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THE SPANIARD;

AND

SIORLAMH,

A TRADITIONAL TALE OF IRELAND,

IN THE

FIFTEENTH CENTURY;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.



BY

PRESTON FITZGERALD, ESQ.



Tenui meditabor arundine Musam;

Nec injussa cano.

Virg.



LONDON:

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1810.

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THE DEDICATION.

TO

WILLIAM THOMAS FITZGERALD, ESQ.



MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT too often appears the preposterous fate of friendship to be taxed by the good intentions that support it; and, when we wish to evince our affection by some decided proof, it may frequently be said we only *inflict* a kindness. Of this nature, perhaps, my dedication to you of the following trifles may be considered an awkward instance. Yet you will pardon it, I trust, when you reflect that it is

the only testimony in my power to offer of the respect I feel for your talents, and the esteem I cherish for your virtues. The earliest associations are, I believe, loved the latest; and the chance of birth, which first introduced to you my youth, is now fondly remembered in manhood among the happiest circumstances of my being. In you I found perhaps the rarest of human gifts, disinterested friendship,—which in one country supplied the care and kindness of a dear and respected father in another, and proved the inspirer of my sentiments and guide of my purer tastes. Yourself a poet, the generous independence of a freeman, chastened by the loyal deference of a subject; a genuine love of country, which shared all her triumphs and all her sorrows with unaffected joy and grief; the seclusion of the scholar relieved and enlivened by the manners of the gentleman; the tasteful treasures of the Muses expended to supply the funds of Charity, and, with a just appropriation, to feed the wants of neglected

genius and unlamented learning—form the features of your literary labors, and fixed my early vote of admiration and esteem. How then can I deny myself the gratification of expressing it now? This done, my expectations are bounded, and my prospects closed. I look not to the glowing regions of Fame, satisfied if the few pieces, which bear my name but to connect it with your's, can prove that, amid the gaieties and follies of youth, your lessons and example were not entirely forgotten.

I remain,

Your affectionate relation,

And attached friend,

PRESTON FITZGERALD.

*Upper Berkeley Street,
Portman Square,
Feb. 1810.*

PREFACE.

OF compositions like those that form the following collection little is necessary to be said; but should curiosity enquire into their origin it will be found in the feelings of one who wished to approach the Muses even in his pleasures. Prompted by no pursuit, and urged by no necessity, the author has sometimes indulged his taste in stealing from the turbulent delights of youth, or the noisy business of men, into the silent and unfrequented paths of Poetry. A few of the unvalued thoughts he collected there were dear to friendship, and, cherished and preserved by it, are scattered over the ensuing pages. This forms the history, though by no means the apology, of the present work.

The Spaniard, the first piece which appears in the collection, was written with the sympathy common to every feeling bosom in his melancholy fate. For who can listen without indignation or disgust to the cold and fallacious reasoning which would separate his cause from that of freedom and humanity? If his character be sometimes stained with indolence or bigotry, and his form of government be defective, does that entitle another state to force amendment on him, and obtrude a new polity at the point of the bayonet? Supposing the very worst, and most detested government on earth, as the existing power of France, were the best and most admired, like that of England, yet its plea would be unjust, and its attempt flagitious, to compel improvement in, much less usurpation upon, Spain. Freedom is a sacred right investing a nation among nations, as an individual among the many; and to interfere in its domestic policy, to rob it of its choice, or force it from its habits, however erroneous, is an audacious violation of the unalienable liberties of mankind; which

should awaken the sympathy and rouse the indignation of every thinking and manly mind. Granting the Spaniard to be what his enemies represent him, a bigot and a slave, and which his spirit and generosity have often contradicted, still he prefers that situation to becoming the victim of an unprincipled and sanguinary foreign tyrant, and acting so is entitled to the applause and support of every friend to the interests of his country and mankind. The advocates of an opposite sentiment are not perhaps aware that they justly contended against such a principle in the case of modern France, when they exclaimed "base and bad as she is leave her to herself; you have no right to interfere in her domestic polity." And surely they are not less the enemies of the liberty than of the happiness of mankind who would place the sorrows of the Spaniard out of the pale of Pity! For, waving the considerations of right, what violent revolution, effected by blood and force, has ever proved faithful to its principle or permanent in its promised effects? Rapine, slaughter, self-interest, and

THE SPANIARD.



OFFSPRING of glory, sheath'd in patriot mail,
Child of just warfare, gen'rous Spaniard, hail!
Firm on Gerona's wall the hero stands,
Defence and vengeance blazing from his hands,
Darts on each impious head resistless fire,
And sees the tyrant's withering pow'rs expire;
The storm of giant siege repels from high,
And, godlike, guards his heav'n of liberty!
Then, in some pause the ebb of battle leaves,
Thus with deep thought his anxious bosom heaves:
Oh! that the few who fill this faithful tow'r
With victory thus could crown each future hour;

In strength, as soul, superior to their fate,
With prostrate foes thus pile their loyal gate;
And France, for ever, from th' indignant brave
Thus find a timeless and unpitied grave!
But crowding hosts of treach'rous slaves refuse
To happier hope her bright and sanguine hues,
Oh, abject state! oh, nation lost to fame!
Dead to the ardor of the patriot flame,
Why see your gallant sons who dare the fight,
Convinc'd of glory and assur'd of right,
Thus fall unaided in their sacred cause,
Which e'en from strangers generous succour draws?
When Treason first, with foreign arms combin'd,
Broke the best powers of the lofty mind,
Our prince compell'd his people to disown,
And find a prison for his native throne;
Where was the spark that wak'd the flame of old,
And kindled in the bosoms of the bold?

Where the proud bands on Pampeluna's plain *,
Fir'd with a generous rage, a high disdain,
Who stood their country's bulwark 'gainst the foe,
And laid the banner of th' invader low?
Th' unconquer'd Charlemagne's high boast beat down,
Bruis'd on his haughty front the iron crown,
And o'er the field his slaughter'd nobles strew'd,
Deep with ambition's bloody stains imbu'd?
Has fame, has glory, with our fathers fled,
And serve their rays but to illumine the dead?
Immortal spirits of the just and brave,
Born to protect the weak, and form'd to save!
Who dar'd for freedom to contend once more,
And gave to Spain the deathless days of yore,

* This alludes to the celebrated battle in which Charlemagne, the great prototype of Buonaparté, lost his army and his honor, in an attempt on Spain. Scarce one of his nobles survived to accompany his retreat into France.

Bade awful Marathon expand anew
In all the vengeance to a tyrant due;
And dread Thermopylæ's compacted fight
Blaze from Navarre upon the ravish'd sight:
Oh! send some portion of your sacred fire
This tame, subdu'd, degenerate race t' inspire:
Give them, with Palafox, that glow divine
Which gilds defeat, and makes e'en ruin shine;
Bid every town uprear th' immortal wall;
All glorious triumph, or all glorious fall!
From Saragossa's ashes to the skies
Grateful let freedom's generous flame arise;
Spread wide the work of universal war;
With floods of fire the tyrant's progress bar;
Consume the soil before his hateful sway,
And with destruction's torches strew his way!
So should he wrest at length our vanquish'd land,
And fate condemn her to his dire command,

A desart wild, an hideous waste alone
Silent shall view his solitary throne ;
No fruits to deck his tributary plain,
Nor life t' illumine the shadows of his reign !
There plac'd, like death, amid eternal shade,
To rule, accurs'd, the ravage he hath made,
A cheerless conquest, and a drear controul,
With gloomy triumph, shall appal his soul ;
And write this lesson in the blood that stains
The fading flowers of unoffending plains,
That wild Ambition, though, with whelming tide
It burst the barriers that oppose its pride,
Unpitying sweep the swelling year's increase,
The hope of industry and smile of peace,
The happy home where meek affections dwell,
And e'en the tombs that those affections tell ;
Bid ruin'd art, and mourning nature yield
The prostrate column and the wasted field ;

Dissolving matter into atoms fall,
And elder night and chaos swallow all ;—
It ne'er can tame with terror's forceful dart,
Nor basely bow the elevated heart !
Man still is free, unconquer'd, unconfin'd,
In the large privilege of boundless mind ;
Which bears him 'bove the ills that time deform,
And wings his eagle spirit o'er the storm.
No sluggish bond, no earthly clog restrains,
He springs triumphant from th' oppressor's chains ;
Greatly resolv'd can other regions try,
And mock the baffled tyrant from the sky !
Thus, fall'n Spaniard ! thus but dare the deed,
Aspire to freedom, nor refuse to bleed ;
Though victory yet her laurel should withhold,
And force, or stronger treason, bend the bold ;
Though the last wreck of country strew thy shore,
And give to ruthless pow'r one trophy more,

That saving valor, still, thy form and fame
Shall snatch from slav'ry and the brand of shame;
Enshrine thy memory in Iberia's breast,
Embalm'd by virtue and by pity blest;
While Honor, crested with ethereal plume,
Shall wave his seraph wings and watch thy tomb;
Enroll thy name among th' immortal few,
Who liv'd for glory, and who died like you;
Then bear the flaming scroll to burn on high
The eternal guard and light of liberty!
These, these, at least, beyond Napoleon's pow'r,
Shall long out-live his transitory hour;
Live, when the fury of his genius gone,
The world shall hush its agonizing groan;
And the stain'd urn of once confineless crime,
Ensanguin'd monument to future time,
Holds but his wasting wreck and impious name
To waken horror or enkindle shame!

Perfidious man! insatiate and accurst,
Why bid the tempest fall, the thunder burst
On guiltless heads, and faithful to thy land,
Allied in peace and leagu'd in friendship's band?
Unarm'd we lay, confiding in thy word,
Then felt, surpris'd, thy desolating sword;
Ignobly captive saw our monarch led,
Betray'd to bow his high anointed head
To foreign infamy, and novel rule,
Ambition's servile sport and trampled tool!
Our sovereign house by treas'nous Godoy sold,
Disloyal slave of base intrigue and gold!
Son against father set, in monstrous strife,
To raise an umpire of their crown and life;
And snatch the sceptre from contending hands,
Enfebl'd and ensnar'd in hostile lands.
See hapless Charles, undeceiv'd too late,
An exil'd wand'rer, weep his forfeit state,

And, backward bending his estrang'd desire,
Seek in his native realms at last t'expire!
In vain, alas! those aged tears must flow,
And pour, unpitied, their neglected woe!
But, royal Ferdinand! thine ardent youth,
Thy lofty spirit, and unconquer'd truth,
(No feeble light of delegated day,)
Shall yet redeem thine alienated sway,
Rise and resume the faint deputed pow'r
That in thine absence rules the darken'd hour,
And quench its dubious and uncertain rays
In patriot majesty's celestial blaze!
Yet, yet, my fears this fonder dream disown,
Benignant lustre of a lawful throne!
Dark clouds impede, and dim the glowing view
That looks to happiness, renown, and you!
In vain we try the tangled labyrinth's maze,
A sullen mystery mocks our fruitless gaze!

In vain explore the secret work of hate,
Wrap'd in th' impervious cloak of silent fate!
No ear can catch the friendless captive's groan,
His prison viewless, and his place unknown,
No sound ensues; and e'en the voice of fame
Fears but to breathe his interdicted name!
Thus, lost and buried in a living tomb,
What hope can break the darkness of his doom?
Thus wrong'd, and rob'd, insulted, and betray'd,
Can pow'r e'er pardon the sad wretch it made?
No; fated tyranny can never dare
The glorious deed to pity and to spare;
On force alone its fell dominion rests,
And dreads the weakness of relenting breasts;
In mercy still suspects some latent foe,
And fears that virtue it can never know.
Oh! pain to think! and must each loyal pray'r
Then lose its generous fervor in despair?

Must the full tide of fruitless valor flow
A waste of worth in unavailing woe?
And these proud splendors of a patriot fire
But light our murder'd monarch's funeral pyre?
Perhaps e'en now some dungeon's depth contains
The mangled horrors of his sad remains,
Where fate another Bourbon doom'd to feel
The ruthless slaughter of usurping steel,
And strew'd with Ferdinand in D'Enghein's grave,
The young, the great, the wretched, and the brave!
Yet, though forbid to break thy galling chain,
Avert thy sorrows, and restore thy reign;
Though the loud thunders of these ramparts peal
The knell of freedom, and Iberia's weal;
Yet, while one tow'r shall stand to bear on high
Thy standard, waving to the pitying sky,
One town unsack'd, one trench unstorm'd,
One sacred refuge for the vow we form'd;

Still Spain shall see th' unshrinking warrior rise,
Who fearless consecrates her cause, and dies;
Or, spar'd that fate he envies in the dead,
Who calmly sleep in honor's hallow'd bed,
Leads the last few he yet aspires to save
To find repose beyond the western wave,
And, like the Trojan, long with cares opprest,
Conveys his country's ashes in his breast!
To wake once more beneath the smiles of time
The seeds of empire in some happier clime,
And bid new realms, still ripening into pow'r,
With spring revive Hispania's faded hour.
Thus 'scap'd, oh! proud, yet melancholy doom!
From slavery's scourge by exile or the tomb,
The tyrant's empty grasp shall ne'er controul
Th' immortal spirit of the free-born soul!
But England! proud associate of the thought!
Dear to each sacred right, with glory bought!

Lo, England! gen'rous ally of distress,
Who loves the wretched and delights to bless!
I hear her thunders, view her martial fire;
They come, they kindle ev'ry great desire:
Her valiant sons, now marshal'd on our plains,
For us exhaust the treasure of their veins;
No more confin'd to sweep the subject sea,
They land, they lead th' example to be free.
Oh! say, shall strangers dare a foreign fight
To shield another's liberty and right:
Corunna see beneath her feeble wall
Th' exhausted hero of her battles fall;
Moore, unreliev'd, for us receive his doom,
His course of triumph shrunk within the tomb?
Shall Talavera's field ensanguin'd shew
The scatter'd trophies of the prostrate foe,
And Wellesley's laurels thicken o'er his brow,
While Spain beholds her fading glories bow?

Say, shall his valor meet, his arms sustain
The shock of danger on the fierce-fought plain,
Alone, unhelp'd by her he came to save,
Far from the circle of his native wave?
With conquest flush'd, he leads his gallant band
Elate from Lusitania's rescu'd land.
Vimeria's honors blushing on his crest,
While Lisbon's gratitude inflames his breast,
He comes, the champion of a people's cause,
Of suffering man, of outrag'd nature's laws,
He comes, and lo! new realms rejoicing see
The Gaul again before the Briton flee.
Yet Spain withdraws her palsied hand afar,
Nor grasps the spear, nor hurls the bolt of war;
Unsham'd she stands, and unrepenting views
The friendly blood that all her soil imbues;
Unaiding sees the trophied standards fall
Which Wellesley wav'd on Talavera's wall;

And left to her, when urg'd by glorious toil,
New wants impell'd him from th' intrusted spoil.
Few are the gifts of fortune's fleeting hours,
And rare on virtue's path her scanty flow'rs;
Yet when they rose, and bright'ning on our way,
Caught the full radiance of triumphant day,
O'erwhelming terror bruis'd each glowing gem,
And crush'd the hope that hung on ev'ry stem.
Degrading ills! these, baleful luxury, these
The woes and weakness of thy deep disease!
Why ask the heart to swell, the pulse to beat,
With nobler energy and gen'rous heat,
When from each vein the tide of life retires,
And chill contagion numbs its ardent fires?
The creeping lethargy of wealth invades,
And wraps the slumb'ring soul in deadly shades;
Each nerve unstrung, each failing mind unbrac'd,
Shews but the feeble form of time disgrac'd;

One stagnant mass of long corrupted pow'r,
Dull and unconscious of the genial hour
That comes to gladden with reviving rays,
And wake the being of forgotten days.
Oh, retribution! dread, yet just to feel,
Which gave Potosi's gold for Spanish steel,
Spread round that ruin, from the gifts we gain'd,
Which once we pour'd, with ev'ry crime distain'd,
On helpless heads, and sent the plunder'd ore
To waft attendant curses to our shore,
Still tempt the spoiler where the treasure lies,
Yet sap the spirit that should guard the prize.
Ye hapless victims! shades of slaughter'd hosts,
Who pensive wander o'er your native coasts!
Ye murder'd Incas! now behold, though late,
The justice render'd to your ravag'd state;
See your oppressor's sons, now sad, atone
The causeless cruelty that rent your throne;

Those gaudy rays that won th' invader's eyes
Now dart in livid lightnings through the skies ;
The wealth that wak'd, the gems that rous'd their hate,
Now teem with vengeance, and explode in fate !
Yet hear, oh, God ! and though this scourge be due,
Inflict it not with hands to thee untrue ;
If Spain must fall, and, blazing to the skies,
Th' accepted incense from her ashes rise,
If her proud boast of once refulgent days
Must fade for ever from the sphere of praise,
Her latest splendor leave the longing eye,
Her strength, renown, and lustre sink from high,
Oblivion's darken'd curtain drop between,
And night and sorrow wrap her closing scene,
Yet, yet, reserve it for some purer hour,
Some gen'rous conqueror, some glorious pow'r.
Let not low guilt here play his farce of fame,
And while he drinks our blood, imprint our shame.

No great, though wrong, desire impels his course,
Revenge and rapine only lure his force ;
No ancient vices sink beneath his sword,
But new arise, and hail their lawless lord ;
Pale, meagre, want pursues his wasteful way,
And spectres crowd his desolated sway !
Avert it heaven ! or, oh ! if fix'd to see
The sad fulfilment of thy dread decree !
Yet, yet, accept one melancholy pray'r,
The parting hope that prompts a patriot's care,—
Let not these eyes behold my country's woe,
But, spar'd that pang, lie seal'd in peace below ;
Unconscious, view not in the friendly grave
The tortur'd parent 'twas forbid to save ;
Nor see the tyrant, red with kindred gore,
O'er her pale corse disport or triumph more !
Oh ! grant me this, for this can yet be mine,
Thine, ardent Blake ! and tried Romana ! thine :

Yes, gallant spirits! though the storm devour,
Unbought by gold, unbroken still by pow'r,
At least we'll rescue from the with'ring flame
The generous glories of untainted fame;
All-daring stand, amid the bolts of fate,
Serene, unshaken, clasp the sinking state;
Firm in the field, and faithful on the wall,
With freedom flourish, or with freedom fall!

It is unnecessary to add that Gerona has fallen, and the Spaniard
is perhaps no more.

SIORLAMH AND CELIDA:

A TRADITIONAL TALE, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FROM periods remote, and nearly lost in the obscurity of distance, down to the close of the fifteenth century, when M'Donald, from Scotland, and Chichester, from England, ancestors of the present noble houses of Donegal and Antrim, possessed themselves of those tracts, the north-eastern and north-western parts of Ireland were governed by their native monarchs. Of these the M'Quillans ruled over Antrim; and coeval with them the O'Nials, or O'Neals, held sovereign sway in Londonderry and Tyrone; while Donegal, anciently called Tyrconnell, had too its independent princes. These countries are contiguous, and, in consequence, were often the theatres of the ambition, rapine, and revenge of their barbarous chieftains. One of those tragic scenes, principally furnished by tradition, forms the subject of *Siorlamh and Celida*. The castles described in this poem have been seen by the author in all the gloomy grandeur of decay, and must have once possessed considerable importance. The remains of the residence of O'Nial, the eldest of three brothers, who forms a principal figure in this piece, and whose memory is still preserved by the Irish, in a phrase signifying *Harry the Bad*, are seated on a bold hill above *Newton Stewart*, in

ADVERTISEMENT.

the county of Tyrone. He was a monster of perfidy and cruelty; and the histories of the country describe his daughter as disgusting in her person, hideous, misshapen, and having the head of a swine. Her deformity proving a bar to his ambition, in the alliances he wished to form, provoked him, it is said, to hang every chieftain, once in his power, who, having seen, refused to marry her. The fate of one young prince, among the many victims of the tyrant, is still lamented in tradition, and induced the author, during an occasional residence near the scene of his suffering, to introduce him as the hero of a poetical tale.

The ruins of Dunluce, the sovereign seat of M'Quillan, father of Celida, appear on an insulated rock that towers perpendicularly above the sea, near the Giant's causeway, and have always proved an object of interest to the traveller who visits that prodigy of nature. Its lords are represented as possessed of all the qualifications that constitute the virtues of barbarism;—generosity, courage, and hospitality; and are still regretted as innocent sacrifices to the ungenerous policy of British counsels, guided by the cold and cunning James.

On the whole, however, this simple production pretends more to a general delineation of manners than an historical representation of facts in those uncultivated times, and is the work of one accustomed to dwell with interest on the remains of national antiquity, and indulge, perhaps, an useless and melancholy, but unoffending, taste in flinging the beams of fancy over the ruins of time.

SIORLAMH AND CELIDA :

A TRADITIONAL TALE, &c.



REMOTE, unknown, where sits Ierne's isle,
And her lone fields, amid the waters, smile,
The wond'rous Causeway spreads his giant boast,
'Neath the tall cliffs that crown the sculptur'd coast;
The pillar'd masses all the tempest brave,
And round their feet whole oceans pow'rless rave;
While o'er their vasty heads, from ages hoar,
The North's red meteors glare, and thunders roar.
There bold Dunluce's sea-girt rock defies,
Capt with dark tow'rs that frown amid the skies,
And strong in ruin, awful in decay,
Speak the past glories of another day,

When Quillan's sceptre Antrim's race controul'd,
And shed the lustre it possess'd of old:
Here, in the circle of her father's reign,
The first and fairest of the virgin train!
The lovely Celida each bosom fir'd
To prove the passion that her charms inspir'd.
Amid the youth, the brightest and the best!
Stood Siorlamh, in princely pride confest.
He, of the neighbouring chiefs most try'd in war,
Had spread the splendor of his fame afar;
And, still in bloom of early years, arose
His friends firm hope, and terror of his foes.
The tender thought through each fine feature broke,
While his nerv'd frame his faithful courage spoke.
So form'd, and fond, he could not breathe in vain
The fervent sighs that told his an'rous pain.
As the mild breezes of the west repose
On the warm bosom of the yielding rose,

And win their wishes, dear and undelay'd,
His vows possess'd the fair consenting maid ;
Her prince she own'd, disdain'g coy controul,
Lord of her fate, and sov'reign of her soul ;
While her glad sire approv'd the smiling pair,
And saw in Siorlamh a regal heir :
For nature to his pray'rs deny'd a son
To rule the turbid realm his valor won.
Thus happy, and elate in hope, they prove
The pride of policy, and bliss of love !
Calm peace expands her rich unruffled wing
To waft the odours of returning spring ;
Each sense and season have combin'd their pow'rs
T' exalt the pleasure of the nuptial hours.
Now when the wearied orb had sunk to rest,
And left his latest splendor in the west,
The lovers steal from all the noise of state
To seek the calm congenial to their fate ;

And, in the silence to affection dear,
Taste their mute wishes through th' impassion'd tear.
A secret bow'r, that, 'mid th' incircling grove,
Had witness'd oft the transports of their love,
Receiv'd them blest, when lo! a sudden sound
Of rushing spearmen shakes the trembling ground.
Swift from its scabbard flies Siorlamh's blade,
And shines terrific through the dusky shade;
But shines in vain! though four confess his rage;
Smote by the prowess of his tender age,
The gallant prince, oppress'd by hosts, they bind,
And soon their vessel skims before the wind;
Their treach'rous vessel! glad to bear afar
The royal victim of ungen'rous war!
But first their dead companions they convey'd,
Down the steep cliff, to hide the debt they paid,
Lest arms or men, remaining, might disclose
Their country to the prompt pursuit of foes.

Meanwhile what griefs fair Celida assail?
Her tears refuse to flow, her pulses fail;
On the cold earth her lovely limbs are strewn,
And her white breast is froze to senseless stone!
So the sweet blossom on some favor'd hill
That felt no rougher gale, no ruder chill,
From the gay height that won the warmer ray,
And gave its beauty brighter to the day,
Expos'd the more to meet the ruthless storm,
Shrinks in the blast, and bows its lifeless form!
Alarm'd, by long delay, the father, wild,
Seeks in her custom'd haunts his darling child.
Oh, God! what horror struck his aged sight
When on his daughter glar'd the torch's light!
Alone, bereft of lover, reft of all,
Low in the dust, and senseless to his call!
Soon dark suspicions o'er his bosom roll,
And rage, with pity, shares his trembling soul.

Could he, could Siorlamh have thus betray'd,
And, basely, fled the fair confiding maid?
Fled when her heart, her happiness repos'd
On the pure truth his spotless life disclos'd?
Yet had she with the youth, alone, retir'd,
No foe was near with deadly hate inspir'd!
Distracted, thus, the wretched monarch sighs,
And lifts to heav'n his sad imploring eyes!
The royal suff'rer his sad pages bear,
And to her virgin train consign their care;
Then, slowly moving tow'ards the palace gate,
Mingle their tears, and mourn the good and great:
Now rumour's myriad tongues aloud proclaim
The father's anguish, and the daughter's shame:
Swiftly the tale is borne to Conloch's ear,
Conloch to Siorlamh the friend most dear;
Soon as he hears the foul and sland'rous taint
That touch'd his prince, he spurns at all restraint,

Repels his master's wrong, asserts his fame,
Defies his foes, and braves their threat'ning flame.
Bold in a gen'rous cause, he reach'd the court,
Found the fair subject of the sad report,
And in the monarch's presence, where she lay,
His haughty prologue would have forc'd its way;
But Celida revives with slow return,
And life's renewing lamp begins to burn;
To sense recall'd, she heaves a heart-drawn sigh,
Then, in estrangement lost, with wand'ring eye,
Exclaims, " Fly, Siorlamh, those fatal men,
Oh, fly!" then sinks in seeming death again.
Soon as the wretched Celida had spoke
A dread conviction on their bosoms broke.
More quick or sure the light'ning's sudden rays
Ne'er on the traveller flash'd their frightful blaze.
Then Conloch thus: " Oh King! my speech is vain,
" And useless now the vindicating strain;

“ The honor of my prince I sought to shield,
“ Which ne'er to art or arms was known to yield;
“ Unaw'd by thousands, and before thy throne,
“ T' uphold his fame and so maintain my own;
“ But from suspicion's pestilential stain
“ We find acquittal in the princess' pain.
“ Her words, tho' wilder'd, speak the mournful cause,
“ A base infringement of all human laws;
“ Too well I know the sanguinary king
“ From whose fell bosom all these horrors spring;
“ Remorseless man! revengeful and accurst!
“ Or to name all in one, and name the worst,
“ O'Nial! yes, 'twas he, that fiend! I feel
“ Who thro' the bower dispos'd the treach'rous steel,
“ And tore from thence the terror of his age,
“ The hapless captive of his wily rage.
“ Scarce has the sun revolv'd his annual course
“ Since the rude chief has sought, by fraud or force,

“ To gain the person of the gallant youth ;
“ For, with inferior pow’r and manly truth,
“ Siorlamh stood the fury of his frown,
“ And the fierce terrors that invest his crown,
“ Exerted to subdue a gen’rous heart,
“ And bend it to that foul and faithless part,—
“ To join his fate to her each sense abhorr’d,
“ And for the husband prove th’ oppressive lord!
“ The tyrant scoff’d at scruples light as these
“ To mar the hopes Ambition stoop’d to seize,
“ Resolv’d the prince his monstrous child should wed,
“ Though doom’d to see him loath her hated bed!
“ The wretched subject of this shameless strife
“ Fate ne’er design’d to prove the happy wife ;
“ For step-dame nature had but just supply’d
“ The sex’s difference, and its grace deny’d
“ To formless Mora : She a curse was given,
“ Blighted in body, by avenging Heav’n

- “ To wound O’Nial’s peace, and plague his pride,
“ And fix the gnawing serpent in his side.
“ But why the monarch, or the monster name?
“ All words are feeble, and all colours tame!
“ Hell and its fires the fathers’s mind betray,
“ And hags of night the daughter’s form pourtray!
“ Fame, too, these horrors has proclaim’d to you,
“ Tho’ kindly spar’d their knowledge and their view.
“ But me my sov’reign had decreed to bear
“ His firm rejection of the tyrant’s pray’r,
“ When both beholding, in their native light,
“ They glar’d to oppress my heart, and blast my sight!
“ Now see the purport of my speech unfold;
“ Be prompt in action, and in friendship bold.
“ The subtle savage has disguis’d his course,
“ Yet, well I know the object of his force,—
“ To drive my royal master to th’ extreme
“ ‘Of death or marriage unless we redeem;

“ Stung by revenge, and wounded pride to rage
“ Since now thy daughter’s charms my prince engage.
“ The policy that long seduc’d his heart,
“ And not the fondness of a parent’s part,
“ To make the realms of Siorlamh his own,
“ And, strengthen’d thus, o’erturn each feebler throne,
“ Has kindled in his soul this vengeful ire,
“ Which soon shall wrap him in recoiling fire;
“ Add to my sov’reign’s force, oh, monarch! thine;
“ Let Antrim with Tyrconnell’s host combine;
“ Soon in his palace shall the tyrant feel
“ The arm of justice, and the searching steel;
“ Soon, by the torch of vengeance, shall behold
“ The false and failing pow’r of guilt and gold:
“ And, from his prostrate throne in ruin hurl’d,
“ Restore thy son and free th’ applauding world.”
Soon as the venerable Quillan hear’d
His heart adopted what his mind rever’d.

And, "Go" he cry'd, "oh! faithful Conloch, go,
" With conquering arm confound the trait'rous foe;
" Wrench from his grasp the sceptre and the spoil,
" So my late years shall bless thy glorious toil;
" That bids my lovely child, yon faded flow'r!
" Revive to bloom beneath a happier hour;
" Commands the terrors of the storm to cease,
" And o'er my winter'd day diffuses peace,
" Whose gentle splendors, free from sorrow's stain,
" Shall cheer the eve of my retiring reign!
" Once in the martial helm I lov'd to shine,
" Nor would depute the task I now resign;
" For arms were, then, my object and delight;
" My fame, my fortune, in the dazzling fight;
" Hope, plum'd with conquest, crown'd my youthful day
" And Victory blaz'd her glories on my way!
" Led by the sacred light I reach'd the prize,
" And spread my empire to the favoring skies!

“ But these are past, and time can only give

“ Those fainter joys that in remembrance live!

“ The nerve, and beamy forehead of the field,

“ The foaming war-horse, and the clanging shield,

“ Now from my fond, but feeble, grasp retire,

“ And to my frozen age refuse their fire!

“ Yet in my breast, though weak and waste my frame,

“ Still glows immortal an unconquer'd flame,

“ T' emblaze my sceptre and my counsels guide;

“ And gild my banners wav'd on virtue's side!

“ Then though Tyrone her hardy hosts display,

“ And all O'Nial's pow'r oppose my way,

“ My troops shall strive for Justice and her laws,

“ My kingdom perish or avenge her cause!”

Grateful, and glad, obedient Conloch flies,

And in his task each quick expedient plies.

Swift as his word a martial band appears,

Gay in their gallant hearts, and glitt'ring spears!

Ardent their gen'rous valor to evince
For widow'd beauty and a captive prince!
Scarce has the Morn resum'd his robe of rose
When through the gate the warlike phalanx flows;
For secrecy and bold surprize array'd,
No martial pomp their dread intent betray'd.
Compact and firm they take their silent way,
Nor e'er their march remit 'till closing day
Draws on the mantle of concealing night
To clothe the stratagem of subtle fight!
Now, dim in view, the tyrants tow'rs arise,
And mix his massive palace with the skies.
Far on a rugged hill's extended height
The gloomy fortress fills the straining sight;
There long the savage monarch sat secure,
Trampled the great nor spar'd the prostrate poor!
So on the rocky cliff, that climbs the storm,
The bird of ravage rests his fiery form;

Darts down his glance of lightning to convey
The fateful mandate that foredooms his prey,
When in the thunder of his talons die
The trembling victims of the earth and sky!
Now in a thicket's friendly covert plac'd,
Conloch, with prudence as with valour grac'd,
Disposes round his little band, and sees
Each soldier tented 'neath the spreading trees ;
Sees through each rank the due refreshment giv'n,
Then parts and breathes a silent pray'r to heav'n ;
For some sad presage o'er his heart had hung
Portentous clouds, and forms that fancy flung !
But not for Conloch, not for Antrim rose
The secret sigh he gave to dearer woes ;
For Siorlamh in bonds or death he fear'd,
The friend he lov'd, the monarch he rever'd !
And " Vain," he cried, " will prove this gallant band
" To trace the deep or check the murderer's hand,

“ Yon walls uptorn shall crush the tyrant’s head,

“ But cannot give to light the senseless dead !”

So, lost in melancholy thought, he bent . . .

His anxious steps where watch’d, with deep intent,

The wakeful spies his caution had retain’d

To bear the tidings their deception gain’d.

With dread impatience they expect his voice,

And in the welcome signal soon rejoice ;

He comes, he hears--and rage and horror roll

Their fiery floods o’er his distracted soul !

Hears that within the circle of that hour

The fierce O’Nial would display his pow’r,

And, in the presence of a pitying host,

Compel the man he fear’d, and honor’d, most

To wed his daughter, and the dowry’d state,

Or meet an instant, and a cruel fate !

While, negligent of guard, the tyrant’s train

Attend th’ event, nor heed the hostile plain.

“ And must my prince with life and glory part,
“ Or plight, and prostrate, his aspiring heart?
“ Forbid it heav’n!” the gallant Conloch cried,
“ First shall this sword in many a death be dyed,
“ And yonder pile, enwrap in vengeful fire,
“ Prove my murder’d monarch’s funeral pyre!”
Then forward flew his valiant force to find,
And with his words impart his burning mind.
The troops, with joy, he sees obedient wait
Their leader’s presence as th’ approach of fate;
Sees all inspir’d confess his gen’rous flame,
Friendship’s pure ardor, and the soldier’s fame;
Shake from their glitt’ring arms a martial light,
Assert their stations, and demand the fight;
Then on the hostile tow’rs destructive pour
The torch’s ruin, and the battle’s roar!
So, from a spark, that on its arid breast
A bright, but momentary, ray imprest,

The blazing forest to the wond'ring eye
Spreads its red foliage 'neath the torrid sky;
The branching flames the leafy mass devour,
And waste the verdant honors of the hour;
While wide and wild the flaky billows roll,
And torrent fires involve the kindling pole!
Now rush the furious band with instant fate
And rend in thunder the resisting gate;
The yielding centinels before them fly,
And guide their vengeance with retreating cry.
Sudden the clash of hurrying arms is heard,
As guilt had started from the crime it fear'd;
And hasty ranks arise to bar their way;
An easy conquest and immediate prey!
The fortress gain'd the gallant Conloch bent
His ardent mind to crown the grand event.
The tyrant through the bleeding ranks he sought,
O'Nial's name still echoed as he fought.

At length the desperate chief, enrag'd, he found
Dealing the dreadful forms of death around!

“ Abandon'd prince! thou hopeless wretch!” he cry'd,

“ Now pay the forfeit of unpitying pride!

“ Fall in the fullness of thy guilty prime

“ A dread atonement of detested crime!”

As in the hunter's toil the tiger turns,

All the sharp weapons' terror braves, and burns,

Gashes, with horrid tusk, the searching point,

And mad with anguish writhes each tortur'd joint:

So the fierce chief, by Conloch's falchion prest,

Feels the deep steel within his frantic breast.

Prone in the dust his massive arms resound,

And their rude clangor shakes the trembling ground!

Yet, yet, untam'd he pours his parting breath

In curses, rushing with the tide of death,

And “ see,” he cries, “ though low, and scorn'd by you,

“ Vanquish'd I conquer, fall'n I triumph too!

“ Behold, vain youth! and, blasted with the sight,

“ Feast my sad eyes, e'er yet they close in night!”

He ceas'd, and, guided by his dying look,

While the last pang his tortur'd bosom shook,

Conloch beheld, oh, melancholy view!

Dire, and afflicting, to a heart so true!

The friend belov'd, the monarch ever kind,

Expos'd, suspended in the bleaching wind!

“ Oh, God! is this the vile, the painful fate?

“ Th' inglorious suff'ring of the good and great!

“ Haste, haste, my friends, relieve th' expiring king,

“ Oh, haste! and ev'ry healing succour bring!”

Swift as his word they scale the scaffold's top,

And, gently, down the lifeless body drop.

Cold was that heart that, once, so proudly beat;

Check'd all its fire, and fled its vital heat!

Distorted ev'ry graceful limb that bore

The round and polish youth bestow'd before;

And fix'd that eye that once, with varying ray,
Gave love, and war, a bright divided sway!
Through all the host the plaints of sorrow flow,
And gen'rous tears confess the soldier's woe!
While to the dead this tender tribute pays
The mournful meed of unpretending praise,
In mute despair, dumb agony of grief,
Conloch deplores his dear departed chief;
Bends on the alter'd corse his tearless eye,
And, frequent, heaves the long convulsive sigh!
Arous'd, at length, he leaves his sorrowing trance,
And bids the pensive train in form advance.
On spears transvers'd, a martial bed! they bore
The gallant youth that must awake no more,
No more arise, in pomp of warlike pride,
Fame in his van, and Vict'ry at his side!
Now Fame can only strew this plaintive verse,
And Vict'ry wreathe her laurels o'er his hearse!

But now the shining spoil, and captive host,
Destin'd to sooth the royal hero's ghost,
Collected round the warrior's bosom cheer,
Avenge, at once, and grace the timeless bier.
Selected by command, then, swiftly, came
A band to spread th' exterminating flame;
Root from the land each vestige of the pow'r
That wrought the horrors of that hateful hour;
And, e'er its expiated crimes expire,
Give love and vengeance all their fullest fire!
The scatter'd brands are toss'd, the kindling pile
And smoking ruins all the night defile;
While as the spiry volumes round revolve,
And the high heav'ns in murky flames dissolve,
Amid this incense at Siorlamh's tomb!
The shrieks of anguish pierce the crimson'd gloom;
When, rushing from the dread and deep'ning blaze,
The wretched Mora shocks the soldiers gaze!

She, when the fires the falling roofs devour,
Flies from her refuge in a lonely tow'r,
That first she sought when fierce the din of arms
Peal'd through the castle courts its loud alarms;
But flies in vain! for, e'er she reach'd the field,
'Tempting a passage, lo! the porches yield!
The burning masses part, and, gulph'd in flame,
The monstrous princess buries all her shame!
The work of rage and ruin thus complete,
This death unsought, the sated troops retreat.
The bugle's full, and far-resounding note
Has call'd the band as wide its echoes float:
The scatter'd ranks the well-known sound obey
And shine immediate in compact array;
Then, form'd in long procession, silent go,
A host of triumph, and a train of woe!
Conloch, meanwhile, by sorrow's load opprest,
Yet shares with other's grief his pensive breast;

Thinks on lost Celida, too wretched maid!
By hapless love, and tyrant hate betray'd;
Designs, e'er rumour opes her thousand gates,
To check the story of th' infuriate fates,
And bids a guarded messenger depart,
Lest Fame, unfeeling, pierce the princess' heart.
But, generous Conloch! vain thy tender care,
Fruitless to save, and impotent to spare!
For, now, on pinions that outstrip the wind,
Report has pass'd through ev'ry eager mind.
The fugitives of fall'n O'Nial's pow'r
Spread with their fears the ravage of the hour;
And, thus, th' accumulating horrors roll
On th' ear of Celida and sink her soul.
High on a tow'r that soars above the wave,
Whose rocky base the restless waters lave,
Wild as those billows her fix'd eyes survey
Since first they bore her youthful love away;

With looks despairing the pale maiden stood,
And mix'd her tear-drops with the briny flood.
Vain every hope to draw her from the place,
The scene, the sorrow all her hours embrace ;
And vain her aged father's pray'rs implore
That peace for her that can return no more !
Starting, she hears the clam'rous cry of woe
That bursts ungovern'd from the train below,
Soon as 'twas known young Siorlamh in death
Had still'd his gallant heart, and gracious breath ;—
Aghast she listens, while the sounds unfold
The tale her boding fancy often told.
With thoughts that tore th' agonizing fair,
The cureless pangs of desolate despair !
She, wildly, cry'd, with hopeless eye, to heav'n :
“ Why to this fatal deed of horror driv'n !
“ Why must I fall, thus forc'd from thee ador'd !
“ My life, my Siorlamh, my murder'd lord !

“ Form’d to delight, to captivate, command,
“ To win the heart, or sway a mighty land!
“ Inwove with thee, my being’s bond and spell!
“ I breath’d in paradise, now sink to hell!
“ Ah! wretched man! my king, my father! see
“ Thy throne, thy arms, the world a waste to me—
“ Nor pride nor joy again this heart can prove,
“ My hope, my happiness, my empire—love!
“ All, all, with Siorlamh forsook my breast,
“ And now, forlorn, I follow him to rest!”
Devote and dauntless, then, from th’ airy steep
She flew, and sunk beneath the whelming deep:
So sets the star of Eve in lucid glow,
And blends its beauties with the wave below!
The hapless father flies—but late to save
His lovely daughter from a timeless grave!
Raging and long he strives, in anguish wild,
O’er the dread gulph to clasp again his child.

Frantic, he raves, he rends his hoary hair,
And spreads his eager arms to empty air ;
'Till faint at length, he falls amid his train,
Who weep his sorrows and assuage his pain ;
Bear him within, his shatter'd frame restore,
And offer comfort he can know no more!

THE
REMAINS
OF
ALBERT AND ALTALVAN,
&c.

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THE few following poems are supposed to have been written by real persons, and were inspired by the wishes and memory of a departed, and the object of a forfeited, love. Albert and Altalvan, born in Ireland, but of English extraction, flourished in the fifteenth century. An equality of circumstances, for both were noble, a common education, and, above all, a congeniality of temper, produced a friendship, which no time, reverse of prosperity, or separation of interests, could deaden or destroy. At the age of eighteen they were removed from the academy to the camp, where the rewards of war soon followed the honors that learning had conferred before. To these gifted and generous youths misfortune arose in a quarter the most brilliant, and, seemingly, the most secure. After a service of three years expended in the contest between Henry and Charles for the crown of France, when the triumphs of the latter had baffled the ambition of the former, and rendered impracticable the further and fruitless effusion of English blood and treasure, Albert returned

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to England, while Altalvan remained in France. There attracted by the charms of Zelinda, daughter of an illustrious English Baron, Albert very sincerely loved. The tie which, from a perfect correspondence of circumstances, nature herself seemed to have formed for the lovers, was prepared to unite them for ever, when a cruel disease seized on the beautiful Zelinda. She fell in the arms of her family and lover, dumb with astonishment and dismay at the sudden and irretrievable ruin. With slow and melancholy steps Albert departed from a place where hope and pleasure lay buried with their object. Persuaded to try the relief of travel, he returned, after an interval, to his native country; impressed with the sad conviction, that although the body may pass from clime to clime, and experience change, the sorrowed heart remains untravelled. Then, concealing his purpose from his friends, he reached the monastery of St. Wolstan, in the province of Leinster, whose sequestered beauty he had before seen and admired; and at the age of twenty-five made the awful vows which separated him for ever from all his former habits and hopes, and, dropping an impenetrable veil between him and the world, excluded all the joys of the present but left the consolations of the future. Having passed a year in this new scene of duty, a deputation from his convent was appointed to meet the monks of a religious house of the same order in the neighbourhood. He was included in the number that composed the embassy. During the cere-

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mony of the festival they had assembled to commemorate Albert recognised, with astonishment, in the person of a friar the features of Altavan. The sorrow and curiosity he had conceived at such a sight were repressed with difficulty until the conclusion of the rites allowed him to give and receive a mutual explanation. Young, ardent, unsuspecting, Altavan, while in France, was captivated by a beautiful coquette, who abused the conquest she secured: for, near the day appointed for their nuptials, she resigned her youthful admirer, gay in the bloom of life and love, for debilitated age and shadowy rank, with an offer of marriage it was mockery to mention. Smitten with disgust and despair at this cruel discovery, Altavan hastened to his native shores to seek seclusion from a world that to him had lost every charm; and judging, naturally, though with little justice, of all mankind by the standard of one beloved object, precipitately cast his youth and hopes into a monastery. Astonished at this coincidence of misery, these two noble and ill-fated friends parted under the consolations of christian philosophy, the reflection from the past, and the prospect of a brighter future; these were beyond the reach of fortune, and acquired to their possessors that felicity over which she holds no controul! About this period they interchanged the expressions of their feelings in some pieces composed on the subjects of their mutual misfortunes, of which the following poems attempt a representation. Neither attained to any consider-

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able age, and their names were repeated with a melancholy pleasure by the inhabitants of the surrounding country long after the walls that circumscribed their lives, and contained their ashes, had mouldered into dust.

In the compositions founded on this story the object has been to describe the influence of love and religion upon minds susceptible of finer feelings, and in a country where those nobler passions seem once to have formed their sacred union and fixed their favorite residence. The remains of the poetry and history of Ireland prove this in every passage; and if it be objected that the following lines are melancholy, let it be remembered such generally were the strains and such the fate of my country!

THE
REMAINS
OF
ALBERT AND ALTALVAN,
&c.

ALBERT TO ZELINDA.

OH! for that magic often told,
In strains inspir'd, that rul'd of old,
And from the blended signs of heav'n
Declar'd what doom to man was giv'n!
Then wily hope could ne'er betray
The follower of her faithless ray;
Nor pausing Doubt, nor pale Desire,
Wasted by slow consuming fire,

Still, trembling, wait on beauty's eye
To crown the wish, or wake the sigh;
But bliss forbidden or bestow'd
At once, by fate, no cares corrode!
Yet, since that art with ages fell,
The maid's kind pity shall foretell;
And when my ardent vow she hears
Give it to triumph or to tears!
The circlet from Zelinda's arm
I stole, unconscious of its charm;
But as I held it to my breast
It soon the latent spell confess'd;
Through all my veins th' enchantment ran
More as I prest the talisman!
Ah! hapless youth! what demon bold
Urg'd thy weak hand to grasp at gold?
The lawless deed, in anguish deep,
Love, worse than conscience, wakes to weep!

Hard! that of ills still wept in vain,
'Mid joy we find severest pain;
And, sinking upon beds of rose,
Feel the fierce snake that stings repose!
My thoughtless youth, unharm'd and free,
Sported round life's luxuriant tree,
Scatter'd the sweets, with sportive wing,
A joyous, gaudy, guiltless thing!
And revell'd in the blushing feast
That teem'd with all the glowing east,
'Till one delirious charm betray'd,
And drove me fainting to the shade!
Yet that delirious charm I prize,
'Twas drawn, Zelinda, from thine eyes.
Ah! fiercer than the raging sky,
When Sirius flames o'er Nature's sigh,
Wilt thou no drop from pity's store
On my consuming bosom pour?

And, deaf to ev'ry just appeal,
The wound thou gav'st refuse to heal?
Friendship! in thy confiding charm
I thought myself remov'd from harm;
But soon the fair delusion fled,
Love rearing his triumphant head!
The mind I simply, once, admir'd
Now comes with eyes and lips conspir'd;
Comes to my soul, and lords it there
With dear desire, and longing care.
The breast I prais'd as feeling's throne
I wish to beat for me alone;
The sighs that swell, the tears that shine,
For others' woes, I would were mine;
When that fair hand a bounty gives
I envy sorrow that receives;
But when those angel arms enfold
The infant fresh from nature's mould,

Incase him in that ivory breast,
Where, with Arabia's breath opprest,
The little wanton frequent sips
Distilling pleasures from thy lips,
And, conscious, warming with the bliss,
Keenly redoubles every kiss,
I would resign the boast of men,
Return and be a child again!
And shall, oh! maid, divinely fair!
Love only prove a stranger there,
Where every virtue finds a place
To form the family of grace?
Shall kindness, still, to me be pride,
Kindness that charms the world beside?
And this though lov'd Zelinda knows
The vow that from affection flows,
Bright essence of the genuine day!
Strong nature's unremitting ray!

Needs no false flame of borrow'd force
From sickly wealth's adulterate source;
But still its native pleasure brings
To bless the cot as hall of kings!
Zelinda, soon will ocean's wave
Between our forms divided rave;
Yet love shall live: Though crowding years
And distant climes may hide my tears,
False as my fate though Memory, too,
May bear me ever from thy view,
And dull oblivion's blot remove
Each well known vestige of my love;
Yet my fond heart will follow thine,
A pilgrim to the ruin'd shrine!
Devote in Feeling's sacred fane,
Though hope be dead and passion vain!
For still my solitary joy
Clings to the faith whose charms destroy;

Ev'n as the persecuted priest adores,
More fervent yet, on heathen shores,
Firm, blessing with his parting breath
That cross from which he sinks to death!
'Mid woman's charms, youth's roseat day,
Ambition's call, and Time's decay;
'Mid every scene of sense to come,
My soul will seek its only home—
Thy love; that haven still in view,
Where Hope shall rest or wreck near you!
But if disdain thy bosom steel,
Oh! yet if it refuse to feel;
As some proud cliff that lifts its brow,
Enwrap't in ever-during snow,
Whose frozen frowns forbid the guide
To dare the dangers of its side,
Though in its breast the beams of day
Have wak'd the diamond's ripen'd ray;

If, doom'd to disregarded sighs,
This first, and latest, passion dies,
The ravish'd string demand again,
And give my weeping hours to pain;
How keen, how deep ! but take suspence
From strain'd, expectant, aching sense !

ALBERT TO THE MEMORY OF ZELINDA.


YE solitudes, enshrin'd in darker day!
Where nature's charms, delightless, drop away;
Where Melancholy fills the vocal vale,
And sighs a sadder pleasure in the gale!

Ye awful shades! whose holy bowers contain
The time-struck honors of the sainted fane;
Where mute Devotion, through each silent round,
Keeps her pale vigil o'er the hallow'd ground!

How sweet your walks! when ev'ning shadows spread
Their soft concealment round the sufferer's head,
And the gay orb, like radiant hope, withdrawn,
Leaves not a light upon the dewy lawn!

For scenes, like these, dissolve the world's controul,
Draw back to peace th' alienated soul,
Through reason's glass display the good that's giv'n,
Shorn of unreal rays, and fix'd in heav'n!

But when the breast, with gen'rous passion fir'd,
To truth devotes the flame that love inspir'd;
With sanction'd hope permitted pleasure burns,
No wrong that rapture's tide to torture turns;

When soul with soul, in bliss entrancing, blends,
And balm from Heav'n on every sense descends,
Should fell Disease his viperous ruin breathe
On Hymen's chaplet, and consume the wreath;

Oh! where the solitude can then restore?
Or scenes that reconciling peace shall pour?
What charm to heal the heart that's rent in twain?
What sapient bower for the maddening brain?

What bliss for him, thus stript of all, remains,
Who, dumb with horror, weeps his wasted plains?
Oh! dire Adversity! is this my lot?
Why did thy bolts consume that cultur'd spot?

Moors leafless, wide and wild, were spread around,
Yet in that garden were thy lightnings found—
That, only, ravag'd by the ruthless storm—
That bed of flowers in every beauty warm!

Nor Petrarch's plaintive reed, nor Orpheus' lyre
Knew woes, like mine, their sorrows to inspire
The lovely Laura to my beauteous maid,
And bright Eurydice, on fancy fade!

Adieu, ye groves, ah! once, a blissful scene!
Now lost your music, and no longer green;
Decay'd the laughing light, and fragrant air,
A desert all, nor ray nor roses there!

To me a desert Nature's ample round,
Save you sweet sod that heaves the hallow'd ground ;
There memory draws a Seraph from the skies,
And bids, again, the buried bliss arise !

Far from the frolic step, on that still bed,
In visions wrapt, I rest my wearied head,
And lose, entranc'd, the trembling Passions' strife,
'Till wak'd to woe by some sad start of life.

Hark! how the dreary blast flings round the knell!
Is this the nuptial song's melodious swell?
Is this the bridal-couch—this dark, cold; tomb?
That faded face—is that love's rip'ning bloom?

Be dim my eyes, and clos'd my shuddering ears—
No sense survive or dissipate in tears ;
Ye horrors! hence, ere Reason drop the rein,
And let oblivion's torpor steep my brain !

Adieu ! ye calm retreats, ye conscious bowers !
Ye roseat paths where danc'd the happier hours !
Zelinda fled, and every charm withdrawn,
Untimely winter chills the blushing lawn !

Hush'd are the cords that wove their soft controul,
Or bade the glowing tide of rapture roll,
With all the eloquence of music warm'd,
And in resistless power the passions storm'd !

Where now ye strains? gone on the trackless wind—
Fled with the rushing soul, the melting mind!
Ye, dear dependants on a lovely hand !
Fell with your queen, and left a tuneless land.

What now remains? alas ! in ruin hurl'd!
The horrid silence of a wasted world !
Adieu, ye hopes, ye emulous desires !
Ambition, Pleasure, Praise ! dim, perish'd fires !

And thou, Zelinda, oh! a long adieu!
Yet will my straining eyes thy form pursue;
And, ranging far among the fields of light,
Seize it, amid angelic beauties, bright!

This sorrow'd joy remorseless Death shall spare,
This shadowy bliss and unsubstantial care,—
Benignant Fancy shall reverse thy doom,
Restore thy smiles and animate the tomb!

Be mine, oh! friendly, yet too faithless, ray!
Last gleam that lingers near departed day!
Be mine for radiance that can ne'er return,
And faintly glow upon the paly urn!

ALTALVAN TO CLORA:

A FRAGMENT.

OH! seek with me the farthest glade

Where love on rural couch shall glow,
And bowers detain, in wreathy shade,
The hasty bliss that pants to go.

There long will laugh the lingering day

Till ev'ning's soberer beam be giv'n;
Then, gently melting in the ray,
Thy pulse shall steal its course to heav'n!

And though, forbid to follow there,

Less pure, I find another fate,
Still, grateful for a mortal's share,
I'll bless its fond, though fleeting, date.

But why disclose that distant hour

Now, when enkindling hope aspires?

Lit by thy smiles, when Passion's pow'r

Has promis'd all his present fires?

For sure that eye's resplendent ray,

The faithful star that guides to joy,

Must shine to bless, and not betray—

Delight with love, and not destroy!



ALTALVAN TO CLORA,

ON HIS RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.



IN these dread shades where sad the wasting years
Weep their pale progress in devoted tears;
Where death-like shadows frown eternal gloom
O'er the dim aisles that lengthen to the tomb;
And holy horrors all the senses bind,
Prompt the low sigh, and awe the throbbing mind!
Ere yet oblivion shroud Altalvan's name,
And the dark cloister close upon his fame,
One tide of life, one pulse of love may flow,
Gush o'er his heart, and then forget to glow!

Ah! think, too lovely, too injurious, fair!
How bright the hopes you won me once to share;

How, fond and faithless, with a magic hand,
You rais'd the scene, and blest the smiling land;
Think how secure 'mid Granville's bowers I lay,
And hail'd with rapture each returning day!
How light and fragrance fill'd those happy skies,
Breath'd from thy lips, and kindled by thine eyes!
When, lo! th' invader rush'd upon my rest,
And stab'd th' unconscious, the confiding guest!
By thee, lov'd traitress! thee—the wretch is led
To steal the pleasures of a perjur'd bed,
And stain that bosom, once, like angel's bright,
Fair as their heav'n, and dearer than its light!
Was this, lost Clora! this—a kind return,
Meet for that ardent breast you taught to burn?
This, this, the fruit Altalvan's labors prove,
The dust of avarice for the bloom of love?
Why, fatal fair! to honor pomp oppose,
And yield to pride what love to reason owes?

Why bend thy wish to dotard, dull, desire—
A cold, and dim, imaginary fire?
Why nature's heat destroy in age's arms,
Quench her pure flame, and waste her happiest charms?
Nor gems, nor gold, my offerings, nymph, were small,
For love, and tenderness, compos'd 'em all:
A sordid soul their value never knew—
Oh! heav'n! and does that soul reside with you?
Go, then, and deck thee with the diamond's blaze,
Dazzle the croud, and be the public gaze;
Let me, unseen, derive a fainter day
From the mild radiance of the unfashion'd ray;
That beam of Truth shall, with benignant glow,
Around my couch serener lustre throw;
Gild the pale eve with peace deny'd the morn,
And wake the visions of a world unborn;
Hush'd every sorrow that my fate combin'd—
The desolated breast, and broken mind;

Clos'd the dread wounds unfeeling woman gave,
And smooth'd my passage to an early grave,
Where busy memory shall with life remove,
And, oh! ev'n thee efface too fatal Love!
Ah! thou, fond idol of the generous heart!
Why steep in venom thine ethereal dart?
Oh! why should Clora love, and then disclaim
Passion's full bliss for Splendor's empty name?
For transient splendor, minion of the hour,
A faithless meteor, and a pageant pow'r!
Why for the genial bed, and Hymen's bloom
Glare the pale phantoms of th' unfruitful tomb?
If in thy bosom yet reflection live,
Once, Clora, hear it, and, though late, believe.
Say can the gilded hall, the gorgeous train,
The midnight revel or melodious strain,
That sweet and pleasurable sense impart,
Which smiles for ever in the mutual heart;

Which shines serenely with its native beam,
Nor asks from fortune's blaze a borrow'd gleam?
Can riots of the fierce, fantastic, hour
Rival the blessings of the tranquil bow'r,
Where soul to soul in equal measure beats,
And silent transports fill the close retreats;
Where Friendship fixes every fleet desire,
And Love arrests his evanescent fire?

Ye, peaceful pleasures of delighted sense!
Joys that ne'er taste of tumult or offence!
Ye wak'd the wishes of a happier time,
And fill'd the haven of a cloudless clime;
Bade my calm day through softer seasons flow,
And bliss no change along the current know!
But woman scorn'd these humbler sweets to share,
The height her happiness, her temple there;
Through stormy scenes she drives her daring course,
And starts from Nature with a fearless force.

Adieu, the modest shade, the sylvan seat !
The conscious grove, and long endear'd retreat !
Adieu, the sacred mysteries of love !
Woman disdains a woman's joys to prove ;
The throb of Pleasure, all her richest tears,
Congeal'd and fetter'd in the frost of years ;
Youth's fragrance wasted upon wilds of snow,
And pale the rose of Hope on Winter's brow !

Deluded fair ! with Love one hour that glows,
And gives the banquet he alone bestows,
While transport gushes from th' expanding soul,
And blended feelings harmonize the whole,
Leaves years of wealth-unenvied pride t' impart,
Whose cold, unjoyous, rays ne'er warm the heart ;
Whose very splendors settle into shame
T' emblaze, and brand, its victim's guilty name !
Yet, yet, a Vestal once, and free from stain,
Bow'd in that idols' prostituted fane !

Shall generous scorn, then, bid these sorrows end,
And pride indignant raise whom injuries bend?
Shall I tear her, for ever, from my heart
Who stoop'd to play deception's faithless part?
Can it be thus?—no; lost, lamented fair!
My love was not th' electric spark of air;
That flame arose from passion's purest ray,
Fed by the flowing soul in streams of day!
No wrong can quench, no time consume its pow'r,
It glows immortal through the wasteful hour;
Yet fires no vengeance for a mistress fled,
Nor wakes reproach but in the tears I shed!

For thee may Fortune fling her roseat rays,
And pour her pleasures in unclouded days;
May mild Content life's turbid scenes becalm,
Thy waking rapture, and thy slumber balm!
Oh! still may mirth, and music's voice be thine,
While the sad silence of the grave is mine!

But Heav'n's full glory opens on my view,
And my rapt soul resigns the world in you;
The priest demands the victim of his god,
And hymns invite me to his blest abode!
The fires of sacrifice around me glow,
Devoting pray'rs in full hosannahs flow—
The cowl is rais'd to shroud my votive head,
And rites array'd to place me with the dead!
Ah! how unlike those rites I once desir'd,
Love the religion that my soul inspir'd!
To all its wishes, all its ardors, free,
When youth yet bounded ev'ry vow to thee;
And thou, approving, sent'st the flame from heav'n
To light the offering that my heart had given.—
But hence, for ever, images of pain!
Let memory forget or fly my brain—
Though warm, and fond, let no sweet sense be mine—
Youth cease to feel, or all thy fires refine!

No spark remain of all that blest before,
Or mount from earth to change nor tremble more.
If Grace, yet, leave some ling'ring human part,
Some dear, and deep, affection of the heart ;
One thought, untam'd, which still delights to swell,
One fonder wish that bids the breast rebel ;
Perish, ye passions, in relentless glooms,
These sickly shadows of the kindred tombs !
And, ever brooding, black oblivion ! fling
Dull devastation from thy wasting wing !
No torturing pictures of the past appear,
To wake the sigh, or free the frozen tear ;
But, Clora's crimes, even Clora's charms forgot,
No once lov'd image stain this hallow'd spot ;
No chain confine the soul's extatic flight,
Enwrapt and glowing, to the realms of light !
Oh ! lend your wings to leave this loath'd abode,
Consenting angels, give me to my God !

Free let me rove through yon celestial clime,
The trembling slave, no more, of sense and time!
Unmix'd, refin'd, in bright seraphic ray,
Pure let me mingle with translucent day!
At these dread portals though Religion flame,
Forbidden Nature still prefers her claim!
Man will recur, admitted memory tell
The tales of hope, and acted joys too well;
One tear will start, one human weakness rise—
One dear idea quite obscure the skies;
Clora, all-charming, sigh to be forgiv'n,
And lingering love yet call me back from heav'n!
Farewell, ye fond delights, which yet I view!
Oh! thou still dear, and still deplor'd, adieu!
May peace and pardon gently rest on thee,
Unfelt one pang of all that murder'd me!
And, too, sad thought! when all thy joys are o'er,
And fate shall bid those smiles enchant no more;

When in his grasp the trembling roses die,
And the last lustre fades upon thine eye;
Tranc'd in bright visions of eternal day,
May ev'ry sense, unpain'd, dissolve away!
While sounds of heav'nly harps around thee float,
May choral angels swell the raptur'd note,
On radiant clouds descending glories bring,
And waft thy spirit on exulting wing,
Where that blest form shall breathe a charm divine,
And all a Seraph's love succeed to mine!



MISCELLANIES.

TO MELISSA,

ON HER COMPLAINT OF A CALUMNIOUS WHISPER.

CHASE, chase that tear, relume that lovely eye,
Smile on thy foes, and in the ray they die;
With soul superior mock the tales that wait
For ever crouded at distinction's gate!
The vile who moulder low, unlov'd, unknown,
Are safe in scorn; Hate strikes at Merit's crown!
Had partial Nature ne'er in thee combin'd
A polish'd person with a radiant mind;
Or, lonely, glowing on the pathless green,
Wert thou by hinds admir'd or rarely seen,
No envious hand had torn thy roseat fame,
To wreathe its spoils around a barren name.

See how the ivy unmolested creeps,
Its common quality in quiet sleeps;
But when the tendrils of the tow'ring vine
Throw their broad blushes o'er the stem they twine,
And, pregnant with the purple juices, swell,
The hungry insects croud from every cell,
With busy fangs the suffering sweets consume,
Pleas'd as they perish, and resign their bloom.

Then chase that tear, nor let Melissa's sigh
Confess the triumph of the tyrant lie;
Bid peace and joy their radiance round thee throw,
And o'er these roses breathe a warmer glow:
Those charms from innocence derive their rays,
And fear not censure as they need not praise.

LINES

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF A PALACE NEAR NAAS,
BUILT BY THE UNFORTUNATE EARL OF STRAFFORD.



AMBITION, pause, oh! check thy mad career!

Behold, and drop the penitential tear!

Amid these silent wastes, and mould'ring walls,

Reflect how man is mock'd, how fortune falls!

Though every talent, every virtue rise,

To lift their proud possessor to the skies;

Though in a prince's smile, a people's praise,

Thou think'st secure the sunshine of thy days,—

Yet, yet, with Strafford, darken'd soon by fate,

Thou, too, shalt weep the crime of being great!

ODE,

Occasioned by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, who, torn from the neutral territory of Baden, was shot, at night, in the wood of Vincennes, after a mock trial, by the order of the tyrant of France.

*Neque hoc sine nomine lethum
Per gentes erit, aut famam patieris inulti.*

I.

O'ER ocean high, in awful pow'r,
 May Britain's gen'rous ray
To Freedom give his happiest hour,
 To Fame her fairest sway!
Still may her wave-wing'd thunders roll,
Avenging, o'er the tyrant's soul,
 And blast the banner in his hand;
Ambition's trophied empire bend,
Her guilty chains, and conquests rend,
And hurl in ruin her ensanguin'd band!

II.

Oh! stain on arms! the warrior's might
 Sunk in th' assassin's blow;
 The beams of honor set in night,
 And quench'd in D'Enghien's woe!
 See the pale torch, thro' Vincennes' gloom,
 Light the sad victim to the tomb,
 And glare on deeds that dread the day!
 Lo! forests, from their inmost glades,
 Start at the flash that frights their shades,
 And dies with guiltless blood the sylvan spray!

III.

Thine, hapless prince! that guiltless blood!
 Ah! lost to love* and life!
 Ah! gen'rous, valiant, great and good!
 Wreck'd in thy country's strife!

* This unfortunate prince was betrothed to a lady of eminent rank and beauty when he fell by the hand of the tyrant.

In thee the Bourbon race arose
O'er storms of fate, and fiercer foes,
Bright in the beam of morning's pow'r!
But soon the demon spy'd from far
The coming of th' auspicious star,
And roll'd the darkness of the deathful hour!

IV.

Nor Nations' laws, a people's right,
Shield the reposing breast;
Nor ancient Faith assures the night,
Nor guards an exile's rest!
The sacred code once Europe own'd,
Ere low-born cruelty, enthron'd,
Trod fealty, honor, truth, in dust!
Ere ravenous murder mock'd controul,
Ere Jaffa's poignard, Cairo's bowl,
Enslav'd and slaughter'd for a tyrant's lust!

V.

Stern ravager! relentless king!
Vain are the sword, and slave;
Vain the vile incense flatterers fling,
And vain the bleeding brave!
Forth from th' untimely tomb they rise—
They blaze, they beckon from the skies,
And point where vengeance should be hurl'd;
They arm the wrongs that long have wept,
They grasp the bolt that long hath slept,
And wave the blazing standard of the world!

VI.

Should nations nor indignant feel,
Though late, the blush of shame,
Nor, glittering in victorious steel,
Seize the lost wreath of fame;

Should abject Gaul, betray'd and bow'd,
 Still poorly cheat the captive croud;
 A victor and a victim crown'd!
 Still the sad charnel of the good!
 The foul polluted house of blood,
 Though waste herself, yet, breathe a ruin round:—

VII.

Still, Britain, to your gen'rous scorn
 That spurn'd a tyrant's sway,
 The present, and the race unborn,
 A glorious meed shall pay!
 Undaunted, in your awful form,
 Single you stood against the storm,
 Self-center'd brav'd a world in arms;
 Serenely in your righteous cause,
 For freedom, God's and nature's laws,
 Plum'd your proud crest, and smil'd amid alarms!

VIII.

Oh! ever, may thy pow'r prevail,
 Since Virtue points its aim,
And Justice, by ber balanc'd scale,
 Has sanction'd still thy claim!
Glorious in love, as in thy rage,
Still may the fallen Great engage
 Thy friendship, in misfortune's hour!
Remov'd in mercy, as in might,
From Gallia's despot, Gallia's spite,
Save from a D'Enghien's grave, and blood-stain'd pow'r!

IX.

So shall the tear that nightly falls
 Upon the lover's urn,
The grief that on his ashes calls,
 To grateful transports turn!

The beauteous and the brave shall pour
Their tribute to thine honor'd shore,
Brighter than gems from India's mine;
And th' attribute of heav'n, in thee,
Shall fix thy empire o'er the sea,
While time shall last or virtue's day-star shine!

THE VISION.

AS late, where Liffey rolls his tide,
I press'd in sleep his grassy side,
My lyre, unstrung, neglected lay;
Mischance had torn its chords away,
Fate all its fairy visions chas'd,
And sorrow check'd the hand of taste!
Soft o'er my griefs a magic stole,
And warmer trances rapt my soul.
A form appears, with eye serene,
And beauty smiles o'er all her mein!
Around her breathes th' ambrosial rose,
And o'er her cheek divinely glows,
In sweet suffusion, gently shed,
Of milder ray that flush'd and fled.

'Twas Venus 'self, the queen of love !

Her soften'd tones on down of dove,

Thus, floating o'er the falling air,

The burthen of their fragrance bear.

“ Arise ; thy trance of grief forego ;

“ The tears that fortune bade to flow,

“ Lose in the smile that beams on thee,

“ Arise, fond youth, and follow me ;

“ To love awake thy slumb'ring lyre,

“ To love devote the song of fire !”

She ceas'd, and from her lip distill'd

A balm that all my senses fill'd.

Ardent I rush'd t' imprint the kiss,

And madly mingle with its bliss,

When sudden from my eager view

The parting vision's glory flew !

Its broken splendors, glitt'ring, shew

Like fragments of th' ethereal bow,

'Till, fading in expiring ray,
The gems of light dissolve away!

Oh! should this dreaded vision prove
Prophetic of disastrous love,
Then, mingling in the phantom's fate,
Be mine its dear, its transient date!

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO A FEMALE WIT.

I SAW her in the circle sparkling,
Youth and fancy in her eye,
When, sadly, o'er my soul came darkling
The thought that trembl'd in a sigh.

Shall charms that, thus, from genius borrow
Beams to brighten all their pow'r,
Fading before the wintry morrow,
Prove the lustre of an hour?

Shall Sappho's smiles forget their passion,
And no more her notes impart,
(By feeling taught, not form and fashion)
Rage or rapture to the heart?

Ah! yield they must to time's dominion!

Cheerful, yet, I'll think the while,

Though they have fled on hasty pinion,

Genius will their loss beguile.

Her flame shall, like the day declining,

Still emit a milder fire,

And, as she sinks yet brightly shining,

Light her own funereal pyre!

EFFUSION

ON SEEING A PILLAR RAISED TO THE MEMORY OF
LORD NELSON.



YES; mourn, Britannia, grateful, mourn!

Let sterner triumph melt in woe;

Time shall the latest age have borne

Ere soul like his again will glow!

There radiant Honor sate enthron'd,

And glory's brightest empire own'd,

While Clemency with soften'd right

Attemper'd Valor's matchless might!

Godlike the conqueror rul'd the battle's roar,

His thunder wielded and dispos'd the storm;

Resistless victory in his van he bore,

Then o'er the ruin rose in mercy's mildest form!

Nor yet to Britain's sons confin'd

Thy great, thy consecrated zeal;

Blest, it embraces humankind,

And teaches ev'n the slave to feel!

In breathing characters it shews,

Though myriads league as freedom's foes,

One valorous arm, one mighty soul,

Can burst Ambition's base controul!

So shall Aboukir's pride, so Denmark's boast,

And pale Trafalgar's wreck-invested shore,

In peace and pow'r secure our happier coast,

And raise a prostrate world to rights renounc'd before!

Thus, gen'rous victor! glory's child!

Freedom, around thy sacred urn,

Shall see her proudest trophies pil'd,

Her universal incense burn!

There, rest from honor's stern alarms,

Rest in thy weeping country's arms,

Hallow'd by all that Fame reveres—
A nation's thanks, a nation's tears !
Tyrants appal'd, and impotent shall gaze,
And dread the patriot ev'n in the tomb;
While Gratitude her glowing plaint and praise,
Shall hymn at Nelson's shrine, and breathe eternal bloom.

TO BELINDA,

ON TELLING THE AUTHOR HIS FORTUNE UPON THE
CARDS.



IN elder time, as records say,
Still anxious for the future day,
Aspiring man would oft desire
A beam of the prophetic fire
To pierce the fates' mysterious gloom,
And give the knowledge of the tomb!
Thence Superstition rear'd her pile
In each sequester'd grove and isle;
The Sybill's cave, and Delphic fane
Held Greece and Rome in magic chain,
And loading long th' enfeebled mind,
Dealt their own madness to mankind!

When the foul goddess shrunk away
In reason's late returning ray,
The Proteus pow'r but chang'd its form
And left the temple for the storm!
For when Religion rose in light
And scar'd each dark and horrid rite,
Mock'd Superstition fell from fame,
Brok'n her censer, quench'd her flame,
And wand'ring, exil'd from her reign,
Peopled the wind, and roaring main;
Sent midnight hags to ride the blast,
And know the future as the past:
Scouring the desert heath and sea
They hurried on with destiny,
And long, beneath the Northern star,
Dispos'd the doom of peace and war!
Soft'ning at length through milder days,
Foreknowledge lingers in our ways,

In fairer form and sweet attire,
'Mid calmer climes, with gentler fire:
No gloomy fane enwrap in clouds,
No heath that horrid midnight shrouds,
No goddess thund'ring from her cave,
No hag that wakes the quiet grave
We seek; far other scenes invite,
Far other charms bewitch the night!
Apartments gay our temple now,
An altar green receives our vow;
And paintings of prophetic hue
Present life's colours to our view,
Expounded by a Priestess fair,
Who still forbids us to despair,
And still our rigid fate beguiles
With softest tones, and sweetest smiles;
While in Belinda's magic eye
We read the transcript from the sky!

EFFUSION

ON A YOUNG AND GALLANT OFFICER WHO FELL IN A
NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.



TIS past! stern victory stills the battle's roar,
The shout, the sigh, of death are heard no more;
Albion's triumphant car has left the wave,
At once the warrior's glory and his grave!
And has he sunk on sudden from our sky,
No fading beam to warn the wishful eye?
No more to shine, amid the dazzling fight,
The crested bulwark of his country's right!
No more to heap the sweetly social bowl,
Or pour the freely mingling tide of soul!
Farewell, my friend! let this untutor'd sigh,
This genuine grief and artless agony—

In more than pomp of polish'd sorrow tell
How lov'd you liv'd, oh! how lamented fell!
Plac'd in some sacred aisle beneath the wave,
May Spirits guard thee who respect the brave!
Thy shrine may Honor, Valor, Freedom raise,
And weeping sea Nymphs keep their charge of praise!
That when some future navy's awful pride
Draws its long triumphs o'er the subject tide,
The sad memorial, rising from below,
May charm its course, and conquest move to woe;
While Bion's fate, and fame, to heroes dear,
Shall wake an envy, and receive a tear!

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE GROTTO OF A WIDOWED FRIEND.



MAY no bold step invade this tranquil scene,
No ruder breath disturb the shade serene!
But gentle gales, in dying cadence, bring
Their soothing murmurs on ambrosial wing!
And melting music of the warbling grove
Chaunt the soft requiem of reposing love!
May milder Spirits grace this sylvan spot,
And weave their blest enchantment round the grot!
May health diffuse her fresh'ning roses here,
And pensive sorrow smile away her tear!
While Genius, ling'ring near his lov'd retreat,
Shall guard the Fane as friendship's holiest seat!

EFFUSION.



ENCHANTMENTS of a softer spell,
Lovely powers that round thee dwell!
Inspiring smiles that fondly flow
Zealous to heighten beauty's glow!
As the young morning's radiant vest
Mantles the rose's blushing breast!
United, thus, divinely fair!
Aloud let other lays declare.
Let timid tears that, trembling, shine
In silent eloquence, be mine;
No song, no praise like these can prove
So true to feeling, and to love!

LINES

WRITTEN ON A FAN.

GO, pretty trifer! flutt'ring thing!
Return thee to Florinda's care,
And, could I trust thy changeful wing,
I'd charge thee to fulfil my pray'r,—
Still in her breast the tender thought to move,
And every gale to be the breath of love!

LINES

WRITTEN IN A COTTAGE, BUILT ON THE SITE OF A CASTLE,
ONCE INHABITED BY AN IRISH CHIEFTAIN.

STRANGER! whose steps have sought this lone retreat,
Once the rude monarch's sanguinary seat!
Approach; no scenes of savage pomp appear,
No grandeur nourish'd by the falling tear;
Low in the dust the proud O'Nials sleep,
And realms no more their stern oppression weep.
No ruder sound shall now disturb the scene,
Than murmur'ring waters wand'ring through the green;
Or the wild hymn that, echoing through the grove,
Chaunts the soft instincts of rejoicing love!
While the fond owner seeks no happier spot,
"The world forgetting by the world forgot."

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF A NOBLE BUT UNFORTUNATE MATRON.



WHAT feeble groan along the silent vale
Pants on my ear, and swells the midnight gale?
'Tis thine,—alas, thy lov'd and latest breath!
Thy sigh just struggling on the shaft of death!
Oh! early lost, lamented matron! say
Do thy stern woes relent in milder day?
Dost thou behold that far, yet friendly shore,
Where tyrant man can rage, and wrong no more?
Yes; none thy modest meed shall now refuse,
No laws oppress thee, and no rights abuse;
No sullen lord now fills thy mournful eye,
Remorseless bids thee weep, or sees thee die.

Oh! hard thy doom, in early grief to pine,
Though every virtue, every grace was thine;
The rose of youthful love consum'd by hate,
And each warm wish quick withering in fate!
Ah! what avail'd thee then th' angelic eye
Which stole its azure glances from the sky?
That magic smile thro' woe diffusing day,
More soft than suns 'mid April's tears display?
No bliss connubial crown'd thy ardent soul,
No drop of sweetness blended in the bowl,
The dregs of bitterness were thine to drain,
And poverty to parch the *noble* vein!

Oh! faithless traitor to a trust so fair!
Thou mean assassin of thy wedded care!
Was innocence a crime, and beauty blame,
Wit a reproach, and matron honor shame?
The sainted virtues of a murder'd wife
Shall haunt thy couch, and scare the joys of life;

Her mournful form shall cloud the sunny glade,
Her mould'ring arms arrest thee in the shade,
And dire remorse infix his cureless dart
Deep in the wretch who drain'd a woman's heart!
For thee, fair mourner! every sorrow past,
Thy burning pulse has ceas'd to throb at last.
Now all is calm; the grave no injury knows,
Swells with no sigh, at no oppression glows;
There sleep secure in its unenvy'd shrine,
'Till saints receive thee with a truth like thine;
And, round the simple turf that wraps thy clay,
May pitying nature all her homage pay!
There shall the earliest gems of spring be shed,
And summer's latest blooms bestrew thy bed!
There evening's hymn shall charm thee to thy rest,
While angels mix the music of the blest!

And there the bard with pensive lyre delays
To blend his sadness with the song of praise;

O'er thy pale charms to pour th' impassion'd lay,
And teach his tears to give another's sway!
Teach a just rage to mock the murderer's aim,
And tear oblivion's curtain from thy name;
Give thy neglected urn to pity's eye,
Bid woman weep, indignant manhood sigh!
Remembrance may, at least, be paid to thee,
That plaintive pleasure yet remains for me!

A FAREWELL TO A COTTAGE.



FAREWELL, sweet spot! dear humble bow'r!

My lone, and lov'd retreat,
Where feeling found the unenvy'd hour,
And fix'd her favorite seat!

Farewell;—methinks this boding sigh
Foretells that, here, at rest,
Thy scenes no more shall charm my eye,
No more entrance my breast!

For now the sad decaying year,
That pours a paler sun,
Seems writing, in October's tear,
Thy tranquil race is run.

Farewell;—amid the busy croud
My thoughts shall turn on thee,
Where peace without a passing cloud
Shed her mild beams on me.

Among the giddy, and the great,
Tumultuous joys may rise,
Yet, still, I'll bless thy simple state,
And thy serener skies.

I'll think how, 'mid thy silent shade,
I drew the letter'd lore,
And cull'd those flow'rs which never fade
To fill the mental store.

How Contemplation, here retir'd,
Imbib'd the patriot's flame,
At nature's glowing altars fir'd,
Pursu'd a nobler name!

* Taught by a father's wrongs to spurn
Each vice of meaner minds,
And brave in exile that return
Which artless honor finds!

* This alludes to a leading circumstance in the history of the author's father, who having spent a long life in the service of learning and religion, and having filled the station of Vice Provost of the University of Dublin with an unblemished reputation for talents, integrity, and loyalty, was supplanted in his rights, and set by out of the ordinary rule of promotion that had been latterly observed by government for the reward of merit and the encouragement of virtue, when a vacancy occurred in the provostship, in order to provide for a gentleman, who had been the vice provost's *own pupil*. In consequence he resigned his situation, and with wounded and indignant feelings retired to a living in the country, which forms the scene of the above composition, and where he adds one to the numerous list of those whose worth has been injured, and whose affectionate loyalty has been insulted by the profligacy of ministers. This shameless measure was avowed, and *exclusively* effected by Lord Hardwicke, then Chief Governor of Ireland, who though he could reconcile it to his sense of justice and of *public duty*, yet, assuredly furnished in it one of those too frequent and lamented instances of political immorality in the servants of the state, which has wrought more injury to that constitution they have sworn to support than the pen or the sword of the most open and unrelenting enemies.

And, too, I'll think how memory spread

Her tenderest trances here,

Recall'd the lov'd lamented dead,

Within her magic sphere!

Soft as the lambent flame of night

That gilds the darksome wave,

Pour'd her mild rays reflected light

Upon the gloomy grave!

Yet, now, farewell, dear humble bow'r!

My lone, and lov'd retreat,

Where feeling found the unenvy'd hour,

And fix'd her favorite seat!

Far other scenes my steps invite,

Far other walks of life,

Where fashion plumes his vain delight,

Ambition wakes his strife!

Yet, as the seaman, far away,
Who braves the wintry deep,
Forc'd from his home and genial day,
Looks o'er the waste to weep;

My pensive soul will oft rebel,
Oft feel the starting tear,
Sigh for the friends that round thee dwell,
And build my wishes *here!*

A FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.



DEAR to my heart, seductive joy!
Enthusiast folly, tuneful toy!
That still, with mild, and magic spell,
Drew fairy forms to fancy's cell;
And still, when rankling cares deny'd
The tranquil charms time once supply'd,
Froze the young smile, 'mid gelid tears,
And smote the hope of rising years!
Could, with inventive guile, controul
The trembling anguish of my soul,
And raise, amid the ruthless strife,
Sweet mansions of illusive life!

And must I leave thy fields of flow'rs?
Ah! leave th' enchantment of thy bow'rs?
Return to all my sense of pain,
And meet opposing storms again?
Six lustres, now, have o'er me roll'd;
Prudence the chastening rein should hold;
Yet, thirty suns but still inflame
The heart that hangs on fleeting fame;
And trembles near the lucid line
That parts her hemisphere from mine.
'Tis time to break the magic chain,
Nor sigh through hours that waste in vain;
Nor chase a meteor of the moor
That ever keeps the wanderer poor.
Action's the scene, by heav'n decreed,
Where man should struggle though he bleed,
And, to be useful in his sphere,
Pay the probationary tear;

While dreams that weave their silken bands,
And fairy forms that chain our hands,
Still, with a selfish pride, create
An empire of ideal state;
Retir'd, 'mid visions of the mind,
Exclude the cares that others find,
And, shut from all the ties of life,
Nor wake its joys, nor calm its strife!
Yet, think not, Muse! my feeble strain
Would dare thy sacred sons profane;
No; when the bard derives from thee
His claim of native majesty,
The boundless sway of every lyre,
Rapt inspiration, heav'n-sprung fire;
Rever'd be ev'ry holy dream
That kindles in his gifted beam!
And blest the chords that pour along
The truth—the prophesy of song!

No busy sound, that frights the shade,
His sanctuary of thought invade ;
He meditates for man, and rolls
His sweet instruction through the poles ;
Where'er the tide of numbers flows
A salutary bliss bestows ;
And, mingling with the waves of time,
For ever feeds each favor'd clime !
Sacred be, then, his lov'd retreat,
The Muses' and the Virtues' seat !
While mine no happier charm invests,
Not mine, alas! the heav'nly guests !
Mine but the spark that falls among
The sons of undistinguish'd song.
Then rather quench th' unwilling ray
Than boast its sickly beams in day,
Whose awful splendors fiercely flame
For ever round the fane of fame ;

And proudly see each feebler fire
In the refulgent blaze expire!
Calmly resign that useless strain,
Its moral, and its music vain!
Who marks the murm'ring streamlet pour
When Niagara's torrents roar?
Who, 'mid the garden's glowing pride,
Does not the field flower's leaf deride?
Or if, by partial heav'n design'd
To pour the liberal flood of mind,
Why should I seek the poet's fate,
At once be wretched and be great?
Like gen'rous Burns, ignobly, serve;
Like Camoens beg, or Otway starve!
Or drain, in agony of soul,
With Chatterton th' envenom'd bowl!
Then from Parnassus' flowery way
Through ruder scenes condemn'd to stray,

I'll try the path that others trod,
And scale stern Industry's abode;
Yield to the world and man's esteem,
My cherish'd ease, my happy dream!
Dissolve its charm of soothing pow'r,
Awake to all the real hour,
Live through the cares, by heav'n design'd,
And leave the paradise of mind!
So may I reach, by trials prov'd,
At length the haven that I lov'd,
Nor claim, untitled when untry'd,
Recluse in solitary pride,
Like the soft monk, a safer seat,
Unbought by deeds, that crown retreat!

Then fare thee well, my earliest friend!
No farther on my steps attend;
Thy lovely form, and tender lay,
Ill suited to my rugged way,

No more shall follow where I go
T' exalt my bliss, or lull my woe ;
To tune my soul to softer sense,
Charm every harsher feeling thence,
And bid each kind emotion prove
The herald, and the hope of love !
No more thy visionary ray
Shall clothe the dull terrestrial day ;
Bid summer smile, and zephyr blow,
And fancy's beamy flowrets glow !
Or when, with pain, compell'd to part
From all that's fasten'd round the heart ;
The freshest dews of heav'n distil,
To weep their balm o'er human ill ;
And, 'mid the sorrows of the night,
Engem her weeds with pearly light !
Oh ! fare thee well, seductive joy !
Enthusiast folly ! tuncful toy !

Thy spell, thy happy dream is o'er,
Blest incantation charm no more !
Yet the poor maniac, left by thee,
And wak'd to sense and misery !
Will oft regret the phrensied hour
He wove with thee the wildest flow'r,
And strew each leaf of memory's bloom
Around thy fair and fancied tomb !

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 61, line 7, for "sportive wing," read "wanton wing."
— 95, — 10, for "blazing standard," read "flaming standard."

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