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# METRICAL EFFUSIONS,

OR

## VERSES

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

[By Bernard Barton.]

I crave not Phœbus leave his sacred cell,  
To bind my brows with fresh Aonian bays;  
Be such their meed, who, tuning sweetest lays,  
By Tempe sit, or Aganippe's well.

*Drummond.*

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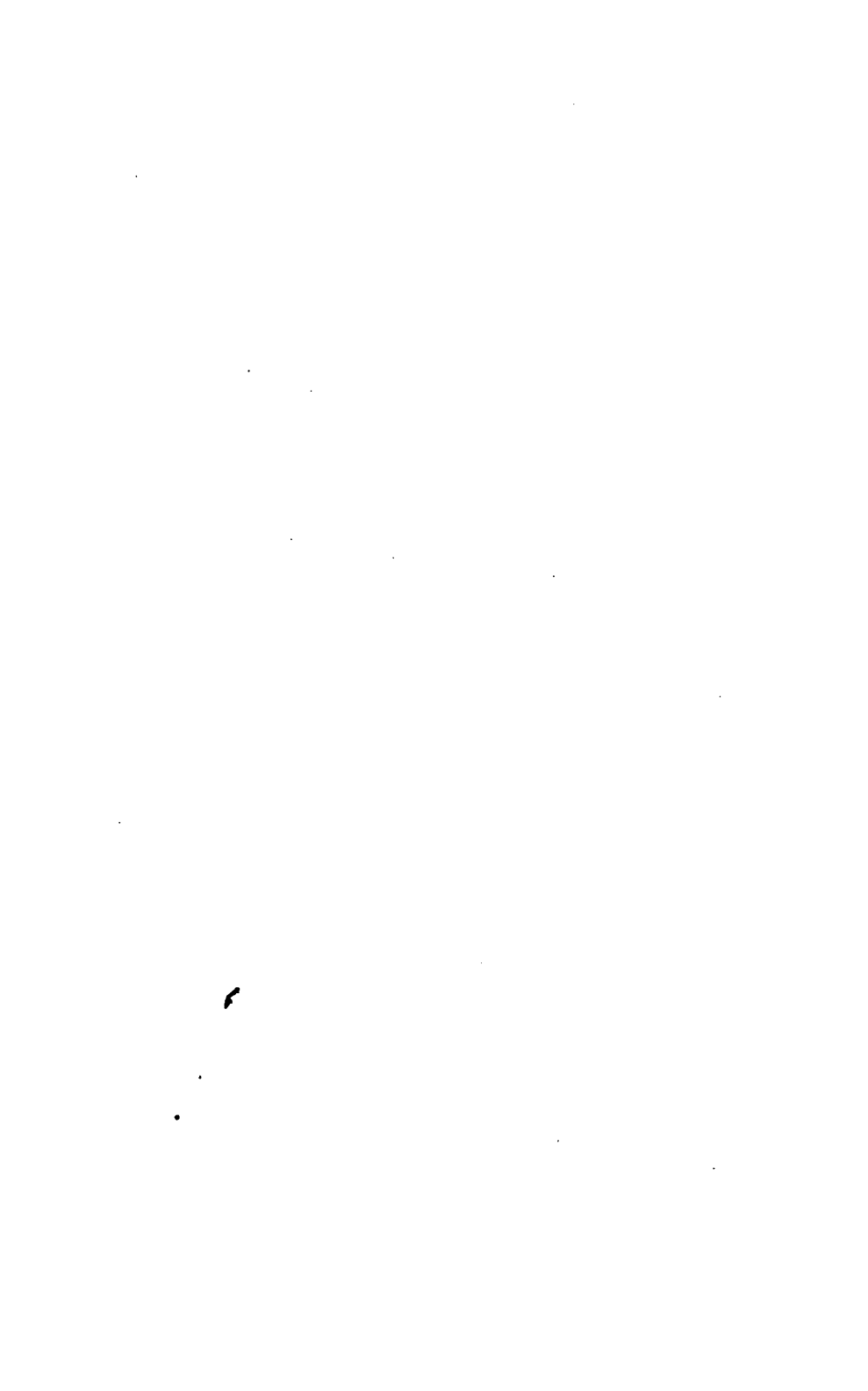
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**Dedicatory Sonnet.**



**ROSCOE!** wilt thou forgive me, when I claim  
Thus publicly thy friendship, and aspire  
After attention to my humble lyre  
Beneath the shelter of thy honour'd name ?  
Pleas'd to encourage, and averse to blame  
The meanest votary of the tuneful choir,  
Thou wilt not bid me in despair retire,  
Though slow my progress in the road to fame.  
Whether the simple wreath thus idly twin'd  
Shall fade neglected, or regarded bloom  
I leave to taste like thine ; and if the mind  
Which genius and the muses all illumine  
Deride me not, no puny critic's dart  
Shall change my course, or ever reach my heart.

---



## Advertisement.



*These VERSES, to which the Authour presumes to assign no higher name, nor to affix his own, were written under the impulse of his natural feelings, not for the gratification of his vanity; and they are now published at the desire of a few friends, but not in the hope of interesting the public. He has therefore had but a very small impression taken off, for the express purpose of avoiding the notice of those on whose indulgence he has no claim.*



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**THE PAINS OF MEMORY.**

▲



THE  
PAINS OF MEMORY.

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A Fragment.

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**M**EMORY! mysterious principle, whose power  
Can ope alike the source of joy, or wo;  
Can gild with "gladsome ray" the passing hour,  
Or bid the starting tear of anguish flow:  
Fain would my mournful song aspire to show  
What keen regret, what deep remorse is thine;  
How in the wreath which decks thine awful brow,  
The cypress with the willow should entwine,  
Alas! my plaintive lyre, a gloomy theme is mine!

Far different visions happier bards have seen,  
     Far different lays have happier poets sung ;  
 And on those soul-euchanting sounds I ween  
     Full many a captivated ear hath hung.  
 Nor would I spurn the lyre to rapture strung,  
     Or deem the song of Memory's joys untrue ;  
 For oft, ere anguish had my bosom wrung,  
     Did former hours recur to fancy's view,  
 In gaudier colours drest, with graces ever new.

Yes, Memory ! in thy richly varied page,  
     Some pleasing passages may charm the eye ;  
 The guiltless records of our earlier age  
     May bring some dreams of retrospective joy ;  
 But is that pleasure then without alloy ?  
     Or does not contrast turn that bliss to woe ?  
 But few, I fear, can think of hours gone by,  
     Nor witness in their hearts compunction's throes  
 For moments unimproved, and time mispent below.

Grant that nor vice, nor folly wounds the heart,  
 Yet various feelings may regret inspire ;  
 The agonizing tear may often start,  
 To see departed friendship's flame expire.  
 The mother mourns her child, the son his sire,  
 Once loved on earth, now number'd with the dead ;  
 The weeping maiden's trembling steps retire  
 From the green sod where rests her lover's head :—  
 Who hath not mourn'd in vain for joys that long have fled ?

To meditate, with retrospective glance,  
 On vanish'd transports of gay hours of pleasure,  
 Our present happiness may well enhance,  
 As former gains increase our present treasure.  
 Benignant time's insensible erasure  
 May mitigate the heart-felt pangs of sorrow ;  
 And from the cheering view of well spent leisure,  
 Some gleams of hope the mind may justly borrow  
 To usher in the dawn of heaven's eternal morrow.

For, can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,  
     Or all the fiends which blast the mind's repose,  
 Snatch the rich reliques of a well spent hour,  
     Or quench the light it gives at life's dark close?  
 No—when the lamp of life but faintly glows,  
     E'en when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
 Conscience shall blunt departing nature's throes,  
     And smiling hope shall pour, with lustre bright,  
 Around her heaven-ward path a stream of living light.

Such were the sounds, which, on my youthful ear,  
     In strains of harmony and rapture fell;  
 When Rogers bade his song, melodious, clear,  
     In sweetest accents Memory's pleasures tell;  
 Did not my glowing bosom feel the spell  
     Of his celestial theme? My raptur'd thought  
 Would oft, by him inspired, with fondness dwell  
     On hours for ever fled, with pleasure fraught  
 By Memory's magic power from infant pastime brought.

Oh! sweetest Minstrel! since to thee belong .

The gift of verse, the poet's art divine;

Why should thy silence thus the muses wrong?

Why lies unstrung a harp so sweet as thine?

"Oh! wake ouce more!" pour forth the flowing line,

Assert the honours thou hast justly won:

"Oh! wake once more!" invoke the favoring nine,

And ere thy yet remaining sand be run,

Resplendently shine forth like the meridian sun.

But, though thy pleasures, Memory, justly claim

The votive tribute of the minstrel's song;

Yet keen regret, despair, and blushing shame,

Horror and madness too, to thee belong.

Of torturing fiends a fell relentless throng

Attend thy course, and goad the anguish'd mind,

Recal the hour when vice betray'd to wrong,

Anticipate the doom to guilt assign'd,

And to each glimpse of hope the wandering senses blind.



And shall thy pleasures then alone inspire  
     The poet's song † shall fancy, sportive, gay,  
 To notes of joy ecstatic tune the lyre,  
     Unmindful that those Pleasures soon decay †  
 Forgetful that the brightest, happiest day  
     Must often, by misfortune overcast,  
 Call forth the tear for moments pass'd away,  
     For hopes dispers'd by disappointment's blast,  
 And pleasing spells dissolv'd, which fancy said should last.

And do not Themes like these deserve the lay ?  
     Yes ; though ungrateful, gloomy, and forlorn ;  
 Scorn'd by the young, unnotic'd by the gay,  
     Who sport enraptur'd in the glowing morn  
 Of life : yet hearts there are who may not scorn  
     The song which bids the tear of pity start ;  
 Hearts which have deeply felt the rankling thorn  
     Which Memory can through every Fibre dart ;  
 To such my lay shall flow warm from a kindred heart.

Not broken tho' subdued ; for I have known

The day of sunshine, and the night of gloom ;  
Have seen the star of love, which brightly shone,

Descend in Death, my Prospects to illumine  
No more. If over some unsculptur'd Tomb

The drops of hopeless anguish ye have shed ;  
I well can weep with you your luckless doom,

For She, with whom I hop'd life's path to tread,  
Rests in her silent grave, companion of the dead !

Dear sainted Spirit ! wheresoe'er thy home,

How gladly to thy presence would I fly ;  
With thee through boundless fields of ether roam ;  
And praise with thee the source of love on high.

Blest Shade ! in thy refined society,

Nor pain, nor sorrow, nor remorse is known,  
But glory, bliss, and immortality ;

For transient life, and early death atone :  
A heav'nly prize is thine, an earthly lot my own.

**Are there who mourn for friendship known no more ?**

**For cold neglect, unmerited disdain ?**

**Are there who weep adversity's dark hour ?**

**Reluctant vassals in misfortune's train ?**

**Are there for evil past who sigh in vain,**

**Harass'd with grief, worn out with toiling care ?**

**Whoe'er ye are, whose bosoms throb with pain,**

**Deem not your own distress beyond compare,**

**But learn from heavier griefs your lighter load to bear.**

**Hapless the lover in his nymph's disdain,**

**Hapless the mariner by tempests driven,**

**Hapless the cripple bent with age and pain,**

**Hapless the blind amid the light of heaven ;**

**More hapless still the wretch who long has striven,**

**And o'er his fierce desires no battle won ;**

**But, Oh ! how hapless he, whose heart is riven**

**With conscious guilt ! on whom the glorious sun**

**Shines with unwelcome ray, and tells of mischief done !**

Go, turn thine eye on Rome's heroic page,  
 And learn how Regulus, in days of yore,  
 The fiercest brunt of Carthaginian rage,  
 With tranquil soul, and mien unalter'd bore.  
 Or rather mark, where, bath'd in human gore,  
 The infuriate Bonner eyes the flaming pile;  
 And learn that conscious innocence has power  
 To meet the bitterest pains with cheerful smile;  
 To share the felon's fate, and e'en exult the while,

Far different views yon gloomy cell shall yield,  
 Where, doom'd to die, th' ensanguin'd murd'rer lies;  
 No conscious innocence his breast can shield  
 From horror's sharp and speechless agonies.  
 Draw near; contemplating with pitying eyes  
 The chilly dews which bathe his humid brow;  
 Mark from his breast what sobs convulsive rise,  
 What briny torrents from his eyelids flow:  
 Tokens of dark despair and overwhelming wo.

Oh! say, what power thus lacerates his heart,  
 And shakes with dread dismay his quivering frame?  
 'Tis Memory! Memory points the cruel dart;  
 'Tis Memory brings "regret, remorse, and shame:"  
 Her direful visions all his senses claim;  
 She reconducts him to the gloomy wood,  
 Where erst he waited till the traveller came:  
 By lust of gold seduced to vicious mood,  
 And urg'd by whispering Fiends to shed his brother's blood.

Now he surveys in Memory's faithful glass  
 The dreadful deeds of that tempestuous night;  
 The howling winds through leafless branches pass,  
 And faintly glimmer to his low'ring sight  
 The conscious stars, no more in lustre bright,  
 But pale and wan, as ominous of wo;  
 The distant village clock now tells the flight  
 Of lingering time:—still dark, and darker grow  
 The gathering clouds of heaven; and hoarser breezes blow!

But hark ! a foot approaches :—now his breast

Alternate throbs with horror, and with fear :—

Then, springing forth, by dæmons's ire possess'd,

He seems again with agony to hear

His victims dying groan appal his ear.—

Blood-chill'd : with hair erect, he stands aghast !

Again the murmuring gale sweeps by so drear :

Another groan, still deeper than the last !

Another deeper still !—and now the scene is past !

But think not Memory's pains exhausted yet :—

Led by her hand, with haggard eye he sees

The spot, where once, a stranger to regret,

Each passing Hour and changing Scene could please.

Lo ! where, embosom'd by surrounding trees,

The neatly white-wash'd cottage strikes his eye ;

That dear abode of innocence and ease ;

The scene of happiest hours, long since gone by,

Now rises on his sight, and prompts the rending sigh.

Once more transported there on fancy's wing,  
 He seems to taste of joys for ever flown;  
 Once more he hears the tuneful warblers sing:—  
 Ah! never on that favorite cot has shone  
 A ray more bright:—nor ever yet were known  
 The chiming Bells more charmingly to sound  
 From yon tall tower, with ivy over-grown;  
 He seems to hear, in reverie profound,  
 The call to prayer and praise of all the village round.

Forgot his crimes, his destiny, his woes;  
 He seems once more to join his early friends;  
 And, as the pious precept mildly flows  
 From reverend pastor's lips, an ear he lends:  
 And now and then a wistful glance he sends  
 Tow'rd the known Seat, where, modestly array'd,  
 In sabbath garb so trim, as wont, attends  
 His much lov'd Anne; his blue-eyed cottage maid,  
 The hamlet's fairest flower! the boast of rural shade!

The service o'er, their devious path they take,

Where chance or inclination guides their way;

Through winding lane, green mead, or flowery brake,

Or by the murmuring brook they fondly stray,

And watch the trembling sun-beams fitful play

Through the cool shelter of the aspen's bough:

And while he talks of love in accents gay,

The timid maiden hears his frequent vow,

With hesitating sigh, deep blush, and pensive brow.

Delightful hours! yet stay enchanting spell!

Oh! banish truth and horror for a while;

And let his fancy some few moments dwell

On dreams of happiness, which may beguile

His sense of wo, and bid his dungeon smile!

It must not be: the jailor's hollow tread

Once more recalls the thought of "durance vile;"

Each fairy picture fancy sketch'd is fled;

Peace, innocence is gone; and hope itself is dead.



Horrid transition! can there now be nam'd

A reptile crawling on this earthly ball;

However vile, dishonour'd, and defam'd,

Whom suffering worse than this can e'er befall?

Oh! memory! why thus cruelly recal

Life's happiest hours? why paint past scenes so fair?

Why add to him who drinks the cup of gall,

Sorrow to sorrow, Frenzy to despair?

Cease, cruel Memory! cease; in mercy learn to spare.

Now, turning from the murderer's cell, survey

Where yonder bark, obedient to the gale,

From Britain's shore to Jackson's distant bay,

Conveys the wretch who next demands my tale.

Oh! while the breeze expands the glistening sail,

Let fancy catch the note, which, murmuring low

Floats on the air; it seems a plaintive wail;

It tells of heart-felt grief, despair, and wo,

As thus its mournful accents tumultuously flow.

And do these swimming eyes indeed behold,

For the *last* time dear England's sea-girt shore?  
Ye lofty cliffs! reflecting streams of gold—

And must I see your glittering heights no more?  
Must I in endless agony deplore,

At dreadful distance from my native land,  
The loss of Friends! of Home? If life were o'er  
'Twere well. Then welcome death! thy icy hand  
Alone can cut the knot which binds to Albion's strand.

Cease, Cease ye breezes! swell not thus the sail,

Nor hasten thou thus my course, thou rolling wave!  
Ah! hear a Female exile's plaintive tale,

Her folly's victim, and her passion's slave!  
O that I now might find a watery grave,  
Discharg'd of all my crimes the dreadful debt;  
The peaceful tenant of some coral cave:

I might at length, perchance, my woes forget,  
Or lessen Memory's store of torment and regret.

Yet, even then, hard fate, alas! it were

That, thus reposing in unhallow'd ground,

These mould'ring bones, remote from Albion's air,

Should sink unwept in Ocean's deep profound.

No mourning relatives to gather round,

And watchful stand to catch my parting sigh ;

Excluded from the sacred churchyard's bound,

Where Father, Mother, Sisters, Brothers lie,

Who o'er my poor remains shall cast a pitying eye ?

And you, my Children ! must you hear with shame,

From many a wanton tongue, your Mother's crime—

Yet do not learn to curse her guilty name,

For though, transported to a foreign clime,

By force she leaves you in your beauty's prime,

Yet still for you she sheds the frequent tear ;

Nor e'er can distance, or the lapse of time,

Or guilty fetters, cause that shame or fear

Shall from your Mother's heart efface her children dear :

But, farewell England! and, alas! farewell!

My friendless offspring! from my fate beware!

Avoid the crime by which your Parent fell,

For thus the sacred oracles declare:

“Thou shalt not steal,” Oh! then suppress with care

Each lawless wish; and seek to Him for might,

Whose gracious ear attends the Orphan’s prayer:

You yet may stand approv’d in his dread sight,

And steer to Heaven’s calm port your dangerous course

aright.

Clos’d be the Convict’s Lay! But let thine ear

Attention lend to notes of further wo,

And stray with me, when twilight time is near,

Where Hannah’s slighted reliques sleep below

Th’ untrodden heap of earth; and thou shalt know

Her bright beginning, her unhallow’d end;

And should a frown of censure cloud thy brow

For Virtue lost;—yet still attention lend,

Since Thou thyself art frail, and may’st like her offend.

“For virtue lost, and ruin’d man I mourn,”

Thus, Beattie! flow’d thy hermit’s solemn strain.  
 And, as that strain to Edwin’s ear was borne,  
 His guileless bosom felt accordant pain.  
 Oh! could that plaintive sage but raise again  
 His warning voice! and sing the hapless maid.  
 Seduc’d by love from virtue’s spotless train;  
 How would the Minstrel mourn, as he survey’d,  
 So sweet, so fair a flower so prematurely fade.

Among the rustic beauties, passing fair,  
 Whose native bloom no tints of art excel,  
 What maid with Hannah Meadows could compare?  
 Or could the neighbouring market-town, where dwell  
 Accomplish’d nymphs, produce one shining belle,  
 Whose face, whose figure, Hannah’s might surpass!  
 Oft would her youthful bosom vainly swell,  
 As she beheld, reflected in the glass,  
 Charms prais’d by every swain, and own’d by many a lass.

Oh Vanity! thou subtle, powerful foe!

Who can withstand thy soul-deceiving wile?  
If e'en to courtly dames thy accents flow

Uncheck'd, in rustic intercourse thy guile  
Can raise in many a damsel's cheek the smile  
Of conscious beauty; and her fluttering heart

Fresh hopes of conquest meditates the while:

No more she thinks that nature's charms impart  
Alone sufficient grace, without the aid of art.

Who now each Sabbath strikes the wandering sight

Of every envious fair, and gazing swain?  
For neatly printed gown, a robe of white

Is now assumed: for cottage bonnet plain,  
A modish hat. Ah! Maiden idly vain!

Not half so lovely dost thou now appear,  
As when the simplest of the simple train:

Those who most love thee, now, with anxious fear,  
Review thy guileless days and scarce suppress the tear.

But Hannah saw no danger, though her sire  
     With prudent caution and forbidding frown,  
 Condemn'd the frequent visits of the squire,  
     Who to the Manor-house came lately down.  
 A Profligate! who sought for no renown  
     But such as vice and dissipation yield;  
 Who, train'd to fraud and flattery in town,  
     Knew every thought the Maiden's sigh reveal'd:  
 Against a foe like this how vain was Caution's shield!

I may not paint the guileful, cruel art,  
     Which, under semblance vile of love and truth,  
 Ensnar'd poor Hannah's unsuspecting heart;  
     And, void of honour, and of gentler ruth,  
 Blasted her charms: with treacherous poison smooth  
     Tainted her bosom to deceit unknown:  
 The Maiden fell. Let inexperienc'd youth  
     Beware her fate. Ah! could the anguish'd groan,  
 Which rends her tortur'd breast, for her offence atone.

Here too shall Memory, with avenging hand,  
     Unrol the record of departed years:  
 How shall the hapless sufferer's heart withstand  
     Reiterated pangs, when thus appears  
 Frightful the prospect round! With fruitless tears  
     To mourn for honour, and for virtue fled  
 Oh Memory! is thy work! Arm'd by her fears,  
     Her hand arrests her heart. Oh lightly tread  
 Beside the grass-green turf which marks poor Hannah's  
     bed.

By the road side, beneath yon bushy thorn,  
     Which scents with fragrance mild the vernal gale;  
 Victim of guilt, despair, and ruthless scorn,  
     Is laid the loveliest blossom of the vale.  
 Ill-fated Maiden! though thy artless tale  
     Shall many a sympathetic bosom rend,  
 Or prompt one sigh, let justice still prevail,  
     And, whilst o'er thy dishonour'd grave we bend,  
 With horror we must view thy rash, thy frantic end.



E'en now, though lovely beams the lunar ray,  
Through quivering branches, on thy grave so green:  
No villager benighted dares to stray  
To that sad spot; for Fancy there has been  
So scar'd, as stories go, that she hath seen  
At midnight's silent hour, in vesture white,  
A shadowy wand'rer of unearthly mien,  
Whose hollow groans the passenger affright,  
And hurry through the gloom of Winter's lonely night.

---

**A POETICAL EPISTLE**

TO

A——— L———.



**I**N life's gay morn, when pleasing dreams  
Of Love, and such romantic themes ;  
With shady groves, and purling streams  
Delight thy sex ;  
While hopes, and fears, and endless schemes  
Their minds perplex ;







And trust me pleasures such as these,  
 When'er we can 'tis wise to seize :  
 The selfish heart they cannot please,  
   Which beats by rule ;  
 May go and take its dull degrees  
   In Zeno's School.

There are who travel Life's dull road,\*  
 Whom discontent, with ceaseless goad,  
 May prompt to murmur at their load  
   Of care and wo ;  
 Regardless of the good bestow'd  
   On all below.

Let us, my Friend, with joy survey  
 The prospect, gilded by the ray  
 Of smiling hope, and fancy gay ;  
   A lovely pair !  
 Desponding gloom shall flee away  
   And black despair.

---

\*" Who'er has travell'd Lite's dull round."—*Shenstone*.







## SONNET.

TO \_\_\_\_\_.



**T**HE Poet's Song, my kind, indulgent Friend!  
 Should flow devoid of fiction, or of art,  
 The honest tribute of a grateful heart,  
 When he presumes to bid thy ear attend.  
 For surely, Mary, Thou couldst never lend  
 A fav'ring ear to Flattery's servile part;  
 And Slander's base, malignant, envious dart,  
 Thy generous breast would proudly reprehend.  
 Yet from the heart which long has prov'd thy worth,  
 Candour like thine will condescend to hear  
 The voice of Praise:—'tis Virtue calls it forth,  
 And Heaven approves it, for it flows sincere.  
 No selfish feelings give this tribute birth,  
 Thy kindness claims it, Truth records it here.

---

## TO MY LYRE.



**F**OND plaything of my brighter hours !  
Vibrating once in notes of gladness,  
By flatt'ring Hope once crown'd with flowers,  
Thy master's heart now sinks in sadness !

That heart which once in deepest gloom,  
Watch'd for a more auspicious morrow ;  
Now deeply mourns its final doom,  
Unmingl'd grief, and endless sorrow.

O! then, if, in some happier day,  
 Thy chords awoke the song of pleasure ;  
 Now pour a soul-dissolving lay,  
 A mournful note, a plaintive measure.

If ever this presumptuous hand  
 Crown'd thee with flowers, those flowers are faded  
 Henceforth, by misery's stern command,  
 Be with congenial cypress shaded !

No more, at Autumn's placid eve,  
 Shall softest zephyrs round thee playing,  
 With dreams of fancied bliss deceive  
 A heart on which despair is preying.

But, pendant on some leafless tree,  
 Through which November's blasts are mourning,  
 Thy hollow sounds a dirge shall be  
 For hours of joy no more returning.

If, at that hour, by fortune led,  
 Forgetful Julia should pass by thee ;  
 May howling gusts, portentous, dread,  
 With saddest notes of grief supply thee !

Who knows but from that plaintive sound  
 Her heart some sympathy may borrow ;  
 And, on that brow where anger frown'd,  
 Be seen some transient gleam of sorrow ?

Yet, O my Lyre ! if down that cheek,  
 One soft relenting tear be stealing ;  
 In softest tones of pity speak,  
 And blunt each harsher, keener feeling.

For still to me *her* peace is dear,  
 Still this "distracted brain" remembers  
 The hours when bright-eyed Hope was near,  
 And fann'd expiring passion's embers.

Nor can those embers ever die;—

    Though every dream of Hope be ended;

Still, Julia! thou shalt prompt the sigh

    Of tenderest love and sorrow blended!



TO

**W. ROSCOE, ESQ**

“MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected Friend !”

Accept this simple, tributary Lay :

If ROSCOE deign a willing ear to lend,

Fain would my Lyre its artless homage pay.

Oh! could this hand but faithfully pourtray

Those feelings of the heart which prompts the song,

Then o'er the chords with rapture would it stray

With no dishonour to the tuneful throng,

And wake its warbling notes, harmonious, rich and strong.

What varied honours shed around thy name

A brilliant lustre, gentle, and benign ;

“Above all Greek, above all Roman fame,”

A nobler meed, a richer prize is thine.

Beneath the burning equinoctial line

The Negro tribes shall grateful sing thy praise ;

Their children’s children shall in concert join

To hail the Bard who pour’d his generous lays,

And turn’d on “*Afric’s Wrongs*” a nation’s pitying gaze.

With Poesy shall History unite,

To crown with civic wreath her favour’d son,

Whose classic pen again recalls from night

Statesmen and Bards who once in splendour shone.

Proud Florence boasts Lorenzo’s fame her own,

From Tiber’s banks old Rome exults to hear

How learning spread around her Leo’s throne,

A glory to succeeding ages dear,

Which nations yet unborn shall gratefully revere.

When heaven born Liberty on Gallic skies  
 Open'd the dawn of Freedom's golden day,  
 'Twas thine to sing the "day-star's" glorious rise :  
 The Patriot's warmth inspir'd the Poet's lay.  
 Though now, beneath stern despotism's sway,  
 That star be sunk in deepest shades of night ;  
 Some future hour shall feel its cheering ray,  
 Some future Bard shall hail the joyful sight,  
 And many a "*vine-clad hill*" shall hear him with delight.

No more shall COWPER, on the banks of Ouse,  
 Resume in virtue's sacred cause the Lyre ;  
 No more, by sweeping Nith, shall Scotia's Muse  
 The ardent song of COILA'S BARD inspire.  
 Yet on fair Mersey's side the tuneful choir  
 Amid their ROSCOE's groves shall prompt the strain :  
 Oh may they never from those shades retire,  
 But every grace and every virtue reign,  
 And shed their brightest beams on Allerton's domain.

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THE

**CALEDONIAN ADIEU.**

**F**AREWELL, Caledonia! adieu to thy bowers!  
Gay scenes of my childhood, once lovely and fair!  
When Hope sweetly smiling beguiled the light hours,  
As I thoughtlessly rov'd on the banks of the Ayr.

Farewell, Caledonia! the darling of nature!  
Long, long shall my memory thy beauties retain:  
Shall dwell with delight on each prominent feature,  
The mountain, the valley, the grove, and the plain.

Thy bold craggy mountains confronting the sky,  
Thy straths and thy glens, where I often have stray'd,  
In sweet retrospection shall rise to the eye,  
And Fancy my visions romantic shall aid.

Though the star of my destiny o'er the wide ocean,  
From friends, home, and country, direct me afar;  
Caledonia may claim and shall have my devotion,  
And oft will I think of my friends "far awa."

On the banks of the Ganges, or Plata's proud stream,  
Though I wander unconscious their beauties among;  
My own dear native Ayr, still my favorite theme,  
Shall partake of my praise and enliven my song.

Sweet stream! on whose banks, in my infancy roaming,  
I hail'd the first dreams of my fanciful mind;  
When the music of morning, the silence of gloamin,  
My soul to the witchery of Nature resign'd.

O blythe were the moments, and jocund the hours,  
When the frolics of boyhood could rapture impart ;  
But I ne'er shall revisit those hallowed bowers,  
Where I felt the warm glow of an innocent heart.

Yet still, Caledonia! my fervent devotion,  
The prayer of my heart shall for ever be thine !  
Though between us there roll the wild waves of the ocean,  
They but heighten the flood of affection like mine.

---

**THE SMILE OF HER I LOVE.**

**I** could endure with steadfast mind  
Relentless Fortune's frown severe;  
**If** gentle Love were left behind,  
My drooping anxious heart to cheer.  
**For** ne'er should Fortune's stern decree  
With doubts my tranquil bosom move,  
**If** pitying heaven would leave to me  
The soothing smile of Her I love.

I could behold with silent scorn  
Each fickle friend at once depart ;  
Could calmly bear the rankling thorn  
Of cold neglect, though keen its smart.  
And, should my doom extort one sigh,  
I would not cruel fate reprove ;  
But every gloomy thought should fly  
Before the smile of Her I love.

For brighter than that golden beam  
Which ushers in the rising day ;  
From her dear lips resistless gleam  
Those smiles which chase my griefs away.  
And dearer to my throbbing heart,  
And far the toys of wealth above,  
The tears of sympathy that start  
To hail the smile of Her I love.

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**WEEL TIMED DAFFIN.**



**ADDRESSED TO**

**The Earl of Dalkeith.**



**L**ET Dunces grave of Zeno's School  
Wisely pretend to live by rule ;  
We'll steal an hour to play the fool  
In weel tim'd daffin.

Whate'er sententious greybeards say,  
T' enjoy is often to obey :  
And we'll our grateful tribute pay  
In weel tim'd daffin.

Let rising tempests howl around,  
 Our mirth shall echo to the sound,  
 And evening's social hours be crown'd  
 Wi' weel tim'd daffin.

Enough of care we all shall find  
 To overcloud the brightest mind ;  
 And wreck the soul that's not inclin'd  
 To weel tim'd daffin.

Ye venal slaves wha haunt a court,  
 Ambition's victims ! folly's sport !  
 Your only comfort lies in Port  
 And weel tim'd daffin !

Ye rueful swains, who idly rove  
 By purling stream, or myrtle grove ;  
 Take respite from the frowns of love  
 In weel tim'd daffin.

Ye sordid miscreants ! who spare  
 The gold you count ; your lavish heir  
 Shall purchase soon an ample share  
 O' weel tim'd daffin.

For thee, brave Scott ! whose toast sae gay  
 Inspires this random, festive lay ;  
 To thee may many a cloudless day  
 Bring weel tim'd daffin.

Whether a Highland Whisky gill  
 Or bright Oporto tempt thy will ;  
 Full many a bumper mayst thou fill  
 To weel tim'd daffin

When social brithers a are met,  
 They should na part in Bacchus' debt ;  
 But be na fou, though gaily yet,  
 Wi' weel tim'd daffin.

---



## TO JULIA.



Oh! smile not, Julia, smile not so,  
Disguise the accents of thy tongue ;  
That smile, that voice, but aids my wo,  
To break a heart most deeply wrung.

For thus, in days for ever flown,  
That magic smile, that syren voice,  
Beguil'd this heart to sorrow prone,  
And bade it tremblingly rejoice.

Still on that soft enchanting tone,  
    With partial fondness I could dwell ;  
Still think that smile was mine alone,  
    And fancy's dreams might aid the spell.

Alas! in vain, too late I see  
    What cruel chains this heart enthral :  
Those smiles exist, but not for me ;  
    Oh! not for me those accents fall.

Then smile not Julia! smile not so,  
    Be silent e'en for pity's sake :  
That smile would aggravate my wo,  
    That voice my bursting heart would break !



**A WINTER PIECE****To Friendship.**  
**BY A LADY.**  


**D**READ Winter rules! and o'er the ravag'd plain  
The whistling whirlwind and the tempest roar;  
Deep sounding caves reecho back the strain,  
And the hoarse murmur creeps along the shore.

No sportive lambs frisk o'er the verdant lawn,  
Or bleat responsive to the echoing vale;  
No more fresh breezes scent the breath of morn,  
Or balmy fragrance loads the evening gale.

Mute every voice that warbled through the grove,

Melodious concert! harmony of sound!

Silent the stock-dove's tender tale of love

And one sad, dreary horror reigns around.

Ah! sad transition from the late lov'd scene,

When beauteous May led on the smiling hours;

And nature deck'd the velvet vested green

With the rich fragrance of unnumber'd flowers.

Yet to fond Fancy's raptur'd eye shall rise

Each former scene, in heigten'd beauty drest;

Aurora's charms shall paint the orient skies,

And blushing crimson tinge the glowing west.

Ideal bliss! without thy soothing aid,

Mid' scenes of care how oft would droop the heart;

Without thy veil, the ills of life to shade,

How deep their anguish, and how keen their smart.

Whether the purple morn, with loveliest hues  
 Display its radiance; or, at closing day,  
 O'er the green plains descend refreshing dews,  
 And balmy gales, half slumbering, scarcely play:

Whether thy stream, fair Eden! gently glide;  
 Or discompos'd by floods impetuous roll,  
 Whether, when deeply musing by its side,  
 It soothe to peace, or agitate the soul:

Yet still, through shades where more than Eden blooms,  
 Shall Fancy rove in happiest visions blest;  
 Feel the mild breeze, inhale the rich perfume,  
 And dream o'er scenes in charms romantic drest.

What though the tempest roar, the thunders roll,  
 And gathering clouds obscure the solar ray;  
 Virtue's mild radiance shall illumine the soul,  
 And heaven-born truth shall beam the mental day.

Shall we make joy dependant on an hour ?  
 Or to these transient scenes confine our view ?  
 Too short the period placed within our power,  
 Too frail the fleeting objects we pursue.

Are there no roses blooming in the breast,  
 Whose fragrance wintry storms can ne'er destroy ?  
 No hoarded sweets ? no lov'd attachment, drest  
 By Hope's kind hand, in all the robes of joy ?

Yes ! Friendship, beautiful form ! unwounded lives,  
 Her sacred influence all the soul inspires ;  
 Dear to the heart are all the joys she gives,  
 Still undiminish'd burn her heavenly fires.

Hail ! Goddess, hail ! to thee let altars rise,  
 And incense sweet, with votive gifts be paid ;  
 Around thy shrine shall blush unnumber'd dyes,  
 And verdant myrtles yield a grateful shade.

Never didst thou the obdurate bosom melt,

The sordid breast was ne'er thy favorite throne;

But Love and Pity ever with thee dwelt

And each fair virtue's mild effulgence shone,

Through every changeful scene, and varying hour,

Through Winter's storms, and Summer's verdant bloom,

Thy ever soothing, animating power,

Cheers the fond heart with pleasures yet to come.



## STANZAS

ON PERUSING

Psephé,

A POEM,

*BY THE LATE MRS. TIGHE.*

“FOND dreamer! meditate thine idle song,  
 But let thine idle song remain unknown:”  
 O guard its beauties from the vulgar throng,  
 Unveil its charms to friendship’s eye alone.  
 To thee shall friendship’s partial praise atone  
 For all the incense of the world beside;  
 Unthinking mirth may slight thy pensive tone,  
 Folly may scorn, or ignorance deride:—  
 The lay so idly sung, let prudence teach to hide.



Sweet Minstrel! couldst thou think a song like thine,  
     With grace replete, with harmony inspir'd,  
 Thy timid modesty could e'er confine  
 Within those limits which thy fears desir'd?  
     Ah no! by all approv'd, by all admir'd,  
 Its charms shall captivate each listening ear;  
 Thy "Psyche," by the hand of taste attir'd,  
     To virtue, grace, and delicacy dear,  
 Shall consecrate thy name for many a future year.

Oh! had indulgent heaven but spar'd thy Lyre,  
     Which first it strung and tun'd to melody,  
 How many an heart had felt encreasing fire,  
     Dwelling enraptur'd on its minstrelsy:  
 How many an ear had drank its harmony,  
     And listen'd to its strains with sweet delight;  
 But He, whose righteous will is sovereignty,  
     Hath bid thy sun of glory set in night,  
 And, though we mourn thy loss, we own his sentence right

Yet, plaintive Songstress! on thy gentle lay  
Fancy with pensive tenderness shall dwell;  
Memory shall snatch from Time thy transient day,  
And soft regret each feeling breast shall swell.  
But, why regret? Let faith, exulting, tell  
That she, whose tuneful voice had sung before,  
In allegoric strain, love's witching spell,  
Now sings HIS love whom wondering worlds adore,  
And still shall chaunt his Praise when time shall be no  
more.

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## RESPONSE

TO THE THREE VALEDICTORY STANZAS

SUBJOINED TO

*The Lady of the Lake.*



**BARD** of the North! abandon not the Lyre,  
 Whose strains, so sweetly wild, thy skilful hand  
**Has** taught surrounding nations to admire  
 Beyond the sleight of all Cecilia's band :  
 Ne'er shall the wires, by casual breezes fann'd,  
 Vibrate in harmony more rich than thine ;  
 Nor artist e'er be found in all the land,  
 Like thee the dregs of fiction to refine  
 By inspiration's blast, and fancy's flame divine.

When malice shall again invade thy breast,  
     Misfortune sieze thee in her rude embrace ;  
 Sorrow disturb the chamber of thy rest,  
     Or envy spread her snares for thy disgrace ;  
 What charm shall then embolden thee to face  
     Th' impending shock, if thou the strain forego ?  
 Or from thy memory's crowded page erase  
     The records manifold of former wo,  
 And all the countless pangs that none but poets know ?

There was a time, in numbers, though uncouth,  
     When I could cheer the solitary hour ;  
 But ere I reach'd the joyous prime of youth,  
     A fiend of ghastly form, and giant power,  
 Intruder oft upon the muses' bower,  
     Dash'd from my feeble grasp the sounding shell ;  
 My fancy from the heights she wont to tower  
     Drove headlong downward ; and by magic spell  
 Bound her to furnish sport for every imp of hell :

The fairy visions opening to her view

They scatter'd to the winds, and mock'd my pain ;  
And though her labour she would oft renew

'Twas worthless skill, and labour all in vain ;  
Yet never could she from the task refrain :—

From thine, alas ! how different is my fate !  
Thou leav'st the muse, though fame applauds thy strain ;

While I, though grovelling in obscure estate,  
Pursue her still in spite of more than mortal hate.

---

## SONNET

TO G. D. L——,

ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.



**M**Y much lov'd Friend! whose labours oft dispense

To the worn sufferer health's returning bloom :

Skilful, yet modest ; kind without pretence ;

Whose cordial sympathy hath cheer'd the gloom

Of hours more dark than Winter's self can show !

While lengthen'd Evenings linger out the Year,

May we, beside thy fire's reviving glow,

Beguide in social converse evenings drear.

And if, at such an hour, a transient thought

Of vain regret for blessings known no more

Should cross my mind ; thy friendship, richly fraught

With consolation, shall my peace restore.

Grateful I'll bow to Heaven's supreme decree,

Since, though it call'd for much, it left me Thee.



THE  
EXILE'S RETURN.



**T**HE sun from the east with his brightness was cheering  
The sailor's glad eyes, now approaching to land,  
When, past anguish forgetting, the Exile of Erin,  
O'er the strings of his harp flung a tremulous hand;  
For his heart was with exquisite agony beating,  
In anticipation he welcom'd the greeting  
Of kindred and friends, while with rapture repeating  
The strain long remember'd of Erin-go-bragh!

Through the silence of night he had watch'd with devotion

The eastern horizon, expecting the dawn

To arise on his own "sweetest isle of the ocean";

With a glow of delight he now hail'd the glad morn.

Lovely hope, and gay fancy their impulse extending,

And rapture and fear, were alternately blending,

In his heart all his Feelings were vainly contending,

As he rais'd the glad anthem of Erin-go-bragh!

Hail! Erin, my country, ah! long have I, banish'd

To a far distant climate, in agony mourn'd;

But now, at thy smile, every sorrow has vanish'd,

Again to thy shore is the Exile return'd.

Once more in the Land of my Fathers I'll waken

The lay of my youth, long through sorrow forsaken;

And, with rapturous joy, early transports partaking

Will sing to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh!



Awake! my sad heart, former mis'ry effacing,  
 Let pleasure once more prompt to hail the glad morn;  
 Nor let recollection, past anguish retracing,  
 Cast a shade o'er the rays which yon mountain adorn:  
 Soon, soon shall these arms, to my heart fondly pressing  
 The friend of my youth, every virtue possessing,  
 Be again strung with vigour, receiving his blessing  
 To strike my dear harp, and sing Erin-go-bragh!

**Gracious Father of Mercy! Protector of Erin!**

Oh thou whose dread presence inspires me with awe!  
 Deign to smile on my country, now bright reappearing,  
 And bless the lov'd measure of Erin-go-bragh!  
 When the tide of existence is languidly flowing,  
 Still may the dear theme, youthful vigour bestowing,  
 Inspire me to sing, while with ecstasy glowing  
 Erin mavournin! Erin-go-bragh!

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**JANE ASHFORD,**

A TALE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

—◆—

The short but simple annals of the Poor.—GRAY.

—◆—

**U**NKNOWN beyond his native village green,  
 Good Isaac Ashford rear'd his humble shed;  
 Of pomp or splendour little had he seen,  
 Save Nature's beauties all around him spread.  
 'Twas his through life a noiseless path to tread,  
 Content and cheerful in his lonely lot;  
 Or, if his eye some drops of sorrow shed,  
 His pious trust in heaven forsook him not:  
 His was well-founded faith, which christian love begot.

His is yon cot whose russet thatch appears  
     Beneath that ample oak's out-stretching shade :  
 Within that cot were spent his early years,  
     Beneath that tree full often has he play'd ;  
 And, when his parents in their grave were laid,  
     Whose closing days his filial love had blest,  
 Hither he brought his chosen village-maid ;  
     Pure was the flame which glow'd in either breast,  
 And gay the future scene by smiling fancy drest.

Six lovely infants crown'd their fruitful bed,  
     Three sturdy boys, three girls of beauty rare ;  
 With joy the father stroked each youngling's head,  
     And oft the partial mother would declare,  
 No neighbour's child could with her girls compare :  
     With anxious watchfulness did both combine  
 To guard their tender minds from every snare ;  
     Would tell them, ' Better far be good than fine,'  
 And bid their youthful steps to Virtue's path incline.

Such were the counsels of parental love,  
 Nor were the sage monitions given in vain;  
 Yet was there *one* whose breast they could not move,  
 Their elder son had joined a smuggling train,  
 Seduced by love of drink, and lawless gain:  
 He, when detected, left his native land,  
 To gain a living *on* the stormy main,  
 A desp'rate member of a ruffian band,  
 Who scorn'd their country's laws, nor heeded God's  
 command.

Nor this the only grief that Ashford knew—  
 Oft from his own and from his partner's eye,  
 The ready tear a daughter's sufferings drew;  
 Full oft each bosom heav'd the pensive sigh,  
 For fatal symptoms told her end was nigh:  
 Too well they knew no doctor's skill could save,  
 They saw their darling Jane must early die;  
 Th' expected blow a deep affliction gave;  
 And she, with languid smile, survey'd the opening grave.

And wherefore from the maiden's pallid cheek  
     Was fled each bloom of joy and youthful grace?  
 The painful cause my faithful verse shall speak,  
     Nor shall the tale occasion Jane disgrace :  
 A broken heart had bleach'd that lovely face,  
     Sorrow for one who dwelt no more on earth ;  
 Yet still th' attentive eye might clearly trace  
     Reliques of beauty, which, when join'd to worth,  
 Might in a guileless breast give ardent passion birth.

In early life, for Thame's frequented side,  
     Poor Jane had left her peaceful village green ;  
 A city tradesman, to her sire allied,  
     With partial eye his smiling niece had seen :  
 Nor faithful wife, nor child, had he I ween ;  
     But pass'd his cheerless moments all alone ;  
 Each interval of busy life between,  
     Much did he wish a girl like her his own,  
 To close his dying eyes, and watch his parting groan.

Her parents heard their brother's plaintive tale,  
 Consenting pity touch'd each tender breast ;  
 Some arguments of prudence, too, prevail,  
 And for her future weal they judg'd it best.  
 She bade adieu ! the tear, but ill suppress,  
 Bespoke her love for those she left behind ;  
 Yet soon again her face in smiles was drest,  
 A scene so new, a relative so kind,  
 Diverted all her grief, and made her feel resign'd.

Twelve fleeting summers soon were past and gone,  
 Each summer saw an annual visit paid ;  
 And never, sure, the sun had shone upon  
 A more belov'd, a more enchanting maid :  
 A steady youth, who, in her uncle's trade,  
 His anxious toil, and humble profits, shar'd ;  
 To charms so 'witching had his homage paid,  
 Inspir'd by ardent love, he even dared,  
 To woo her virgin heart, a matchless, rich reward.

Well pleas'd the uncle heard ; the good old man  
     Had known the youth, and loved him from a child ;  
 Good Isaac Ashford too approved the plan,  
     And Jane, with modest blushes, sweetly smil'd.  
 Her lover's company each eve beguil'd,  
     And often, seated by their cheerful fire,  
 Robert, who, when a boy, on ocean wild  
     Had sail'd to distant countries with his sire,  
 Would tell of marvels strange, which wonder might  
     inspire.

Pass we the lover's raptures, and the fears  
     Which agitate the maiden's throbbing breast ;  
 With beating heart the solemn rite she hears  
     The pastor's voice the wedded pair has blest :  
 How shall the trembling muse record the rest ?  
     Scarcely had they left the hymenenal fane,  
 They met a press-gang ! Robert's eyes detest  
     Those well-known monsters of the foamy main.  
 Ah ! lovely pair ! your prayers, your tears, are vain !

The leader of that gang could bear unmov'd

The maiden's shriek, the bridegroom's wild despair,  
 'Sieze him,' he cried; resistance fatal proved:

Jane saw the blow of death with vacant stare;  
 Nor could her tongue the horrid truth declare,

*Her brother* struck the base, the murd'rous blow!

*His* was the gang which met the hapless pair,

*His* ruffian arm caused Robert's blood to flow;

O 'twas a madd'ning thought! a dreadful tale of wo!

Yet must remorse have touch'd the villain's heart,

When on his senses flash'd th' accursed truth;  
 Compunction's drops, oh! could they fail to start,

Amid the pangs of agonizing ruth!

Surely the memory of his early youth,

Before his feet had trod that winding road,

Which leads by gradual descent and smooth

To dark perdition's horrible abode—

Some memory of those days his tortur'd heart must  
 goad.



But wherefore dwell upon the dreadful theme ?

To paint its horrors language is denied ;

It seem'd a fearful and terrific dream :

To Jane it left a never ending void.

Her aged uncle, too severely tried,

Bequeath'd his blessing with his latest prayer ;

Heart-broken by that fatal stroke he died :

Jane came once more her father's meal to share,

A prey to rooted grief, and speechless deep despair.

Afflicted maidea ! round thy father's cot

The roses blossom, and the woodbines twine ;

In vain they flourish, for thou heed'st them not,

Though once to cultivate their charms was thine :

Still on the sabbath eve in converse join

The partners of thy joys in early years ;

But thou no more amidst the group shalt shine,

The voice of mirth, discordant to thine ears,

Conveys a keener pang, and calls forth bitt'rer tears.

Sweet maid ! suppress thy sorrow, mourn no more,  
    Raise from these earthly scenes thy tearful eyes ;  
Soon shall thy day of anxious grief be o'er,  
    The grave awhile shall hush thy struggling sighs :  
Then, dawning forth in purer, happier skies,  
    To bid all conflict end, all anguish cease,  
Thy cloudless sun, Eternity ! shall rise,  
    Herald of joys immortal, endless peace,  
Ineffable delight, and bliss beyond increase.

---

**TO THE EVENING STAR.**

**F**AIR Planet! whose returning beam  
Reminds me of departing day!  
At this still hour be thou the theme  
Of one short tributary lay.  
And while, beneath thy modest ray,  
My fancy labours to be blest,  
Peace too shall reassume her sway,  
Without a rival, in my breast.

Sweet star of eve! thy milder light  
To me imparts a purer joy  
Than all the sun's effulgence bright,  
That only dazzles to destroy  
The work of peace, and find employ  
For all the cares that gender strife:  
With thee I taste without alloy  
The silent luxury of life.

Though of the shameless Paphian Queen  
Thou bearest the polluted name,  
And though thy rising light is seen,  
As if from ocean's bed it came,  
Yet not from fiction, nor from fame,  
Dost thou like her derive thy birth;  
But early shone thy lambent flame,  
When God created heaven and earth.

Hail! lovely harbinger of eve!

'Tis thine, at twilight's hour serene,  
 When sultry Phœbus takes his leave,  
 To usher in the glorious scene :  
 Fair Cynthia, night's resplendent queen,  
 In full orb'd glory greets the sight ;  
 And countless stars, with twinkling sheen,  
 Surround the majesty of night.

Is there whose torpid heart unmov'd,

Can on the beauteous prospect dwell ?  
 Who loving none, by none belov'd,  
 Ne'er felt the bliss he could not tell ?  
 "If such there breathe, go, mark him well!"  
 He ne'er shall taste those pleasing charms,  
 The joys, the trembling hopes, that swell  
 The breast which generous feeling warms.

Bright star, adieu ! this artless song,  
    Address'd to thee, by thee inspir'd,  
As time's swift stream shall roll along,  
    Must soon decay ; but thou, untir'd,  
With undiminish'd splendour fir'd,  
    Shalt cheer the lingering hours of night ;  
From age to age by all admir'd,  
    A source of pure, of calm delight !

---

## TO MARIA.



**T**ELL me, Maria, lovely maid!  
Why is that gentle breast afraid  
Of friendship's hallow'd flame?  
Say, can a mind so pure as thine,  
Suspect a heart sincere as mine  
Of any selfish aim?

Was it the dictate stern and cool  
 Of nice decorum's rigid school,  
     Which bade thee slight my strain?  
 Or was it female pride alone,  
 Which scorn'd a simple bard, unknown  
     To fashion's gaudy train?

Believe me, lovely maid! a mind  
 Like thine, ingenuous and refin'd,  
     Is virtue's surest guard;  
 It needs not heed what gossips say,  
 With conscious rectitude its stay,  
     And peace its blest reward.

And though my humble path, unknown,  
 Or mark'd by friendship's eye alone,  
     Be scorn'd by fashion's train,  
 Maria! I would not exchange  
 My lot with theirs, the world who range  
     For pleasure, or for gain.



If I could envy one on earth,  
 'Twould be that happy youth, whose worth  
     Should wake love's gentle fire  
 Within thy artless, spotless breast,  
 There reign a favourite confest,  
     And bid thy fears expire.

Oh! may the youth the fates ordain  
 To wear thy dear, delightful chain,  
     The glorious bondage bless;  
 And thou thyself, from scruples freed,  
 Nobly bestow that richest meed,  
     Which seals his happiness.

And canst thou ask—what is that meed?  
 I'll tell thee—'tis with joy to read  
     The language of the heart,  
 When in the silent, speaking eye,  
 Expressive of the smother'd sigh,  
     The tears of kindness start.

Compar'd with joy like this, how poor  
Are countless heaps of shining ore,  
Or fashion's giddy dream ?  
Ambition's meteors glide away,  
Nor can Aurora's self display  
So pure, so bright & beam.

In sorrow's dark and stormy night,  
Love's heavenly influence can delight  
And cheer the drooping heart ;  
And in bright joy's ecstatic hour,  
It can, with soul subduing power,  
Redoubled bliss impart. .

---

## STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT.



“ November hirkles o'er the lea,  
Chill, on thy lovely form ;  
And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,  
Should shield thee frae the storm.”—BURNS.



LOVELY Cherub ! sweetly smiling  
Mid' the scene of earthly strife,  
Let the Bard, his cares beguiling,  
Hail thy entrance into life.

Early have the blasts of sorrow  
 Howl'd around thy infant head ;  
 But, we trust, some happier morrow  
 Will her richest blessings shed.

Oft the threat'ning clouds of morning  
 Flee before advancing day,  
 When the sun, the plains adorning,  
 Colours o'er the landscape gay.

Though the tender name of mother  
 Be to thee, sweet girl ! unknown ;  
 Though the ties of sister, brother,  
 Thou canst never call thine own :

Though thy father o'er the ocean  
 Bends his way to India's coast ;  
 By the bounding billow's motion  
 To and fro tempestuous toss'd ;

Thou, by kindest friends protected,  
 Ne'er shalt roam without a guide ;  
 Nor shall be their care neglected  
 For thy welfare to provide.

May thy HEAVENLY PARENT's blessing  
 Well repay and crown that care ;  
 And mayst thou, every grace possessing,  
 Long survive their love to share.

Mildest zephyrs ! softly playing,  
 Gently fan this opening flower !  
 Health and beauty still conveying  
 By your breezes every hour.

Genial showers ! from heaven descending,  
 Shed your influence all around !  
 Guardian Angels, too, attending,  
 Keep from noxious seeds the ground !

When, progressively advancing,  
    Blossoms forth their treasure pour,  
May every eye, around thee glancing,  
    See of fruit an ample store.

Sense and wit, if haply beauty  
    Fail to charm the ravish'd sight,  
Shall give thee pleasure in thy duty,  
    Zealous for thy friends' delight.

Then, the task of life completed,  
    Soon shall rise an endless day,  
When the Grave and Death defeated  
    Shall at once resign their prey.

Borne aloft on eagle pinion  
    To the realms of light and joy,  
Thou shalt enter life's dominion,  
    Past those pleasures which destroy.

**Mansions that the righteous dwell in  
Shall receive thee for a guest ;  
And Seraphs hail my lovely Ellen :  
Welcome thou among the blest !**

---

**HYMN TO THE DEITY.**

**S**WEET harp of Judah! touch'd with heavenly fire  
Bid from thy strings celestial music flow;  
**A**nd Thou who didst the Royal Bard inspire,  
Command this breast with kindred warmth to glow.  
**B**y Thee assisted, from this vale of wo  
The song of joy and gratitude shall rise;  
**T**hough faint at first, in murmuring accents low,  
Yet, if Thou smile upon the sacrifice,  
**T**he swelling notes of praise shall rend the vaulted skies.



"Let there be light!"—thus spoke thy Sovereign power,  
 Forth burst the beams of new created day,  
 Applauding angels hail'd th' eventful hour,  
 Enraptur'd seraphs bless'd the cheering ray.  
 The gloomy shades of darkness fled away,  
 The courts of heaven with hallelujahs rung ;  
 Silence obtain'd a momentary sway,  
 As all attentive on Thy accents hung ;—  
 The Chorus " there is light !" then burst from every  
 tongue !

By Thy command the azure vault of heaven,  
 The billowy ocean, and the fruitful earth,  
 Assum'd the stations in thy wisdom given.  
 Meanwhile, rejoicing in his heavenly birth,  
 The sun in cloudless majesty came forth ;  
 The lovely moon, mild ruler of the night,  
 With every star and planet, south, and north,  
 And east, and west, a new and wondrous sight,  
 Rode in vice-regal state amid the realms of light.

Who bade these various orbs in order move ?

Who bade the ocean's waves tumultuous roar ?

Who bade the feather'd songsters of the grove

Their tributary notes harmonious pour ?

A God ! a bounteous God ! his matchless power,

His wisdom, and his goodness all proclaim,

But chief should man that providence adore,

Which form'd with hand divine the human frame,

And gave to earthly dust a spirit's vital flame.

But not *creative* power alone we praise,

The time must come, when, seiz'd with fervent heat,

The elements shall melt ; in dreadful blaze

All nature's funeral pile the eye shall meet.

The world shall leave no traces of its seat,

The things that once have been shall cease to be ;

But mercy, pleading at thy judgement seat,

Shall still prevail. From doubt, from terror free,

Redemption's perfect plan shall fix our rest in Thee.

For this, on Bethlechcm's plains at dead of night,  
     Angelic hosts announc'd Messiah's reign ;  
 At first the shepherds trembled with affright,  
     But, as they listen'd to the sacred strain,  
 They soon confest their fears, their terrors vain.  
     They heard the song with holy humble joy,  
 Which flow'd symphonious from the seraph train,  
     Proclaiming glory unto Thee on high,  
 Good will to Man, and peace to all beneath the sky,

Oh gift unspeakable of love divine !  
     The christian's comfort, and the prophet's theme,  
 Eternal word ! thy light shall ceaseless shine,  
     Though man perceives not its awakening beam.  
 Deceiv'd by sensual pleasure's fatal dream,  
     Or dazzl'd by ambition's splendid toys,  
 He sails unthinking down life's rapid stream :  
     "The still small voice," too often drown'd in noise,  
 Whispers, alas ! in vain, the fate of human joys.

**Yet, Gracious Father! plead thy sacred cause :**

**To thee the secrets of all hearts are known.**

**There are who violate thy righteous laws,**

**Who know thy will, and yet perform their own.**

**Oh! be to such thy boundless mercy shown,**

**Attract to virtue by thy cords of love,**

**Hear Thou the prisoner's sigh, the sinner's groan,**

**Th' unequal conflict shall thy pity move,**

**And draw compassion down from every saint above!**



## MY LUCY.



" No idly-feign'd poetic pains  
 My sad love-lorn lamentings claim ;  
 No shepherd's pipe, Arcadian strains ;  
 No fabled tortures, quaint and tame :  
 The plighted faith ; the mutual flame ;  
 The oft attested pow'rs above :  
 The promis'd father's tender name :  
 These were the pledges of my love !" —BURNS.



OH Thou! from earth for ever fled!  
 Whose reliques lie among the dead  
 With daisied verdure overspread,  
 My Lucy!

For many a weary month gone by,  
 How many a solitary sigh  
 I've heav'd for thee, no longer nigh,

My Lucy!

And if to grieve I cease awhile,  
 I look for that enchanting smile  
 Which all my cares could once beguile,

My Lucy!

But ah! in vain. The blameless art,  
 Which sooth'd to peace my troubled heart,  
 Is lost with thee, my better part!

My Lucy!

Thy converse innocently free,  
 That bade the fiends of fancy flee—  
 'Tis there I find the want of thee,

My Lucy!

Nor is it for myself alone,  
 That I thy early death bemoan :  
 Our infant now is *all my own*,

My Lucy!

Couldst thou a guardian angel prove  
 To the dear offspring of our love,  
 Until it reach the realms above,

My Lucy!

Could thy angelic spirit stray,  
 Unseen companion of my way,  
 As onward drags the weary day,

My Lucy!

And, when the midnight hour shall close  
 My eyes in short unsound repose,  
 Couldst thou but whisper off my woes,

My Lucy!

'Then, though thy loss I must deplore  
Till next we meet to part no more,  
I'd wait the grasp that from me tore

My Lucy!

For, be my life but spent like thine,  
With joy shall I that life resign,  
And fly to thee, for ever mine,

My Lucy!

---



## SONNET

To Lord Fingal.

---

ILLUSTRIOUS Peer! Hibernia's faithful son!  
 Thou firm assertor of her children's right!  
 Well has thy worth the Patriot's praises won,  
 And soon shall put intolerance to flight.  
 Unlike that orb in his meridian height,  
 Whose piercing radiance mocks the gazing eye,  
 Religion aids the intellectual sight,  
 That fondly searches for a purer sky.  
 No longer call'd by many a various name,  
 'Tis she that yet in every christian heart  
 Shall kindle charity's perennial flame,  
 And nothing but the waves hereafter part  
 The sons of freedom, in one fortune bless'd,  
 One law, one sovereign, and one GOD confess'd.

---

## STANZAS

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.



**T**HOUGH nature's feelings rend thy heart,  
Shock'd by a parent's death ;  
Though friendship could not turn the dart  
Which took his vital breath ;

The record of my feeble pen,  
Engraven on thy breast,  
May welcome to thee once again  
The pillow of thy rest.

And though religion well might calm  
 Th' excess of filial love ;  
 Reflection may, with lenient balm,  
 Some source of comfort prove.

Though quick the change, and prompt the stroke,  
 Which snapt the slender chain  
 Of life, it sav'd him from the yoke  
 Of slow consuming pain.

With much to hope, and nought to fear,  
 Beyond the silent tomb,  
 Peaceful was once his dwelling here ;  
 More peaceful now his home.

To him whose task was daily done,  
 Death could be no surprise ;  
 For well he knew that life's last sun  
 Would with his Saviour rise.

The splendour of that promis'd morn  
What numbers can set forth,  
When robes of glory shall adorn  
The majesty of worth ?

Still on his manly face and form  
May memory fondly dwell,  
And still affection's yearnings warm  
Thy wounded bosom swell.

Nature such feelings will betray  
And own the tribute due ;  
But faith should wipe the tear away,  
And inward peace renew.

The path a righteous sire has trod  
Distinctly points to heaven ;  
The grace and goodness of his God  
To thee are also given.

That path observ'd, what rapture sweet,  
Beyond my skill to paint,  
Thy panting soul shall feel to greet  
The father in the saint !

---

**A FULL BLOWN ROSE.**

**A** full blown rose, in beauty's pride,  
By chance my wand'ring eye descried ;  
Its dewy fragrance, scatter'd wide,  
    Perfum'd the gales of morning.

When evening sun-beams ting'd the sky  
I hasten'd forth, again to spy  
Those charms which struck my roving eye  
    So early in the morning.

But ah ! its beauties all were flown !  
And all its humid fragrance gone !  
All that the sun had glanc'd upon,  
    So lovely in the morning !

Wither'd by Phoebus' scorching heat,  
It lay in fragments at my feet ;  
No more th' enraptur'd sight to greet  
    On any future morning.

So short, so frail is beauty's reign !  
Who can the pensive sigh restrain ?  
The longest date its charms can gain  
    Is but a summer's morning !

But let not Laura's gentle breast  
Be with this mournful truth deprest ;  
She yet may shine, supremely blest,  
    For many a joyful morning.

Long, long may Heaven her beauties spare ;  
Preserve her happy, good, and fair ;  
And shield from every ruder care  
Each evening, noon, and morning.

---



## THE FLIGHTS OF FANCY

INSCRIBED TO MARIA.



"All hail, sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream  
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!"

BEATTIE.



IN fancy's bright, delusive hour,

When reason had resign'd her sway;

And fairy dreams had magic power

To lead the pensive mind astray;

To some delightful calm retreat,

With all the lightning's speed, I've flown,

To hold with thee communion sweet,

And live for thee, and thee alone.

Not bound by love's deceitful chain,  
 Which time can break but not restore ;  
 But by attractions which retain  
 Angelic souls from parting more.

Who shall describe the pure delight  
 My heart at such an hour hath found ?  
 The dreams of joy which bless'd my sight,  
 The scenes of rapture all around ?

Embowering shades, surpassing far  
 Italia's boasted myrtle groves,  
 Where oft, beneath the evening star,  
 The laurell'd shade of Petrarch roves ;

Through groves like these in thought I've stray'd,  
 And paus'd, while, gently murmuring by,  
 Transparent streams sweet music made,  
 More soft than zephyr's softest sigh.

But there was one, methought, partook

The influence of the heavenly scent ;

And soon I found, in every look,

The traits of thy exalted mien.

The verdant myrtle's yielding bough,

With blushing roses full in bloom,

Were wreath'd around thy graceful brow,

And scatter'd far a rich perfume.

A spotless robe of purest white

Around thy seraph form was thrown ;

Thine eye, with rapture sparkling bright,

The diamond's lustre far outshone.

And from thy harp, by magic strung,

Flow'd such a soul-enchanting strain,

That fiends, before with madness stung,

In listening had forgot their pain.

Ye shadows hence! beguile no more,  
    Though sweet the bliss, 'tis dearly bought;  
Though strong the spell, its charm is o'er;  
    Though cherish'd, 'tis with anguish fraught!

But, fancy! though thy powerful spell  
    Like morning mist dissolves in air,  
Hope's soothing whispers fondly tell  
    Of future visions full as fair;

Of blissful scenes more bright than e'er  
    Elysium's fabled fields display'd:  
Like these so feebly painted here,  
    But not like these condemn'd to fade.

---

**“NEAR YONDER BOWER.”**

**N**EAR yonder bower, by fancy drest,  
Where she had built her secret nest;  
I saw a parent-bird distrest  
Fly round, and round incessantly.

Some rude, unfeeling passer-by  
Had stol'n the source of all her joy;  
And now, with many a piercing cry,  
She mourn'd her loss most plaintively.

Lamenting her disastrous lot,  
She hover'd round that sacred spot ;  
And, though she knew it held them not,  
    She call'd her young ones mournfully.

Poor hapless warbler ! not alone  
Shalt thou indulge thy plaintive moan ;  
Such feelings hath this bosom known,  
    This heart shall share thy agony.

For I have seen that speaking eye,  
Where friendship I could once espy,  
Glancing disdainful, proud, and high,  
    When I have look'd for sympathy.

I have beheld that lovely face,  
Where once, enraptur'd, I could trace  
Of sweetest smiles the winning grace,  
    Look coldly, dark, and scornfully.

And it has been my fate to see  
 That heart so generous, frank, and free,  
 By harsh suspicions clos'd to me  
 In mute insensibility.

Yet I, like thee, sweet bird ! in vain  
 Essay to break the potent chain,  
 Which binds me to the spot, where pain  
 Still mocks my fond credulity.

But happier far thy lot than mine ;  
 Love, peace, and joy may yet be thine ;  
 Another spring shall see thee join  
 Nature's returning jubilee.

Mine is, alas ! a harder doom ;  
 No more shall Julia's smiles illumine  
 My thorny path : but deepest gloom,  
 And horror, be my destiny.

---

## TO LUCY IN HEAVEN.

**D**EPARTED saint! whose gentle sway  
Once lull'd to peace this throbbing breast;  
To thee my mournful muse shall pay  
The homage of a heart unblest.

And if to thy untroubl'd seat  
The voice of sorrow can ascend;  
With soothing pity thou shalt greet  
The plaintive accents of a friend.



If e'er on earth that friend was dear

Oh let him not unheeded pine ;

If angel eyes can drop a tear

Let one bright pledge descend from thine.

And when the bright harmonious choir

Give songs of heavenly praises birth ;

Let tenderest thoughts of love inspire

A sigh for those still left on earth.

Whate'er the blissful lot assign'd

To sainted denizens of Heaven ;

Whether, on fleecy clouds reclin'd,

They glitter in the rays of even ;

Or, bathing in the chrystal stream,

Which flows through virtue's blest abode ;

Or prompted by seraphic dream,

They hymn the glory of their God :

Whate'er thy task, departed shade!

Still, if thine eye can glance below,  
For him to whom thy vows were made  
One tear of fond regret shall flow.

Shall flow uncheck'd, perhaps approv'd;

O might it but for mercy plead!  
Then, dearest saint! admir'd! belov'd!  
That pious drop were bless'd indeed.

## STANZAS

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ABOLITION OF  
*THE SLAVE TRADE.*



RESPECTFULLY INSCRIB'D TO THE

*Members of the African Institution.*



AGAIN the rapid flight of time brings round  
 The sacred hour to virtue justly dear :  
 My muse ! commemorate, with joyful sound,  
 An hour which unborn ages shall revere.  
 E'en that glad hour which wip'd the bitter tear  
 From Afric's cheek, and cast her chains away :  
 Freedom, humanity, and justice, hear !  
 To you I dedicate this votive lay,  
 And consecrate to you this ever glorious day.

All hail, ye heavenly band! your holy fire  
     Inflam'd with virtuous ardour CLARKSON's breast;  
 Awoke that zeal which labour ne'er could tire,  
     Danger affright, nor av'rice lull to rest.  
 He saw poor Afric's sable sons opprest;  
     Saw them, transported from their native shore,  
 Meet stern-eyed death in all his horrors drest,  
     Or life more horrible than death deplore.  
 Such were the scenes he saw—scenes we behold no more.

CLARKSON! and WILBERFORCE! thrice honour'd  
     names!  
 Ye shine conspicuous 'mid that chosen band,  
 Whose steady zeal a nation's reverence claims,  
     Whose generous labours have redeem'd the land.  
 And could a humble poet's trembling hand  
     Present to merit half the tribute due,  
 Thy name, illustrious GLOSTER! forth should stand  
     Amid the bold disinterested few,  
 Who prejudice defied, and spurn'd her venal crew.

Among the hosts who hail with just applause  
 This joyful hour, my partial eyes survey  
 A sect, whose ardent zeal in virtue's cause,  
 Prompts me the tribute of respect to pay.  
**Ye FRIENDS OF PEACE!** to you this glorious day  
 Is doubly sanctified, is doubly dear;  
 On Afric's shores no more shall martial fray  
 Infringe that sacred law your souls revere;  
**But strife and war shall cease, and happier days appear.**

On Guinea's coast, where once the shriek of wo  
 Proclaim'd the reign of anguish and despair;  
 Where avarice sunk the man the brute below,  
 And christian monsters mock'd the captive's prayer;  
 A different aspect shall that region wear:  
 There scenes of bliss shall once more greet the eye;  
 The festive song the evening gale shall bear  
 In broken accents to the distant sky—  
**Blest sounds of peaceful mirth, and village revelry.**

O Thou ! whose sceptre sways this earthly ball,

This trivial atom in creation's round ;

“ Who seest with equal eye as God of all,”

A Negro fetter'd, or a Monarch crown'd :

O Thou ! whose power and goodness none can bound,

Heal Afric's wrongs, and pardon Europe's crime ;

Proclaim through torrid wastes that joyful sound,

Which Jordan's vallies heard in earlier time :

Salvation's gladdening voice, and Gospel truths sublime !

E'en while I sing, behold ! a beam of light

Shines tremulously o'er my raptur'd mind,

Foreboding that the soul's protracted night

Shall, like the body's patient sufferings, find

An end at last ; for charity, more kind

Than proud munificence could ever boast,

To leave no entrance for regret behind,

Hath rais'd of pious ranks a countless host,

Who rear her standard high, and shout from coast to


coast.

H 3


The BIBLE ! sacred pledge of love divine,  
The christian's treasure, now the heathen's prize,  
Shall soon complete redemption's grand design,  
And bring salvation home to Afric's eyes.  
Soon shall the sun of righteousness arise,  
And shine o'er every zone from pole to pole :  
Then, O my Country ! ever just as wise,  
'Till planets in their orbits cease to roll,  
Shalt thou remain enshrin'd in every grateful soul.

---

THE  
**HARMONY OF THE CREATION.**



“Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds  
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore  
The tone of languid Nature.”—COWPER.



**W**HO hath not heard with raptur'd ear  
The lark's shrill matin, echoing clear,  
While grove and meadow, far and near,  
Resound with tuneful melody?



How sweet, how full, the blackbird's note  
Seems on the morning gale to float,  
While many a warbler strains his throat  
To aid the cheerful harmony !

When, at fierce noon, the sun rides high,  
How sweet on river's brink to lie,  
Safe shelter'd from a cloudless sky,  
Some shady tree for canopy !

There listen to the murmuring stream,  
Like one entranc'd in moody dream ;  
Then mark on distant sail the beam  
Of sun-shine glist'ning cheerfully.

And oh ! what tuneful notes resound,  
What heavenly music all around,  
When, reach'd his daily journey's bound,  
Bright Phœbus sets resplendently !

Oft have I loiter'd on my way,  
 While choristers on every spray  
 Sang vespers to the closing day,  
 And vied in sweetest symphony !

Is there, whose sensual, grovelling mind,  
 By taste, by virtue unrefin'd ;  
 Can hear this melody combin'd,  
 And not enjoy such minstrelsy ?

In vain to him returning spring  
 Bids flowrets blow, or songsters sing ;  
 Their charms no heartfelt raptures bring,  
 Nor wake to mental ecstasy.

Not so the man divinely taught ;  
 His soul, with nobler feelings fraught,  
 Ascends on wings of heavenly thought  
 To GOD, the source of Harmony.

In all the music of the grove,  
He hears a song of joy and love,  
Praising the name of Him above,  
The one, eternal DEITY !

---

**IMITATION OF BURNS.**

**COULD I but fly to that calm, peaceful shore,  
Where shades of the bless'd suffer anguish no more,  
There should I sorrow not,  
Mis'ry and grief forgot,  
Rapture and joy my lot,  
Unfelt before!**

Dearest of woman-kind, when I review  
 All thy fond, plighted vows, faithful and true,  
     Fain would my spirit fly  
     To the bright realms on high,  
     And, in thy destiny,  
     Triumph anew !

Ah ! my fond heart, all thy wishes are vain.  
 Thy transports are vanish'd, thy griefs must remain.  
     Mem'ry ! torment no more,  
     Fancy ! thy reign is o'er !  
     Canst thou to me restore  
     Pleasure again ?

Silence, my muse ! nor thus idly deplore  
 Her whom no sorrow of thine can restore !  
     Nobly endure thy pain,  
     Sighs and tears both are vain,  
     Cease then thy mournful strain,  
     Sorrow no more !

---

## SONNET TO ———



**H**AST thou not, Lady! read how once of old  
     A bard crav'd audience of a duchess fair,  
     While he might sing of border chieftains rare,  
**B**ut soon repented of his suit so bold?  
**S**o, when to my enchanted sight unfold  
     Of polish'd courtesy, the graceful air;  
     Of mental powers, an union rich and rare;  
**A**ll verse of mine seems raptureless and cold.  
     Though bright the blaze of beauty, yet to me  
**I**t shines unheeded, if it shine alone,  
     Talents and wit offend me, when I see  
**T**he first abus'd, the last to malice prone  
**B**ut freely does my heart their empire own  
     Resistless all; when all combin'd in thee.

---

## WHIGS & TORIES.



INSCRIBED TO —————



SUSAN, in friendship's social hour,  
 Perchance for want of better themes,  
 We've scann'd the deeds of those in power,  
 And argued on their various schemes.

Of Whigs and Tories, ins and outs,  
 Of this or that administration;  
 We've own'd our fears, our hopes, and doubts,  
 From which the state might hope salvation.

Nor did our converse lack the zest  
 Which different principles could give ;  
 A Tory thou, and I confest  
 As staunch a Whig as e'er could live.

Oft, when to censure Pitt I've dar'd  
 In sober truth, or playful mirth,  
 How zealously hast thou declar'd  
 His matchless powers, his peerless worth.

By me the Statesman's fame and power  
 Unheeded shone, though bright their blaze ;  
 But I must own, at such an hour,  
 I've almost envied him thy praise.

For, trust me, Susan, the esteem  
 And homage of a heart like thine ;  
 My partial taste must ever deem  
 A source of pleasure half divine.



Let Whigs and Tories vent their spite  
 In endless feuds; still unimpair'd,  
 Our friendship shall afford delight,  
 And social joys be duly shar'd.

Be thy opinions wholly wrong,  
 Thy actions might their faults redeem;  
 Thy virtues still must claim my song,  
 While gratitude supplies a theme.

An hour there was, when doom'd to brave  
 Affliction's stormy billowy ocean,  
 I look'd for death in every wave,  
 Alone! amid the wild commotion.

At that dread hour, when all around  
 Confess'd stern horror's ruthless sway,  
 When not one glimpse of hope was found,  
 And fancy's meteors ceas'd to play;

Thy friendship, like some favouring star  
 Emerging from the clouds of night,  
 In gentlest splendour beaming far,  
 First caught my trembling, doubtful sight.

And still, as wistfully I gaz'd,  
 The scatter'd clouds methought withdrew ;  
 'Till silent, raptur'd and amaz'd,  
 A tranquil morning blest my view.

The howling winds, which through the night  
 In angry gusts my bark had driven,  
 Now sunk, and with returning light  
 Returning strength and peace were given.

And can I cease to prize that light  
 Which shone when all beside was dark ?  
 Which cheer'd misfortune's gloomy night—  
 The polar star which sav'd my bark ?

No, no, secure from all decay  
Thy virtues live; and, right or wrong,  
Be thy opinions which they may,  
Still thou shalt claim my grateful song.

And though I fear I still must be  
A Whig, and in the name must glory;  
So warm my friendship, that, for thee,  
I would, but cannot, be a Tory!

---

## SONNET TO ———



**T**UNEFUL enchantress! whose bewitching art  
 Beguiles the soul to many a blissful dream;  
 How shall the Muse, invok'd to such a theme,  
 Express thy power to captivate the heart?  
**Him, in whose eye no tears of rapture start,**  
 Untouch'd by strains like thine, we well may deem  
 To sentiment a stranger, though he seem  
 In other guise to act a manly part.  
 Sweet songstress! frown not on my artless lyre;  
 Nor scorn the humble, tributary line  
 Thus feebly offer'd. Well might'st thou inspire  
 A muse to soar above the flight of mine;  
 But who, of all the bright parnassian choir,  
 Could sing thy art in strains so sweet as thine?



## TO MARIA

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

“O Nature! all thy shews and forms  
 To feeling, pensive hearts have charms!  
 Whether the Summer kindly warms  
     With life and light,  
 Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,  
     The long dark night!”—BURNS.

WHILE winter's half subsiding breeze,  
 In mournful cadence through the trees,  
 Laments the slowly lengthening day,  
 And chides the animating ray,  
 That gilds, with spring-like lustre bright,  
 The landscape spread before our sight;  
 Wilt thou, my lovely friend, excuse  
 This trivial offering of a muse,

Which finds in friendship's partial smile  
 More than a need for ever toil—  
 A muse most willing to resign  
 The world's applause, if blest with thine.

The shepherd sage, whose well-earn'd fame  
 Once put the lore of schools to shame ;  
 Whose head was silver'd o'er with age,  
 As Gay hath told us in his page ;  
 Gather'd his hints for contemplation  
 From every object in creation :  
 Nor can we doubt th' attentive mind  
 In nature's open book may find  
 Maxims of wisdom, clearly shown,  
 O'erlook'd by ignorance alone.  
 For me, who through the livelong day,  
 Can scarcely steal an hour away  
 From graver cares, when'er I rove  
 Through verdant mead, or shady grove,

In nature's ever varying face  
 Some moral lesson I can trace ;  
 And see, by contemplation's aid,  
 Some useful truth to man convey'd.

E'en now, my daily labour done,  
 When faintly gleams the setting sun,  
 I wander forth : while, all around,  
 The ear can catch no livelier sound  
 Than gusts of wind, which, hurrying by  
 Through yon bare branches seem to sigh ;  
 Unless on evening's gale should float,  
 In fitful swell the casual note  
 Of martial music ; faintly caught,  
 With pleasing melancholy fraught :  
 And though the lengthen'd day would fain  
 Assert fair Spring's returning reign,  
 The leafless boughs, the sighing gale,  
 The gathering clouds, the misty veil,

Which shrouds the sun's declining ray,  
Confess stern Winter's further sway.  
Yet still to me this dreary hour,  
This shadowy landscape, has the power  
To soothe my pensive troubl'd heart  
And sober tranquil bliss impart.  
I love to see bleak Winter yield  
Reluctantly to Spring the field;  
I love to mark the watery gleam  
Of Sol's bright rays on Deben's stream;  
To see it gild the sapless tree,  
And gem with mimic pageantry  
The dewy thorn, whose straggling bough  
Can boast no other beauty now.  
Perchance in some sequester'd lane,  
Screen'd from the blast that sweeps the plain,  
Smiling amidst its chrystal tears  
Some little flower its head uprears;  
Spring's earliest trophy, fairest gem  
To deck her graceful diadem.



Maria ! canst thou tell me why  
Objects like these delight the eye,  
And touch the heart ? to me it seems  
They point to loftier, nobler themes.  
To me this elemental strife  
An emblem shews of human life ;  
And when dark winter's clouds recede,  
And Spring with verdure clothes the mead,  
Even before her power is seen,  
In the parterre, or on the green,  
Thus, I exclaim, shall sorrow's night  
Give way to joy's returning light ?  
As shine the dew-drops bright and clear,  
So shall the half unconscious tear,  
Brighter than smiles of pleasure seem  
Glittering in rapture's rising beam.  
That beauteous flowret too shall be  
To fancy's eye, a type of thee ;  
Like thee it shuns the gazing eye,  
Lovely in native modesty ;

Like thine its opening charms display  
The promise of a brighter day ;  
And though the chilly dews may gem  
Its humid cup, and bend its stem ;  
Soon shall those pearly drops be dried,  
And Flora claim her garland's pride.  
Oh ! may the emblem faithful be,  
That flowret prove a type of thee.

---

## TO PATRIOTISM,

AN ODE.

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—  
 To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
 Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
 Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :  
 But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
 Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart  
 As any thunderer there." COWPER.

**G**ENIUS of Britain! aid my song,  
 To thee the will and power belong  
     To prompt the Patriot's lay.  
 My country's love inspires my verse,  
 Oh! bid thy radiant beams disperse  
     The darkness of the day.

Give me the worthy, generous aim,  
 From which ascends the towering flame  
     To sordid breasts unknown :  
 Give me to seek my country's weal,  
 And in my heart through life to feel  
     Her joys and griefs my own.

Ennobling principle ! thy power  
 Can brave unmov'd the awful hour  
     Which claims our parting breath :  
 Thy cheering influence gilds the tomb,  
 When patriot virtue finds its doom  
     In honourable death.

By thee inspir'd in days of yore,  
 When Sparta many a laurel wore,  
     Leonidas arose ;  
 Though Persia's hostile millions round,  
 Like locusts overspread the ground,  
     He fac'd his country's foes.

With him a choice redoubted band  
 "Steady of heart, and stout of hand,"  
     The force of valour tried ;  
 With joy to certain death they went,  
 And history marks the grand event,  
     Her records' greatest pride.

For thus the monumental stone  
 Hath made their glorious contest known  
     In freedom's sacred cause,  
 "Go, Passenger ! at Sparta tell,  
 For her we fought, for her we fell,  
     Obedient to her laws."

When mighty Rome's illustrious fame  
 Throughout the world had spread her name,  
     Came on a numerous host ;  
 Whose deeds, by patriot virtue fir'd,  
 By each revolving age admir'd,  
     Remain their country's boast :

Brutus, whose patriotic soul  
 Of other ties disclaim'd control,  
     Condemn'd his sons to death;  
 Repress'd with scorn the rising tear,  
 And view'd with countenance severe  
     Their last expiring breath.

Cornelia's name, to virtue dear,  
 What country does not still revere?  
     Her sons the Gracchi too †  
 That chief who hail'd the midnight sprite,  
 And Cato, both the bard invite  
     To pay the tribute due.

Endless the task, from age to age  
 To trace throughout the historic page  
     Each brave illustrious feat;  
 How that Helvetian hero, Tell,  
 Felt his indignant bosom swell,  
     His heart tumultuous beat.

Not limited to time or space,  
Diffus'd throughout the human race

The Patriot's course we mark ;  
What land a hero does not own ?  
America claims Washington,  
And France her Joan of Arc.

But chief, on Britain's sea-girt coast,  
Mine eye discerns a countless host  
Of heroes crown'd by fame ;  
Warriors to distant ages dear ;  
Statesmen, and bards, by turns appear  
Of high illustrious name.

From Falkirk's bloody, fatal field,  
Where haughty clans were forc'd to yield,  
Shall Scotland's genius turn ;  
For Wallace' fate shall heave a sigh,  
Then glance, with proud exulting eye ;  
On Bruce of Bannockburn !

Britannia's rising pulse beats high  
 When Hampden, Russell, Sydney nigh  
     Her recollection brings ;  
 O'er Marvel's, and o'er Chatham's bier  
 Often she drops the silent tear :  
     For Fox her hands she wrings.

Droop not, Britannia ! there remain,  
 Among thy sons, a valiant train,  
     Who merit thy applause :  
 Remembering, though the days are fled,  
 How oft their fathers fought and bled  
     And perish'd in thy cause.

And never, never, 'till the waves,  
 Which thy unruffled bosom braves,  
     O'erwhelm thee, or forsake ;  
 Shall Britons cease the solemn prayer,  
 That heaven thy chiefs would own its care,  
     And them thy bulwark make.

---



**DR. JOHN LEYDEN.**  


THIS extraordinary person, who had emerged from obscurity by the activity and ardour of genius alone, lately died at Batavia, of a fever partly occasioned by fatigue, and partly by the noxious climate to which he had accompanied Lord Minto. He appears to have been a linguist scarcely inferior even to the late Sir William Jones. The specimens of poetry which he left behind him in this country bear such decided marks of what may be called in some sense inspiration, that, had he confined his talents to poetry alone, he must have risen to the first height of excellence. For a more ample account of him, I refer my readers to the Monthly Magazine for February, 1812.

## STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. JOHN LEYDEN.

—◆—  
 "He sleeps in dust, and all the muses mourn."—BEATTIE.  
 —◆—

LEYDEN! the favour of the tuneful choir  
 Thy Caledonia consecrates to fame,  
 And soon shall many a lofty bard inspire  
 With numbers worthy of thy honour'd name;  
 But pardon, gentle shade! my powerless aim  
 To decorate with simple flowers thy bier;  
 The gift, though little worth, defies all blame—  
 The votive tribute of applause sincere  
 Shall sanctify the verse, if not excite the tear.

No more by Esk or Eden's classic wave  
     Shall Scotia's muse her votary's footsteps see,  
 Nor shall the banks the Teviot's waters lave,  
     Dear haunts of childhood ! bloom again for thee :  
 No more at eve, beneath some spreading tree,  
     The pride of wood-girt Harden's wild domain,  
 Visions of rapture shall thy fancy see,  
     When, safe returning from the billowy main,  
 With joy thou might'st explore thy favourite haunts  
     again.

For, did not many a tear unbidden start,  
     As rose the whispers of that dreaded gale,  
 Which bade thee from these scenes of bliss depart ?  
     And, sadly listening to the flapping sail,  
 Did not each rocky cliff, each peaceful vale  
     Endear'd by habit, then more lovely seem  
 Than all the splendour and the pride that hail  
     The stranger borne to Ganges' sacred stream,  
 Which from its surface grand reflects the solar beam.

And, while the vessel which convey'd thee far  
     From friends belov'd, pursued her destin'd course,  
 As to thy harp thou sang'st the northern star\*  
     Just setting to thy view, the tear perforce  
 Betray'd of fond regret the copious source,  
     To think of those on whom it still has shone ;  
 While the rude crew around, with voices hoarse,  
     Forbade thee to indulge thy grief alone,  
 Well pleas'd and proud to call the passing hour their own.

When treading sea-girt Sagur's desert isle,†  
     Where superstition claims her deathful meed ;  
 Where never beam'd sweet Mercy's godlike smile,  
     But cruel Kali claims the monstrous creed ;  
 Say, did not Fancy, with the arrow's speed,  
     Fly to those scenes in Britain's distant isle,  
 Where, near the lowly glen, or grassy mead,  
     The solemn chime to many a hallow'd pile  
 Invites the weary poor to leave the world awhile.

---

\* See Leyden's translation of the Portuguese hymn to the Star of the Sea.

† Where human victims are exposed by the superstitious Hindus.

Ah ! not for thee, sweet bard ! was heard the sound  
 Of that sad knell which toll'd thy fathers' end,  
 Nor o'er thy grave, within their burial-ground,  
 Shall childhood's dear companions mournful bend ;  
 Yet still in Java's isle, some sorrowing friend  
 Shall o'er thy mould'ring reliques drop a tear ;  
 On thy green sod shall gentlest dews descend,  
 And bounteous nature, through the circling year,  
 Deck with her fairest flowers a banish'd minstrel's bier.

Nor shalt thou share that hapless minstrel's doom  
 Who, nameless as the race from which he sprung,  
 Pour'd his sad strains o'er Mary's hallow'd tomb,  
 O'er Harden's bier a parting requiem rung ;  
 Then died "unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."  
 No, Leyden ! no. A softer, sweeter strain  
 Then Jura heard, as with her syren tongue  
 The Mermaid strove her captive to retain,  
 Shall yet arise for thee from Scotia's tuneful train.

Long in my heart's affection I would fain  
    Embalm departed excellence like thine,  
And loftier bards may view without disdain  
    The humble tribute of my feeble line.  
When genius shows its origia divine,  
    I hail the spirit though to me unknown,  
And though the strain no artifice refine,  
    The song of meek simplicity alone  
Candour will scorn to chide, and folly may disown.

---

**THE BUTTERFLY'S DEATH.**

FAIR evening spread her mantle grey,  
The setting sun with golden beam  
Had now retir'd, and Cynthia's ray  
Was glimmering o'er the silent stream.

While many a planet's brilliant light,  
Resplendent in the azure sky,  
Proclaim'd the majesty of night,  
And touch'd each thrilling nerve of joy.

---

The authour is well acquainted with the various merits of those elaborate and beautiful poems, "The Butterfly's Birth," and "The Butterfly's Ball;" and therefore entreats the candour of his readers for this humble imitation. Whatsoever may be thought of the attempt, let it be imputed to any other motive than that of aspiring to reach the excellence of a Roscoe.

Enraptur'd with the solemn scene,  
On Deben's banks I musing stood ;  
Survey'd the meadows' verdant green,  
Or stars reflected in the flood.

When, mid the stillness so profound,  
A plaintive cry alarm'd my ear,—  
I gaz'd with eagerness around,  
But look'd in vain, for none was near.

At length bright Cynthia's silvery ray  
Disclos'd to view a piteous sight ;  
A Butterfly expiring lay,  
And broke the silence of the night.

Attentive to the murmuring sound,  
The poet's fancy found a tongue ;  
Assist, ye sylphs ! who hover'd round,  
To frame those dying words in song.



Adieu! it cried, with trembling voice,  
 Adieu! ye woods, and vallies gay!  
 No more, created to rejoice,  
 Shall I your varied charms survey.

No more, on fluttering pinion borne,  
 Shall fickle fancy guide my flight;  
 To taste the fragrant sweets of morn—  
 Ecstatic season of delight!

How short the time since lovely May,  
 Array'd in robe of vernal green,  
 Exulting saw my natal day,  
 And smil'd auspicious on the scene.

Where Mersey's waters ceaseless flow,  
 By classic Allerton's domain;  
 Where vivid beams of science glow,  
 And Roscoe wakes the tuneful strain:

'Twas there to light and life I sprung,  
 With joy survey'd this beauteous earth ;  
 His graceful lyre the poet strung,  
 And hail'd the glories of my birth.

Too soon I left those peaceful bowers,  
 " Where elegance with splendour vies ;"  
 My fancy painted lovelier flowers  
 Expanding under brighter skies.

Enchanted by the varied grace  
 Of violet blue, or primrose pale,  
 With eager joy I urg'd the chace  
 O'er many a hill, and many a dale.

At length I reach'd your barbarous shore,  
 A thoughtless urchin mark'd my flight ;  
 Pursued the prize with all his power ;  
 I sunk exhausted with my fright.

My cruel foe, the prize once gain'd,  
 Which in pursuit had charm'd his eye,  
 My rifed beauties soon disdain'd,  
 And left me here alone to die.

Yet, Minstrel! ere I die, one truth  
 From me shall claim thy simple strain;  
 Though told in vain to blooming youth,  
 Still teach the lesson once again.

The fairest form, the loveliest face,  
 The hand of death must soon destroy;  
 If void of every mental grace,  
 What better than a Butterfly?

But beauty's charms, with virtue crown'd,  
 By taste refin'd, with sense inspir'd,  
 May shed a lasting glory round,  
 By all belov'd, by all admir'd.

**Nor shall the awful gloom of death  
Obscure the brilliant lustre given ;  
That form on earth depriv'd of breath,  
Shall once more shine a Saint in Heaven.**

---

## ODE

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.



**S**WEET instrument! whose tones beguile the ear  
With mingled strains of sadness and delight,  
Recal the scenes to melancholy dear,  
Or to the bowers of former bliss invite ;  
The sweet aerial sylph, or seraph bright,  
That sweeps thy strings with more than mortal skill,  
Although of frame too subtle for the sight,  
May well a bard's imagination fill.

Hark ! what a heavenly strain was there !

A dirge for some departed soul  
 Angels have taken to their care,  
 With kindred spirits to enrol.  
 Such were the sounds that softly stole  
 Erewhile on Cowper's faltering sense,  
 As onward he survey'd the goal  
 That hasten'd his departure hence.

A bolder and a bolder note  
 To gladness now directs my mind,  
 Like distant bells whose changes float  
 Across the water on the wind ;  
 To hail some married pair, design'd  
 For mutual love, or mutual strife ;  
 By habit or by will inclin'd  
 To strange vicissitudes of life.

And while the rapid chariot rolls,  
     In noisy pride, the streets along ;  
 Attracts the gaze of vulgar souls,  
     And mocks and interrupts my song ;  
 How I despise the restless throng,  
     Who scorn the meed of sober thought ;  
 Whose pulses beat with rapture strong,  
     Whose transient bliss is dearly bought !

That dying fall, which now succeeds  
     The uproar that subdued thy sound,  
 Tells me of many a heart that bleeds  
     With guilt in fashion's giddy round ;  
 Who never since their childhood found  
     A day, an hour of cheap repose,  
 But vainly thought their wishes crown'd,  
     When riot with the morning rose.

The lofty song, the sprightly dance,  
    To them was life, to them was all.  
The studied sigh, the wanton glance,  
    And all the arts that grace the ball,  
My unapproving heart appal ;  
    But while I listen to thy strains,  
I fit my mind for duty's call,  
    And bless the lot that pride disdains.

The trumpet tells of streaming blood,  
    Of valour's feats, of victory's prize,  
Of broken hearts, and many a flood  
    Of tears that gush from widows' eyes.  
But thy celestial breath supplies  
    With thoughts of peace and joy my mind ;  
It lifts my soul above the skies  
    To transports for the just design'd.



And when, arising on the final day,  
Mortals shall hear the first immortal sound ;  
When millions shall reluctantly obey  
The call, and look in mute amazement round ;  
Sensations purer still than e'er I found  
From the light breeze, as over thee it blew,  
Shall realize the fancied' spell that bound  
My grosser sense, and prove the pleasure true.

---

## STANZAS TO A FRIEND.



“Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;  
 Sweetner of life, and solder of society,  
 I owe thee much”————— **BLAIR.**



**M**ARY! could any lay of mine  
 The deathless meed of fame award,  
 In praise of friendship such as thine,  
 The favouring nine should aid the bard.

For thee, and for the much lov'd friend  
 With whom thy fate is link'd on earth,  
 The grateful prayer shall long ascend  
 From one who deeply feels your worth.

In all your hopes, in all your joys,  
 A brother's interest I must feel,  
 Nor less regret when aught annoys  
 Your peace, or mars your earthly weal.

With you in summer's smiling eve,  
 I've rov'd through meads and vallies far,  
 Have seen bright Phoebus take his leave,  
 While sweetly rose the evening star.

On Deben's banks, or through that wood  
 Which half conceals yon tower so grey,  
 We've stray'd, while in the chrystal flood  
 Reflected shone each leafy spray.

How sweet at such an hour would seem  
 Each sound which met the listening ear,  
 The seaman's voice, or on the stream  
 The dashing oars approaching near :

Of distant flocks the plaintive bleat  
 Soft rising from the opposing shore ;  
 Of martial sounds the cadence sweet,  
 Proclaiming day's departing hour.

Nor have our pleasures been confin'd  
 To summer's eve, or spring's gay bloom,  
 We've shar'd in autumn's bounty kind,  
 And brighten'd winter's sullen gloom.

Winter, whose ruthless hand arrays  
 Fair nature's charms in tragic stole,  
 But fans celestial friendship's blaze,  
 Expands with social bliss the soul.

From Deben's banks, where erst we stray'd  
 And listen'd to the bleating fold ;  
 From hills where furze or broom display'd  
 Their blossom'd pride in veins of gold :

From verdant mead, from shady lane,  
 Which charm'd erewhile, we now retire ;  
 Still dearest joys for us remain  
 Assembled round the cheerful fire.

How oft, when wintry winds howl'd wild,  
 The poet's or the historian's page,  
 The lingering evening hath beguil'd,  
 And baffled all the tempest's rage.

Thus, Mary, many an hour hath flown  
 Since Hymen's spell first fix'd thee here ;  
 Bright was the planet sure which shone  
 On him to whom thou'rt justly dear.

Nor be that gentle maid forgot  
 To whom, inspir'd by friendship's flame,  
 I gave, though nature ow'd it not,  
 In playful mood a sister's name.

She will not, by reserve estrang'd,  
The tie fraternal reprehend ;  
Time hath the name of stranger chang'd  
To that of brother or of friend.

And though, when spring again shall bloom,  
The friends, for whom I tune my lyre,  
Must leave the bard in deepest gloom,  
And far from Deben's banks retire ;

Yet still shall friendship love to dwell  
On golden hours not spent in vain,  
And flattering hope shall kindly tell  
How gladly we shall meet again.

## AN ADDRESS

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE

**British and Foreign Bible Society.**



**WHILE**, o'er the ensanguin'd field, and ravag'd plain  
 The Dæmon War extends his ruthless sway;  
 Can aught inspire the gratulating strain,  
 Or wake the lyre to notes of transport gay?  
 Yes, Minstrel! yes; thou yet mayst pour the lay,  
 The song of praise and joy may yet be thine,  
 Arise! to christian zeal thy tribute pay,  
 And hail the virtuous band who now combine  
 To spread through regions dark the light of truth divine.

Oh! for a "master's hand, and prophet's fire"  
 To strike with tenfold force the tuneful cord,  
 And sing that light, before whose beams retire  
 Enslaving ignorance, and vice abhorr'd.  
 Before that quickening ray, that powerful word,  
 The clouds of superstition pass away ;  
 The pure and peaceful kingdom of the Lord  
 The piercing eye of faith can then survey ;  
 Exulting feel its reign, and its decrees obey.

When Israel's sons, from Babylon return'd,  
 Had rais'd their city's walls so long o'erthrown ;  
 Replac'd the gates their fathers' foes had burn'd,  
 And made once more their fathers' home their own ;  
 With what intense delight till then unknown,  
 Did they repair again with awe to hear  
 The Sacred Book, wherein was clearly shown  
 The Almighty's will ; with what attentive ear  
 They heard its awful truths expounded by the seer.



E'en from the morning, 'till the mid-day sun  
     Shed his fierce radiance on the listening throng;  
 With holy zeal to weeping sire and son  
     Ezra reveal'd the law neglected long:  
 And when he op'd the Book, both old and young  
     With pious reverence heard him bless the Lord;  
 With hands uplifted, and assenting tongue,  
     They, as one man, combin'd with one accord  
 To praise the gracious Power their inmost souls ador'd.

If such the transport felt in earlier time  
     When the mosaic law once more went forth;  
 What inexpressive joy, what bliss sublime,  
     To spread the Gospel through the awakening earth!  
 To make that pearl of most transcendent worth  
     Free as the light, and common as the air;  
 To give in harden'd hearts contrition birth,  
     To prompt the sigh, to raise the secret prayer,  
 And make the slave of sin salvation's joyful heir!

Are there, who can behold with jealous fear  
 This hallow'd task, this work of christian love ?  
 Who, early taught their Bible to revere ;  
 Coldy distrust what candour must approve ?  
 Let such remember, that from GOD above  
 The revelation of his will was given,  
 And given for all ! that all on earth who strove  
 To know the just, the righteous will of heaven,  
 Might steer their course aright on life's rough ocean  
 driven.

There are, alas ! in Britain's favour'd isle  
 On whom hath dawn'd in vain the Gospel day ;  
 Who sunk in vice, immers'd in worldly toil,  
 In heathen darkness still benighted stray.  
 There are in climes and regions far away,  
 To whom the Gospel tidings ne'er were known,  
 On whom the star of Bethlehem's cheering ray,  
 To peace and joy conducting, never shone ;  
 Yet these with grateful hearts its heavenly light shall own.

Oh! while it sheds its animating beams  
In softest splendour, not intensely bright;  
From death-like slumbers, and unhallow'd dreams  
Millions shall wake, and hail the auspicious light!  
Nature, exulting at the blissful sight,  
Shall spread her charms to catch its lovely rays;  
The baffled Tempter struck with wild affright,  
Dreading the Gospel sun's meridian blaze,  
Blasphemes the rising morn which meets his envious gaze.

---

**EPITAPH.**

**STRANGER!** this epitaph is not design'd

To praise or censure him who sleeps beneath ;

For praise is useless, censure is unkind,

When life's important task is clos'd by death.

To rouse the living ; to awake the fear

Of trembling age, and fix the youthful choice ;

The dead shall speak. Oh ! with attention hear,

While health and life are thine, the warning voice.

Time may be lost, and soon shall be destroy'd :

No watchman cries the hour beneath the sod.

Death dost thou dread ? the sting of death avoid :

Seek'st thou for pleasure ? learn to please thy GOD.



## SONNET

TO MY DAUGHTER.

—◆—

'SWEET pledge of joys departed! as I lay  
Wrapt in deep slumber, I beheld thee, led  
By thy angelic mother, long since dead:  
Methought that on her face such smiles did play,  
As gild the summer's morning. A bright ray  
Of lambent glory stream'd around her head.  
I gaz'd enraptur'd: love had banish'd dread,  
As light the shades of darkness drives away.  
Silent awhile ye stood! I could not move,  
Such sweet delight my senses did o'erpower;  
When, in mild accents of celestial love,  
Thy guardian spoke: "cherish this opening flower  
With care parental; then some future hour  
Shall reunite your souls in bliss above."

---

**RETROSPECTIVE STANZAS.**

**W**HEN first from that bewitching eye  
A humid, trembling glance I caught ;  
Unbidden rose the pensive sigh  
Of infant love, with rapture fraught.

But when I fancied I perceived  
Thy bosom throb with sighs like mine,  
From every fear and doubt relieved,  
My pulse beat high with bliss divine.

And while thy faltering tongue confest  
 My conquest of thy spotless heart ;  
 My soul the welcome accents blest,  
 And chid the tear which dared to start.

Prophetic tear ! ah, had I known  
 The tenure of the blessing given ;  
 How frail, how soon for ever flown,  
 The dreadful truth my heart had riven !

That eye where once with joy I read  
 Thought answering thought, so bright before,  
 Weeps not to see the tears I shed :  
 Its gentle lustre charms no more.

That bosom, which once own'd the spell  
 Of heaven-born love, now still and cold,  
 No more, with half unconcious swell,  
 Its secret feelings shall unfold.



Those accents once so soft, so dear,  
Which sooth'd my throbbing heart to peace;  
No more shall bless my listening ear  
For death hath bid them ever cease.

But never, never 'till I die—  
'Till deep in earth I lie like thee,  
Shall memory fail to claim a sigh  
Of bitter, fond regret from me.

---

**PRINCE HOEL'S SONG,**

FROM

**Southey's Roderic.**

I'VE harness'd thee my steed of grey ;  
And thou shalt bear me to the walls,  
Where, in dazzling splendour gay,  
Bright the glittering sun-beam falls.

Dear to me those walls so white,  
When I wake, and when I dream ;  
Where, before my fair one's sight,  
Floats the sea-mew on the stream.

How I love the storm-struck dwelling  
Which the restless ocean laves !  
On its walls, so proudly swelling,  
Ever break the sounding waves.

There she dwells, the shapely maiden,  
Fairer than the ocean spray ;  
Lovelier than the charms display'd in  
Flora's garden bed in May.

Still for her I ceaseless pine ;  
See but her in crowded halls ;  
When the sun's bright beams decline  
Fancy flies to those dear walls.

I throughout the sleepless night  
Think of her, 'till health is flown ;  
Fled the visions of delight,  
The flush of youth for ever gone.

Pale as ocean to the view  
On a dreary sunless morn ;  
Victim of a love too true,  
Still for her I pine forlorn.

I pine for her ; yet heave a sigh  
Of tender pity while I pine,  
That she should view with scornful eye  
A love so pure, so warm as mine.



## DOVE DALE.

A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.\*



How beautiful the scene, where winding Dove,  
Her waters echoing to the cliffs above,  
Pours o'er a rocky bed her limpid stream,  
Foaming and sparkling in the noon tide beam.


Enchanting river! though thy scenes demand  
A loftier song, a more experienc'd hand;  
Yet will I strive from memory to pourtray  
The awful grandeur which thy banks display.

---

\* Written after visiting it in 1809.


Thy huge grey rocks, with verdant foliage drest,  
Whose forms grotesque the wondering eye arrest ;  
The low stone walls, the sheep-folds' simple bound ;  
The solemn stillness which presides around,  
Save when the bleating sheep, or murmuring stream,  
Awake the traveller from his pleasing dream ;  
All, all conspire to soothe the troubl'd breast  
With pensive joys, and lull the mind to rest.  
From morn 'till evening on thy banks I rov'd,  
The more I saw, the more the scene I lov'd ;  
And when behind the mountain's lofty head  
The sun descended, and bright day light fled ;  
The solemn shades of evening spreading slow  
Sublimely darken'd all the vale below ;  
Reluctant then I took a farewell view,  
And bade a long, perhaps a last adieu ;  
Yet often stopt, by fond regret inclin'd,  
To "cast one longing lingering look behind."

## STANZAS ON WOMAN.



“O Woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made.”

WALTER SCOTT.



**H**AST thou not mark'd the smiling deep  
All tranquil and serene ;  
When every zephyr seem'd asleep,  
How lovely was the scene ?  
The murmuring sound of breaking waves,  
The sun's resplendent beam,  
Each sight, each sound the mind enslaves,  
And aids the pleasing dream.

But soon, too soon the calm is past,  
The pleasing scene is o'er ;  
And, driven before the dreadful blast,  
The waves tremendous roar :  
No more delighted by the view,  
We strive to gain the shore ;  
Bid Neptune's element adieu,  
And tempt the deep no more.

Hast thou not seen the blushing rose  
Expand her beauties wide ;  
While every gale which round her blows,  
With fragrance is supplied ?  
Attracted by the lovely sight  
Such varied charms disclose,  
We haste to rifle with delight  
The bush whereon it grows ;



But soon we find a thorn conceal'd  
    Beneath the beauteous flower ;  
And stung with pain we gladly yield  
    What tempted us before ;  
Then opening buds, and blossoms gay  
    Delude the eye no more,  
Experience clears the mists away,  
    And fancy's reign is o'er.

So lovely woman charms our youth,  
    And prompts the frequent sigh ;  
Array'd in innocence and truth,  
    She strikes the wandering eye.  
Officious fancy lends her aid  
    And whispers love and joy ;  
We think, could we obtain the maid,  
    Of bliss without alloy.

Forbear, rash youth! the fruitless chase,  
First let thy guileless heart,  
From prudence wisely learn to trace  
The snares of female art :  
Their only wish to be admir'd,  
They shoot the random dart ;  
The conquest gain'd, they soon are tir'd,  
Nor strive to heal the smart.

The glass, the toilette all their care,  
And unimprov'd their mind ;  
What man of sense their smiles would share,  
To fools and coxcombs kind :  
Ah pause! ingenuous youth, nor brave  
The dangers yet behind ;  
Dangers more dreadful than the wave,  
Or stormy northern wind.

The rose's thorny stalk—the sea  
With waves tempestuous foaming,  
Speaks as it roars, and speaks to thee,  
It says beware of Woman !  
Far more inconstant than the breeze  
Which is for ever roaring ;  
By art, by nature form'd to tease,  
Is lovely faithless Woman.

---

## STANZAS

IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

—◆—

“The gust o’ joy, the balm of woe,  
The saul o’ life, the heav’n below,  
Is rapture-giving Woman.”—BURNS.

—◆—

YES Crito, I have seen the deep  
Its varied charms disclose ;  
Have seen the dews of morning steep  
The fragrance of the rose :  
But all their loveliness combin’d  
Cannot compare with Woman-kind.

O sex belov'd! how oft this heart  
 Hath own'd thy magic sway ;  
 Thy gentler friendship void of art,  
 Hath beam'd its lambent ray :  
 My hand shall touch the trembling string,  
 And every tongue thy praise shall sing.

When gloomy grief, and pining care  
 The anguish'd bosom rend,  
 'Tis thine the bitter cup to share,  
 A firm and faithful friend :  
 Thy smile can banish every tear  
 And check each vain foreboding fear.

The task is thine in early youth,  
 With mild persuasive voice,  
 To paint the radiant charms of truth,  
 And fix the infant choice.  
 Long will I raise the filial prayer,  
 For her who made my youth her care.

When time, with rapid ceaseless course,

Conducts to manhood's prime ;

In thee we find a copious source

Of happiness sublime.

Oft shall this bosom heave a sigh

For her who doubled every joy.

When fell disease exerts its power,

And holds its torpid reign ;

'Tis thine to mitigate the hour,

And soften every pain :

To smooth the restless bed of death,

And catch the last expiring breath.

From life's commencement to its close

To thee the task is given,

To meliorate our varied woes,

And form on earth a heaven.

Without thee 'tis a vale of tears,

But with thee Paradise appears.

**For thee, base wretch! whose impious tongue**

**Hath sung of female guile,**

**Still rest assur'd on such a song**

**No muse will waste a smile.**

**They view thy labours with disdain,**

**Nor bless the rash, unhallow'd strain.**

**When Crito and his spiteful page**

**Shall be by all forgot,**

**Some bard shall sing in every age**

**Fair Woman's happier lot ;**

**Her worth, her excellence proclaim,**

**And man shall venerate her name.**



## VERSES

TO AN OLD AND TRIED FRIEND.



**F**OR truest friendship, love sincere,  
Unnumber'd acts of kindness shown ;  
Accept, I ask it with a tear,  
The thanks which justly are thy own.

Long, long hast thou indulgent shared  
My hours of bliss, my days of grief ;  
For all my sorrows kindly cared,  
And to my troubles brought relief.



Whether again we meet or not

The powers above can only know ;

But sure I am, whate'er my lot,

My heart with love for thee shall glow.

Farewell! one silent starting tear

My deep-felt gratitude shall own ;

But ah! the debt contracted here,

God can repay in Heaven alone.



## STANZAS

TO AN AFFECTIONATE AND PIOUS PARENT,  
ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.



**W**HEN good old Jacob mourn'd his child,  
How bitter were the tears he shed !  
With garments rent, in anguish wild,  
He sorrow'd for his Joseph dead.  
He mourn'd his hopes for ever fled,  
And said that, even to his tomb,  
Grief should bow down his aged head  
For Joseph's melancholy doom.

But hark ! what sounds salute my ear ?

Sorrow inspires the artless lay ;

A pious parent's frequent tear

Laments her Joseph snatch'd away.

But, though to deepest grief a prey,

She humbly strives to kiss the rod ;

She owns the debt that all must pay,

Nor doubts the justice of her God.

But let us not too harshly blame

The good old Patriarch's anguish sore ;

Well might his much lov'd Joseph claim

A father's sorrow when no more :

Nor can the proud, the boasted lore

Of this refin'd, enlighten'd age,

A mother's lost delights restore,

A mother's natural grief assuage.

What makes the difference ? Grace alone ;

'Tis grace divine, with cheering ray,

Hath made a brighter prospect known,

Hath usher'd in a happier day.

The patriarch trod his weary way,

No gospel sun had dawn'd on him ;

'Twas his at twilight's hour to stray,

When truth's clear lamp shone pale and dim.

Yet even then the still small voice,

Assuming a prophetic tone,

Oft bade his trembling heart rejoice

In scenes unveil'd to faith alone,

By faith's pure influence made his own :

With humble gratitude inspir'd,

He blest the glorious light that shone

On Judah, and in hope expir'd.

The patriarch's hope, the prophet's theme,  
     The pious christian's heart-felt joy  
 At length is come ; its matchless scheme  
     Hath been proclaim'd from heaven on high :  
 Life, light, and immortality  
     Now shine reveal'd ; beyond the tomb  
 The christian's vision can descry  
     A blissful rest, a tranquil home.

And wilt thou, christian ! then lament  
     Like him whose every hope is fled,  
 When life's short feverish day is spent,  
     Those whom it numbers with the dead ?  
 No, rather lift thy weary head,  
     Raise from the dust thy tearful eye,  
 When nature's pious drops are shed,  
     Let faith her cordial cup apply.

For thee, who pour'st thy plaintive strain,

Lament no more thy Joseph's flight

From scenes of sorrow, sin, and pain,

To realms of endless pure delight.

At times shall burst upon thy sight

A seraph form, thy griefs to calm,

Scattering from pinions dazzling bright

Kind drops of Gilead's healing balm.

Hovering unseen thy steps around

Its soothing voice shall greet thy ear ;

Shall tell what blessings still abound,

And gently chide the falling tear.

A husband's sympathy sincere

In grief's dark hour some stay may prove ;

One hopeful pledge is left to cheer

Thy closing days with filial love.

Thine too that gentle soothing aid  
     Which friendship yields the wounded heart;  
 Does pining grief thy breast invade ?  
     Let willing friendship bear her part.  
 Do pensive tears unbidden start,  
     As memory brings the past to view ?  
 Let faithful friendship's blameless art  
     Share every pang, and heal it too.

But friendship soon or late must prove,  
     On earth at least, a fleeting dream ;  
 Both conjugal and filial love  
     May shed a bright but transient beam.  
 When these decay, and life shall seem  
     A barren waste, a gloomy void ;  
 Then, what a source of bliss supreme  
     Is found in talents well employ'd.

**Thine is that bliss ; then Oh ! what cause  
For heart-felt gratitude is thine ;  
In death's dread hour the heart's applause  
Can yield a pleasure half divine.  
If at that hour unclouded shine  
That path which all the just have trod,  
The soul with rapture shall resign  
Its hopes and fears, and fly to God.**

---



## SONNET.



SLANDER! thy name I will not woman call,  
For often, in the garb of either sex,  
I see thee play thy sorry pranks to vex  
Thy betters from the cottage to the hall.  
Whether with wining tongue, or crafty scrawl,  
Thou circulate thy blasphemies abroad,  
Truth holds a mirror to reflect thy fraud,  
And justice hath decreed thy speedy fall.  
Then shall the fiends that follow'd in thy train  
Be foremost to pursue thee with disdain,  
And only folly at thy fate repine :  
Malice shall charge thee with her foul misdeeds,  
And injur'd innocence, whose bosom bleeds,  
Shall hear with pity every plaint but thine.

---

## AN ELEGY.



'T WAS at the silent hour when Fancy dreams  
Of what delights, or what distracts the mind ;  
Promotes or disappoints the worldly schemes  
Of mortals to their heavenly interest blind ;

She bore me far, with instantaneous flight,  
Through torrid regions of the eastern sky ;  
Brought objects new before my wondering sight,  
And absent friends to my remembrance nigh.

Awhile forgetful of my native shore

I leap'd with joy on India's burning sand,  
As if of future happiness my store  
Lay ready there, and that were fairy land.

I heard the pestilential breezes sigh

Through spicy groves with blossoms ever gay,  
And every object that entic'd my eye  
Seem'd to betoken one eternal May.

But while I gaz'd, a melancholy band

With solemn step and slow approach'd the spot,  
Whose silence told me that the mighty hand  
Of Death had fix'd another victim's lot.

The sable vestments, and the friendly tear

That many a downcast eye in sorrow shed,  
Plainly bespoke the soul departed dear  
To those from whom it had so lately fled.

The crowd retir'd ; instinctively I sought  
 The place wherein the poor remains were laid ;  
 And contemplation to my memory brought  
 Those once belov'd who nature's debt had paid.



But, while I mourn'd, on my attentive ear  
 Faint accents fell, low murmuring from above,  
 Some guardian spirit's voice to calm my fear,  
 And soothe my sorrowing heart with strains of love.

Stranger ! forbear. Suppress the rising sigh,  
 Nor idly thus bewail the slumbering dead ;  
 Go number rather all the hours that fly  
 In quick succession o'er thy troubled head.

What though the youth who silent rests below,  
 Has prematurely met his earthly doom ;  
 What though his generous breast no more shall glow  
 With love, nor friendship call the wand'rer home :

Yet the same hour which summons from their graves  
His mould'ring kindred on Britannia's shore,  
And the same trump, resounding o'er the waves,  
Shall bid the Indian dead to sleep no more.

And say, when summon'd to the realms on high,  
If to the soul eternal bliss be given ;  
What boots it where we heave our parting sigh ?  
"Or whence the soul triumphant springs to heaven ?"

When Howard's spirit, from Tartarian plains,  
Wing'd its glad flight to virtue's blest abode,  
Seraphic harps awoke celestial strains,  
Attendant angels guided it to God.

Mourn not the virtuous dead ; the living claim  
Far more than they the pensive, friendly tear ;  
Be it o'er suffering innocence thy aim  
To shed the balm of sympathy sincere.

Go teach the maid, who mourns in silent grief  
Fraternal ties by death's stern mandate broke,  
To seek in resignation for relief,  
And bow submissive to the afflictive stroke.

Teach her to add to every winning grace,  
Which art and nature lavishly bestow ;  
That greatest charm, which time can ne'er efface,  
Humble devotion's animating glow.

Bid her by revelation's light explore  
Pleasures remote, and joys beyond the tomb.  
Then may exulting faith triumphant soar  
Where heavenly peace shall smile, and bliss im-  
mortal bloom.

---

TO

**WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.**

ON READING HIS

**Lady of the Lake.**



**M**INSTREL! why hangs on yonder elm unstrung  
That harp whose strains' to listening thousands dear,  
Could, when thy hand across its strings was flung,  
Both touch the heart, and captivate the ear?  
If valour's partial smile, or beauty's tear  
Repaid in earlier time its magic strain,  
Small cause hast thou, enchanting bard! to fear  
That thou the lay shalt ever tune in vain,  
Rejoice without applause, without redress complain.

'Tis thine with fairy pencil to pourtray  
 The striking beauties of the highland scene ;  
 The lonely glen, where scarce the solar ray  
 Can penetrate the spreading boughs between ;  
 The towering crags, bedeck'd with foliage green,  
 The lake which laves the foot of Benvenue,  
 Now dark with clouds, now bright with summer sheen ;  
 The landscape's varied charms delight the view,  
 Glittering in morning's beams, or evening's richer hue.

Whether thy song commemorate the Graeme,  
 Or prompt for Douglas the relenting sigh ;  
 Or royal James, disguis'd in humble name,  
 Or savage Roderick, Alpine's chief be nigh ;  
 Or whether pearly drop from Ellen's eye  
 Awake the gentler feelings of the heart ;  
 'Tis thine, bewitching bard ! each theme to try  
 Which joy, or grief, or wonder can impart ;  
 Can cause the breast to throb or pitying tear to start.



Oh ! strike once more the Caledonian Lyre,  
Which silent hangs on Fillan's wizard tree ;  
The flowing numbers fancy shall inspire,  
And breathe a Lay romantic, rich, and free.  
From barren Caithness to the southern sea,  
Shall every clan unite to spread thy fame ;  
Each scotish maid shall weave a wreath for thee,  
Each rocky cliff reverberate thy name,  
And every tongue combine thy glory to proclaim.

---

**VALEDICTORY STANZAS.**

**M**UST we then part, sweet maid, for aye?  
And wilt thou not, when far away,  
Remember him, who many a day  
Hath lov'd thee most sincerely?

Canst thou, enchanting girl! forget  
When absent that we once have met?  
Or must that star for ever set  
Which, rising, shone so brightly?

Oh! if it must, believe me, fair!  
 My warmest wishes thou shalt share;  
 And oft shall rise my fervent prayer  
 For one so good and lovely.

May guardian angels blessings shed,  
 Watch o'er the path thy feet may tread;  
 Bright visions hovering round thy bed,  
 Smile on thee late and early.

And, shouldst thou ever think on me,  
 Oh! be that thought but worthy thee!  
 'Tis all I ask: thy heart is free,  
 Though mine must suffer deeply.

Whate'er may be our future lot,  
 O dearest girl! forget me not:  
 This faithful heart, by thee forgot,  
 Would break with grief, or nearly.

But I would rather cease to live  
In thy remembrance, than perceive  
That any thought of me could give  
Thy heart a moment's agony.

Yet even then, the pensive sigh,  
The tender thought, the tearful eye,  
Pledges of happier hours gone by,  
Should prove how well I lov'd thee.



## VERSES

ON READING HAYLEY'S LIFE OF COWPER.



**T**HANKS, Hayley, for this portrait of the bard,  
 Whose sacred strain hath often charm'd mine ear  
**T**hou need'st not wish a more sublime reward,  
 Than thy own labours have secur'd thee here.  
**P**osterity shall gratefully revere  
 Thy efforts to increase the poet's fame ;  
**A**nd, while they shed for him the tender tear,  
 Shall yield thy services the meed they claim,  
**A**nd style thee Cowper's Friend, a proud and envied  
 name.

Cowper! in virtue's ever sacred cause,  
 Thy magic harp by power divine was strung,  
 To vindicate those just, those righteous laws  
 Once preach'd on earth by more than mortal tongue;  
 And as thy hand across its cords was flung,  
 As keen reproof or consolation flow'd,  
 Vice own'd thy powers, by deep conviction stung;  
 Reviving virtue lighter felt her load,  
 With energy divine the christian's bosom glow'd.

But 'tis not in the Bard alone we trace  
 That peerless merit which we all admire;  
 Though ruthless time itself can ne'er efface  
 The well earn'd triumphs of thy sacred lyre.  
 Those modest charms which timidly retire,  
 And shun the obtrusive glare of public day,  
 That winning gentleness which must inspire  
 With purest rapture friendship's hallow'd sway,  
 Shed o'er thy private life a mild and sober ray.

Ill-fated Minstrel! though the feverish dream  
 Of mental anarchy, with dreadful gloom,  
 Obscur'd the light of hope's celestial beam,  
 And scarcely left thee at the opening tomb.  
 Yet let not finite arrogance presume  
 To doubt the goodness of that gracious God,  
 Whose wise decree pronounc'd thy early doom,  
 And bade thee tread the melancholy road,  
 Which leads through conflict dire to virtue's calm abode

But while eternal *Truth's* resistless ray  
 Extends its pure invigorating light  
 So long as *Hope* with sweet, delusive sway,  
 Can cheer the soul with prospects gay and bright  
 While *Conversation's* social charms invite  
 To quit *Retirement*, and to join the throng,  
 So long shalt thou with undisputed right  
 Maintain those glorious honours which belong  
 To Christian Bards alone, and Virtue's awful song.

*Expostulation* may in vain be given,

*Error's* deceitful *Progress* clearly shown,

Presumptuous science strive to scale that heaven

Obtain'd by works of *Charity* alone ;

A parent's aching heart with anguish own

The truths thy *Tirocinium* may display,

Still shall the merits of thy verse be known,

Still shall thy *Task* a pure delight convey,

And Cowper's fame survive though ages pass away.

---



**CALEDONIE.**

**S**WEET are Italia's flowery plains,  
Where Mantuan shepherds pour'd their strains;  
But more enchanting beauty reigns  
In smiling Caledonie.

Though lovely Gallia's lily blows,  
And gaily blooms proud England's rose,  
Fearless and brave thy thistle grows,  
Stern, hardy Caledonie !

Though Tiber's banks proud Fame resound,  
 Though Seine and Avon be renown'd ;  
 As clear, as lovely streams are found  
     Gliding through Caledonie.

Who has not heard of Teviot's fame ?  
 Of Tweed's, of Ayr's, of Lugar's name ?  
 Long shall their braes exulting claim  
     The song of Caledonie.

Why talk of Andes' giant height,  
 Or fiery Etna's dazzling light,  
 When many a mountain greets the sight  
     In good old Caledonie ?

Ben Lomond, bursting on the sky,  
 Benledi's ridgy summit high,  
 And Benvenue attract the eye,  
     Towering in Caledonie !

E'en now within those mountains' bound  
Whose cliffs on haughty Edward frown'd,  
A brave and hardy race are found,  
The pride of Caledonie.

Men, in whose proud indignant ire  
Burns unsubdued that patriot fire,  
Which prompted Wallace to expire  
With joy for Caledonie.

Still pure, unsullied flows that blood  
Which dyed of yore in purple flood  
The field of Bannockburn, where stood  
A Bruce for Caledonie.

And still survive those softer charms,  
Which, when the warrior doff'd his arms,  
Amplly repaid for war's alarms  
The sons of Caledonie.

While Poesy, whose lore refin'd  
At once instructs and charms the mind,  
Indulgent marks with aspect kind  
Her favorite Caledonie ;

And though in every land she sways  
Her sceptre, and her power displays ;  
She pours her brightest, strongest blaze  
Of light on Caledonie.

There, soaring high above a crowd  
Of Poets with each grace endow'd  
Shines Burns, conspicuous, peerless, proud,  
The Bard of Caledonie !

Unrivall'd Poet ! o'er thy grave  
Shall bloom the wreath which Coila gave ;  
And mournful in the breeze shall wave  
Thy thistle, Caledonie.

Though bursting on the dazzl'd sight,  
 Thy genius, like some meteor bright  
 Effulgent blaz'd, then sunk in night ;

Yet still shall Caledonie

O'er all thy crimes and follies weep :  
 And mourn, in anguish proud and deep,  
 That, all unstrung, should idly sleep

The Lyre of Caledonie.

Short slumber ; for by fancy fir'd  
 By feats of Border chiefs inspir'd,  
 Scott now invokes, with zeal untir'd,

The muse of Caledonie.

Of peerless maids in beauty's prime,  
 Of knighthood's dauntless deeds sublime,  
 Of tales which charm'd in olden time

The ear of Caledonie

The minstrel sings : with fond delight,  
Enraptur'd fancy wings her flight  
To feudal days, ere Albion's might  
Had conquer'd Caledonie.

But dares my trembling hand to stray  
Those cords along, whence rose the Lay  
Of Chivalry's unclouded day,  
Sacred to Caledonie ?

Vain, vain the task ! like morning dew,  
As bright, as clear, as transient too,  
The vision fades—A long adieu  
To bonnie Caledonie.

---

**THE THISTLE,****ADDRESS'D TO THE AUTHOUR OF CALEDONIE,****By a Scotch Lady.**

**T**HE lily of France in your song is pourtray'd,  
Nor forgotten the sweet English rose ;  
Let the shamrock of Erin expand its green leaf,  
While the thistle undauntedly grows.

**T**he thistle of Scotland ! her boast and her pride,  
Who e'er tried to pluck it must know,  
Like her brave hardy sons it resists the fell gripe,  
And avenges itself on the foe.

Should the merciless spoiler accomplish his aim,  
 Full soon would his triumph be o'er;  
 For its seedlings in haughty defiance should rise,  
 And brave the attack as before.

Though beauty and sweetness distinguish the rose,  
 To the robber how easy a prey!  
 The ruthless invader derides all its thorns,  
 And bears its gay blossoms away.

While arm'd at all points with its prickles around,  
 The thistle asserts its proud reign;  
 It heeds not the soil, or the climate, but decks  
 The bleak mountain and fertiliz'd plain.

And why should it not? when by nature design'd  
 With the bright English rose to compare;  
 What it has not in beauty it makes up in strength;  
 May they mingle in love ever mair.





### ERRATA.

- Page 17, l. 11, *after hasten dele thou.*  
20 — 6, *after the dele the.*  
29 — 2, *for when'er read whene'er.*  
51 — 10, *for heigten'd read heighten'd.*  
53 — 9, *for beautious read beauteous.*  
53 — 14, *for incence read incense.*  
56 — 12, *for an read a.*  
70 — 15, *for hymencnal read hymeneal.*  
133 — 2, *for ever read every.*  
148 — 16, *for then read than.*  
200 — 5, *for wining read whining.*

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for transparency and accountability, particularly in the context of public administration and government operations. The text notes that such records are crucial for identifying trends, detecting anomalies, and ensuring that resources are used efficiently and effectively.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for standardized procedures to ensure consistency and reliability in the data collection process. The text also discusses the importance of data security and privacy, particularly when dealing with sensitive information. It notes that robust security measures are necessary to protect data from unauthorized access and to maintain the integrity of the information.

3. The third part of the document focuses on the analysis and interpretation of the collected data. It discusses the various statistical and analytical techniques used to extract meaningful insights from the data. The text emphasizes the importance of context in interpreting the results and the need for careful consideration of potential biases and limitations. It also notes that the analysis should be conducted in a transparent and objective manner, with clear documentation of the methods and assumptions used.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the application of the findings to policy-making and decision-making. It highlights the importance of using data-driven insights to inform decisions and to identify areas for improvement. The text notes that data should be used to support evidence-based decision-making and to ensure that policies are based on the most current and accurate information available. It also discusses the need for ongoing monitoring and evaluation to assess the impact of policies and to make adjustments as needed.

5. The fifth part of the document concludes by summarizing the key points and emphasizing the overall importance of data-driven decision-making. It notes that the effective use of data is essential for achieving the goals and objectives of any organization or government. The text also encourages the continued development and refinement of data collection and analysis methods to ensure that the most up-to-date and accurate information is used to inform decisions.









