'd the happy field,
 Unlock'd earth's fertile womb, so calling forth
 The various vegetating tribes to birth;
 Now up the rigid veins, in wonted course,
 Slowly ascends the vital sap, by force
 Absorbent drawn; now here and there appear
 The tender buds, and speak the summer near;
 And now the fresh unfolding leaves adorn,
 With a gay vail of green, the spiky thorn.

The summer dawns, and now the potent ray
 Exalts thy sweets, and calls thee forth to day;
 In fragrance rich, in loveliest colours clad,
 Thy glowing bosom to the sunbeam spread,
 Charm'd we behold thee; grateful odours rise,
 And on soft-swellling gales ascend the skies.
 Beauteous all o'er the lowly shrub is seen;
 The crimson blossom, and the foliage green,

Smiling with sweet diversity appear,
The brightest glory of the blooming year.

But ah! dear short-liv'd subject of my verse,
Why fade thy charms while I their sweets rehearse?
Frail transient beauty of a summer's day,
At once I sing thy bloom, and mourn thy quick decay.
No more thy leaves drink up the morning-dew;
No more thy bright vermilion taint we view;
No more a grateful fragrance canst thou boast;
Useless thou ly'st, thy every glory lost.

Sweet flower! in thy decay too plain I see
Th' inevitable fate that waits on me.
Yet some poor minutes hence, (the powers divine
Can tell how many), and thy fate is mine.
Should lively vigour for a while remain,
Nor by pale Sickness hurt, nor racking Pain,
Soon shall Old Age this healthful bloom destroy,
And waste with rigid hand life's every joy;
Youth's pleasing follies, Love's sweet cares be o'er,
And the once-tuneful Muse inspire no more;
Feebler each pulse, and fainter every breath,
Till, with victorious hand, impartial Death,
Severely kind, stop short the doubtful strife,
And terminate the long disease of life.

Thou too, my Celia, dear, adored maid!
Even thou (a lovelier though the gods ne'er made)
Must yield to cruel Time's wide-wasting rage,
And feel the pressure of invading Age.

But

Come then, NARCISSA : for thy meanest praise
 -Is to be lovely ; to be good, thy pride ;
 The various beauties which indulgent Heaven
 With bounteous hand hath lavish'd on thy face,
 That gentle air, that elegance of form,
 And all the graces that around thee wait,
 Are little to the glories of thy mind.
 On that fair theme enamour'd let me dwell ;
 With sacred pleasure mark each lovely charm,
 Adoring ev'ry bright perfection there ;
 Thought just and pure, sense solid and refin'd,
 Adorn'd with all that's lively, sweet, and gay.
 Licentious Folly hence, abash'd, retires,
 While Cheerfulness serene, and decent Joy,
 For ever in NARCISSA's presence dwell.

See, my sweet patroness ! o'er all the east
 The jovial morn spreads out her rosy charms ;
 Soon will the bright effulgent god of day
 Appear in all the radiant pomp of light :
 Even now the summit of yon verdant hill,
 His welcome ray gilds with celestial gold ;
 Advancing slowly to the humbler plain,
 To kiss the flowers enamour'd of his beam :
 To see Aurora's blush, to tread the green,
 Glitt'ring with pearly dew, to hear the voice
 Of early harmony from every grove,
 The fair-one's bloom not lessens, but exalts.

In social converse, gentle, sweet, and pure,
 That lifts the soul to heav'n, involved deep,

Together

Together let us trace the mazy road,
 Where the gay broom, and yellow blooming furze,
 Profusely pour'd o'er Avon's verdant banks,
 With mingling beauties glad the pleasant wild.

See where, deep-folded in their mantles green,
 Yon happy groves in full luxuriance rise !
 Shade above shade magnificently gay !
 Elysian scenes of rural joy, and peace,
 And innocence ; the ever-blest'd abodes !

See yon fair eminence ! whose verdant sides
 Are fring'd with woods, with herbs, and flowers adorn'd ;
 Its lofty head crown'd with those lonely walls,
 Sore shaken by the iron hand of Time ;
Yet, though forsaken, ruin'd, and decay'd,
Not the least charm of the romantic scene.

Quick let us pierce into the deepest shade,
 Where-e'er the noblest offspring of the wood,
 The stately ash, Jove's venerable oak,
 The birch that sweetly scents the ambient air,
 Extended wide o'er either lofty bank,
 With mingling boughs, improve the sacred gloom.

Here its broad shade the hazle-bush displays,
 And fragrant flowers each lowly shrub adorns
 Where-e'er the void admits the solar ray ;
 And o'er the summit of the rugged rock,
 That bounds the channel of the murm'ring stream,

With

With snowy blossoms smiles the prickly thorn,
And sweeter than Sabea odours breathes.

Beneath the covert of th' umbrageous wood,
In sweet obscurity fair Avon flows ;
No more inglorious, would the muse bestow
A genius equal to NARCISSA's charms.
Perch'd on the bough projecting o'er the stream,
Or in the centre of the grove imbower'd,
The feather'd tribes pour forth the copious song
With artless melody ; the balmy air
Is full of softness, harmony, and love.

Here bounteous Flora purples o'er the wild,
Scatt'ring her beauties with a lib'ral hand :
Here the wild rose, or white or crimson stain'd,
Its sweetness breathes ; and there columbines rise,
With deep cerulean ting'd, or snowy fair :
Gay pinks and daisies here ; the humble stalk
On which erewhile the yellow primrose grew.
Of herbs and flowers what multitudes beside,
By bounteous Nature's unconstrained hand
Planted, and cherish'd by her tender care,
In sweet confusion blend their various charms ?

In conscious triumph here the goddess reigns :
In rude magnificence, and native glory,
Exulting, awfully retir'd she dwells,
And laughs at all that mimic Art can do.

Why nam'd I Nature ? Nature's sov'reign Lord

I meant to sing, perfection's glorious source!
 Who, self-existent, from eternity,
 With matchless wisdom laid th' illustrious plan
 Of future worlds; whose all-creating word
 Call'd them to being; whose almighty nod
 Directs their fate; whose goodness infinite
 Extends to all; in which they all are blest'd.

The serious moral strain NARCISSA loves;
 Then look on Nature with a moral eye:
 See God's own hand this sweet recess adorn
 With all the beauties that around us smile!
 He with his colours paints the blushing rose;
 His heavenly breath perfumes the zephyr's wing,
 And gives their fragrance to th' ambrosial flowers.
 See in yon rock magnificent his throne!
 The song melodious from each bloomy spray,
 Is but the voice of God: the waving groves,
 And all things round, the present God proclaim.
 For though exalted high o'er ev'ry power,
 In glory inaccessible he sits,
 And with his thunder awes the prostrate world;
 Though with his span he grasps immensity,
 Himself by none beheld or comprehended;
 In all his works his bright perfections shine;
 The thoughtful mind the fair impression sees,
 And rais'd to heav'n, loves, wonders, and adores.

Now from his flaming throne the lord of day
 Pours an incessant blaze of glory down;
 Now let us seek some peaceful cool retreat,

Where

Where the thick boughs exclude the fervid ray;
 And see! yon silvan bow'r, by Nature's hand
 Form'd on the bosom of the lofty rock,
 Invites our steps. Stretching from either side,
 The mingling branches, close-embracing, raise
 High over head a verdant canopy.
 On either hand the wanton ivy forms
 A shining wall, with many a flower inlaid:
 The fragrant woodbine here its sweets unfolds;
 Round trees and shrubs it twines with strict embrace,
 And makes them gay with beauties not their own.

Down the steep rock descends the lucid rill,
 And, gently murm'ring, pours the silver tide
 In many a little cataract; below
 The glassy pool in its fair bosom shows
 The various beauties of the happy scene.

Here might the virgin goddess of the woods
 Delight to dwell; but while NARCISSA deigns
 To visit oft with me this calm retreat,
 Not all the glories which on Cynthus' brow,
 Or on Eurota's banks Diana loves,
 Shall this excel; nor shall the lovely maid
 Be less a goddess, less ador'd than she.

To walk is pleasure and instruction too;
 Oft-times, NARCISSA, while gay Summer spreads
 Her various charms abroad, let us enjoy
 Such happiness; 'tis the best source of health;
 And brightens all the powers of the soul;

Refines the passions; softens and improves
The tender feelings of the noble mind.

O let me fondly strive to imitate
Thy spotless goodness, purity, and truth,
And all the virtues which thou lov'st so well!

With thee no sorrow shall invade my breast;
Nor vice nor folly shall inhabit there,
But sacred innocence and pure delight.

The grateful fragrance of the breathing morn,
The shade while glows the fierce meridian blaze,
The milder beauties of the humid eve,
With thee are full of glory, full of joy.

F

To

TO CHLOE.

A S O N G.

Tune, *The Birks of Invermay.*

By the same.

TO thee, my fair, the muses sing;
 To thee the grateful tribute bring;
 Kindly accept my solemn lays,
 That yield instruction more than praise.
 Fair Summer, and her smiling train,
 Even now forsakes the naked plain;
 The blooming glories of the year,
 No more, my Chloe, 'now appear;
 No more the lily charms the eye;
 No roses blush with scarlet dye;
 They with their seasons pass away,
 Sad emblems of our own decay:
 For blooming Youth must shortly yield,
 To wasting Age, the varying field;
 Each lovely charm, each sprightly joy,
 Voracious Time will soon destroy.
 Ah, mournful thought! where shall he find
 Some sweet supporter of the mind?
 Where shall the sov'reign balm be found,
 With power to heal the bleeding wound?

Virtue the sacred cure supplies;
 She ever lives though Beauty dies;
 The lovely soul which Virtue warms
 Can please with everlasting charms.

Ev'n thou, ah me! delightful maid,
 And all thy beauty's charms must fade;
 But not my love, while still I find
 A brighter glory in thy mind.
 'Tis that which makes thee heav'nly fair;
 That glory Time can ne'er impair:
 While that continues I shall be
 Bless'd in my love, and true to thee.

Then let us taste, my charming Chloe,
 Each pure delight, each virtuous joy;
 And seize the moments kindly given,
 To bless our love, by bounteous Heav'n.
 Let Innocence crown every day,
 And drive each gloomy thought away:
 Virtue, dear fav'rite of the sky,
 Nor scorns to live, nor fears to die.

On seeing a young LADY at a distance,
and unacquainted.

By the same.

SEE how Saphira 'mid the croud appears !
Around her all the loves and graces play ;
Thus, o'er the lowly weeds the lily rears
Its virgin head, with snowy beauty gay :
Too much, bright maid ! the distant prospect warms ;
Then what's the present influence of thy charms ?

So from the rosy portals of the morn,
Cloth'd in sweet majesty, do we behold
The rising sun the happy earth adorn,
While heaven's pure azure flames with living gold ;
And from the splendor of his morning-rays,
We guess the force of his meridian blaze.

INDIF-

I N D I F F E R E N C E.

A S O N G.

Tune, *The man that's contented.*

By the same.

A Whimsical lover's a prey to each care ;
He's lost to himself, while he lives to the fair ;
He dreams all the day, and he wakes all the night ;
His sorrow is lasting, and short his delight.

The sparkling charms of the full-flowing bowl
Inspire us with friendship, and brighten the soul ;
Then pox on all care ! come, fill up the glass,
And round the blythe circle, my boys, let it pass.

Let my pretty Molly go round for the toast ;
I'm pleas'd if she's mine, and the same if she's lost :
As long as she loves me, I know she'll be true ;
And if she should alter — why ! so will I too.

Should she be inconstant, why should I be sad ?
'Tis time to grow wiser, and not to go mad ;
If generous and good, she will value true love ;
And the loss of a jilt is a blessing, by Jove.

In pride of youth exults the jovial year ;
 Again the groves put on their robes of green ;
 Again the pleasant woodland song we hear,
 And Nature in her fairest form is seen.

Along the bank of the sweet-winding stream,
 With many an herb adorn'd, and fragrant flower,
 Beneath declining Phebus' soften'd beam
 Oft wandering, I enjoy the sober hour.

The peaceful scenes dispose the tranquil breast
 To serious musing, and to thought refin'd ;
 And Contemplation comes, a heavenly guest !
 And pours out all her blessings on the mind.

Nor when the gentle sov'reign of the night,
 With her mild beam relumes th' æthereal blue,
 Will I decline to hail her sober light,
 As with soft steps I print th' ambrosial dew.

Let Mem'ry then recal some tuneful page,
 And warm the soul with extasy divine ;
 Or let the moral thought my heart engage,
 And sacred Wisdom's purest joys be mine.

Devote to Wisdom is the hour of eve ;
 She joys to see the world sink down to rest ;
 The faithless passions then no more deceive ;
 The cares of day no more distract the breast.

But ah ! while all around is joy and peace,
 Why heaves my bosom with that tender sigh ?
 Why faints my longing heart ? and why not cease
 The tears to start spontaneous from my eye ?

What wants there to adorn the happy year ?
 And what to charm the anxious soul to rest ?—
 Alas ! my dear NARCISSA is not here :
 Tell me, ye lovers, can I then be blest ?

For thee, sweet maid ! I sigh and wish in vain ;
 To the dear name attune the plaintive lay :
 In vain does Beauty purple o'er the plain ;
 In vain the flowers are sweet, the groves are gay.

No more the glowing scene my bosom warms ;
 No more the vernal song delights my ear ;
 Thy absence throws a veil o'er Nature's charms,
 And lessens every glory of the year.

Short and uncertain is our ev'ry joy ;
 Oft transient pleasure ends in lasting wo ;
 Hence from the friend's, and from the lover's eye,
 The lustre fades, the tears incessant flow.

Is there a blessing that I yet can taste ?
 Let happiness for ever wait on thee :
 Be ever gracious, and be ever blest ;
 Be ever kind ; and Oh ! remember me.

The L A R K S.

An E L E G Y.

Occasioned by seeing two that were shot.

By the same.

SURE triple brags involv'd his cruel heart,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's wo,
 Who mark'd you victims to his impious art,
 And saw your guiltless blood unpity'd flow.

O'er him, while yet he in his cradle lay,
 With fond delight no happy parent hung;
 Ne'er did his smiles a mother's pain repay,
 Or gentle word drop from his lisping tongue.

His gloomy soul no fair idea charm'd;
 To him was precious wisdom never dear;
 His heart the love of virtue never warm'd;
 For suff'ring worth he never shed a tear.

"Nor felt the transports of refining love,"
 Whose sacred power exalts the noble mind:
 Nor friendship's heav'nly joys e'er did he prove;
 His sordid views to his low self confin'd.

Unheard,

Unheard, at his inhospitable door,

Long might the wand'ring stranger shiv'ring stand ;
Perish, for him, the needy and the poor ;
For bounty never grac'd his impious hand.

In vain his country might his aid require ;

At ev'ry vein unaided might she bleed :
In vain, with silver hairs, his aged fire,
On bended knees might for compassion plead.

For soft humanity he never knew,

Nor social love could in his bosom dwell,
From whose dire hand the fatal vengeance flew,
By which the gentle pair unpity'd fell.

No more, enliven'd by the genial spring,

In gay excursions o'er the verdant plain,
Pleas'd shall you rove, or to the morning sing,
And with your music chear the village-swain.

No more amid the pleasing green retreat,

Sacred to love, your lowly nest prepare,
And, while affection makes each labour sweet,
'Tend your dear offspring with unwearied care.

Yet shall you live while lives my humble song ;

If not in vain your sorrows I relate,
Perhaps some gentle breast may feel your wrongs,
And with a tender sigh lament your fate.

E L E G Y.

In the manner of TIBULLUS.

By the same.

LET him whose soul the love of glory charms,
 Purchase in fields of death immortal fame;
 Be his, when worn with toil, and old in arms,
 The victor's laurel, and the honour'd name.

Me, unambitious of the noble strife,
 Let gentle Ease infold with soft embrace;
 Let me in calm retirement lead my life,
 Amid the joys of innocence and peace.

Let him whom gold inflames with low desire,
 The precious mischief seek o'er land and sea:
 Should he the utmost of his wish acquire,
 Is he more happy, more content than me?

Does Sleep with sweeter slumber seal his eyes,
 Or Fancy blefs him with more pleasant dreams?
 Or does the Morn with ruddier glory rise,
 And round his head diffuse her fairer beams?

Or

'Tis Britain's genius!—O'er her fallen son,
 Dissolv'd in grief, the lovely mourner stands;
 Forgets the glory by the hero won,
 And with vain sighs his precious life demands.

Low in the dust the graceful warrior lies;
 Cold is that breast which glow'd with martial flame;
 Eternal slumber seals his weary'd eyes;
 No more they sparkle with the hopes of fame.

Ah! what avails thee, number'd with the dead,
 That fair ambition which thy soul did move?
 Now life, with all its transient joys, is fled;
 The charms of glory, and the sweets of love.

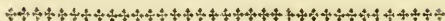
From Death's cold hand could valour save the brave,
 O WOLFE! thy country should not mourn thy fate;
 Could patriot virtue rescue from the grave,
 The Muse should not with tears thy doom relate.

Yet 'mid the tears that wet thy sacred tomb,
 Let her, well-pleas'd, in strains of triumph tell,
 Though snatch'd from life while in its fairest bloom,
 None ever liv'd too short, who dy'd so well.

Long shall Britannia, weeping, speak thy fame;
 Thy early fate the good and brave shall mourn,
 And, ever grateful to thy honour'd name,
 Pour out their pious sorrows o'er thy urn.

When, ages hence, this song is known no more,
Who haply walk among the mighty dead,
Shall say, while they thy noble fate deplore,
And with soft steps the hallow'd mould they tread:

“ Britannia’s great avenger here is laid ;
 “ Obedient to his injur’d country’s call,
 “ For her he fought, he conquer’d, and he bled ;
 “ Great in his life, and glorious in his fall.”



E L E G Y.

T O V E N U S.

By the same.

GAY Venus, gentle queen of soft desire!
Oft have I bended at thy sacred shrine;
Oft did my earnest vows of thee require
(’Twas all I wish’d) to call my Delia mine.

But now the dear delusion charms no more,
I know thee deaf to my neglected pray'r;
Now ev'ry joy and ev'ry hope is o'er,
And all behind is sorrow and despair.

Why

Why should I longer seek, with useless care,
 The fragrant myrtle, and sweet-blushing rose?
 And why the garland for thy shrine prepare,
 Regardless as thou art of all my woes?

Why should I worship her who scorns my vow,
 And love the maid that does my love disdain?
 The giver of each tender pleasure thou,
 Yet all thou giv'st to me is grief and pain.

The venal lover wins, with easy art,
 His venal fair, or bears the loss unmov'd;
 While keenest anguish wounds the faithful heart,
 Or ill requited, or in vain belov'd.

Yet good and gentle is my Delia's breast,
 As Truth sincere, as melting Pity kind;
 Not she, but Fate, forbids me to be blest;—
 To Fate true Wisdom ever is resign'd.

Farewell, ye pleasing hopes, ye fond desires;
 Farewell, thou dearest cause of all my pain;
 Farewell, the tender song which love inspires:
 For life's a cheat, and love itself is vain.

E L E G Y.

By Mr A. E.

WHEN late I panted for the warlike field,
 A name in arms my first and great desire,
 How little did I think so soon to yield
 My heart, with glory smit, to Love's soft fire ?

But what avails the firmly-fix'd design,
 The most tenacious rule the breast can hold,
 Since mighty Love can give the soul to pine,
 And melt in langour down the warrior bold ?

I'll change the shrill-voic'd instruments of death,
 No more the trumpet's sound shall stir each vein ;
 But in its stead the shepherd's pipe I'll breathe,
 And with my music chear the funny plain.

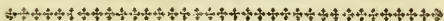
My sturdy arms, that us'd to wield the lance,
 Henceforth shall only learn the crook to bear ;
 I'll mingle sportive in the rural dance,
 And for a partner single out my fair.

Where dost thou wander, fond romantic swain ?
 Say, has the nymph benignant heard thy pray'r ?
 May she not leave thee with a fix'd disdain,
 To waste the softest notes of love in air ?

Ah,

Ah, when my breast distends with deep-fetch'd sighs,
 With sweet emotion will her bosom swell !
 Or when the tears stream constant from my eyes,
 Will kind compassion in the fair-one's dwell !

It must, it must ; her soul, to goodness prone,
 Will melt with pity at the tender tale :
 Hence, then, ye doubting anxious cares, begone ;
 Love's genuine soothing voice must sure prevail.



E L E G Y.

By the same.

WHile other youths play sportive in the shade,
 Or wanton float upon the waving stream ;
 Beneath some awful tree, supinely laid,
 I languish, mourn, and of Dione dream.

The savage maid returns no list'ning ear,
 No fond endearments sooth my soul to rest :
 My lengthen'd pains swell on from year to year,
 Nor does the prospect bloom of being blest.

She little knows the heart she does despise ;
 For its poor master's quiet too sincere ;
 How would it beat if Sorrow dimm'd her eyes,
 Or baleful Grief should cause her shed a tear ?

When cruel Venus from the deep arose,
 By fanning breezes o'er old Ocean roll'd,
 More rapid run the stream of human woes ;
 For then the fair first glow'd with love of gold.

If I revolve her avaricious mind,
 The voice of reason bids me cease to love ;
 But let imagination paint her kind,
 Adieu the voice of reason, can it move ?

Oft times, as, wholly lost in thought, I stray,
 Till deep involv'd amid yon grove of pine,
 Delusive Fancy there will find a way,
 To fire my breast with hopes she may be mine.

Still wayward Fortune may propitious smile,
 And bless me with a long extent of land ;
 The rising sun may blush upon my soil,
 And fertilize a waste of barren sand.

The floating clouds shall drop their softest rain,
 Fed by the genial sap my grafts shall grow ;
 Nutrition quick shall swell my waving grain,
 Before their time my laughing flow'rs shall blow.

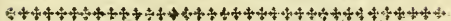
Then, then, my beauteous maid will bid me love ;
 My long-born pains, from that bless'd hour, shall cease ;
 While wild along the gale of joy shall move,
 The nights be transport all, the days be peace.

Where

Where was I lost ? intranc'd in perfect bliss,
 The real rapture has not stronger charms ;
 Almost as happy I with dreams like this,
 As if infolded in Dione's arms.

The visions these that wave before the eyes,
 Soon as the jocund sun leads forth the morn ;
 Gay, vivid, transient, like the dew that lies,
 With tinctur'd lustre trembling on the thorn.

But now, alas ! the fair delusion's o'er,
 Reason awakes, the gaudy vision's past ;
 Nought strikes my eye save the rude rocky shore,
 And the hoarse wave still murm'ring to the blast.



E L E G Y.

By the same.

CHerish'd by Fortune now my work's complete,
 My bleating flocks spread wide along the plains ;
 Their fleece flows graceful from Dione's feet,
 To wear the snowy robe my charmer deigns.

Each thing has flourish'd ; on the mountain bare,
 Now waving trees shoot out in branches wild,
 Their blossom'd sweets perfume the fluid air
 With keener odours since Dione smil'd.

How

How softly do the mazy streamlets flow,
 With pleasing murmurs, soothing ev'n to sleep,
 Did not the birds with notes, now quick, now slow,
 And sweetly-vary'd, still from slumb'ring keep!

Ah! who could sleep, when the melodious thrush,
 Or lark high-soaring, swell the long-drawn note;
 While in the vacant air, or on the bush,
 All Nature's music trembles from their throat?

Gods! what a change! does not each prospect please,
 That lately seem'd all gloomy, and all dark?
 Is not that tender heart now quite at ease,
 That once was thought Affliction's destin'd mark?

Tell me, ye sylvan pow'rs, what is this Love,
 That with a smile can thus our joys inhance,
 That, with a look, can ev'ry scene improve,
 Make the heart beat, and the light spirits dance?

Say, is it not a sympathy divine,
 That thus unites us to the graceful fair,
 When souls refin'd and gentlest minds combine,
 With faultless forms, and elegance of air?

Whate'er it is, I feel its fullest pow'r,
 Dione's beauties thrill through ev'ry nerve;
 The flame I'll cherish to my latest hour,
 Still be her slave, nor e'er from love will swerve.

Wrote in answer to a GENTLEMAN who
sent a LADY a present of LANDSCAPES,
accompanied with VERSES.

By the same.

POets and painters ever were the same,
And each have felt the like congenial flame ;
Nature's the source from whence they've sought applause ;
From her the poet writes, the painter draws.
Don't D——'s flowing lines as much display
The painter's pencil, as the poet's lay ?
In the descriptive song, the waving trees,
Low bend their leaf-clad boughs before the breeze ;
The setting sun before th' approach of night,
Gleams o'er the vale a yellow-streaming light ;
The rocks and woods seen by the glimm'ring ray,
Light float before the eyes, and melt away :
In ev'ry line the rich descriptions glow,
The rude rock trembles, and the wild winds blow :
Each striking scene assumes a livelier hue,
The rising flow'rs bloom fairer to the view ;
With gaudier tints the vary'd tulips spring,
The dew-drops glisten on the morning's wing :
If Niagara's cat'racts rend the skies,
Swift in the verse the foaming torrent flies,
Till in the depth below it glides along,
And sweetly murmurs in the poet's song :

Where yon pure stream keeps dashing o'er the rock,
 And by its fall in dewy mist is broke,
 She stopp'd: the fond remembrance of the place
 With pensive gloom o'erspread her languid face;
 While the light breeze just stirr'd the trembling leaf,
 The woodland echo'd with her piercing grief.
 Here let me rest, and view this tranquil scene;
 Ev'n here, ah me! how happy have I been;
 Fair rise the flow'rs that deck yon riv'let's side,
 And fair I rose, now fallen in my pride;
 For in this place I lost fair Virtue's name,
 I broke all bounds, and sacrific'd my fame:
 'Twas night, I thought no human form was near,
 No distant sound struck on my tim'rous ear,
 By breathing winds the woods remain'd unshook,
 No gentle murmurs issu'd from the brook;
 Enthusiastic Fancy, fairy pow'r,
 Inspir'd me wholly in that lonely hour;
 O'er all my breast there rag'd a piercing flame,
 A fatal love for Damon tore my frame;
 My bosom beat, my soul was all on fire,
 Love stung each nerve, I glow'd with keen desire;
 Imagination painted out the youth,
 Moulded by beauty, and adorn'd by truth:
 He came, and breath'd with such deluding art,
 The raptures of his sweetly-tortur'd heart,
 That I by such unusual passions tost,
 In that sad hour my fame and honour lost.
 'Twas happiness a while, swift roll'd the time;
 Absorb'd in joy, I quite forgot my crime.

But

But now, alas! he's fled, while, all alone,
I'm left in solitary wilds to moan.

Charm'd with the glory of a martial name,
And nobly burning with a thirst for fame,
He left those arms, in distant climes he roves,
Lost to Lavinia, quite forgot her loves ;
Regardless of the hapless pledge I bear,
The wretched cause of the still trickling tear.

Yet, yet I love him ; if I shut my eyes,
I pray that his dear image may arise ;
One fancy'd interview can cure my rage,
Renew my tenderness, my grief assuage.

Ye wand'ring streams, that murmur as ye flow !
To unknown regions bear the voice of wo ;
Oh ! bear it to the youth for whom I burn,
That may contribute to the youth's return.

And yet who knows but on some rocky coast,
Impell'd by driving winds, my swain is lost ;
Naked he lies, cast on the lonely strand,

No soul to stretch his corse with pious hand ?
Or grant the storm o'erblows, how pass his days ?
Through savage wilds or gloomy woods he strays.
Gods ! if I lose him, whither can I fly ?

Where hide my shame conceal'd from mortal eye ?
To some deep cave, impervious to the sun,
From keenly bitter Scorn quick let me run.

Oh, who can bear the taunting voice of Pride,
When Virtue frowns severe, and fools deride !

Yet why despond ? perhaps all-gracious God
Sends back the youth, and guides him on his road ;

Returns

Returns my swain agham'd of his deceit,
 By honour and by valour render'd great.
 But see the moon ascends, beneath her beam,
 The trembling waters shine with lucid gleam :
 Propitious planet ! dart your keenest ray,
 To light me homewards on my cheerless way.

Fragment of an IRISH POEM.

Taken from a literal prose translation.

By the same.

SAD ! I am sad indeed, my tears still flow ;
 Years linger on, nor small my cause of wo :
 Kirmor, you lost no son, brave Conan lives ;
 Daughter of Beauty, Annir still survives :
 Kirmor, your name blooms fair, on solid base ;
 Aratyne's the last of his unhappy race.
 Autumnal winds ! blow with your fiercest breath,
 And whistle loud along yon fable heath ;
 Streams of the mountains ! roar along the rock ;
 Speak, tempests ! in the proud top of the oak ;
 Swift through the broken clouds, oh moon ! walk pale,
 And gleam at intervals along the vale ;
 Bring to my mind the sad and horrid night
 (My son, how unavailing was thy might ?)

H

When

When fell bold Arindil, when Daura dy'd,
 When all my children fell, my greatest pride.
 As harvest-moons thou wert, oh Daura ! fair,
 White as the snow before it leaves the air,
 Sweet as the tender breath of broom in May,
 When through our glens the calm winds scarcely stray.
 Armor, in fields renown'd, with blood all stain'd,
 Demanded her ; nor was his suit disdain'd :
 O'er their firm loves three happy short months past,
 Fair hop'd their friends, strong wish'd it so might last.
 Erach, the son of Odgal, inly pin'd,
 His brother slain by Armor fill'd his mind ;
 Like the sea's son he came ; on the bold wave
 Fair was his skiff, fair was the shew it gave ;
 White were his locks of age, rude was their flow,
 And calmly thoughtful was his serious brow.
 " Fairest of women, Daura ! in the sea,
 " A rock not distant bears a waving tree ;
 " Its branches are extended wide in air,
 " And from afar the wild fruit blushes fair :
 " There Armor waits ; come, Daura, swiftly move ;
 " For me he sent to fetch his beauteous love."
 She went ; for Armor call'd : Armor ! she cry'd ;
 Save the rock's son no other voice reply'd !
 Armor ! my love, torment me not with fear ;
 'Tis Daura calls ; hear, son of Ardnart, hear.
 Fleet o'er the rolling tide the traitor fled,
 With smiles deriding the deluded maid.
 My father ! brother ! Armor ! help ! oh hear !
 She mournful cry'd ; it mournful reach'd the ear.

My son descended from the hill's steep face,
 All rough and manly in the spoils o'th' chace ;
 His trusty bow was grasp'd within his hand,
 Five dogs pursu'd his steps along the strand ;
 He saw fierce Erach, and he seiz'd him bold,
 A hide's thick thongs around his limbs are roll'd,
 Bound to an aged oak he loudly moans,
 He loads the winds with unavailing groans.
 Swift in his boat my son divides the deep,
 'Twas Daura call'd, Daura was heard to weep.
 The furious Armor from the beach dismish'd,
 The feather'd shaft, along the air it hiss'd,
 And sinking deep, no more his heart was fir'd ;
 He fell, and as he reach'd the rock, expir'd.
 My son ! my Arindil ! you timeless fell,
 And in the traitor's place I live to tell.
 Armor plung'd in, resolv'd to save the fair ;
 He lash'd the flood, his brawny limbs all bare ;
 Mounting the surgy wave, he left the shore,
 A blast o'erwhelm'd him, and he rose no more !
 Alone, and on the sea-beat rock, my child
 Was heard complaining, all her accents wild,
 Oh, loud and frequent were her piteous cries !
 Nor could her father's feeble aid suffice :
 All night her mournful wailings reach'd my ear,
 All night I harrow'd was with dread and fear ;
 Loud was the wind, and on the mountain's side,
 Hard beat the rain, hard beat the foaming tide :
 I heard at last her trembling voice decay,
 As winds i'th' mountain-grafs, it dy'd away !

O'ercome with grief, my Daura breath'd her last;
 Thee Armyne left with clouds of wo o'ercaft.
 When come the mountain-storms, when tempests fly,
 When the fierce north-wind lifts the wave on high,
 I sadly sit upon the sounding shore,
 I view the rock, and hear the sea's wild roar;
 The direful prospect feeds my troubled soul,
 Still guth my tears, still fierce my eye-balls roll.
 Oft by the setting moon I see the dead;
 Pale rise their ghosts, I think I hear their tread;
 Half viewless they together seem to walk,
 They seem in mournful conference to talk;
 Will none of you this stubborn silence break?
 In pity to a drooping father, speak.

Sad ! I am sad indeed, my tears still flow;
 Years linger on, nor small my cause of wo.

The STARLING, the CROWS, the FOX,
and the HAWK.

A F A B L E.

By the same.

A Starling long had rang'd the woods,
And long had skimm'd the waving floods;
A master in dissimulation;
For lying was his inclination:
No fawning minister of state,
Could ever match him in deceit.
He happen'd once his way to wing,
When bounteous Nature sends the Spring,
To swell, with vary'd sun and show'rs,
The early blooms and tender flow'rs;
Nigh where a grove of trees arose,
He lighted by a troop of crows,
And thus with specious lying words,
He strait address'd the fable birds:
For shame, my friends, what seek ye here,
When glorious carrion is so near?
This very morn the murd'rous knife,
Depriv'd an aged horse of life:
I saw the butchers plunge it in,
While tanners stripp'd him of his skin:
You'll find him near that rising-hill,
Away, away, and eat your fill.

He ended: Off at once they fly,
 Their pinions cleave the yielding sky.
 Old wily Reynard next he meets,
 Whom thus with shew of love he greets:
 Your humble servant, master Fox,
 I've often heard your fond of cocks;
 You grin, I see, and strive to blush,
 Observe yon barn; but, hark ye, hush!
 All in the sunshine of the day,
 Two gamesome young ones sport and play.
 Sly Reynard made a bow and leer,
 Then scamper'd to his fancy'd cheer:
 The self-approving bird arose,
 With such success his bosom glows;
 When lo a hawk of monstrous size,
 Comes sweeping down the azure skies,
 The trembling Starling bleeds, and dies.

Thus fares it with the modish youth
 Who tells you ev'ry thing, but truth;
 And strict Veracity defying,
 Humbuggs, a modern word for lying;
 Credulity pricks up his ears,
 And with a fix'd attention hears;
 Ten thousand Frenchmen newly slain,
 Lie breathless sinoaking on the plain;
 Our fleets too met upon the seas,
 And ours has beat the French with ease;
 Away they ran to save their bacon,
 Yet half a dozen ships are taken.

The wretch too banishes each tie
 Of nature and humanity,
 Delights to see the virgin's tears,
 When for her lover's death she fears;
 He thinks there's music in the groans
 Of mothers weeping for their sons:
 But soon as once he is detected,
 Each thing he utters is suspected;
 Each thinking mortal will despise
 The man who glories in his lies.
 Forbear the base unmanly guile,
 Ah! wound not others for a smile;
 Think on the sorrows that you raise,
 Embitter not the virgin's days.
 Say, can you hear unmov'd, her sigh?
 Or joy to see her tear-stain'd eye?
 Believe me, such a wicked part
 Denotes a mean and tainted heart:
 However, if you needs must lie,
 Avoid the next sin, perjury;
 There 'tis adviseable to stop;
 The cure's a pillory or rope.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

In the manner of SHENSTONE.

By the same.

I.

HOW could you deceive me, my fair ?
 How tell me you openness lov'd ?
 How persuade me my sad pensive air
 Was by you not disdain'd, but approv'd ?
 And yet the delusion had pow'r
 For to charm my whole senses away ;
 I gaz'd on you hour after hour,
 And to please fram'd the rude rural lay.

II.

While my soul was all melted in love,
 While each nerve and each pulse wildly beat,
 You a passion as strong seem'd to move ;
 Who e'er could have dream'd 'twas deceit ?
 When I fault'ring attempted to speak,
 My confusion was cur'd with a smile,
 You strove my fond silence to break ;
 Yet this was all meant to beguile.

III.

III.

How oft have we carelessly stray'd,
 While the moon feebly lighted the vale,
 And under the cool ev'ning shade,
 Prolong'd the soft amoroas tale?
 Then the wind could not shake the light leaf,
 Nor the river roll loudly along,
 Nor the nightingale breathe out her grief,
 But you fearfully clasp'd me more strong.

IV.

Those days are still fresh in my view,
 When I search'd where the violet blows,
 And tore from the spot where it grew,
 The briar, or wild-spreading rose:
 You was pleas'd with the trifles I cull'd,
 And urg'd to repeat the fond task,
 And still, though I frequently pull'd,
 You, frequent delighted, would ask.

V.

Now far other transports are mine,
 Far other employments I find;
 No more I your garland entwine,
 You oft have refus'd it, unkind:
 Each moment I pour forth my fears,
 Tales of wo to the woods I impart,
 Which, though oft interrupted by tears,
 Yet mournfully sooth my sad heart.

VI.

Now I see that Unfaithfulness reigns,
 That a fond constant nymph is a dream ;
 Deceit is found roving the plains,
 And winding along ev'ry stream :
 Of the change, ah, ye shepherds, beware,
 Nor trust the allurements of art ;
 Believe not the false smiling air,
 Since the tongue's not allied to the heart !

VII.

Farewell to the flocks I have fed !
 Farewell to the flow'rs I have rear'd !
 Farewell to the sweet-breathing mead,
 Where so often with you I've appear'd !
 I fly, yet I love you, my fair ;
 Perhaps you'll repent when I'm gone ;
 My bosom shall nourish despair,
 And I'll sigh that all pleasure is flown.

S O N G.

S O N G.

By the same.

I.

HOW blest'd is the man who supplies
 Each day and each hour with new charms,
 Whose heart, soon as one passion dies,
 Another as fierce still alarms?
 He never is troubled with care,
 No vexation to him are his loves;
 For he flies, or remains with the fair,
 As his suit she neglects or approves.

II.

But I, a poor constant weak swain,
 Whose heart is immoveably fix'd,
 Although I'm repaid with disdain,
 And my days are with pleasure unmix'd,
 Still faithful am found to one fair,
 Still servilely hang at her feet,
 Still vainly prefer my fond pray'r,
 Though sure a refusal to meet.

III.

How pleasing it is to explore,
 Each country and kingdom remote,
 Survey all the charms of each shore,
 And the beauties of ev'ry sweet spot !

How

How ignoble to breathe out one's days,
 On our own native bit of dull ground,
 Persevere in the same stupid ways,
 And walk in the same tiresome round!



AN ELEGY.

Occasioned by the death of Mrs * * * * *

By Mr BEATTIE.

STill shall unthinking man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
 On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
 Shall heedless Hope his tow'ring fabric raise;
 Till at Death's touch the fairy visions fly,
 And real scenes rush dismal on the eye,
 And from elysium's soothing slumbers torn,
 The startled soul awakes, to think — and mourn!

O ye whose hours in jocund train advance,
 To Joy's soft voice whose sprightly spirits dance,
 Who flow'ry scenes in endless view survey,
 Glitt'ring in beams of visionary day!
 Oh! yet while Fate delays th' impending wo,
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;

Let,

Lest, like the light'ning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Lest, thus involv'd in deep funereal gloom,
With me you bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frightened ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wife! beauteous! good! — Oh! every grace combin'd

That charms the eye, that captivates the mind!
Fair — as the flower just opening to the view,
Whose leaves the Morning bathes in pearly dew!
Sweet — as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
Fraught with the fragrance of Arabian groves!
Mild — as the strains, that, at the close of day
Warbling remote, along the vales decay! —
Yet, why with these compar'd? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
Why roam abroad, since still to Fancy's eyes
I see, I see the lov'd idea rise?
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek where all the graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, whence, mildly bright,
Fair Goodness beams on the transported sight;
That polish'd brow, where Wisdom sits serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien.
Still let me listen, while her words impart
Delight deep-thrilling through the glowing heart;
And all the soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

Adorn'd by thee, bright Virtue, Age is young,
 And music warbles from the falt'ring tongue ;
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 Touches the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Illumes the joyless aspect, and supplies
 A lively lustre to the languid eyes ;
 Each look, each accent, while it awes, invites,
 And Age with every youthful grace delights.
 But when Youth's bloom reflects thy bright'ning beams,
 On the rapt view the blaze resistless streams ;
 Th' ecstatic breast triumphant Virtue warms,
 And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms.
 Ah ! whither fled ! — ye dear illusions stay ! —
 Lo ! pale and silent lies the lovely clay !
 How are the roses on that lip decay'd,
 Which Health so late in vivid bloom array'd !
 Health on her form each sprightly grac'd bestow'd,
 With active life each speaking feature glow'd.
 Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky ;
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
 When lo ! a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Laid all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand that sooth'd Wo's weary head !
 All quench'd the eye the pitying tear that shade !
 All mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm, into the rankled soul ! —
 O Death ! why arm with cruelty thy power !
 Why spare the weed, to lop the fragrant flower !

Why

Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driv'n !
 Is Virtue then no more the care of Heav'n !
 But peace, bold thought ! be still, my bursting heart !
 We, not ELIZA, felt the fateful dart.
 Scap'd the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
 Nor blest the hand that broke the galling chain !
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 Doom'd on this midnight-waste to stray forlorn !
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw,
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy seas by endless tempests toss'd,
 And weary ways in wildering lab'rins lost.
 Oh ! happy stroke, that breaks the bonds of clay,
 Darts through the bursting gloom the blaze of day,
 And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar
 Where dangers threat, and fears alarm, no more !

Transporting thought ! here let me wipe away
 The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay —
 But ah ! afresh the swimming eye o'erflows —
 Nor check the tear that streams for human woes —
 Lo ! o'er her dust, in speechless anguish, bend
 The hopeless PARENT, HUSBAND, BROTHER,
 FRIEND !

Vain hope of mortal man ! — But cease thy strain,
 Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity profane ;
 Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, o'er her bier,
 In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

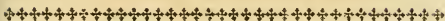
From the Italian of T A S S O.

AH me! vile interest every bosom stains,
 From mighty monarchs, down to simple swains:
 No more alas! to palaces confin'd,
 But reigns unbounded in the peasant's mind;
 Be then this age, pronounc'd the *Age of gold*,
 Since even happiness for self is sold.
 But thou, ignoble wretch, who first essay'd
 To charm, by sordid arts, the venal maid;
 Taught the young breast on hopes of gain to rove,
 (Fair faith neglected and unspotted love);
 Eternal curses blast thy hated name,
 Thou bane of life, of human kind the shame.
 For thee, no friend a monument shall rear,
 For thee, ne'er heave the sigh, ne'er drop the tear;
 To soothe thy ghost, ne'er shall the lyre be strung,
 Ne'er shall thy name disgrace the poet's song;
 When to the turf, where thy pale reliques lie,
 Some neighb'ring swains shall guide the wand'ring eye,
 Inform the traveller what vile remains,
 What hated dust th' unhallowed spot contains;
 No honours to thy mem'ry shall he pay,
 Nor peaceful *requiem* for thy *manes* say.

Nipt by the blasts of pestilential air,
 Ne'er may the rural verdure flourish there,

But

But horrid Winter stretch its dread domain,
And storms eternal desolate the plain.
'Twas Avarice first inverted Nature's plan,
And chang'd the happiness design'd for man;
Meanly corrupted love's sublimer fires,
And sully'd all the joys of soft desires :
But mankind still with horror shall behold,
The maid who prostitutes her heart for gold.



From the Italian of GUARINI.

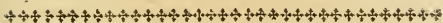
Dear happy groves ! where peace eternal reigns,
And solemn stillness overspreads the plains ;
Once more, sweet vale ! thy beauties I survey,
Hail thy hoar shades, and negligently stray
Where chance directs, or fancy points the way.
Here let me rest ! — and oh ! my fate incline,
To fix this humble habitation mine ;
Where genuine happiness, long sought, I find,
And calm repose, well suited to my mind.

Deluded mortals! who so vainly prize
Fantastic joys, yet solid bliss despise;
Possess'd of opulence, possess'd of power,
Indulge and still indulge the wish for more:

For what avails an old illustrious line,
 Or what the bloom of youth, or form divine?
 What though the joyous dance, and festal song,
 Pour their full tide of happiness along?
 With clust'ring vineyards, fertile fields conspire,
 To crown each wish, and satiate each desire?
 If discompos'd the wayward passions roll,
 And fair Content is banish'd from the soul?

What happiness attends the rural maid,
 In native charms and artless dress array'd;
 Alike unconscious of the ills that wait
 On Fortune's smiles or Poverty's low state!
 Poor but content: to grandeur though unknown,
 Yet freedom, health, and peace, are all her own:
 Her drink the pure translucent fountain yields,
 And health she gathers from the teeming fields;
 Nor vainly for a costly mirror sighs,
 While the same crystal stream the want supplies.
 Thus far remov'd from all that vex the great,
 The glare of courts, and insolence of state;
 Where War's rude trump ne'er sounds its dire alarms,
 Nor calls the peaceful cottager to arms;
 From noise and tumult free, and void of fear,
 All on the plain, she tends her fleecy care.
 Haply for her some swain transported burns,
 And she with equal warmth his flame returns:
 Blooms her fair form? It blooms for him alone,
 Whom love, untaught to feign, has made her own;
 While

While she the dictates of her heart avows,
 Nor jealousy suspects, nor violated vows.
 Together thus, in calm sequester'd bow'rs,
 They while away the pleasurable hours;
 Their passions, fixt and constant, glow the same,
 Nor aught, but death, extinguishes the flame.



E P I T A P H.

On a Y O U N G L A D Y.

IF worth departed claims the heart-felt tear,
 Oh stop! and let it stream profusely here,
 Where humbly lies what once had ev'ry art,
 To warm, to win, to captivate the heart;
 A soul to tenderness and softness prone,
 That kindly mourn'd for sorrows not its own,
 Yet, firm and resolute, did well sustain
 Acutest anguish, and terrific pain:
 Hence the sad source of thy lamented doom,
 Hence immaturely hurried to thy tomb.

Yet why complain, or why thy fate deplore,
 Since these fierce pangs distress thy form no more?
 Or why reluctantly thy life resign,
 Since now unmingled happiness is thine?

Yet

Yet will thy gentle shade forgive the tear
 That springs from honest grief, and love sincere ;
 Forgive the friend that tunes these plaintive lays,
 Sacred to thee and thy lov'd virtues praise :
 These all the honours we can now bestow,
 And these alone the soft'ners of our wo.



E P I T A P H.

THough no proud trophies of the great, or vain,
 No vaunts of ancestry, no venal strain,
 Bedeck this humble monument : yet here,
 Unbought, unask'd, shall stream the grateful tear ;
 Here shall the orphan mourn its parent gone ;
 Here the lorn widow pour th' unceasing moan ;
 Here Virtue's friends their tribute oft shall pay,
 Recall his various worth, and sighing say,
 " Oh ! he was mild, benevolent, humane ;
 " Though gentle, firm ; though delicate, not vain ;
 " Fond to scorn'd worth his gen'rous aid to lend ;
 " The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend ;
 " Possess'd of patience, when severely try'd ;
 " The Stoic's fortitude, without his pride ;
 " Whose nobler soul disdain'd the farce of show ;
 " Who liv'd unblemish'd, and who left no foe."

Though

Though now from hence by Heav'n's high will remov'd,
 Yet be his mem'ry honour'd still, and lov'd;
 While from this tomb each mourner shall depart,
 With mended morals, and a purer heart.



E P I T A P H.

For the Rt Hon.

MARY Countess of ERROL.

SOft! passenger! the moral lay attend,
 And life's sollicitudes a while suspend;
 Survey this tomb, with no regardless eye,
 And mark the place where ERROL's ashes lie;
 In whom her great ancestors merits shone,
 Though soften'd, and embellish'd by her own:
 Bless'd with each virtue that deserves applause;
 The form august, that veneration draws;
 The clear discerning head; the soul serene,
 Calm, and compos'd, through life's perplexing scene;
 Reason's strong force; Religion's purer flame,
 That mildly glow'd, still genuine, still the same;
 Averse to all the splendid toils of state,
 In private happy, and unenvy'd great;

Whose

Who, for whole days, sits plodding o'er a book,
 No algebraist with a sourer look,
 Slighting each joy that Pleasure would impart,
 Thought on his brow, and sorrow at his heart.
 Speak out, Darget, to reason canst thou bring
 A life so mortify'd in such a king ?

A king, ye gods ! methinks I hear thee cry,
 While the big wish sits sparkling on thine eye,
 " Would gracious Heav'n indulge me with a crown,
 The gods themselves should look with envy down ;
 No crabbed problem should my thoughts pursue,
 But beauty, ever kind as well as new :
 Would some well-judging people make me king,
 From morn till night I'd drink, and dance, and sing ;
 Search all them agazine of things below ;
 Is there a bliss forbidden kings to know ?
 Where-e'er their most fantastic wishes fall,
 Some ready slave anticipates the call ;
 Kings can condemn, or pardon, save, or kill,
 And make it peace, or give us wars at will ;
 Idols of earth, and fav'rites of the skies,
 'Tis theirs to taste new pleasures as they rise.
 Hail, happy state of demigods below,
 Where unimbitter'd pleasures ever flow :
 Hail, happy state of transport, and of rest,
 Where none but fools, or madmen, are unblest."

Soft, good Darget, let passion ne'er prevail,
 But cool inquiry hold the pond'ring scale :

Let's

Let's view those pleasures with impartial eyes,
And coolly trace the subject as it lies.

Fortune for thee has humbly dress'd the scene,
Metting thy pleasures with her golden mean.
Mediocrity presents the well-mix'd bowl,
To opiate every sorrow of thy soul ;
Not niggard quite, nor lavish of her store,
Has giv'n thee just enough, and nothing more.
What greater curse can Providence decree
Than indigence, or superfluity ?
Extremes are but the wayward tricks of Nature,
Or dwarf or giant, 'tis a monstrous creature ;
Ill dress'd alike the beggar and the beau,
Who shrinks in rags, or sweats in ermin'd shew :
Soft Peace for thee forsakes the kingly crown,
To wrap thy temples in her nightly down ;
While blest'd, without solicitude, or sorrow,
Thy taste of present bliss excludes to-morrow.

Too happy man, from ev'ry danger free,
That overwhelms the great, and presseth me ;
Too mean for envy, too obscure for foes,
The storms of censure lull thee to repose.

If when at home thy praise-deserving wife,
Forbears to stun thee with domestic strife,
At eve returning with fatigue oppress'd,
If she receive thee fondly to her breast ;

If no collected rheums invade thine eyes,
 If Dalichamp * with proper health supplies;
 What other bliss has Providence in store?
 Darget, mistaken mortal, ask no more.

Yet, as I speak, methinks I hear thee call
 My prudent counsel, declamation all.
 Talk ne'er so wise, and reason as I will,
 That frigid face looks opposition still;
 Condemns my fine description as untrue,
 And far more bright than nature ever drew.

Well then, we grant that Heav'n some pain dispenses,
 In making thee a king's amanuensis,
 Who oft for hours pursues the scribbling fit,
 And, mercy on us! takes it all for wit;
 Who fancies ready Fame prepares to hear,
 And echo back his trash in ev'ry ear:
 Then when the live-long page is copied out,
 Makes, Heav'n defend our hearing! such a rout;
 On stops and points exhausts his indignation;
A comma here has quite mislook its station;
And here a dash—and there a blank should be,
Hyphen! parenthesis! apostrophe!
That fatal period sets the sense at odds,
All must be copied fair, by all the gods.
 Thus damn'd once more to dress the page divine,
 You wish him at the devil every line.

* A surgeon.

If such the faithful portrait of thy woes,
 If such the source whence ev'ry sorrow flows,
 Come on, my friend, and let us calmly try,
 Who best deserves compassion, you or I ;
 Try what estate can best from sorrow save,
 And wisely weigh the monarch with the slave.

Yet, think I not intend to deck my rhimes
 With paradox, the blush of modern times ;
 Or smoothing falsehood with ingenious care,
 Give some exploded trash a novel air.
 The truths I tell, I feel them at my heart,
 Truths which even pride forbids me to impart.

Severe the task, and rigid is the school,
 And harder than all arts, the art to rule :
 The king, who winds through each detail of state,
 Who studies to be good, as well as great ;
 Who fills th' incumbent duties of his reign,
 Can only boast pre-eminence of pain.

On either side imposing equal laws ;
 Fixing determin'd dates to every cause ;
 If Justice over Discord would prevail,
 And resolutely fix the wav'ring scale,
 Behold a fiend that keeps the world in awe,
 Chicane, with all her hundred dogs of law ;
 Forth issuing furious from her dark abode,
 Spurns with contempt the legislative code.

But,

But, stranger still ! even those who disagree,
 Receive, dissatisfy'd, the quick decree,
 And with a fund of long debate supply'd,
 Judge from caprice the justice of their side.

Imposing taxes next require his skill ;
 Where each contributes fore against his will.
 Ambition's with, the courtier's lacker'd pride,
 Is by the grudging cottager supply'd.
 Whence each their different discontents express,
 One asks for more, and t'other would give less.
 To ev'ry tax while that avows dissension,
 From ev'ry tax this hopes a nobler pension.
 Each loud exclaims at each, yet all agree,
 To arrogate redress from majesty.
 Happy the king in lore hermetic school'd,
 Could he content them both by making gold :
 Yet happier, far more happy, could his laws
 Restore the commonwealth which Plato draws.

The hardy soldier next demands his care,
 And rigid discipline with brow severe ;
 The furious warrior, eager for debate,
 If unemploy'd, would overturn the state.
 By their prætorian bands, the Romans saw
 A venal empire, and subverted law.
 Lions of war, impatient to command,
 Themis must rule them with her iron hand.
 Yet not severity alone will do,
 But threats, and hopes, and sometimes flatt'ry too :

Their force together must united run,
 And all the hundred thousand act as one ;
 Compact the vast machine must learn to roll,
 A king, the central nave, that moves the whole :
 This to effect requires unbounded care,
 The half too much for one alone to bear.

“ Well then, at last, the catalogue is done.”
 Patience, my friend, 'tis scarcely yet begun.
 Cares follow care, and toils succeed to pain,
 I've shew'd a few, but hundreds yet remain.

The rights of kingdoms next his peace assail,
 His policy must guide the public weal :
 To rivals, friends, his conduct must oppose,
 And these demand restraint, and succour those.
 Thus ba'anc'd each European pow'r is free,
 All finding in distrust, security.
 If kings were just, and treaties were sincere,
 Small were the task, and light the statesman's care.
 But when contracting powers, by int'rest sway'd,
 Make politics a low deceiving trade ;
 When fraud, of caution, falsely bears the name,
 And turns to science what should make our shame ;
 When truth appears no more, but every state
 Abounds with men, whom crimes have render'd great ;
 Even Wisdom's self must learn to change her side,
 And combat crimes with arms by crime supply'd.
 Treaties with two-fold meaning well design'd,
 Must seem to fasten, and yet nothing bind.

Conventions

Conventions firm as zephyrs when they blow,
Must be prepar'd, and copied out for slow :
Hence genuine virtue no delight can bring,
Since crimes themselves are virtues in a king.

Few are the friends an hapless monarch knows,
His nearest neighbours are his greatest foes.
While these ambitious views in secret frame,
'Tis his to counteract each fav'rite scheme ;
And pond'ring how their words and acts agree,
Read in the present, dark futurity.
Thus, wherefoe'er he turns, whate'er he tries,
Dangers unseen, and disappointments rise.
As when besiegers, anxious for renown,
Advancing o'er the glacis of a town,
With cautious steps, and slow, explore around,
Nor trust their safety to the hollow ground,
Where many a death in bosom'd ambush lies,
And thunders long to meet their kindred skies ;
Such is the skill, and such the caution shown,
In disappointing mines that sap the throne.

But grant each duty done, alas ! in vain :
His thoughtless, thankless subjects, still complain :
In ev'ry science those expect him skill'd,
In commerce, laws, in council, and the field.
Those who are punish'd, blame his harsh decree ;
The prosecutors blame his lenity.
Is he for war ? From hence fresh clamours spring,
" Heav'ns ! what a curse, ambition in a king ! "

Is he for peace? "Our prince, in idiot state,
 "Fears the loud call that animates the great."
 Rules he alone? his caution each accuses,
 Who counsel wiser than his own refuses.
 Does he permit his ministers to rule?
 Then each perceives the monarch but a tool.
 Has he a fav'rite? all his weakness see:
 Without, 'tis mere insensibility.
 If free, despis'd; if ceremonious, nice;
 But gallantry comprises ev'ry vice.
 Vain, very vain, my friend, are all who can
 Hope for perfection in imperfect man;
 Their crowns, and globes, and thrones, and ointments too,
 Lift kings not one inch nearer heav'n than you.
 To fix a faultless monarch on the throne,
 Let sculptor Adam carve him out in stone;
 For none but such can 'scape each envious blow,
 Which Cæsar felt, and Titus learn'd to know.

Ask you, why Obloquy with angry frown,
 Still glances at the head that wears the crown!
 The answer's plain: for some, by nature free,
 Detest whatever checks their liberty.
 Others again, with smaller cause of hate,
 Envy the glitt'ring tinsel of his state.
 One to his friend in secret seems to cry,
 "Ah! could our monarch learn to think as I."
 Another openly: "Were I in his place,
 Things should put on a very different face."

See, to repair their shatter'd fortunes some,
 With siniles and bows, and long petitions, come ;
 Tell me, Darget, can such a king as I,
 Supply their wants, when Heav'n can scarce supply !
 Yet each refusal new detraction sows,
 And ev'ry hour procures increasing foes.

Secure in conscious rectitude to stand,
 To steer the bark with unremitting hand,
 When tempests rise and blacken on the view,
 To steer the bark is all that's left to do :
 Though envy his, and loud resentment swell,
 Be theirs to rage, and ours to govern well.

Yet think me not, Darget, resolv'd to spare
 One guilty monarch with fraternal care ;
 Perish, ye gods ! the prostituted lays,
 Which daub a tyrant with injurious praise.
 The honest muse shall ever learn to blame
 The herd of vulgar kings, unknown to fame,
 Pregnant with whim, or slumb'ring on a throne,
 And to no kingdoms dreadful, but their own :
 With such the muse declares eternal strife,
 Take then their portraits finish'd from the life.
 A vulgar king — But, lo ! thy looks betray
 A most impatient wish to get away.
 Thy wife prepares to chide thy late return,
 Thy cook exclaims ; the roast begins to burn !
 The very coachman thinks I keep you long,
 I hear him cough, and smack his angry thong.

Well,

Well, go thy ways; but first, this maxim know,
That all estates find equal blifs below.

The collection of poems, of which the above is a part, was openly denied by its royal author, when it first made its appearance in print. Whatever reason his Majesty may have for this denial, certain however it is, that none acquainted in the least with his writings, dispute the collection to be his.

A king who in this extraordinary manner undertakes to instruct mankind, does honour not only to himself, but to humanity. Though his motives for disowning these poems may be politic and wise, yet his motives for writing them are certainly laudable. Not led by the blind admiration which influences the croud, we may safely rank them among the few publications that do honour to the present age; and had they been written by the meanest subject, would have been applauded by all who are possessed of any taste, or who are pleased with strong and manly thinking.

But the genius of our royal author will appear in a much stronger light, if we consider, that several of the above poems were wrote during the course of the present war; and that in the hurry and confusion, the perplexities and cares, which necessarily must have attended him through so many destructive and unsuccessful campaigns, his Majesty should still find leisure for an amusement of so singular a nature. This shows a strength of genius almost without a parallel, a genius to which former ages can scarce produce an equal, and which the present age must, with astonishment, admire.

H O R A C E,

HORACE, Ode 16. Book 2. imitated.

THE weary sailor calls for ease,
 When winds turmoil the angry seas,
 And not a moon or star to guide
 His dreary course along the tide ;
 When half the sky in showers descends,
 And wind the gilded streamer rends ;
 Bless'd he, within the hut, he cries,
 Now bends in rest his peaceful eyes ;
 Or hears the tempest idly rave ;
 No av'rice tempts him to the wave.

Turn to the noisy camp your eye,
 There care corrodes, and starts the sigh.
 Shew me the man among them all,
 Who drove o'er Minden's plains the Gaul ;
 When Broglie's ranks at distance rise,
 And cannon murmur through the skies ;
 But would forego the breath of fame,
 And live at ease without a name.

'Tis not the sash, the gown, the robe,
 These gilded baits that catch the mob ;
 Or tides of flatt'ers at the door,
 Can paint with bliss the passing hour ;
 Or half the cares within controul,
 And calm the tumults of the soul.

Nor

Nor can the dome or lofty wall,
 Or guards that croud the tyrant's hall,
 With all their instruments of wars,
 Exclude the dark, invading cares :
 Around the bed of state they fly,
 And dash the guilty cup of joy.

More happy he ! whose guiltless mind,
 Is to his native fields confin'd ;
 Bless'd with his state ; and craves no more
 Than Heav'n allow'd his fires before ;
 Who sees his frugal table spread,
 Beneath the roof his fathers made ;
 No care, by day, disturbs his breast,
 He sleeps, by night, his brows in rest.

Whence all these schemes, this wild uproar,
 Since life itself shall soon be o'er ?
 Why do we with advent'rous eyes,
 See other suns in other skies ?
 Or pant where Indian billows roll ?
 Or freeze beneath the arctic pole ?
 In vain we fly destructive Care,
 The monster in our breasts we bear.

Go, then ; forsake your calm retreat,
 Cringe at the portals of the great ;
 Attend the gaudy venal train,
 Throw virtue off, to raise your gain ;

Or spread your canvas to the gale ;
 Or court the muses in the vale ;
 If still in sorrow you repine,
 Fly for relief to whores and wine.

In vain you fly from inbred wo :
 Care climbs the vessel's painted prow :
 Care haunts the palace of the great,
 And hovers round the dark retreat :
 Care clouds the fair-one's lovely face,
 And floats within the sparkling glass.
 Ev'n round the sprightly muse it flies,
 And taints the numbers as they rise.

If life you want undash'd with wo,
 Serene enjoy the instant now ;
 Nor ills you left behind deplore,
 Nor eye the giant-grief before :
 If Fortune shines, enjoy the ray,
 And smile her very gloom away :
 Let tempests sweep and billows roar,
 The storm of life shall soon be o'er.

Some perish in their youthful bloom ;
 With age some wither to the tomb ;
 Heav'n, as a curse, to some supplies
 The years to others it denies ;
 What can the longest liver do,
 But see a greater train of wo ?

Be yours in public life to shine,
With all the glory of your line ;
To rule the battle's noisy tide,
Or Britain's great concerns to guide ;
Teach virtue to a venal throng,
While senates listen to your tongue.
To me my fortune more severe,
Has only giv'n a mind sincere ;
A spark of genius to pass o'er
The tedious dulness of the hour ;
A soul that can a knave despise,
And eye the great with careless eyes.



HORACE, Ode 10. Book 2. imitated.

TO A FRIEND.

When tempests sweep and billows roll,
And winds contend along the pole ;
When o'er the deck ascends the sea,
And half the sheet is torn away ;
Shew me the man among the crew,
Who would not change his place with you ;
Prefer the quiet of the plain
To all the riches of the main.

Thrice

Thrice happy he ! and he alone,
 Who makes the golden mean his own ;
 Whose life is neither ebb or flow,
 Nor rises high nor sinks too low :
 He prides not in the envy'd wall,
 Nor pines in Want's deserted hall ;
 His careless eyes with ease behold
 The star, the string, and hoarded gold.

Unlike the venal sons of pow'r ;
 They rise, but rise to fall the more.
 When faction rends the public air,
 And Pitt shall tumble from his sphere,
 In privacy secluded, you
 Scarce feel which way the tempest blew.

Storms rend the lofty tow'r in twain,
 And bow the poplar to the plain ;
 The hills are wrapt in clouds on high,
 And feel th' artillery of the sky ;
 When not a breath the valley wakes,
 Or curls the surface of the lakes.

When storms on Fortune's ocean lowr,
 And rolling billows lash the shore ;
 When lov'd allies return to clay,
 And paltry riches wing their way ;
 The faithless mob, the perjur'd whore,
 That hover'd round thy pelf before,

Fall gradual down the ebbing tide ;
 Thy dog, the last, forsakes thy side :
 Retire within ; enjoy thy mind ;
 There, what they all deny'd thee, find.
 When Fortune threatens to fly, be gay,
 And puff the fickle thing away.
 Nor still it lowrs ; the tempest flies,
 The golden sun descends the skies ;
 The gale is living in the grass,
 In gentler surges roll the seas.
 But wisely thou contract the sail,
 And catch but half the breathing gale ;
 Be cautious still of Fortune's wiles,
 Avoid the Siren when she smiles ;
 With prudence laugh her gloom away,
 And trust her least when she looks gay.



The C H O I C E.

D ID Fortune, what to few she'll give,
 Allow me make my choice to live ;
 I would not seek an envy'd feat,
 Or daily visits of the great ;
 Nor yet would my ambition fall
 To meagre Want's deserted hall ;
 To each extreme alike a foe,
 Too low for high, too high for low.

For use, not shew, my house would stand
 Amid a spot of fertile land;
 A lake below; around a wood;
 Here bend a rock — there rush a flood.
 A mountain would in prospect rise,
 And bear the grey mist to the skies.
 When in some dark retreat I sit,
 Be near a friend, a man of wit,
 Of heart sincere and converse free,
 The lover of mankind and me,
 Who, should the world tumultuous roar,
 Could calmly see the storm ashore,
 Nor e'er admit a longing sigh
 To vex my privacy and I.

Here would I pass my blameless days,
 Belov'd of virtue and of ease;
 Here die in peace, and lie unknown
 Without a monument or stone.
 My friend might shed one pious tear;
 My image in his bosom bear;
 Might breathe, in verse, his tender moan,
 But breathe unto himself alone;
 I envy to the world my name,
 And puff away the strumpet Fame.

Written on a BIRTH-DAY.

A Las the years ! how swift they roll,
 How swift they fly to Death's dark goal !
 And let them roll, and let them fly,
 I die but once — and let me die.
 Arriv'd at last at twenty-two,
 What honours rise upon my brow ?
 What have I done to raise my name,
 And send to future times my fame ?
 No matter what — for this consoles,
 That fame is but the breath of fools.
 And what, alas ! a name can do,
 When I am cold, when I am low ?
 Shall I come back to hear my lays
 Excite the critic's after-praise ?
 Behold me quoted in Reviews,
 Or posted up to fame in news ?
 Let Fame deny or grant the bays,
 No censure I shall feel, nor praise.
 Why should I then destroy my peace,
 Or purchase fame with loss of ease ?
 But still the soft Aëonian maid
 Invites me, smiling, to the shade :
 “ One song ere you lay by the lyre,
 “ Myself my poet will inspire.”
 Away ! — I own your pow'r no more,
 Away ! — thou prostituted whore.

Your charming simpers, artful smiles,
 Persuasive voice and little wiles,
 No more shall cause me hunt for fame,
 Or seek that empty shade, — a name.



The MONUMENT.

IN vain we toil for lasting fame,
 Or give to other times our name;
 The bust itself shall soon be gone,
 The figure moulder from the stone;
 The plaintive strain, the moving lay,
 Like those they mourn, at last decay:
 My name, a surer way shall live,
 A surer way, my fair can give:
 In her dear mem'ry let me live alone;
 When NISA dies, I wish not to be known.

VERSES sent to a YOUNG LADY, with
some TRANSLATIONS from the ERSE.

BEhold, fair maid, what Nature could inspire,
When Albion's lovely dames confess'd their fire ;
When love was stranger to the guise of art,
And virgins spoke the language of the heart ;
When sweet simplicity, with charms display'd,
Confirm'd the bands which beauty first had made.

On rocks they liv'd among the savage kind,
But little of the rock was in their mind ;
They felt the call of nature in their heart,
And Pity wept when Beauty shot the dart :
Each maid, with sorrow, saw her conquests rise,
And drown'd with tears the lightning of her eyes.

When the lov'd youth appear'd with manly charms,
And call'd the blooming beauty to his arms ;
To meet his gen'rous flame the maid wou'd fly,
Nor did the tongue, what eyes confess'd, deny.
“ No toils could her from his dear side remove ;
“ She shar'd his dangers, as she shar'd his love.
“ With him against the chace she bent the bow ;
“ In fields of death with him she met the foe ;
“ If pierc'd with wounds, a mournful sight he lay,
“ With tears she wash'd the gory tide away ;
“ And

“ And decent in the tomb her hero laid,
 “ And as she blest’d him living, mourn’d him dead.”

In thee, blest nymph, indulgent Nature join’d
 The face of beauty with the tender mind ;
 In thee the present virtues we behold,
 With all the charms of Albion’s dames of old :
 But be their sorrow to themselves alone,
 As thine their beauty, be their woes their own.

Too oft, in times of old, did War’s alarms,
 Tear lovely Youth from Beauty’s folding arms !
 Too oft the early tears of spouses flow,
 And blooming widows beat their breasts of snow.
 But when the happy youth of form divine,
 At once the fav’rite of the world and thine,
 Enjoys unrivall’d all that heav’n of charms,
 Death late descend ! — Avoid him hostile arms !
 Let growing pleasures crown each rising year,
 Still be that cheek unfullied with a tear ;
 That heart no pang but of affection know ;
 That ear be stranger to the voice of wo.

When Time itself shall bid that beauty fly,
 And light’ning arm no more that lovely eye ;
 May the bright legacy successive fall,
 And thy lov’d sons and daughters share it all ;
 Thy sons be ev’ry virgin’s secret care,
 Thy lovely daughters like the mother fair ;
 The first in prudence emulate their fire ;
 The last, like thee, set all the world on fire.

The

The C A V E:

Written in the Highlands.

THE wind is up, the field is bare ;
 Some hermit lead me to his cell,
 Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
 With blest'd Content has chose to dwell.

Behold ! it opens to my sight,
 Dark in the rock ; beside the flood ;
 Dry fern around obstructs the light ;
 The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake I see
 The downward mountains and the skies,
 The flying bird, the waving tree,
 The goats that on the hills arise.

The grey-cloak'd herd drives on the cow ;
 The slow-pac'd fowler walks the heath ;
 A freckled pointer scours the brow ;
 A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curve o'er the ruin of an oak,
 The wood-man lifts his ax on high,
 The hills re-echo to the stroke ;
 I see, I see the chivers fly.

Some

Some rural maid, with apron full,
 Brings fuel to the homely flame ;
 I see the smoky columns roll,
 And through the chinky hut the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
 Two well-met hunters talk at ease ;
 Three panting dogs beside repose ;
 One bleeding deer is stretch'd on grass.

A lake, at distance, spreads to sight,
 Skirted with shady forests round,
 In midst an island's rocky height,
 Sustains a ruin once renown'd.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls,
 Two broad-wing'd eagles hover nigh,
 By intervals a fragment falls,
 As blows the blast along the sky.

Two rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide,
 With lab'ring oars along the flood ;
 An angler bending o'er the tide,
 Hangs from the boat th' insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
 On grassy bank two lovers lean ;
 Bend on each other am'rous looks,
 And seem to laugh and kiss between.

Though Pelops' wide domains to him belong,
 And more, Adrastus' eloquence of tongue;
 Though Fortune ev'ry other virtue gave,
 And yet deny the greatest — to be brave.
 And brave alone is he, who can sustain
 The wild confusion of the bloody plain;
 Can death and wounds behold with dire delight,
 And shady legions moving to the fight.
 For he alone a lasting name can raise,
 And crown his early years with martial praise,
 Who in the front of battle stands unmov'd,
 The bulwark of the country which he lov'd;
 And loving, prodigal of life, to die,
 Avoids no evil more than basely fly.
 His great example shall the host inspire,
 And thousands follow actions they admire.

He turns the phalanx of the foe to flight,
 And rules with martial art, the tide of fight:
 And when he falls amid the field of fame,
 He leaves behind a great and lasting name;
 His fire, his country shall with joy surround
 His corse, and read their glory in his wound.
 Both young and old shall sing his dirge of wo;
 And his long fun'ral all the town pursue:
 His tomb shall be rever'd: his children shine
 Through ev'ry age, a long-extended line.
 Ne'er shall his glory fade, or cease his fame;
 Though laid in dust, immortal is his name,

Who

Who never from the field of battle flies,
 But for his children and his country dies.
 But if the sable hand of Death he shun,
 Returning victor, with his glory won ;
 By young and old rever'd, his life he'll lead,
 And full of honour sink among the dead :
 Or with his growing years his fame will grow,
 And all shall reverence his head of snow.
 The higher place from ev'ry youth he bears,
 And age shall quit him all the claim of years.
 Who then desires to rise to such a hight,
 Desires in vain, if he forget the fight.



F R A G M E N T II.

YE, then, who boast Alcides' race divine,
 Be strong ; great Jove shall ne'er forsake his line.
 Aided by Heav'n no human prowess fear ;
 Exalt the shady buckler to the war.
 But, bent on fate, what danger need you fly,
 Or shun a death so grateful to the sky ?
 Ye knew the horrid work of arms before,
 The dismal shock of battle oft ye bore ;
 Or when you fled, or when the field you won,
 In each reverse to you is Fortune known.

For those who, in the front of battle, dare
 Fight hand to hand, and bear the brunt of war,
 But rarely fall. — Though dastards skulk behind,
 The fate they shun still haunts the cow'rdly kind.
 What mind can well conceive, or tongue relate,
 The ills unnam'd that on the truant wait?
 To shun his fate when from the field he flies,
 Pierc'd from behind, th' inglorious coward dies.
 When prone he lies and gasping on the ground,
 What shame, to see behind the gaping wound!

But, firm to earth, let ev'ry warrior grow,
 Strain his large limbs, and, lowring eye the foe;
 Let ev'ry shield, a mighty round, display'd
 From head to foot the gather'd warrior shade;
 Each vig'rous hand the spear pretended hold,
 When dreadful nodes above the casque of gold.
 To mighty deeds let each his arm extend,
 Nor dread the darts his buckler may defend.
 To distance let him not project the spear,
 But manage hand to hand the work of war;
 Shield clos'd to shield, advance th' imbattled line,
 Crest reach to crest, and casque to helmet join;
 When, breast to breast, are stretch'd the ranks of war,
 Hew them with swords or break them with the spear.
 Ye, whom no heavy panoplies inclose,
 Discharge, at distance, stones against the foes,
 And hurl with martial force the missive spear;
 But near the phalanx, shun the closer war.

F R A G M E N T III.

HOW graceful lies the brave man on the plain,
 Cover'd with wounds, and for his country slain !
 But ah ! expell'd from home, how mean ! how low !
 Through foreign realms to lead a life of woe !
 Strolling with parents sunk in wieldless years,
 A helpless wife, and infants drown'd in tears !
 Condemn'd to want and shame, him all shall hate,
 And drive the wand'rer from the closing gate.
 His form he shall disgrace, his race, his blood,
 By ills unnam'd and infamy pursu'd.
 Nor only is the dastard lost to fame,
 But, what is worse, to all the sense of shame.

But let us fight for Sparta while we may,
 Nor spare a life which soon must pass away.
 Collect your bands, ye warriors, closely fight ;
 Forget your fear ; forget inglorious flight.
 Let glory every martial bosom fill,
 Nor value life when foes remain to kill.
 Leave not the hoary vet'rans numb'd with age,
 Where burns the combat, and the thickest rage :
 What shame ! an aged warrior prone should lie,
 Transfix'd with wounds, when younger men are by ;
 His beard transform'd, his wrinkled temples gray,
 And breathe, in dust, his dauntless soul away ?

Who

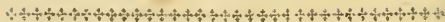
Who can his hands behold, with shameless eyes,
 Cov'ring his naked carcase as he lies,
 Decent in death?— But all things youth become,
 Whom Nature covers with her fairest bloom;
 Graceful, in life, to men and womens eyes;
 Graceful, in death, when on the field he lies.
 Then, once engag'd, let ev'ry warrior grow
 Firm to the earth, and lowr upon the foe.



ANACREON, Ode 4. translated.

ON beds of tender myrtles laid,
 Or meclot, supinely spread,
 I'll quaff the bowl; and, neatly drest,
 Young Cupid shall direct the feast.
 Come! fill the bumper to the brim,
 And heave away this load of time.
 This little wheel of vital day
 Shall shortly roll itself away;
 And when we to the dust return,
 How small our portion in the urn!
 Why should you then anoint my stone?
 Or earth with rich libations drown?
 No: rather let my sleeky hair
 The fragrant oil and chaplet wear

While yet I live ; with all her charms
 Call too my fair-one to my arms ;
 And Love, before from hence I go,
 'To mingle with the shades below ;
 Here let me dissipate my care,
 And leave my grief in upper air.



ANACREON, Ode 8.

BY night, on purple carpets spread,
 When Bacchus hover'd in my head ;
 In dreams I seem'd to stretch the race
 With virgins of the fairest face ;
 While taunting youths at distance stood,
 As fair as of immortal blood ;
 And ridicul'd me for the fair,
 But seem'd to wish themselves were there.
 Unheeding I pursue my bliss,
 And try to snatch one bakny kiss,
 When, all at once, the vision fled,
 And left me hapless on the bed :
 The promis'd bliss hung in my brain ;
 I turn'd, and wish'd to sleep again.

In answer to a letter from DELIA.

TWice has the winter vex'd the main,
 And twice the summer parch'd the plain,
 Since, absent from his Delia's eyes,
 Remote the hapless poet sighs,
 And sees the joyless seasons roll,
 Far from the charmer of his soul.

In vain, to shroud thee from my eyes,
 Or billows roll or mountains rise,
 When, diving in the secret shade,
 I see, in thought, my charming maid
 In all the light of beauty move,
 As when she warm'd my heart to love :
 Again her charms my soul surprise,
 I feel the lightning of her eyes ;
 Her marble neck, her hair behold
 Like winding tides of melted gold ;
 Still on her cheek the roses glow,
 Still swells her breast of heaving snow.
 The vision flies, delusive all !
 From what a height poor mortals fall !
 I wake to care — My fair no more
 I see ; — The winds around me roar ;
 Cold show'rs from fullen skies descend,
 And storms the lofty forest rend ;

I fly the tempest — leave the plain,
But oh ! from love I fly in vain.

In crouds wou'd I dissolve my care,
The peace I seek, I find not there.
My absent fair-one prompts my sighs,
And calls the tears from both my eyes ;
My heart beats thick against my side,
More swiftly rolls the crimson tide ;
I sweat, I pant, my ears resound,
And vision dimly swims around.
I pine, I languish in my pain,
And scarce does half the man remain.

I eye the maids, the soft and gay,
And wish to look my soul away ;
With other objects to supply
The fair, the adverse fates deny ;
Ill were my fair by them supply'd, —
Their form disgusts, but more their pride.
With haughty sneer they seem to say,
Away, dull impudence ! away !
You look, you sigh and weep in vain ;
Go ; woo some trull upon the plain.
With conscious shame I blush, I glow ;
My Delia wou'd not use me so —

A packet ! — 'tis my Delia's hand —
What would my lovely maid command ?
Am I my fair-one's tender care ?
Love me ! — What would you love, my dear ?

No fair domains of mine are spread,
 No lofty villa rears its head ;
 No lowing herds are heard afar,
 Nor neighs the courser at my car ;
 No pageantry of state is mine,
 I boast no nobles in my line ;
 My numbers are admir'd by none,
 Or by my partial maid alone ;
 No beauties on my limbs arise,
 Nor arm'd with lightning are my eyes :
 Love me ! what would you love, my dear ?
 A gen'rous heart — a mind sincere ;
 A soul that Fortune's frowns defies,
 Nor flatters fools I must despise,
 Is all I boast, my charming fair !
 Love me ! — what wou'd you love, my dear ?



A N I G H T - P I E C E.

TIS night : and storms the forest shake ;
 Dark roll the billows on the lake ;
 The whirlwind sweeps ; descends the rain,
 The torrents echo to the plain :
 Through desert paths forlorn I stray,
 And not a moon to light my way ;

No friendly star with golden eye
Looks from the cieling of the sky.

Here sounds an oak ; — there spreads a plane ;
Above, the rock defends the rain ;
The murm'ring rill o'er pebbles flies,
The wind along the bramble sighs :
A fox is howling on the rock,
A screech-owl on a blasted oak :
The passing meteor lights the vale ;
A spirit whispers on the gale,
Or beck'ning longs to breathe its care ;
And ghastly horror rides the air.

A ruin ! 'Twas of old the seat
Of heroes now resign'd to fate ;
Where often mirth relax'd the soul,
And midnight crown'd the rosy bowl ;
Where sprightly music swell'd the sound,
While blooming beauty tript around.
They vanish'd, as they ne'er had been,
No lyre is heard, no maid is seen,
No more the tuneful lyrist warms,
Death long since rifled Beauty's charms ;
No warrior's martial size is shown,
Time moulders down the very stone ;
With ev'ry blast the fragments fall,
And winds are blust'ring in the hall.

Unhappy

Unhappy man ! how short his date,
 He springs to light, and sinks in fate ;
 Ev'n from the womb, the tomb is seen ;
 And sorrow fills the space between.
 Bid paltry riches glut his eye,
 Or empty glory raise him high ;
 Bid him in wrangling senates glow,
 Or turn the batt'ry on the foe ;
 Yet, high or low, 'tis mankind's lot,
 To live in grief, and die forgot.

Go, on the stone inscribe thy name,
 And to the marble trust thy fame ;
 Bid half the mountain form thy tomb,
 The wonder of the times to come ;
 The mound shall sink, the stone decay,
 The sculptur'd figure wear away ;
 The bust that proudly speaks thy praise,
 Some shepherd's future cote may raise ;
 While, smiling round, his infant son
 Admires the figures on the stone.

A tomb its dreary honour shows !
 Three stones exalt their heads of moss ;
 A bust, half-sunk in earth, appears,
 The rude remains of former years ;
 Dry tufts of grass around it rise,
 The wind along the brushwood sighs,
 Now peeping from the cloudy pole,
 The moon has silver'd o'er the whole.

Here,

Here, hoar Tradition tells, repose
Two youths the dread of Albion's foes,
Of other times the grace and pride,
Who sav'd their country when they dy'd ;
But rolling Time has lost their name,
So faithless is the breath of Fame.
That light ! it issues from the cot,
Be grief suspended, — care forgot :
There Nisa for her lover sighs,
And rolls on night her wishful eyes :
Why has my ling'ring rover stay'd ?
I come, I come, my lovely maid,
To feast my eyes on all your charms,
And lose my sorrow in your arms.



A Letter to a YOUNG LADY.

When half the nation round Almira sighs,
And sense secures the conquests of her eyes,
Why bids the nymph a muse unknown to fame
To grace her numbers with so fair a name?
Or would the maid add lustre to my lays?
Or shew the world how weakly I can praise?

I left to other bards their groves of bays,
 And sacrific'd my hopes of fame to ease.
 Nor Delia's charms cou'd bid my numbers rise,
 Nor caught my soul the fire of Chloe's eyes;
 On Mira's cheek in vain did roses glow,
 And Chloris heav'd, unsung, her breast of snow;
 Almira only could my breast inflame,
 Were but my strength proportion'd to my theme.

Grant then I sung, what honour could I pay,
 Where ev'ry grace display'd prevents the lay?
 Thee first in beauty, sighing thousands own;
 And thou art stranger to thy worth alone:
 Charms after charms in fair succession rise,
 Thy wit pursues the progress of thine eyes;
 Each love-sick youth, without the poet's art,
 Beholds enough to rob him of his heart;
 The muse despairs to make thee brighter shine,
 Or give one beauty not already thine.

Permit me then, since uselefs are my lays,
 To give my adoration for my praise;
 With other youths, the pleasing pain to prove;
 Tho' hope, alas, can never lodge with love:
 Let me admire the charms I'll ne'er possess;
 And eye, in rapture, what I can't express.

ADELLA:

A D E L L A : A Poem.

BE sorrow banish'd, give not all your bloom,
 Thus to be prey'd on by the canker Grief :
 Go, take a manly firmness to your breast ;
 Ah ! stray not pensive by the lonely stream,
 And seek not by the solitary moon,
 The gloomy umbrage of the forest dark ;
 Too soft'ning for a heart surcharg'd with wo.
 Tell me, when all is awful silence round,
 Does not the deep impression of your anguish
 Bear with redoubled force upon your mind ?
 Trust not such scenes, but still at redd'ning dawn,
 Sweep with your hounds across the stream-fed vale,
 Burst o'er the hills, and plunge into the plain ;
 Then when the greenwood rings with joyous shout,
 While jolly echoes swell the clam'rous din,
 Let mirth and gladness twine around your soul :
 If this delight not, let your barbed shaft,
 Swift cut the air, and stop the flying deer ;
 Or ride upon the bosom of the wave,
 Dart the strong arm, and shoot across the surge :
 Hence shall your mind, and nerves new strength acquire ;
 For exercise improves the mental pow'rs,
 And lifts each languid burthen from the heart.
 Come, let the joys of sweet society,
 And mirthful converse, win you to yourself ;
 For solitude does still engender wo,

Deep.

Deep-musing Sadness waits upon her steps,
 Black Melancholy breathes her poison round,
 And darkens all the chearful face of day.
 Your cause of grief is great; but yet, compar'd
 With mine, seems lighter than the weakest breeze
 That gently swells along the summer-lake,
 Or scarcely stirs the tall tree's topmost bough.
 Much, much indeed, I've suffer'd; yet the hand
 Of lenient Time, the surest friend of Grief,
 Has melted down my keener sense of woe
 Into a not unpleasing sort of sadness.
 Perhaps when you have heard my sorrowing tale,
 You'll hold your pains in lesser estimation.
 If, whilst I speak, my falt'ring tongue should stop,
 Or the big tear should roll adown my cheek,
 Impute my weakness to a feeling heart,
 Too feeling still, though much inur'd to woe :
 For Time, my friend, although it softens much,
 Yet cannot steal us from our suff'rings quite ;
 But leaves a kind of luxury of sadness,
 On which th' unhappy feed. Adarmon, hear.

My fame, my fortune, and my ancestry,
 You know, and to recount them would be vain ;
 Suffice it for to say, there's none more great.
 Of hill, and dale, of rock-encircled plain,
 Of rolling rivers, and of black'ning woods,
 And bleating flocks, I amply am possess'd :
 The orient sun, what time with keenest ray
 He bursts indignant thro' the flying mists,

Disclosing first the high o'er-hanging cliffs,
 Next sparkling in the many-tinctur'd dew-drop,
 Sees not a nobler mansion grace the land,
 Than mine, which rises on yon green-slop'd hill.
 Twice twenty summer suns are now elaps'd,
 Since once, 'twas in the spring, a dreadful storm
 Defac'd the beauties of the rising year;
 Three days with force it rag'd, but on the fourth
 Was hush'd; with haste I left my early bed,
 The beach I sought, and mark'd the swelling waves
 In long succession rolling to the shore.
 As soft I stole along the cavern'd banks,
 My eyes wide wand'ring o'er the blue-ting'd main,
 Methought I spy'd, upon the beating surge,
 A human figure; in at once I rush'd,
 Clasp'd in my arms I brought it to the land.
 But guess, Adarmon, guess my strong amaze,
 When I survey'd the burthen which I bore;
 A woman! pallid, faint, and almost dead,
 But yet so fair in that cold marble state,
 With graces so peculiarly her own,
 That from that hapless hour I date my love.
 With tend'rest care I brought her to herself:
 Her eyes she open'd, blue as was the deep
 From which I had the happiness to save her.
 With trembling steps I led her to my castle:
 Much by the way she spoke, and wav'd her hand;
 The speech was all unknown; but then so soft,
 So sweet, so full of soul-enchanting sound,
 That all my list'ning faculties were charm'd.

Why

Why need I tell the progress of our loves?
 I quickly learnt her pure melodious speech,
 And woo'd her in her own harmonious words.
 Oh, 'twas a time of great and true delight!
 I strove to frame my voice to gentleness,
 To teach my steps a grace unknown before,
 And please, in ev'ry thing, the fair Adella.
 As once we walk'd, I eager sought to know
 From whence she came, and how the sport of winds
 Drove on my shore, I was so bless'd as save her.
 Behold, she said, where far across the main,
 Mix'd with the horizon, my country seems,
 Like low-hung clouds light hov'ring o'er the deep,
 There harmlessly my infancy was pass'd;
 These happy years too rapid fly away;
 At last, grown up, I hourly was besieg'd,
 By many a various lover, for my hand.
 Unhappily my father pitch'd on Merdin;
 Rich, it is true, but quite a blot of nature,
 Mismatchen, envious, and full of years;
 Unknown to him the elegance of love,
 The pure ingenuous sympathy of soul
 That binds in willing chains accordant minds.
 Oppress'd with fear, I brib'd a ship to waft me
 To a fair island where my brother dwelt,
 Who still has lov'd me from my early years.
 Soon as I left my rugged father's coast,
 The howling tempest rose; the rest you know.
 All yet, my friend, was happiness and joy;
 Day after day I stole into her heart;

She would not trust me in the lonely gloom,
 Where nods the forest, and where pours the stream;
 Whene'er I spoke, a crimson flush'd her cheek,
 A gentle trembling shook her tender frame ;
 Her voice, her ev'ry action told her love ;
 I mark'd the signs, and found my soul was blest'd.
 Now, now, Adarmon, comes the voice of wo :
 Why hangs the sweat upon my clay-cold brow ?
 Why rushes all her beauty on my mind ?
 Why fail my eyes ? why wildly beats my heart ?
 Alas ! this recollection quite unmans me :
 Yet let me make an effort for to end.
 One fated morn I left the fair Adella,
 And all in spirits tempted far the chace,
 Nor till the ev'ning crimson'd in the west,
 Did I return ; then judge my deep distress,
 When first I learnt that I had lost Adella,
 By lawless brutal ruffians torn away.
 I arm'd my vassals, and pursu'd the foe.
 Loud blew the stormy wind upon our coast :
 Stop'd by the gale I quickly overtook them.
 When Merdin saw his hopes of flight were vain,
 High on the deck the cruel monster stood,
 The fair Adella trembling in his hand,
 Thou ne'er shalt make him happy, loud he cry'd,
 And instant plung'd his sabre in her breast.
 Inflam'd with rage, I slew him on the spot :
 Poor, poor revenge ; he should have tasted death
 In ev'ry cruel form of vary'd pain.
 I rais'd the bleeding fair-one in my arms :

Her

Her languid eyes beheld me e'er they clos'd ;
 I heard the last faint murmurs of her voice ;
 She feebly clasp'd my hand, and smiling dy'd.
 Oh ! many a ling'ring hour since that I've wept ;
 The slow returning years still found me wretched :
 How could I ever bear her fatal loss !
 The stars that tremble through a summer-show'r,
 Ne'er match'd the heav'nly radiance of her eyes ;
 More snowy bosom never heav'd a sigh,
 More melting voice ne'er roll'd enchanting sound ;
 She pour'd instruction from her vermil lip ;
 Grace, ease, and majesty adorn'd her step :
 And yet the mournful parting I surviv'd.
 O'er ev'ry hill the voice of sorrow flew ;
 The gloomy shore on which the wild wave beats
 Has heard my loud complainings ; now they're hush'd ;
 Sooth'd by the hand of Time my suff'rings cease,
 My soul-embitter'd hours are now no more,
 Ceas'd the swift tear, and hush'd the deep-breath'd sigh.
 Know then, Adarmon, that your woes will end,
 Your folded arms, your pallid looks will fly,
 And pleasing melancholy will remain.

M O R N A : A Poem.

MY bursting heart is torn with racking pain,
 Black horrors madden in my raging brain.
 Narmon, you ask the story of my woes,
 What rends my bosom, whence my anguish flows,
 Why glooms oppressive darken in my eyes,
 Roll the slow hours, and blast them as they rise ?
 Oh, I am steep'd in guilt, am bath'd in blood,
 Despair pours o'er me in a black'ning flood !
 Morna I lov'd, Morna the beauteous maid,
 With equal fondness all my love repaid.
 Her voice was softer than the morning-gale,
 That sweeps with tardy step the deep'ning vale ;
 Her breath was sweeter than the breath of flow'rs,
 When all their scents are waken'd by the show'rs ;
 The blue that trembles thro' the whit'ning sky,
 Such melting blue roll'd liquid in her eye ;
 Her smile was genial as the wish'd-for spring,
 When blow the blossoms, and the gay birds sing :
 And yet I kill'd her ! hide me, mountains, hide,
 Or plunge me in a never-ebbing tide !
 Oh, bear me in a tempest of the wind,
 And waft me from this madness of the mind !
 Morna for me had long her love confess'd,
 And, often urg'd, had vow'd she'd make me bless'd ;

When

When lo, to blast our joys, young Rodnor came ;
 He saw, he lov'd, and quick avow'd his flame.
 The graceful Rodnor, arm'd with ev'ry art,
 To soften virtue, and seduce the heart ;
 His manly step was firm, erect, and bold,
 His shoulders were o'erspread with locks of gold :
 Yet was his breast a store of endless wiles,
 At pleasure he could dress his face in smiles.
 Distrust I then receiv'd within my breast ;
 The days seem'd long, my nights were robb'd of rest ;
 Suspicious and revengeful I became,
 I thought that Morna eager met his flame ;
 I thought I saw a mutual passion rise,
 Glow on her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
 Suspicion, deepest torment of the brain,
 The strength of misery, the soul of pain,
 Rack'd my torn hours, pour'd venom on my mind,
 Deaf to all love, to all compassion blind.
 I sought young Rodnor panting for the fight :
 He fled, with Morna, partner of his flight ;
 Swift as the lightning from the bursting cloud,
 When rolling thunders echo long and loud,
 I came upon them on the verdant plain ;
 The traitor Rodnor instantly was slain ;
 Fire in my face, and fury in my eyes,
 I heeded not the lovely Morna's cries ;
 Low at my feet for mercy she implor'd,
 Thro' her fair breast I pass'd the shining sword.
 I die, she feebly cry'd ; but, ere I go,
 Learn your mistake, and tremble when you know,

'Twas

'Twas with reluctance Rodnor I obey'd,
 By force constrain'd, and for my life afraid.
 She ceas'd; a paleness all her charms o'ercast,
 Faint, and more faint she grew, then breath'd her last.
 From that curs'd hour I'm torn with passions wild,
 Fierce seas seem calm, and winter-whirlwinds mild.
 Roll on, ye hours, and never end, oh Time,
 I'll curse myself with life to feel my crime!
 Bright Sun, behold a wretch in torture rise;
 Black Night, ne'er shut in sleep that wretch's eyes.
 When rising winds the waste of waves deform,
 When sounding forests bend beneath the storm,
 When all his tempests howling Winter blows,
 Bestrides the north, and drives along in snows;
 Fir'd with despair, I'll seek the savage scene,
 Where murder ting'd with blood the verdant green;
 My Morna's visionary ghost shall rise,
 Fresh from her wound, and glide before my eyes;
 To blast me wholly, curse me with a smile,
 And added tortures in my bosom pile.
 My bursting heart is torn with racking pain,
 Black horrors madden in my raging brain.

The fourth Pastoral of VIRGIL,
Attempted in ENGLISH VERSE.

By the Rev. Mr J. B ———.

P O L L I O.

Sicilian muse, sublimer strains inspire,
And warm my bosom with a nobler fire;
All take not pleasure in the rural scene,
In lowly tamarisks and forests green.
If sylvan themes we sing, then let our lays
Deserve a consul's ear, a consul's praise.

The age comes on, that future age of gold,
In Cuma's mystic prophecies foretold.
The years begin their mighty course again,
The virgin now returns, and Saturn's happy reign.
Now one of heav'nly offspring from on high,
Descends to earth, and quits his native sky.—
Thy Phoebus reigns; Lucina, lend thy aid;
Nor be his birth, his glorious birth delay'd!
An iron race shall then no longer rage,
But all the world regain the golden age.
This child, (the joy of nations!) shall be born,
Thy consulship, O Pollio, to adorn;
Thy consulship these happy times shall prove,
And see these mighty months begin to move.

Guilt,

Guilt, and its dire remains, by thee shall cease,
No fears henceforth alarm the world's eternal peace.

The son with heroes and with gods shall shine,
And lead, inroll'd with them, the life divine.
He o'er the peaceful nations shall preside,
And his fire's virtues shall his sceptre guide.
For thee, the earth her sweetest herbs shall yield,
And flow'rs spontaneous deck the fragrant field ;
Here wand'ring ivy shall its leaves display,
Acanthus there, in smiling beauty gay.
Homeward the goats with loaded dugs shall come,
The fearless herds with harmless lions roam :
Sweet flow'rs shall spring thy cradle to embrace,
The serpent die, with all his pois'nous race ;
Each noxious herb for ever cease to grow,
Assyrian balm on ev'ry bush shall blow.

But when thy father's deeds thy youth shall fire,
And to great actions all thy soul inspire ;
When thou shalt read of heroes and of kings,
And mark the glory that from virtue springs ;
Then shall the fields wave wide with golden grain,
Unbidden crops with plenty crown the plain ;
With purple grapes the loaded thorn shall bend,
And show'rs of honey from the oak descend.
Nor yet, old Fraud shall wholly be effac'd ;
Navies, for wealth, shall tempt the watry waste ;
Proud cities fenc'd with lofty walls appear,
And cruel shares the furrow'd glebe shall tear :

Another

Another Tiphys, o'er the swelling tide,
 With steady skill the bounding ship shall guide ;
 Another Argo, with the flow'r of Greece,
 From Colchos' shore shall waft the golden fleece ;
 Again the world shall hear war's loud alarms,
 And great Achilles shine again in arms.

When riper years thy strengthen'd nerves shall brace,
 And o'er thy limbs diffuse a manly grace ;
 No more the mariner shall plow the deep,
 Nor load with foreign wares the trading ship ;
 Each country shall abound with ev'ry store,
 Nor need the products of another shore.
 Henceforth no plough the fertile soil shall bear,
 No pruning-hook the tender vine shall tear ;
 The husbandman, with toil no longer broke,
 Shall loose his ox for ever from the yoke.
 No more the wool a foreign dye shall feign,
 But purple flocks shall graze the flow'ry plain ;
 In native gold array'd, the ram shall tread,
 And scarlet lambs shall wanton on the mead.
 In concord join'd with fate's unalter'd law,
 The destinies these happy times foresaw ;
 They bade the sacred spindle swiftly run,
 And hasten the auspicious ages on.

Oh, dear to all thy kindred gods above !
 O thou, the offspring of immortal Jove !
 Receive thy dignities, begin thy reign,
 And o'er the world extend thy wide domain.

See nature's frame exulting with delight !
 Ocean, and earth, and heav'n's unbounded height !
 See nations yet unborn with joy behold
 Thy glad approach, and hail the age of gold !

Oh ! would th' immortals lend a length of days,
 And give a soul sublime to sing thy praise !
 Would Heav'n this breast, this raptur'd breast, inflame
 With ardor equal to the mighty theme !
 Not Orpheus with diviner transports glow'd,
 When all her fire his mother-muse bestow'd ;
 Nor loftier numbers flow'd from Linus' tongue,
 Although his fire Apollo gave the song.
 Though Pan, in presence of Arcadian swains,
 Should try his utmost skill, his noblest strains ;
 Arcadian judges would prefer my muse,
 Nor would the god my victory refuse.

Repay a parent's cares, O lovely boy,
 And greet thy mother with a smile of joy :
 Of ten long months the tedious round she pass'd,
 While irksome qualms her pensive soul oppress'd.
 If cruel fate the parent's bliss denies,
 If no fond joy sits smiling in thy eyes ;
 No nymph of heav'nly birth shall crown thy love,
 Nor shalt thou share th' immortal feasts above.

The Fifth Pastoral of VIRGIL,
Attempted in ENGLISH VERSE.

By the same.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

Since you with skill can touch the tender reed;
Since few my voice or verses can exceed;
In this refreshing shade shall we recline,
Where hazles with the lofty elms combine.

MOPSUS.

Your riper age a due respect requires;
'Tis mine to yield to what my friend desires;
Whether you choose the zephyr's cooling breeze,
That shakes the floating shadows of the trees;
Or the deep-shaded grot's tranquil retreat,
And see yon cave screen'd from the scorching heat,
Where the wild vine its curling tendrils waves,
Whose grapes glow ruddy thro' the quiv'ring leaves.

MENALCAS.

Of all the swains that to our hills belong,
Amyntas only vies with you in song.

O

MOPSUS.

What tho' with me that haughty swain should vie,
Who proudly dares Appollo's self defy?

M E N A L C A S.

Begin: let Alcon's praise inspire your strains,
Or Codrus' death, or Phyllis' am'rous pains:
Begin, whatever theme your muse prefer;
To feed the kids, be, Tityrus, thy care.

M O P S U S.

I rather will rehearse that song of wo,
Which on the beech I carv'd not long ago:
(I carv'd and trill'd by turns the mournful lay).
And let Amyntas match me, if he may.

M E N A L C A S.

As slender willows where the olive grows,
Or leafless shrubs when near the scarlet rose;
Such, if the judgment I have form'd be true,
Such is Amyntas when compar'd with you.

M O P S U S.

No more, Menalcas! we delay too long;
The grot's dim shade invites my promis'd song.

“ When Daphnis lay extended on the plain,
“ By cruel destiny untimely slain;
“ The nymphs bemoan'd his death with weeping eyes,
“ The woods, the rivers, heard their ceaseless sighs.

“ His

" His mother came, and all distracted press'd
 " The clay-cold carcase to her throbbing breast ;
 " Frantic with grief she wail'd his hapless fate,
 " Rav'd at the stars, and heav'n's relentless hate.
 " 'Twas then the swains in deep despair forsook
 " Their pining flocks, nor led them to the brook ;
 " The pining flocks for him their pastures flight,
 " Nor herbag'd plains, nor cooling streams invite.
 " The doleful news soon reach'd the Libyan shores,
 " And lions mourn'd in deep repeated roars.
 " The woods and groves his cruel lot bewail,
 " And plaintive hills repeat the melancholy tale.
 " 'Twas he who first th' Armenian tygers broke,
 " Tam'd their fell rage, and join'd them to the yoke.
 " He first with ivy wrapt the Thyrsus round,
 " And made the hills with Bacchus' rites resound.
 " As vines adorn the trees which they entwine,
 " As purple grapes give beauty to the vine,
 " As fertile fields are grac'd with yellow corns,
 " And as the lordly bull the herd adorns ;
 " Thy godlike virtues thus diffuse a grace,
 " And shed distinguish'd lustre on thy race.
 " When cruel fate bereft us of the swain,
 " Phoebus and Pales left the mournful plain.
 " Now weeds and wretched tares the crop subdue,
 " Where store of richest wheat but lately grew.
 " Narcissus' purple flow'r no more is seen,
 " No more the gentle vi'let decks the green ;
 " Thistles, for these, the blasted meadow yields,
 " And thorns and briars over-run the fields.

“ Ye shepherds, strew with leaves the holy ground,
 “ With solemn shades the silver springs surround.
 “ These rites to Daphnis’ memory we owe ;
 “ ’Twas Daphnis’ last command when here below.
 “ Erect a tomb in honour of his name,
 “ With this inscription to record his fame.
 “ *With Daphnis’ name the swains this tomb adorn,*
 “ *Whose high renown above the skies is born :*
 “ *His flock was fair, he fairest on the plain,*
 “ *The pride, the glory of the sylvan reign.”*

M E N A L C A S.

O heav’nly bard, so melting are thy lays,
 Thy song such pleasure to my soul conveys,
 As balmy slumbers in the verdant shade,
 When weariness and heat the limbs invade :
 Sweeter to me thy sadly-pleasing strain,
 Than running riv’lets to the thirsty swain.
 To raise the vocal lay, to touch the reed,
 Your master only could your skill exceed :
 Bless’d youth ! your merit shall obtain a name,
 Equal, or second, but to his in fame.
 I, in return, your darling theme will choose,
 And Daphnis’ praises shall inspire my muse ;
 He, in my song, shall high as heav’n ascend,
 High as the heav’ns ; for Daphnis was my friend.

M O R S U S.

His virtues, sure, our noblest numbers claim ;
 Nought can delight me more than such a theme ;

Which

Which in your song new dignity obtains ;
 Oft Stimichon has prais'd the lofty strains.

M E N A L C A S .

Now Daphnis shines, among the gods a god,
 Struck with the splendors of his new abode :
 Beneath his footstool far remote appear
 The clouds slow sailing, and the starry sphere.
 Hence, ev'ry field exalts its chearful voice,
 Full of glad melody the groves rejoice ;
 Pan, with the Dryads and the Shepherds, sings,
 And ev'ry hill and ev'ry valley rings.
 The wolves no more to murder are inclin'd,
 No guileful nets ensnare the wand'ring hind ;
 Deceit, and violence, and rapine cease,
 For Daphnis loves the gentle arts of peace.
 From savage mountains sounds ecstatic rise,
 And shouts of joy exulting to the skies :
 The rocks, the shrubs, emit harmonious sounds ;
 Thro' Nature's wide extent *the god, the god* rebounds.

Be gracious still, still present to our pray'r ;
 Four altars, lo ! we build with pious care ;
 Two for the god of sacred verse ordain'd,
 And two for thee, O Daphnis, we intend.
 Two bowls white-foaming with their milky store,
 And two with gen'rous olive brimming o'er,
 Each year we shall present before thy shrine,
 And chear the feast with lib'ral draughts of wine ;

Before the fire, when winter's cold invades,
 In summer's heat, beneath th' embow'ring shades,
 With Chian wine, the sacred goblets crown'd,
 Shall pour the sparkling nectar to the ground.
 Demætas shall with Lyctian Ægon play,
 And celebrate with songs the festive day;
 Alphefibæus' steps and wild grimace
 Shall imitate the dancing satyr-race.
 These rites shall still be paid, so justly due,
 When we the survey of our lands renew,
 And when the nymphs receive our annual vow.
 While fishes love the streams and briny deep,
 And savage boars the mountain's rocky steep;
 While grasshoppers their dewy food delights,
 While balmy thyme the busy bee invites;
 Thy godlike name, thy honours and thy praise
 Shall be resounded in unceasing lays.
 Such rites to thee the shepherds shall ordain,
 As Ceres and the God of Wine obtain.
 To hear our pray'rs thou never wilt refuse,
 So gratitude shall bind us to our vows.

M O R S U S.

What thanks, what boon can such a song requite!
 Can ought in nature yield so sweet delight!
 Not the soft sighing of the southern gale,
 That faintly whispers o'er the flow'ry vale;
 Nor, when light breezes curl the liquid plain,
 To tread the margin of the murm'ring main;

Nor

Nor prattling brooks, that plaintive glide along
The rocky dale, delight me as your song.

M E N A L C A S.

No mean reward, my friend, your verses claim:
Take then this pipe that sung the fruitless flame
Of Corydon; when proud Damætas try'd
To match my skill, it dash'd his hasty pride.

M O R S U S.

And let this sheepcrook by my friend be worn,
Which brazen studs in beamy rows adorn;
This fair Antigenes oft begg'd to gain,
But all his beauty, all his pray'rs were vain.



The Tenth Pastoral of VIRGIL,
Attempted in ENGLISH VERSE.

By the same.

G A L L U S.

TO my last labour lend thy sacred aid,
O Arethusa! that the cruel maid

With

With deep remorse may read the mournful song;
 For mournful lays to Gallus' love belong.
 (What muse in sympathy will not bestow
 Some soothing strains in pity to his wo?)
 So may thy streams unmix'd, and pure of stain,
 Traverse the waves of the Sicilian main!
 Sing, mournful muse, of Gallus' luckless love,
 While the goats browse along the cliffs above.
 Nor silent is the waste; while we complain,
 The woods return the long resounding strain.

What grove, ye nymphs, was your conceal'd abode?
 What lonely lawn, or solitary wood?
 When Gallus' bosom languish'd with the fire
 Of hopeless love, and unallay'd desire!
 For not Parnassus' heights your aid restrain'd,
 Nor Pindus, nor th' Aonian spring detain'd.
 The pines of Mænalus were heard to mourn,
 And plaintive sounds along the groves were born;
 Kind sympathizing tears the laurel shed,
 And humbler shrubs declin'd their drooping head;
 All wept his wo; when, to despair resign'd,
 Beneath a desert clift he lay reclin'd;
 Lycæus' rocks were hung with many a tear;
 And round the swain his weeping flocks appear.
 Nor scorn, celestial bard, a shepherd's name;
 Renown'd Adonis by the lonely stream
 Tended his flocks.— As thus he lay along,
 The swains and awkward neat-herds round him throng.

Wet from the winter mast Menalcas came ;
 All ask the cruel object of his flame.
 The god of verse vouchsaf'd to join the rest,
 And thus : What phrenzy fires thy tortur'd breast,
 While she, thy darling, thy Lycoris, scorns
 Thy proffer'd love, and for another burns !
 With him o'er frozen wastes she wanders far,
 Midst camps, and clashing arms, and boist'rous war.
 Sylvanus came, with rural garlands crown'd,
 And wav'd the lilies long, and flow'ry fennel round.
 Next we beheld the gay Arcadian god ;
 His smiling cheeks with bright vermilion glow'd.
 For ever wilt thou heave the bursting sigh !
 Is love regardful of the weeping eye !
 Love is not cloy'd with tears ; alas ! no more
 Than bees luxurious with the balmy flow'r ;
 Than goats with foliage, than the grassy plain
 With silver rills, and soft refreshing rain.
 Pan spoke. And thus the youth with grief oppress'd :
 Arcadians, hear, Oh ! hear my last request :
 Oh ! you, to whom the sweetest lays belong,
 Oh ! let my sorrows on your hills be sung.
 If your soft flutes shall celebrate my woes,
 How will my bones in sweetest peace repose !
 Ah ! had I been with you a country-swain,
 To dress my vine, to tend my bleating train ;
 Had Phillis, or some other rural fair,
 Or black Amyntas been my darling care ;
 (Beauteous tho' black ; what lovelier flow'r is seen,
 Than the dark violet on the painted green !) ;

These

These in the bow'r had yielded all their charms,
 And sunk with mutual raptures in my arms.
 Phillis had crown'd my head with garlands gay,
 Amyntas sung the pleasing hours away.
 Here, O Lycoris, purls the limpid spring,
 The meadows blossom, and the woodlands sing;
 Here let me press thee to my panting breast,
 Till youth, and joy, and life itself be past!
 Banish'd by love, o'er hostile lands I stray,
 And mingle in the battle's grim array;
 Whilst thou, relentless to my constant flame,
 (Ah! could I disbelieve the voice of fame!),
 Far from thy home, unaided and forlorn,
 Far from thy love, thy faithful love, art born,
 On the bleak Alps midst chilling blasts to pine,
 Or wander wastes along the frozen Rhine.—
 Ye icy paths, Oh spare her tender form!
 Oh spare those heav'nly charms, thou wint'ry storm!
 Hence I will hasten to some desert grove,
 And sooth with songs my long unanswer'd love.
 I go — in some lone wilderness to suit
 Euboean lays to my Sicilian flute.
 Better with beasts of prey to make abode
 In the deep cavern, or the gloomy wood;
 On trees to carve the story of my wo,
 Which with the growing bark shall ever grow!
 Meanwhile with woodland nymphs, a beauteous throng!
 The winding groves of Mænalus along
 I roam at large; or chase the foaming boar,
 Or with sagacious hounds the wilds explore;

Careless of cold.— And now, methinks I bound
 O'er rocks and cliffs, and hear the woods resound ;
 And now with beating heart I seem to wing
 The Cretan arrow from the Parthian string :
 As if I thus my phrenzy could forego,
 As if Love's god could melt at human wo.
 Alas ! nor nymphs, nor heavenly songs delight—
 Farewell, ye groves ! ye groves no more invite !
 No pains, no miseries of man can move
 The unrelenting deity of love.
 To quench your thirst in Hebrus' frozen flood,
 To make the Thracian snows your dear abode,
 Or feed your flock on Ethiopia's plains,
 When Sirius' sultry constellation reigns,
 (When deep-imbrown'd the languid herbage lies,
 And in the elm the vivid verdure dies),
 Were all in vain : Love's universal sway
 Extends to all, and we must Love obey.

'Tis done—ye nine, here ends your poet's strain,
 In pity sung to sooth his Gallus' pain ;
 While, leaning on a flow'ry bank, I twine
 The pliant osiers, and the basket join.
 Celestial nine ! your sacred influence bring,
 And sooth my Gallus' sorrow while I sing ;
 Gallus, my much belov'd ! for whom I feel
 The flame of purest friendship rising still.
 So by a brook the verdant alders rise,
 When soft'ring zephyrs fan the vernal skies.

Let

Let us be gone: at eve, the shade annoys
With noxious damps, and hurts the finger's voice;
The juniper breathes bitter vapours round,
That kill the springing corn, and blast the ground.
Homeward, my fated goats, now let us hie;
Go home, my goats, the gloomy night is nigh.



A VERSIFICATION of the Fifth
Fragment of ANCIENT POETRY.

From the Galic or Erse language.

A piece in the taste of the celebrated Mr GRAY.

By a Gentleman of Scotland

Dark Autumn now assumes its fading reign,
The blue-gray mist creeps slowly o'er the hill;
Dark rolls the river thro' the narrow plain,
And from the uplands bursts the new swell'n rill.

On yonder heath there stands a lonely tree,
And there, O Connal ! thy sad grave is found ;
And still its falling leaves it strews on thee,
Still by the whirlwind born in eddies round.

Here

Here oft at twilight gray, or purple dawn,
 As o'er the heath the musing hunter hies,
 The sheeted ghost stalks o'er the dewy lawn,
 Or haunts the dreary grave where Connal lies.

Thy race, O Connal! who shall strive to trace?
 Or who thro' ages past thy fires can tell?
 As the tall oak torn from its native place,
 They grew, they flourish'd, and in thee they fell.

Mournful thy wars, O Fingal! 'Midst the slain,
 Where groan'd the dying, weltring in their gore,
 There Connal fell! the terror of the plain!
 There fell the mighty to arise no more!

Thy arm a tempest from the bellowing main,
 Thy sword a meteor in the ev'ning-sky;
 Thy height a rock, that overlook'd the plain;
 A glowing furnace was thy wrathful eye.

Loud as a storm, thy voice confounding all;
 Dire was thy sword, and eager to destroy;
 Beneath thine arm the mighty warriors fall,
 As falls the thistle by the playful boy.

As lowring thunder o'er the mid-day skies,
 Dargo the bold, Dargo the mighty, came;
 Dark was his brow, two hollow caves his eyes,
 Bright rose their clashing swords with sparkling flame.

Crimora— Rinval's beauteous daughter, near
 Her much lov'd Connal.— Could she stay behind !
 A bow her shoulder grac'd, her hand a spear,
 And loose her waving locks flow'd in the wind.

At Dargo's breast the fatal shaft she drew,
 Swift from her arm the mortal weapon flies ;
 Alas ! the erring dart her Connal flew,
 Alas, he bleeds ! alas, her Connal dies !

So falls a rock, torn from the shaggy hill,
 So falls an oak, the glory of the plain.
 What shall she do ? what griefs her bosom fill !
 “ By me is Connal, hapless Connal, slain ! ”

All day she wanders by some nameless stream ;
 Connal my love ! Connal my friend ! she cries ;
 At night the pathless vale by Cynthia's beam ;
 For grief, the lovely musing mourner dies.

The loveliest pair cold earth doth here inclose
 That ever slept within her clay-cold womb ;
 Alone they rest in undisturb'd repose,
 The green grass rankling o'er their narrow tomb.

I, musing in the melancholy shade,
 The rank weed rustling to the whistling wind ;
 Still mourn th' ill-fated youth and hapless maid,
 And still their mem'ry rushes on my mind.

A Poetical TRANSLATION of the
Twelfth Fragment of ANCIENT
POETRY.

From the Galic or Erse language.

R Y N O, A L P I N.

R Y N O.

Hush'd are the winds, and past the driving show'r,
And calm and silent is the noontide-hour ;
The loose light clouds are parted in the skies,
O'er the green hills th' inconstant sunshine flies ;
Red through the stony vale with rapid tide,
The stream descends, by mountain-springs supply'd !
How sweet, O stream ! thy murmurs to my ear !
Yet sweeter far the tuneful voice I hear :
'Tis Alpin's voice, the master of the song ;
He mourns the dead, to him the dead belong ;
Some heart-felt sorrow bends his hoary head,
And fills his swimming eyes suffus'd with red.
Why try'd, O master of the song, thy skill,
Alone sequester'd on the silent hill ?

Why like the blast that makes the woods complain,
Or wave that beats the lonely shore, thy strain?

A L P I N.

The tears, O Ryno! which alone I shed,
The strains I sing are sacred to the dead.
Tall is thy stature on the mountain bare,
On the green plain beneath thy form is fair;
Yet soon, like Morar, shalt thou meet thy doom,
And the dumb mourner sit beside thy tomb;
The hills no more shall hear thy jocund cry,
And in thy hall thy bow unstrung shall lie.

Swift wert thou, Morar, as the bounding roc,
As fiery meteors dreadful to the foe.
Like winter's rage was thine, in storms reveal'd;
Thy sword in fight like lightning in the field;
Thy voice like torrents swell'd with hasty rains,
Or thunder rolling o'er the distant plains:
Unnumber'd heroes has thy arm o'erturn'd;
In smoke they vanish'd when thy anger burn'd.

Thy brow how peaceful when the war was o'er!
Like the first sunshine when it rains no more;
Calm as the moon amidst the silent sky,
Calm as the lake when hush'd the tempests lie.

How narrow now thy dark abode is found!
Now with three steps thy grave I compass round;

Great as thou wert, four stones with moss o'ergrown,
 Thy sole memorial leave thee half unknown;
 The lonely tree, where scarce a leaf we find,
 The long rank grass that whistles in the wind,
 These, and these only guide the hunter's eye
 To find where Morar's mould'ring reliques lie.
 How low is Morar fall'n! alas! how low!
 No tears maternal o'er his ashes flow;
 No tender maid to whom his heart he gave,
 Sheds love's soft sorrows o'er his humble grave;
 Cold are the knees his infant weight that bore,
 And Morglan's lovely daughter is no more.

But who low-bending o'er his staff appears,
 Oppress'd at once with sorrow and with years?
 A few white hairs are o'er his temples spread,
 His steps are feeble, and his eyes are red.
 Thy fire, O Morar, is the sage I see,
 Thy fire,—alas! the fire of none but thee.
 He heard thy martial fame, supreme in fight,
 Of daring foes he heard dispers'd in flight:
 Of Morar's fame he heard, why heard he not
 The wound, the hero's death was Morar's lot?
 O! fire of Morar, still thy son deplore
 Weep on for ever, but he hears no more;
 Deep are the slumbers of the silent dead,
 And low their pillow in the dust is spread.
 No more thy voice he hears with filial joy,
 Thy call no more his slumbers can destroy.

Let but a pale and transient gleam
 Of moonlight tremble on the stream :
 Then pour, ye tender thoughts, into my mind,
 While swells the long long voice of slowly-rushing wind.

II.

And yet why trust the silent hours,
 Or give to wo the time of rest,
 While weakness ev'ry sense o'erpow'rs,
 And soft'ning sadness heaves the breast?
 Why seek the solitary scenes
 Of melancholy-haunted plains,
 Where fancy peoples ev'ry shade
 With ghosts of long-lamented dead,
 Whilst no fond friend's grief-soothing voice is near,
 To check the rising sigh, or stop the streaming tear?

III.

Ev'n now, upon the bed of care,
 With dread appall'd, the murd'rer lies;
 Pale Fear erects his rising hair,
 The wretch's soul within him dies;
 As glide the spectres thro' the gloom,
 His eager starting shakes the room;
 Ah! shield him Heav'n, the forms advance,
 They sweep along with sudden glance;
 And while the gale blows past with louder tone,
 He views the gushing wound, and hears the dying groan.

IV.

IV.

Ev'n now intent on Shakespear's page,
 The youth whom fervid genius warms,
 Glows as he reads with godlike rage,
 And feeds on Fancy's fairy charms:
 He views the soul of curs'd Macbeath,
 And winds along the haunted heath;
 Or hears the ghost of Hamlet tell
 In burning words the pains of hell;
 Or perch'd with Ariel on the blossom'd bough,
 Beholds the setting sun thro' crimson clouds sail flow.

V.

Sleep folds the eyes of keen Disease,
 The sorrowing voice of Pain is dumb,
 The mortal feels unwonted ease,
 The long-expected slumbers come.
 His active pow'rs the god renews,
 He sucks at vernal morn the dews,
 He marks, as gradual breaks the day,
 Health with an eye of purest ray.
 Give all her floating vesture to the breeze,
 Mount the light airy cloud, and hover o'er the trees.

VI.

And now perhaps in sleep reclin'd,
 Forgot the cruelty of day,
 I rush upon Dione's mind,
 Her savage sternness cast away;

She

She thinks she sees around me move,
 The gentlest form of genial love ;
 She blushing clasps the eager boy,
 And checks not his unruly joy :
 Haste, let me realize th' illusive bliss,
 O'erpower'd and melting down in each soul-raptur'd kiss.



A PASTORAL BALLAD.

By the same.

I.

HOW vain are the efforts of art?
 How vain are the smooth study'd lays?
 Ev'ry language but that of the heart,
 Must fail in my Phyllida's praise.
 How modest, yet free, is her air?
 Her words with what softness they flow?
 She has fill'd ev'ry heart with despair ;
 She has made ev'ry shepherd my foe.

II.

For since she appear'd on our plains,
 On me she has lavish'd her smiles;
 I'm the envy of all the young swains,
 To supplant me they're fruitful in wiles.
 But let me their passions despise,
 Their proceedings I never will mind,
 If my Phyllis approve with her eyes,
 If my Phillis continue but kind.

III.

I watch ev'ry glance of her eyes,
 Ev'ry blush that but dawns on her cheeks;
 How I tremble if ever she sighs!
 How I'm raptur'd if ever she speaks!
 If she talks, it is heav'n to hear;
 If she smiles, it is heav'n to see;
 How soft, how engaging, how dear,
 How all over heaven to me!

IV.

My fields, and my orchards are small,
 Yet planted, and cultur'd with care;
 My groves they are lofty and tall,
 And a sweetness is found in the air.
 She admires the increase of my fields,
 She admires the still gloom of the woods,
 The sweetness the healthful air yields,
 And she likes the wild fall of the floods.

V.

We have wander'd along the green hills,
 Thro' the plains ever vernal with flow'rs,
 Thro' the lawns ever gleaming with rills,
 By the banks ever shady with bow'rs ;
 There my charmer still rais'd such wild strains,
 As wantonly melt in the throat,
 Resounding thro' woods, and thro' plains,
 Sweet echoes prolong'd each breath'd note.

VI.

We stray at the dew of the dawn,
 Thro' fields where the west wind has flown,
 Collecting the flow'rs on the lawn,
 By the warmth of the gale newly blown.
 What beauty is found in their dyes,
 While attended by health thus we rove,
 And I see in my Phyllida's eyes,
 Content, soft associate of Love ?

VII.

Already our flocks jointly feed,
 They never are separate seen,
 Together they sport on the mead,
 And crop the soft herbs of the green :
 And hence all the shepherds foresee,
 That Phyllis will quickly be mine ;
 Oh ! thought full of transport to me,
 For the day how I eagerly pine.

The CHAIRMEN: A Town-Eclogue.

By the same.

IN Lothian's fertile fields, whose ev'ry plain
 Luxuriant smiles o'erspread with golden grain,
 Built by the ancient Picts, Edina stands;
 Rear'd high in air above the level lands,
 It emulates the rocks that round it rise,
 And seems like them to mingle with the skies.
 Nay, at a distance, it requires much skill
 To know the city from the tow'ring hill.
 But you'll be weary of description grown,
 Come on then, reader, we'll walk in to town:
 Fierce summer-suns had now dry'd up each street,
 And for a wonder all the town smelt sweet;
 The late o'erflowings of the peaceful night
 Were robb'd of smell by the great source of light;
 The southern gale impregnated with life,
 Pours the full stink upon the coast of Fife;
 And country-ladies, as they snuff the wind,
 Sigh for the joys that they have left behind:
 Now sounding bells had, with repeated stroke,
 Proclaim'd aloud that it was twelve o' clock,

When

When two young chairmen, famous for their vigour,
 This one *Macewen* call'd, and that *Macgregor*,
 Began, oh sad and rueful was their tone !
 Their mournful griefs alternately to moan.
 First then Macewen spoke ; his face all pale,
 His mouth all clammy for the want of ale.

M A C E W E N.

The gods, my friend, reject our humble pray'rs,
 And laugh at chairmen, and their empty chairs :
 Last night my knees, I'm sure, were bent an hour,
 The deities beseeching for a show'r.
 'Tis, let me see, a fortnight since it rain'd,
 And all my pockets are of halfpence drain'd ;
 The cellars where I cramm'd till like to burst,
 Are shut against me, and refuse to trust ;
 Nay, what's most cruel, even mutton-pye,
 Delicious dish ! hard fate ! denies supply.

M A C G R E G O R.

Your case is surely bad ; but yet I think,
 That want of meat is light to want of drink :
 Oh say, what direful pangs the man assail,
 Who for a fortnight has not tasted ale !
 Full fourteen days, the mighty gods can tell,
 My drink has been the water from the well.
 How often have I curs'd the cloudless sky !
 How long shall both the streets and me be dry ?
 Behold the bones just starting from my skin,
 Alas ! the mournful cause is want of gin.

Q

M A C-

M A C E W E N.

Should this fine weather last, for my own part,
 I'll carry chairs no more, but drive a cart;
 And still to keep my body with my soul,
 Instead of carrying men, I'll carry coal;
 I'll change the town for some fair rural scene,
 Where never chairman or his chair was seen.
 Ye footmen, chimney-sweeps of blackest hue,
 Ye dear companions of my youth, adieu!
 Farewell, ye blythsome games, I'll grieve your loss;
 Farewell Catch-honours, farewell Pitch and tofs!
 Behold yon beau array'd in chearful green,
 Lo on his stockings not a speck is seen;
 Where now he walks, I've view'd the filth so thick,
 That there almost his spindle shanks would stick.
 Ye chambermaids from highest windows pour,
 Ye gods, o'erwhelm him in a saline show'r.
 Alas! I fondly rave, what have I spoke?
 These things are all reserv'd for ten o'clock.

M A C G R E G O R.

Nay, don't despond, my friend, there's rain in store;
 Again we'll hear the foaming kennels roar;
 Adown the street they shall impetuous flow,
 Too mighty to be stepp'd by belle or beau:
 For trav'lers say, and trav'lers seldom lie,
 That, search the globe all o'er, this town's least dry.

MAC-

M A C E W E N.

Your kind reproaches, pray, Macgregor, spare ;
 Like a Macewen I'll my sorrows bear ;
 With you, my friend, I'll hope for better days,
 For great assemblies, crouded routs, and plays :
 What transport when the great folks trip down stairs,
 And screaming beaux, like eunuchs, squeak for chairs !
 " Come, Lady Betty's chair ! Miss Susan's here !
 " Where are the fellows ? sure they'll stay a year."
 When once they've handed in the little souls,
 Away we run, regardless of our poles ;
 Of the fatigue we surely can't complain,
 When the white sixpence well repays our pain.

M A C G R E G O R.

When Digges did Mr Hamlet in the play,
 Dress'd like a provost on a king's birthday,
 That very night five sixpences I got,
 Which mended well my breeches and my coat.

M A C E W E N.

The thoughts of those dear times my heart revive,
 The cart was never made that I will drive.

So ends their speech ; when, lo, a sudden blast
 Of wind and rain the beauteous skies o'ercast :
 A chair is call'd ; in haste away they trudge,
 And bend and sweat beneath a heavy judge.

E C L O G U E I.

*By the Rev. Mr G ———.**Nunc scio quid sit amor. ——— VIRG.*

BY flow'ry banks of Tweed, whose waters glide
 Thro' famous valleys, crown'd with rural pride,
 Young Colin led his flock, as summer gay,
 And healthful as the bounteous gift of May.
 Yet mourn'd the swain ; for, pierc'd by sad despair,
 The slave of Love, and its consuming care,
 Along the willow-fringed banks he stray'd,
 While sighs the anguish of his heart betray'd.
 Hung o'er the flood a shady poplar grew,
 This, as he lean'd, the falling tears bedew ;
 On this he gaz'd, and while his sorrows flow'd,
 Warm kisses on the letter'd rind bestow'd.

Ye Albion dames ! to whose love-darting eyes
 The vanquish'd world resigns bright Beauty's prize,
 By love inspir'd, I sing his tender strains,
 My tale of love the cruel fair disdains ;
 Tho' the cold maid my numbers fail'd to move,
 In vain I sing not, while your smiles approve ;

Accept

Accept my verse: the fav'rite page shall shine,
And sacred myrtle round my temples twine.

Ye woodland scenes! where vainly I retire,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's fire;
Ye shady beeches! listen to my strain,
Inspir'd by Delia, and her proud disdain:
Sad Colin, doom'd her cruel scorn to prove,
To you, ye rocks! declares his hopeless love.
Cold-hearted maid! for thee, in early bloom
I waste neglected, and in tears consume.
In peace retir'd, my happier days were spent,
In harmless pleasure, and in calm content;
On balmy wings each smiling summer came,
And found me careless by the cooling stream;
When gloomy Winter vex'd the troubl'd air,
Safe from his storms, I watch'd my fleecy care;
At village-feasts, amid the rural throng
I rul'd the dance, and rais'd the simple song:
Happy, from sorrow and ambition free,
And much too happy, but, O Love! for thee.

All-conqu'ring Love! I feel thy tyrant reign;
Inspir'd by thee, I burn and waste in vain;
Ye gods! what magic can our hearts secure,
What art can shield us from the mighty pow'r!
The fiercest souls his matchless force can move,
And gods themselves have felt all-conqu'ring Love.
Too well thy nature and thy pow'r I know,
Now hapless left to unremitting wo:

No more from Harmony I hope for ease ;
 Nor flow'ry lawns nor sunny field; can please :
 All Nature's beauty yields no joy to me ;
 For Nature saddens since de'pis'd by thee.

The breath of mildew kills the vernal bloom ;
 With dire disease the harmless flocks consume ;
 Chill Winter blasts the glory of the year ;
 Thy scorn, O Delia ! is the plague I fear.
 Sweet are soft slumbers on the verdant plain :
 Sweet cooling fountains to the thirsty swain ;
 Sweet gentle sunshine or descending show'rs,
 To fervent bees, or to the drooping flow'rs :
 Thou, Delia, all my hope, and without thee,
 What's joy, or fun, or life itself to me !

Come, lovely nymph ! thy cruel scorn resign ;
 Come, lovely nymph ! and feed thy flocks with mine.
 Happy with thee thro' flow'ry fields I'll stray,
 Or waste, in pleasing toils, the summer-day ;
 Your snowy flock to freshest pasture lead,
 Or by the breezy shore, or verdant mead
 Irriguous, where the purple vi'lets glow,
 The strawberries ripen, and the roses flow ;
 There soft reclin'd, and banish'd ev'ry care,
 I'll sing, or wreath with flow'rs thy beauteous hair.

Now all around me breathes the blushing year,
 Prideful the trees their flourish'd branches rear ;

From

From fragrant blooms the grateful odours rise,
 And rip'ning harvest glads the shepherd's eyes:
 All Nature smiles, the hill, the flow'ry plain;
 Love, only Love, no kind return can gain.

Come, charming maid ! for thee my bow'r is crown'd
 With roses, balmy woodbine breathes around ;
 O'er the green turf my spotless wool is cast,
 And choicest fruits afford a rich repast :
 Besides, while rival nymphs my favour woo
 With gifts, their gifts are all reserv'd for you :
 Even blooming maids have su'd my love to gain,
 And am'rous nymphs prefer their gifts in vain ;
 With me their charms no kind acceptance boast,
 In thine alone all other charms are lost.

I burn, I burn, as woodland shades consume,
 Conceive destruction, and assist their doom :
 O when wilt thou thy killing scorn forego !
 When wilt thy breast an equal passion know !
 Storms cease to bluster, and the seas to roar,
 Even raging tempests give their fury o'er ;
 Would heav'n you too were mutable as these,
 And could be soften'd like relenting seas !
 But, deaf as rocks beat by the founding main,
 You frown unmov'd, regardless of my pain.

Ye conscious echoes ! vocal through the dale,
 To Delia loud proclaim my mournful tale ;

On all your wings, ye fanning Zephyrs, bear,
 And breathe my sorrows round the cruel fair;
 Her virgin pride my tender verse shall move,
 And soft compassion touch her soul with love.
 Ah hapless swain! thy Delia is not kind,
 But stern and ruthless as the winter-wind;
 She Colin and his proffer'd love disdains,
 And Colin vainly to the rocks complains.
 No sigh, no tear her killing scorn disarms;
 She claims thy life, the victim of her charms.

I go, I go! compell'd by proud disdain,
 Kind death is near to rid me of my pain:
 Where o'er the flood projects the rocky steep,
 And hoarse below is roll'd the grumbling deep;
 From its proud height my wretched weight I'll throw,
 And rest in death from Love's tormenting wo.
 Adieu, my flocks; adieu, ye groves and plains;
 Now cease, ye woods, no more resound my strains.

E C L O G U E II.

By the same.

*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata Lycori :
Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.*—VIRG.

NOW Sol the skies with purple light array'd,
The glories of his western throne display'd ;
Where the clear stream, with verdant alder crown'd,
Flows gently murm'ring o'er the channel'd ground,
While all is flush'd by the departing ray,
Demas and Hylon fram'd the rural lay :
Young Demas o'er the perjur'd Chloris mourn'd,
And Hylon for his absent Delia burn'd.

Soft as they sung, the sighing groves complain,
The sorrowing flocks attentive heard the strain ;
With pity mov'd, the silver swans deplore,
And taught the theme to all the list'ning shore ;
The list'ning shore to ev'ry verse reply'd,
And zephyrs o'er the bending osiers sigh'd.

O thou whom Phœbus and the Nine inspire
 With powerful art to strike the sounding lyre,
 To rouse the British youth in war's alarms,
 To fire each patriot breast with Glory's charms,
 To call forth virtue by the magic sound,
 From crouds attentive, and consenting round ;
 Accept, O HUME ! and let this myrtle twine
 Around thy garland, woven by the Nine :
 This humble shrub would some protection claim
 Among thy laurels rising unto Fame.
 Ye sylvan pow'rs ! ye Genii of the grove !
 Ye Echoes, vocal with my tale of love !
 Ye meads, adorn'd with flow'rs of golden hue,
 That fill their cups with tears of ev'ning-dew !
 Ye mourning woods, ye weeping fountains, join
 Sighs with my sighs, and shed your tears with mine
 Of Chloris perjur'd loudly I complain,
 Hear, and assist this last, my dying strain.
 No more the days on golden wings shall rise,
 While bounteous Nature paints the vernal skies ;
 For me no joys shall purple Autumn bring,
 Nor Winter conquest at the village ring ;
 The verdant mountain and the flow'ry field,
 The shepherd's charge no more delight shall yield ;
 With Chloris Nature did her charms display,
 With her they flourish'd, and with her decay.
 For her, well pleas'd I join'd the rural throng,
 The shepherd's fortune, and the shepherd's song ;
 By her forsaken, these delight no more,
 Nor plains, nor mountains, nor the breezy shore.

While

While well-known scenes and conscious groves I view,
 My passion rages, and my griefs renew.
 Say, hapless youths, who Love's disaster prove,
 How great the anguish sprung from slighted love !
 Chloris ! I waste beneath thy proud disdain ;
 Resound, ye woods, resound my dying strain.

Here, where the green walks lead to op'ning glades,
 Cool'd by soft fountains, and embow'ring shades,
 Here, hand in hand, with Chloris have I stray'd,
 Chloris then faithful to the vows she made.
 Here, on the sunny bank, where fairest grows
 The silver crocus, and the blushing rose,
 I gather'd ev'ry flow'r that seem'd most fair,
 And deck'd the garland for her beauteous hair ;
 Each morn her favour with fresh gifts I sought,
 And downy chesnuts from my hamlet brought.
 Ah ! now these careless joyful days are gone,
 Chloris is fled, and I am left alone.
 Chloris the shepherd and his gifts disdains,
 Resound, ye woods ! resound my dying strains.

Where the tall myrtle spreads its branching shade,
 On the fair rind I carv'd the vows she made ;
 Ev'n then I clasp'd her in my circling arms,
 And glow'd enamour'd with deceitful charms .
 Her faith she pledg'd, invok'd the gods above,
 And call'd on all the mighty powers of Love,
 She swore, and said, When Chloris perjur'd proves,
 Vultures shall fly before the fearless doves ;

O'er

O'er the midland shall boiling ocean roar,
 And waving harvests turn to sandy shore;
 On barren oaks shall golden apples grow,
 And rivers backward to their fountains flow.
 Flow back, ye streams! and seek your springs again;
 Arise, ye floods! and overwhelm the plain:
 Chloris is false! no more the dove shall fear,
 Nor barren oaks their fruitless branches rear.

Ye pow'rs that over Love mysterious reign!
 To you I come, nor let me plead in vain;
 For you at midnight shall my incense rise,
 With all the pomp of magic sacrifice;
 Cypress shall wave your flaming altars round,
 With lonely weed each image shall be crown'd;
 By moonlight I will cut th' unripen'd ear,
 And mournful yew and deadly nightshade bear;
 Libations dire your list'ning pow'r shall move,
 I'll drink the potion, and forget to love;
 While, witness to your rites, the silver moon
 Eclipsing oft, shall look with pity down.

I rave! I rave! what charms successful prove,
 Against the shafts of all-subduing love!
 Chloris still in my inmost bosom reigns,
 Fills ev'ry thought, and burns thro' all my veins;
 With slow-dissolving anguish I consume,
 And life is only but a joyless gloom;
 Soon will its care and adverse frown be o'er,
 Demas at rest, and Chloris lov'd no more:

Demas

Demas to silent dreary shades shall go,
 Where luckless lovers rest from human wo:
 Farewell, ye flocks! adieu, ye groves and plains!
 Now cease, ye woods! no more resound my strains.

Next Hylon sung, while, from a myrtle spray,
 The nightingale pursu'd her am'rous lay.

Begin, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain,
 Sicilian muses haunt the flow'ry plain.
 Now the cool ev'ning sheds its purple ray,
 And dewy night succeeds the scorching day;
 From new-shorn meads the dusty swains retreat,
 The weary reaper seeks his humble seat;
 Beneath the shade the jovial lab'ers rest,
 And ev'ry swain is with his Sylvia blest:
 Where now, oh! where can charming Delia stray,
 While Love's soft fires upon her Hylon prey?

Begin, my muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
 Such am'rous lays a mighty charm contain:
 While Orpheus sung, he sooth'd the shades below,
 And Hell consenting, mourn'd the poet's wo;
 Th' ambitious youth Timotheus could inspire
 With love at once, and check the rising fire;
 With song the Syrens rul'd the lawless main,
 And mighty warriors bound in magic chain.
 By song, I'll try my Delia's heart to move,
 And numbers shall recall my absent love:

Hark ! from the spreading oak's aerial boughs,
 His ling'ring mate the am'rous ring-dove woos ;
 From yonder beech th' impatient turtle sighs,
 And, see, her lover at the signal flies :
 Forlorn, unpity'd, and unheard I mourn ;
 'Tis night, yet Delia deigns not to return.

Begin, my muse ! the soft Sicilian strain ;
 Come, Delia, come ! and bless thy faithful swain.
 As Phœbus sunk, the yellow sun-flower mourns,
 Shuts up its leaves, and droops till he returns :
 As, without genial heat, the tender vines
 Decay, and ev'ry with'ring flow'ret pines ;
 So, far from Delia, love's dissolving flame,
 And fruitless sighs destroy my sinking frame :
 Absent from thee, what object can delight !
 The flocks displease, and sunshine turns to night ;
 The woodbine-shade its balmy sweets denies,
 The drooping lily hangs its head, and dies ;
 Th' industrious bees neglect their flow'ry toil :
 Come, Delia, come ! and all around will smile.

Begin, my muse, the soft Sicilian lay ;
 My song, ye floods, to Delia's ear convey.
 Perhaps ev'n now amid your crystal waves
 Her snowy sides the naked wanton laves ;
 Breathe soft, ye zephyrs, round the gentle fair !
 Ye river-nymphs, employ your friendly care !
 May no rough touch her tender limbs molest,
 Nor rougher wave insult her snowy breast.

But,

But, Delia, haste, thy simple vestures seize,
 Nor give thy beauties to the ruder breeze.
 Come, Delia, come ! and let my longing arms
 Infold thee, glowing with disorder'd charms.

But whence the fields this sudden verdure wear,
 And o'er the plain resounding shouts I hear !
 Soft am'rous whispers die along the shore,
 And ere he sets, gay Phoebus smiles once more :
 'Tis Delia ! Delia, ye immortal pow'rs !
 Delia consents to bless the silent hours :
 Cease, then, ye gentle muses ! to complain,
 No more resound the soft Sicilian strain.

Thus sung the shepherds at the close of day,
 The sky still blushing with the ev'ning-ray ;
 Safe in the fold they lodge their fleecy care,
 And, warn'd by Hesp'rus, to their home repair.

To the MEMORY of
-Mrs K-----CH of G-----TON.

By the same.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.* Hor. lib. i. Carmin.

WEary'd with Grief's sad office, pleasing pain,
To join with sorrow the consenting voice,
The gen'rous sigh, and sympathetic tear,
Forth from the lonely mansions of the dead,
With wand'ring steps I turn'd, and left the fane,
Where pious grief had led me to discharge
My mournful tribute, at BELINDA'S grave;
To shed in sadness the soft falling tear,
To strow the green turf with sweet-smelling flow'rs,
And sing soft rest to the departed shade.

Disconsolate, along the fresh-flow'r'd bank,
I slowly took my solitary way.
The crystal brook, which fed the bord'ring flow'rs,
With plaintive murmurs fought the distant vale;
The curfew, solemn knell of day, prepar'd
The world for rest; the chearful sun had sunk
His golden orb, and Philomel alone,

Sole

Sole sitting in the neighb'ring grove, pursu'd,
 With many a warbled maze, her trilling strain.
 Down on the dark green grass I sat reclin'd;
 And while still Night, in ebon mantle clad,
 With silent steps led forth her solemn train,
 Thus sadly to the list'ning vale I mourn'd.

O fatal day! thou bitter source of wo!
 Which left us poor, bereft of what we priz'd!
 O cruel Death! which robb'd the world of joy;
 And for BELINDA, comeliness itself,
 Soft feeling pity, virtue mildly great,
 Wit, elegance, and open-hearted truth,
 Left us the cold pale corse; the dull remains
 Of worth returning to her native skies.

O mournful change! How has Death's killing blast
 Transform'd the roses of that damask cheek
 To deadly hue! Those eyes with wisdom bright,
 Which, like two friendly stars, their blessings shed,
 Benevolence and peace, to human kind,
 How has dark night extinguish'd all their fire!
 That tongue, which with the voice of music spoke,
 While more enamour'd still, PALEMON hung
 In pleasing admiration, as when men
 High-favour'd hear descending angels talk,
 How has dumb silence with strong magic bound
 The pow'r harmonious, never to awake!
 That look divine, pervading to the soul;
 That elegance of form, resistless, shap'd

By Beauty's finest hand ; how has the bane
 Of chilling Death each wondrous charm destroy'd !
 And all ye nobler graces of the mind !
 Whom Fancy fails to paint, and mortal tongue
 But ill explains by words ; how are ye fled
 From human sight ! Thou heavenly piety,
 Conjugal love sincere, parental care,
 Domestic goodness, friendship, social joy,
 Endearing life ; kind sympathy, which falls
 The gen'rous tear, and hastens to relieve ;
 Good-nature, smiling like the golden morn ;
 Clear sense, and virtue fearful to offend ;
 Each precious gift which bounteous Heaven bestows,
 To shine admir'd, and bless the world with good.

O ruthless Death ! thy cruel hand hath pluck'd
 This beauteous flow'r, and rifled all its sweets !
 Relentless Death ! what ravage hast thou made
 Of boasted worth, which all the world admir'd !
 BELINDA, in the beauty of her youth,
 Show'd like the poplar, glory of the grove,
 Which lifts the verdant top, and spreads its boughs,
 Dispensing fragrance, till some stormy night
 Shiver its strength, and tearing from its seat,
 Spread forth the beauteous ruin on the plain.

O early lost ! in the full noon of life,
 When ev'ry grace shone in its summer bloom ;
 Untimely lost ! while the rich gift of Heaven
 Shone bright to all, and with its value won.

The sad remembrance only now remains,
 Which fondly whisp'ring what BELINDA was,
 Recounts to thee, PALEMON ! all her worth,
 Renews thy loss, and on thy fancy preys.
 Enamour'd o'er this precious gem you hung,
 And drunk in pleasure from its beamy rays :
 But in ill-fated hour, rapacious Death,
 Like the night-felon, stole with silent steps,
 And quench'd thy diamond's blaze, and left thee dark,
 Forlorn, of all thy wealthy treasure spoil'd.

No more the smiling hours on golden wings
 Shall pass rejoicing, nor behold thee gaze
 On Beauty's face, enamour'd of her charms ;
 No more at evening-walks shall hear the voice
 Of conjugal esteem, of piercing sense,
 Of friendship, honesty, and glad content,
 In busy converse join'd. Thy pleasing race,
 The fruit of faithful love, no more shall meet
 The mother's fondness, hast'ning to explain
 Th' imploring look ; nor friend nor kindred feel
 The virtuous transport, that endearing bliss,
 Which crown'd the social hour, when gentle peace,
 When rosy mirth, and honesty of heart,
 When wit refin'd, and gen'rous freedom met.

For now this friendly star, which lately shone
 So lovely bright, is shorn of all its beams :
 The beauteous blaze is set, and chearless night
 Darkling succeeds. Yet know, BELINDA dies !

Only

Only to view ; for, like the western sun,
 She set to rise with fresh resplendent beams,
 In brighter skies, and shine with nobler fires ;
 While Nature's Lord, who wak'd th' immortal flame,
 Has rais'd the splendor, never more to set.
 PALEMON, dry thy tears, and with the eye
 Of holy faith look up : this sacred truth
 Speaks wondrous joy to thy deploring mind ;
 Though for a space the stroke of death shall part
 Whom ev'ry wish and holy tie had bound ;
 Yet shall they meet, the long-lost friends shall meet,
 The tender husband and the loving wife,
 And meet, rejoicing they shall part no more.

Such was my theme, while solemn Night began
 Her peaceful reign ; fair Hesperus was set
 In the clear west, while, with unclouded ray,
 Night's empress rose, bright Cynthia, to her throne ;
 Glad of her silver beams, in haste I rose,
 And homeward fast explor'd my weary way.

Edinburgh, Sept. 6. 1757.

S O N N E T I.

By the same.

WHen pleasing cares disturb the youthful breast,
 When ardent sighs speak forth the heart's desire,
 When hopes and fears consume the hours of rest,
 Then Venus sets the lover's soul on fire.

Then would I scorn the wealth which many choose,
 And look on gay plum'd honour with disdain;
 Th' inspired mind a nobler aim pursues,
 And Venus' slave submits to Venus' chain.

Should fame, or pow'r, or wisdom, plead, to move
 A lover's mind, with all their specious show,
 While Venus soothes me with the smiles of love,
 Like Paris, ever at her shrine I bow.

While CELIA here rolls her love-darting eyes,
 Here let me kneel, no other boon I claim;
 Beneath the sun the Phoenix burns and dies,
 Beneath her charms I burn with grateful flame.

But spare, O CELIA! spare my tender heart;
 Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's crime;
 Wound not my breast with such a cruel smart,
 Nor blast with killing scorn my youthful prime.

Sweet

Like CELIA's, sweet thy voice, my tuneful lyre,
 And youths and maids attend thine am'rous lay;
 Like CELIA, still you feed her lover's fire,
 But yield no hope his torment to allay.

In vain great Hermes destin'd thee to charm,
 In vain the muses taught their bard to sing;
 The pow'rs of love the pow'rs of art disarm,
 And all thy magic can no comfort bring.

Phoebus in vain would wake thy joyful sound,
 To calm the tumults of a lover's breast;
 The god of love each captive sense hath bound
 In cruel chains, nor gives his victim rest.

Yet shall thy sad and solemn music say
 How much I suffer, and how much I love;
 Perhaps fair CELIA may thy song repay
 With pity, where her charms destructive prove.

A CONVERSATION with CUPID.

————— ὃ βρέφος μὲν

Εσπῶ, φίλον ὃ τόξον,

Πτέρυγας τε ὃ φαίτην.

ANACREON.

ONE day, where winding Liddo stream'd,
As I a-fishing stood,
I spy'd a boy who busy seem'd
In cutting of my wood.

In haste away my rod I threw,
The childish thief to seize;
You little rascal, how dare you
Destroy my growing trees?

The waggish puppy nothing spake,
But smil'd, and shook a bow;
Then I discover'd my mistake;
O Cupid! is this you?

The same. My arrows all are spent,
I have not one to shoot;
And, by your leave, good Sir, I meant
My quiver to recruit.

I did not know you when I us'd
 Th' uncivil words I spoke ;
 Nor ash, my boy, nor beech, nor oak,
 To you shall be refus'd.

But will you, Cupid, drop the art
 Which does the world such hurt ?
 To pierce poor fellows through the heart,
 How cruel is the sport !

See how in Liddo's limpid stream
 The sportive fishes leap ;
 I'd have you try the wat'ry game,
 And lure them from the deep.

A fishing-rod I'll make your bow,
 The string will be a line ;
 For hooks, if arrows points won't do,
 I'll give you some of mine.

I'd but a bungling angler be ;
 No more on't, if you please ;
 Blind as I am, yet can I see
 You grudge me a few trees.

Take back then what I've got, he said ;
 Then let an arrow fly :
 Deep was the cruel wound it made,
 And deeply did I sigh.

Keen as the first, another strikes;
 In grief and pain I fled :
 Fool that I was, to give him sticks,
 Wherewith to break my head !

*



C U P I D a P A T I E N T.

Amor est medicabilis arte. OVID.

To Dr Taylor, the celebrated oculist.

GREAT Sir, a love-sick swain applies
 To your unerring art ;
 By op'ning a blind stripling's eyes,
 You'll heal an aking heart.

You have such an establish'd vogue,
 He needs so much your aid,
 'Tis strange his case the little rogue
 Has not before you laid.

If

If at your chambers he appears,
 Him by these marks you'll know,
 Arrows in his left hand he bears,
 And in his right a bow.

Give entrance to the wicked elf,
 Though he pretend he's poor ;
 For many a man besides myself
 Will club to pay his cure.

But as he is a naughty boy,
 You must take special care,
 Ere you your instruments employ,
 To make him vow and swear,

By Cytherea's charming face,
 Her chariot and her doves,
 Her girdle and her looking-glass,
 And all the little loves,

That if the blessings of the fight
 On him your hands bestow,
 Soon as he can enjoy the fight,
 He'll archery forego :

Aside his bow and arrows laid,
 His quiver and his darts,
 He'll follow some more lawful trade
 Than that of breaking hearts.

The METAMORPHOSIS.

A Ffectedly ANACREON says *,
 That to be near his lafs,
 He'd be transform'd into her stays,
 Her stockings, shoes, or glafs;

Her patch-box, necklace, flow'rs of gum,
 Gown, apron, capuchin,
 Nay, pearl-powder would become,
 To beautify her skin.

* Εγὼ δ' ἑσπέρων εἶναι,
 Ὅπως αἰὲ βλέπῃς με.
 Εγὼ χιτῶν γενοίμην,
 Ὅπως αἰὲ φορῇς με.
 Ὑδῶρ θέλω γενέσθαι,
 Ὅπως σὲ χρῶτα λύσω.
 Μύρον, γύναι, γενοίμην,
 Ὅπως ἐγὼ σ' ἀλείφω.
 Καὶ ταινίην δὲ μασῶν,
 Καὶ μάργαρον τραχήλῳ.
 Καὶ σάνδαλον γενοίμην,
 Μόνον ποσὶν πατεῖν με.

But

But I would undergo a change,
 (Vain, giddy, lovely Sue,
 To gain thy favour,) far more strange,
 And far more painful too.

What charms finery has for thee,
 Alas! too well I know,
 And therefore with, some god would me
 Transfigure to a beau.

Since empty titles to thy pride
 Would no small joy afford;
 To be created, I'll abide,
 (So please the king), a lord.

To more I will submit ere long,
 And, to get an estate,
 I'll lick gold-dust with fawning tongue
 At some great scoundrel's feet.

*

The RESPECTFUL LOVER.

LET others more forward behave,
 With easy familiar air,
 For my part, I cannot believe
 That briskness and brags win the fair.

Of her I adore, ev'ry glance
 A tender confusion inspires ;
 Her charms so majestic at once
 Invite, and yet awe my desires.

How often, in vain, the whole day
 My passion to speak have I strove,
 Then taken some round-about way
 To tell her how ardent my love ?

How I fondled and flutter'd the rose
 To-day in her breast that she wore ;
 She certainly could not suppose
 I ever once thought on the flower.

I threaten'd to pluck off its head,
 Attempted its leaves to destroy ;
 For when a feign'd struggle we made,
 Her bosom I touch'd by the by.

Alone when I gaze on her charms,
 How fain would I ravish a kiss ?
 How fain clasp her shape to my arms ?
 But I dread she would take it amiss.

Tho' modest perhaps to a fault,
 Tho' bashful and awkward my air ;
 Yet my heart with true passion is fraught,
 And I will not submit to despair.

*



The MATHEMATICIAN To His MISTRESS.

WHY heaves my bosom up and down ?
 My pulse and nerves why stir so ?
 in *Capricornus* is the fun ;
 But I would be in *Virgo*.

Ah cruel *Solid*, thou alone
 Art of my woes the root !
Contact with me why do you shun,
 And play the *Asymptote* ?

No

No more by you will I be teaz'd;
 'Tis but a cruel joke,
 To keep me always electrif'd,
 And waiting for the *shock*.

A chart of thee I lately drew;
 But, ah! from neck to knee,
Terra incognita was you
 In my Gunography.

Ev'n algebraic rules can't shew
 A method to reveal
 That *unknown quantity*, which you
 So anxiously conceal.

It rather would I find, I swear,
 Than the north-western road,
 The circle or triangle's square,
 Or even the longitude.

To trifle in this great affair
 Both dangerous and silly is;
 For life is short, none of us are
Perpetuum mobiles.

Coquettish therefore cease to be,
 Nor catch at all at random;
 But give your heart and hand to me,
 Q. E. D.

The

The S I G N S discontented.

THey question Jove, why he had not
 In heav'n a stock of females laid in?
 He but one woman there had brought,
 Who was (provoking!) still a *Maiden*.

Frankly the *Ram* confess'd that he
 Had often cast a *sheep's eye* at her.
Aquarius acknowledg'd she
 Had often made his teeth to *water*.

The *Bull* would have the god to know,
 Either he would no longer stay there,
 Or if he did not get a cow,
 In faith he would *Pasiphae* her.

Poor *Virgo* how to please them all
 Being really at a loss to know,
 To *th' Archer* said, I fear I shall
 Have more than *two strings* to my bow.

But if to you I should prove kind,
 The rest would make the same request;
 Shall I be with a *Scorpion* join'd,
 Or take a *Cancer* in my breast?

Nor

Nor should my coyness you displease;
 This was the purpose of my birth;
 Not only you to tantalize,
 But all the stargazers on earth.

Not for the sun or moon, but me,
 Astronomers make such a pother;
 The truth is, they would rather see
 My *heav'nly body* than another.

For such a peep they should not hope,
 But mind their own terrestrial lasses;
 My petticoats they'll ne'er see up,
 With all their telescopes and glasscs.

✱

LYRO-

LYROCLASTES;

O R,

An elegy on a BASS VIOL, broke
by a short-sighted gentleman, who sat
down upon it.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

I Had a bass — Ah me ! it is no more ;
Dumb are those strings so ready once to roar.
To gloomy hell the heav'n-taught spirit flies,
And here the head, and there the body lies.
Poor breathless thing ! if ever I forget
Thy once lov'd music, may I share thy fate.
No, gentle bass, like WILLIAM shalt thou be,
Of glorious and immortal memory.
Can I forget thy reverend grimace,
Thy solemn form, and philosophic face ?
Can I forget thy soul-inchanting song,
Sweet, though sonorous, delicate, though strong ?

With

With wanton notes your voice ne'er brib'd the ear,
 Nor were old Cato's morals more severe.
 Like Cato too you fled from solitude,
 And thought society your greatest good.
 Whene'er you sung, you help'd another's strain,
 And was to fiddles what he was to men.
 Unhappy viol! why before thy time
 Did the fates snatch thee *burning* in thy prime?
 To thee untimely death if they decreed,
 Why did they sever from thy trunk thy head?
 Nor Whig nor Tory was you when alive,
 Nor arm'd rebellious in the *forty-five*;
 Could not the Sisters other death afford
 Than that which honour'd many a rebel Lord?
 Tell, O Melpomene! in mournful strain,
 By what foul means my luckless bass was slain.

A plain, good, simple, honest man there was,
 Nor friend nor foe to this unhappy bass;
 Blind men, and those that have their eyes, between,
 Nature had plac'd him in a purblind mean:
 Tir'd with the tuneful labours of the day,
 As on a chair your bass reposing lay,
 Thy evil genius made this man appear.
 The bass he saw not, though he spy'd the chair.
 Souce down he sits — when, lo! strange sounds were
 heard,
 And sad hoarse groans the purblind mortal scar'd.
 With foul embrace your viol was oppress'd —
 I can no more — yourself may guess the rest.

Curs'd

Curs'd be the wretch, from whence soe'er he come ;
 Accurs'd his eyes, but more accurs'd his bum.
 A shrew's sharp nails have many a visage flea'd.
 And English boxers vanquish with their head :
 But of all mortals stigmatiz'd in verse,
 He first has murder'd with a monstrous —
 With horror I, O bafs ! thy fate must view ;
 Not only death, but ignominy too !
 Had some fair she, with bum as white as snow,
 Dealt thy devoted neck the fatal blow,
 Pleas'd to the last you'd dy'd in chearful mood,
 “ And kiss'd the — just rais'd to shed thy blood.*”

* Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood. POPE.

An EPISTLE from PHILLIS to CHLOE,

Giving an account of the smuggling-trade carried on by the Ladies with the East-India company's ships that came into Leith road in 1758.

A F R A G M E N T.

JUST safely landed from a stormy sea,
Pleas'd your commands, dear CHLOE, I obey;
A various groupe for your amusement draw,
What things I smuggl'd, and what men I saw.

First know, dear girl, though in each Indian ship
A skilful merchant may perhaps buy cheap,
'To them no women such incitement drew,
'Twas not our chief, but secondary view;
'Twas not the goods, but men we meant to try,
And thither went to barter, not to buy.

Soon as I came aboard, I was address'd,
And to a cabin pull'd with am'rous haste.

Here

Here china bowls in just gradation rise,
And filks and stuffs glare on my dazzled eyes.

Struck with the sight, and with a dram of rack,
I soon, too soon, fell prostrate on my back.
What boots it me the consequence to tell
To you who can imagine it so well?

The road to pleasure much the maid mistakes,
Who grants her favours to the city-rakes ;
In the obscene debilitated race,
A want of vigour vies with want of grace :
Unlike the sailor from the Indian land,
From soft delights for many a month restrain'd ;
In mighty streams his long-stopp'd love must flow,
“ It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro’.”*

My sailor bold, when I was going 'way,
In every pocket slips a pound of tea ;
In finest muslins wraps my legs and thighs,
And cups and saucers round my middle ties :
This hand receives a charming Indian fan,
That an old palsy'd Lilliputian man,
Who seem'd to blame the bargain I had made,
And disapproving, shook his aged head.

* * * * *

* See Thomson's Spring, and there the description of a river in flood.

*

ADVICE to a young POET.

Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris. OVID.

THE world esteems such men as are of use,
But sneers at such as only can amuse.

Who does not smile when he beholds advance,
Him who to fiddle teaches, or to dance,
Or ev'n the noble science of defence?
The art of those who on the stage excel,
Is surely next to that of writing well;
Yet their profession is the least exempt
From th' agonizing stigma of contempt.

Just so (but would 'twere not my lot to show it)
Is he receiv'd who's nothing but a poet:
He's much carefs'd, and much admir'd, 'tis true;
But players, fiddlers, fencers, are so too.

Be then instructed in this useful lesson,
Avoid to be a poet by profession.
The ivy which ne'er unsupported springs,
But round the oak for its protection clings,
Should teach each bard to seek the friendly aid,
Of some more serious beneficial trade.

But

But don't imagine I am so severe,
 As to insist you should all verse forswear.
 If you splenetic, rainy be the day,
 Better in verse some foolish thing essay,
 Than lose your temper and your cash at play.
 But not too often write, nor yet too well,
 If in aught else you purpose to excel :
 For 'tis a truth, though not unlike a riddle,
 That one may play too well upon the fiddle.

Ev'n in the simplest and most ancient days,
 Alas ! no honour waited on the bays.
 Homer, whom all your connoisseurs admire,
 As being of bards the venerable fire,
 Was, if the writers of his life speak true,
 Precisely what an Irish harper's now *.
 For he, stone-blind, and miserably poor,
 With harp on shoulder went from door to door,
 And there whole hours unintermitting play'd
 To idle servants for some broth and bread ;
 Or else the naughty children to divert,
 Would in the nursery employ his art.
 But if the master of the house inclin'd,
 With hearing music to unbend his mind ;
 For his delight he tun'd his choicest strains,
 And got perhaps a shilling for his pains ;
 Which he receiv'd with a God bless you, Sir,
 And so was gone to seek as much elsewhere.

* See Blackwell's life of Homer, and there the description of
 an *aoides*, or bard.

VERSES written in a blank leaf of
PRIOR'S POEMS.

MATTHEW PRIOR, to me, 'tis excessively plain,
Deserves to be reckon'd the British Fontaine ;
And Mr Fontaine can never go higher
Than to be admir'd as the French Matthew Prior.

Thus when Elisabeth desir'd,
That Melvill would acknowledge fairly*,
Whether herself he most admir'd,
Or his own sov'reign, Lady Mary ?

The puzzled knight his answer thus express'd :
In her own country each is handsomest.

* See Sir James Melvill's Memoirs.

IMITATION of a FRENCH EPIGRAM, pasted up in several places at Paris in 1759.

*Batteaux plats à vendre,
Soldats à louer,
Ministres à pendre,
Genereaux à rouer.*

*O France! la sex femelle,
Fit toujours ton destin;
Ton bonheur vient d'une pucelle,
Ton malheur vient d'une catin.*

LET us, since all our expeditions fail,
Our troops to hire, our boats expose to sale;
While those in power a just chastisement feel,
Belleisle the gallows, and Contades the wheel.
In vain, O France, thy legislature strove
From state-affairs the women to remove;
Such the unalterable course of things,
Thy fate must always hang on apron-strings.
Sad the vicissitude we're undergone,
A strumpet loses what a virgin won.

VERSES

V E R S E S to M I S S * * * *

Written in a blank leaf of the IRISH
POEMS.

WHO can unmov'd of Dargo's daughter read,
Of Connal's love, or Minvane the maid ?
Sweet as the vernal zephyrs was their breath,
Their breasts like snow that floats upon the heath.
Of their bright eyes, tho' keen, yet mild the power,
Like stars, whose lustre vibrates through a shower *.

But where, in times so barbarous and old,
Charms so divine could Highland bards behold ?
Sure the unpolish'd *daughters of the hill*,
Could not their mind with such ideas fill.
No : Highland bards, when they sat down to write,
Summon'd th' assistance of their second sight.
Its magic bade, before their wond'ring eyes,
The loveliest of our modern fair-ones rise ;
From her of beauty they their notions drew,
And so describ'd prophetically — you.

* See the Poems, p. 35. &c.

The REFORMED CHURCH.

*Nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria cessabit turtur ab ulmo.*

To the tune of *The birks of Invermay*.

WHILE other churches, with success
Instruct men how to live and die,
The insolence of vice repress,
And guide them to th' realms on high;

Ours shall improve the common tunes,
Change all devotion into show,
Clothe the precentors with black gowns,
And make each church a very beau.

What tho' fanatics join to blame
The gilded desk or painted pew,
And in a holy rage exclaim,
Sure each man sits in a vain shew *?

Nor fear when, from religious spite,
They plot the downfall of your dove;
For beaux and beauties shall unite,
To guarantee the bird of love.

But say, what has he in his mouth?
It looks unseemly at first view;
Would he gulp down some pill uncouth,
Or does the bird tobacco chew?

* Sure each man walks in a vain shew,
They vex themselves in vain; — *Psal'm.*

Yet

Yet say, why on the pulpit's top
 Was the dear creature perch'd alone,
 There solitary left to mope,
 And his unhappy fate bemoan?

Two clergymen, austere and grave,
 O'er this collegiate charge are plac'd ;
 Then, honour'd Rulers, by your leave,
 We'll have a pigeon for each priest.

I joy to see the clerk appear,
 Proud of his sweeping black disguise ;
 But why do not the beadles wear
 Ecclesiastic liveries ?

The man who to the playhouse goes,
 Will see those who the candles snuff
 Have yellow lining to their cloaths,
 Turn'd up too with a yellow cuff.

Since folks of fashion won't sit nigh
 To their men-servants or their maids,
 Erect a footmens gallery,
 As in the playhouse, o'er our heads.

Tickets you likewise should devise,
 And stop collections for the poor ;
 Else you can never advertise,
No money taken at the door.

✱

T O M O N E Y.

*Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*—TIBUL.

O MONEY ! MONEY ! I too plainly see
That in good earnest I'm in love with thee ;
When I alone thy beauteous form survey,
Do not my eyes my tender thoughts betray ?
Does not my trembling hand thy person seize,
And eager grasp thee with an am'rous squeeze ?

No lover can more grievously repine
At Chloe's absence, than I do at thine :
And well I may ; for, when depriv'd of thee,
I can enjoy no other company.

The lover's senses equal throbbings feel,
Whether he sees his fair in dishabille,
Or when full dress each heighten'd beauty shows,
To rival belles and complimenting beaux ;
Just so on you my eyes enamour'd stare,
In whatsoever figure you appear ;
If, as a guinea, you eclipse the sun,
If, as a shilling, you eclipse the moon,
Altho' he be the glorious god of light,
And she the silver majesty of night.

Nor is m' unconquerable passion less,
When you in paper whimsically dress ;

Tho'

Tho' others at so thin a garment laugh,
And think your reputation not quite safe.

Their own opinions lovers often drop,
And those their mistresses embrace adopt;
My Presbyterian scruples you remove,
And teach ev'n Popish sovereigns to love;
Both *James* and *Charles* have I *chang'd* with pain,
And often wish'd *th' old Stuarts back again*.

Tho' many lovers hate the blaze of light,
And hold their assignations in the night,
When sleep and silence the creation hush,
And day extinguish'd spares the virgin's blush;
I won't receive thee darkling to my arms,
But in broad day explore thy Sterling charms;
Lest some vile *whore*, with frontispiece of *brass*,
For my true love should undetected *pass*;
And I, as Jacob was of old, be bit,
And not fair Rachel but blear'd Leah get.

Old Cato, say the writers of his life,
Sent to a childless friend his fertile wife;
I'll lend thee too, and so far imitate
The Roman; but my friend must not forget,
Mine are the *yellow boys* ye procreate.

But when with me, think not to lead the life
Or of the French, or of the British wife;
Who unprotected roams, to those a prey,
By force who ravish, or by wiles betray:
Much of the Spanish caution I approve,
And with a padlock will secure my love.

On the death of Marshal KEITH.

K EITH then is fall'n ! What numbers can there flow,
 What strains adequate to so great a wo !
 Ev'n hostile kingdoms in dark pomp appear,
 To strew promiscuous honours o'er his bier.
 Hungaria gives the tribute of the eye,
 And ruthless Russia melts into a sigh :
 They mourn his fate, who felt his sword before ;
 And all the hero in the foe deplore.

What must they feel for whom the warrior storm'd,
 Whose fields he fought, whose ev'ry counsel form'd ?
 Brave Prussia's sons depend the mournful head,
 And with their tears bedew the mighty dead :
 Sad round the corse, a stately ring they stand,
 Their arms reflecting terror o'er the land ;
 With silent eyes they run the hero o'er,
 And mourn the chief they shall obey no more ;
 A pearly drop hangs in each warrior's eye,
 And through the army runs the gen'ral sigh *.

- * This piece appears to have been wrote before the accounts that M. Keith's funeral obsequies were solemnized by the Austrians had reached the author ; a circumstance which he would probably have converted to very good purpose.

Great FRED'RIC comes to join the mighty wo;
 Eternal laurels bind his awful brow;
 Majestic in his arms he stands, and cries,
 Is KEITH no more? and as he speaks, he sighs;
 In silence falls the fable show'r of wo;
 He eyes the corse, and frowns upon the foe:
 Then grasping his try'd sword, the chief alarms,
 And kindles all his warriors into arms.
 Revenge, he cries, revenge the blood of KEITH;
 Let Austria pay a forfeit for his death.
 They join, and move in shining columns on;
 Germania trembles to Vienna's throne.

But CALEDONIA o'er the rest appears,
 And claims pre-eminence to mother-tears:
 In deeper gloom her tow'ring rocks arise,
 And from her valleys issue doleful sighs.
 Sadly she sits, and mourns her glory gone;
 He's fall'n, her bravest, and her greatest son!
 While at her side her children all deplore
 The godlike hero they exil'd before.

Sad from his native home the chief withdrew;
 But kindled SCOTIA's glory as he flew;
 On far Iberia built his country's fame,
 And distant Russia heard the SCOTTISH name.
 Turks stood aghast, as, o'er the fields of war,
 He rul'd the storm, and urg'd the martial car.
 They ask'd their chiefs, what state the hero rais'd;
 And ALBION on the Hellespont was prais'd.

But

But chief, as reliques of a dying race,
 The KEITHS, command, in wo, the foremost place;
 A name for ages thro' the world rever'd,
 By SCOTIA lov'd, by all her en'mies fear'd;
 Now falling, dying, lost to all but fame,
 And only living in the hero's name.

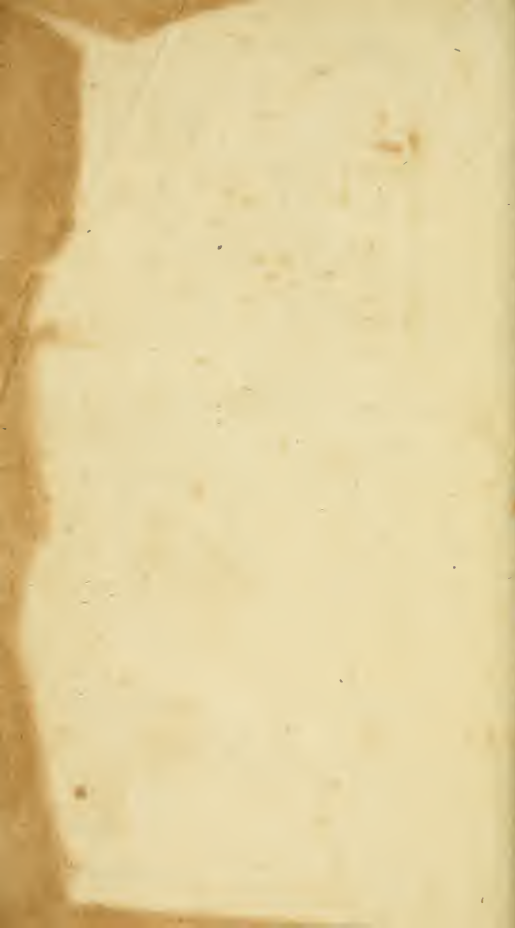
See ! the proud halls they once possess'd, decay'd,
 The spiral tow'rs depend the lofty head ;
 Wild ivy creeps along the mould'ring walls,
 And with each gust of wind a fragment falls ;
 While birds obscene at noon of night deplore,
 Where mighty heroes kept the watch before.

On Mem'ry's tablet mankind soon decay,
 On Time's swift stream their glory slides away ;
 But, present in the voice of deathless Fame,
 KEITH lives, eternal, in his glorious name ;
 While ages far remote his actions show ;
 And mark with them the way their chiefs should go ;
 While fires unto their wond'ring offspring tell,
 KEITH liv'd in glory, and in glory fell.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.







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