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THE  
BRITISH ALBUM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

Oft from her careless hand the Wand'ring Muse  
Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form  
A living wreath to deck the brows of Time.    ANON.

---

VOL. II.



*LONDON:*

---

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TO  
*PHILANDER* \*,

---

*Who said, "WHEN I AM DEAD, WRITE MY ELEGY."*

---

---

----- ibimus, ibimus,  
Utcunque praecedes, supremum  
Carpere iter comites parati.

---

YES, I would write! the sad command  
Lives in each melancholy throb  
Which lifts my heart. Thy ANNA's hand,  
When Death that melting eye shall rob  
Of the blue flames which flashing there,  
Thy burning soul so well declare—  
Thy ANNA's hand that soul shall then disclose,  
And by indulging, charm her weary woes.

Forth would I rush, whilst Night's dim orb  
The blackest vapours of the sky absorb;  
And should a lingering Star with glittering beam,  
Send thro' the air its silvery stream,

\* This Poem was, in the former Editions, addressed to DELLA CRUSCA.

I'd tell it that PHILANDER WAS NO MORE—  
    Strait would its glittering beam be sad ;  
    And the wide heavens in darkness clad  
Would join to mourn, WHOM I should then deplore.  
Quick to the cypress forest I would hie,  
Whose thick gloom never drank the healthful sky,  
And from its deepest central spot,  
Where Misery had rais'd her flinty grot,  
A bough I'd tear ;  
Whilst shrieking thro' the ebon air  
The Night Bird's voice would dismal echo wake,  
And with its lorn complaints the resting vallies  
    shake.  
Then would I find where yew-trees wave,  
O'er some unhappy Lover's grave,  
Their desolated shade ;  
And from their baleful branches brush  
The pois'nous dews ;—or madly crush  
The juices from the riven rind  
That ne'er again the naked trunk should bind.  
My chosen cypress reed I'd then immerse,  
And calling on the Muse of melancholy verse,  
With the YEW's TEARS I'd story all my woe,  
Nor should a mingling TEAR of MINE presume to  
    flow.

No! I would scorn to weep. The glorious grief  
Should gorge upon my heart, and spurn relief.



*How* I would write of dear PHILANDER dead !  
O! I would weave such verse, that round my head  
The Demons of the Night,  
Arrested in their wheeling flight,  
Should learn to pity and to mourn,  
And curse their *bounded* pow'r,  
Which would not let them say RETURN! RETURN!  
I'd paint his form, and every varying grace  
Impress'd by FEELING on his manly face,  
Then should for ever live his SAPPHIRE EYE,  
And tho' his sensate heart in earth dissolves,  
As Time, obliterating, round revolves,  
THAT BEAM at least should never, never die !

But O! how should I paint his mind,  
A taste so true, and so refin'd !  
How should I speak of his IMMORTAL MUSE  
That now can such delight diffuse ?  
A Muse which *forms* a NATION'S TASTE !  
And o'er the weedy waste  
Of long-neglected Poetry had thrown  
A vivid light, which so sublimely shone,  
That to its source ten thousand poets flew,  
And form'd their songs, and tun'd their harps anew.

But yes! e'en of HIS MUSE I'd speak ;  
And tho' I know the swelling theme  
Would shake my soul, till in th' extreme  
Of strong sensation every nerve would break ;

Yet having then fulfill'd my task,  
*Done*, what *last night's* soft shadows heard him ask,  
What could I next but die ?  
Yes, I would court HIM *vainly* *fam'd*  
THE KING OF TERRORS! Oh, how *lightly* nam'd!  
Would he not be my bosom's friend ?  
Would not the sighs his agonies would rend  
From my torn heart, be passports bright  
To wing me to the fields of living light ;  
Where, from the rapt seraphic throng  
*My own* PHILANDER's powerful song  
Would be the first to seize my ear,  
And make me feel that HEAVEN WAS NEAR ?  
Come then, *pale King!* feed on my feeble breath ;  
O! come, thou stay'st too long—too long EN-  
CHANTING DEATH.

ANNA MATILDA.

---

*June 19, 1789.*

TO  
A—E B——N.

---

THINK not, TRANSCENDENT MAID ! my woe  
Shall ever trouble thy repose ;  
The mind no *lasting* pang can know,  
Which lets the tongue that pang disclose.

Sorrow is *sacred* when 'tis *true*,  
In deep concealment proudly dwells,  
And seems its passion to subdue,  
When most th' impulsive throb compels.

For HE who dares *assert* his grief,  
Who *boasts* the anguish he may prove,  
Obtains, perhaps, the wish'd relief,  
BUT O! THE TRAITOR DOES NOT LOVE.

The LOVER is a *Man afraid*,  
Has neither grace, nor ease, nor art,  
Embarrass'd, comfortless, dismay'd,  
He sinks, THE VICTIM OF HIS HEART.

He feels his own demerits most,  
When he should most *aspire* to gain,  
And is at length completely *lost*,  
Because he cannot *urge* his pain.

But tho' he be so much subdu'd,  
 And ev'ry scene of spirit leave,  
 As if he mourn'd for all he view'd,  
 As if he only *liv'd to grieve*.

Yet let his FAIR-ONE's wrongs be told,  
 Sudden he rushes forth to save,  
 The Forest's King is not so bold ;  
 O! IF HE LOVES HE MUST BE BRAVE.

And if, alas! her hand should bless  
 Some more attractive Youth than HE ;  
 HE never would adore the less,  
 But glory in his agony.

He'd see her to the Altar led,  
 And still command his struggling sigh,  
 Nor would he let one tear be shed,  
 He'd triumph then ;—FOR THEN HE'D DIE. \*

DELLA CRUSCA.

June 30, 1791.

---

\* A FURIOUS modern SATIRIST, who cannot in any manner moderate his rage at the success which Mr. MERRY's Poetry has met with, under the signature of DELLA CRUSCA, falls foul on him in DESPERATION, and ACTUALLY charges him with the HEINOUS OFFENCE of POETICAL INCONSTANCY, for having addressed LOVE-VERSES to a VARIETY of WOMEN. The justice of the accusation cannot SERIOUSLY be denied!! All that we can say is, that we hope Mr. MERRY's MUSE will behave with more fidelity in future!

---





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THE  
*BRITISH ALBUM.*

CONTAINING THE

POEMS

OF

DELLA CRUSCA, ANNA MATILDA,  
*ARLEY, BENEDICT, THE BARD,*  
*&c. &c. &c.*

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.

---

FOURTH EDITION,

---

WITH ADDITIONS.

---

LONDON:

---

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. BELL, OF THE BRITISH  
LIBRARY, STRAND.

1793.



# STANZAS

---

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

---

O, FRIENDSHIP! source of every good!  
How seldom art thou understood;  
How oft for interest, or for fame,  
We prostitute thy sacred name.

'Tis not Ambition's pageant hour,  
The proud parade of empty pow'r;  
'Tis not the Monarch's scepter'd hand,  
Thy faithful service can command:

The heartfelt joy, the social sigh,  
No power can force, no wealth can buy,  
Nor pride, nor avarice e'er can know,  
Exalted Friendship's fervent glow.

*Vol. II.*

A

When haughty great-ones condescend,  
To patronize the humble friend,  
Who every feeling must resign——  
The servile contract is not thine.

When venal age, in hopes of gain,  
Would bind the mercenary chain ;  
Each generous purpose there unknown,  
The sordid motive thou'lt disown

Nor pleas'd with Youth's unaw'd career,  
Amid the gust of transient cheer ;  
Where Folly forms the short-liv'd tye,  
Wilt thou the slender cord supply.

Averse to Guile, tho' gilded o'er,  
Thou shun'st the midnight loud uproar ;  
And seeking Virtue's peaceful cell,  
With calm content delight'st to dwell.

Yet, should afflicted worth entreat,  
Thou'lt fearless quit thy tranquil seat,  
To pierce the dungeon's dreary gloom,  
Or mourn at midnight round the tomb.

In life's unwelcome, cheerless hour,  
When all around misfortunes lour ;  
Thou'lt seek the Wanderer in distress,  
And sharing sorrows, make them less.

---

When affluence crowns successful toil,  
And Fate propitious wears a smile ;  
Thy influence aids the sweet employ,  
And gives a zest to every joy :

For what are all delights below,  
Which Fortune, Honours, Fame bestow ;  
Unless with these we strive to blend  
The social solace of a friend ?

The flow of youth, the charms of Love,  
But momentary transports prove ;  
Friendship alone secures Content,  
More placid, but more permanent.

ARLEY.

---

VERSES

---

TO A  
YOUNG LADY AT BATH,

---

In whose Pocket-Book the AUTHOR had, at a very early Period of Life, written  
some Lines.

---

IN earlier years, when *Anna's* face,  
Could only boast an infant grace ;  
When artless tresses deck'd her brow,  
In many a wild untutor'd row ;  
Ere yet upon her baby cheek,  
The conscious blush had learn'd to speak ;  
In that calm, unsuspecting day,  
The Muse attun'd her willing lay ;  
And sung of *Anna's* rip'ning charms,  
When *Anna* could feel no alarms ;  
That tranquil hour, unknown to Fear,  
When I might say, and she might hear.—  
The Hint transpir'd—and swift as thought,  
The favour'd Pocket-Book was brought,

While kind advice, and caution sage,  
 Stood pencil'd o'er the virgin page ;  
 Her little hands receiv'd the toy,  
 And her young heart proclaim'd her joy.

Will *Anna* now, maturer grown,  
 The sweets of infant years disown ?  
 And will she now unkind despise  
 The song that once she deign'd to prize ?  
 No—*Anna's* heart shall still approve  
 The song that once she deign'd to love :  
 Still shall the Muse her steps attend——  
 Still will she prize her early friend.  
 And now, in Beauty's loveliest bloom,  
 Though circled in the splendid room——  
 While rival fops around her wait,  
 With false applause, and senseless prate ;  
 And while the vaunts of *self* they hold——  
 And while th' unmeaning tale is told ;  
*Anna* shall wish the folly o'er,  
 Shall fly to Memory's valu'd store ;  
 There fondly trace her childish age,  
 And call to mind the *virgin page*.

ARLEY.

THE  
*COMPLAINT.*

---

TO  
LORD \*\*\*\*\*.

---

AND does my friend, with kindly ray,  
My humble verse regard ?  
And does he prize the artless lay,  
And does he prize the Bard ?

The Bard, who oft in Pleasure's bow'r,  
Hath tun'd his early song ;  
When Love led on the sportive hour,  
And fir'd the youthful throng ?

And shall he now, in Reason's reign,  
The well-known theme forego ?  
And shall he not resume the strain ;  
And must it cease to flow ?



Ah me! the scenes of fond delight,  
That wont to charm, are o'er ;  
And now no more, the Muse invite,  
And wake the lyre no more :

For hard Suspicion's anger'd eye,  
Deems all it sees unjust ;  
And jaundic'd Envy, low'ring by,  
Supports the foul mistrust.

E'en *She*, whose breast with kindness glows,  
That kindness doth suspend ;  
*She* too, the shaft of censure throws,  
And points it at her friend ;

That shaft, which hurl'd in open air,  
When proud defiance calls,  
With manly fortitude we bear,  
Regardless where it falls ;

That shaft, which veil'd in Friendship's band,  
Inflicts severer smart,  
Flies doubly fierce from Friendship's hand,  
And deeper stabs the heart.

And yet forbid, my plaintive song,  
Should seem too prompt to blame ;  
For Slander's sting hath found me long,  
And long hath pierc'd my fame :

And many an idle tale hath run,  
And much hath been believ'd,  
Of broken vows, and maids undone,  
Abandon'd, and deceiv'd.

Peace to all such—yet here I swear,  
And thou'lt the warmth excuse,  
The garb which knaves and villains wear,  
Thro' life I've scorn'd to use :

Tho' Love, with all its soft pursuits,  
Hath claim'd my yielding hours ;  
Tho' oft I've cull'd its fairest fruits,  
And pluckt its choicest flow'rs——

Those flow'rs, those fruits, were nobly won,  
Not fraudulently stole,  
Love taught me how the race to run,  
But Truth secur'd the goal.

Then deem not hard, that now the Muse  
Laments her fav'rite strain ;  
That thus she ventures to accuse ;  
Accusing, to complain :

For much she joy'd, the nymphs among,  
To waste the frolic day ;  
To form for them the grateful song,  
And carol time away.

---

But now no more the heaving sigh,  
Shall force the tear to start;  
But now no more the glist'ning eye,  
Shall speak the soften'd heart :

The tender scenes of earlier years,  
To harsher views shall yield ;  
And Pride, her pageant sceptre rears,  
And Av'rice takes the field :—

These shall the sterner mind possess,  
To no past maxims true ;  
Cold to them all, my Lord, unless  
To Friendship, and to you.

ARLEY.

---

ODE

---

To \*\*\*\*\*.

---

PRAISE to the men who boldly dare,  
Their undissembled thoughts declare ;  
Who speak the sentiments they feel,  
And loud proclaim the crimes they might conceal.

Who nobly zealous daily try,  
To pluck the mask from villany ;  
By neither threat nor promise sway'd,  
By pow'r unaw'd, by danger undismay'd——

Who Justice's sacred sword unsheath,  
To guard fair Freedom's valued wreath ;  
Yet careful shun the deed which draws,  
Th' unwelcome shout of popular applause.

Who, blest with talents to persuade,  
Exert them for their Country's aid ;  
By virtue, not ambition fir'd,  
For worth belov'd, not pageantry admir'd——

'Tis theirs with kind and bounteous hand,  
To scatter plenty o'er the land ;  
To bid distress and sorrow smile,  
And crown with due reward the Artist's toil :

'Tis theirs to ease the Widow's fears,  
To wipe the friendless Orphan's tears ;  
Redress the wrongs the weak endure,  
Punish the guilty, and protect the poor.

Theirs is the noblest boon below,  
The purest bliss the mind can know !  
That tranquil undisturb'd *serene*,  
Resulting from the conscious peace within.

For them each grateful voice shall ring,  
For them each Muse her tribute bring ;  
And in the hour which levels all,  
Death with complacence shall await their call.

ARLEY.

---

PRAYER

---

TO

VENUS.

---

KIND Venus, hear thy Suppliant's pray'r,  
Hear, and indulgent grant ;  
For love I ask—you well may spare  
The little I shall want.

No storms of passion I desire,  
No boundless transports claim,  
Give me that gentle doubtful fire,  
Which feeds a sportive flame.

For oh ! I've known the soft delights,  
That warm the breast sincere ;  
The anxious days and sleepless nights,  
That nurse the tender fear.

Have shar'd the fond endearing kiss,  
Which mutual ardour fires,  
And tasted oft that genuine bliss,  
Which mutual truth inspires.

I've felt the fierce extreme of love,  
Which utterance would destroy;  
When speechless raptures silent prove,  
The soul's sublimest joy.

But then its bitterest pangs I've borne,  
Deprest with tenfold care;  
And many an hour with anguish torn,  
Sat brooding o'er Despair.

Whelm'd with such violence of woe,  
Would melt a heart of steel,  
Which only those who love can know,  
Who lose can only feel.

Hence, let me calmly view the sex,  
Contented to enjoy  
That bliss, which absence cannot vex,  
Or Perfidy destroy :

O Venus ! let me favour win,  
Secure from Cupid's dart,  
Still let it gently pierce my skin,  
But never probe my heart !

ARLEY.

---



## COMPLIMENTARY VERSES.

---

*Some years ago, at the house of a deceased Nobleman, several complimentary Verses to the brilliancy of the Hon. Mrs. N——H's Eyes were written;—amongst the rest the following :*

---

GIVE me to see that spark of heavenly fire,  
At which all tremble—but which all admire :  
That gentle gleam, which in Contentment's hour,  
Cheers every vale and brightens every bower.  
That ray terrific—which when anger glooms,  
Darts dreadful flame, and as it darts, consumes ;  
Strong blaze of light—which fires where'er it falls,  
Exalts, dejects, revivifies, appalls ;  
Shew me that power which thus with Fate can vie,  
Turn, and behold it lives in—LAURA's eye !

ARLEY.

---

## STANZAS

---

---

Written on the Children of Lady CRAVEN, performing a PLAY, before her, at  
Queensbury House some years ago.

---

---

Nymphs and Shepherds hither haste,  
Here the purest joys we taste ;  
Reason guides our rustic play,  
Tunes the pipe and forms the lay.

Lovely MIRA is our queen,  
Guardian of the silvan scene ;  
Nature's charming handmaid, she  
Thus proclaims her soft decree :

*Come ye little smiling train,  
Cheer with sports my happy plain ;  
Come, while yet the infant year,  
Proves both smile and sport sincere.*

*Blooming in the morn of life,  
Strangers yet to care and strife;  
Free from art, and free from blame,  
You can paint me as I am.*

*What, tho' on your baby brows,  
Mark'd expression faintly glows;  
Artless look, and native strain,  
All my feelings best explain.*

*Soon shall Time, with iron sway,  
Harden youth's maturer day;  
Then no longer taught by me,  
You'll scorn my sweet simplicity.*

ARLEY

---

THE  
*RETROSPECT.*

---

AMID the scenes of noise and strife,  
That sadly sorrow human life  
And cause continual woes;  
What soft sensation soothes my breast,  
Bids every jarring passion rest,  
And transient bliss bestows.

'Tis faithful Memory's friendly hand,  
That waves her all-enliv'ning wand,  
And brings to Fancy's view;  
What time, when wing'd with gay Delight,  
Each thoughtless day and easy night,  
On Pleasure's pinions flew.

Wafts me to S——'s fertile plains,  
Where, first I sung my infant strains,  
A rude, unpolish'd boy;  
Where, fraught with Innocence and Truth,  
The lively sports of early youth,  
Produc'd a guiltless joy.

There, pleas'd I trace the flow'ry mead,  
And round the well-known elm-trees tread,  
Where oft I've careless play'd ;  
And sure my choicest days were spent,  
Cheer'd with the smiles of glad Content,  
Beneath their peaceful shade.

The distant view of N——'s hills,  
My breast with exultation fills,  
Long time the bounded walk ;  
There oft I've shar'd the sweet regale,  
Partook th' allotted cakes and ale,  
And held the sprightly talk.

The church, the yard, the neighb'ring yew,  
All join to warm my heart a-new,  
And pastimes past recall ;  
'Twas here I lash'd the murm'ring top,  
Here drove the tile with eager hop,  
There struck the bounding ball.

Nor shall fair Learning's sacred spot,  
Be by the grateful Muse forgot,  
Or heedless left unsung ;  
Where dawning Reason first began  
The deeds of ancient dead to scan,  
And urge th' enquiring tongue,

Where, studious still maturing age,  
Explor'd the long instructive page,  
And emulous of fame,  
Consuming oft th' evening oil,  
Enjoy'd a pleasing-painful toil  
To raise a future name.

Hail, happy state of infant years!  
There lovely Peace her temple rears,  
And smiling stands confest;  
There Virtue holds her cheerful court,  
And youthful, gay desires resort  
To charm the tranquil breast.

No lawless passions wound the mind,  
There pleasures leave no sting behind,  
Sad source of other's care;  
Nor fell Remorse, nor envious ire,  
Nor black Revenge, with purpose dire,  
Occasion dark despair.

Their's is the rosy bloom of health,  
The boundless transport snatch'd by stealth,  
The heart devoid of guile;  
What riper manhood seldom knows,  
The peaceful undisturb'd repose,  
And undissembled smile.

---

Regardless of to-morrow's doom,  
They feel no dread of ills to come,  
Nor Pleasure's feast forego;  
The playful day their great relief,  
The task unlearn'd their only grief,  
The rod their only foe.

Ah, ever to be envied hours !  
When no sad thought of future sours——  
No distant fears annoy;  
No past reflections intervene  
To pain the bosom's calm serene,  
Or damp the present joy.

Affliction's load they seldom bear,  
'Tis theirs to shed the short-liv'd tear  
For sorrows soon forgot;  
The sweets that from Contentment flow,  
That health and peace of mind bestow,  
Complete their happy lot.

ARLEY.

---

STANZAS

---

TO

ILL-NATURE.

---

FIEND abhorr'd! Mankind's worst foe!—  
Hence, thy darksome crew among——  
Haste,—and with thy jaundic'd brow,  
Fly the Muse's vengeful song!

Oft the hapless Muse hath borne  
Deep within the wounded heart,  
Fell Detraction's venom'd thorn,  
Pointed by thy treach'rous art.

Born of Envy, nurs'd by Spleen,  
Rear'd in Passion's blighting storm:  
Sorrow, anguish, care, chagrin,  
Mark thy hideous hateful form.

Fraud and falsehood swell thy train,  
Discord is thy sole employ,  
Baff'd malice, all thy pain,  
Sated rancour, all thy joy,



Does the Muse with sportive power,  
Strive the gloom of life to cheer,  
Thou'lt arraign the harmless hour,  
Stifle peace, and nurture fear.

Does the flow of joy, or ease,  
Some endearing scenes supply ;  
Every little wish to please  
Rouses thy malignity !

Humble genius, slender grace,  
Small desert may wait the Muse,  
Yet, if any spark we trace,  
Thy severest hate ensues.

Blacken'd by thy foul report,  
Mirth is mischief, laughter guile ;  
Snares are seen in ev'ry sport ;  
Perfidy in every smile.

Still thy arts, malicious fiend——  
Still thy hell-born schemes would fail,  
Did not oft the *valued friend*,  
Listen to thy specious tale.

Vain were each insidious charge,  
Effort feeble as unjust,  
Did alas ! the world at large,  
Only hear, and only trust.

Did not oft the secret lie  
Break the bond of private peace,  
Bid domestic comfort fly,  
Love subside, and friendship cease?

Did not oft thy breath destroy,  
Fair Contentment's blooming flow'r,  
Wither ev'ry social joy,  
And corrode life's dearest hour?

Did not oft thy poison'd shaft,  
Pierce the *breast* that *most* we prize,  
And on fading faith engraft  
Doubt, constraint, and sad surmise?—

Luckless is that child of care,  
Who beneath thy scourge must live,  
Doom'd from early youth to bear  
All the torments thou canst give.

Once thy fatal influence spread,  
Candour takes no further part;  
Ignorance suspects the head,  
Prejudice belies the heart.

Hard and cruel is his lot,  
Every merit is denied;  
All his virtues are forgot,  
All his errors magnified.

Fiend relentless—Tyrant grim——  
Yet awhile, and all is o'er ;  
When the lamp of life is dim,  
Thou wilt be observ'd no more.

When the sad, the funeral knell,  
Shall his parted breath proclaim,  
Faithful Mem'ry then shall tell,  
Whether he deserv'd such blame.

Love, perhaps, may o'er his tomb,  
Drop a tender silent tear ;  
Friendship too lament a doom,  
Enmity may think severe.

ARLEY.

---

THE  
*CONFESSION.*

---

TO MISS \*\*\*\*.

---

IN vain I strive my heart to shield,  
Spite of myself that heart will yield ;  
In vain would hide a thousand ways  
What every conscious look betrays :—

The jest assum'd, th' averted eye,  
Poorly conceal the stifled sigh ;  
Each stolen touch, which Love impels,  
The heart's emotion trembling tells.

Yet not *Eliza's* charms alone,  
Could ruling reason thus dethrone ;  
Her blooming graces, tho' with pain,  
My cautious bosom might sustain.

But arm'd with that enchanting mien,  
Which speaks the feeling mind within ;  
How can my soften'd breast be free,  
Thus caught by Sensibility ?

Yet not for me the tear will start,  
Which proves *Eliza's* tender heart ;  
Yet not for me the smile will speak,  
Which brightens in *Eliza's* cheek ;

Lost in the whirl of fashion'd life,  
Where Nature is with Joy at strife ;  
Her unembarrass'd looks declare,  
That Love is not triumphant there :—

Lur'd by the hope of gaudier days,  
The pompous banners Wealth displays ;  
Each fond emotion distant keeps,  
And all her native softness sleeps.

ARLEY.

---

## PROLOGUE

---

### TO THE COMEDY OF THE PROVOK'D HUSBAND.

---

Spoken some time ago at a Private Performance at WEYBRIDGE.

---

ERE yet the Comic Muse, with sprightly pow'r,  
Provokes the laugh, and leads the mirthful hour,  
Permit the Bard, in serious mood, awhile  
To wake remembrance, and suspend the smile :  
Our scenes to-night no novel merit claim,  
Long-tried desert hath fix'd their lasting fame ;  
The Characters that mark our chosen page  
Have long engross'd the veterans of the Stage.  
Who was not charm'd, when BARRY held to view  
The matchless portraiture which CIBBER drew ?  
Each eye bestow'd, while he sustain'd the part,  
The melting tribute of the feeling heart :  
Pitied alike the Husband and the Peer,  
Felt his distress, and shar'd his manly tear :  
But when Compassion taught his breast to glow——  
When fond Forgiveness beam'd upon his brow——

When with discordant pangs no more at strife,  
He caught with transport his repentant Wife :  
Chas'd with a kiss the sorrows from her cheek,  
And told in looks, what language could not speak ;  
Reliev'd from silent agony the mind,  
Like heaving *Ætna*, when no more confin'd,——  
True to itself, and fir'd in Nature's cause,  
Burst in the torrent of extreme applause.

Not so our hope—altho' no frown we fear,  
Your gentle plaudits will content us here.  
For here we meet, tho' envious Factions low'r,  
To pass with pleasantry life's leisure hour——  
To snatch relief from ombre and quadrille ;  
Employ the moments—not the time to kill——  
To vent our feelings, give fair Friendship birth,  
And bind it with the rosy wreath of mirth :  
Pleas'd, if our simple store, and artless toil,  
Can light in Beauty's cheek one grateful smile——  
More pleas'd, if when our softer scenes appear,  
We draw from Beauty's eye one tender tear.

ARLEY.

---

THE  
*INVITATION.*

---

TO  
DELIA.

---

THY youthful charms, bright Maid, inspire,  
And grace my fav'rite theme,  
Whose person kindles soft desire ;  
Whose mind secures esteem.  
O! hear me then, my flame avow,  
And fill my breast with joy,  
A flame, which taught by time to grow,  
No time can e'er destroy :  
My tender suit with smiles approve,  
And share the sweets of mutual love.

No false delusive arts I use,  
As do the courtly throng,  
'Tis Nature kindly aids my muse,  
And dictates to my song :



Would'st thou, she cries, true bliss ensure,  
Make haste the town to leave,  
Where Pleasure's gilded baits allure,  
And charm but to deceive :  
With me, thro' flow'ry meadows rove,  
And share the sweets of mutual love.

Forsake, where all upright appear,  
Yet most perfidious prove,  
Where knaves the mask of friendship wear,  
Or feign the voice of love.  
So shall thy inexperienc'd years,  
No source of sorrow know ;  
Nor shed Affliction's homefelt tears,  
Nor weep for others woe :  
Haste then, from faithless crowds remove,  
And share the sweets of mutual love.

Ah ! would my Fair this plan pursue,  
How happy should I be,  
Since all that brings content to you,  
Is ecstasy to me.  
Yet e'er the public scenes you quit,  
Increase my fond delight,  
And deign your humble swain t' admit  
The partner of your flight ;  
And while the varying seasons move,  
To share the sweets of mutual love.

When Autumn yields her ripen'd corn,  
Or Winter dark'ning low'rs,  
With tend'rest care, I'll sooth thy morn,  
And cheer thy ev'ning hours :  
Again, when smiling Spring returns,  
We'll breathe the vernal air,  
And still, when Summer sultry burns,  
To woodland walks repair :  
There seek Retirement's shelter'd grove,  
And share the sweets of mutual love.

What tho' no costly arts display,  
The splendour of a court,  
Yet rich in Nature's neat array,  
We'll join the rural sport ;  
Where, seated on the verdant grass,  
From daily labour freed,  
Each shepherd woos his favourite lass,  
And tunes his oaten reed,  
Remarks the tender turtle dove,  
And sings the sweets of mutual love.

No revels there the night consume,  
Which oft the Fair undo,  
Make beauty lose its lovely bloom,  
And often virtue too ;

There, free from discontent and strife,  
Each undesigning youth  
Strives to relieve the cares of life,  
With constancy and truth ;  
Haste then, the fleeting hours improve,  
And share the sweets of mutual love.

For can that destiny be just,  
That innocence and health  
Be yielded up a prey to lust,  
Or sacrifice to wealth ?  
Or shall the mind, where honour dwelt,  
Deplore that honour gone,  
Which still for others pitying felt,  
Itself unpitied mourn ?  
Forbid it, all ye pow'rs above,  
And grant her ever mutual love !

ARLEY.

---

STANZAS

---

ON A  
YOUNG LADY'S BIRTH-DAY.

---

In the Month of November.

---

SINCE all to Beauty's rip'ning bloom  
Their cheerful homage pay,  
Be not displeas'd, that I presume  
To hail thy natal day.

Tho' careless joke, and empty mirth,  
My thoughtless hours employ,  
I'll greet the day which gave thee birth,  
With undissembl'd joy.

And, while the Muse's softest strains  
In artless numbers flow ;  
That smiles may recompense her pains  
The fervent wish shall glow.

Henceforward now shall disappear  
Dull Winter's cheerless gloom ;  
November's month shall charm the year,  
And wear an annual bloom :

Fresh flow'rets shall unfading blow,  
Fresh verdure deck the green ;  
The meads their choicest beauties shew,  
To honour Beauty's Queen.

But should the season now refuse  
To act the change I sing ;  
Should Winter scorn to aid the Muse,  
Declar'd the foe to Spring ;

The roses that thy cheeks adorn,  
Shall hast'ning youth prolong ;  
Shall yearly grace thy birth-day morn,  
And witness to my song :

Or if by Time's all-conqu'ring hand,  
Their bloom must wear away ;  
The roses of thy mind shall stand,  
And never know decay.

ARLEY.

---

*LINES*

---

SENT TO

A FRIEND WITH A WATCH.

---

ACCEPT, my friend, and kindly deem  
This offering of the Bard ;  
His token of sincere esteem,  
And tribute of regard.

What tho' no trappings I allow ;  
The Watch thus unadorn'd ;  
Believe me, when I dare avow,  
Its worth should not be scorn'd.

Companion of my earliest youth,  
I've oft its value known ;  
Unsway'd its probity and truth,  
By Fortune's smile, or frown.

In Infant state, when Learning's lore,  
For Pastime was forgot,  
It whisper'd oft the hast'ning hour,  
And task remember'd not.

Obedient still to riper age,  
When Pleasure leads astray ;  
'Twill Reason's cool reproof engage,  
And chide the ill-spent day.

Remind us, Time unceasing wears,  
Howe'er its loss we mourn ;  
And bid us nurse the passing years,  
Which never can return.

ARLEY.

---

## SONG,

---

Addressed to

A YOUNG LADY.

---

SHOULD you ask me, what female desert I require  
To relish the conjugal life ;  
Nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I desire,  
To bias my choice in a wife :  
The charms of a face may occasion a sigh ;  
The costly allurements of Art  
May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,  
But give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, splendor, or noble descent  
Bring comfort wherever they fall,  
Could these add a drop to the cup of Content,  
I'd gladly partake of them all ;  
But vain the assistance proud riches bestow,  
The raptures that beauty impart,  
To soften the painful reflections of woe,  
Or banish distress from the heart.



Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,  
The countenance ever serene,  
To cheer with sweet converse as youth wears away,  
And dissipate anger and spleen ;  
Whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours  
Retirement shall oft set apart ;  
Whose virtues may sooth when disquietude sours,  
And tenderness cherish the heart.

For Fortune, be Honour her portion assign'd,  
For Beauty, bright Health's rosy bloom,  
Let Justice and Candor ennoble her mind,  
And Cheerfulness Sorrow consume :  
Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little  
store,  
It's mixture of pleasure and smart,  
She'd ever continue, 'till both were no more,  
The constant delight of my heart.

ARLEY.

---

*BALLAD,*

---

FOUNDED ON FACT.

---

ELIZA was beyond compare,  
The pride of all the plain,  
Fair, yet belov'd by every fair,  
Ador'd by every swain.

Tho' Nature had each charm combin'd  
The beauteous Maid to grace ;  
And bade the sweetness of her mind  
Stand pictur'd in her face ;

Yet Fortune, from her earliest years,  
A fate disastrous wove ;  
And doom'd her to an age of tears,  
For one short hour of love.

In childhood's helpless state, bereft  
Of parents' watchful care ;  
Her inexperienc'd youth was left  
A prey to every snare.

One only fault the Maid possess'd——  
—If that a fault we deem——  
A tender, unsuspecting breast,  
Too lavish of esteem.

Unvers'd in woes that others find,  
In wiles that others fear;  
Artless herself, she thought mankind  
Were, like herself, sincere.

But ah! ere yet the luckless Maid  
Had fifteen summers run,  
Her faith and honour were betray'd——  
Her virtue was undone.

*Young* HENRY, with successful art,  
To win her favour strove;  
Long practis'd on her youthful heart,  
And early gain'd her love.

Fraught with each soft resistless charm,  
With each persuasive pow'r,  
He still'd Discretion's kind alarm,  
And cropp'd the virgin flow'r. . .

Her orphan state, her tender years,  
Her pure, unspotted fame,  
Serv'd but to hush his guilty fears,  
And fan his lawless flame.

By Honour's dictates unrestrain'd,  
By Faith, nor Justice sway'd;  
That confidence his vows obtain'd,  
His perfidy betray'd.—

So poor ELIZA's hapless fate  
Fill'd HENRY's breast with care;  
Nor could the vain parade of state  
Protect him from despair.

He saw the beauties once he priz'd  
All wither in their bloom,  
By lawless passion sacrific'd  
Untimely to the tomb.

For how could injur'd honour look  
Its Author in the face?  
Or how could suff'ring virtue brook  
Investive and disgrace?

No sorrows could afford relief,  
No penitence atone ;  
The sigh she gave to others' grief,  
She wanted for her own.

The partners of her youthful years,  
Unpitying her distress,  
Nor kindly help'd to dry her tears,  
Nor strove to make them less.

Her lov'd companions turn'd away  
To former friendship cold ;  
And left her in Affliction's day,  
Uncherish'd, unconsol'd.

So ever thro' the World we find  
Each breast at woe recoils,  
And all the favours of mankind  
But last while Fortune smiles.

Too just, life's guilty joys t' endure,  
Too weak its thorns to brave ;  
No friend but Death she could procure,  
No comfort but the Grave.

Awhile she Heaven's forgiveness pray'd,  
For errors long confest ;  
Then sought the solitary shade,  
And silent sunk to rest.

Hard-fortun'd sex ! in every state,  
From custom's rigid pow'r,  
Years of remorse can't expiate  
One inadvertent hour.

Unskill'd in Life's precarious way,  
Should Love their bosoms burn,  
And yielding Nature chance to stray,  
They never can return.

In vain they with repentant sighs,  
Their sad experience mourn ;  
E'en those, who ought to sympathize,  
Abandon them with scorn.

Say why, ye Virgins, who bestow  
On most, Compassion's tear ;  
The pangs alone yourselves may know,  
You thus refuse to cheer ?

O rather kindly condescend  
To aid the drooping fair;  
Your mercy with your justice blend,  
And snatch them from despair.

ELIZA's death, when HENRY heard,  
He gave a piteous groan;  
The censure of the World he fear'd,  
But more he fear'd his own.

In vain he flew to crowds and courts,  
Guilt every bliss destroys;  
Intruded on his morning sports,  
And damp'd his evening joys.

At length, with constant grief o'ercome,  
With anguish, and dismay;  
He hied him to the lonely tomb  
Which held ELIZA's clay:

There weeping o'er the turf-clad ground,  
Of all existence tir'd;  
He cast his streaming eyes around,  
And mournfully expir'd.

Thus warn'd, ye Fair, with caution arm  
'Gainst Man's perfidious arts ;  
Since Youth and Beauty vainly charm  
When Honour once departs.

Let Hymen's sacred bands unite,  
Where Passion is declar'd ;  
Give sanction to approv'd delight,  
And authorize regard.

So shall no rankling cares annoy,  
No tears unceasing flow ;  
So shall you feel a Mother's joy,  
Without a Mother's woe.

ARLEY.

---



---

[The following Lines were the earliest offering to a Young Lady---whose Theatric talents once formed the ornament of the Stage on which she appeared; and whose Memory will be honoured by the Drama which she adorned.]

---

TO  
*LAURA.*

---

Go, *faithful Muse!* to LAURA fly,  
And with thee bear this tender sigh;  
Tell her 'tis honest—free from art,  
And acts in concert with my heart:

If soft she looks, nor frowns the while,  
'Twill take the semblance of a smile;  
But if unkind she scorns it—swear  
'Twill melt that moment to a tear:—

Fly, *Muse*, and let the Fair One know,  
'Tis hers to fix my weal or woe;  
Array'd in Beauty's loveliest bloom,  
She stamps my bliss, or seals my doom.

Bid her recall that happy hour,  
When to the box the wand she bore ;  
And having play'd her public part,  
Came privately to steal my heart.

Go, *Muse*, and ask the charming Maid,  
If pond'ring since on what I said,  
She ever wish'd, nor would disdain,  
To pass the halcyon hour again ?

While all were on the scene intent,  
My thoughts alone on her were bent ;  
Her smiles to kingdoms I'd prefer,  
And I could only gaze on her.

Haste, haste, my *Muse*, once more intrude  
And ask if LAURA thought me rude ?  
Ask, if that sweet engaging brow  
To every Swain is always so ?

Ask, if those looks were only meant,  
As cold respect and compliment ?  
Ask, if her heart was wholly free,  
Or felt one partial glow for me ?

Perhaps that youthful bosom yet,  
Hath no endearing object met ;  
Ah me ! what transports he must prove,  
Who raptur'd wins her *Virgin Love* !

For me, unskill'd, unus'd to plead,  
My humble Verse may ill succeed ;  
Yet LAURA, to that Verse attend,  
And *in the Lover* mark *the Friend*.

While life's transcendant morn is yours,  
While Beauty blooms, and Youth endures ;  
A thousand Swains will hourly kneel,  
And what they fancy, swear they feel.

Lascivious age will round thee press,  
And shock thy early tenderness ;  
Will dare to *bribe* the *free-born Mind*,  
And give you gold to have you kind.

Ah, LAURA ! shun the treach'rous foe,  
Who'd sink thy feeling heart so low ;  
Such wretches scorn, and him approve,  
Who only offers Love for Love.

ARLEY.

---

## *ELEGY.*

---

---

To the LADY who will best remember it.

---

WHEN strong Affliction deeply wounds the breast,  
When Sorrow sits within the moisten'd eye;  
When the heart sinks, with pond'rous grief opprest,  
And the sad bosom heaves with many a sigh;

Lost to all life, averse from ev'ry joy,  
Disdaining comfort, scorning all repose,  
The pensive Soul can brook but one employ——  
Brooding in gloomy Silence o'er its woes.

Come then, thou Partner of my cheerless hour,  
Come, faithful Muse, and seek the lonely grove,  
Retire with me to yon sequester'd bow'r,  
And mark the story of my luckless love.

For thou, the truest, tenderest, best of friends,  
The fond companion of my earliest youth,  
Wilt share each anguish that my bosom rends,  
Untir'd wilt listen, and unseen wilt sooth.

Oft hast thou tried, and oft with kind success,  
To smooth the sorrows of my aching brow;  
But ah! I never felt severe distress,  
Or prov'd th' extreme of misery till now.

Full well thou know'st, in life's unripen'd morn,  
With thoughtless ease I pass'd the frolick day;  
Pluckt every rose, and where I found a thorn,  
Threw, careless threw th' unheeded flow'r away.

Resolv'd the roving, restless mind to cure,  
And guide the future different from the past,  
I sought for sweets that might thro' life endure,  
And fondly fancied they were found at last.

I saw the loveliest Rose, that grac'd the land,  
With blooming fragrance gladd'ning all around,  
Too bold, perhaps, I thrust the forward hand,  
Miss'd the fair flow'r, and only felt the wound.

Felt! did I say! deep rankling in my heart,  
No time can mitigate my suffering there;  
Hope lends no friendly balsam for the smart,  
And all my black'ning prospects frown despair.

And yet, lov'd Maid, if partial to my Muse,  
Her artless numbers thou wilt deign to hear;  
If, softly-sighing, thou wilt not refuse,  
To shed with her one sympathizing tear;

That single tear that dews ELIZA's cheek,  
Shall for a moment wash my griefs away ;  
That sigh, tho' half suppress, shall more than speak,  
And gild the evening of each mournful day.

Then shall I think 'twas not ELIZA's heart,  
'Twas not her gentle breast refus'd to glow ;  
'Twas not ELIZA's self who made us part,  
The World, th' unfeeling World pronounc'd it so,

The unfeeling World that thinks where riches roll,  
Where titles blazon, joys can never cease ;  
That waves each soft emotion of the soul,  
And builds on public clamour private peace.

And yet, ELIZA, thou may'st live to prove,  
And thy fond heart may own it with a sigh,  
That the endearing sweets of mutual Love,  
No Wealth, no State, no Splendour can supply.

Form'd as thou art, with every outward grace,  
With ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,  
Think, if thy tenderness thou should'st misplace,  
Pride, Pomp, and Grandeur may be dearly bought.

Though Honour's nobles circle thou'lt adorn,  
And dignify in every sphere the Wife,  
ELIZA, or I much mistake, was born  
To shine amidst the soften'd joys of life.

---

For me, whom poignant woes must still depress,  
Each future hour to sorrow I resign ;  
Death only can alleviate my distress,  
And the last parting moment shall be Thine !

ARLEY.

---

*LOVE RENEW'D,*

---

A

SONNET.

---

LIGHT fly the hours, attendant joy,  
Gay mirth, and every sweet employ,  
Chasing the short-liv'd moments, prove  
The blissful state of growing Love.

New to the heart, the youthful Fair,  
First learns to feel a tenderer care ;  
A fond solicitude, which says,  
How poor the calm of former Days !

Then hope and fear, alternate reign,  
Transition of delight and pain ;  
That dear distress, that charming strife,  
Which interests every scene of life :



The cheek suffus'd, the downcast brow,  
The sigh escap'd we know not how ;  
The soft rebuke, th' unwilling blame,  
Triumphant Nature all proclaim.

Sweet is the Passion thus pursu'd,  
But sweeter far is Love Renew'd ;  
That Love, which, when the bosom thrill'd,  
Suspense the icy hand hath chill'd ;

Hath doom'd to sit the mournful day,  
And weep the ling'ring time away ;  
The heart's best prospects, once so fair,  
Chang'd in an instant to despair.—

How hard! to view the budding Rose  
In Life's glad morn its sweets disclose ;  
Then in the fond expectant hour,  
To lose the lovely yielding flow'r.

How sweet! when hope was scarce alive,  
To see that hour again revive ;  
The long-lost Rose once more to view,  
With ripen'd fragrance bloom anew ;

Then Love, with soft-ey'd Pity blends,  
Then, Mem'ry all her aid extends;  
Past sorrow, heightens present joy,  
And rapture lives without alloy.

ARLEY.

---

## CHARACTERISTIC SONG.

---

---

Supposed to be sung by a SAILOR's LASS, to her FAVORITE; who has been treating her rather unkindly.

---

YOUR MOLLY has never been false, she declares,  
Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs;  
When I swore that I still would continue the same,  
And gave you the '*Bacco-Box*—mark'd with my name.

When I pass'd a whole fortnight between decks with  
you,  
Did I e'er give a Buss, TOM, to one of the crew?  
To be useful and kind to my THOMAS I staid,  
For his Trowsers I wash'd, and his Bumbo I made.

Though you threaten'd last Sunday to walk in the Mall  
With SUSAN, from *Deptford*, and *Billingsgate* SAL,  
In silence I stood, your unkindness to hear,  
And only upbraided my TOM with a tear.

Still faithful and fond from the first of my life,  
Tho' I boast not the Name, I've the truth of a Wife;  
For falsehood in Wedlock too often is priz'd,  
And the Heart that is constant should not be despis'd.

ARLEY.

---

---

The following POEM, in a distant part of the World, had Fact for its Foundation. The Lovers thus described, parted, with the Emotions the Story gives them. The Dialogue only is fanciful : it is the Form which the Author adopted, as the best Method of conveying to the Public.

---

THE  
*REPENTANCE OF PASSION.*

---

HE.

AND does my *Harriet* still adhere,  
To wear Affliction's garb alone;  
Still does she hold her Spoiler dear,  
And prize his peace who broke her own?  
Still will she strive his pangs to heal,  
Who all her youthful honours tore,  
And near his pillow constant kneel,  
When every power to please is o'er?

SHE.

And does my Love, unkind, suppose  
I e'er would leave his lonely bed;  
Forsake the Youth my heart has chose,  
And fly, because his health has fled?

And will he, sunk in sad despair,  
Believe his *Harriet* loves no more ;  
Or think, while she can sooth one care,  
That every power to please is o'er ?

## HE.

Ah ! cease to sooth my woe-worn head !  
Shun the sad wretch thou canst not save ;  
Nor hover round that guilty bed  
Where martyr'd Virtue found its grave :  
Here sunk the glories of thy youth,  
Each blooming honour doom'd to fall ;  
Here, Treachery triumph'd over Truth,  
And here, stern Death, shall expiate all.

## SHE.

Ah ! cease to wound my heart anew !  
Still if thou bend'st at Sorrow's shrine,  
Again thy *Harriet* thou'lt undo,  
For *Harriet's* life is wrapt in thine ;—  
Had I ten thousand wrongs endur'd,  
And that lov'd cheek one tear let fall,  
That single tear each pang had cur'd ;  
—One tender sigh would expiate all.

HE.

O spurn me !—Case thy heart in steel——  
Give just resentment all its force ;  
Nor by such kindness, make me feel  
The torture of severe remorse.  
Why, in life's early happy day,  
When health and joy gave means to bless ;  
Why did I heedless turn away,  
From her who lov'd to such excess ?

SHE.

Lament no more, my bosom's friend ;——  
Thy errors past, thy cares should cease ;  
Corroding thought awhile suspend,  
And nurtur'd Hope shall teem with peace ;  
Thy kind, thy gentle *Harriet* sues,  
Clings round thy arm with fond caress ;  
Nature will every fault excuse,  
And sweetly pardon Love's excess.

HE.

Too tender, too relenting Fair !  
My fault can never be forgot ;  
Unpitying Love would scorn my pray'r,  
And injur'd Nature owns me not ;

When, in the fond ingenuous hour,  
Thy native tenderness was shewn,  
How did I meanly sport with pow'r,  
Betray thy love, and shame my own.

SHE.

Hear me, thou persevering man !  
Hear, what thy *Harriet* firmly swears——  
If courted death must be thy plan,  
Remember, 'twill but prelude hers ;  
Here will she wait thy final doom——  
Then drench'd in tears, and desp'rate grown,  
Stretch'd o'er thy corse, in life's first bloom,  
Forget thy love, and end her own.

HE.

Lend me thy aid, to combat Fate ;  
For the dear sake I'll strive to live ;  
Draw near me,—help, oh ! 'tis too late—  
Take the last kiss I now can give :  
Wan is that cheek you oft have prest,  
And dim those eyes you lov'd so well ;  
And the hard pang that rends my breast,  
My falt'ring tongue can scarcely tell.



SHE.

Here—on this bosom, rest thy head—  
Speak—look upon me—breathe once more—  
His pulse is still—oh God! he's dead—  
Fate, do thy worst,—the conflict's o'er:

---

*Weep for their woes ye tender few—  
You'll pity what you feel so well;  
My humble pen but paints for you;  
How just—the trickling tear shall tell.*

ARLEY.

---

## DIVERSITY.

---

A POEM.

---

'T WAS on a mountain's airy spire,  
With eye that flash'd celestial fire,  
That quench'd the dawn's expanding ray,  
And pre-assumed the day,  
Immortal GENIUS stood.  
Anon, his sapphire wings unfold  
With ample spread, and starr'd with beamy gold;  
His loose hair hover'd o'er the prostrate flood,  
And on each bounding billow threw  
A quiv'ring shade of deeper blue.  
Sudden he darts a light'ning smile,  
And "blest (he cries) be BRITAIN'S isle,  
"Dear proud Asylum of my favor'd race!  
"Where Contemplation joys to trace  
"The classic feature, and the form of sense,  
"And hail the MUSE SUBLIME, and PATRIOT ELO-  
QUENCE.

“ These are the plains that FANCY loves,  
“ O’er these white cliffs she wanders free,  
“ And scatters in the floating gale,  
“ Her long array of fairy pageantry.  
“ While MELODY, in some far vale,  
“ Weaves on the air a length’ning line  
“ Of cadence soft, and swell divine ;  
“ What time the maniac RAPTURE roves,  
“ His jet locks dripping with the vap’ry show’r,  
“ That EVENING weeps upon each folded flow’r,  
“ As down the shad’wy hills her less’ning car  
“ Tracks the slow progress of her idol star.  
“ Then here, in sweet delirium will I stay,  
“ And meet on every blast a variegated lay.”

LUR’D by the voice, from solemn glade  
The vivifying Maid,  
Extatic POETRY, was seen  
To pace the upland green——  
With many a curl luxuriant flowing,  
Cheeks with light purpureal glowing,  
While her long-unsettled gaze  
That VARYING PASSION’S force displays,  
Fix’d on him she most ador’d,  
HER SACRED SOUL’S ETERNAL LORD.  
Ha! as she swept with wild’ring hand  
Her charmed harp, o’er sea and land

*Vol. II.*

E

Fleet ZEPHYR bore each melting tone,  
That MELANCHOLY thought her own,  
That frolic PLEASURE smil'd to hear,  
And MADNESS welcom'd with a tear :  
While VALOUR, rushing at the sound,  
Dash'd his burning eye-balls round,  
And as far off his shield he hurl'd,  
WITH NAKED BREAST DEFIED THE WORLD!

Scarce was the mystic strain begun,  
When from his eastern tent, the SUN  
Leapt forth in arms,  
And rear'd his crest sublime,  
THE PROTOTYPE OF TIME!  
How lovely then were NATURE'S CHARMS!  
Glitt'ring OCEAN never ending,  
Ruby ROCKS, and FORESTS bending,  
Bending to the lawns below,  
Where countless flow'rets countless tints bestow ;  
Wide LAKES their lucid mirrors spread,  
Upon whose banks the white flocks fed,  
And seem'd their silv'ry fleeces to adorn  
With the last lustre of the moon of morn.

Art, alike transported straying,  
Was her rival pow'r displaying ;  
O'er the sleek wave she bade a NUM'ROUS SAIL  
Stretch'd the fair canvas to the wafting gale ;—

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From shelving hills triumphant CITIES rise,  
And tow'rs and column'd domes usurp the skies ;—  
Bade meadows smile with many a cultur'd bow'r,  
And bursting fountains toss the spangled show'r :  
Such was the scene when the rapt Maiden sung,  
Ah, who shall tell the music of her tongue !

The undulation of the stream  
Low murm'ring on the pebbly shores,  
The warble of her fav'rite theme,  
That PHILOMEL incessant pours,  
From solitary, lov'd retreat,  
When STAR-LIGHT drops a tissued veil  
O'er the clear brook, and moisten'd dale ;——  
Such sounds, were never half so sweet,  
As when SHE told, of roseate blisses,  
Tender smiles and vermil kisses,  
Nor half so thrilling Battle's call  
That sends defiance from th' assaulted wall,  
As when she told of HONOR's merit,  
Glories that the BRAVE inherit,  
How, th' exulting breast, disdains  
Selfish pleasures—selfish pains !

From couch where downy Peace had spread  
A jasmine pillow for his head,  
Borne upon translucent wings,  
LOVE, the wanton Cherub springs ;

And flutters round in mazy play,  
Enthusiastic at the lay!  
But soon he hies him to the cypress grove,  
Where JEALOUSY retires to rove,  
And chase soft slumbers from the virgin's brow,  
And tell her timid heart of many a broken vow.  
Then the BENIGN CONSOLER leads  
Her fearful steps o'er fringed meads,  
Where HOPE indulgent freely throws  
Fresh ether from enchanted rose!  
He brings her to the tear-bath'd stone,  
Where, all repentant and alone,  
In settled anguish of despair,  
Her Lover lies—he brings her there!  
And on quick pinion brushing by,  
Breathes the languor of a sigh:  
The Youth revives,—with eager bound,  
Clasps his speechless Fair-one round,  
While from her eye the swift drop rushes,  
In vain to quench her burning blushes!  
O now the Goddess of the potent lyre,  
Proves at her heart the sympathetic fire,  
Invokes the DRYAD and the FAWN,  
The fabled people of each wood and lawn,  
And those that in the bright stream lave  
Their glossy breasts, or skim the ocean wave,  
She wooes them to the scene, to show  
How near allied are BLISS AND WOE,

---

How sweetly powerful to move,  
The silent sentiment of LOVE !

But soon the measure chang'd, and slow she draws  
Her elegiac trill, with doleful sweep,  
And at each sadly-penetrating pause,  
Teaches the meek morality to weep.

She sung of those, to happiest fortune born,  
Whose downcast looks a dire reverse reveal,  
Who long, too long neglected and forlorn,  
Had known to suffer, and had learnt to feel ;

By ling'ring sorrow soften'd to excess,  
Of many a genial consolation flown,  
Who still regretted most, the pow'r to bless,  
And others pangs, lamented as their own.

Of those, who oft, when Day's proud torch was sped,  
Held wayward converse with the wintry wind,  
Who found on some cold rock their craggy bed,  
And met a season suited to their mind.

They, like the plant with vegetative sense,  
That silent droops when touches rude annoy,  
Shrunk from the pressure of a World's offence,  
Yet gain'd from pity what they lost of Joy.

Of such as school'd in Life's sad scene, too well,  
Had cherish'd scorn amid the wilds of woe,  
Or charm'd by SUICIDE'S *opprobrious spell*,  
Had bar'd their bosoms to his tempting blow.

“ And where (she cried) does mild Compassion stray,  
“ Must *that* fell tyrant grant alone relief,  
“ Drive the wet crystal from their lids away,  
\* “ And close the bleeding artery of grief?”

Now more subdued, she sunk—a keener pain  
Stole to her inmost feeling, for she thought  
Of all the sacred melancholy train,  
That ever here her inspiration caught,  
From rugged CHAUCER, with uncouthest phrase,  
To the chaste classic race of later days.  
And when on AVON'S BARD her Fancy dwelt,  
Her bosom 'gan to heave, and glow, and melt,  
For He was of her offspring dearest far,  
In her own hemisphere the solar star.  
Whether some strange horrific tale he wove,  
Or shew'd the pangs, the ecstasies of love,  
Or pierc'd with daring wing the heavenly height,  
And soar'd beyond the Theban eagle's flight,  
Most EXCELLENT WAS HE—then, too, a tear  
Dropp'd for her hallow'd DRYDEN'S injur'd bier;

\* This very beautiful line is taken from Mr. JERNINGHAM.



And OTWAY, luckless OTWAY! sad she view'd,  
 Wither'd by deep distress, in anguish go  
 To Death's dark cavern, through the gates of woe;  
 And POPE, his strong unrivall'd sense renew'd,—  
 And SPENSER shook a magic banner bright,  
 And sainted COLLINS came in meekness due,  
 "With sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,  
 "And eyes of dewy light."  
 Nor was not MILTON mourn'd, unmatch'd!—To pour  
 Magnificently wild, the seraph lay!—  
 GOLDSMITH, and GRAY she wept, and gentle GAY—  
 And THOMSON, potent in description's pride—  
 Light PRIOR—solemn YOUNG—inventive AKEN-

SIDE:

And all who on the calm, autumnal heath,  
 Had ever listen'd to her tuneful breath,  
 And bade from silver lute responsive measures fly;  
 For these she gave a retrospective sigh;  
 Nor wert thou then forgotten, hapless MORE!\*

\* SIR JOHN HENRY MORE, Bart. who died in the year 1780, at about the age of twenty-five. His true poetical powers cannot be better proved than by the following lines, which he wrote to a Lady, a few months before his death, being then in an evident decay.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,  
 Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,  
 Pity the sorrows I endure,  
 The cause I must not---dare not tell.  
 The grief that on my quiet preys,  
 That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,  
 I fear will last me all my days,  
 But feel----it will not last me long.

Her last-lost son, dead in thy very prime !  
Yet sure among the friends who wish'd thee well,  
Sure one remains to tell  
That thou could'st sing, "and build the lofty rhyme."  
And that, if fate had kindly spar'd thy days,  
Few would have match'd, and none excell'd thy lays.  
Sure *He* may speak, who oft in TAPLOW's grove,  
With thee was wont the Summer noon to rove,  
Or aid thee with his feath'ring oar, to guide  
Thy buoyant skiff on Thames' meand'ring tide ;  
Or at thy social board delighted sit,  
And watch the animation of thy wit,  
Pleas'd when he heard thee boast the valued name  
Of ELLIS,\* then prophetic of his fame.  
*He*, who yet ling'ring on this weary scene,  
Has never found thy equal ; never known  
A heart so pure, so gen'rous as thy own !  
Who, when he saw thee borne across the green  
To the cold grave, a helpless statue stood,  
While the deep murmur of each neighb'ring wood,  
In desolating language join'd  
Sad unison with his distracted mind.  
O! do not then, DEAR SHADE ! the grief disdain,  
That constant flows, altho' it flows in vain.

Now the strong meridian beam  
Downward pours a fiercer stream,

\* GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

And bounding o'er each russet hill,  
MIRTH with LAUGHTER at his side,  
In jovial freak, and careless pride,  
Comes of sport to take his fill.  
With eager step he seeks to measure  
Ev'ry labyrinth of PLEASURE,——  
Who, coy Nymph! abash'd appears,  
And hides her in a veil of tears,  
Such tears as oft at morning, speed  
To call to life the languid mead,  
Or on the teeming harvest roll'd,  
With pearls bedeck its wavy gold.  
Yet alluring glances fly  
From her soft enamour'd eye,  
That soon discover, tho' she shun,—  
She'd fain to his embraces run!  
But again his course he changes,  
And each varying landscape ranges,  
Till amidst a wild of sweets,  
The mighty QUEEN OF SONG he greets.  
Then lowly bows the suppliant knee,  
In well dissembled mockery,  
While shaking LAUGHTER offers up,  
Sweet liquor of Circean cup.  
The Goddess tastes—a sportive ray  
Drives ev'ry mournful thought away,  
And as the sad reflections go,—  
Thus, her livelier numbers flow.

“ No longer my vot’ries shall desolate rave  
 “ In the depth of the forest, or gloom of the grave,  
 “ But far diff’rent cares shall they hasten to prove,  
 “ And press the rich grapes of the vintage of love.  
 “ Then let us not languish, my friends ! tho’ ’tis true,  
 “ That when you want others, they never want you,  
 “ Tho’ pleasures will pass, yet the short time they stay,  
 “ To shun them is *error*, ’tis *sense* to be *gay*.  
 “ Does the full-moon less sweetly enamel the plain,  
 “ Because she’s inconstant, and destin’d to wane,  
 “ Or do flowers, when gather’d, less odour bestow,  
 “ Than those that are suffer’d to fade as they grow ?  
 “ In the calm of enjoyment then think not of sorrow,  
 “ Nor brood on the storm that may threaten to-  
 morrow.”

She paus’d, for Genius wav’d his head,  
 And straight the wild illusion fled,  
 The fev’rish vapours from her brain depart,  
 And sober reason settles at her heart.  
 ’Twas then obedient to her sov’reign’s will,  
 She finds obtrusive rage her bosom fill,  
 On Folly’s monster offspring darts her gaze,  
 Lifts a SATIRIC SCOURGE, and thus indignant  
 says :—

“ BRITAIN ! behold a Sorc’ress is come forth,  
 “ Child of the Tropic heat, and frozen North,

“ In whose dull breast contrasted evils jar,  
“ And wage with Common Sense perpetual war,  
“ Out-smiling truth, and e’en out-blushing shame,  
“ She reigns, and AFFECTATION is her name !  
“ Lo ! now methinks on yonder porcelain throne,  
“ Glaz’d o’er in France, but all the dirt your own,  
“ With mimic mien of majesty she sits,  
“ And smirks, and prattles, and looks grave by fits,  
“ Then seems so destitute of hope and fear,  
“ As life itself, were nothing but a sneer.  
“ And mark what crowds advance to swell her state,  
“ In pompous nonsense miserably great ;  
“ Grim Doctors, Men of study, Men of gold,  
“ The Moralizing Young, and Vicious Old,  
“ And stale Coquets, with ogles feebly sent,  
“ And musing Members of the Parliament !  
“ See, see, how quick, how numerous they glide,  
“ All unsubstantial as the rainbow’s pride !  
“ Like Banquo’s shades before the King that past,  
“ And each fresh fool more solemn to the last !  
“ In their dear Idol’s honor they declaim,  
“ Poets unknown, and idiots with a name.  
“ Slow-lab’ring logick, and discussion bare,  
“ And Mangled Metaphor, alas ! is there.  
“ Pert Pun, quaint Epigram, smart Repartee,  
“ And weak Conundrum, and loose Ribaldry ;  
“ While Blockheads praise, what livelier Blockheads  
    spoke,  
“ And nodding Nabobs analyze each joke.

“ O MODEST LIT'RATURE ! must thou too feel  
“ Th' assassin vengeance of this tyrant's steel,  
“ Must thou, no longer liberal and free,  
“ Lose all thy nature's genuine dignity ?  
“ Catch ev'ry gewgaw of the vulgar tribe,  
“ Thy fame, a mumm'ry ! and thy bays, a bribe ?  
“ Must vain Pretenders throng thy fair abode,—  
“ And simp'ring Smatt'ers pen the patchwork ode ?  
“ Who, tho' unschool'd, yet eager to prevail,  
“ Snatch the glib Eel of Learning by the tail,  
“ And as their filthy fingers smear the rhyme,  
“ Admire the gloss, and glitter of the slime.  
“ O scorn'd be those, who each emotion hide  
“ In lordly littleness, and pamper'd pride,  
“ To Affectation raise alone their eyes,  
“ Contrive their smiles, and fabricate their sighs.  
“ O scorn'd be such ! but may the *true* combine  
“ T' attack th' enchantress, and deface her shrine,  
“ To dart their arrows at her tinsel brow,  
“ And lay the Necromantic monster low.  
“ Then shall SIMPLICITY, sweet Maid ! appear  
“ Fresh with the blushes of the vernal year,  
“ Her gen'rous impulse to mankind impart,  
“ And own no law but nature, and the heart.  
“ Till ev'ry wish still verging to one end,  
“ Each object, virtue, and each man, a friend,  
“ TRIUMPHANT REASON shed its potent ray,  
“ To drive distorted Prejudice away,

“ Cheer the lone hamlet, the gay court illume,  
“ And BLESSING LIFE, BEATIFY THE TOMB !

“ Peace, peace, (the GODHEAD cries) nor more  
“ Dwell on failings of this HAPLESS SHORE,  
“ Observe the VIRTUES ! still they rise—  
“ In meek expansion, to the skies !  
“ See CHASTITY, with purest mien,  
“ That loves to bless the rural scene,  
“ And in CONTENT’s domestic bow’r,  
“ To guard AFFECTION’s modest flow’r !  
“ Here soft-ey’d PITY duly sends  
“ Her tenderest look to solace woe,  
“ And as a balmy wreath she blends,  
“ Her silent sacred sorrows flow.—  
“ Nor think that thou, DEAR NYMPH ! alone  
“ Canst call my influence thy own,  
“ Though full of me,—in madd’ning trance,  
“ When early Twilight’s streaks advance,  
“ By the clear fount, or shelt’ring wood,  
“ By the loud torrent’s foamy flood,  
“ Thou lov’st to stray—or when the night-blasts sweep,  
“ With pilgrim footsteps, wind the dreary steep,  
“ There near some bending beech reclin’d,  
“ While moral musings fill thy mind,  
“ The world’s best joys like meteors seem,  
“ And all its boast a fading dream.

- “ Though at thy mandate Nature rears  
“ A wizard wand of hopes and fears,  
“ That as she waves amid the blaze of day,  
“ Wakes into birth—the sad—the gay—  
“ And ev’ry jocund Phantom fair,  
“ And ev’ry Spectre of Despair.  
“ Tho’ such my hallow’d boon to thee ;  
“ Unnumber’d, rival vot’ries see !  
“ In SCULPTURE, PAINTING ; ev’ry ART  
“ That charms the senses, or the heart,  
“ And those who *form* each passing age,  
“ The impressive Children of the Stage.  
“ Ah ! let me not too proud ! explain  
“ The triumph of th’ exalted train——  
“ Long were the task, the flaming orb  
    “ Again his rising course might run,  
“ Again the West his beams absorb,  
    “ Nor would the length’ning tale be done.  
“ To naught confin’d, I ever range  
“ In wild propensity of change,  
“ When first CREATION fill’d the void,  
“ *I*, was the minister employ’d,  
“ ’Twas *I*, that fix’d yon central light,  
“ And, bless’d with all its gems the night !  
    “ But WHAT ART THOU, who loit’ring near,  
“ Where these mysterious forests low’r,  
    “ Giv’st to my tongue a list’ning ear,  
“ And steal’st upon this sacred hour ?



“ PRESUMPTUOUS BARD! think not, from me,  
“ T’ attract the glowing spark of energy,  
“ Or with frail touch, and imitative tone,  
“ To draw sweet numbers from thy tuneless lyre;  
“ ’Tis darkness all, unless *I* lend my fire!  
“ And MUSICK wakes at *my command* alone.  
“ FOND CHILD OF DUST! thy hopes forego,  
“ And reconcile thy soul to woe!  
“ But ne’er imagine that I bear a part,  
“ In the deep anguish of thy struggling heart;  
“ Nor idly look for FAME—her breath  
“ IS FOUND BUT IN THE GALES OF DEATH!  
“ She seeks the slumb’rous Raven’s gloom,—  
“ To whisper o’er the lonely tomb!—  
“ Deigning, at last, that praise to give,  
“ Which none might e’er receive, and live!  
“ HARD IS THE POET’S LOT!—in vain  
“ He pours an inoffensive strain,  
“ To cheer the Woodlark brooding on her nest,  
“ Or sooth the secret sorrows of his breast;  
“ Tho’ but a Shepherd’s song it flow,  
“ In ev’ry vale he meets a foe,  
“ While e’en amid the peasant throng,  
“ Shall hiss pale Envy’s viper tongue!  
“ Or could his pen, with strength sublime,  
“ To high perfection lift the rhyme;—

" Or teach instructive truth to doubly please,  
 " With \* HESTER's brilliant wit, and learned ease;  
 " Still would DULL MALICE shout around,——  
 " Still fix th' inevitable wound,——  
 " Still would DETRACTION point the lance,——  
 " And bid her harpy sons advance.——

" Rather, with weeds thy temples bind;——  
 " And mourn thy faults,—thy follies, past,——  
 " Mourn thy rash youth,—that fled so fast,——  
 " And mourn the fever of thy mind:——  
 " SUBMISSIVE YIELD TO STEDFAST FATE'S DE-  
 CREE,  
 " AND LEARN TO PITY BASE MALIGNITY!——

" So, when I view thee at declining eve  
 " Bathe thy hot bosom in the lunar tide,  
 " Or near yon cataract hear thee grieve,——  
 " Down my sad cheek, perchance, a tear shall glide."

HE SPOKE—AND DARTING UPWARDS FROM THE  
 SIGHT,  
 SAIL'D THRO' TH' IMMENSE ABYSS, AND VANISH'D  
 INTO LIGHT!

---

\* Mrs. HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI, a Lady well known for her Genius,  
 and literary acquirements.

SONNET.

---

TO

THE MUSE.

---

CÆLESTIAL spirit! who dost deign to shed  
Thy mystic visions o'er my raptur'd soul,  
And with thy tuneful numbers dost control  
The *horrid cares* which haunt my lonely bed;  
Come!—fill my lab'ring breast with sacred fire;  
Such fire as glow'd in PETRARCH's tender line,  
When Love, and heav'nly LAURA's charms divine,  
Claim'd the soft sorrows of his gentle Lyre.  
—O grant my pray'r! and fair MELISSA's fame,  
Shall rival LAURA's in the roll of Time;  
Her virtues shall be known in ev'ry clime,  
And Bards unborn shall quote her Poet's name!

Blest, who deserve the meed the MUSE can give,  
For whom she favours *will* for ever live.

BENEDICT.

---

June 3, 1788.

SONNET.

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TO

MELISSA'S LIPS.

---

DEAR balmy lips of her who holds my heart  
In the soft bondage of a love sincere! —

Dear *balmy* lips! your cherub smiles impart  
To your adoring suppliant's earnest pray'r.  
Not the fresh rose-bud, charg'd with vernal dew,  
Nor the warm crimson of the blushing morn,  
Nor the gay blossoms of the summer thorn,  
Are half so glowing, or so sweet as you!

Dear lips! — permit *my trembling lips* to press  
Your ripen'd softness, in a tender kiss:

And, while my throbbing heart avows the bliss,  
Will you — (dear lips!) the eager strangers bless?

“ Ah, fond request!” — the beauteous owner cries  
“ Cease, wayward youth! — whoever touches — dies!”

BENEDICT.

---

SONNET.

---

THE  
VALENTINE OF HOPELESS LOVE!

---

WAK'D by the breath of spring, in ev'ry vale  
The latent primrose rears her sickly head ;  
The virgin snow-drop decks the verdant bed,  
And vi'lets blue perfume the passing gale.  
The tuneful linnet plumes her speckl'd wing,  
The tender stock-dove cooes in every grove,  
The soaring lark chaunts loud the song of love ;—  
All Nature owns thy influence, *genial* spring !  
All, all but I !—condemn'd by wayward fate  
To bear Love's keenest arrow in my breast ;  
'Tis vain to wish—to hope, alas ! too late—  
No change of season gives my bosom rest !

A tear from thee is all the boon I crave,  
To dew the wither'd sod that marks my grave !

BENEDICT.

---

SONNET.

---

MELISSA'S RETIREMENT.

---

AH me! why heaves my breast with frequent  
sighs?  
What chills my heart with such unusual fear?  
Why steal the tears, unbidden, from my eyes?  
Why sink my wearied spirits in despair?—  
The fatal cause, alas! I know too well!  
Far from my arms, you, cruel! mean to go:  
Hence, hence my unavailing sorrows flow:  
But,—can I live to hear you say “farewell!”  
Yes, I shall live, to grief a wretched prey—  
For, when your presence cheers the calm retreat,  
My moans the widow'd dove will oft repeat,  
And ev'ry gale will sighs of *mine* convey!

Then go!—But think of him, who, sad, forlorn—  
Here pines and sickens for your dear return!

BENEDICT.

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## SONNET.

---

TO  
MAY.

---

IN vain, soft May, thy fragrant flowers blow ;  
In vain, thy feather'd minstrels pour the strain  
Of praise and love.—I wretched, still remain  
The child of suff'rance, and the prey of woe !  
The *faint* Narcissus, and the musky rose,  
I've often woo'd to my delighted breast ;  
The primrose, and the vi'let too, I chose,  
And in one nosegay all their sweets compress'd.  
The lark's wild hymn, the linnet's artless lay,  
Oft "tun'd to ecstasy" my youthful heart ; —  
But now !—thy blossoms, and thy birds, soft May,  
To this sad breast no rapture can impart !

MELISSA's frowns, thy gentle pow'r control,  
And spread the clouds of Winter o'er my soul.

BENEDICT.

---

SONNET.

---

TO

MELISSA.

---

WHENE'ER thy angel-form salutes my eye,  
What tender spasms convulse my beating heart !  
My trembling limbs but small support impart ;  
My aching bosom heaves the deep-drawn sigh !  
A wild confusion overwhelms my brain——  
My falt'ring tongue cleaves to the parching roof,  
My spirits fail !—ah, melancholy proof  
How well thou'rt lov'd !——tho' lov'd, alas ! in vain !  
——Impell'd by sorrow, should my lovely Maid  
Bend her slow footsteps to the silent spot,  
Where this distracted head shall soon be laid  
In Death's chill clasp, by all—but her—forgot !—

Oh ! let her bid my wand'ring Spirit rest,  
And the green sod lie lightly on my Breast.

BENEDICT.

---



SONNET.

---

TO  
MELISSA.

---

THROUGH all the woes which destiny severe,  
Has doom'd this wretched bosom to sustain,  
*One tender thought* still moderates its pain,  
And saves my lab'ring mind from dire despair !  
——When far from thee, by hopeless sorrow led,  
O'er stormy seas, and foreign lands thy love shall stray;  
Tho' urg'd by want to ask precarious bread,  
*One tender thought* shall cheer the toilsome way !  
And when, at last, worn out by ceaseless care,  
I seek lorn Melancholy's quiet cell,  
For THEE I'll earnest breathe my latest pray'r,  
On thee my latest thought shall fondly dwell !

'Till the last sigh shall from my lips depart,  
I'll keep *the dear idea* cherish'd in my heart !

---

BENEDICT.

SONNET.

---

THE  
INVITATION.

---

COME, dear Melissa, come! where \* *Craia* pours  
Her silver urn in murm'ring lapse serene,  
Near *Bexley's* humble fane, where ev'ry green  
Shall join their foliage to refresh thy bow'rs.  
Oft by the winding stream thy love shall stray,  
To lure with harmless guile the finny race;  
Oft too at eve, the dewy meads he'll trace,  
And offer, at thy board, the speckl'd prey.  
Pity, I know thy gentle breast will move,  
For the dumb children of the teeming flood;  
—But they are form'd for man's delight and good,  
By Providence divine, and heav'nly love.

My angel, come! while summer wakes the strain,  
And corn-flow'rs blow, and am'rous doves complain.

BENEDICT.

---

\* A Brook in Kent.

SONNET.

---

MELISSA!

---

HER dark-brown tresses negligently flow  
In curls luxuriant, to her bending waist ;  
Her *darker* brows, in perfect order plac'd,  
Guard her bright eyes, that mildly beam below.  
The Roman elegance her nose displays——  
Her cheeks soft blushing, emulate the rose,  
Her witching smiles, the orient pearls disclose :  
And o'er her lips, the dew of Hybla strays.  
Her lib'ral mind, the gentler virtues own ;  
Her chasten'd wit, instructive lore impart ;  
Her lovely breast is soft Compassion's throne,  
And Honor's temple is her glowing heart.

But I, like Patriarch Moses, praise and bless  
The Canaan which I never shall possess !

BENEDICT.

---

SONNET.

---

TO THE  
RIVER USK, IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

---

OH, stream belov'd ! within whose gelid caves,  
The Naiads sport the fervid noontide hour !  
What bliss was mine, when in my native bow'r,  
I sung my simple sonnet to thy waves !  
Thy rocks romantic, and thy woods sublime,  
Where erst the Druid watch'd the sacred oak, .  
And the rapt bard his lyre prophetic struck,  
Fill'd the rough cadence of my artless rhyme.  
When vernal suns dissolv'd the mountain snow,  
And all the Nymphs were frighted from thy shore,  
I lov'd to see thy flood, majestic flow,  
And hear thy bold resistless current roar.

But now !——far from thy banks, I hapless rove,  
The slave of fair MELISSA and of Love !

BENEDICT.

---

SONNET.

---

TO  
GENERAL ELLIOTT,

ON HIS  
*ARRIVAL FROM GIBRALTAR.*

---

THOUGH *Gratitude* no arch triumphal rears  
To grace the laurel'd HERO's late return;  
And tho' no blazing trophies vainly burn,  
Or mob tumultuous at thy car appears,  
Yet shall thy name, and martial deeds be read,  
While CALPE's rock defies the sea and wind!  
THY NAME!—the admiration of mankind,  
The Briton's pride, and swarthy Spaniards dread!  
Trust to the heav'nly Muse thy well earn'd fame:  
Hark!—lovely SEWARD strikes th' Horatian lyre,  
On Trenta's banks, with more than Roman fire,  
And gives to endless Time thy GLORIOUS NAME!

ELLIOTT! accept *this* verse—and *it* will be  
Immortal too, because address'd to THEE.

BENEDICT.

---

## *PARTING ADDRESS*

---

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

---

Et vix sustinuit dicere lingua, vale ! Ovid.

---

AH, *tuneful* BARD ! whose loss the world must  
grieve,  
A last farewell, from one unknown, receive ;  
Could but my pen with magic force prevail,  
Never should DELLA CRUSCA spread the sail ;  
Ne'er seek in foreign climes repose to find,  
Nor leave the *Fair* MATILDA's form behind :  
But should'st thou, driv'n by adverse fortune, go,  
Be thine the pleasure, ours alone the woe :  
May'st thou be favour'd with some faithful friend,  
May roseate Health on all thy steps attend ;  
Safely conduct thee to thy couch at eve,  
And in the morn thy first salute receive ;  
And if sweet peace of mind can ever dwell  
Where *Love*, *Almighty* LOVE, has fix'd his spell,

---

Be *peace of mind*, and every joy thy guest,  
While none but *Love's* soft transports warm thy breast.  
And sure, if DELLA CRUSCA should once more,  
By prosperous gales be borne to ALBION's shore,  
His muse again will tune the vocal lay,  
And gently steal the list'ning soul away :—  
Again will sweetly charm th' attentive throng,  
With all the elegance of *Classic Song* !  
Cold were th' unfeeling breast which could refuse  
A parting tribute to so sweet a muse ;  
Envious the hand that would attempt to tear  
The laurel chaplet from thy flowing hair ;  
Not such *his* wish, who now attempts the lyre—  
Warm'd by a Spark of thy celestial fire,  
Inspir'd by thee, his *Muse* has dar'd the flight,  
Pays homage to thy lays—then sinks in endless night.

THEODOSIUS.

---

THE  
*AFRICAN BOY.*

---

AH, tell me, *little mournful Moor*,  
Why still you linger on the shore ?  
Haste to your play-mates, haste away,  
Nor loiter here with fond delay :  
When Morn unveil'd her radiant eye,  
You hail'd me as I wander'd by,  
Returning at th' approach of Eve,  
Your meek salute I still receive.

*Benign Enquirer*, thou shalt know  
Why here my lonesome moments flow ;  
'Tis said thy Countrymen (no more  
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)  
Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,  
And pay *Compassion's long arrear*.

'Tis said the num'rous Captive Train,  
Late bound by the degrading Chain,  
Triumphant comes, with swelling sails,  
'Mid smiling skies, and western gales ;



They come with festive heart and glee,  
Their hands unshackled—minds as free ;  
They come at Mercy's great command,  
To repossess their native land.

The gales that o'er the Ocean stray,  
And chase the waves in gentle play,  
Methinks they whisper as they fly,  
*JUELLEN soon will meet thine eye!*  
'Tis this that soothes her little Son,  
Blends all his wishes into one :  
Ah! were I clasp'd in her embrace,  
I would forgive her past disgrace ;  
Forgive the memorable hour  
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r ;  
Forgive her lost, distracted air,  
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r ;  
The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheek,  
And last, her agonizing shriek.  
Lock'd in her hair, a ruthless hand  
Trail'd her along the flinty strand ;  
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,  
The impious spectacle pursu'd :  
Still as she mov'd, in accents wild  
She cried aloud, *My child! my child!*  
The lofty bark she now ascends ;  
With screams of woe, the air she rends :

The vessel less'ning from the shore,  
Her piteous wails I heard no more ;  
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,  
Her distant form dissolv'd away.

That day is past : I cease to mourn——  
Succeeding joy shall have its turn,  
Beside the hoarse-resounding deep,  
A pleasing anxious watch I keep :  
For when the morning clouds shall break,  
And darts of day the darkness streak ;  
Perchance along the glitt'ring main,  
(Oh, may this hope not throb in vain)  
To meet these long-desiring eyes,  
JUELLEN and the Sun may rise.

\* THE BARD.

\* These elegant little Poems signed THE BARD, we understand to be from the pen of Mr. JERNINGHAM.

---

TO  
MISS FARREN,

---

ON HER  
BEING ABSENT FROM CHURCH.

---

WHILE wond'ring Angels, as they look'd from  
high,  
Observ'd thine Absence with an holy sigh,  
To them a bright exalted Seraph said,  
"Blame not the conduct of the absent Maid!  
"Where e'er she goes, her steps can never stray,  
"RELIGION walks Companion of her way:  
"She goes with ev'ry virtuous thought imprest,  
"HEAV'N on her FACE, and HEAV'N within her  
BREAST."

THE BARD.

---

## THE VOICE WE LOVE.

---

SOFT is the Zephyr's breezy wing;  
And balmy is the breath of SPRING,  
When o'er the silent dewy Vale  
Its variegated sweets exhale,  
Stolen from the fresh'ned flower,  
Glist'ning with an evening shower,  
From the VI'LET's nectar'd dew—  
From the ROSE of blushing hue;  
And from sweet THYME, empurpling all the ground,  
It gathers rich perfume, and sheds the odours round:  
Yet say, what sweets can half so fragrant prove,  
As the soft Breath of those we fondly love?

Go listen to the softest Lute—  
The most persuasive, magic song,  
And hear the sweet responsive flute  
The wild melodious strains prolong;

Attend awhile, the soft impassion'd lyre,  
That melts the frozen heart, and kindles fond desire.

SIMPLICITY, thy steps shall lead,  
To the simple, verdant mead ;  
For to humble plains belong  
The *Oaten Pipe*, and *Past'ral Song* :  
Untutor'd in the School of Art,  
They breathe the impulse of the heart ;—  
Hear the strain, and mark it well—  
There true LOVE and HONOUR dwell.

Whispering from among the trees,  
Sighing to the passing wind,  
Echoing back the evening breeze,  
The soft *Eolian Harp* you'll find.

Mark its wild, uncertain measure,  
This is FANCY's sweetest treasure,  
There she reigns, and while she sings,  
*Fairy fingers kiss the strings*—  
There the *Blue-eyed PLEASURES* meet—  
There is LOVE's most fav'rite seat—  
There of HOPE, the lov'd retreat,  
And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that's  
sweet.

Of all the rapt melodious tones,  
That *Heaven-descended MUSIC* owns,

Recall the dear, the magic strain,  
That seem'd to vib'rate on thine heart,  
And could a transient joy impart,  
As the wild numbers linger'd thro' the plain.

Then say, *fond* YOUTH, upon thy pensive breast,  
Is not this truth indelibly imprest—

“No dulcet sounds can so harmonious prove,

“As the soft accents of the Voice we love?”

CESARIO.

---

## HENRY DECEIVED.

---

GOD OF THE BOW! how *blind* art thou!  
Surely the fillet on thy brow  
Is coarser wove, than was the case  
When Mortals view'd thee face to face.  
For well we know thine Eyes celestial,  
When seen of old by Belles terrestrial,  
Were deck'd with bandeau light and airy,  
As might become a Summer Fairy.  
Their soft blue orbs so slight were bound,  
Thy piercing glance no *hind'rance* found;  
The Gossamour's transparent skin  
Reposing on the lucid air,  
Appear'd no longer light or thin,  
If with thy veil it should compare.

Then was thy sight like Eagles' keen!  
Nor Gods nor Men escap'd thine eye,  
Nor cavern dark, nor beamy sky—  
Nay, *Thoughts*, scarce born, by thee were seen.  
But now— oh dull of eye and heart!  
Thou know'st not *WHENCE* Love's ardors start;

And when stiff \* \* 's lines appear,  
Thou whisper'st in my HENRY's ear  
That they are EMMA's ! !

HENRY believes—HENRY admires ;  
He thinks he sees his EMMA's fires  
Dart vig'rous through each labour'd page—  
He *knows*, and *feels* her tender rage ;  
Then asks—“ *And can a Man like me,  
“ Call forth such Poetry in thee ?*”  
Believing that the pen is mine,  
He faints with rapturous pause, on each delu-  
sive line.

Thou, HENRY, ne'er canst learn the wounds I felt,  
Whilst you, unconscious, such barbed Satire dealt.  
Midst your fond praise, my pierc'd heart inly bled,  
And shame bow'd down your EMMA's sorrowing  
head.

What ! to be lov'd for Wit I never own'd !  
And by a STRANGER's Verse to be dethron'd !  
How did I hate the graces of her song—  
The cluster'd sweets that round her soft lute throng ;  
Which like the Bees of Hybla's yellow woods,  
Appear'd to pour their wealth in golden floods.  
My fancy pictur'd richer notes than fell  
From him of old, who to the verge of hell



Led forth the wife he lov'd ;—but ah ! when read,  
Mad jealousy, and childish envy fled ;  
The harmless lines I saw, without one sigh,  
And SMILING WONDER flash'd across my eye.

Mistaking HENRY, look once more ;  
Again read \* \* 's Verses o'er !  
Should I complain of love betray'd ?  
I, write like some forsaken Maid—  
Whilst the warm blood within thy veins  
Flows but for ME ? Whilst EMMA reigns  
Supreme within thy inmost soul,  
And *distant*, yet can still controul  
Its inmost movements, and desires,  
And knows HERSELF sole object of its fires—  
Should *She* in dismal ditties mourn,  
Whilst Love and Truth so brightly burn ?  
Mistaking HENRY, look once more—  
Again read \* \* 's Verses o'er !  
Were I the Poet, *Thou* the theme,  
Think'st thou like her's my Verse would gleam  
With sunny rays, and misty hills,  
Any myrtle groves, and foamy rills ?

Oh no, THYSELF—HENRY, Thyself alone  
Should stand confest on Love's ETERNAL THRONE ;  
Round THEE the brightness of my Verse should shine,  
Round THEE my living Lays for ever, ever twine !

If *Verse descriptive* warms thy heart,  
If *that*, bids throbs of Passion start,  
I could seize Fancy's various clue ;  
Untired, her shifting steps pursue.  
I'd call Night's Lamp, a Chrystal Bow—  
Bid her, her silv'ry shafts bestow  
Upon the tufted, emerald plain,  
Or shower them o'er the shining main :  
Or when the full orb'd, jolly Moon  
Rode dull, and thoughtless to her noon,  
I'd swear she dress'd her white-lock'd hours  
In choicest hue ;—and call'd forth flow'rs  
Of softer tint, and mild perfume,  
Wove in her own translucent loom,  
To deck the world o'er which she hung—  
An amorous, ray-crown'd, hov'ring Dove !  
But when all this is said or sung,  
It is not, foolish HENRY, LOVE.

I'd bear thee to the mountain's height,  
Rear'd, midst the sparkling dome of night ;  
Observe the Court of Heaven hung round  
With drops of flame, on azure ground ;  
Shew where bright VENUS rolls her car,  
And where chill SATURN—monstrous Star !  
Through thirty years drives torpid on,  
And all these Summers counts as ONE.

Bid Thee regard almost with scorn  
Our *trifling System*;—where is borne  
In fond Attraction's airy chain  
THE MIGHTY PLANETARY TRAIN;  
For oh, beyond that System's bounds—  
Where that, in all its various rounds  
    Ne'er shed the faintest ray—  
Where the vast Sun's unmeasur'd light  
In rushing floods, in boundless flight,  
    Ne'er *imitated Day*;  
Far, far beyond, new orbits trace  
In wider heavens, in grander space,  
    Their gorgeous way in flame!  
And these, again, in turn shall shrink,  
*Abash'd*, amidst CREATION sink,  
    And hardly own a name.

All these may ADORATION move—  
    With strong Devotion touch the soul,  
    Bid Piety her incense roll—  
But still, my HENRY, 'tis not LOVE.

In future know, when vagrant Verse  
Shall any *other* strain rehearse,  
Though the rapt Pen may nicely blend  
All TRUTH or FICTION e'er could lend  
    To elevate the Lay.

Though all APOLLO's Fire should seem  
T'illumine the Page with sacred beam,  
And bless the Bard with bayes—  
Yet, if LOVE thrills not in each turn,  
Nor seems along the line to burn,  
Nor gives each verse the touch divine—  
They are not wrote to THEE, nor are their glories  
MINE.

EMMA.

---

TO  
*EMMA.*

---

WAS it the SHUTTLE of the MORN  
That wove upon the Cobweb'd Thorn  
Thy airy Lay ?—Or did it rise  
In thousand rich enamell'd dies,  
To greet the Noon-day Sun—and glow  
With brighter beams, than he can throw ?

Or, was it wafted by the AUSTRAL BREEZE,  
That bathes him in the wild perfume  
Of ev'ry Rose's liquid bloom—  
That hangs upon the Lily's lip,  
Her silken beverage to sip—  
Tell me—O TELL ME, EMMA, which of these ?

How burst the Music on my ear !  
The only Music HENRY bears to hear !  
I felt it !—each strong nerve inflame !  
Like a new soul usurp my heart,  
And rage and burn in ev'ry part !  
Ah ! sure, not even Death's cold spell  
Could the fierce fury of my passion quell !

But springing from this earthly dross,  
Far, to the winds, my cares I'd toss,  
And swear, before the living Shrine  
Where Seraphs worship Truth Divine,  
That still I LOV'D BUT THEE—and THOU WERT  
STILL THE SAME.

Ah! wonder not, a STRANGER SONG  
Should cheat me thus—I own it wrong.  
Low, in the dust, my head I bow,  
As if, I COULD, HAVE FALSIFY'D MY VOW!  
Yes—banish from thy thoughts surprise—  
For, THOU art ever present to my eyes,  
At each successive, varying hour!  
THOU, whisper'st in the soft'ning show'r—  
The Linnet's trill—but tells of THEE!  
THOU, smil'st upon the Summer's Sea!  
And when “the Jolly Full Moon” laughs  
In her clear Zenith, to behold  
The envious Stars, withdraw their gleams of gold,  
'Tis to THY HEALTH, she stooping quaffs  
The Sapphire Cup that FAIRY ZEPHYRS bring,  
Which, gay, intoxicating BLISS  
With dewy glances, paus'd to kiss,  
Where FROLIC LOVE has dipp'd his purple wing!

Then let the HARP thy mad touch prove,  
And SING—and SING AGAIN—of LOVE!

Sing—till FAINT EVENING drops to rest,  
On WEeping TWILIGHT's DOWNY BREAST—  
Till grey-hair'd MELANCHOLY DAWN,  
Culls the loose vapours from the Shadowy Lawn!—  
And only check the rapture-breathing sound,  
When faithful HENRY at thy feet is found!  
YES, YES, I COME, with lightning speed I fly,  
To meet th' Enchantment of thy melting Eye!  
To kneel before thee—to subdue thy blame,  
For still I LOVE BUT THEE—and THOU ART STILL  
THE SAME!

HENRY.

---

We preserve the following Poetry in this Edition for TWO reasons. It was the FIRST poetic Offering ever made to the Memory of the UNFORTUNATE it mourns; and because it came from a pen whose fervor and tenderness would prove it, without a Signature, to be that of ANNA MATILDA.

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---

## MONOLOGUE.

---

O CHATTERTON! for thee the pensive song I raise,  
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praise!  
Bright star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,  
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!  
Ye Muses! who around his natal bed  
Triumphant sung, and all your influence shed;  
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breast,  
And, in his dædal numbers, shone confest,  
Ah! why, in vain, such mighty gifts bestow  
—Why give fresh tortures to the Child of Woe?  
Why thus, with barb'rous care, illumine his mind,  
Adding new sense to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard! Poverty! whose *cheerless* eye  
Transforms young rapture to the pond'rous sigh;  
In whose drear cave no Muse e'er struck the lyre,  
Nor Bard e'er *madden'd* with poetic fire;



Why all thy spells for CHATTERTON combine?  
His thought *creative*, why must thou confine?  
Subdu'd by thee, his pen no more obeys,  
No longer gives the song of ancient days;  
Nor paints in glowing tints from distant skies,  
Nor bids *wild scen'ry* rush upon our eyes—  
Check'd in her flight, his rapid genius cowers,  
Drops her sad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.

Behold him, Muses! see your fav'rite son  
The prey of WANT, ere manhood is begun!  
The bosom ye have fill'd, with anguish torn—  
The mind *you* cherish'd, drooping and forlorn!

And now *Despair* her sable form extends,  
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends.  
Ah, see! a deadly bowl the fiend conceal'd,  
Which to his eye with caution is reveal'd—  
Seize it, APOLLO!—seize the liquid snare!  
Dash it to earth, or dissipate in air!  
Stay, hapless Youth! refrain—abhor the draught,  
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!  
Oh, hold! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,  
*More—more* than *Death* the pois'nous juice bestows!  
In vain!—he drinks—and now the searching fires  
Rush thro' his veins, and writhing he expires!  
No sorrowing *friend*, no *sister*, *parent*, nigh,  
To sooth his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;

Alone, *unknown*, the Muses' darling dies,  
And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies!  
Bright star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,  
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!

ANNA MATILDA.

---

*A FRAGMENT.*

---

ADDRESSED TO \* \* \*.

---

TOUCH'D by thy wit my soul's on fire,  
My bosom throbs with young desire.  
What! though thy FORM I never saw,  
Is there to man divulg'd a law  
That only what he *sees* must touch his heart?  
The vulgar rule I disallow,  
And in my passion feel e'en now,  
That wit, like beauty, gives the tender smart.  
Methinks thy form I would not know,  
Nor to thy face the pleasure owe  
Of these delicious melting pains,  
Which when a mortal once attains,  
He knows the greatest bliss for man design'd.  
No, to my fancy I'll apply,  
*There* find thy form, thy air, thy eye,  
And feast my frenzy with a zest refin'd.  
When in a pensive mood I sit,  
And Melancholy takes her fit,  
*Vol. II.* H

Mild, tender, soft, thou shalt appear,  
Like the first blossoms of the year :  
But when in brisker tides my spirits run,  
*L'Allegro* shall the pencil take,  
Describe thy look, thy step, thy make,  
And shew the vivid as bright MAIA's son.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

ANNA MATILDA.

---

The above Lines were written at an early age ; after having read some exquisite Poetry from the Pen of Mr. FOX. They are preserved at the end of *The MAID OF ARRAGON* ; without the information we now give.

---

The following Lines were addressed to Mr. HUMPHREY, the celebrated  
Miniature Painter, on his

---

*PORTRAIT OF MISS FARREN,*

---

BY  
LORD DERBY.

---

O THOU, whose pencil all the Graces guide,  
Whom Beauty, conscious of her fading bloom,  
So oft implores, alas ! with harmless pride,  
To snatch the transient treasure from the tomb.

Pleas'd, I behold the Fair, whose comic art  
Th' unwearied eye of taste and judgment draws ;  
Who charms with Nature's elegance the heart,  
And claims the loudest thunder of applause.

Such, such alone should prompt thy pencil's toil :  
Of saving Folly give thy labour o'er ;  
Fools never will be wanting to our isle,  
Perhaps a *Farren* may appear no more.

---

*GENERAL CONWAY'S*

---

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL,

---

Daughter of the

*RIGHT HON. LORD WILLIAM CAMPBELL.*

---

SINCE 'tis the will of all-disposing Heaven,  
To seize the boon its kinder hand had given;  
Whether on earth thy friendly spirit rove,  
Midst the once happy partners of thy love;  
(Scenes where thy virtues reign'd, thy talents shone,  
And fond affection made each heart thy own ;)  
Or, bounding swift, has wing'd its airy flight  
To the pure regions of eternal light;  
Look down, fair Saint, and O, with pity see,  
Where sad Remembrance lifts each thought to thee.  
Accept the heaving sigh, the trickling tear;  
The last, best offerings of a heart sincere.

What tho' no costly hecatombs should bleed,  
Nor lengthen'd train in sable pomp succeed ;  
Yet shall the sweetest flow'rs thy grave adorn,  
Wash'd by the kindest tears of dewy morn.  
There shall each friend, thy heav'nly virtues made,  
With pious dirge invoke thy gentle shade ;  
Like fragrant incense the soft breath shall rise  
And smooth thy passage to thy kindred skies.

Severely kind, O why did adverse fate  
Grant such vast bounties with so scant a date ?  
Give such sweet fragrance to this short-liv'd flow'r,  
The virtues of an age, to last an hour !  
It gave her wit might grace a Muse's tongue,  
The charm of numbers, and the power of song ;  
Th' angelic touch to strike the trembling string,  
And tune such notes as Heav'n's own seraphs sing.  
But O ! o'er-bounteous, with that sacred art,  
It gave each nicer movement to the heart ;  
And her soft breast, with strong sensation fir'd,  
Felt the keen impulse which those arts inspir'd.  
Too great a portion of celestial flame  
Strain'd the frail texture of her weaker frame ;  
The subtle fire too pow'rful forc'd its way  
Thro' the soft yielding mould of mortal clay :  
As the clear air in crystal prison pent,  
Oft bursts its fair but brittle tenement ;  
While in the dust the glittering fragments lie,  
The purer æther gains its native sky.

Ere the stern Sisters cut the vital thread,  
I saw, and kiss'd her on the fatal bed,  
Just as her gentle spirit took its flight,  
And her faint eye-lids clos'd in endless night ;  
No strong convulsions shook her parting breath ;  
No tremors mark'd the cold approach of Death :  
Her heart still heav'd with vital spirit warm,  
And each soft feature wore its wonted charm.

Ah me ! in this perplexing maze of fate ;  
This doubtful, erring, varying, restless state ;  
Tho' guilt with swelling sail elate shall steer,  
With pomp and pleasure crown'd, its full career ;  
Tho' worth like thine no pitying power shall save,  
From sickness, pain, and an untimely grave :  
Yet stay, rash mortal, nor presume to scan,  
By thy imperfect rule th' Almighty's plan.  
O censure not his Sovereign, high behest,  
But prostrate own, whatever is, is best :  
Judgment's the part of Heaven ; Submission, thine :  
We may lament ; but we must not repine.  
Each has his lot (for so does Heaven ordain)  
His stated share of happiness and pain ;  
And mortals, best its just commands fulfil,  
When they enjoy the good, and patient bear the ill.

---



EPITAPH

---

ON

MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL.

---

O *pensive* PASSENGER ! do not deny  
To pause a while, and weep upon this Tomb ;  
For here the cold remains of CAMPBELL lie—  
This narrow spot the vernal Maiden's doom.

With her, alas ! the fairest talents fell—  
And now her *Harp's melodious Song is o'er* ;  
Gone is that Pulse, which PITY lov'd to swell,  
And all her Virtues are on Earth no more.

Yes, she was gentle as the twilight breath,  
That on the fainting Violet's bosom blows,  
Meekly she bow'd her to the Frost of Death,  
In faded semblance of the Silver Rose.

And oft low bending o'er this hallow'd ground,  
Shall the *pure Angel*, INNOCENCE appear;  
And FRIENDSHIP, like a *Hermit*, shall be found,  
To bathe the circling Sod with many a Tear.

AMICUS.

---

MARQUIS TOWNSHEND's

---

VERSES

ON HIS NIECE

MISS GARDINER.

---

As late FLORINDA on her death-bed lay,  
And felt, compos'd, each vital pow'r decay;  
No longer science could her bloom sustain,  
And KINDRED TEARS \* in showers fell in vain:  
The sun meridian glimmer'd to her eye,  
And panting breath announc'd her end was nigh:  
She turn'd, and smiling ask'd, "When shall I die?  
"In realms above my long-mourn'd mother join?  
"See, see her arms stretch'd out to meet with mine!"  
Adieu, pure SOUL! with rapture take thy flight,  
Quit thy dark mansion for *Eternal Light*!—  
For bliss eternal! whilst at Heaven's gate  
Thy sister Angels thy arrival wait,  
Swift to conduct thee to thy parent's breast;  
For *Heav'n* has heard, and granted thy request.

---

\* The kindred tears, in the 4th line, are those of the Marchioness of Townshend. This is the incident painted by Mrs. Cosway.



### Advertisement.

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*Since the Printing of the first Edition of these Works, the Correspondence between DELLA CRUSCA and ANNA MATILDA has been renewed;—THE EDITOR, therefore, thinks it proper to continue their respective Writings up to the present time; as also to insert the beautiful Poems by LAURA, and the one she called forth from LEONARDO, &c. These latter additions are necessary, on account of the subsequent allusions to them, and because the lines signed LEONARDO appear to have been produced by the pen of DELLA CRUSCA.*

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TO

ANNA MATILDA.

---

IN VAIN I FLY THEE——'tis in vain,  
The swift bark bears me o'er the boist'rous main;  
For mid the giant shades that sweep  
The heaving bosom of the deep,  
When rushing clouds, lash'd by the gale,  
Spread o'er the sun their transient veil,  
THY FORM APPEARS!—I see thee haste  
Lightly athwart the wild'ring waste!  
And shake thy burnish'd locks, and smile,  
I see thee—and adore the while.  
*Do I adore thee?—ah, my Fair!*

Since first thy sweet song sooth'd my heart,  
I've never known a bliss, a care,

But thou, MATILDA, gav'st a part!  
When in HELVETIA's groves I lay,  
For thee my hot sighs stole away,  
And oft with thee, methought at "*morning's hour,*  
*Seated in chrystal roseate tow'r,*

*I saw the Goddess Health pursue  
The skimming Breeze, thro' fields of Dew ;"*  
While the high lark with quiv'ring poize,  
Told the gay story of his vernal joys !  
And oft as Twilight on the western edge,  
Had twin'd his hoary hair with sabling sedge,  
**IMAGINATION** fondly turn'd to thee,  
And sought the solace of dear **SYMPATHY**.  
Nor yet the yellow **RHINE**'s impetuous wave,  
A short oblivion of my passion gave ;  
Heedless I trod the sportive banks of **RHONE**,  
For **ANNA** ! O I live, I live for thee alone !  
And when to **LAURA**'s tomb I came,  
Glowing with **PETRARCH**'s purest flame,  
As the first drop my pity shed,  
I started as if thou wert dead !  
But hark ! what cruel sounds are these,  
Which float upon the languid breeze,  
Which fill my mind with jealous fear,  
Ah ! \* **REUBEN** is the name I hear.  
For him my faithless **ANNA** weaves  
A wreath of Rose, and Myrtle leaves ;  
On which the winged, am'rous Boy  
Has freely wept with tears of joy——

---

\* See **REUBEN**'s Sonnet, and **ANNA MATILDA**'s Answer, which are inserted in the first Volume, but which **DELLA CRUSCA** had never read till immediately before his writing the above.



And binding soft her Fav'rite's brows,  
She mingles her too-tender vows.  
Hence sounds severe!—no more intrude—  
Leave me to Peace and Solitude,  
Leave me to tread Life's varying slope—  
Leave me awhile to cherish Hope!  
For e'en *cold Criticks* have conceiv'd,  
    So much alike our measures run,  
And e'en the *gentle* have believ'd,  
    That ANNA AND THAT I WERE ONE——  
*Would it were so!*—we then might prove  
The sacred, settled unity of Love.  
O supposition vain! alas!  
I've seen seven fleeting lustres pass,  
And now the flush of life is o'er,  
And if I e'er could please, I please no more.  
Yet tho' my hasty youth is flown,  
ANNA! I worship thee unknown—  
And check for thee my wand'ring course,  
And yield to thy mysterious force—  
And I again will take my flute  
When slumb'ring Nature's self is mute,  
Save where perchance the Aspin wood  
That whispers o'er yon Midnight flood,  
Shall drop its shatter'd honors round,  
In seeming sorrow at the sound.  
And as my faithful voice I raise,  
With all the fervency of praise,

O may I lure thee from thy secret bow'r,  
To cheer once more my melancholy hour—  
So shall I grateful bless strong Fate's decree,  
That bids me still RETURN TO POETRY—and  
THEE.

DELLA CRUSCA.

---

*October 28, 1788.*

TO  
*HIM WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.*

---

THOU art no more my bosom's Friend;  
Here must the sweet Delusion end  
That charm'd my Senses many a year,  
Through smiling Summers—Winters drear.

O FRIENDSHIP! am I doom'd to find  
Thou art a Phantom of the Mind—  
A glitt'ring Shade, an empty Name,  
An air-born Vision's vap'rish Flame?  
And yet the *dear Deceit* so long  
Has wak'd to joy my *Matin Song*,  
Has bid my Tears forget to flow,  
Chas'd ev'ry Pain, sooth'd ev'ry Woe;  
That TRUTH, unwelcome to my ear,  
Swells the deep sigh, recalls the tear,  
Gives to the sense the keenest smart,  
Checks the warm pulses of the heart,  
Darkens my fate, and steals away  
Each gleam of joy thro' life's sad day.

BRITAIN, farewell ! I quit thy shore ;  
My Native Country charms no more ;  
No guide, to mark the toilsome road,  
No destin'd clime, no fix'd abode,  
Alone and sad, ordain'd to trace,  
The vast expanse of endless space ;  
To view upon the mountain's height,  
Thro' varied shades of glimm'ring light,  
The distant landscape fade away  
In the last gleam of parting day ;  
Or in the quiv'ring lucid stream,  
To watch the pale Moon's silver beam ;  
Or, when in sad and plaintive strains  
The mournful PHILOMEL complains,  
In dulcet notes bewails her fate,  
Deserted by a FAITHLESS MATE ;  
Inspir'd by Sympathy divine,  
*I'll weep her Woes—FOR THEY ARE MINE.*

Driven by my fate, where-e'er I go,  
O'er burning sands, o'er hills of snow ;  
Or on the bosom of the wave,  
The howling tempest doom'd to brave ;  
Where-e'er my lonely course I bend,  
Thy image shall my steps attend ;  
Each object I am doom'd to see,  
Shall bid remembrance PICTURE THEE.

Yes, I shall VIEW THEE in each flow'r  
That changes with the transient hour ;  
Thy wand'ring fancy I shall find  
Borne on the wings of every wind ;  
Thy wild impetuous passions trace,  
O'er the white wave's tempestuous space ;  
In every changing season prove,  
An emblem of thy wav'ring Love.

Torn from my Country, Friends, and You,  
The World lies open to my view ;  
New objects shall my mind engage,  
I will explore th' HISTORIC PAGE ;  
Sweet POETRY shall sooth my soul,  
PHILOSOPHY each pang control ;  
The MUSE I'll seek—her lambent fire  
My soul's quick senses shall inspire ;  
With finer nerves my heart shall beat,  
Touch'd by Heav'n's own Promethean heat ;  
ITALIA's gales shall bear my song  
In soft-link'd notes her woods among ;  
Upon the blue hill's misty side,  
Thro' trackless deserts, waste and wide ;  
O'er craggy rocks, whose torrents flow  
Upon the silver sands below ;  
Sweet LAND of MELODY, 'tis thine  
The softest passions to refine ;

Thy myrtle groves, thy melting strains,  
Shall harmonize and sooth my pains.  
Nor will I cast one thought behind,  
On *Foes* relentless—*Friends* unkind ;—  
I feel, I feel their poison'd dart  
Pierce the life nerve within my heart,  
'Tis mingled with the vital heat  
That bids my throbbing pulses beat ;  
Soon shall that vital heat be o'er,  
Those throbbing pulses *BEAT no more*—  
No!—I will breathe the spicy gale,  
Plunge the clear stream, new health exhale ;  
O'er my pale cheek diffuse the rose,  
And DRINK OBLIVION TO MY WOES !

\* LAURA.

Nov. 29, 1788.

---

\* This Poem was written by Mrs. ROBINSON.

---

TO

*LAURA.*

---

LAURA! I heard thy warbled woes,  
At fading Twilight's solemn close :  
They met me in yon dreary vale,  
Just as the Ringdove ceas'd her tale.  
A tale like thine, which seem'd to speak,  
That soon her wounded heart would break !  
Was it, perhaps, she sought the grove,  
In lone solicitude of Love ?  
Was it, like thee, a faithless mate  
She mourn'd too sadly, and too late ?  
Surely it was—for with the note  
I found such melting anguish float,  
That watry vapours dimm'd my eye,  
And ALL MY SOUL WAS SYMPATHY.

Nor wonder that I so was mov'd,  
For I have suffer'd, I have lov'd,  
Have felt the truest passion burn,  
Have known th' ecstatic blest return,  
Have watch'd the look of languor cast,  
To shew the rig'rous hour was past :

Then have I press'd the blushing Fair,  
With pangs—how diff'rent from despair !  
Yet was the bliss so pure, so chaste,  
That Seraphs might the rapture taste.  
Alas! the joy was doom'd to fade,  
Like Day's proud flush in Evening shade——  
The EYE, so settled once, would range——  
The long-fix'd HEART began to change !

Ah! then, I thought with thee—to try  
The only refuge left—and fly.  
On many a foreign shore to roam,  
And leave my rending cares at home.  
Yes, I have trod the ALPINE steep,  
By rushing Po have stopp'd to weep ;  
On the loud DANUBE's banks have stood,  
And Eastward cross'd the CASPIAN flood.  
'Tis but ILLUSION ;——yet remains  
Unfaded memory of pains,  
The circle wid'ning for relief,  
Has still the central point of grief!  
Then from th' alluring thought recoil——  
'Tis desolating fruitless toil !  
But most avoid ITALIA's coast,  
Where ev'ry sentiment is lost,  
Where TREACH'RY reigns, and base DISGUISE,  
And MURDER—looking to the Skies,



While sordid SELFISHNESS appears,  
In low redundancy of fears.  
O! what can MUSIC's voice bestow,  
Or SCULPTUR'D GRACE, or TITIAN GLOW,  
To recompense the feeling mind  
For British virtues left behind ?  
*Here, rather here*, thy ills confound,  
To list the billows roar around,  
To see the misty Phantoms glide  
On the choak'd river's willowy side,  
When the YOUNG MOON aspires to stream  
Her scanty Crescent's feeblest beam.  
Then, wistful mark the drenching show'rs  
That soil gay Summer's fairest flow'rs;  
Scorn the fierce storm, the seasons dare,  
And learn to TRIUMPH, or to BEAR !  
But if thy sorrow-soften'd heart  
In vain resists the venom'd dart,  
With mine thy deep afflictions blend,  
And for a LOVER LOST, receive A FRIEND.

\* LEONARDO.

*Dec. 23, 1788.*

---

\* This Poem, though signed LEONARDO, is from the Pen of DELLA CRUSCA.

---

TO  
*DELLA CRUSCA.*

---

“ And Time, and Youth, and LOVE, must pass away.” Creech.

---

WHILST I danced gaily in the round  
Of Folly, on her fairy ground ;  
And play'd, and sung, and laugh'd away  
The feath'ry hours of Life's short day,  
Thy INVOCATION, like the flame  
Which starts from the Electric frame,  
Struck on my heart ! I sigh'd, I turn'd,  
And ANNA yet for DELLA CRUSCA mourn'd.  
When wounded PRIDE suffus'd its blush,  
And o'er my nerves its tremors rush.

Ne'er will I “ *leave my secret bow'r,*  
*To cheer thy melancholy hour.*”  
Secure *within* I will remain,  
And smile at thy factitious pain ;  
And when thy Poetry so sweet  
Shall next my wand'ring glances meet,

I'll spare a sigh to moments fled——  
But ANNA shall to thee be dead.  
See—to my couch I laughing turn—  
*Poetic Passions* vainly burn !  
The freshest Rose-leaves for my head  
Shall form a blushing scented bed ;  
The elastic Camomile unprest  
Invite the sick'ning heart to rest.  
FLORA shall ev'ry gift show'r round,  
And bid her bright gems deck the ground,  
The MYRTLE only there  
Shall ne'er unfold its od'rous boughs,  
Ne'er flaunt its blossoms fair,  
Frail, and alluring as thy vows !  
'Tis Love's devoted Tree——  
Oh ! bid it seek some other home,  
Nor spread its sweets for me,  
Nor shed its poison round my Dome !

Hah ! didst thou hope I should not trace  
The *mental features of thy face* ?  
Didst thou believe the thickset veil  
Could DELLA CRUSCA's brow conceal ?  
Oh ! how impossible a task  
To hide thy radiance in a mask !  
Thy living fires destroy the skreen,  
Thou stand'st confest !—thy form is seen.

Yes, write to LAURA! speed thy sighs,  
Tell her, her DELLA CRUSCA dies;  
In sweetest measures sing thy woes,  
And speak thy hot LOVE's ardent throes;—  
And when it next shall please thy heart  
Towards some other Fair to start,  
The gentle Maiden's vers'd in cures  
For ev'ry ill, fond Love endures.  
She "*drinks Oblivion*" to its pains—  
And vows to stain her pallid cheek  
With juices of *red Grapes* so sleek,  
And sings adieus in Bacchanalian strains.

FALSE *Lover*! TRUEST *Poet*! now farewell!  
Hark! in yon *Curfew's* sound is toll'd the knell  
Of our departed Loves. The pensive tale  
The surging æther floats across the vale;  
The Elegiac sound soothes my sad ear,  
And the moist lid sustains a trembling tear.  
The crimson veil which deck'd yon mountain's  
brow,  
And glided into gentlest tints, but now,  
Already blackens down its swelling side,  
And soon the beauties of the plain will hide—  
*The outstretch'd beauties!* where salubrious toil  
Calls food, and riches from the sterile soil.  
O! wondrous magic! shall great Labour's name,  
Remain unhallow'd by the voice of Fame?

CREATIVE LABOUR! whose all-bounteous hand  
Drops flow'rs, and fruits, and forests o'er the land;  
Who bids th' indented river curving fly,  
Or fix, a silv'ry lake beneath the eye!

But these all sink before the falling Night,  
Who tries to seize the flitting beams of light,  
But the proud light its am'rous touch eludes,  
And a dim shadow o'er the landscape broods.  
Soft drizzling rain, the patter'd trees confess,  
And chilling breezes on my bosom press.  
My hair, whose curls, late floated o'er my breast,  
Weighty with moisture, clings around my vest——  
Where—where's the hand to press those tresses dry,  
The fond encircling arm, the cheering eye?  
Why sigh the winds tumultuous thro' the woods,  
Why weeps the Night in such impetuous floods?  
It is the loss of DELLA CRUSCA's Muse,  
Which thus with sorrow every plant imbues;  
For never shall again his "*Golden Quill*,"  
With magic passion ev'ry bosom thrill.  
He yet may write, but ANNA 'twas alone  
Lured down his guardian Goddess from her throne;  
Who whilst she pour'd the richest of her store,  
And charm'd his heart with bright poetic lore,  
Prophetic, thus his future hist'ry read,  
And wreath'd it in the laurels for his head:

“If false, thou e’er MATILDA’s heart should’st  
wring,

“And to another Nymph presume to sing,

“My inspiration thou no more shalt know,

“My fire in thee, no more divinely flow.”

The Goddess spoke, her words were mark’d by  
fate,

And DELLA CRUSCA mourns his ANNA’s wrongs,  
too late!

ANNA MATILDA.

*Feb. 26, 1789.*

---

*LAURA*

---

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

---

O ANNA, since thy graceful song  
Can wind the cadence soft among  
The heart's fine nerves, and ravish thence  
The wond'ring Poet's captive sense;  
'Till warm'd by thy electric fire,  
His yielding soul, with fond desire,  
Glows but for thee——dispel thy fears,  
Nor stain thy downy cheek with tears.  
O quit thy "blushing scented bed,"  
Pluck the pale roses from thy head,  
Again with native lustre shine,  
And round thy polish'd brow th' unfading MYRTLE  
twine.

Subdue the haggard WITCH, whose em'rald eye  
Darts fell Revenge, and pois'ning Jealousy ;

Mark, where amidst her ebon hair,  
The scaly serpents mingling twine,  
While darting thro' th' infected air,  
The murd'rous vapours shine !  
O turn thee, ANNA, quickly turn,  
Where DELLA CRUSCA's torch shall burn  
For thee alone ; his harp is strung,  
To the soft musick of *thy* tongue ;  
*No Verse of mine* his song inspir'd ;—  
Thy notes so lov'd, so long admir'd,  
Still vibrate in his glowing heart,  
Where ev'ry chord is tun'd to thy poetic Art.

Ah ! let me, for repose, repair,  
Where Sorrow steals to weep her care,  
Deep in some cave, or craggy cell,  
Where the lone Screech Owl loves to dwell.

And O ! my cheerless couch I'll spread,  
While spangled with the lunar dew,  
The Nightshade, and the baneful Yew,  
Shall wind about my head.  
There will I breathe a strain forlorn,  
And like a ling'ring wint'ry morn,  
Pale and with chilling rays appear,  
Cold glimm'ring thro' a chrystal tear.

Yet let me DELLA CRUSCA's lays admire,  
Still gaze with hallow'd rapture on his fire ;



List his soft tones of melting mood,  
Sweeter than Ringdove ever coo'd,  
Tuneful as METASTASIO's tongue,  
Or plaintive PETRARCH's witching song.

I feel no wish, no selfish joy,  
Another's transports to destroy;  
Ambition is not worth the name,  
That meanly shines with *borrow'd fame*.  
No counterfeited bliss *my* heart shall own,  
The conscious Mourner sighs for BAYARD's vows  
alone.

Since his lov'd voice first caught my ear,  
Oft have I tried to calm my woe,  
Oft have I brush'd away the tear—  
The tear his numbers taught to flow.  
I seize the Lyre, to sooth my grief,  
Court mazy Science for relief;—  
Vain is the effort, 'tis in vain—  
The fierce vibration fills my brain,  
Burns thro' each aching nerve with poignant smart,  
And riots cureless in my bleeding heart.

'Tis not "the Bacchanalian bowl,"  
Can free from pain the sick'ning soul;  
The "brew'd enchantment's" poison fell!  
The mellow grape's nectareous juice

Suits the base mind ; its baleful use  
Throws o'er the sense, a torpid spell.

But LETHE's pure and limpid stream,  
Shall calm the thought, from passion's dream,  
'Tis there my breast shall seek repose,  
And drink "Oblivion to its woes."

LAURA.

*March 1, 1789.*

---

TO

*ANNA MATILDA.*

---

-----At her footstool stands  
An altar burning with eternal fire,  
Unsullied, unconsumed. Akenside.

---

HEAVEN OF MY HEART! again I hear  
Thy long-lost voice, but ah! the tear  
Steals from my lids, and deadly pain  
Creeps in cold langour thro' each gasping vein.  
And can that mind I love so well,  
Thy Soul's deep tone, thy Thought's high swell,  
The proud poetic fervour, known  
But in thy breast's prolific zone,  
Can these combine to curse me? can that gaze,  
In whose rich orb the FAIRY FANCY plays,  
Thro' which, the charms that ART and NATURE  
show,  
Spring to the judgement, and there brighter glow;  
Can *that* be chang'd to anger? canst thou doom  
My future wish to dwell upon the tomb?

Canst thou, SO KEEN OF FEELING ! urge my fate  
And bid me mourn thee, yes, and MOURN TOO LATE ?  
O rash severe decree ! my madd'ning brain  
Cannot the pond'rous agony sustain,  
But forth I rush, as varying Frenzy leads,  
To cavern'd lakes, or to the diamond meads,  
O'er which the sultry noon-beams wide diffuse,  
And slake their eager thirst with lingering dews ;  
Or to yon sullen slope that shuns the light,  
Where the black forest weaves meridian night.  
Disorder'd, lost, from hill to plain I run,  
And with my Mind's thick gloom obscure the Sun !  
For naught to me, alas ! can now avail  
The fresh'ning vapours of the perfum'd dale,  
The distant sea-waves' variegated green  
Or the soft languish of Night's eye serene,  
They cannot yield *me* comfort, tho' the Spring  
Should shake spontaneous beauty from her wing,  
Or guide my footsteps to th' enchanted lawn,  
Were blushing Pleasure hymns the birth of dawn.  
Still would I pause to weep, still would I turn  
From scenes like these, to th' neglected Urn  
That mid some grove in solemn ruin lies,  
And tells, how th' forsaken Lover dies !  
There would I fondly clasp the broken stone,  
And whisper ev'ry mental pang I've known,  
Repeat the dread, inexorable word,  
That stern MATILDA spoke——MATILDA ! most  
ador'd !

When at the last year's close of May,  
From thy sweet chains I burst away,  
And dash'd my woe-worn Harp upon the ground,  
Still in my flight Love's rapt'rous hope was found ;  
But now all soothing Hope is past ; in vain  
I check'd my progress on the midland main,  
In vain to EUROPE'S CONTINENT I came,  
Lur'd by the light of thy poetic flame,  
In vain I bade my wand'ring toil be o'er,  
And on MATILDA call'd with trembling tongue  
ONCE MORE.

And think'st thou, ANNA ! that *my* love,  
Like *thine*, could ever faithless prove,  
That in some female REUBEN's praise,  
*I* the impassion'd verse could raise ;  
That *I* so quickly led astray,  
Could wake the warm inconstant lay ?  
No—*tho' conceal'd*, I struck my lyre,  
When by dull EVENING's fading fire  
Pale ECHO sat ; who as she caught the sound,  
Gave the weak murmur to the woods around ;  
Yet, 'twas *thy Image* fill'd my mind——  
I heard a tuneful Phantom in the wind,  
I saw it watch the rising Moon afar,  
Wet with the weepings of the twilight Star,  
Assiduous Zephyr told me it was thou,  
And wond'ring, NOT DECEIV'D, I breath'd the  
friendly vow.

If I have wrong'd thee, my hot tears  
Shall melt thy rage, or flow for years;  
For oh! till then, my days shall go  
In deep regret, unalter'd woe,  
In mute reflection, heavy care,  
And SOLITUDE's supreme despair!  
But still for thee my breast shall beat  
With the most faithful honest heat;  
Then save me, save me, let thy radiant smile  
Again restore me, or again beguile;  
With melting music calm my bosom's groan,  
O deign to pity him, who loves but thee alone!  
And whither shall I turn from thee?

For in thy absence all things fade;  
FRIENDSHIP, I know, is but a glitt'ring shade,  
A sweet deception—strange uncertainty!  
Nor could AMBITION's busy rage  
An anguish such as mine assuage,  
Vain must the world's best glories prove,  
To fill the vacuum in the heart of love.

How *brightly* spreads the op'ning flow'r!  
What *beauteous life* informs the bow'r!  
How *fair* the streams of curling silver glide!  
How *rich* the harvest waves its golden pride!  
'Tis LIGHT's creation all—when *that* retires,  
The pictures perish, and the charm expires.  
So the faint colours of my mimic lays,  
Drew their false lustre from MATILDA's blaze;

---

But soon the tints shall vanish—'tis decreed,  
And endless darkness come, if SHE recede.

THEN HEAR MY WORD, by that fierce Orb,  
Whose flame scarce all the skies absorb,  
By ev'ry winged blast that goes  
To its full banquet on the Rose;  
By Truth, eternal, undefil'd,  
By gentlest Sorrow's warblings wild;  
By the gay tresses of the Morn;  
By Earth, and Sea, and Heaven, 'tis sworn,  
That ne'er again this hand shall fling  
Its feeble tremors to the string, †  
Till thou, MATILDA! bidst the measure pour,  
Till then, THY DELLA CRUSCA WRITES NO  
MORE.

DELLA CRUSCA.

---

*March 16, 1789.*

TO  
*DELLA CRUSCA.*

---

AMBIGUOUS NATURE form'd the *female heart*  
So proud, capricious, cold and warm,  
That much she fear'd her FIRST COMMAND  
*Inert* would prove, throughout the land;  
So gave the counteracting charm—  
On *favour'd Man* bestow'd sagacious ART.  
Thus whilst my keen resentment flow'd,  
Thy Vow upon my bosom glow'd;  
Sage ANGER instant took her flight,  
And from *thy Muse* a joy so bright  
Diffus'd itself through all my veins,  
That hanging o'er thy charming strains,  
My lips spontaneously unclosed,  
And thus the *proud petition* rose:—

“O! MONARCH of the Heaven-given lyre!  
Thou, who the *Theban Peasant* didst inspire  
With radiant knowledge, and poetic taste,  
To spread thy numbers o'er the flinty waste—  
In my yet darker mind thy beam infuse,  
And let me feel the high-inspiring muse:



Give me one spark of DELLA CRUSCA's light,  
Teach me like him to *think*—to paint—to write!  
Pour on my pen his rich abounding lay,  
Which EARTH and HEAVEN sublimely can display.  
Mark! how his varying touch makes ever new  
Objects grown flat, on long accustom'd view;—  
E'en TRUTH itself his pencil can command—  
IMMUTABLE! she bends beneath his hand;  
In *diff'ring* *characters* she starts from rust,  
Deck'd in OPPOSING colours; yet opposing, JUST."

Thus as I pray'd, unwelcome slumbers came,  
But lively, wakeful thought remain'd the same—  
And to APOLLO's *Temple* led my feet,  
The same ambitious wishes to repeat.  
With downcast eyes I near the Altar kneel,  
And sacred fervours on my bosom steal;  
My folded hair devoutly I unbound,  
And dash'd my once-proud laurels on the ground.  
My robes, more white than the soft down which flies  
O'er *thistled deserts*, thro' autumnal skies,  
Wide, o'er the tessellated pavement flow'd;  
And round, the everlasting tapers glow'd:  
Again I utter forth my fond desire,  
But 'midst the incense my proud hopes expire.  
The *Pæan'd* GOD now shook his beamy throne,  
And through the dome indignant radiance shone;  
"Presumptuous ANNA!" was the stern reply  
From HIM, who rolls day's orbit through the sky.

“The mighty boon thou’st ask’d shall ne’er be thine—  
PARNASSUS *hear!* record the oath divine!  
Yet more—to punish thy aspiring hope  
Which led thee with MY CHOSEN SON to cope,  
The small—small portion of celestial flame  
Thou stol’st from him of the immortal name,  
*Hence MOULDERS!*—fades upon thy darken’d soul,  
Nor leaves one spark, thro’ the chill void to roll.”

Shock’d at my fate, my ready lids unclosed,  
And the *harsh vision* from my pillow rose!  
*Oh, barb’rous vision!* which I live to rue—  
For tho’ a dream thou wert—my doom is true;  
APOLLO’s just decree too sure I feel,  
And on my spirit torpid languors steal.  
Hah! what avails my DELLA CRUSCA’s vow?  
Poetic ardors fly me now!  
What! tho’ the ROSE’s *morning blush*  
Rivals the Western clouds, which rush  
To mix their crimson with the gold  
*That round the SINKING SUN is roll’d;—*  
What! tho’ MAY’s *Zephyrs* in the groves,  
Attentive to the harmonious loves  
Of the bewitching feather’d race,  
Forget to breathe on EARTH’s *moist face;—*  
What! tho’ the blossoms in the mead,  
Beneath the heifer’s fragrant tread,  
Exude soft balm upon the wind,  
And all their mingled sweets unbind;—

Yet shall *sad* ANNA never know  
The boundless sweets which round her flow.  
Whether the MOUNTAIN's *breath* I drink,  
Or midst the Vale's embroid'ry sink,—  
FANCY no more will aid the scene,  
Nor flutter o'er me on the Green.  
With liquid step when the pure stream  
Dancing, shall thro' its borders gleam ;  
When FLORA from her *rainbow wing*  
Shall shake the tints which form the spring,  
When music wanders 'midst the shade,  
When perfumes AIR's *blue sea* pervade,  
A WINTER o'er my mind will spread,  
Nor tints, nor scents, nor liquid streams be read.

HAPLESS MY FATE ! unoccupy'd, unblest !  
Sick'ning with ease—*hating* the tasteless rest——  
Whilst LAURA still may dress the lay  
In all the lustre of the day ;  
With such sweet pensiveness complain,  
That mortals are in love with pain ;  
For, ah ! it falls like APRIL's *snow*  
Upon the Crocus' purple glow ;  
Soft, as the flutt'rings of the fainting gale,  
Oppress'd by LEO, flaming o'er the vale !  
But shall not DELLA CRUSCA sue  
For her who to HIS MUSE is true ?

*For* ONE, who round her heart hath wreath'd  
All the rich strains he ever breath'd;—  
Will HE not strive to break th'avenging rod?—  
Oh fly, *thou Poet blest*, AND STRUGGLE WITH THE  
God!

ANNA MATILDA.

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PARIS, *March 29, 1789.*

THE  
INTERVIEW.

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O WE HAVE MET, and now I call  
On yon dark clouds that as they fall,  
Sweep their long show'rs across the plain,  
Or mingle with the clam'rous main.  
Alas! I call them, here to pour  
Around my head that gather'd store,  
While the loud gales which speed away  
To the far edge of weeping day,  
Mid the tumultuous gloom shall bear  
On their wet wings my sigh'd despair.

OF LATE—where confluent torrents crash,  
I paus'd to view the mazy dash  
Of waters, shattering in the twilight beam;  
While oft my wand'ring eye would trace  
The distant forest's solemn grace,  
As o'er its black robe hung the tawny gleam.  
Nor *then* on joys gone by, my Mem'ry dwelt,  
Nor all the pang which wounded Friendship felt;

But ANNA, tho' *unknown*, usurp'd my mind,  
Alone she claim'd the tributary tear,  
For ev'ry solace, ev'ry charm combin'd  
In the sweet madd'nings of her song sincere.

*Sudden I turn—for from a young grove's shade,  
Whose infant boughs but mock th' expecting glade,  
Sweet sounds stole forth—upborne upon the gale,  
Press'd thro' the air, and broke amidst the vale.  
Then silent walk'd the breezes of the plain,  
Or lightly wanton'd where the corn-flow'r blows,  
Or 'mongst the od'rous wild-thyme sought repose,  
Or soar'd aloft and seiz'd the how'ring strain.*

*As the fond Lark, whose clear and piercing shake  
Bids Morning on her crimson bed awake,  
Hears from the greensward seat his fav'rite's cry,  
Drops thro' the heavens, and scorns the glowing sky :  
So I, soul-touch'd, th' impetuous Cat'ract leave,  
And almost seem th' etherial waste to cleave ;  
Allur'd, entranc'd, I rush amidst the wood,  
AND THERE THE SOFT MUSICIAN CONSCIOUS  
STOOD :*

Ah ! 'twas no visionary Fair,  
Imagination's bodied air,  
That now with strong illusion caught,  
Mental creations fled my thought,  
A living Angel bless'd my sight,  
Strung ev'ry nerve to new delight,

With joy's full tide bedew'd my cheek,  
'Twas ANNA'S self I saw, NOR HAD I POW'R TO  
SPEAK.

O then I led her to the woven bow'r,  
Where slept the Woodbine's shelter'd flow'r,  
Where bending o'er the Violet's bed  
The Rose its liquid blushes shed ;  
While near the feather'd Mourner flung  
Such plaints from his enamour'd tongue,  
That all subdued at my MATILDA'S feet  
I sunk, but with an agony more sweet,  
Than favour'd mortal e'er before had proved,  
Or ever yet *conceiv'd* unless like *me* he loved.

SHE SPOKE, but O ! no sound was heard  
Of the wanton, rapt'rous bird,  
That climbs the morning's upmost sky,  
When first the golden vapours fly ;  
But fainter was the moving measure,  
Than the Linnet's noontide leisure  
Lets the sultry breezes steal——  
Dar'st thou, my tongue! the tale reveal?

“ ILL-FATED BARD ! ” she cried, “ whose length-  
'ning grief

“ Had won the pathos of my lyre's relief,  
“ For whom, full oft, I've loiter'd to rehearse  
“ In phrenzied mood the deep impassion'd verse,

- " Ill-fated Bard! from each frail hope remove,  
 " And shun the certain Suicide of Love :  
 " Lean not to me, *th' impassion'd verse is o'er,*  
 " Which chain'd thy heart, and forc'd thee to adore :  
 " For O! observe where haughty Duty stands,  
     " Her form in radiance drest, her eye severe,  
 " Eternal Scorpions writhing in her hands,  
     " To urge *th' offender's* unavailing tear !  
 " Dread Goddess, I obey !  
 " Ah! smooth thy awful terror-striking brow,  
 " Hear and record MATILDA'S sacred vow !  
 " Ne'er will I quit *th' undeviating* LINE,  
 " Whose SOURCE THOU art, and THOU the LAW DI-  
     VINE.  
 " The Sun shall be subdued, his system fade,  
 " Ere I forsake the path thy FIAT made ;  
 " Yet grant one soft regretful tear to flow,  
 " Prompted by pity for a Lover's woe,  
 " O grant, without REVENGE, one bursting sigh,  
 " Ere from his desolating grief I fly.—  
 " 'Tis past,—Farewell ! ANOTHER claims my heart,  
 " Then wing thy sinking steps, for here we part,  
 " WE PART! and listen, for the word is MINE,  
 " ANNA MATILDA NEVER CAN BE THINE !"

*She ceas'd, and sudden like an evening wind  
 Rushing, some prison'd tempest to unbind,  
 And all regardless of the scenes it leaves,  
 Skimming o'er bending blooms, and russet sheaves,*



MATILDA *fled!* the closing Night pursued,  
And the cold INGRATE scarce I longer view'd;  
Her form grew indistinct—each step more dim,  
And now a distant vapour seems to swim,  
Her white robe glistens on my eye no more,  
Its strainings all are vain—THE FOND DELUSION'S  
O'ER.\*

MY SONG SUBSIDES, yet ere I close  
The ling'ring lay that feeds my woes,  
Ere yet forgotten DELLA CRUSCA runs  
To torrid gales, or petrifying suns,  
Ere bow'd to earth my latest feeling flies,  
And the big passion settles on my eyes;  
O may this sacred sentiment be known,  
That my adoring heart is ANNA'S OWN;  
YES, ALL HER OWN, and tho' ANOTHER claim  
Her mind's rich treasure, still I love the same;  
And tho' ANOTHER, O how blest! has felt  
Her soften'd soul in dear delirium melt,  
While from her gaze the welcome meaning sprung,  
As on her neck in frantic joy he hung,  
Yet I *will* bear it, and tho' Hell deride,  
My pangs shall *sooth*, my curse shall be my pride.  
Nor can HE boast like me; O no, HE found  
The tranquilizing balm that cures the wound;  
HE never knew the loftier bliss, to rave,  
Without a pow'r to aid, a chance to save;

\* All the lines in this Poem printed in Italics, are from the pen of ANNA MATILDA.

HE never bath'd him in the Nightshade's dew,  
Nor drank the pois'nous meteors as they flew,  
Nor told his rending story to the Moon,  
Link'd with the demons of her direst noon ;  
HE never *smil'd* Distraction's ills to share,  
Nor gain'd th' exalted glory of despair.

Then be it HIS, for many a year t' enfold  
Those charms, and wanton in her curls of gold,  
Drain the sweet fountain of her eye's fond stream,  
And fancy suff'rance but the wretch's *dream* ;  
While I will prove that I deserve my fate,  
Was born for anguish, and was form'd for hate,  
With such transcendent woe will breathe my sigh,  
That envying fiends shall think it ECSTASY,  
And with fierce taunts my cherish'd griefs invade,  
Till on my pow'rless tongue the last " MATILDA"  
fade.

DELLA CRUSCA.

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*June 16, 1789.*











