

"Rare"



John. Heyrick,

A PLEADER TO THE NEEDER WHEN A READER.

AS all, my friend, through wily knaves, full often suffer wrongs,
Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to whom this book belongs.
Than one CHARLES CLARK, of Totham Hall, none to 't a right hath better,
A *wight*, that same, more *read* than some in the lore of old *black-letter*.
And as C. C. in *Essex* dwells—a shire at which all laugh—
His books must, sure, less fit seem drest, if they 're not bound in *calf*!
Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease or dirt besmear it;
While none but awkward *puppies* will continue to "dog's-eat" it!
And o'er my books when book-worms "*grub*," I'd have them understand,
No marks the margins must de-face from any busy "*hand*!"
Marks, as re-marks, in books of CLARK'S, when e'er some critter spy leaves,
It always him so *wasp-ish* makes, though they 're but on the *fly-leaves*!
Yes, if so they 're used, he'd not de-fer to *deal* a fate most meet—
He'd have the soiler of his *quires* do penance in a *sheet*!
The Ettrick *Hogg*—ne'er deemed a *bore*—his candid mind revealing,
Declares, to beg "*a copy*" now 's a mere pre-text for stealing!
So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book may wish me,
I thus my book-plate here display, lest some such "*fry*" should *dish* me!
—But hold,—though I again declare with-holding I'll not *brook*,
And "*a sea of trouble*" still shall take to bring book-worms "*to book*!"

1861.

C. C.

THE
Muse in Miniature,

A SERIES OF
MORAL MISCELLANIES,

Humbly attempted by

THE TRIFLER.

*His Hammer this, and that his Trowel quits,
And wanting Sense for Tradesmen, serve for Wits.*

YOUNG'S Satires.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, by E. MOORE,
N^o 16. OLD-BROAD-STREET.

M,DCC,LXXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TH E following juvenile compositions of a *mechanical* mind, having already appeared as fugitive essays in the public Ledger and other periodical papers; at the instance of Friendship, and perhaps persuasion of Vanity, they are collected in one publication. With what propriety they are again intruded upon ^{the} Town, the judicious Public will determine. But as it must be universally admitted, a poetical melody of mind is best indulged in rural retreats and *social* sequestration, the **AUTHOR** begs leave to submit in defence

a 2

of

iv ADVERTISEMENT.

of the following, that not a few have been suggested at the Exchange, and *composed* amidst the bustle of the Custom-House; tho' the generality of them have been the pleasing occupation of his evening hours, or the trifling engagement of such moments as could be best borrowed from the busy duties of the day. He further presumes to flatter himself however deficient they may be in point of sentiment, imagery, harmony, refinement, &c. he justifies little censure for endeavouring to cultivate a friendship with the fair family of Parnassus, in preference to the prevailing spirit of party malevolence, and political disquisition.

He has only to add, that the ingenious must not expect to find in the following sheets, either the epigrams of Martial, the
satires

ADVERTISEMENT.

satires of Juvenal, the fancy of Spencer, the fire of Pope, or the sublime pastoral pathos of that gentle pensioner of Apollo, Mr. Thompson, for they are————in short they are * * * * Miscellanies, where if

“ *One bright thought, quite solitary shines,*

“ *In the dry desert of a thousand lines,*”

he may brave the candid to condemn *it*.

T H E

T H E

C O N T E N T S.

page.

<i>CIVIL Invitation, an irregular ode</i>	I
<i>Morning, a pastoral</i> - - -	7
<i>Evening, the same</i> - - -	11
<i>Happiness, a vision</i> - - -	15
<i>The wish</i> - - -	22
<i>Religion</i> - - -	26
<i>A Paraphrase of the twentieth chapter of</i> <i>Exodus</i> - - -	30
<i>Spring, a pastoral</i> - - -	34
<i>Summer, the same</i> - - -	39
<i>Autumn, the same</i> - - -	44
<i>Winter</i>	

THE CONTENTS.

vii

	page
<i>Winter, the same</i> - - -	49
<i>Candid courtship a dialogue</i> - - -	55
<i>Matrimony</i> - - - -	57
<i>The Ostrich, the Viper, the Owl, and the Fox, a political allegory</i> - - -	61
<i>Patriotism</i> - - - -	69
<i>Avarice</i> - - - -	72
<i>A thunder storm</i> - - -	75
<i>The visit, or inquisitive shepherds</i> -	79
<i>The happy Bard</i> - - -	82
<i>The repulse</i> - - - -	89
<i>The desponding Bard</i> - - -	92
<i>The adieu</i> - - - -	95
<i>The mad Bard</i> - - - -	98
<i>The hermit and ruin'd abbey</i> -	104

Youth

	Page
<i>Youth</i> - - -	108
<i>The rival roses and evergreen, a fable for the fair</i> - - -	117
<i>Frederick and Fanny, a pastoral</i> -	127
<i>John and Susan, a burlesque</i> -	133
<i>Peggy and Patty, a pastoral dialogue</i> -	137
<i>An address to a scull, a midnight reflection</i>	140

T H E
Muse in Miniature, &c.

T H E
CIVIL INVITATION,
A N
O D E.

*“ Then the inexpressive strain
“ Diffuses its enchantment ; fancy dreams
“ Of sacred fountains and clysiian groves,
“ And vales of blifs.”*

AKENSIDE'S Pleasures of Imagination.

SWEET mistress Muse, say will you be so
kind

(In sooth my heart's to courtship much inclin'd)

To melodize my mind ;

Prithee, sweetheart, interceed,

Let me wake the vocal reed

With nature's notes in best accordance join'd.

A Enraptur'd

THE CIVIL INVITATION,

Enraptur'd I'll sing
 And enliven the string,
 And thy praises shall live in the lyre ;
 Not a theme will I write,
 You refuse to indite,
 Not a thought you're ashamed to inspire.
 My sands will fail in pleasant pass
 Adown the steep of time,
 And I will charm thee, by the mass,
 With ev'ry rural rhapsody in rhyme ;
 With sugar'd phrases sweeten ev'ry song,
 And I will love thee much, and love thee long.

Sacred sisters smile on me

(Musical Mæonidæ)

But chiefly thee I will address,

Thee, all propitious patroness

Of pretty poesy.

The sweetly silent sylvan scene,

The livery'd lawn so gayly green,

The flowery bank is thine ;

Nay thine is inspirations beam,

Poetic fancy's fairy dream,

'Tis thine to polish ev'ry theme,

And ev'ry thought refine.

Indulge

Indulge me with treasures
Of musical measures,
Sweet pastoral pleasures
Of musical measures,

I'll hail thee queen of the nine.

In simplest sort enamel nature's song,
And I will love thee much and love thee long.

When philomela quits the pointed thorn,
And the shrill lark salutes the dapple dawn,
The verdant valley, beechy grove,
And hazel copse with joy I'll rove,
And aid the merry minstrelsy of morn.
Tell me, charmer, art thou found
In the antique classic books,
Or where the grey grown oaks surround
The mossy margin of the babbling brooks ?
I'm told that there thou sit'st in museful mood,

Socializing solitude :

Let me to fly thy fond embraces,
To forests, fields, and fountains,
The checquer'd shade,
And grassy glade,

And eke the meads and mountains.

Until thou deign'st to sanctify my song,
And make me love thee much, and love thee long.

Yes, I hear the fages say;
 Life's a little lapsing day,
 Kindled with celestial fire,
 To blaze, and twinkle, and expire.

So, prithee, my love, do not tarry,
 But take the poor bard to thy arms ;
 Dear muse, I'm determined to marry ;
 My soul is slave to your charms,
 (Sad finner !)

My soul is a slave to your charms.
 Fleecy flocks and rugged rocks
 Shall grace my goodly gingle,
 Dying knells and tinkling bells
 'Tingle, tingle, tingle.

With my tabor and pipe so sweetly I'll play,
 Come, prithee, love, honour, obey,
 But bless me, cares me ;
 No care shall distress me ;
 So, prithee, love, honour, obey.

*(Albe) ne'er lifted with the learned throng,
 Mayhap I'll give some samples of a song
 Shall prove I'll love thee much, and love the long.

My friends no more ! Lyfander's bier
 Demands the tributary tear ;

• Altho'

What

What fruitless floods of grief shall flow amain ?

Slow drags the mournful, wounded, weeping
verse,

In heavy measures, halting with his herse,
Solemn sadness, solemn sadness, solemn sadness,
suits the strain,

Glee and gladness yield to pain ;
Solemn sadness fits the strain.

Hush, hush, my Lucella is smiling,
All anguish and sorrow beguiling :

While time's on the wing,

I'll frolick and sing ;

My dearest Lucella is smiling ,

As soft as a dove,

She listens to love ;

My charming Lucella is smiling.

Ah ! cruel fair-one, must my bosom bleed ?

Must, must I combat with affliction's billows ?

To woeful lament attune my reed,

While peace expires apace on thorny pillows ?

*In Babylon I'll pay my vows,

And hang my harp upon the boughs

Of weeping, weeping willows.

* Here the Author speaking of his captivity, alludes to that
of Israel in Babylon.

6 THE CIVIL INVITATION.

But when Bellona's thundering voice alarms,
My rhyme shall rattle with the clank of arms :
Thus to thy every mood I'll try to suit my song,
Thus I will love thee much, and love thee long.

Lead me, ever and anon,
Up the steep of Helicon,
Where mental blossoms blow ;
For thee I'll every volume turn,
For thee the midnight lamp shall burn,
With thee my thoughts shall glow ;
With none but thee I'll pass my studious hours, }
In balmy aromatic bowers, }
And cull choice nosegays of parnassian flowers. }
Then farewell scenes of busy strife.
Ye storms that vex the voyage of life,
Distracting dreams farewell ;
In solitude's bewilder'd seat, }
I'll taste my philosophic treat, }
Until the hamlet hinds shall meet, }
To toll my passing bell ;
Ah ! what will then avail my muse's song,
Or that I loved her much, and loved her long.

M O R N I N G.

M O R N I N G.

*Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.*

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

DA W N the blushing babe of light,
Cradled in the clouds of day,
Jealous of his father's right,
Wipes the stain of night away :

Scatt'ring roses thro' the sky,
Sprinkling odours o'er the plains,
Gently lifts Aurora's eye,
Smiling on the village swains.

Thro' the burnish'd eastern gates,
Sol triumphant rides from far,
Bounteous Health his breath awaits,
Sorrow's captive at his car.

Lacing hill and dale with gold,
Drinking up the pearly dew,
Grateful o'er the thirsty mould,
Eve in sober silence brews.

Earth adorn'd with blooming grace,
Glad receives his warm salute ;
Flora's finger paints her face,
Plenty spins her bridal suit.

Birds of night abash'd, retire,
Fearful shun the sylvan croud,
Flocking round the hoary spire,
Chatt'ring daws debate aloud.

Posting o'er the farmers grounds,
Reynard bears his bleeding prey,
Ere the silver scented hounds,
Op'ning full, his haunts betray.

Summon'd by the sultan cock,
Calling round his fav'rite wives ;
See the shepherd seeks his flock,
Labour o'er the land revives.

Peeping

Peeping from the humble shed,
Chirping sparrows friendly call ;
Fowls, by household favours fed,
Glean the hospitable hall.

Sopha'd on the silken grass,
Cows with milky treasures stor'd,
Rise to give the peasant's lass
Sweets that crown the homely board.

Cackling o'er the common wide,
Greeting geese together bow ;
Swelling swans in plummy pride,
Swift the shining surface plow.

Waddling to the neighb'ring brook.
Nature, nurse of knowledge rude,
Bids the fond maternal duck
Lightly launch her little brood.

Feath'ry architects prepare
Mossy mansions on the spray :
Flutt'ring thro' the yielding air,
Chearful wing their busy way.

Dairy duties rouse the dame ;
 Maids, at early mornin bell,
 Kindle quick the furzy flame,
 *Crackling in the crickets cell.

Seated round the bubbling pot,
 Singing blythe the gipsy crew,
 Ev'ry frowning fear forgot,
 Friendship's pleasures seal anew.

Thoughtless wait they each event
 Time's commission'd to impart,
 Dully happy taste content,
 Health of mind, and ease of heart.

Journ'ing constant with the sun,
 Swift from clime to clime they roam ;
 Nightly, when the toil is done,
 Ev'ry barn is happy home.

* The oven.

EVENING.

*Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.*

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

HA N D in hand the dancing hours
Trip it jocund thro' the day,
Smiling from their breezy bowers
Kissing zephyrs come away.

Swift the mirthsome moments run
Crown'd with festive grace and glee,
'Till the soul inspiring sun
Bathes his bosom in the sea.

Now he hides his flaming crest
Pillow'd in a fleecy cloud ;
Now in golden tissue drest
Half emerging from his shroud ,

Faintly

Faintly darts a dying gleam,

Where the babbling waters fall,
Trembling o'er the rippling stream
And the aged abby-wall.

Near the turrets, and the tombs,

Crazy steeples nodding high,
Gothic arches, dreary domes,
Low the lengthen'd shadows lie.

Where the chasm yawns aghast,

Blinking owlets visits pay,
Hovering o'er the ruin vast,
Croaking prophets bode decay.

Now the solar taper sinks,

Now the parting shades expire,
Now the Western visage winks,
Now the crimson clouds retire.

Sober sandel'd Eve apace,

Silent seeks her dusky way,
Plaintive dews embalm her face
Meek executrix of day.

Homeward

Homeward plodding from the plough,
Chearful hafts the whistling hind,
Health illumines his honest brow,
Happy mirror of his mind.

Pleas'd his little lisping flock,
All their winning graces try,
Asking from his humble stock,
Savoury suppers sweet supply.

Poultry to the perch repair
Or at nature' dear desire,
Fondly cluck their callow care,
Coop'd beside the cottage fire.

Measures melting from the spray
To the tuneful thrush belong,
And the blackbird lends a lay,
Sisters of the sylvan song.

Sighing soft the busy breeze
Wafts the sound of curfew bell,
Whispering to the aspin trees
Woes of widow philomel.

Drowsy

Drowsy beetles urge their way
 Huming daylight's dying dirge,
 And the sleepy scenes display
 Half an image in the fudge.

Now the bat in mazy flits
 Wanders from her craggy cave,
 Meek ey'd Meditation sits
 Near the grotto and the grave.

Nurse of nature and the nine
 Dive me in thy depths profound
 Teach oh teach ! the muse of mine,
 Frisking fancy's fairy ground.

Lead me where the frozen sage
 Free from little-minded care,
 In his hoary hermitage
 Woo's philosophy the fair.

She can lull my lapsing breath
 She can crown its latest lee,
 Laugh of life, and song in death,
Virtue is philosophy.

H A P P I N E S S,

A

V I S I O N.

Humbly inscribed to a tenderly respected
YOUNG LADY.

Dull sleep instructs nor sport vain dream in vain.

YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

S O F T sleep had sooth'd the busy breast,
And toil receiv'd his pension, rest ;
At day's decease her wand convey'd,
A requiem to the soul of trade ;
'The shepherd's bleating fund was told,
Dun darkness cloak'd the fleecy fold.
Silence was pillow'd on the plains ;
While MORPHEUS forg'd the silken chains,
'That rivet Reason to the cell,
Where P E A C E and E A S E, his daughters dwell ;
In

In fascination's fetters bound,
A kind reprieve frail nature found,
For passion's proud rebellious race
Were lock'd within his sweet embrace.
Fancy who needs no sovereign balm,
To urge her flight from charm to charm,
Alone reserv'd a callous knee,
Defied the God, disdain'd his fee ;
Pruning her brisk progressive pow'rs,
To seek exotick fruits and flow'rs.
As thus the fairy phantom flew,
An object struck her ravis'd view,
Whose brilliant form, and looks benign,
Bespoke her pedigree divine.
Entranc'd in joy, the curious maid
Th' etherial essence long survey'd,
'Till breathing soft, " If right I guess,
" Thy name, thy nature's HAPPINESS ;
" So strictly sought by youth and age,
" So fabled by the letter'd sage ;
" So taught in philosophic schools,
" So read in bright religion's rules.

Sweet

“ Sweet soul of Hope, how long in vain,
“ I’ve strove to lift beneath thy reign,
“ Have measured many mazy miles,
“ To court thy dear seraphic smiles ;
“ For know, my stimulative’s fame,
“ Who more than venerates thy name.
“ Oft has thy shade, in various way,
“ Seduc’d my gentle feet astray ;
“ At distance spread those magic mines,
“ Good sense reveals, the heart refines,
“ To lure by such magnetic spells,
“ As credibility excels.
“ Then deign to bow a gracious ear,
“ Alas ! you know (I speak sincere)
“ How wide soe’er I chanc’d to roam,
“ Black disappointment saw me home.
“ Since thus bewilder’d, and unshod,
“ Blind error’s serpentine I trod,
“ Celestial agent condescend
“ to counsel fancy as a friend.
“ To thee what inspirations giv’n,
“ Peerless epitome of heav’n !

B

But

“ But ere our speech has social guise,
 “ With thy permission I’ll premise,
 “ That breathing whisper’s voice controul,
 “ And waft advice from soul to soul.
 “ Yon clay clad creature of an hour,
 “ Whose brain’s my incommodious bow’r,
 “ So close by niggard nature fram’d,
 “ The dolt of darkness dullness nam’d ;
 “ Has long usurp’d my mental sphere,
 “ Egyptian darkness less severe.
 “ By day she rules with horrid state,
 “ Fast locks and bars conception’s gate,
 “ So closely guards th’ intricate key,
 “ That none but night can set me free.
 “ Now Sleep has seal’d her dungeon sure,
 “ And gives me leave to take a tour ;
 “ But should she wake ! so soon to part,
 “ Indeed ’twould crucify my heart !
 “ In brief; let flow’ry friendship tell,
 “ Where and with whom thou deign’st to dwell ?
 “ Can bold Ambition’s *beaten* road
 “ Conduct to thy *recluse* abode ?

“ Can honour wear thy vest alone,
 “ Or are thy truths to titles known.
 “ Will riches bribe thee to the breast,
 “ Has ease thy secret e’er possess’d ?
 “ Dare Health presume, with pert pretence,
 “ To claim thy cordial confidence ?
 “ Does pedant speculation boast,
 “ She knows the quicksands of thy coast ;
 “ May Fashion, *Folly*’s sister sue
 “ To gain a compliment from you ?
 “ Does meek content, auspicious Fair,
 “ The fullness of thy fortune share ;
 “ O solve thy much mysterious chart,
 “ Does plenty hold thee at her heart ?
 “ I fear I’m rude, but, pr’ythee, say,
 “ Dost thou inspire the grave or gay ?
 “ Art thou the miser’s golden guest,
 “ Enshrin’d within an iron chest ;
 “ In hermits huts dost thou repose,
 “ Or sitt’st in princely portico’s ?
 “ Does freedom o’er thy feast preside ;
 “ To whom is Happiness ally’d ?

“ Once I conceiv’d, as now I do,
 “ Thy substance fed my varnish’d view :
 “ For *Love* (you, doubtless, know the God;
 “ Whose dart can animate a clod)
 “ So press’d the passions to obey,
 “ His tender, teasing, sweetest sway,
 “ That fancy’s feet were free to rove,
 “ Arcadia’s garden, grot, or grove ;
 “ O’er *purling* streams enraptur’d fled,
 “ And dream’d my tyrant Dulness dead.
 “ But *cool Contempt* the wand’rer taught,
 “ That *Love*, in vain, your friendship sought ;
 “ Sure, sure you’re coy ! instruct me why,
 “ Patience shall pause ’till you reply.”
 When thus the being from above,
 “ My motto’s *Universal Love*.
 “ Consolidated souls I scorn,
 “ For *man*, immortal man was born :
 “ In Charity a lesson lies,
 “ Will teach the language of the skies
 “ I’m often but the preacher’s theme,
 “ The lover’s boast, the poets dream.

“ But weak and wise, both youth and age,
“ May trace me in the sacred page ;
“ Where Hope employs her golden pen,
“ To scribe me on the hearts of men.
“ For since my deputies were driven
“ From Eden’s chrystal clime to Heav’n ;
“ I’ve furnish’d down for virtue’s bed,
“ The patriarchal faithfuls fed,
“ The good of all degrees are mine,
“ My right’s immortal and divine.
“ Science may whirl her rapid car,
“ To trace my footsteps from afar ;
“ The world, to tune her jarring sphere,
“ May charm my tinsel shadow near ;
“ But, as the bard does well declare,
“ I’m no where found, or ev’ry where.”
She fled : and ere her last adieu,
Affirm’d her proxy liv’d in Y O U.

T H E

W I S H.

*Heaven hath my empty words,
 Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel.*

SHAKESPEAR'S Measure for Measure.

W O U L D Apollo the parent of science
 and song,

With wisdom illumine my lay ;
 Could I swell the sweet notes that to transport
 belong

Could I bask in his ravishing ray ;
 Like pastoral Spencer, or Mantua's swain,
 Inform the soft pipe, I should still wish again.

Like

Like a Newton the code of creation explore,
And mazes almighty define,
Could I fathom profound, to sublimity soar,
And develope each system divine ;
Anatomize Nature, her causes explain,
I should still be unblest, I should still wish again.

The muse of a Milton, the pen of a Pope,
The records of Fame may enroll,
With Shakespear, who gave fairy fancy a scope,
And Lock who dissected the soul.
Tho' a judgment so just should embellish my
strain,

Could I rival their reeds, I should still wish again.

Could I breath the soft feature, the glow and the
grace,

With the tints of a Titian compare,
Should the glories of Greece to my pencil give
place,

Could I picture the charms of my fair !
Tho' Raphael or Rubens might justly be vain,
I could not be content, and should still wish again.

Tho' the lay of my lips and my lute and my lyre,
The harp of great Handel confound,
Tho' harmony's self a new heart should acquire,
And pain be entranc'd in the sound ;
In my musical mood how I'd sweetly complain,
How I'd wish from my soul, I might still wish
again.

Could my coffers display all the gems of the East,
Was my footstool a mountain of gold ;
Would Ceres appoint me the lord of her feast,
And plenty cashier of her fold ;
While I grasp'd at the globe, my profusion would
pain,
I should sure be a wretch, and might well wish
again.

Tho' like Alfred's, the father of freedom and law,
My name be by Britons ador'd,
Tho' kingdoms be kept, by my truncheon in
awe,
And their rulers submit to my sword,

Like

Like Macedon's madman, could conquest maintain,
I might weep for more worlds, and should still
wish again.

Could I boast of a victory greater than these,
O'er the heart of Lucella prevail ;
Tho' my music could melt, and my poesy please,
And attention await on my tale,
Some critic in love, will my conduct arraign,
When I frankly confess, I should still wish again.

I adore her, indeed, she is all the day long,
The theme of each thought that is blest,
She's the pride of my pipe, and the soul of my
song,

And my dreams in her image are drest ;
Possess'd of her hand, if a wish could remain,
By great Hymen I'd wish I might *ne'er* wish
again.

RELIGION.

R E L I G I O N.

*Without or star, or angel for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him.*

YOUNG'S Night Thoughts.

HA I L sacred lamp ! blest type of heav'nly
flame !

By thee we trace the co-eternal name,
Who brought thy sky-born truths to open day,
When midnight error fled salvation's ray.
In Scripture's page, where sparkling precepts
shine,

We view thee stamp'd with energy divine ;
Taste tides of joy that never ebbing flow,
Proclaiming heaven above, by heaven below.
Immortal virtues smiling in thy train,
Shall time and nature's monuments remain ;

Beyond

Beyond life's ling'ring sphere transport the just,
Make atoms angels! deify the dust!

Without thy aid to smoothe this thorny span,
Without thy guide how blind the reptile man!

Tho' nature's dark unfathomable maze,
In reason's organ sounds its ALPHA's praise;
By Thee alone we endless bliss explore,
Ere death has launch'd us to the elysian shore.
Be thou bright Goddess! thro this glimm'ring
stage,

Of youth conductress, the support of age,
Assist my clay cag'd soul from earth to rise,
Live above life, and emulate the skies;
With radiant hope, mortality beguile,
And bid affliction's furrow'd visage smile.
Oh ye who doubt, and doubting, dare deny
Truths, without which 'tis more than death to
die;

Ye minor heirs, of raptures most sublime,
Who waste an heav'nly heritage on time,
Be wise, be blest, attend her gospel call,
Whose fruits must flourish, tho' creation fall.

Say

Say ye, whose heads decline with weight of
years,

Where hoary time in snowy pomp appears,
Who wade thro' ties to grasp the idol ore,
And makes religion centre in your store,
Will Death, proud Death, that's ambush'd in our
frame,

Aw'd by thy pond'rous bags, renounce his
C claim ?

~~Man~~ meagre Mammon's million-making tribe
Corrupt Corruption with a glitt'ring bribe ;
Your God*, alas ! how impotent to save,
Or gild the horrors of the yawning grave,
Where dust confounds in dust the poor and
proud,

And ermin'd honours dwindle to a shroud ?
For empty joys, then, check your impious rage,
And let immortal worth your minds engage ;

* Gold.

To

To snatch from Justice the avenging rod,
 Religion calls ye with the voice of God ;
 Points out the path almighty love reveal'd,
 And groaning Golgotha in darkness seal'd.
 Where God for sinners life and light obtain'd,
 While death and darkness, death and darkness
 reign'd.

In love to man he triumph'd o'er the tomb,
 (Man doom'd to death, ere death revoked his
 doom)

He rose ! he rose ! his faints and martyrs saw,
 And felt his grace to sanctify his law.

T H E

THE XX CHAPTER

OF

E X O D U S

PARAPHRASED.

For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. John i. 17.

Blotting out the hand writing of ordinances, that was against us, which was contrary to us, nailing it to his cross. Col. ii. 14.

THUS from the cloud the moral mandate
broke

When Israel's God in awful accents spoke :

I.

I am the Lord thy God, who set thee free,
And claim, unrival'd claim, the suppliant knee.

II.

II.

Let not thy hands mechanic shapes devise,
 Like aught creation's boundless field supplies :
 Thou shalt not kiss the earth to things therein,
 For I'm a jealous God, and visit sin ;
 Justice shall scourge their seed who hate my sway,
 Adoring millions mercy shall repay.

III.

Let thought be fetter'd, sin not with thy breath,
 Who dares blaspheme my name, endangers death.

IV.

Thy God commands that thou shalt sacred keep
 His sabbath-day, on which let labour sleep ;
 Six thou shalt toil, then rest as I've ordain'd,
 Sons, servants, aliens, all by thee maintain'd ;
 For I the Lord, in six creation crown'd,
 Then ceasing blest'd, that homage might abound.

V.

Let ties parental, filial love engage,
 That life's fair spring may autumn into age.

VI.

VI.

A brother's blood thy poignard shall not shed,

VII.

Nor shall thy lust defile thy neighbour's bed.

VIII.

Thou shalt not make by stealth illegal claim,

XI.

Nor falsely blight the blossom of a name.

X.

Thou shalt with envy no man's wealth behold,
Content's a ceaseless source, and bankrupts gold.

Th' Almighty paus'd.—At distance Israel saw,
And trembling heard the thunders of his law ;
Then thus to Moses rais'd the cry of fear,
His will interpret, we are prompt to hear ;
But let not God in speech with us be found,
Lest instant death's ingrafted in the sound.
Moses reply'd, your God descends to try,
And nerve your fear, lest sinning, ye should die.

Then

Then straight drew near the hallow'd cloud un-
shod,

Where dreadful darkness veil'd the present God.
Thus spake the Lord. "This day hath Israel
" heard

" How I, Jehovah, with their Tribes conferr'd :

" Ye shall not worship Passion's golden shrine,

" I claim the fervid heart, its pulse is mine ;

" From earth-built-temples shall your incense rise,

" And I, the Lord, will bless the sacrifice ;

" But let your hands no sculptur'd altars raise,

" Nor priest pollute the pillar of my praise."

C

S P R I N G.

S P R I N G.

*Come gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.*

THOMPSON'S Seasons.

HEavenly harpers, sisters nine,
Since each harmonious note is thine,
O ! give the Bard to sing ;
Apollo, patronize my lays,
Attune a subject soul to praise
Thy darling daughter SPRING.
Charm'd by thy enticing strain,
Widow'd Nature weds again.

Though jealous Winter's cruel force
Protracted long the sad divorce,

And

And strip'd her jointur'd lands ;
 Old Time, who on thy wedding-day,
 First gave the blooming Maid away,
 Now reunites the bands.
 Sweetly chorus hill and plain,
 Nature is a Bride again.

No more her bosom's steep'd in tears,
 No more her wither'd face appears,
 In vain would grief destroy ;
 Kind drizzling dews anoint her head,
 With Beauty's blush her cheek is spread,
 And grac'd with gems of joy.
 Tepid breezes swell the strain,
 Weeping Nature smiles again.

Fair Flora's family perfume,
 With fragrant breaths her dressing-room,
 And furnish tapestry too ;
 Beneath the bush the primrose pale,
 Salutes the violet of the vale,
 Array'd in purple hue.
 Who can now from song refrain ?
 Nature's nurs'ry fills again.

While e'vry villa wears her vest,

In filken suit the lawn is drest,

To dignify the day ;

The hawthorn hedge shoots forth her leaves,

With kind dispatch a chaplet weaves

To bless the brow of May.

Woods and groves no more complain,

Naked Nature's cloath'd again.

The twittling tenants of the bough,

Each Valentine performs his vow,

Sweet bondage of the breast ;

When duty calls the charmer home,

Her marriage mate for crumbs will roam,

Or sing her cares to rest.

No more shall wizzard Discord reign,

Nature is in tune again.

The dove soft sighing to the gale,

In whispers wafts the tender tale,

Meek mourner of the shade ;

With cooing courtship zephyrs play,

Or lisp their little loves away,

To melodize the glade.

Nature,

Nature, glad, forgets her pain,
All is jubilee again.

The streams subservient to thy will,
Now lapse in many a trickling rill,
 from frozen fetters free ;
In peaceful paths the courtiers creep,
Or swift their sedge borders sweep.

 To gain a kiss of thee.
Thy embrace dissolves her chain,
Prison'd Nature's free again.

To yoke the team, the foil prepare,
Or tend his fleecy-coated care,
 The Peasant plods the green ;
Where rosy-finger'd Health unlocks
The balmy blessings of her box,
 To sanctify the scene.

Teeming treasures wait the swain,
Bankrupt Nature's rich again.

Improve, ye Fair, the smiling hours,
While SPRING exerts her tender pow'rs,

Soft season of the soul ;
Religion's lamp for ever shines,
Tho' wintry age in dust declines,
And Nature seeks her goal.
SPRING immortal blooms above,
Ceaseless source of boundless love.

S U M M E R.

S U M M E R.

*From opening Fields of æther fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes.*

THOMPSON'S Seasons.

F A R E W E L tumultuous City scenes,
A while Apollo's daughter means
To bid ye all adieu ;
Content in less aspiring flights,
To celebrate the rural rites,
That sun-burnt swains renew.

Let brilliant bards, who thirst for bays,
In sonnets swell Lætitia's praise,
Or court some patron Peer ;
My honest Muse disdains a mask,
Prefers harmonious happy task,
To lip the laughing year.

Delightful theme ! to sing or say,
How first the dawn, in dapple grey,
Night's starry mantle dies ;
'Till fring'd with purple, azure, gold,
Aurora hastens to unfold

The curtains of the skies.

The tenant of the turf prepares
To chaunt aloud her pious pray'rs,
And hail the God of day ;
Creation rings beneath, above,
With hymns of harmony and love,
Sweet tenets of the spray.

Responsive lowing thro' the land,
The silly pasture-people stand,
And lash their dewy sides ;
Impatient 'till the tribute's paid
To ruddy Kate, the farmer's maid,
Who drains their milkey tides.

An honest cag of home-brew'd beer,
And scrip well stor'd with savoury cheer,

The

The Mowers scythe sustains ;

Who now to trim the matted mead
His leather doublet doffs with speed,
Companion of his pains.

The Verdure withering in the blaze
Which now acordial visit pays,

Assumes a tawny mien ;

'Till (blythsome birth) with merry feet,
The daughters of the hamlet meet,
To close the busy scene.

With joke and song, from side to side,
The busy fork and rake are plied,

To make the harvest sure ;

The jealous Bailiff sauntering by,
To keep with circumpective eye,
His Master's tythe secure.

Close penn'd beside the pebbly pool
(A tender class in Nature's school)

The fleecy clan appears ;

Rudely compell'd by turns to lave
Their woolly cloaks beneath the wave,
To suit the Yeoman's sheers.

Panting

Panting beneath the noontide ray,

The linnet lifts a languid lay,

In furzy brake conceal'd ;

The beasts to shun the raging beam,

Affect the shade or cooling stream,

And desolate the field.

The provident mechanic bee,

With every sweet of shrub or tree,

Now loads his little thigh ;

While sluggish drones in idle play,

Buzzing the breath of life away,

In giddy mazes fly.

The truant school-boy, naked stands

Poising with close uplifted hands,

Then dashes down the deep ;

While o'er his head in chearful chase,

To skim the mirrors wrinkled vase

The twittering swallows sweep.

Now Evening opes the village ball,

Around 'tis peacefull pleasure all,

Where

Where love and laughter reign,
With pot and pipe and tedious tale,
The fathers of the flock regale,
'Till night returns again.

Fain would the Muse in friendly part,
Impress this precept on thy heart,
O Youth, attend her lay ;
That time records what's done or meant,
And life, tho' long and smoothly spent,
Is but a Summer's day.

A U T U M N

A U T U M N.

*Crown'd with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd I tune.*

THOMPSON'S Seasons.

To you sweet Ladies of the lute,
The Bard renews his humble suit ;
To whom alone belong
The pow'rs Parnassian to refine,
Each modest Vot'ry of the nine
With sentiment and song.

Come thou, who bid the thrilling lyre,
With mental minstrelsy inspire

* Thy dear adopted son ;
Who Nature's polish'd picture drew
So just, the Goddess stamp'd it true,
But thought each Grace undone !

* THOMPSON.

Benignly

Benignly grant a gracious gleam,
To sketch the outlines of my theme,
And make the burden blest ;
So ha'ply may my pencil trace
Some fav'rite feature of her face,
In smiles autumnal drest.

Soon as the am'rous Sun has kiss't
From land and lake the mizzling mist,
And fairly written day,
Around the sprightly prospect heaves
The sacred subsidy of sheaves,
That peace and plenty pay.

Thick scatter'd o'er the burning soil
The labourers stooping to the toil,
Embrace the rust'ling blade.
'Till Ceres mourns her modest charms,
All ravish'd in the reapers arms,
And to the barn convey'd.

To lease at length the straggling ear,
Affliction's family appear,

At first with timorous hand ;
Then o'er the stubble closely pry,
Impatient for the poor supply,
And glean the liberal land.

Thick clust'ring on the swelling sight,
The blessings of the bough unite
Pomona's magazine.

The speckled pipin, juicy pear,
The powder'd plumb, and cherry's there,
And peach with mellow mien.

Slow trudging by the honest ass
What caravans incessant pass ;
Their pickles sheath'd in straw.
To pitch their camp in distant fields,
Where AUTUMN later labour yields,
The tawny tribe withdraw.

But now the Evening's softest sway,
Prepares to snuff the wick of day,
And light the starry dome :
The Moon, to meet the rustic friends,
Majestically meek ascends,
And honours Harvest-Home.

To rouse betime the panting hind,
See horse and dog in league combin'd,
Bound o'er the level lawn.

Feasting his rude unhallow'd lips,
In eager haste, the huntsman sips
Th' ambrosial breath of Morn.

To take the covey by surprize,
With cautious step and curious eyes,
The trailing pointer speeds,
'Till springing forwards, death to shun,
Arrested by the fatal gun.

The pretty victim bleeds.

To council met in middle air,
Now plummy passengers prepare
The passport of the wing :
In social sort debate a while.
Then dart at once from Albion's Isle,
And court a foreign spring.

Alas ! how soon each vista fails,
Aspiring hills and dimpling dales,

A barren waste reveal,
Save where the nibbling ewes are spread,
To crop the clovers moisten'd head,
And pick the scanty meal.

The verdure's summon'd to its grave,
The willows weeping o'er the wave,
A sobbing dirge ; decay,
The sound the palsied asp alarms,
The elm bewails her withering arms,
And sighs the scene away.

Thus gradual droops some gentle Maid,
By Man perfidious Man betray'd,
While tears in torrents flow ;
The lovely mourner pensive pines,
And every fading charm resigns,
A prey to wintry woe.

W I N T E R.

W I N T E R.

*'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reign tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.*

THOMPSON'S Seasons.

Dismantled Matron ! season sage,
Awhile the mournful Muse engage,
To solemnize the verse :
The Muse can best bestow a tear,
To weep o'er Vegetation's bier,
And all thy mighty miseries rehearse.
Thro' languid nature's cold disshrivell'd veins,
An epidemic fatal sickness reigns.

As Merit meets with melting eyes,
When Envy's jealous cloud denies,
A patronizing ray ;
The air with wintry vapour teems,
To intercept her guardians beams,
And quench with chilling dews the dreary
day.

D

Debar'd

Debar'd O Sun ! thy great patenic skill, [Still
Earth shuts her pores, and Nature's pulse stands

Sad sight ! each poor parochial plain,
Is desolations dull domain,

Too too conspicuous there ;
The heath's in hoary dishabille,
The moping mead, and wrinkled hill,

Her tempest tatter'd abject livery wear.
Rude bellowing blasts transport the direful tale,
While frowning forrests groan beneath the gale.

Thus ! thus ! her rigid sceptre's sway'd,
Hereditary honours fade,

The landscape's laugh is o'er ;
Pale grief has pluck'd each glowing grace,
That late was letter'd on her face,

Decrepid Nature feasts the sight no more..
Rivers rebell ! Seas sympathetic sigh,
And heave their billowy bosoms to the sky.

The verdant generations sleep,
Oblivions mantle buries deep.

The

The foliage of the fields ;
 No genial glance descends to cheer,
 No soothing sounds salute the ear,
 No solitary joy creation yields.

How sad in soul the forrowing earth appears,
 Marring th' almighty music of the spheres.

In peace the plough-boy builds his bed,
 While horror howling o'er his head,

The loosening thatch assails ;
 Sound slumbers on his lids alight,
 Beguiling raven hooded night, [vails.

Thro' every wearied limb the charm pre-
 No shapes fantastic, fetter'd fancy forms,
 Nor heeds the whistling blast and clattering storms.

His cloak tight belted to his waist,
 The hoary Herdsman hies in haste,

To meet the muffled Morn ;
 Some bleating Sisterhood in need,
 With plaintive elocution plead,

Distressfull numbers live along the lawn ;

With meekest mien they list an asking eye,
And court the crib for cheer the crops deny.

Ye Woods your subjects haunts declare,
Where dwells the finch, the blackbird where ?
Is philomela fled ?

Yes. Vallies weepingly aver,
The loss of harmony and her ;

To softest seasons, sweetest woes are wed,
No choral bands from thorny thickets call,
Alas ! 'tis wretched recitative all.

At length the floating floods subside,
And now to lull the tortur'd tide,

The Frost severely fair
Arrests the current as it creeps,
To slavish chains condemns the deeps,

And curbs the rushing Cataract in air.
With cheerless splendor holds tyranic rule,
Spangles each bush, and petrifies the pool.

Close lock'd within its cold carefs,
The Miller views with deep distress,

The

The Ice imprison'd wheel ;
Nor longer hears the merry clack,
Nor dives within the sinking sack,

To fleece with treacherous grasp the mea-
sur'd meal.

Adventurous Youth the skimming scates provide,
And o'er the slippery surface swiftly glide.

By pinching penury betray'd,
(O want is thus thy will obey'd ?)

Despotic harsh decree !

The dear defenceless Robin fums,
Her modest suit for cottage crumbs,

Wages of welcome household harmony ;
Stretch'd on the Rustic's hearth the flutterer plays,
And gladly shares his breakfast and his blaze.

The idle Ox, and sleeping mare,
The fallows stubborn state declare ;

No more the glebe's subdued.
How blank the fodder'd cattle croud !

The hungry Heifer lows aloud, [food.

And chews with heavy heart the tasteless

The Thresher's flails in mournful measures bound,
While pigs and poultry glean the grain around.

Now deepening o'er the dying Year,
(Indulge O Muse a parting tear,)

Sharp smothering Snows descend ;
The stable rock and tottering tower,,
All all proclaim the shivering shower

While Nature stoops prophetic of her end.
The Earth foregoes her vegetative powers,
'Till Spring restores her foliage and her flowers.

Thus link'd is Heavens almighty plan,
Momentous metaphors of Man :

See Suns and Seasons roll ;
Creation's light and laws combine,
To mark with emphasis divine,

The swift progressive stages of the soul.
In Spring we bud, In Summer blossom high,
Mature in Autumn, and in Winter die.

CANDID COURTSHIP.

When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

POPE.

FLORIMEL.

IS Daphne the pride of the plain,
 Content to be Florimel's spouse?
 Can she listen with love to his strain?
 Is she charm'd with the villager's vows?
 The kidlings that browse on the rock,
 And the fleeces that bathe in the rill,
 Nay the all of my pastoral stock,
 Believe me, is her's if she will.

DAPHNE.

Good Shepherd, be artless and wise;
 Can ambition with meekness agree?
 Contentment's the charter I prize;
 No wealth has a virtue for me,

56 CANDID COURTSHIP.

'Tis enough to be Florimel's wife,
 And duties domestic fulfill ;
 I am sure I can love you for life,
 So I thank you, I *think* that I will.

F L O R I M E L.

The Miser his plumb may possess,
 The Statesman his title and star,
 Our cares and our crimes will be less,
 And sha'nt we be happier far ?
 From fortune we'll brave each rebuff,
 Your smiles can adversity kill ;
 Your heart will be treasure enough,
 And I'll keep it dear Daphne, I will.

D A P H N E.

My candour Coquets may despise,
 And Prudes may my passion condemn :
 But innocence scorns a disguise,
 And I hope I'm as modest as them ;
 And, I think, if there's faith in the brook,
 I'm as fair as the Maid of the Mill ;
 So Florimel give me your crook,
 For in sooth I'm *determined* I will.

M A T R I M O N Y.

M A T R I M O N Y.

*Oh, she is all that painting can express,
Or youthful Poet's fancy when they love.*

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

*I think the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all such Humours from him.*

SHAKESPEAR's Othello.

HOW blest the Youth by sober prudence led,
Indulging dictates, natives of the heart,
Some finish'd Fair of virtuous worth to wed,
Untax'd by time her bloom can ne'er depart.

Freed from that grave of hope, the frown of scorn,
He quaffs rich draughts from Life's mellifluous
stream ;

Ambiguous Love no longer plants his thorn,
Sweet social Commerce gilds his mortal dream.

Among

Among th' intemp'rate midnight, murd'ring race,
Where foes to thought unbend the bow of
cares,

Kind Relaxation scorns to court Disgrace,
Home, happy home, more sacred joy prepares.

There Pleasure wears no specious mask of guile,
From pois'nous aloes guards her copious bowl ;
There soft Affection crowns the bosom smile,
And tunes the nuptial melody of soul.

From guilty scenes, where brutal passion fires
Impetuous youth, to fan th' unhallow'd flame,
He turns the scornful eye of chaste desires,
Nor wears his cheek th' obedient blush of
shame.

Domestic blessings clust'ring in his mind,
Of pleasing thoughts a fruitful harvest yield ;
Each lapsing day some treasure leaves behind,
To strengthen rigid Honour's faithful shield.

Tho' humble fortune circumscribe his fame,
Tho' wrapt in dark oblivion's sable vest,
Connubial gifts perpetuate his name,
And grace the exalted triumph of his breast.

In prattling pride his brooding eye surveys
Th' authentic records of a father's care ;
Maternal fondness mutual hope displays,
To rear their plants in Virtue's wholesome air.

Her sense no suitor to the toilet's shrine,
Disdains the servile yoke of magic mode ;
In Duty's science claims a praise divine,
The fragrant breath of Flatt'ry ne'er bestow'd.

To train the lisping nurs'ry of her knee,
Instructive tales the moral mint expand ;
As sense matures, she views with grateful glee,
Progressive branches bloom beneath her hand.

Should pensive thought, awake the tattling tear,
For sorrows past, or boding ills unborn ;
He calms her griefs, he soothes each aching fear,
And bids sweet smiles her dimpling cheek
adorn.

If sore oppress'd, by Fortune's keenest blow,
A frowning world besiege *his* heart around,
She more than shares th' immensity of woe,
And pours each lenient balsom in the wound.

Should

Bankrupt in Hope, tho' treacherous Friendship
fail,

And Sorrow's furies lash the beach of Thought,
Her loyal love rebukes the adverse gale,
And calms the passions into tempest wrought.

Should pale-ey'd Sickness, hov'ring o'er his bed,
From vig'rous Health demand the trusty keys,
Her downy breast upholds his drooping head,
Her anxious aid explores the dark disease.

Widow'd in thought, she views with weeping
eyes,

Life's low Exchequer drain'd of ev'ry joy;
Prepar'd to take each symptom by surprize,
E'er Nature's starless night her hopes destroy.

Should choice direct, and Heav'n be pleas'd to bless
With Hymen's sacred tie my ripen'd years;
Some polish'd partner may my mind possess,
To smooth this thorny pilgrimage of tears.

Beauty that prizeless pageant of a day,
Must with'ring own the wintry hand of Age;
While Virtuous Sense, superior to decay,
Shall still illumine, and shall still engage.

T H E
 OSTRICH, the VIPER,
 T H E
 OWL and the FOX.

A P O L I T I C A L A L L E G O R Y.

Inscribed to Mr. T. S.

How green you are, and fresh in this old World!
 JOHN lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
 SHAKESPEAR'S King John.

A C C E P T, dear Sir, a limping lay,
 Address'd in Freedom's friendly way,
 To thy tuition, well I know,
 ('Tho' *much* I want) how much I owe;
 But still, tho' Fancy's fund is small,
 "Have patience, and I'll pay thee all;"

For

For Gratitude will ever honour
 Such bills as Flatt'ry draws upon her.
 Does Friendship leave opinions free?
 May mental optics disagree?
 Are not the head and heart ally'd?
 Thus reas'ning with myself I cry'd,
 This proof in point kind Scripture lends,
 That Job *debated* with his friends,
 But not presumptuously to fire
 The man who stole Apollo's lyre;
 Disguis'd in sentimental fable,
 I court your candour with a fable.
 By way of penance for your sins,
 Attend my song, which thus begins.

The bird of chace, whose matchless speed
 Will far out-strip the coursing steed,
 And challenges the panting wind,
 To leave her race-taught-feet behind;
 Pursuing once her *custom'd* way,
 Beneath the well trim'd lamp of Day,
 With *curiosity* possest,
 She *stumbled* on a Viper's nest;

The

The reptile threat'ned loud, “ and swore,
 “ He’d sting the first who forc’d the door ;
 “ For ’twas a breach of Nature’s laws,
 “ To search his cell without a cause ;
 “ To break oblivion’s sacred seal,
 “ Was treason ’gainst the common weal,
 “ That never subject of the Sun
 “ Had dare attempt what she had done,
 Much more suggests to rouse her fears ;
 But still the Ostrich perseveres,
 And brings, at length, with strong controul,
 The vagrant varlet from his hole.
 Undaunted with the sudden blow
 The reptile, wreathing too and fro,
 With fly hypocrisy began,
 ‘To justify sedition’s plan,
 Proceeding thus. “ Presumptuous bird,
 “ This black transaction shall be heard
 “ At that all equitable Bar,
 “ Where Justice sets her searching star ;
 “ But, base intruder, who art thou ?
 “ Presum’st to plait an haughty brow ?
 “ Hast thou preserv’d from spot or blame,
 “ An *uncontaminated* name ?

“ *Defile*

“ *Define* it tenderness to trust
“ Thy orphan’d embryo to dust.
“ Because the cordial *Sun*’s embrace
“ Adopts thy half-begotten race,
“ Perhaps to worship you aspire,
“ And proudly boast a solar fire.
“ But fool, this lesson well rehearse,
“ Tho’ foster’d by a royal nurse,
“ To him thou art no more ally’d
“ Than all Creation’s births beside.
“ I grant those gaudy plumes you wear,
“ The badge of Benefaction bear,
“ That *length of legs* may be preferr’d
“ To *stilt* you o’er each vulgar bird ;
“ But do you feel the regal ray
“ Emit his usual share of day ?
“ As Winter wakes, your guardian flies,
“ And leaves you to inclement skies.
“ For storms, tho’ now you sleep secure,
“ May pluck your scath’ry furniture.
“ Then, Madam, be this maxim known,
“ When Fame’s in question mend your own.”
The bashful Bird would fain have fled,
But that the *Worm* her purpose read,

And

And folding fetters round her feet,
 Prepar'd to thwart the wish'd *retreat*.
 Rage, Scorn, Revenge, in league combin'd,
 O'er-ruled the council of her mind,
 Her eyes fierce crested with a frown,
 Shot stern indignant light'nings down.
 But not to crush so mean a prey,
 She *beld* th' insulting wretch at bay,
 Replying quick, " Off, Viper vile,
 " Is this thy contumelious stile ?
 " Shall miscreants, such as *thou*, reflect,
 " And treat fair names with disrespect ?
 " You know your own by habit made
 " Too dark for Sophistry to shade,
 " Then e're you loose your *venom'd* tongue,
 " Remember caitiff whence you sprung ;
 " Did not yon dunghill give you birth,
 " To crawl upon the lap of earth ?
 " Thy abject state in dust deplore,
 " In *Vice* alone can Vipers soar.
 " Durst *thou* condemn the solar fire
 " All Nature's family admire ?
 " What ! can'st so soon forget the day,
 " You bask'd beneath the royal ray ?

“ Ingrateful atom ! No reply,

“ But *murmur*, and you Dog you die.”

An Owl of philosophic mien,

Who from a neighb’ring barn had seen

The conflict, thus the bird addrest ;

“ You know I’m sage Minerva’s crest,

“ In Contemplation’s sober cell,

“ By day how much I love to dwell,

“ But when her window’s shut and barr’d,

“ Night compliments me with a card,

“ To read her starry treatise o’er,

“ And Wisdom’s weighty works explore.

“ Judgment, by many Moons matur’d,

“ I’ll *deign* to grant, but be assur’d-

“ Friendship with such as thee I scorn,

“ Thou flatt’ring Fool, address and fawn !

“ As Satan said of yore it seems,

“ Go tell your Sun, I hate his beams ;

“ As much I hate thy haughty race,

“ And dare pronounce it to thy face ;

“ D’ye hope that such tyrannic knaves

“ Shall crush the free born into slaves ?

“ I learn what midnight plots you lay

“ To *gall* the people of the spray.

“ But while one drop of blood remains,

“ Within *our* rich illustrious veins,

We’ll

“ *We’ll* spurn thy *yoke*, and persevere
 “ To pluck thy *planet* from his sphere,
 “ Then all that swim, or hop, or fly,
 “ Shall dwell with brother Bat and I.”

“ What ragged Rogue art thou, my dear ?”

Replied the Ostrich, with a sneer,

“ Of what fraternity ? what sect ?

“ Pray, why this pompous dialect ?

“ Dost want a feather from my wing,

“ Thou envious, hooting, wretched thing ?

“ Sir, sleep contented in your hole.

“ And let this cordial truth console,

“ Tho’ Nature’s *constitution* fail,

“ Thy native night must still prevail.”

Here altercation had run high,

But that a Fox, who prowling by,

Perceiv’d the whole, thus interpos’d,

“ ’Tis time, my friends, contention clos’d.

“ Madam, I judge your *rank* in life,

“ Condemns this mean inglorious strife.

“ I grant your station, chief of fowls,

“ Demands *respect* from Bats and Owls,

“ But still when Error blinks at *Court*,

“ Detraction riots on report,

“ * Blind Bigottry becomes a Beau,

“ And *homely* sense a Cicero.

* Allusive to the elegant enthusiasm of Junius and others.

“ Thou first aggress’d. Fair Freedom bleeds,
 “ And files a bill against your deeds,
 “ In fact that *rebel* to Repose,
 “ That *forge* where fiery Faction glows,
 “ That plotting Belial who defies
 “ The *Legislature* of the skies ;
 “ Can *claim* no guardian in the laws,
 “ But being *Council* in a cause,
 “ Where Freedom may support her plea,
 “ Disdain his arts and set him free.
 “ Let Owls still hold their *dark Divans*,
 “ Those splenetic *Republicans*.
 “ But who to Passion’s night *can* run,
 “ That *weighs* the blessings of a Sun ?”
 Friends, Freeman, Briton’s gen’rous, just and
 brave,
 We’re yet no mourners o’er fair Freedom’s grave ;
 Traitors to truth, a flow’ry tale may tell,
 Brass ne’er grows current till it’s polish’d well ;
 Assert your sense, and future time will shew
 “ False fame must wither, but the true will grow.”

P A T I O T I S M.

P A T R I O T I S M.

*Now who is left to hapless Albion,
That, as a pillar, might uphold our state,
That might strike terror to our daring foes?*

SHAKESPEAR'S *Lochrine*.

O H! could the Bard accustom'd but, to sing
In savage numbers, harmonize the string,
To strains immortal lift the lofty lyre.
Or catch one spark of Inspiration's fire,
On polish'd pinions soar to seek a beam
Sublimely bright, to dignify the theme,
Did bold ideas grace th' illustrious lay,
Some speaking portrait should thy charms display,
Instruct Ambition whence thy laurels rise,
Blossom on earth and *autumn* in the skies.
But infant ardors circumscribe my plan,
Eclipse vast virtues, *mortalize* the man.
With sacred zeal to plead Britannia's cause,
Religion, Commerce, Liberty, and Laws,

Nor vainly wise, nor negatively great,
He joins the toillome steerage of the State ;
Lab'ring to keep, thro' life's unsettled sea,
His conscience, country, king, and kindred free.
Unaw'd, unbias'd, uneduc'd he stands,
Like Abdiel faithful, 'midst corrupted bands ;
Scorns, nobly scorns an ignominious alms,
To pension sons or loose his fetter'd farms ;
Measures, not *men*, opposes or defends,
Pursues no party, and betrays no friends ;
From slavish minions fears no blind reproof
His rhet'rick reason, all his diction truth ;
Builds no immortal merit on a phrase,
But duty dictates what his tongue obeys.
Studious to raise, not dissipate supplies,
When grim Bellona's bloody storms arise,
No trade tax'd treasure dares to misapply,
'To *foreign* friend, or impotent ally ;
For medals, statues, courts no giddy throng,
Nor sells an honest system for a song.
When dove-like Peace her pleasing palm extends,
Nations unite, and hosts with hosts are friends ;
When fainting Commerce asks her genial ray,
And sickly Science seeks the realms of day,
This guardian saint, superior to a throne,
Adopts the dear deserted for his own ;

From

From acts oppressive sets his country clear,
Repeals the bad and softens the severe ;
On venal boroughs wastes no golden show'r,
To purchase traitors, pellicans of pow'r ;
No funds are fleec'd dark treaties to conceal,
Nor needy nobles clog the common weal.
His glowing heart must e'er the altar be
Of boundless, blazing, bright philanthropy ;
Sustain'd by Virtue, Wisdom's chosen base,
His breast defies, nay dignifies disgrace.
Informs with fire, like that Prometheus stole,
A sacred saint-like senator of soul.

A V A R I C E.

*If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
 For like an Ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy Riches, but a journey,
 And Death unloadeth thee*

SHAKESPEAR'S Measure for Measure.

WH E N Satan, sov'reign of the curst,
 Drew off the Heav'n illumin'd dust,
 From Virtue's sweet controul ;
 To seal the conquest Hell atchiev'd,
 His sin luxuriant thoughts conceiv'd,
 This fever of the soul.

His sullen senate check'd debate
 With man's apostacy elate,
 And hail'd the horrid birth,
 Grim Passion's host in homage bow'd,
 With universal yell allow'd,
 Pale Av'rice queen on earth.

To whom the fiend, my daughter, go
In Adam's sons profutely sow,

 The seed of vultur care ;
So shalt thou baffle promis'd grace,
Secure Corruption's darling race,
 And soon my sceptre share.

The hideous aspect wing'd her flight,
Far from the dreary house of Night,
 Where Discord clinks her chain ;
Th' infernal embassy obey'd,
On human hearts incessant prey'd,
 And crown'd her father's reign.

Amaz'd, each soft sensation flies,
Her pow'r dissolves the tender ties
 Of Friendship, Duty, Love :
The beggar'd breast but harbours woe,
The mind still gravitates below,
 Nor dreams of joys above.

'Tis thus the hoary-headed slave,
When time stretch'd Nature asks her grave,
 And sick'ning organs fail,
'By midnight lamp delights to pore,
Counting his scorpion curses o'er,
 That load Affliction's scale.

In hidden heaps his riches rust,
The plenteous draughts increase his thirst,
Monopolizing pain ;
In vain the weeping widow's pray'r,
No sorrow'd sons his bounty share,
The orphan pleads in vain.

Not so the man in poor degree,
His mind is calm, his soul is free,
Is free to sink or soar ;
If Heav'n affords him ease and health,
He feels no poverty of wealth,
Contentment asks no more.

A

THUNDER STORM.

*Let the great Gods
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their Enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of Justice !*

SHAKESPEAR'S King Lear.

SAD sickning scene ! Creation's light
Behind yon sable shroud retires,
Gives Heav'n the wrinkled brow of Night,
Ere Day with hoary age expires.

From East to West, in dread array,
The clouds, commission'd from on high,
Great Nature's *hallow'd* soul obey,
And gloom the concave of the sky.

Forewarn'd

Forewarn'd by instinct's tender care,

Her plummy pupils check their strains,
To shelt'ring thickets strait repair,
Depopulating distant plains.

The mutt'ring Thunder strikes alarm ;

The clouds big signs of sorrow weep ;
To reach the neighb'ring friendly farm,
The fear-struck shepherd quits his sheep.

Behold the tawny sons of toil

Suspend the labours of the fields ;
Where Ceres crowns the teeming soil
With ev'ry blessing plenty yields.

Alike in doubtful darkness lie,

The fir-crown'd hill and glossy green ;
All Nature drooping seems to sigh,
Prophetic of the solemn scene.

To wake the sinner's sleepy soul,

The vivid flashes ghastly glare ;
Long peals of rattling Thunder roll,
And shake the tempest troubled air.

Now rushing cataracts descend
To calm the elemented fray ;
The golden sheaves of harvest bend,
And fruits in rich confusion lay.

The pool expands its narrow space,
With circling surface swiftly swells,
O'erflows its native pebbly vase,
And through the mead with rage impels.

Grim Desolation wasting wide,
Now stretches forth her iron hand ;
Exulting views th' impetuous tide,
And drives her ploughshare o'er the land.

See, see ! yon ivy-mantled oak
Like some gigantic hero fall ;
Nor waits the woodman's wearied stroke,
But shiv'ring sheaths the flying ball.

And hark ! that voice arrests my ears,
Which first proclaim'd th' Almighty will ;
From Chaos call'd the sparkling spheres,
The Oracle of Sinai's Hill.

To me it speaks a breathing dust,
Invites my heart intomb'd in sin,
To seek the portion of the just,
And wreaths of deathless laurels win.

And shall I not the call obey ?
Shall mornless night my soul confound ?
O God, strike terror deep to day,
While Heav'n and Mercy's to be found.

So when the death-dethroning peal
Shall summon Nature to her tomb,
May thou affix salvation's seal,
And snatch me from the sinner's doom.

The Storm subsides ; the Sun appears ;
The vocal woods their charms display ;
Like Beauty shrine more bright in tears,
And rustling wait the close of Day.

T H E
V I S I T,
O R

Inquisitive Shepherds.

*Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture, dignity and love.*

MILTON,

D A M O N.

YE pastoral poets and swains,
How pleasant the tidings I bring,
Lucella revisits your plains,
Whose presence is sweeter than spring,
I'll engage 'tis a frolicksome trip
From the regions celestial above,
For I'll wager my pipe and my scrip,
Lucella's the Goddess of Love.

D O R C U S.

D O R C U S.

The nymph whom your bosom alarms,
 I met in the blossomy bowers,
 What raptures are due to her charms !
 I presented a chaplet of flowers,
 Complacency beam'd in her face,
 Her manners are meek as the dove,
 She silenc'd my suit with a grace,
 'Twas the grace of the Goddess of Love.

C O L I N.

I breath'd on my languishing lute,
 She graciously lent me an ear ;
 I proffer'd the choicest of fruit,
 She accepted the boon of the year ;
 But when I my passion confess'd,
 She assur'd me she dar'd not approve ;
 My heart all the Goddess confess'd,
 But, I fear, she's no Goddess of Love.

D A P H N I S.

This morn, as I pass'd by her cot,
 I bashfully bow'd to the maid,
 Gentle Shepherd'd (she ask'd) have you got
 My little cade-lamb, that has stray'd?

I reply'd, if she'd grant me a kiss,
 In quest of her darling I'd rove.
 She blush'd a rebuke to my bliss,
 So she can't be the Goddess of Love.

A L E X I S.

The fair one I met on the plain,
 What a foolish unfortunate elf,
 I bid her attend to my grain,
 You know I'm simplicity's self,
 I saluted her hand by surprise,
 She fled to the myrtle alcove;
 She's Diana, I grant, in disguise.
 But I vow she's no Goddess of Love.

D A M O N.

Indeed, she's a Goddess indeed?
 O, where can her equal be found?
 Come strike up the rustical reed,
 And let pastoral ballads abound;
 And since, my dear lads, we agree,
 Her mind is related above,
 'Till I find she's as mortal as me,
 I'd swear she's the Goddess of Love.

T H E
H A P P Y B A R D.

A N

Anacreontic Ode.

————— *She whom I love,
Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love.*

SHAKESPEAR'S *Romco and Juilet.*

PRithee, Muse, indite a song,
Merry Maiden come along,
Oh ! the joys your smiles impart,
Raptures rushing on the heart !
Oh ! the themes that you inspire,
Lisping on the laughing lyre ;
You can frolic, you can sing,
You can charm the trilling string,

You

You can drive from day to day,
Thorny thoughted Care away,
Every wish is full of thee,
Every thought complacency.

Yes I own thy magic measures,
These are transports never cloy.
Oh, the treasures ! Oh the pleasures !
All is laughter, love and joy.

Sweet the minutes of the morn,
When thy pretty pencil's drawn,
Sweet the rosy hours of noon,
When thy golden harp's in tune ;
But when sober eve succeed,
Then thy smile is sweet indeed !
Then to thee I pay my vow,
On the rural mountain brow :
List'ning to the drooping dove,
Carol life, and carol love ;
Prithee, Muse, descend, descend,
Prithee, deign to greet a friend,

Kindle, kindle, ev'ry line,
Heav'nly animation's thine ;
And embellish ev'ry part,
Meditation's meed thou art.

How my busy heart is beating,
Fairy fields my mind employ,
Gladsome greeting, merry meeting,
All is laughter, love and joy.

Bless me ! what a sylvan scene !
Russet heaths and meadows green ;
Now a rill and now a rock,
Here a farm and there a flock ;
Vistas, rude of cave and cots,
Sunny hills and cooling grotts,
Charms of ev'ry shape and hue,
Strike my visionary view !
Fenny marshes, dasy'd lawns,
Forests, fountains, flying fawns,
Furzy commons, simple spires,
Shady lanes and gipsy fires,

Clover carpets, scatter'd cows,
Barns and ricks, and barley-mows,
Groves and orchards, gardens, streams,
Laughing lads and tinkling teams,
Woodlands wild and bloomy bow'rs,
Blushing buds, and scented flow'rs
Bleating lambs and lowing herds,
Chirping insects, singing birds,
Pleasure's paths, and plenty's plains,
Merry nymphs and jolly swains,
All is harmony and love,
All below and all above.

Bless me, what a vision this is !

Rustic lovers true and coy,
Balmy blisse, cordial kisses,
All is laughter, love and joy

Whose is yonder haughty dome ?

Is it not Avaro's home ?

These plantations, all to view,

Are they not Avaro's too ?

He's a Prince in state and pow'r,
He's a Nabob in his dow'r :
Fortune's false as well as blind,
He's a beggar's heart and mind,
Does he dare oppress the brave ?
O the narrow-notion'd slave !
Dismal thought his soul affrights,
Days distress'd, and horrid nights :
Never in a placid hour,
Has he felt the Muse's pow'r ;
Never in paternal shade
Has invok'd thy happy aid ;
Never urg'd the hours along,
Solac'd with a Sylvan song
Never dar'd thy truths define,
Sing of Nature and the Nine :
Let him boast the pomp of kings,
Death has darts, and time has wings ;
Call Peruvian mines his own,
Let me boast of thee alone ;
I'm more richly blest than he,
Peace my principality ;

He

Be he great in land, in wood,
I'm as great as I am good.

Fancy firing, fancy firing,
What can these delights destroy ?
All admiring, nought requiring,
All is laughter, love and joy.

Have I not a fund of health,
Little little little wealth !
Be it so, but I'm secure,
I've a plan for the poor ;
I've a tear for foes distressed,
And a philosophic breast ;
* Seldom borrow, never lend,
I've two coats, and I've a friend,
Laughing leisure, chatty pow'rs,
Merry tales and social hours ;
I've no Dame with horrid peals,
I've no Bailiff at my heels,

* For reasons most cogent.

I've a poem for the prefs,
Books some dozen, more or less.
Tho' my table soon is spread,
Am I not by Fancy fed ?
What is Common-Council fare,
Turtle-feast and nodding chair ?
Meals are light and spirits free,
Dearest Muse, when I have thee ;
Happy, happy, happy he,
Loving and belov'd of thee,

Hence distresses, come cares,
Love shall every hour employ ;
Oh, it blesses ! How it blesses !
Love is everlasting joy.

T H E
R E P U L S E.

*Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses and ye bowers of joy,
farewel!*

THOMPSON'S Spring.

A L L in the silent hour of night,
When luckless lovers stray,
To nurse their cares in simple plight,
And weep those cares away.

When Fairies foot it, o'er the graves,
And dance in mystic rings,
While echo winks in corral caves,
As Philomela sings,

Intrusion

Intrusion sweet ! a Moon beam broke
Where Flora's children laid,
And kindly kiss'd the sleepy folk
Soft glimmering thro' the glade.

And feebly checquer'd Damon's face,
Beneath the willow-tree,
Whose cheek bewray'd his cruel case
So piteous pale was he.

For why, he lov'd a beauty bright,
And woo'd her virtues long,
But tho' she guess'd his meaning *right*
She seem'd to think him *wrong*.

He vow'd her praise inspir'd his lute
And grac'd his simple song ;
Then wherefore could the maid be mute,
Unless she thought him *wrong* ?

To gentle themes of love distrest,
The fair had listen'd long,
But when his bashful suit he prest
She sigh'd—'tis very *wrong*.

And

And reason'd well and wisely *taught*
And sooth'd the swain's concern;
But how she prov'd his love a fault
Indeed he could not *learn*.

So many a throb escap'd his heart,
Full many a tear his eye,
He smote his breast in plaintive part
And thus was heard to sigh.

T H E
DESPONDING BARD.

Flow widow'd every thought of every joy !

YOUNG'S Night Thou

S O F T enchanting peaceful pleasures,
 Dear delusions, whither fled ?
 Vain are all your magic measures,
 Music cannot sooth the dead.
 Why I weep, and why I pray,
 Let my lov'd Lucella say.

Nought can lull my deep distresses,
 Nought but death dissolve my chain ;
 Vain are Friendship's kind caresses,

Yes

THE DESPONDING BARD.

93

Yes, her winning virtues vain.

Why has Friendship ceas'd to bless?

Can't my sweet Lucella guess?

Such the anguish Love infuses,

Not the viol, nor the lute,

Nor the more melodious Muses

Can its *simple sorrows* suit.

Why I waste the gushing tear,

Wont Lucella deign to hear?

Once I seiz'd the blest occasion,

Passion breath'd the gentle tale;

Still she scorn'd my poor persuasion,

Still she lets the world prevail.

Why my bosom's doom'd to bleed,

Can Lucella laugh and read?

Pity, pardon frantic sallies.

O forgive my sorrow'd song,

Shield me, shield me, woods and vallies,

Dreams of peace to thee belong.

Groans and graves shall grace my theme,

Patience! can the tortur'd dream?

Near

Near some willow laving waters,
Let me seek the cypress shade ;
Far from beauties cruel daughters,
Far from each inconstant maid ;
Wake to woe my languid reed,
Press a turf and die indeed.

THE

T H E
A D I E U.

*All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses ev'ry thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.*

THOMPSON'S Spring.

BE hush'd my heart, nor thus deplore,
'Tis past ; perhaps we meet no more,
Can sorrow bring relief ;
No more ? good Heaven ! for ever part ?
For ever ! O dissolve my heart,
And drench my eyes with grief.

Indulge

Indulge the sigh, the sob, the tear,
Embalm the lovely fond idea,

Till thought forget to glow ;
Obedient own tyrannic love,
Has transports for the blest above,
But tortures life below.

This poignant pang without a name,
The horrors of an hopeless flame

Subdu'd by time may cease ;
O, no, I must, I dare endure,
My soul's too sick to court a cure,
Too charm'd to seek release.

And must I ne'er forget or know,
A respite from almighty woe ?

O love the wish forgive !
Forget my charmer ! Passion why ?
Let, let the base suggestion die,
Or let me cease to live.

Each day I'll pine in rural shade,
The wood, the grove, the grot, the glade

Shall

Shall witness to my care,
 Each night in some sequester'd cell,
 I'll sing of woe with philomel,
 And banquet on despair.

Peace Reason, peace, your saucy plea,
 Was not my flame improv'd by thee,

A passion of the mind?

What stoic breast has e'er withstood,
 A GRACE, so exquisitely good,
 A VIRTUE, so refin'd.

T H E
M A D B A R D.

*Pillicock sat upon Pillicock-hill ; halloo, halloo,
halloo !*

SHAKESPEAR'S King Lear.

YES, Flora's the princess of poesies,
 Who scatters my pillow with roses ;
 Mother Mab is the queen of the fairies,
 And Luna shall light her vagaries,
 When first my ideas were addled,
 In the fount of Castalia I paddled,
 To fish for a fanciful dream ;
 Toil'd by night and by day,
 For a sprig of green bay,
 And div'd like a duck in the stream,
 In rhyme how the bard fiddle faddled !
 When first his ideas were addled.

I love my love with an A ; and so

My respects wait on good daddy Priam ;
Tell the grey bearded boy
As he trotted thro' Troy,

He was ne'er in such flames as now I am.
And so and so and so.

That beggarly knave's a balhaw
Apollo's a piper in place,
Endymion's serjeant at law,
And Mercury serjeant at mace.

Home to Abbyssinia fly,
Frozen-finger'd Charity.
Need Avarice a dog and a bell ?
Old Pluto she'll find by her smell.

I say, nor death nor hell shall 'fright,
Nor guilt the soul appal,
When king Belshazar reads aright
Who character'd the wall,

And may she not love me again ?

Steep, steep me in Styx,

And will she not love me again ?

Steep, steep me in Styx,

And my miseries mix.

Come Vulcan and rivet the chain.

Who cares tho' philosophers prate,

That a stoick's forbidden to feel ;

Achilles may brave lady Fate,

But must die with the wound in his heel.

She flies me, 'no rain deer is fleeter,

She comes, no May morning is sweeter ;

With a cup of ambrosia I'll treat her,

Nay, saddle a sun-beam and meet her.

Diana's hounds are barking,

Yon bare-foot fryar is harking,

Nor fear Acteon's fate ;

Abolution's a fop,

Suits Cerberus's chop,

And may usher his soul at hell gate.

Sing merrily lads, sing merrily,

Here's a penny-weight of patriot love;

Self-interest a ton, and above.

Here's the right of an orphan—let's share it;

Here's a wheat straw to boot,

For a chancery suit,

And a cap that will fit all who wear it.

Sing merrily lads, sing merrily.

Tho' Infamy blossoms, fair fame is no blight.

Surely no, surely no, surely no, [night.

Nor is friendship a glow-worm, to shine in the

And a begging we will go, will go, will go,

And a begging we will go.

Off, off, off, off that hypocrite disguise,

Down, down to dust, ye heav'n insulting eyes;

Nay prithee now come to dinner,

Why *fast*, puritannical sinner?

Your stomach may faint,

With the meal of a faint.

Go, go, you're a *sanctified* sinner,

Your garment is knaw'd by the moth,
 With the blood of the martyrs 'tis red ;
 Brother Beelzebub wove ye the cloth,
 Superstition found needle and thread.

Ha ! ha ! what so soon in disgrace,
 I dreamt that you'd forfeit your place ✱
 Here, harkee fellow ; how, is justice dead !
 I saw you steal the loaf, 'twas merit's bread ;
 Who says, the fair conceals her bashful fears,
 Hark, forward lads, we'll trail her by her tears,
 She's a proverb of scorn, and a scandal,
 And has got neither kirtle nor sandal.

See, look, mark yonder avaritious elf, [shelf ;
 Whose peace is pawn'd, whose soul's upon the
 For shame ! for shame ! and dares the villain
 laugh,

Blaspheme his God, yet idolize a calf ?
 Oh ! I could groan, to see devotion paid
 To Dresden lace, fur gowns, and rich brocade.

For

For Mammon's dust, to human dust he kneels,
Jove, where's your blasting bolts, your racks,
your whips, your wheels?

Let that splenetic ass, Aristotle,
Mark the ebb and the flow of the sea ;
Let me fathom the tide of the bottle,
'Tis science sufficient for me.

THE

Hermit and Ruined-Abbey,

A

FRAGMENT.

*The cloud-capt Towers, the gorgenus Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless Fabrick of a Vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!*

SHAKESPEAR'S *Tempest*.

DE E P in a desarts dull sequester'd gloom,
In infant time a reverend Dervise trod;
~~He~~ ^{He} count his sands, deliberate his doom,
His path was Nature, and his pillow God.

In youth, he learnt the world was wond'rous vain,
That coy Contentment seldom sojourn'd there,
He fled the world from passion and from pain,
In silence sought himself and found the Fair.

He

He learnt, that pleasure was a specious theme,
He learnt, that wealth did not to gold belong,
He learnt, that love was all a flatt'ring dream,
Friendship a farce, sincerity a song.

He felt the abject poverty of pride,
He found philanthropy a fable fair ;
That fraud to honesty was near ally'd,
Treach'ry a trade, and piety a pray'r.

The court, the camp, the senate-house he sought,
Solv'd ev'ry science, each refinement woo'd ;
Still peace deny'd a patronage, to thought,
Who tunes her heav'nly harp in solitude.

Till taught, that life was darkness and distress,
A doubt, a breath, a paradox, a span ;
An antique Abbey form'd his lone recess
From vice, from woe, from vanity and man.

Round where this rude religious relic stood,
Grim Desolation dull dominion kept ;
In mournful murmurs ooz'd a sleepy flood, [wept.
Which oziars sighing sooth'd, while willows
Near proud pilastres nodding to their fall,
Stupendous stones in shatter'd fragments lay ;
Stooping to dust the venerable wall,
In wint'ry vest was vanishing away.

In vain the ivy clasp'd with fond embrace
The turret tottering on the time-struck tow'r,
The frowning fabric bowing to its base,
Obedient own'd the persecuting pow'r.

Brave fretted roofs that lately scal'd the sky,
The aged architrave and sculptur'd freeze,
Each hoary honour trembl'd from on high, [breeze.
Each moss-clad moulding quiv'ring with the

No pealing anthems shook the palsied pile,
A sacred silence sway'd supreme around ;
Save when some ruin, woke the echoing isle,
Each dreary vault rehears'd the sullen sound.

Save when the owl, of melancholy mien,
In midnight mop'd the horrid hours along,
Disturb'd by fits the sadly solemn scene,
Hooting her savage solitary song.

Oft when the moon, pale polishing the night,
Thro' ev'ry chink a languid lustre shed ;
Calm contemplation would the sage invite,
To learn the *living* lectures of the dead.

Death's clay-cold *college*, one poor *class* supply'd,
In speculation each *degree* he took,
His *Muse* was virtue, wisdom was his guide,
Each tomb a *Tutor*, and each bone a *Book*.

Huge

Huge fractur'd arches, crazy-caverns deep, [talk,
 Where mutt'ring winds in growling accents
 Where dewy damps, and pois'nous vapours weep,
 Imperfect spells, and uncouth whisperings walk.

Where once the chissel breath'd the bold design,
 The sculptors pride, and adoration too ;
 Vile toad-stools sprout, and noxious adders twine,
 And sculls and coffins glare confess'd to view.

There wrapt in thought, by flames seraphic fir'd,
 His kindling heart would thus in dust adore ;
 " O thou whose hallow'd breath my soul inspir'd !"
 A prostrate worm. *Cetera dejunt.*



YOUTH.

Y O U T H.

*Behold the Child by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier play-thing gives his Youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r books are the toys of age :*

POPE'S Essay on Man.

ONCE more th' unletter'd Bard, essays to sing,
 The blights and blossoms of the human
 spring,
 At Nature's bar, submitting fancy's plan,
 To paint in part th' anatomy of man.
 Deign mighty Mistress to pervade the whole,
 Assist a simple section of the soul,
 On thee alone thy handmaid's hopes recline
 To guide her guiltless thro' this dull design.
 When

When reason's ray confirms the mental morn,
 And care begins to cultivate her thorn ;
 Lo various wills by various objects caught,
 As passions publish thro' the realms of thought,
 Which now unmask'd in genuine shades appear,
 Harsh, gentle, generous, sordid, or severe.
 Inspir'd with God-like glory's fiercest flame,
 HONORIO's panting bosom thirsts for fame,
 Fir'd with the lingering fate of hapless Troy,
 Great HECTOR's ardor blazes thro' the Boy ;
 ACHILLES, AJAX, charm his soul by turns,
 In Youth's hot pulse the martial fever burns,
 In mad'ning mazes shoots from vein to vein,
 Swells the big heart, and riots thro' the brain.
 When honour calls who'd not the voice obey ?
 BELLONA's banner points the glorious way,
 How great he falls ! how braves the sting of death !
 'To breath in fame, *one week* beyond his breath.

When LUNA's lamp soft glimmering thro' the
 grove,
 Bids labour pause, and meditation rove ;
 AMATOR, pensive creeps supinely flow,
 And grasps in thought, the luxuries of woe,
 Some fickle female, fancy fables fair,
 Rejects his suit, he sinks in deep despair,

The

Constant at 'Change to traffic, Church to pray'r,
 In hopes *blind* fortune means him for a Mayor.
 Go Man mistaken glitt'ring dross pursue,
 Heap fund on fund, impoverish Peru,
 From East to West, be Fleet on Fleet unfield.
 And be thy stores the granary of a World;
 Aspiring, panting, meet Ambition's doom,
 A toy, a star, a scutcheon, and a tomb.

AVARO sleeps. Rude Death the summons fair,
 And seiz'd his walls for long arrears of rent.
 From sins vast score we'll no conclusion draw,
 But view young NEPOS next the heir at law.
 For what enjoyments will not gold suffice?
 Whores, horses, buildings, boroughs, dogs, and
 dice;
 Vast pyramids of wealth AVARO won,
 Dissolve like dew before the *rising* sun

Far let's enlarg'd POETA's powers appear,
 His sun of genius gilds an humbler sphere;
 To torture sense, or folly's force betray,
 To drag *consummate darkness* into Day,
 He apes the Scribe; invokes some howard Muse,
 To flourish once a fortnight in the News;

Convicted

Convinc'd his mind's of choice materials made,
He scorns low converse with the sons of Trade;
Gowns-men may preach, and soldiers fight to
feed,

Poetic pow'rs claim a nobler meed; [fame,)
SHAKESPEAR (th' immortal darling theme of
On whose fair forehead, Nature writ his name,
With fancy's finger) rose from low degree.

SHAKESPEAR was but a Bard, and is not he?

But stop, we'll quit this Bedlamite in rhyme,
Where creeping cadence, groans in *sad sublime*;
To trace FIGURUS thro' the giddy maze,
Of dressing, dancing, operas, and plays.

Equip'd by two in sword and solitaire,
Tout a la mode, he flounces to a chair;

At Will's or White's begins the tête à tête
Corneilly's mask broke up most h-l-l sh late.

You *know* the Countess, (whisp'ring CURIO's ear)

D-mee what harm for once to play the Peer?

I've seen this last new piece; the Critic's blind,
All stuff by *Gad* religiously refin'd;

The tasteless Town, may hope in time to see,
Some whining Parson, preaching Patentee.

Unhappy HISTORIO close to business bred,
In paths pedantic nobly scorns to tread;

High

I sigh o'er that *vulgar barrier* common sense
 Can leap at large *inferior* to offence,
 The *towering* Youth, deplores his base degree,
 And mutt'ring doubts "to be or not to be ;"
 As HAMLET wakes, the parent spirit pleads,
 In fancy's picture poor POLONIUS bleeds,
 OPHELIA dead, his soul no more he smothers,
 But boasts "the love of forty thousand brothers."
 Say ye whose ears his horrid organs reach,
 Is not the MOOR OF VENICE "rude in speech?"
 Or when convuls'd in temper tortur'd LEAR,
 He calls on Nature, say does Nature hear ?
 Or ye whose lids unwilling vigils keep,
 How oft MACBETH hath basely murder'd sleep?
 But should distraction dreadfully succeed,
 "Where is ALPHONSO? where! ah, where
 indeed!"

Each muscle works in dire distortion drest,
Each *vacant* feature's differently distress'd.
HISTRIO be wise, nor scenes dramatic tread,
But spare, O spare the ashes of the dead ;
To SHAKESPEAR'S shade be pious pity shewn,
Nor butchering others parts forget your own.

H

Ladies

Ladies to you, whence boundless beauties beam,
 The modest Muse, transfers the candid theme.
 Come gentle graces guide my trembling quill
 To sing a sister, peerless COQUETILLE,
 Waft balmy gales, of odorous incense near,
 And polish truths to suit a sister's ear,
 Of Nature's *choicest china ware* compos'd,
 What mines of sense the brilliant bud disclos'd !
 At home how justly each perfection's prais'd ;
 And then so witty *dear Mamma's* amaz'd !
 In satire's cause what sparkling pow'rs are spent !
 To torture meanings that were never meant,
 As humble, easy, affable, polite,
 As Ethiopia's sooty sons are white ;
 Prudent as modest, generous as kind,
 Like torrents gentle, constant as the wind.
 Does FLORIO furnish praise at truth's expence,
 FLORIO's esteem'd a man of *charming sense* ;
 EUGENIO swears that patch is sweetly plac'd,
 Shall any dare dispute EUGENIO's taste ? [fair ;
 To swim the dance young STULTUS courts the
 Well how polite when Lady BELLE was there !
Polite !

Polite! judicious; nay is wonder made?

Why Lady BELE's too brown or *half a shade*.

Does FLAVIO, love by lillet down impact?

“ The dear dear creature ! how refin'd ! how
smart !

“ CLODIO has beauty, sense, she dare aver,

“ But Smirk, sweet SMIRK's the man of men
for her.”

Thus each who flatters Folly's *fav'rite* flower,

Triumphs in turn the favourite of an hour,

Doom'd from the depths of sure disgrace to see,

A puny spinster age PENELOPE.

Not so PRUDENTIA spends her *vacant* hours,

She scorns soft dalliance in Elysian Bowers,

On mossy banks and flower bespungled plains,

Let forward *creachures* meet their silly swains ;

Platonic spirits boast sublimer love,

And barter bliss below for bliss above.

Subdue the flesh, as gospel grace requires,

'Till icy age rebuke their vestal fires.

While *thus* reliev'd by Nature's PLAIN decree,

From *gross effects* of social sympathy ;

Pale Envy spares PRUDENTIA'S *pious frame*,
And cruel Slander never lisps her Name.

Read in romance MYRTILLA'S mind aspires
Above mechanick elves and savage squires,
'Till strange mistake, a Knight in humbler guise,
Brisk JOHN the Footman, bears away the prize.

MIRANDA wakes to life as good as fair,
To strictest virtue train'd with arduous care,
On infant years, the pow'rful precept wrought,
And bloom'd progressive, with progressive thought;
'Till charm'd at length with Fashion's specious
[mien,
Example blasts the bud, and shuts the scene.

Thus different straws in different eddys play,
Deceiving life, the drama of a day,
Thus froward Nature halts from stage to stage,
Luxuriant folly rip'ning into age, [bloom
There cluster fruits, there withering branches
Still budding on the borders of the tomb.

T H E

Rival Roses and the Evergreen.

A

F A B L E F O R T H E F A I R,

Humbly inscribed to the Dear Daughters of

B R I T A N N I A.

*“ Now get you to my Lady’s Chamber, and tell
“ her, let her paint an inch thick, to this complexion
“ she must come ; make her laugh at that.”*

SHAKESPEAR’S Hamlet.

TH O’ faithless men deny the creed,
By Fabulists it is agreed,
That birds and beasts in days of yore,
(Or since the Flood, or else before)

Had intellectual passions powers,
 A life and language such as ours :
 Dan Æsop plann'd his pretty page,
 Aright to curb a crooked age ;
 Confounding by a moral fiction,
 The heart grown callous to conviction,
 Hence Ovid cloak'd his poignant pleas,
 In mystic metamorphoses.
 Hence honest truth defies offence,
 And flinging satyr sooths the sense.
 Thus trees can talk without romance,
 And forests jig a country dance ;
 The lame can leap, the blind can see,
 The dumb debate, the dead decree.
 For chattering daws who meanings mar,
 Consult the pulpit and the bar,
 And let the martial camp confess,
 Her *Lambkins* in the Lion's dress,
 In every class of folly's clan,
 Mark monkeys imitating man.
 That wolves a treacherous tale have told,
 To bath in blood, and fleece the fold ;

That

That canting foxes preaching peace,
 In *plans d'am* have latched geese,
 To prove, is not the Parol's intent,
 The world, the world's his argument.

Well thus it was when shrub and tree,
 My dears, could chat like you and me,
 Two rival Roses chanc'd to share,
 Apartments in the same parterre ;
 A damask this, and that as pale
 As languid lilly of the vale ;
 Each triumph'd in her own complexion,
 The certain standard of perfection ;
 So thus with mutual pride elate,
 Began the modish *tete a tete* ;
 Politely first the blushing belle,

“ Good morrow, Miss, I hope you're well ;
 “ Indeed, my dear, you look so *fair*,
 “ So *sprightly* and so *débonnair* !
 “ Those dewy drops have done you good,
 “ I must confess I thought they wou'd,
 “ Have patience, and a month or so
 “ May give your cheek a perfect glow,

- “ In spite of morning dishabille,
“ I plainly can perceive it will.
“ Well, health must be allow'd a blessing,
“ Adieu, I'll now prepare for dressing.”
Then glancing in the wat'ry vase,
“ O, frightful, what a florid face!
“ This deep vermillion looks so queer,
“ Nay, don't you think it does, my dear?
“ I vow I'll tell you all my faults,
“ As friends may know each others thoughts;
“ This morn, as bathing rather soon,
“ (You know my maxim, May and June)
“ A Bee within my bosom flew,
“ Then humm'd a tune and sip'd the dew,
“ Indeed he took me unawares,
“ But Bees are grown as rude as Bears;
“ Mamma, says I, shall hear of this;
“ He humm'd his tune, and snatch'd a kiss,
“ Then breath'd the softest sweetest things!
“ I won't believe that Bees have *stings*;
“ Compar'd me to the crimson dye,
“ Aurora's pencils in the sky;
“ Arabia's

“ Arabia’s sweets he own’d divine,
“ But swore they’re not so sweet as mine,
“ And talk’d so perfectly polite,
“ That I forgave him,—well I might.
“ But, who d’ye think by chance came by ?
“ That Coxcomb, Billy Butterfly ;
“ So in the busy Being flew,
“ With, servant, Miss, and how d’ye do,
“ And spoke in such a comic stile,
“ I’m sure would make a Cynic smile,
“ Could ev’ry love-sick sonnet quote,
“ Had melting madrigals by rote.
“ Witness, he cried immortal pow’rs,
“ My love’s the Fairy Queen of flow’rs.
“ Bear witness, warbling virgins nine,
“ She’s angel, goddess, all divine,
“ Affirmed my name had poems grac’d,
“ (You know my dear, his heav’nly taste,)
“ Where hearts and darts in sweet sublime,
“ And loves and doves in stanza’s chime ;
“ The jealous zephyrs best can say
“ How sweetly trip’d the time away.

“ But

“ But sure the rude bewitching creatures,
 “ Have sadly discompos’d my features.”

Again the fountain fed her pride ;
 And thus the peevish fair reply’d.

“ Sure, Miss, your cheek may boast a flame
 “ As ruddy as a *rustic dame*,
 “ A glow, we grant, will shed a grace
 “ O’er all th’ inelegance of face,
 “ May lend a lustre to the whole,
 “ Tho’ wanting symmetry and soul,
 “ Don’t think I wou’d inter—meddle.”—
 Nay, praise now my love, proceed.

“ Oh, no, it must, it is allow’d,
 “ (But praise, perhaps, will make you proud)
 “ Were *not* your leaves in the decline,
 “ Your features are exceeding fine.
 “ And then the *period of discretion*,
 “ Is such a gem in your possession !
 “ *Experience* every aid supplies,
 “ To make the *venerable, wise* :
 “ And who but wisdom can dispense
 “ That *brilliant* share of confidence,

That

“ That pours instruction like a tide
 “ On me, and every Rose beside ;
 “ But yet you must allow my dear,
 “ Your ridicule is too severe ;
 “ I find you’re witness to my flame,
 “ As every syllable’s the same,
 “ I heard, at least an hour ago,
 “ From Bee, and Butterfly, *you know* ;
 “ But though such follies can’t engage
 “ A Lady of your *riper age*,
 “ Reflect and moralize you may,
 “ But youth must have its giddy day.”
 “ I listen, Ma’am, upon my word !
 “ ’Tis most egregiously absurd,”
 (Retorts the damask Rose) “ to jest
 “ At truths, so glaringly confess.
 “ You’ve doubtless heard, I do suppose,
 “ What every breeze and zephyr knows,
 “ That Bee, on matrimony bent,
 “ Has ask’d, in form, Mama’s consent :
 “ So Flora fix’d the day and dow’r,
 “ And every fragrance of a flower,

“ Convinced

“ (Convinc’d the parties were agreed)

“ Has witness’d to the *marriage deed* ”

“ Oh ! doubtless, Ma’am, you need not fear,

“ But that the *deed* is known, my dear ;

“ Your pretty spark, in *statu quo*,

“ Inform’d me half an hour ago,

“ Long since I’ve heard what envy saith,

“ But Heav’n forbid too forward saith,

“ And let the fiend detraction prate,

“ Your manners are *immaculate* ;

“ But still you’re too secure by half,

“ Indeed, my Love, you make me laugh ;

“ Why, all the blossoms of the boughs,

“ Have witness’d to his ardent vows,

“ Can prove no protestation slips,

“ The honied accents of his lips,

“ The elocution of his eyes,

“ The heart-felt anguish of his sighs ;

“ Nay more, his oaths of constant love

“ Are register’d in Heav’n above :

“ I’m sorry, Miss, so *pure* a flame,

“ Alas ! can boast no better claim ;

“ But

“ But time will heal (you’re quite in fashion)

“ The pangs of disappointed passion:”

There grew, contiguous to the scene,
A venerable Evergreen,

Who oft had brav’d the wintry storm,

And still preserv’d her vernal form:

Her precept lean’d to pity’s side,

And thus the grave rebuke applied.

“ Say, why, conceited giddy things,

“ Say, whence this emulation springs?

“ Why boast of beauty, fairy flow’r,

“ The flattering phantom of an hour?

“ Is that a base for solid joy.

“ A frost may blight, a worm destroy?

“ Why glory in your different dyes,

“ Ye dupes of Bees and Butterflies?

“ Those fluttering Insects of a day,

“ Who steal your sweets, and then betray,

“ At large the gay deceivers rove,

“ Thro’ garden, orchard, field, and grove,

“ Will take my oath, I’ve seen ’em settle

“ On yonder filthy stinging nettle;

“ Still

“ Still ridicule each absent fair,
“ Self-love, and laugh, and lye, and swear.
“ Observe how plain my dress appears,
“ As fits the sanctity of years,
“ My branches boast no beauteous bloom,
“ No frankincense, no sweet perfume,
“ No graces in my person meet,
“ No balmy gales my presence greet,
“ My ear to flattery never bow’d,
“ No coxcombs at my levee croud ;
“ What think ye then that I repine ?
“ A prouder privilege is mine ;
“ Your charms a little month appear,
“ Mine triumph o’er the varied year.
“ Pinks, roses, tulips, all attend,
“ And learn this lesson from a friend.
“ Tho’ death shall shut each painted scene,
“ (RELIGION is an EVER-GREEN.)”

FREDERICK

FREDERICK and FANNY,

A

PASTORAL.

Omnia vincit amor.

BENEATH a beech, the sovereign of the shade,
Far from the lab'ring clown's intrusive tread,
The pensive love-lorn Frederick was laid,
To feed on thought, which on his comfort fed.

Fanny the brilliant beauty of the plain,
By wav'ring fortune sunk to low degree,
Had oft with transport heard the shepherd swain
In courtship pass the daisy dappled lea.

Till pride parental check'd his honest flame,
Forbid the tender intercourse of soul;
Obedient duty own'd the rigid claim,
And rival'd Love's omnipotent controul.

Joy

Joy swiftly fled the lover's bleeding breast,
 Despair thick planted daggers in his prey ;
 With ease each mental avenue possest,
 And fighting dragg'd the halting hours away.

Fame thro' the busy hamlet late had spread
 For truth, that wealthy William of the vale
 Was now betroth'd the matchless maid to wed,
 And wretched Frederick met the trav'ling tale.

To hide his babbling grief in vain he strove,
 Prob'd by the sudden sorrow-searching sound ;
 So fought the faithful friendship of the grove,
 Where social thought in solitude is found.

On Nature's verdant velvet couch reclin'd,
 A self tormenting candidate for ease,
 Dejected spoke the language of his mind,
 And thus his heart unbosom'd to the breeze.

[pow'r

“ Why was I doom'd to feel the fair-one's
 When village pastimes crown'd the jocund day,
 Why did she tempt my humble hopes to tow'r,
 O wherefore Love command and not obey ?

Through

Thro' yonder wood, when hand in hand we talk'd,
With trembling tongue I promis'd to be true ;
Oft blushing stole sweet kisses as we walk'd,
And blest'd the happy time which now I rue.

For where the 'Squire's wealthy acres mine,
Nay, all the treasures harvest has in store,
Still must my weeping heart in anguish pine,
False, fickle Fanny must be kind no more.

No more when morn unbars the purple sky,
And nibbling flocks o'erspread the misty dales,
To meet his love shall hapless Fred'rick fly,
Or poise with willing hands, the frothy pails.

In vain shall eve her cool retreats prepare,
Of elms wide branching o'er the grassy way ;
The fields in vain their greenest garments wear,
And bleating ews their fleecy fruits display.

Since she proud maid disdains a rustic's hand,
Tho' poor, yet clean from *Court Corruption* free,
She may be mistress of my rival's land,
And scorn to wed obscurity and me.

I

'Till

'Till late, alas ! unknown to bosom strife,

What the' my table furnish'd humble fare,
Content, that sav'ry sauce that sweetens life,
Supply'd each want, and exil'd every care.

Tho' plenty deign'd not in my barns to smile,

The poor man's murrain'ing ne'er reproach'd my
The grateful blessings of the gen'rous soil, [name,
Were ne'er withheld to blast the breath of fame.

The cackling tribe, which on my pension live,

With golden gills the yolky tribute pay ;
Their woolly vests my sheep with pleasure give,
To clothe my lab'ring limbs in coarse array.

Possess of these my hair breadth span of years,

In poor paternal home would joyful end,
Would charming Fanny kindly dry my tears,
Accept my love, and be my nuptial friend.

Vain hope, e'er this the cruel knot is tied,

Must heap the mighty measure of my woes,
E'er this she triumphs with perfidious pride ;

Befriend me, death, for love and life are foes.

The

The list'ning fair, with gen'rous pity mov'd,
Swift from a neighbouring bower with raptures
[flew,
Anxious to sooth the swain she truly lov'd,
With dazzling graces met his doubtful view.

Grief sympathetic, trickling from her eye,
Bedew'd the soft suffusion of her cheek,
Her lilly bosom heav'd the struggling sigh,
Truth, taught the artless oracle to speak.

“ Cease Shepherd, cease to wound my throbbing
Still, still I'm thine by ev'ry sacred tie, [heart.
Our twining souls no human pow'r can part,
By virtue arm'd shall life's worst storms defy.

The parent yields to thy superior worth,
My future bliss doth all her care employ,
'Tis thee I prize above the sons of earth,
'Tis the alone can sweeten ev'ry joy.

GENTLE READER,

THE Author by no means ranks the following among his *Moral Miscellanies*. He would it only to be considered as a *melancholy* proof of the degeneracy of our modern *Shepherds* from what is sweetly sung by ancient Poets.—
 Alas! Sir, where are now those Pastoral Spirits, so wont to tune the love-lick lute on beds of roses, when Zephyr fann'd her lilken wings in the spicey groves of dear Arcadia? He cannot but lament that Pastoral Essays in general for a few centurys past, have been more romantic and refined, than characteristic and natural, and as it is an *invariable* maxim with him, most carefully to avoid the *Sublime Errors* of former Writers, he has *studiously* adapted the following to the uncultivated Sentiment of such Nymphs and Swains who tend their *fleecy* flocks on the plains of Hampstead, Highgate, &c.

JOHN

J O H N and S U S A N,

A

BURLESQUE PASTORAL.

*It is better to dwell in the wilderness, than with
a contentious and an angry woman. Prov. ch.
xxi. ver. 19.*

ON a Sunday in June,
When creation's in tune,
And brisk summer is loosely attir'd,
When the shepherds appear
In their bettermost geer,
And with love ev'ry villa's inspir'd,

Susan's subjects had paid
(Gently tax'd by the maid,

Of the dairy department) their store,
 While attraction's bright star,
 Who excell'd in *Sol fa*,
 Soft reclin'd on a post at the door.

To the ringlets so red
 That glow'd round his head,
 His fingers full oft he apply'd ;
 While each negative grace
 Shone confess'd in his face,
 Tho' his heart was a victim to pride.

To the golden cheek'd dame
 Who first kindled the flame,
 An *odd accident* somewhat allay'd ;
 The rude courtier drew near
 With an impudent leer,
 And the pow'rs of rhetoric display'd.

J O H N.

Miss Susan, how now ?
 Why so fallen a brow ?
 I pr'ythee, girl, say what dost ail ?
 Art so deep in the dumps
 At the size of thy jumps,
 Or has Margery kick'd down the pail ?

S U S A N.

S U S A N.

Do you dare see my face,
When you know you're so base?
You're *parjur'd*, I need not say why;
Thou false son of Avarice,
Go, go to your Madam,
But where will you go when you die.

J O H N.

Oh! oh! this is fine,
To whimper and whine,
And make such a terrible pother;
You remember the duck
That was play'd on the rick,
And would caper to play such another.

S U S A N.

You rogue, you're a liar,
I'll go to the 'Squire,
And tell him I'm left in the lurch;
Undone and betray'd
Thro' the minister's maid,
For the banns have been publish'd at church.

J O H N,

Pretty snapping Sue,
 Who cares if you do?
 Not Johnny, believe me, a pin;
 Tho' you cannot but chuse
 To blubber, who lose,
 I've a right to be merry, who win.

S U S A N.

So you think I'm afraid
 Of that draggle-tail jade,
 Who flaunts in her ribbands of pink;
 No, no, Mr. John,
 I'll convince you, anon,
 I'm not such a fool as you think,

On his worship the Justice,
 'Thank Heav'n my trust is,
 A warrant can cure all my sorrow;
 If you don't make me honest,
 As often you've promis'd,
 In the cage you shall whistle to-morrow.

A N

ELEGIAC PASTORAL.

*Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd e're 'tis well begun.*

THOMPSON'S Scafon's.

WELL may'st thou moan (afflicted Peggy said)
A brother Patty gone, for ever gone;
The goodliest youth that ever woo'd a maid,
That ever led his lambs along the lawn.

Indeed my love, this wond'rous woe appears
No partial fondness in my friend and me,
For ev'ry eye's brimful of talking tears,
Each goodman shepherd weeps as well as we.

But now I saw the dear remains convey'd,
Neath yonder yew as all his fathers slept,
The Sexton sigh'd as stooping o'er his spade,
And stay'd the burial while the Vicar wept.

Ah !

138 AN ELEGIAC PASTORAL.

Ah! luckless lad, methinks I see him still,
In blythsome fort, as at the happy hour,
When first he met poor Peggy at the mill,
And left his sack to carry home her flour.

P A T T Y.

Nay, all can witness Robin was endu'd
With ev'ry grace a sister could desire,
The kindest soul! if Patty bak'd or brew'd,
He'd fetch the furze and bavins for her fire.

How oft when milking has he left his team,
To watch the oven lest my bread should burn;
Oft from my pans has nicely skim'd my cream,
And taught me ev'ry spell to charm the churn.

But this day week, 'tis present to my view,
Alas, to think how soon the *best* may die.
He shell'd my beans, and cut the gammon too,
And pick'd my gooseberries to make the pie.

P E G G Y.

Ah, why did Robin fairly win my heart
With civil speeches, t'other market day?
Why kindly kiss my lips in friendly part,
And bear my eggs and butter all the way.

P A T T Y.

P A T T Y.

This camblet boddice, fit for Sunday wear,
 He gave without or wages or reward ;
 And brought the scarlet breastknot from the fair,
 To please his Patty of his own accord.

P E G G Y.

There sleep his bones in yonder tufted grave,
 Who once excell'd in wrestling and the race ;
 Who once at church could sweetly chaunt a stave,
 And sung the Early Horn, and Chevy Chase.

P A T T Y.

Alas, his tongue must rest for ever still,
 Whose merry joke did all our pastime make ;
 His cudgel now has lost its master's skill.
 So wont to win the triumph at the wake.

But now we'll part ; I fear the day grows late,
 And meet to-morrow in the shady-lane ;
 And weep to think of Robin's wretched fate,
 Sum all his virtues up and weep again.

A N

ADDRESS to a SCULL.

A

MIDNIGHT REFLECTION.

Inscribed to my Dear Friend, Mr.
EDWARD VENN.

*You provide the noblest materials for building,
when a pick-axe and a spade are only necessary ;
and build houses of five hundred by one hundred feet,
forgetting that of six by two.*

HORACE.

HUSH'D is the pausing deep-ton'd funeral
knell,

Twelve times the clapper strikes the preaching bell,
'Tis so. Yes, hark ! I hear the simple chime,
That makes the steeple every stage of time ;
The

A MIDNIGHT REFLECTION. 141

The rooks and daws, dark tenants of the tow'r,
Catch the alarm and croak the midnight hour.
Complacent sleep, kind nature's loveliest law,
Arrests the peasant stretch'd along the straw,
Nor is oblivion's balmy boon denied
To charm the dog fast snoring by his side ;
Black clouds of double darkness dress the pole,
And not one star is twinkling thro' the whole.
All, all is deep indissoluble gloom,
Silent as death, and awful as the tomb ;
Yet night how fair in all this pomp confess'd
To deeds black brooding in the guilty breast !
Now shapeless shapes, and hideous spectres dance
Athwart imagination's vivid glance ;
Now fertile fears suggest the phantom soul,
I hear the death-watch tick, the mastiff howl,
The felon now attacks the miser's door,
And now pale murder prints her steps with gore.
Dull fancy now her dreary path pursues,
Midst groves of cypress and unhallow'd yews,
Poetic visions vanish from my brain,
And my pulse throbs as feebly as my strain.

How

142 A MIDNIGHT REFLECTION:

How sad this scene! how mortal and how dull,
A Drellincourt, a taper, and a scull!
How fit to feed the intellectual eye!
Memento's moral of mortality.
What means this sudden strange instinctive start?
This solemn something creeping to my heart?
Why fear to read a gracious God's decree?
Why fear to look on what I soon must be?
Would'st thou my soul subvert great nature's ends?
If not, be these thy moralizing friends,
The truths they teach, will reconcile thy doom,
The charge they bring is life beyond the tomb.
Can man be proud? vain atom! is he proud
Of charms that claim the coffin and the shroud?
Come let him read this wretched relick o'er,
Here fix his thoughts, and then be vain no more.
How glare these sockets that did once supply
The visual nerve, the spirit-speaking eye!
How bare this bone where crimson currents turn'd,
Health mantled high, and comely blushes burn'd!
Beneath this roof perhaps there dwelt a tongue,
Where proud persuasion homied accents hung,
In

In courts and senates could command applause,
 Right nobly plead for liberties and laws,
 Entrance attention into rapture wrought
 With diction dress the energetic thought ;
 Of love so smoothly talk the time along
 In cadence sweet, emphatically strong.
 Did all this mighty eloquence of man
 Pursue some specious speculative plan ;
 Did dissertation circumscribe his aim,
 How poor the pompous candidate for fame !
 Did all his learning, all his genius reach
 But just to play with language, polish speech ;
 Did all his powers no sacred truths define,
 Support no tenets, orthodox divine,
 Publish no precept, no religion raise,
 No worship dictate, and perform no praise ;
 Far humbler heads might all those pow'rs despise,
 Wisdom's true sons are *virtuously* wise ;
 Death, death has seal'd that tongue to charm no¹
 Grim death that silenc'd Cicero's before. [more,
 Who knows perhaps this scull might once contain,
 Some rich materials for the lofty strain,

Enform'd

244 A MIDNIGHT REFLECTION.

Enform'd, enrapt with more than mortal fire,
 Soar'd in strong sense, and lectur'd in the lyre,
 With manly wit the finish'd treatise wrought,
 Each period pointed, harmoniz'd each thought,
 Pleas'd in persuasive, taught in sacred rhyme,
 In satire scourg'd but triumph'd in sublime.

Perhaps this scull (for supposition's free)

Was some great master's in philosophy

Some pedant proud, who kept the school in awe,
 Some deep logician trav'ling with a straw,
 Lost in the dull dark labyrinths of law. }

Perhaps this scull might once convert an age,
 And left posterity the pious page.

In years of yore the wholesome statute frame,
 Midst chains and darkness kindle freedom's flame,
 With patriot fire a nation's night repeal,
 Plant some proud police, prop some common weal.
 Perhaps again, some captive race restor'd,
 Or doom'd its freeborn brethren to the sword,
 Whole kingdom's curses may to this belong,
 That sold a people's birthright for a song.

Perhaps

Perhaps some head by mad'ning fancy fir'd,
Some gospel lamp by holy Heaven inspir'd,
Some hellish engine that did best agree
With foul debate, and midnight massacre,
That lost a laurel, or a kingdom won,
Center'd in earth, or soar'd beyond the sun.
Be what it might, all casuists now must own;
'Tis mortal, mortal, yea, the bone's a bone.
Let vain ambition learn this lesson hence,
Howe'er distinguish'd, dignified for sense,
Whate'er the honour'd ensigns of renown,
The cap, the hood, the mitre, or the crown,
Death levels all, nor parts nor pow'rs can save.
Great Milton's mind was mortal—in the grave,
Who sung and prov'd with inspiration strong,
The soul immortal in immortal song.
Hark ! thus it speaks, ingenious sons of men,
Why boast the chissel, pencil, or the pen ?
What tho' the world ascribe to Milton's name
A mortal immortality of fame,
Will fame, who oft denies her children bread,
Deceives the living, discompose the dead ?

K

No

146 A MIDNIGHT REFLECTION.

No ; fame's a breath, can little life supply,
And breath must fail, forsake us when we die.
In Death's dark realm all opposites agree,
Cæsar and Cato, Solomon and me.
But Death shall die, and judgement shall declare,
Distinction's weigh'd by piety and pray'r.
Come grace divine, almighty aid impart,
Come grace divine, and cultivate my heart.
To him I stoop the penitential knee,
Who groan'd and bled, and died and rose for me.
Who knows how soon my latter days shall dawn,
Who knows these eyes shall greet the morrow's
morn ;

But morn and night, till Death my doom decide,
Be thou, O Scull ! my monitor and guide,
Preach, preach aloud on princely Philip's plan,
Tell me I'm dust, O warn me I'm a MAN.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

PA G E 6, line 13, for parnaſſan, read parnaſſion.—page 13, line 10, for nature, read nature's.—page 14, line 2, for huming, read humming.—page 17, line 16, for black, read blank.—page 28, line 7, for man, read can. page 86, line 4, for beggar's, read beggar.—page 126, line 2, for ſelf, read ſtill.—page 107, laſt line, for dejunt, read defunt.—page 144, line 69, for ſchool, read ſchools.
