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Author: Thomas Gent

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK
POETIC SKETCHES ***

POETIC SKETCHES;

A

COLLECTION

OF
MISCELLANEOUS
POETRY.

BY
THOMAS GENT.

THE SECOND EDITION.

*"In mercy spare me
when I do my best,
To make as much
waste paper as the
rest."*

1808.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

GEORGE CANNING, M.P.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE
FOREIGN DEPARTMENT,

and

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST
HONORABLE PRIVY COUNCIL;

NOT LESS DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS
ATTAINMENTS AS

A SCHOLAR,

THAN FOR HIS TALENTS AS

A STATESMAN

THESE POETIC SKETCHES

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH MUCH SINCERITY AND ESTEEM,

BY HIS FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

The pieces marked thus (*) have been added since the first edition.

To the Reviewers

** On the Death of Lord Nelson*

Sonnet--Morning

To ----. --An Impromptu

Sonnet--Night

Henry and Eliza

** Sonnet--On the Death of*

Mrs. Charlotte Smith

*To a Fly on the Bosom of
Chloe, while sleeping*

Sonnet

*Lines, written on the sixth of
September*

Sonnet--To Faith

Stanzas

Sonnet--To Hope

Thoughts on Peace

Sonnet--To Charity

Prologue to Public Readings

Sonnet--The Beggar

*To ----. --Come, Jenny, let me
sip the dew*

** The Runaway*

** Song--The Blue-eyed Maid*

Bertram and Anna

Invocation to Sleep

Sonnet--To Music

*O! Nymph with cheeks of
roseate hue*

*On the Death of General
Washington*

*Song--Oh! never will I leave
my love*

** Burlesque Sonnet--To a Bee*

Mary

*Sonnet--To Lydia, on her
Birth-Day*

*Stanzas, written Impromptu on
the late Peace*

*Sonnet--To ---- on her
Recovery from Illness*

** A Fragment*

Lines, to the Memory of a Lady

** The Recall of the Hero*

Lines, written on seeing the Children of the Naval Asylum

** Rosa's Grave*

Lines, written in Hornsey Wood

Sonnet--To ----

The Complaint

Sonnet

** Reflections of a Poet, on being invited to a great Dinner*

Sonnet--On seeing a Young Lady confined in a Madhouse

To Thaddeus

Sonnet--To a Lyre

Address to Albion

Sonnet--On the Death of Toussaint L'Ouverture

Epitaph--On Matilda

Sonnet--To Peace

** Love*

** Sonnet--In the Manner of the Moderns*

** Lines, delivered at a Young Ladies' Boarding School*

On the Death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie

To ----

Sonnet--To Melancholy

** Prometheus*

To my Readers[]*

[*Note: This section may no longer exist.]

TO THE REVIEWERS.

Oh, ye! enthron'd in presidential
awe,
To give the song-smit generation
law;

Who wield Apollo's delegated rod,
And shake Parnassus with your
sovereign nod;
A pensive Pilgrim, worn with base
turmoils,
Plebian cares, and mercenary
toils,
Implores your pity, while with
footsteps rude,
He dares within the mountain's
pale intrude;
For, oh! enchantment through its
empire dwells,
And rules the spirit with Lethæan
spells;
By hands unseen aërial harps are
hung,
And Spring, like Hebe, ever fair
and young,
On her broad bosom rears the
laughing loves,
And breathes bland incense
through the warbling groves;
Spontaneous, bids unfading
blossoms blow.
And nectar'd streams
mellifluously flow.
There, while the Muses, wanton,
unconfin'd,
And wreaths resplendent round
their temples bind,
'Tis yours, to strew their steps
with votive flowers;
To watch them slumbering midst
the blissful bowers;
To guard the shades that hide
their sacred charms;
And shield their beauties from
unhallow'd arms!
Oh! may their suppliant steal a
passing kiss?
Alas! he pants not for superior
bliss;
Thrice-bless'd, his virgin modesty
shall be
To snatch an evanescent ecstasy!
The fierce extremes of
superhuman love,
For his frail sense too exquisite
might prove;

He turns, all blushing, from th'
Aönian shade
To humbler raptures, with a
mortal maid.

I know 'tis yours, when
unscholastic wights
Unloose their fancies in
presumptuous flights,
Awak'd to vengeance, on such
flights to frown.
Clip the wing'd horse, and roll his
rider down.
But, if empower'd to strike th'
immortal lyre.
The ardent vot'ry glows with
genuine fire,
'Tis yours, while care recoils, and
envy flies
Subdued by his resistless
energies,
'Tis yours to bid Piërian fountains
flow,
And toast his name in Wit's
seraglio;
To bind his brows with
amaranthine bays,
And bless, with beef and beer, his
mundane days!
Alas! nor beef, nor beer, nor bays
are mine,
If by your looks, my doom I may
divine,
Ye frown so dreadful, and ye swell
so big
Your fateful arms, the goosequill
and the wig:
The wig, with wisdom's somb'rous
seal impress'd,
Mysterious terrors, grim portents,
invest;
And shame and honor on the
goosequill perch,
Like doves and ravens on a
country church.

As some raw 'Squire, by rustic
nymphs admir'd,
Of vulgar charms, and easy
conquests tir'd,

Resolves new scenes and nobler
flights to dare,
Nor "waste his sweetness in the
desert air",
To town repairs, some fam'd
assembly seeks,
With red importance blust'ring in
his cheeks;
But when, electric on th'
astonish'd wight
Burst the full floods of music and
of light,
While levell'd mirrors multiply the
rows
Of radiant beauties, and
accomplish'd beaus,
At once confounded into sober
sense,
He feels his pristine
insignificance;
And blinking, blund'ring, from the
general **quiz**
Retreats, "to ponder on the thing
he is."
By pride inflated, and by praise
allur'd,
Small Authors thus strut forth,
and thus get cur'd;
But, Critics, hear! an angel pleads
for **me**,
That tongueless, ten-tongued
cherub, **Modesty**.

Sirs! if you damn me, you'll
resemble those
That flay'd the Travell'r, who had
lost his clothes;
Are there not foes enough to **do**
my books?
Relentless trunk-makers, and
pastry-cooks?
Acknowledge not those barbarous
allies,
The wooden box-men, and the
men of pies:
For heav'n's sake, let it ne'er be
understood
That you, great Censors! coalesce
with **wood**;
Nor let your actions contradict

your looks,
That tell the world you ne'er
colleague with **cooks**.

But, if the blithe muse will
indulge a smile,
Why scowls thy brow, O
Bookseller! the while?
Thy sunk eyes glisten through
eclipsing fears,
Fill'd, like Cassandra's, with
prophetic tears:
With such a visage, withering,
woe-begone,
Shrinks the pale poet from the
damning dun.
Come, let us teach each others
tears to flow,
Like fasting bards, in fellowship
of woe,
When the coy muse puts on
coquettish airs,
Nor deigns one line to their
voracious prayers;
Thy spirit, groaning like th'
encumber'd block
Which bears my works, deplores
them as **dead stock**,
Doom'd by these indiscriminating
times
To endless sleep, with Della
Cruscan rhymes;
Yes, Critics, whisper thee,
litigious wretches!
Oblivion's hand shall **finish** all my
Sketches.
But see, **my** soul such bug-bears
has repell'd
With magnanimity unparallel'd!
Take up the volumes, every care
dismiss,
And smile, gruff Gorgon! while I
tell thee this:
Not one shall lie neglected on the
shelf,
All shall be sold--I'll buy them in
myself.

POETIC SKETCHES

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

Swift through the land while
Fame transported flies,
And shouts triumphant shake the
illumin'd skies;
Britannia, bending o'er her
dauntless prow,
With laurels thickening round her
blazon'd brows,
In joy dejected, sees her triumph
crost,
Exults in Victory won, but mourns
the Victor lost.
Immortal Nelson! still with fond
amaze,
Thy glorious deeds each British
eye surveys,
Beholds thee still, on conquer'd
floods afar:
Fate's flaming shaft! the
thunderbolt of war!
Hurl'd from thy hands, Britannia's
vengeance roars,
And bloody billows stain the
hostile shores;
Thy sacred ire Confed'rate
Kingdoms braves
And 'whelms their Navies in
Sepulchral waves!

--Graced with each attribute
which Heaven supplies
To Godlike Chiefs: humane,
intrepid, wise;
His Nation's bulwark, and all
Nature's pride,
The Hero liv'd, and as he liv'd--he
died--
Transcendent Destiny! how blest

the brave
Whose fall his Country's tears
attend, shower'd on his
trophied grave!

SONNET.

MORNING.

Light as the breeze that hails the
infant morn

The Milkmaid trips, as o'er her
arm she slings

Her cleanly pail, some favorite
lay she sings

As sweetly wild, and cheerful, as
the horn.

O happy girl! may never faithless
love,

Or fancied splendor, lead thy
steps astray;

No cares becloud the sunshine
of thy day,

Nor want e'er urge thee from thy
cot to rove.

What tho' thy station dooms thee
to be poor,

And by the hard-earn'd morsel
thou art fed;

Yet sweet content bedecks thy
lowly bed,

And health and peace sit smiling
at thy door:

Of these possess'd--thou hast a
gracious meed,

Which Heaven's high wisdom
gives, to make thee rich indeed!

TO.....

AN IMPROMTU.

O Sub! you certainly have been,
A little raking, roguish creature,

And in that face may still be seen,
Each laughing loves bewitching
feature!

For thou hast stolen many a
heart--

And robb'd the sweetness of the
rose;
Plac'd on that cheek, it doth
impart

More lovely tints, more fragrant
blows!

Yes, thou art nature's favorite
child,

Array'd in smiles, seducing,
killing;
Did Joseph live, you'd drive him
wild,

And set his very soul a thrilling!

A poet, much too poor to live,

Too poor, in this rich world to
rove,

Too poor, for aught but verse to
give,

But not, thank God, too poor to
love!

Gives thee his little doggerel lay--

One truth I tell, in sorrow tell it,
I'm forc'd to give my verse away,
Because, alas! I cannot sell it.

And should you with a critic's eye,
Proclaim me 'gainst the Muse a
sinner,

Reflect, dear girl! that such as I,

Six times a week don't get a
dinner.

And want of comfort, food, and
wine,

Will damp the genius, curb the
spirit:

These wants I'll own are often
mine;

But can't allow a want of merit.

For every stupid dog that drinks

At poet's pond, nicknam'd divine:
Say what he will, I know he thinks
That all he writes is devilish fine!

SONNET.

NIGHT.

Now when dun Night her
shadowy veil has spread,
See want and infamy as forth
they come,
Lead their wan daughter from
her branded home,
To woo the stranger for
unhallow'd bread.
Poor outcast! o'er thy sickly-tinted
cheek
And half-clad form, what havock
want hath made;
And the sweet lustre of thine eye
doth fade,
And all thy soul's sad sorrow
seems to speak.
O miserable state! compell'd to
wear
The wooing smile, as on thy
aching breast
Some wretch reclines, who
feeling ne'er possess'd;
Thy poor heart bursting with the
stifled tear!
Oh, GOD OF MERCY! bid her
woes subside,
And be to her a friend, who hath
no friend beside.

HENRY AND ELIZA

O'er the wide heath now moon-
tide horrors hung,
And night's dark pencil dim'd the
tints of spring;
The boding minstrel now harsh

omens sung,

And the bat spread his dark,
nocturnal wing.

At that still hour, pale Cynthia oft
had seen

The fair Eliza, (joyous once and
gay,)

With pensive step, and
melancholy mien,

O'er the broad plain in love-born
anguish stray.

Long had her heart with Henry's
been entwin'd

And love's soft voice had wak'd
the sacred blaze

Of Hymen's altar; while, with him
combin'd,

His cherub train prepar'd the
torch to raise:

When, lo! his standard raging war
uprear'd,

And honor call'd her Henry from
her charms.

He fought, but ah! torn, mangled,
blood-besmear'd,

Fell, nobly fell, amid his
conquering arms!

In her sad bosom, a tumultuous
world

Of hopes and fears on his dear
memory spread;

For fate had not the clouded roll
unfurl'd,

Nor yet with baleful hemlock
crown'd her head.

Reflection, oft to sad
remembrance brought

The well-known spot, where they
so oft had stray'd;

While fond affection ten-fold
ardor caught.

And smiling innocence around
them play'd.

But these were past! and now the

distant bell

(For deep and pensive thought
had held her there)

Toll'd midnight out, with long-
resounding knell,

While dismal echoes quiver'd in
the air.

Again 'twas silence--when from
out the gloom,

She saw, with awe-struck eye, a
phantom glide:

'Twas Henry's form!--what pencil
shall presume

To paint her horror!--HENRY AS
HE DIED!

Enervate, long she stood--a
sculptur'd dread,

'Till waking sense dissolv'd
amazement's chain;

Then home, with timid haste,
distracted fled,

And sunk in dreadful agony of
pain.

Not the deep sigh, which
madden'd Sappho gave,

When from Leucate's craggy
height she sprung,

Could equal that which gave her
to the grave,

The last sad sound that echoed
from her tongue.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF MRS.
CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Sweet songstress! whom the
melancholy Muse

With more than fondness lov'd,
for thee she strung

The lyre, on which herself
enraptur'd hung,

And bade thee through the world

its sweets diffuse.
Oft hath my childhood's tributary
tear

Paid homage to the sad,
harmonious strain,

That told, alas, too true, the
grief and pain,
Which thy afflicted mind was
doom'd to bear.

Rest, sainted spirit! from a life of
woe,

And tho' no friendly hand on
thee bestow

The stately marble, or emblazon'd
name,

To tell a thoughtless world who
sleeps below;

Yet o'er thy narrow bed a wreath
shall blow,

Deriving vigour from the breath
of fame.

TO A FLY,

ON THE BOSOM OF CHLOE,
WHILE SLEEPING.

Come away, come away, little fly!

Don't disturb the sweet calm of
love's nest:

If you do, I protest you shall die,

And your tomb be that beautiful
breast.

Don't tickle the girl in her sleep,

Don't cause so much beauty to
sigh;

If she frown, all the Graces will
weep;

If she weep, half the Graces will
die.

Pretty fly! do not tickle her so;

How delighted to teaze her you
seem;

Titillation is dangerous, I know,

And may cause the dear creature

to dream.

She may dream of some horrible
brute,

Of some genii, or fairy-built spot;
Or perhaps the prohibited fruit,

Or perhaps of--I cannot tell
what.

Now she 'wakes! steal a kiss and
begone;

Life is precious; away, little fly!
Should your rudeness provoke her
to scorn,

You'll meet death from the
glance of her eye.

Were I ask'd by fair Chloe to say
How I felt, as the flutt'rer I chid;
I should own, as I drove it away,
I wish'd to be there in it's stead.

SONNET

When the rough storm roars
round the peasant's cot,

And bursting thunders roll their
awful din;

While shrieks the frightened night
bird o'er the spot,

Oh! what serenity remains
within!

For there Contentment, Health,
and Peace abide,

And pillow'd age, with calm eye
fix'd above;

Labor's bold son, his blithe and
blooming bride,

And lisping innocence, and filial
love.

To such a scene let proud
Ambition turn,

Whose aching breast conceals
it's secret woe;

Then shall his fireful spirit melt,
and mourn

The mild enjoyments it can

never know;
Then shall he feel the littleness of
state,
And sigh that Fortune e'er had
made him great.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE SIXTH OF
SEPTEMBER.

Ill-Fated hour! oft as thy annual
reign
Leads on th' autumnal tide, my
pinion'd joys
Fade with the glories of the fading
year;
"Remembrance 'wakes with all
her busy train,"
And bids affection heave the
heart-drawn sigh
O'er the cold tomb, rich with the
spoils of death,
And wet with many a tributary
tear!

Eight times has each successive
season sway'd
The fruitful sceptre of our milder
clime
Since My Loved ***** died! but
why, ah! why
Should melancholy cloud my early
years?
Religion spurns earth's visionary
scene,
Philosophy revolts at misery's
chain:
Just Heaven recall'd it's own, the
pilgrim call'd
From human woes, from sorrow's
rankling worm;
Shall frailty then prevail?

Oh! be it
mine
To curb the sigh which bursts o'er

Heaven's decree;
To tread the path of rectitude--
that when
Life's dying ray shall glimmer in
the frame,
That latest breath I may in peace
resign,
"Firm in the faith of seeing thee
and God."

SONNET.

TO FAITH.

Hail! Holy FAITH, on life's wide
ocean tost,
I see thee sit calm in thy beaten
bark;
As NOAH sat, thron'd in his
high-borne ark,
Secure and fearless, while a world
was lost!
In vain, contending storms thy
head enzone,
Thy bosom shrinks not from the
bolt that falls:
The dreadful shaft plays
harmless, nor appals
Thy steadfast eye, fixt on
Jehovah's throne!
E'en tho' thou saw'st the mighty
fabric nod,
Of system'd worlds, thou bears't
a sacred charm,
Grav'd on thy heart, to shelter
thee from harm:
And thus it speaks:--"Thou art my
trust, O GOD!
And thou canst bid the jarring
powers be still,
Each ponderous orb, like me,
subservient to thy will!

STANZAS.

Say why is the stern eye averted
with scorn,
Of the stoic, who passes along?
And why frowns the maid, else as
mild as the morn,
On the victim of falshood and
wrong?

For the wretch sunk in sorrow,
repentance, and shame,
The tear of compassion is won:
And alone, must she forfeit the
wretch's sad claim,
Because she's deceiv'd and
undone?

Oh! recall the stern look ere it
reaches her heart,
To bid its wounds rankle anew,
Oh! smile, or embalm with a tear
the sad smart,
And angels will smile upon you.

Time was, when she knew nor
opprobrium nor pain,
And youth could its pleasures
impart,
Till some serpent distill'd through
her bosom the stain,
As he wound round the strings of
her heart.

Poor girl! let thy tears through
thy blandishments break,
Nor strive to restrain them
within;
For mine would I mingle with
those on thy cheek,
Nor think that such sorrow were
sin.

When the low-trampled reed, and
the pine in its pride,
Shall alike feel the hand of
decay,
May your God grant that mercy
the world has deny'd,
And wipe all your sorrows away.

SONNET.

TO HOPE.

How droops the wretch whom
adverse fates pursue,

While sad experience, from his
aching sight,

Sweeps the fair prospects of
unprov'd delight

Which flattering friends and
flattering fancies drew.

When want assails his solitary
shed,

When dire distraction's horrent
eye-ball glares,

Seen 'mid the myriad of
tumultuous cares

That shower their shafts on his
devoted head.

Then, ere despair usurp his
vanquish'd heart,

Is there a power, whose
influence benign

Can bid his head in pillow'd
peace recline,

And from his breast withdraw the
barbed dart?

There is--sweet Hope! misfortune
rests on thee--

Unswerving anchor of humanity!

THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

Still e'er that shrine defiance
rears its head,

Which rolls in sullen murmurs
o'er the dead,

That shrine which conquest, as it
stems the flood.

Too often tinges deep with human
blood;

Still o'er the land stern
devastation reigns,

Its giant mountains, and its
spreading plains,
Where the dark pines, their heads
all gloomy, wave,
Or rushing cataracts, loud-
sounding, lave
The precipice, whose brow with
awful pride
Tow'rs high above, and scorns the
foaming tide;
The village sweet, the forest
stretching far,
Groan undistinguish'd, 'midst the
shock of war.
There, the rack'd matron sees her
son expire,
There, clasps the infant son his
murder'd sire,
While the sad virgin on her lover's
face,
Weeps, with the last farewell, the
last embrace,
And the lone widow too, with
frenzied cries,
Amid the common wreck,
unheeded dies.
O Peace, bright Seraph, heaven-
lov'd maid, return!
And bid distracted nature cease
to mourn!
O, let the ensign drear of war be
furl'd,
And pour thy blessings on a
bleeding world;
Then social order shall again
expand,
It's sovereign good again shall
bless the land,
Elate the simple villager shall see,
Contentment's inoffensive revelry;
Then, once again shall o'er the
foaming tide,
The swelling sail of commerce
fearless ride,
With bounteous hand shall plenty
grace our shore,
And cheerless want's complaint
be known no more.
Then hear a nation's pray'r, lov'd
goddess, hear!

Wipe the wan cheek, deep-lav'd
by many a tear;
Nature, the triumph foul of horror
o'er,
Shall raise her frame to scenes of
blood no more;
Pale recollection shall recall her
woes,
Again shall paint her agonizing
throes:
These, o'er the earth thine empire
firm shall raise,
Unaw'd by war's destructive
storms, the bliss of future
days.

SONNET.

TO CHARITY.

Oh! best belov'd of heaven, on
earth bestow'd
To raise the pilgrim, sunk with
ghastly fears,
To cool his burning wounds, to
wipe his tears,
And strew with amaranths his
thorny road.
Alas! how long has superstition
hurl'd
Thine altars down, thine
attributes revil'd,
The hearts of men with
witchcrafts foul beguil'd,
And spread his empire o'er the
vassal world?
But truth returns! she spreads
resistless day;
And mark, the monster's cloud-
wrapt fabric falls--
He shrinks--he trembles 'mid his
inmost halls,
And all his damn'd illusions melt
away!
The charm dissolv'd--immortal,
fair, and free,
Thy holy fanes shall rise, celestial

Charity!

PROLOGUE,

TO PUBLIC READINGS AT A
YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S
ACADEMY.

Once more we venture here, to
prove our worth,
And ask indulgence kind, to tempt
us forth:

Seek not perfection from our
essays green,

That, in man's noblest works, has
never been,

Nor is, nor e'er will be; a work
exempt

From fault to form, as well might
man attempt

T'explore the vast infinity of
space,

Or fix mechanic boundaries to
grace.

Hard is the finish'd Speaker's
task; what then

Must be our danger, to pursue the
pen

Of the 'rapt Bard, through all his
varied turns,

Where joy extatic smiles, or
sorrow mourns?

Where Richard's soul, red in the
murtherous lave,

Shrinks from the night-yawn'd
tenants of the grave,

While coward conscience still
affrights his eye,

Still groans the dagger'd sound,
"despair and die."

And hapless Juliet's
unextinguish'd flame,

Gives to the tomb she mock'd, her
beauteous frame;

Yet diff'rent far, where Claudio
sees return'd

To life, and love, the maid too

rashly spurn'd;
Or Falstaff, in his sympathetic
scroll,
Forth to the Wives of Windsor
pours his soul.
Again, forsaking mirth's fantastic
rites,
The Muse to follow, through her
nobler flights,
Where Milton paints angelic hosts
in arms,
And Heaven's wide champaign
rings with dire alarms,
Till 'vengeful justice wings its
dreadful way,
And hurls the apostate from the
face of day.
Immortal Bards! high o'er
oblivion's shroud
Their names shall live, pre-
eminent and proud,
Who snatch'd the keys of mystery
from time,
This world too little for their
Muse sublime!

With Thomson, now, o'er sylvan
scenes we stray,
Or seek the lone church-yard,
with pensive Gray:
On Pope's refin'd, or Dryden's
lofty strains,
Dwell, while their fire the lightest
heart enchains.
Through these and all our Bards
to whom belong
The pow'rs transcendent of
immortal song,
How difficult to steer t'avoid the
cant
Of polish'd phrase, and nerve-
alarming rant;
Each period with true elegance to
round,
And give the Poet's meaning in
the sound.
But, wherefore should the Muse
employ her verse,
The peril of our labors to
rehearse?

Oft has your kind, your generous
applause,
E're now, convinc'd us, you
approve our cause:
Conscious it will again our task
attend,
The Critic stern, we ask not to
commend,
Who like inclement Winter's
hostile frown
Would beat th' infantine shrubs of
Genius down.

By your kind sanction, spur'd to
nobler aims,
Our country, now, the Muses'
tribute claims:
When o'er fair Albion war
destructive lours,
Oh! be those Patriot feelings ever
ours,
Which from the public mind
spontaneous burst
On that infuriate foe, by crimes
accurst,
Who'd o'er our envied isle his
vassals send,
And all the land with dire
convulsions rend.
Well! let their armies come, their
locusts pour,
Each British heart shall welcome
them on shore,
Each British hand is arm'd in
Britain's cause,
To guard their birth-right, liberty,
and laws,
Rise! Britons, rise! attend fair
freedom's cry,
The wretch who meanly fears
deserves to die.
His kind protection 'gainst each
latent foe,
Still may that Pow'r Omnipotent
bestow,
Which first Britannia's sov'reign
flag unfurl'd
So high, it flames a beacon to the
World!

SONNET

THE BEGGAR.

Of late I saw him on his staff
reclin'd,

Bow'd down beneath a weary
weight of woes,
Without a roof to shelter from the
wind

His head, all hoar with many a
winter's snows.

All tremb'ling he approach'd, he
strove to speak;

The voice of misery scarce my
ear assail'd;

A flood of sorrow swept his
furrow'd cheek,

Remembrance check'd him, and
his utterance fail'd.

For he had known full many a
better day;

And when the poor-man at his
threshold bent,

He drove him not with aching
heart away,

But freely shar'd what
Providence had sent.

How hard for him, the stranger's
boon to crave,

And live to want the mite his
bounty gave!

TO

Come, Jenny, let me sip the dew,

That on those coral lips doth
play,

One kiss would every care
subdue,

And bid my weary soul be gay.

For surely, thou wert form'd by
love

To bless the sufferer's parting
sigh;
In pity then, my griefs remove,
And on that bosom let me die!

THE RUNAWAY.

Ah! who is he by Cynthia's gleam
Discern'd, the statue of distress:
Weeping beside the willow'd
stream
That bathes the woodland
wilderness?

Why talks he to the idle air?
Why, listless, at his length
reclin'd,
Heaves he the groan of deep
despair,
Responsive to the midnight
wind?

Speak, gentle shepherd! tell me
why?
--Sir! he has lost his wife, they
say--
Of what disorder did she die?
--Lord, sir! of none--she ran
away.

SONG

THE BLUE-EYED MAID.

Sweet are the hours when roseate
spring
With health and joy salutes the
day,
When zephyr, borne on wanton
wing,
Soft whispering 'wakes the
blushing May:
Sweet are the hours, yet not so
sweet

As when my blue-eyed maid I
meet,
And hear her soul-entrancing tale,
Sequester'd in the shadowy vale.
The mellow horn's long-echoing
notes

Startle the morn commingling
strong;

At eve, the harp's wild music
floats,

And ravish'd silence drinks the
song;

Yet sweeter is the song of love,
When Emma's voice enchants the
grove,

While listening sylphs repeat the
tale,

Sequester'd in the silent vale.

BERTRAM AND ANNA.

Stranger! if thou e'er did'st love,
If nature in thy bosom glows,
A Minstrel, rude, may haply move,
Thine heart to sigh for Anna's
woes.

Lo! beneath the humble tomb,
Obscure the luckless maiden
sleeps;
Round it pity's flowerets bloom,
O'er it memory fondly weeps.

And ever be the tribute paid!
The warm heart's sympathetic
flow:
Richer by far, ill-fated maid!
Than all the shadowy pomp of
woe.

The shadowy pomp to thee
denied.

While pity bade thy spirit rest:
While superstition scowl'd beside,
And vainly bade it not be blest.

Ah! could I with unerring truth,

Inspir'd by memory's magic
power,
Pourtray thee, grac'd in ripening
youth,
With new enchantment, every
hour;

When fortune smil'd, and hope
was young,
And hail'd thee like the
bounteous May,
Renewing still thy steps among
The faded flowers of yesterday.

All plaintive, then my lute should
sound,
While fancy sigh'd thy form to
see;
The list'ning maids should weep
around,
And swains lament thy fate with
me.

And, Stranger, thou who hear'st
the tale,
By soft infection taught to
mourn,
Would'st wet with tears the
primrose pale,
That blooms beside her sylvan
urn.

For she was fair as forms of love,
Oft by the 'rapt enthusiast seen,
Who slumbers midst the myrtle
grove,
With spring's unfolding blossoms
green.

All eloquent, her eyes express'd
Her heart to each fine feeling
true:
For in their orbs did pity rest,
Suffusing soft their beamy blue.

And silence, pleas'd, his reign
resign'd.
Whene'er he heard her vocal
tongue;
And grief in slumbers sweet

reclin'd,
As on his ear its accents hung.

But vain the charms that grac'd
the maid,
The eye where pity lov'd to
reign,
The form where fascination
play'd,
The voice that breath'd
enchantment, vain!

Unequal, all their syren power,
To win from fate it's frown away:
When Bertram came in luckless
hour
To sigh, to flatter, to betray!

He came, inform'd in every art,
That makes th' incautious virgin
weep:
Beguiles the unsuspecting heart,
And lulls mistrust to silken sleep.

His tale she heard, nor thought
the while,
That falshood such a tale could
tell:
That dark deceit could e'er defile,
The tongue that talk'd of truth so
well.

He woo'd, he wept, 'till all was
won,
Then, as the spring-born zephyrs
fly,
He fled, he left her, lost! undone!
In penitential tears to die.

Oh! could she live, condemn'd to
feel,
The insults of exulting scorn?
Relentless as the three-edg'd
steel!
Illicit pleasure's eldest-born!

Who 'mid despair's impervious
gloom,
Should bid her soul's sad
wand'rings cease:

Th' extinguish'd spark of hope
relume,
And sooth the penitent to peace?

She saw her aged mother bow,
Subdued by exquisite distress:
For every hope was faded now,
And life a weary wilderness.

She saw her in the cold earth laid,
And not a tear was seen to start,
And not a sigh the pangs allay'd,
That agoniz'd her bursting heart.

And when the mournful rite was
done,
A sculptur'd woe, she seem'd to
move:
As close she clasp'd her infant
son,
The pledge of faithless Bertram's
love.

While slow she pac'd the lone
church-yard,
With pity's accents, soft and sad,
We strove to win her fix'd regard,
But vainly strove, for Ann was
mad!

'Lorn, listless, like a wither'd
flower,
Blown o'er the plain by every
blast,
Impell'd by fancy's fitful power,
The lovely, luckless, victim past.

'Till, left alone, the wood she
sought,
Where first her Bertram's vows
she heard,
And first with soft affection
fraught,
His vows return'd, to Heaven
prefer'd.

Each scene she trac'd, to memory
dear,
Tho' memory lent a feeble ray,
Reason's benighted bark to steer,

Thro' dark distraction's stormy
way.

At length, where yon translucent
tide,

Meanders slow the meads
among:

Reclining on its sedgy side,

Thus to her sleeping babe she
sung:

"Sweet cherub! on the green bank
rest,

And balmy may thy slumbers be;
For tempests tear thy mother's
breast,

Alas! it cannot pillow thee.

"I'll wander 'till thy sire I've
found,

I'll lure his footsteps where you
lie;

While mantling waters murmur
round,

And wild-winds sing your lullaby.

"Haply, shalt thou, his scorn
subdue,

Thy helpless innocence to save;
But if unmov'd, he turns from you,

I'll lead him to my mother's
grave

"Sure, waken'd there, remorse
shall rise,

And bid his perjur'd bosom shed,
That tender tear, my heart denies,

Cold, icy cold, congeal'd, and
dead."

Then, wildly through each well-
known way

Again she fled, the youth to
seek:

Nor paus'd, 'till Cynthia's
mournful ray,

Play'd paly, on her paler cheek.

Once more she sought the river's
side,

The goal of her accomplish'd
way,
Where, 'whelm'd beneath the
rising tide,
Her heart's dissever'd treasure
lay!

Amaz'd! convuls'd! she shriek'd!
she sprung!

She clasp'd it in its wat'ry bed!
The dirge of death the night-
blasts sung;
The morn, in tears, beheld them
dead.

Their pale remains with pious
care,
Beneath the vernal turf we laid;
Remembrance loves to linger
there,
And weep beneath the willow
shade.

And oft, the fairest flowers of
spring,
What time the hours of toil are
spent,
The village youths and virgins
bring,
To grace her moss-clad
monument.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Come, gentle sleep! thou soft
restorer, come,
And close these wearied eyes, by
grief oppress'd;
For one short hour, be this thy
peaceful home,
And bid the sighs that rend my
bosom rest.

Depriv'd of thee, at midnight's
awful hour,
Oft have I listen'd to the angry
wind;

While busy memory, with tyrant
pow'r,

Would picture faded joys, or
friends unkind.

Or tell of her who rear'd my
helpless years,

But torn away, ere yet I knew
her worth;

How oft, tho' nature still the
thought endears,

Has my worn bosom heav'd its
tribute forth.

Come, then, soft pow'r, whose
balmy roses fall

As heavenly manna sweet, or
morning dew;

Beneath thy wings, my troubled
thoughts recall,

And, haply, lend them some
serener hue.

SONNET.

TO MUSIC.

Hail! Heavenly Maid, my pensive
mind,

Invokes thy woe-subduing strain;
For there a shield my soul can
find,

Which subjugates each dagger'd
pain.

When beauty spurns the lover's
sighs,

'Tis thine soft pity to inspire;
And cold indifference vanquish'd
lies,

Beneath thy myrtle-vested lyre.
Oh! could contention's demon
hear

Thy seraph voice, his blood-lav'd
spear

He'd drop, and own thy power;
That smiling o'er each hapless
land,

Sweet peace might call her
hallow'd band,
To crown the festive hour.

TO *****

O Nymph! with cheeks of roseate
hue,
Whose eyes are violets bath'd in
dew,
So liquid, languishing, and blue,
How they bewitch me!
Thy bosom hath a magic spell,
For when its full orbs heave and
swell,
I feel--but, oh! I must not tell,
Lord! how they twitch me!

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL
WASHINGTON.

Lamented Chief! at thy
distinguish'd deeds
The world shall gaze with
wonder and applause,
While, on fair hist'ry's page, the
patriot reads
Thy matchless valor in thy
country's cause.

Yes, it was thine amid destructive
war,
To shield it nobly from
oppression's chain;
By justice arm'd, to brave each
threat'ning jar,
Assert its freedom, and its rights
maintain.

Much-honor'd Statesman,
Husband, Father, Friend,
A generous nation's grateful
tears are thine;
E'en unborn ages shall thy worth

commend,
And never-fading laurels deck
thy shrine.

Illustrious Warrior! on the
immortal base,
By Freedom rear'd, thy envied
name shall stand;
And Fame, by Truth inspir'd, shall
fondly trace
Thee, Pride and Guardian of thy
Native Land!

SONG.

Oh! never will I leave my love,
My captive soul would sigh to
stray,
Tho' seraph-songs its truth to
prove,
Call it from earth to heaven to
away.

For heaven has deign'd on earth
to send
As rich a gift as it can give;
Alas! that mortal bliss must end,
For mortal man must cease to
live.

Yet transient would my sorrows
be
Should Delia first her breath
resign;
Sweet Maid! my soul would follow
thee,
For never can it part from thine.

BURLESQUE SONNET.

TO A BEE.

Sweet Insect! that on two small
wings doth fly,

And, flying, carry on those wings
yourself;
Methinks I see you, looking from
your eye,
As tho' you thought the world a
wicked elf.
Offspring of summer! brimstone is
thy foe;
And when it kills ye, soon you
lose your breath:
They rob your honey; but don't let
you go,
Thou harmless victim of
ambitious death!
How sweet is honey! coming from
the Bee;
Sweeter than sugar, in the lump
or not:
And, as we get this honey all from
thee,
Child of the hive! thou shalt not
be forgot.
So when I catch, I'll take thee
home with me,
And thou shall be my friend, oh!
Bee! Bee! Bee!

MARY.

How oft have I seen her upon the
sea-shore,
While tearful, her face, she
would hide,
In sad silence the loss of the
Sailor deplore
Who from infancy call'd her his
bride,

The Sailor she lov'd was a
Fisherman's son,
All dangers he triumph'd to
meet;
Well repaid, if a smile from his
Mary he won,
As he proffer'd his spoils at her
feet.

But soon from her smiles was he
summon'd away,
His fortunes at sea to pursue:
And grav'd on their hearts was
the sorrowful day
That witness'd their final adieu.

They spoke not, ah, no; for they
felt their hearts speak
A language their tongues could
not tell;
As he kiss'd off the tears that fell
fast on her cheek,
As she sigh'd on his bosom,
farewel.

Full oft, the sad season of absence
to charm,
To the rock or the dale she
retir'd;
Where he told her the story,
impassion'd and warm
That faithful affection inspir'd.

And now on the eve of his
promis'd return,
All anxious, she flies to the
strand;
But the night-shades descend ere
her eye can discern
The white-sail approaching the
land.

With night comes the tempest,
unaw'd by the blast
She stood hem'd by ruin around;
She saw a frail bark on the
rugged rock cast,
And heard its lasts signals
resound.

My lover is lost! we shall never
meet more!
She shriek'd with prophetic
dismay,
The morn seal'd her sorrows--the
wreck on the shore
Was the vessel that bore him
away.

Each hope her young bosom had
cherish'd before,
Was consign'd with the youth to
the grave:
She madden'd, she smil'd, as her
ringlets she tore,
And buried her woes in the
wave.

SONNET.

TO LYDIA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Blest be the hour that gave my
Lydia birth,
The day be sacred 'mid each
varying year;
How oft the name recalls thy
spotless worth,
And joys departed, still to
memory dear!
If matchless friendship,
constancy, and love,
Have power to charm, or one
sad grief beguile.
'Tis thine the gloom of sorrow to
remove,
And on that tearful cheek
imprint a smile.
May every after season to thee
bring
New joys; to cheer life's dark
eventful way,
'Till time shall close thee in his
pond'rous wing,
And angels waft thee to eternal
day!
Lov'd maid, farewell! thy name
this heart shall fill
'Till memory sinks, and all its
griefs are still!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IMPROMTU ON THE

LATE PEACE.

"Why, there's Peace, Jack, come
damme let's push
 round the grog,
And awhile altogether in good
humor jog,
 For they say we shall soon go
ashore;
Where the anchor of friendship
may drift or be lost,
As on life's troubled ocean at
random we're tost,
 "And, perhaps, we may never
meet more."

Thus spoke Tom; while each
messmate approvingly heard
That the contest was ended, their
courage ne'er fear'd,
 And soon Peace would restore
them to love;
And the hearts by wrongs rous'd,
that no fear could assuage,
At Humanity's shrine dropt the
thunder of rage,
 And the Lion resign'd to the
Dove!

Heaven smil'd on the olive that
Reason had rear'd,
With her rich pearly tribute sweet
Pity appear'd,
 And plac'd it on each brilliant
eye;
'Twas the tear that Compassion
had nurs'd in her breast,
To bestow on the friend, or the
foe, if distress'd.
 Like dew-drops distill'd from the
sky!

Next on friends lost in battle they
mournfully dwelt
'Twas a theme that together the
heart and eye felt,
 And a bumper to valor they
gave;
While the liquor that flow'd in the

bless'd circling bowl
Was enrich'd by a tribute that
flow'd from the soul,
 "A tear for the tomb of the
brave!"

SONNET.

TOON HER RECOVERY
FROM ILLNESS.

Fair flower! that fall'n beneath the
angry blast,
 Which marks with wither'd
sweets its fearful way,
I grieve to see thee on the low
earth cast,
 While beauty's trembling tints
fade fast away.
But who is she, that from the
mountain's head
 Comes gaily on, cheering the
child of earth;
The walks of woe bloom bright
beneath her tread,
 And nature smiles with
renovated mirth?
'Tis Health! she comes, and hark!
the vallies ring.
 And hark! the echoing hills
repeat the sound;
She sheds the new-blown
blossoms of the spring,
 And all their fragrance floats her
footsteps round.
And hark! she whispers in the
zephyr's voice,
 Lift up thy head, fair flower!
rejoice! rejoice!

A FRAGMENT

Oh, Youth! could dark futurity
reveal

Her hidden worlds, unlock her
cloud-hung gates,
Or snatch the keys of mystery
from time,
Your souls would madden at the
piercing sight
Of fortune, wielding high her woe-
born arms
To crush aspiring genius, seize
the wreath
Which fond imagination's hand
had weav'd,
Strip its bright beams, and give
the wreck to air.

Forth from Cimmeria's nest of
vipers, lo!
Pale envy trails its cherish'd form,
and views,
With eye of cockatrice, the little
pile
Which youthful merit had essay'd
to raise;
From shrouded night his blacker
arm he draws,
Replete with vigor from each
heavenly blast,
To cloud the glories of that infant
sun,
And hurl the fabric headlong to
the ground.
How oft, alas! through that
envenom'd blow,
The youth is doom'd to leave his
careful toils
To slacken and decay, which
might, perchance,
Have borne him up on ardor's
wing to fame.

And should we not, with equal
pity, view
The fair frail wanderer, doom'd,
through perjur'd vows,
To lurk beneath a rigid stoic's
frown,
'Till that sweet moment comes,
which her sad days
Of infamy, of want, and pain have
wing'd.

But here the reach of human
thought is lost!
What, what must be the parent's
heart-felt pangs,
Who sees his child, perchance his
only child!
Thus struggling in the abyss of
despair,
To sin indebted for a life of woe.
Still worse, if worse can be! the
thought must sting
(If e'er reflection calls it from the
bed
Of low oblivion) that ignoble
wretch,
The cruel instrument of all their
woe;
Sure it must cut his adamantine
heart
More than ten thousand daggers
onward plung'd,
With all death's tortures quivering
on their points.

Oh! that we could but pierce the
siren guise,
Spread out before the
unsuspecting mind,
Which, conscious of its innocence
within,
Treads on the rose-strew'd path,
but finds, too late,
That ruin opes its ponderous jaws
beneath.
Lo! frantic grief succeeds the
bitter fall,
And pining anguish mourns the
fatal step;
'Till that great Pow'r who, ever
watchful stands,
Shall give us grace from his
eternal throne
To feel the faithful tear of
penitence,
The only recompense for ill-spent
life.

LINES,

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

Bring the sad cypress wreath to
grace the tomb,

Where rests the liberal friend of
human kind,

Around its base let deathless
flow'rets bloom,

Wet with the off'rings of the
grateful mind.

Firm was thy friendship, ardent,
and sincere;

Gen'rous thy soul, to ev'ry
suff'rer prov'd:

Rest, sainted shade! blest with
the heart-felt tear,

On earth lamented, and in
heaven belov'd.

Now will the widow weep that
thou art gone,

Who oft her unprotected babes
hast fed:

While tottering age shall heave
the sigh forlorn,

As slow they move to beg their
bitter bread.

Long shall the memory of thy
worth survive,

Grav'd on the heart, when sinks
the trophied stone;

Oh! may the plenty-bless'd as
freely give,

And from thy life of virtue form
their own.

SONG.

THE RECALL OF THE HERO.

When discord blew her fell alarm

On Gallia's blood-stain'd ground;

When usurpation's giant arm

Enslav'd the nations round:
The thunders of avenging heaven
To Nelson's chosen hand were
given;
By Nelson's chosen hand were
hurl'd
To rescue the devoted world!

The tyrant pow'r, his vengeance
dread,
To Egypt's shores pursued;
At Trafalgar its hydra-head
For ever sunk subdued.
The freedom of mankind was
won!
The hero's glorious task was
done!
When heaven, oppression's
ensigns furl'd,
Recall'd him from the rescued
world.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE
CHILDREN OF THE
NAVAL ASYLUM.[*]

Sons of Renown! ye heirs of
matchless fame,
Whose Sires in Glory's path
victorious fell;
Adding new honors to the British
name,
That future ages shall with
transport tell.

Yet not unpity'd nor forgot they
die,
For gen'rous Britons to their
mem'ry raise;
A tribute will their children's
wants supply,
A living monument of grateful
praise.

To the sad mother, who, in

speechless grief,
Mourn'd o'er her infant's
unprotected state,
Benignant charity affords relief,
And bids her bosom glow, with
joy elate.

Great your reward who thus
impassion'd move,
By nature taught the heart's
persuasive play;
Such deeds your God with
pleasure shall approve,
And endless blessings cheer
your parting day.

What better boon can feeling
hearts bestow,
What nobler ornament can deck
our isle;
Than one that robs the wretched
of their woe,
And makes the widow and the
orphan smile?

[*Note: A Society, established by
Voluntary
Contributions, for the Support
and Education of the
Children of the Sailors and
Marines, who have fallen
during the War.]

ROSA'S GRAVE.

Oh! lay me where my Rosa lies,
And love shall o'er the moss-
crown'd bed,
When dew-drops leave the
weeping skies,
His tenderest tear of pity shed.

And sacred shall the willow be,
That shades the spot where
virtue sleeps;
And mournful memory weep to

see

The hallow'd watch affection
keeps.

Yes, soul of love! this bleeding
heart

Scarce beating, soon its griefs
shall cease;

Soon from his woes the sufferer
part,

And hail thee at the Throne of
Peace!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN HORNSEY WOOD.

Oh, ye! who pine, in London
smoke immur'd,

With spirits wearied, and with
pains uncur'd,

With all the catalogue of city
evils,

Colds, asthmas, rheumatisms,
coughs, blue-devils!

Who bid each bold empiric roll in
wealth,

Who drains your fortunes while
he saps your health,

So well ye love your dirty streets
and lanes,

Ye court your ailments and
embrace your pains.

And scarce ye know, so little have
ye seen,

If corn be yellow, or if grass be
green;

Why leave ye not your smoke-
obstructed holes

With wholesome air to cheer your
sickly souls?

In scenes where health's bright
goddess 'wakes the breeze,

Floats on the stream, and fans the
whisp'ring trees,

Soon would the brighten'd eye

her influence speak,
And her full roses flush the faded
cheek.

Then, where romantic Hornsey
courts the eye
With all the charms of sylvan
scenery.
Let the pale sons of diligence
repair,
And pause, like me, from
sedentary care;
Here, the rich landscape spreads
profusely wide,
And here, embowering shades the
prospect hide;

Each mazy walk in wild meanders
moves,
And infant oaks, luxuriant, grace
the groves:
Oaks! that by time matur'd,
remov'd afar,
Shall ride triumphant, 'midst the
wat'ry war;
Shall blast the bulwarks of
Britannia's foes,
And claim her empire, wide as
ocean flows!

O'er all the scene, mellifluous and
bland,
The blissful powers of harmony
expand;
Soft sigh the zephyrs 'mid the still
retreats,
And steal from Flora's lips
ambrosial sweets;
Their notes of love the feather'd
songsters sing,
And Cupid peeps behind the vest
of Spring.

Ye swains! who ne'er obtain'd
with all your sighs,
One tender look from Chloe's
sparkling eyes,
In shades like these her cruelty
assail,
Here, whisper soft your amatory

tale;
The scene to sympathy the maid
shall move,
And smiles propitious, crown your
slighted love.

While the fresh air with
fragrance, Summer fills,
And lifts her voice, heard jocund
o'er the hills
All jubilant, the waving woods
display
Her gorgeous gifts, magnificently
gay!
The wond'ring eye beholds these
waving woods
Reflected bright in artificial
floods,
And still, the tufts of clust'ring
shrubs between,
Like passing sprites, the nymphs
and swains are seen;
'Till fancy triumphs in th' exulting
breast,
And care shrinks back, astonish'd!
dispossess'd!
For all breathes rapture, all
enchantment seems,
Like fairy visions, and poetic
dreams!

Tho' on such scenes the fancy
loves to dwell,
The stomach oft a different tale
will tell;
Then, leave the wood, and seek
the shelt'ring roof,
And put the pantry's vital
strength to proof;
The aerial banquets of the tuneful
nine,
May suit some appetites, but
faith! not mine;
For my coarse palate, coarser
food must please,
Substantial beef, pies, puddings,
ducks, and pease;
Such food, the fangs of keen
disease defies,
And such rare feeding Hornsey

House supplies:
Nor these alone, the joys that
court us here,
Wine! generous wine! that drowns
corroding care,
Asserts its empire in the glittering
bowl,
And pours promethean vigor o'er
the soul.
Here, too, **that** bluff John Bull,
whose blood boils high
At such base wares of foreign
luxury;
Who scorns to revel in imported
cheer,
Who prides in perry, and exults in
beer:
On these his surly virtue shall
regale,
With quickening cyder, and with
fattening ale.

Nor think, ye Fair! our Hornsey
has denied,
The elegant repasts where you
preside:
Here, may the heart rejoice,
expanding free
In all the social luxury of Tea!
Whose essence pure, inspires
such charming chat,
With nods, and winks, and
whispers, and **all that**.
Here, then, while 'rapt, inspir'd,
like Horace old,
We chaunt convivial hymns to
Bacchus bold;
Or heave the incense of
unconscious sighs,
To catch the grace that beams
from beauty's eyes;
Or, in the winding wilds
sequester'd deep,
Th' unwilling Muse invoking, fall
asleep;
Or cursing her, and her ungranted
smiles,
Chase butterflies along the
echoing aisles:
Howe'er employ'd, **here** be the

town forgot,
Where fogs, and smokes, and
jostling crowds *are not*.

SONNET.

TO

Thou bud of early promise, may
the rose

Which time, methinks, will rear
in envied bloom,
By friendship nurs'd, its grateful
sweets disclose,

Nor e'er be nipt in life's
disast'rous gloom.

For much thou ow'st to him whose
studious mind

Rear'd thy young years, and all
thy wants supplied;

Whose every precept breath'd
affection kind,

And to the friend's, a father's
love allied.

Oh! how 'twill glad him in life's
evening day,

To see that mind, parental care
adorn'd,

With grateful love the debt
immense repay,

And realize each hope affection
form'd.

The deed be thine--'twill many a
care assuage,

Exalt thy worth, and blunt the
thorns of age.

THE COMPLAINT

Ah! this wild desolated spot,

Calls forth the plaintive tear;

Remembrance paints my little cot,

Which once did flourish here.

No more the early lark and thrush
Shall hail the rising day,
Nor warble on their native bush,
Nor charm me with their lay.

No more the foliage of the oak
Shall spread its wonted shade;
Now fell'd beneath the hostile
stroke
Of red destruction's blade.

Beneath its bloom when summer
smil'd,
How oft the rural train
The lingering hours with tales
beguil'd,
Or danc'd to Colin's strain.

And, when Aurora with the dawn
Dispell'd the midnight shade,
Her flocks to the accustom'd lawn
Would lovely Phillis lead.

Delusive grandeur never wreath'd
Around Contentment's head,
'Till war its flaming sword
unsheath'd,
And wide destruction spread.

The daemon, rising from afar,
His thunders loudly roll:
And, dreadful in his blazing car,
He shakes the shrinking soul.

His foaming coursers onward
bend,
And falling empires moan;
One piercing cry the heavens
ascend,
One universal groan!

At length, my cottage (memory's
tear
Must here its tribute pay)
Was crush'd beneath the victor's
spear,
And war's oppressive sway.

And what avail'd the tears, the
woe

Of peace--the hamlet's pride:
She fell beneath the monster's
blow,
And in oblivion died!

Adieu! ye shades, adieu! ye
groves,
Now buried in your fall:
Where'er my eye bewilder'd
roves,
Tis desolation all!

SONNET.

Ye fates! who sternly point on
sorrow's chart
The line of pain a wretch must
still pursue,
To end the struggles of a bleeding
heart,
And grace the triumph misery
owes to you
How poor your pow'r!--where
fortitude, serene,
But smiling views the
glimmering taper shine;
Time soon shall dim, and close the
wearied scene,
Bestowing solace e'en on woes
like mine.
Ah! stop your course--too long
I've felt your chain,
Too long the feeble influence of
its pow'r;
The heir of grief may fall in love
with pain,
And worst-misfortune feel the
tranquil hour.
Hail, fortitude! blest friend life's
ills to brave,
All misery boasts, shall wither in
the grave!

REFLECTIONS OF A POET,

ON BEING INVITED TO A GREAT
DINNER.

Great epoch in the history of
bards!

Important day to those who woo
the nine;
Better than fame, are visitation
cards,
And heaven on earth, at a great
house to dine.

O cruel memory! do not conjure
up
The ghost of Sally Dab, the
famous cook;
Who gave me solid food, the
cheering cup,
And on her virtues, begg'd I'd
write a book.

Rest, goddess, from all broils! I
bless thy name
Dear kitchen-nymph, as ever
eyes did glut on!
I'd give thee all I have, my slice of
fame,
If thou, dear shade! could'st give
one slice of mutton.

Yet hold--ten minutes more, and I
am blest;
Fly quick, ye seconds; quick ye
moments, fly:
Soon shall I put my hunger to the
test,
And all the host of miseries defy.

Thrice is he arm'd, who hath his
dinner first,
For well-fed valor always fights
the best;
And tho' he may of over-eating
burst,
His life is happy, and his death is
blest.

To-day I dine--not on my usual
fare;

Not near the sacred mount with
skinny nine;
Not in the park upon a dish of air:
But on real eatables, and rosy
wine.

Delightful task! to cram the
hungry maw,
To teach the empty stomach how
to fill,
To pour red port adown the
parched craw;
Without one dread dessert--to
pay the bill.

I'm off--methinks I smell the long-
lost savor;
Hail, platter sound! to poet,
music sweet:
Now grant me, Jove, if not too
great a favor,
Once in my life, as much as I can
eat!

SONNET

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY,
I HAD PREVIOUSLY KNOWN,
CONFINED IN A MADHOUSE.

Sweet wreck of loveliness! alas,
how soon
The sad brief summer of thy joys
hath fled;
How sorrow's friendship for thy
hapless doom,
Thy beauty faded, and thy hopes
all dead.
Oh! 'twas that beauty's pow'r
which first destroy'd
Thy mind's serenity; its charms
but led
The faithless friend, that thy pure
love enjoy'd,
To tear the blooming blossom
from its bed.
How reason shudders at thy

frenzi'd air!

To see thee smile, with fancy's
dreams possess'd;
Or shrink, the frozen image of
despair,

Or love-enraptur'd, chaunt thy
griefs to rest,
Oh! cease that mournful voice,
poor suff'ring child!
My heart but bleeds to hear thy
musings wild.

TO THADDEUS.[*]

Farewel! lov'd youth, for still I
hold thee dear,

Though thou hast left me
friendless and alone;
Still, still thy name recalls the
heartfelt tear,

That hastes Matilda to her
wish'd-for home.

Why leave the wretch thy perfidy
hath made.

To journey cheerless through the
world's wide waste?
Say, why so soon does all thy
kindness fade.

And doom me, thus, affliction's
cup to taste?

Ungen'rous deed! to fly the
faithful maid

Who, for thy arms, abandoned
every friend;
Oh! cruel thought, that virtue,
thus betray'd,

Should feel a pang that death
alone can end.

Yet, I'll not chide thee--and when
hence you roam,

Should my sad fate one tear of
pity move,
Ah! then return; this bosom's still
thy home,

And all thy failings I'll repay with
love.

Believe me, dear, at midnight or
at morn,

In vain exhausted nature strives
to rest,

Thy absence plants my pillow with
a thorn,

And bids me hope no more, on
earth, for rest.

But, if unkindly you refuse to
hear,

And from despair thy poor
Matilda save;

Ah! don't deny one tributary tear,

To glisten sweetly o'er my early
grave.

MATILDA.

[*Note: The above lines were
written at the request of a Lady,
and meant to describe the
feelings of one, "who loved not
wisely, but too well."]

SONNET.

TO A LYRE.

Friend of the lonely hour, from thy
lov'd strain

The magic pow'r of pleasure
have I known:

Awhile I lose remembrance of my
pain,

And seem to taste of joys that
long had flown.

When o'er my suffering soul
reflection casts

The gloom of sorrow's sable-
shadowing veil,

Recalling sad misfortunes chilling

blasts--

How sweet to thee to tell the
mournful tale!

And tho' denied to me the strings
to move

Like heavenly-gifted bards, to
whom belong

The power to melt the yielding
soul to love,

Or wake to war, with energetic
song.

Yet thou, my Lyre, canst cheer the
gloomy hour,

When sullen grief asserts her
tyrant pow'r.

ADDRESS TO ALBION.

To thee, O Albion! be the tribute
paid

Which sympathy demands, the
patriot tear;

While echo'd forth to thy remotest
shade,

Rebellion's menace sounds in
every ear.

Though Gallia's vaunts should fill
the trembling skies,

'Till nature's undiscover'd
regions start

At the rude clamor;--yet, shouldst
thou despise,

While thy brave subjects own a
common heart.

But lo! fresh streaming from the
Hibernian[*] height

Her own red torrent wild-eyed
faction pours;

While, 'mid her falling ranks,
ignobly great,

Loud vengeance raves, and
desperation scours.

Denouncing murderous strife, the
rebel train

Wave their red ensigns of
inhuman hate
O'er every hamlet, every peaceful
plain;
Rejecting reason, and despising
fate.

Oh! that again our raptur'd eyes
could see

Their ripening crops bloom
yellow o'er the land;
Their happy shepherds, like their
pasture, free--

No more a factious race, a
ruffian band.

That albion, once again with
concord blest,

May still support that great, that
glorious name,
Which ardent glows in every
patriot's breast,

And crowns her hoary cliffs with
matchless fame.

Then, then, might foreign foes,
around our shores,

Pour the big tempest of their
arms in vain;

Then, might they learn that
freedom still is ours,

That Britons still control the
subject main.

Oh! all ye kindred pow'rs, awake,
arise!

On boundless glory's giant
pinions soar;

Let Gallia tremble! while the
sounding skies

Proclaim us free--'till time shall
be no more!

[*Note: This piece was written
when Ireland was
in a most distracted state.]

SONNET.

ON THE DEATH OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

His weary warfare done, his woes
forgot,

Freedom! thy son, oppress'd so
long, is free:

He seeks the realms where
tyranny is not,

And those shall hail him who
have died for thee!

Immortal TELL! receive a soul
like thine,

Who scorn'd obedience to
usurp'd command:

Who rose a giant from a sphere
indign,

To tear the rod from proud
oppression's hand.

Alas! no victor-wreaths enzon'd
his brow,

But freedom long his hapless
fate shall mourn;

Her holy tears shall nurse the
laurel bough,

Whose green leaves grace his
consecrated urn.

Nurs'd by these tears, that bough
shall rise sublime,

And bloom triumphant 'mid the
wrecks of time!

EPITAPH

ON MATILDA.

SACRED to pity! is uprais'd this
stone,

The humble tribute of a friend
unknown;

To grant the beauteous wreck its
hallow'd claim,

And add to misery's scroll another
name.

Poor, lost Matilda! now in silence
laid
Within the early grave thy
sorrows made,
Sleep on!--his heart still holds thy
image dear,
Who view'd, thro' life, thy errors
with a tear;
Who ne'er, with stoic apathy,
repress'd
The heart-felt sigh for loveliness
distress'd.
That sigh for thee shall ne'er
forget to heave;
'Tis all he now can give, or thou
receive.
When last I saw thee in thy envied
bloom,
That promis'd health and joy for
years to come,
Methought the lily, nature proudly
gave,
Would never wither in th'
untimely grave.
Ah, sad reverse! too soon the
fated hour
Saw the dire tempest 'whelm th'
expanding flow'r?
Then from thy tongue its music
ceas'd to flow;
Thine eye forgot to gleam with
aught but woe;
Peace fled thy breast; invincible
despair
Usurp'd her seat, and struck his
daggers there.
Did not the unpitying world thy
sorrows fly?
And ah, what then was left thee--
but to die!
Yet not a friend beheld thy parting
breath,
Or mingled solace with the pangs
of death:
No priest proclaim'd the erring
hour forgiv'n,
Or sooth'd thy spirit to its native
heav'n:
But Heaven, more bounteous,
bade the pilgrim come,

And hovering angels hail'd their
sister home.
I, where the marble swells not, to
rehearse
Thy hapless fate; inscribe my
simple verse.
Thy tale, dear shade, my heart
essays to tell;
Accept its offering, while it
heaves--farewel!

SONNET

TO PEACE.

Come long-lost blessing! heaven-
lov'd seraph, haste,
On pity's wings upborne, a
world's wide woes
Invoke thy smiles extatic, long
effac'd,
Beneath the tear which all
corrosive flows;
While reason shudders, let
ambition weep,
When wounding truth records
what it has done:
Records the hosts consign'd to
death's cold sleep,
Conspicuous 'mid the pomp of
conflicts won!
Shall not the fiend relent, while
groaning age
Pours its deep sorrows o'er its
offspring slain;
While sire-robb'd infants mourn
the deathful rage,
In many a penury enfeebled
strain?
Sweet maid, return! behold
affliction's tear,
And in my theme accept a nation's
prayer.

LOVE.

Love! what is love? a mere
machine, a spring
For freaks fantastic, a convenient
thing,
A point to which each scribbling
wight must steer,
Or vainly hope for food or favor
here,
A summer's sigh, a winter's
wistful tale,
A sound at which th' untutor'd
maid turns pale,
Her soft eyes languish and her
bosom heaves,
And hope delights as fancy's
dream deceives.

Thus speaks the heart, which cold
disgust invades,
When time instructs and hope's
enchantment fades;
Through life's wide stage, from
sages down to kings,
The puppets move, as art directs
the strings;
Imperious beauty bows to sordid
gold,
Her smiles, whence heaven flows
emanent, are sold;
And affectation swells the
entrancing tones,
Which nature subjugates, and
truth disowns.

I love th' ingenuous maiden,
practis'd not
To pierce the heart with ambush'd
glances, shot
From eyelashes, whose shadowy
length she knows
To a hair's point, their high arch
when to close
Half o'er the swimming orb, and
when to raise,
Disclosing all the artificial blaze
Of unfelt passion, which alone can
move
Him, whom the genuine
eloquence of love

Affected never, won with wanton
wiles,
With soulless sighs and
meretricious smiles,
By nature unimpress'd,
uncharm'd by thee.
Sweet goddess of my heart,
Simplicity!

SONNET.

IN THE MANNER OF THE
MODERNS.

Meek Maid! that sitting on yon
lofty tower,
View'st the calm floods that
wildly beat below,
Be off!--yon sunbeam veils a
heavy shower,
Which sets my heart with joy a
aching, oh!
For why, O maid, with locks of
jetty flax,
Should grief convulse my heart
with joyful knocks?
It is but reasonable you should ax,
Because it soundeth like a
paradox.
Hear, then, bright virgin! if the
rain comes down,
'Twill wet the roads, and spoil
my morning ride;
But it will also spoil thy bran-new
gown,
And therefore cure thee of thy
cursed pride.
Moral--this sonnet, if well
understood,
Shows the same thing may bring
both harm and good.

LINES,

DELIVERED AFTER THE

REPRESENTATION OF A PLAY AT
A YOUNG LADIES' BOARDING
SCHOOL.

When first the infant bird
attempts to fly,
And cautious spreads its pinions
to the sky,
Each happy breeze the timid
trav'ller cheers,
Assists its efforts, and allays its
fears;
Return'd--how pleas'd it views
the shelt'ring nest
From which it rose, with doubt
and fear oppress'd.

Like this, is ours; this night we
ventur'd out
On juv'nile wing, appall'd by many
a doubt,
Cheer'd by your sanction, every
peril o'er,
With joy we hail this welcome,
friendly shore:
Our little band, ambitious now to
raise
A pleasing off'ring for your
wreath of praise
On them bestow'd, depute me
here to tell
The lively feelings that their
bosoms swell;
For your indulgent and parental
part,
They feel the triumph of a
grateful heart:
That, each revolving year shall
truly prove,
How much they honor, how
sincere they love;
And for your fostering care will
make return
By filial duty, and desire to learn.

ON THE DEATH OF

GENERAL SIR RALPH
ABERCROMBIE.

Mute, memory stands, at valor's
awful shrine,

 In tears Britannia mourns her
hero dead;

A world's regret, brave
Abercrombie's thine.

 For nature sorrow'd as thy spirit
fled!

For, not the tear that matchless
courage claims

 To honest zeal, and soft
compassion due,

Alone is thine--o'er thy ador'd
remains

 Each virtue weeps, for all once
liv'd in you.

Yes, on thy deeds exulting I could
dwell,

 To speak the merits of thy
honor'd name;

But, ah! what need my humble
muse to tell,

 When rapture's self has echo'd
forth thy fame?

Yet, still thy name its energies
shall deal,

 When wild-storms gather round
thy country's sun;

Her glowing youth shall grasp the
gleamy steel,

 Rank'd round the glorious
wreaths which thou hast won!

TO

In vain, sweet Maid! for me you
bring

The first-blown blossoms of the
spring;

My tearful cheek you wipe in vain,

And bid its pale rose bloom again.

In vain! unconscious, did I say?
Oh! you alone these tears can
stay:
Alone, the pale rose can renew,
Whose sunshine is a smile for you.

Yet not in friendship's smile it
lives;
Too cold the gifts that friendship
gives:
The beam that warms a winter's
day,
Plays coldly in the lap of may.

You bid my sad heart cease to
swell;
But will you, if its tale I tell,
Nor turn away, nor frown the
while,
But smile, as you were wont to
smile?

Then bring me not the blossoms
young,
That erst on Flora's forehead
hung;
But round thy radiant temples
twine,
The flowers whose flaunting
mocks at mine.

Give me--nor pinks, nor pansies
gay,
Nor violets, fading fast away,
Nor myrtle, rue, nor rosemary,
But give, oh give, thyself to me!

SONNET.

TO MELANCHOLY.

To thy unhappy courts a lonely
guest
I come, corroding Melancholy,
where,

Sequester'd from the world, this
woe-worn breast
May yet indulge a solitary tear!
For what should cheer the
wretch's struggling heart;
What lead him thro' misfortunes
gloomy shades;
When retrospection wings her
keenest dart,
And hope's dim land in misery's
ocean fades?
Adieu, for ever! visionary joys,
Delusive shadows of a short-liv'd
hour;
The rod of woe invincible,
destroys
The light, the fairy fabric of your
pow'r!
How short of bliss the sublunary
reign,
How long the clouded days of
misery and pain!

PROMETHEUS.

What sov'reign good shall satiate
man's desires,
Propell'd by hope's
unconquerable fires?
Vain, each bright bauble by
ambition priz'd;
Unwon, 'tis worshipp'd--but
possess'd, despis'd:
Yet, all defect with virtue shines
allied,
His mightiest impulse, Genius
owes to pride;
From conquer'd science grac'd
with glorious spoils,
He still dares on, demands
sublimer toils,
And, had not nature check'd his
vent'rous wing,
His eye had pierc'd her at her
primal spring.

Thus, when enwrapt, Prometheus

strove to trace
Inspir'd perceptions of celestial
grace,
Th' ideal spirit, fugitive as wind,
Art's forceful spells in adamant
confin'd;
Curv'd with nice chisel, floats the
obsequious line,
From stone unconscious, beauty
beams divine,
On magic pois'd, th' exulting
structure swims,
And spurns attraction with elastic
limbs.
While ravish'd fancy vivifies the
form,
While judgment toils to analyze its
charm,
While admiration spreads her
speaking hands,
The lofty artist undelighted
stands;
He longs to ravish, from the blest
abodes,
The seal of heaven, the attribute
of gods,
To give his labor's more than man
can give,
Breathe Jove's own breath, and
bid the marble live!

Won from her woof, embellishing
the skies,
Descending Pallas soothes her
votry's sighs;
Where, 'mid the twilight of o'er-
arching groves,
By waking visions led, th'
enthusiast roves,
Like summer suns, by showery
clouds conceal'd,
With sudden blaze the goddess
shines reveal'd;
Behold, she cries, in thy
distinguish'd cause,
I challenge Jove's inexorable
laws!
With life's stol'n essence let the
awaken'd stone
A superhuman generation own:

Defrauded nature shall admire
the deed,
And time recoil at thy immortal
meed.

Impregn'd with action, and
convok'd to breathe,
Sighs the still form his ardent
hands beneath;
Electric lustres flash from either
eye,
O'er its pale cheeks suffusing
flushes fly,
And glossy damps its clust'ring
curls adorn,
Like dew-drops brightening on
the brows of morn;
Thro' nerves that vibrates in
unfolding chains
Foams the warm life-blood,
excavating veins,
'Till all infus'd, and organiz'd the
whole,
The finish'd fabric hails the
breathing soul!
Then, wak'd tumultuous in th'
alarmed breast,
Contending passions claim th'
etherial guest,
And still, as each alternate empire
proves,
She hopes, she fears, she envies,
and she loves,
Owns all sensations that divide
the span,
And eternize the little life of man.

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