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BRITISH GENIUS.



*from the Author*

# BRITISH GENIUS,

## A Vision;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

BY SAMUEL MORRISON

AUTHOR OF "CURRAGHMORE," "DIVINE LOVE," &c.

"HAIL, BARDS triumphant! born in happier days;  
Immortal Heirs of universal praise!  
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow:  
Nations unborn, your mighty names shall sound,  
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."—Pope.

MANCHESTER:

JOSEPH PRATT, BRIDGE STREET.

1846.





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1911

TO

THOMAS TURNER, ESQ. F. R. C. S., F. L. S.

HONORARY PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY

AT THE MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION, &c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING POEM,

ON

**British Genius,**

IS RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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## ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION of the Poem, with an Invocation to the Spirit of Poesy—An Eulogium on the Art of Printing, by which all knowledge, and that of poetry in particular, is so widely diffused—An attempt to prove Poetry the most successful of all other pursuits to obtain immortality—Description of the Temple of the BRITISH POETS, as *seen in a dream*, on the summit of Mount Parnassus—Inscription on the exterior—Fame assures the beholder, that this Temple was raised for the reception of BRITISH POETS, and the total exclusion of all others—Description of the Interior—Origin of the building, and enlargement of it by SHAKSPERE—BRITISH GENIUS (personated as a young Prince) holds a consultation with Love, desiring to know where he might find a pleasing residence—Love directs his attention to a neighbouring island, and relates the history of two Royal Sisters, BRITANNIA and ERIN—Captivated with the story of the latter, he determines on visiting her Island, accompanied by Love—Their Journey to, and arrival in that country—There, enjoying a personal interview with ERIN, his admiration increases to fondness;

which Love perceiving, immediately forwards a message to Hymen, who instantly arrives, and unites the Royal couple in his sacred bands—Genius, delighted with his lovely bride, hastens to the Temple of the Poets, and opens an entrance for her Poetical Sons—Fame presents a view of some of the early Bards, commencing with CHAUCER, and deploras the ravages of Death among young poets, who, had they lived, would have gained an entrance here—Elevated situation of JOHNSON, as a Critic—Figurative view of British Poetry through SHAKSPERE, MILTON, POPE, and CHATTERTON—Extraordinary premature abilities of, and sympathy for, the latter expressed—Advancing through the Temple, the beholder perceives SWIFT; hears the solemnity of GRAY; the sweetness of GOLDSMITH and SHENSTONE, and the varied notes of COLLINS—Here are many of the minor poets, whose strains, though not exalted and sublime, yet tend to harmonize the scene—DERMODY—SAVAGE; unnatural cruelty of his Mother censured—Arrived where the Poets of Scotland are assembled, the beholder is delighted with the harmony of THOMSON, RAMSAY, FALCONER, BEATTIE, and BRUCE—Superiority of BURNS over all the Bards of CALEDONIA—While admiration of these continues, the Temple is filled with unusual sounds of the most sublime harmony, which proceed from the lyre of BYRON, followed by the rural strains of BLOOMFIELD—*The Dramatic Poets*; including SHAKSPERE, OTWAY, ROWE, DRYDEN, BEAUMONT and

FLETCHER, JONSON, CONGREVE, GOLDSMITH, HOME, ADDISON and YOUNG—*Sacred Poets*: MILTON, WATTS, YOUNG, ADDISON, COWPER, BOYSE, PORTEUS, BLAIR, BRUCE and GLYNN—Anticipated assembling of them on the “Last Day.”—APOLLO, seated on a magnificent throne, calls the leading Poets around him, determined to bestow on the most deserving the brightest trophy of Fame, which, after a long contest between the Dramatic and Epic Muse, is awarded to SHAKSPERE—MILTON, appointed to preside for ever over the Bards of sublimity—Genius condemns CHATTERTON for the misapplication of his talents, and the act of suicide—An Address to the *late and living Poets*, including CAMPBELL, ROGERS, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, HEMANS, MONTGOMERY, and STOWELL—Fame presents a view of an appropriate pedestal, which he has in reservation for MOORE—POLLOCK’S “Course of Time”—On the arrival of SCOTT, the Temple becomes so much enlarged, that the Vision is concluded.



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## BRITISH GENIUS.

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### A Vision.

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IN ancient times, as ancient poets write,  
A structure stood on famed PARNASSUS' height,  
In which DIANA's fabled sons had sought  
Renown for vast achievements never wrought,  
But truth and learning rising into view,  
At once the visionary scene withdrew.  
Soon as this fancied fabric disappeared,  
A noble Temple on its site was reared,  
Where those who glowed with true poetic fire,  
And struck with energy the British lyre,  
Might bid defiance to a mortal tomb,  
And live, through fame, for ages yet to come.

What sweet sensations to the feeling heart,  
Thy strains, harmonious Poetry, impart;

Belov'd effusion of an ample mind,  
 Delightful harmony of thought refined,  
 Exalted Science, which expands the soul,  
 And wafts its energy from pole to pole!  
 Oh! that thy spirit would my breast inspire,  
 To sing the tuneful heroes of the lyre;  
**Britannia's Bards**, who in thy pleasing cause,  
 Gained the vast tribute of a world's applause,  
 Tho' long thy beauties were condemned to dwell  
 In scenes monastic, or the cloyster'd cell,  
 'Till blest Invention did with pride diffuse  
 O'er a dark globe the radiance of the Muse.

CAXTON, all hail! whose streams of light divine,  
 Around our dark terrestrial planet shine,  
 All other arts by human aid were given,  
 But yours<sup>(1)</sup> the offspring of indulgent Heav'n,  
 To man by partial tenderness assigned,  
 To raise the heart and elevate the mind;  
 For when thy brightness first displayed its rays,  
 Quick fled the clouds that darkened former days;

(1) The Art of Printing.

And when thy day-spring twinkled from afar,  
Learning, delighted, raised her morning star;  
In swift succession then in after day,  
'Rose the bright lustres of this feeble lay.  
Blest art, by which all sciences have bloom'd,  
So long in darkest ignorance entomb'd,  
Who, but for thee, the heathen-world could show  
From whence the streams of Revelation flow?  
Who could declare how conquering armies fought,  
And matchless triumphs by one hero wrought?  
Or, who transmit to future wond'ring days,  
The glorious record of a NELSON'S praise?—  
Without thy aid, poetic song were vain,  
Unknown, confined, or limited the strain.

Of all the various avenues to fame,  
By man here traversed to preserve his name,  
Tho' Arts, and Arms, and Science may obtain,  
None are so certain as the Poet's strain.  
What boots the glory of the tyrant now,  
Whose laurels time seems tearing from his brow?

What boots the base usurper of a throne,  
To every principle but vice unknown?  
Who blighted virtue in its opening bud,  
Or swam to crowns in tides of human blood.  
'Tis true, a Victor in his country's cause,  
Obtains a meed of merited applause,  
When vanquished foes stand trembling in the field,  
And conquered Nations are compelled to yield;  
The hero glows with martial honors won,  
And Mars applauds his just-deserving son;  
But tears descending from the widows' eyes,  
Forbid the incense of his flame to rise.  
Thus tender feeling shudders at the thought,  
And sighs to think the hero ever fought;  
Tho' while Britannia o'er the world shall shine  
The most heroic, learned, and divine,  
So long, brave WELLINGTON, shall glow thy flame,  
And dastard nations shrink at NELSON's name.

When GARRICK stood triumphant on the stage,  
Admir'd by youth, maturity, and age,

And just applause from list'ning thousands drew,  
As he displayed base Gloster to their view.  
(Tho' then confess'd great SHAKSPERE to revive)  
Which shall, the actor or the bard survive?

A BACON, NEWTON, and a LOCKE, may shine,  
And raise the soul to energy divine;  
Or in the paths of excellence may cope  
With DRYDEN, OTWAY, CHATTERTON, or POPE!  
Yet is their fame to certain bounds confined,  
And only reach the philosophic mind.  
Not so the Poet, whose harmonious song  
Charms every ear, and echoes from each tongue,  
His praise, as vast as are his lays sublime,  
Grows more immortal by the lapse of time.

As the bright sun, when rising in the morn,  
Will some high-tow'ring pinnacles adorn,  
And charm those sons of Science who delight  
To rove and witness his increasing light;  
Then still advancing in his glorious course,  
He glows with brighter energy and force,

But when arrived to his meridian height,  
He shines and dazzles with superior light,  
Extending thus his glory on the plain,  
O'er which Creation destined him to reign!—  
Such is the Bard, whose soul-inspiring lays  
Receive at first a secondary praise ;  
As ages move, more brilliant he appears,  
And gains fresh laurels with succeeding years.  
Man, still enlightened by the lapse of time,  
Owns with delight—the Poet more sublime.  
Say now, is MILTON to meridian come ?  
No, not 'till earth's enveloped in the tomb,  
Nor 'till eternity and time have met,  
Will the bright sunbeams of his lustre set.

Thus late I mused, when SLEEP my eyelids closed,  
And soon my mind to harmony composed.  
Methought, transported to PARNASSUS' height,  
Whose limits scarce appear to human sight,  
As former thoughts recurr'd with rapture new,  
There rose a mighty TEMPLE to my view—

Nine glowing pillars, wrought of burnish'd gold,  
Whose light outshone what ancient bards have told,  
Upraised the structure, of increasing size,  
Whose limits seemed approaching to the skies,  
Then with those great supporters there were seen  
Inlaid of purest emeralds between,  
And streams of light, which seemed from Heaven  
to pour,  
Diffus'd their radiance all the building o'er.  
The MUSES, sculptured on the top, displayed  
The laurels, Time in triumph had arrayed,  
Around the Temple as they glist'ning stand,  
A scroll dependent waves thro' either hand ;  
Two favourite words between each goddess roll,  
And **British Bards** illuminate the scroll.  
The spacious entrance—foremost to my sight,  
Display'd a scene of ravishing delight ;  
There Learning stood, her sacred book in hand,  
And rob'd in splendour Genius took his stand,  
On either side their glowing forms were reared,  
At whose first glance Presumption disappear'd ;

A large resplendent Tablet placed on high,  
Displayed these words to every passing eye :

“ Within this shrine, the residence of fame,  
No titled blockhead shall inscribe his name ;  
No fool, whate'er his dignity or birth,  
That e'er disgraced the annals of the earth,  
Shall, with detested arrogance presume  
To hope a moment's respite from his tomb ;  
Avaunt—who e'er had heaps of riches piled,  
Then frowned on merit, and her starving child !  
Think not, ye sons of luxury and ease,  
That wealth shall here obtain a meed of praise ;  
Nor think, that if the Muses you have woo'd,  
Those vast possessions would your names exclude.  
Nor thou, poor peasant of an humble name,  
Ne'er known through life to happiness or fame,  
Think not to thee an entrance is denied,  
'Cause nature's wants were scantily supplied ;  
Ah, no! tho' poverty's distressing hand  
Press'd hard, and forced thee famished from the  
land,



Still, if bright Genius with his smile benign,  
 Vouchsafed on thee his influence to shine,  
 And thou, when blest by such effulgent rays,  
 Did'st with his beauties dignify thy lays—  
 Welcome, blest favourite of the tuneful Nine,  
 'Tis thine within this ample porch to shine ;  
 'Tis thine to live, and here inscribe thy name,  
 With all successful candidates for fame.  
 Approach ye Poets! whether poor or great.  
 From Labour's sons, to ministers of state,  
 This dome, erected to poetic fame,  
 To time's last period shall preserve your name ;  
 And to oblivion, merit still condemns,  
 All but these Bards—Creation's brightest gems!"

As thus I read, a form appeared in sight,  
 Arrayed in all the brilliancy of light;  
 His mien majestic, and of matchless grace,  
 While heavenly radiance glisten'd on his face,  
 A glowing wreath his mighty brows entwined,  
 Which seemed for some arch-seraphim designed:

He heard me read, and knew my heart admired,  
And soon my bosom with these accents fired:

“Dost thou desire to enter—is thy mind  
By all the sweets of poesy refined;  
And does thy soul, enamoured of the lyre,  
Invoke the Muse thy bosom to inspire—  
Or does thy heart with pleasing ardour beat,  
To view this grand poetical retreat?”

“On me,” I said, “no ray of genius shines,  
Yet still, my soul for poesy inclines;  
My mind, untaught by thy superior lore,  
Cannot the Romans or the Greeks explore,  
In vain for me has ancient HOMER sung,  
And mute’s the harp by tuneful VIRGIL strung;  
Not so, the grand and energetic lyre,  
That loud responded to MILTONIAN fire;  
The sweet simplicity of GOLDSMITH’S lay,  
And all the varied elegance of GRAY,  
And BYRON’S soarings to the heights sublime,  
Or MOORE’S last finish to the sweets of rhyme,

All those delight, and as some<sup>(2)</sup> bard has sung,  
And now shall echo from my feeble tongue:  
'The Muse, whate'er the Muse inspires,  
My soul the tuneful strain admires.'

I ceased, and soon the seraph form addressed  
These pleasing words to animate my breast:

“ Know, that the splendid fabric you behold,  
Has not the names of foreign bards enrolled—  
How great their genius, or by whom inspired,  
Or by what sons of harmony admired;  
Howe'er their powers might raise the human soul,  
Or how designed the passions to control,  
Howe'er their voice might animate the brave,  
Or rescue heroes from oblivion's grave,  
Or how prepared to heal the broken heart,  
And soothe the soul just ready to depart,  
It matters not—this sacred pile was raised  
For those whose flame to ALBION'S glory blazed;  
The Bards alone who BRITISH laurels won,  
From grandsire CHAUCER to his youngest son,

(2) JOHN SCOTT, of Amwell.

Then say if thou to harmony art dear,  
Or what has urged thee to approach so near?"  
He ceased, I doubting to the door drew nigh,  
When he in silence waited this reply :

“ Great Power, presiding o’er the tuneful lyre,  
Thou hast not blest my bosom with thy fire ;  
But yet methinks (forgive presumption’s tone)  
I am not wholly to thy care unknown :  
Were I a stranger to Britannic song,  
Thou hadst not listened to me here so long ;  
The tow’ring mountain, and the lonely grove,  
By feathered songsters harmonized to love ;  
The rushing billow, and the foaming wave,  
Or silent scene of a sequestered grave,  
With Nature’s pleasing valleys, I have strayed,  
And once to sing their beauties have essayed ;  
And I have dared with trembling hands to move  
The chords that vibrate to Redeeming love ;<sup>(3)</sup>

(3) See the Author's former Poems of "Curraghmore," and "Divine Love."

Yet, tho' unworthy my unhallowed name  
To be enrolled upon the list of Fame,  
Permit that now the door may ope' in part,  
And grant one view to gratify my heart,  
That like the Jewish Senator of old,  
I may this scene of promise but behold."

I ceased, the massive entrance open flew,  
When a bright blaze of beauty met my view;  
Its form octangular, at once displayed  
The various orders of the Muse arrayed,  
There, British Bards, whose tuneful notes delight,  
Appeared in hundreds to my ravished sight;  
Awhile I mute, and wondering gazed around,  
Pleased with the sight, and charmed with the sound  
That seemed to echo from each well-tuned lyre,  
With all the fervour of poetic fire.

This mighty Edifice, at first was plann'd  
A simple structure, raised by CHAUCER's hand;  
No grandeur then, or amplitude of size,  
Struck the beholder's animated eyes;

Th' apartments limited, confined and mean,  
Seemed but designed *one* Poet to contain,  
Tho' each succeeding votary of the race,  
Increased the Temple, and supplied a grace ;  
But, when the mighty Dramatist appeared,  
He burst the entrance and the pile upreared ;  
“ Give way,” he said, “ nor longer be confined,  
But aid the vast expansion of the mind ;  
Nature, to fame impels the human soul,  
Nor thy closed gates the passion shall control.”  
As thus he spake, the portals higher grew,  
And the whole structure magnified to view,  
The vast foundations in a moment changed,  
And all its angles were at once arranged.

Tho' crowded now and every niche supplied,  
No favourite Bard an entrance is denied ;  
For as I gazed, my wonder to renew,  
The structure seemed expanding to my view ;  
Wide, and more wide it opened to receive  
Each future name by Fame ordained to live !

Oh ! with what rapture and delight I gazed  
On those whose verse from infancy had raised  
My heart to Poesy, could ev'ry grief beguile,  
And force thro' care a half reluctant smile.  
If health forsook, a solace they supplied,  
And always proved "in solitude my pride,"  
Whether to trace the primrose-spangled fields,  
And view what Nature in profusion yields,  
Or to the summit of a mountain rise,  
A mute spectator of the earth and skies.  
A Bard most suited to the scene refined,  
Would come in sweet remembrance to my mind:  
Now, in my bosom glowed a joy serene,  
As Fancy drew this captivating scene!

This Temple, e'er it rose to beauty's height,  
Displayed *one entrance only* to the sight,  
Hither the songsters of BRITANNIA came,  
Sought and obtained the recompense of Fame,  
'Till *British Genius*, crowned in youth, to prove  
His vast dominions, thus consulted *Love*:

“Thou know’st,” he said, “the whole creation round,  
Where can a pleasing residence be found?

I seek a spot, but yet on British land,  
Where Nature smiles magnificently grand;  
Where beauty, peace, and harmony of mind,  
Speak the proud manners of a race refined.”

“Know, then,” said Love, “where grace and  
nature smile

In thy dominions there’s the fairest isle,  
A chosen spot, by Heaven ordained to show,  
How far creative dignity could go;

*Britannia’s* youngest sister there abides,  
And in the pride of majesty presides.

These lovely females in their youth had been  
Contending rivals for the rank of Queen;  
The Elder sought, nor long had sought in vain,  
Wealth, power, and honor, from her Sire to gain;  
Her sire, Creation, was with these o’erlaid,  
And soon bestowed the dowry on the maid.”

*Nature*, their mother, more propitious smiled  
On the *young* Maid, and blest her favorite child;



“To you,” she said, “my daughter, I’ll impart  
All that of worth can animate the heart,  
Thro’ all thy form I will that beauty blend,  
For which aspiring Monarchs shall contend:  
Such charms of mine upon thy land shall glow,  
As neither art nor riches can bestow ;  
But train thy sons to be each future day,  
Proud in command, yet ready to obey,  
And for their country in the conquering field,  
Victorious, brave, but never known to yield!  
From them no softer passions be removed,  
They shall be virtuous, loving and beloved ;  
A flame celestial shall some bosoms fire,  
And their hearts beat responsive to the lyre.

Thy daughters’ beauty still shall be designed,  
To please and captivate the virtuous mind,  
And chaste as new-blown lilies of the morn,  
When all the tints of loveliness adorn ;  
Whene’er the angry elements shall roar,  
Their rage must soften as they reach thy shore,

Ne'er wafted thither till by me subdued—  
Nor shall a hateful animal intrude,  
That lies concealed with venom to destroy,  
Or roves with false allurements to decoy.  
Thy elder sister shall indeed be great,  
And reign in pride the sovereign of a state:  
Aided by thee, her vanquished foes shall bend,  
And but with Time her kingdom have an end;  
To you, my gifts and charge I now convey,  
'Tis Nature speaks—and *Erin* will obey."

Thus Love declared, and Genius smiled serene,  
Charmed with the story of the youthful Queen:  
"Then if young Erin is so fair," he cried,  
"To valour, grace, and harmony allied,  
I will with haste to her sweet Isle repair,  
And view the Princess in her splendour there;  
For if she be with such perfections crowned,  
And beauties glow in rich profusion round,  
We'll trust the rolling waters, to unfold  
A scene for Love and Genius to behold."

Wafted by zephyrs o'er the slumbering seas,  
They scarce perceived the impulse of a breeze;  
Bright Cynthia rose to point the silvery way,  
And bid each star its lustre to display;  
The skies propitious, cast a bright'ning hue,  
As the Isle rose in majesty to view.  
Arrived, they wander thro' a spacious grove,  
The fragrant flowers all opening as they move;  
Where'er they turn, some lovelier objects rise—  
A distant mountain tow'ring to the skies—  
Or some bright valley verdantly arrayed,  
Nature's fair pencil forming light and shade.

Now as they turn, their wanderings to renew,  
The loveliest object rises to their view:  
A female form, that seemed of heavenly birth,  
And but a transient visitor on earth!  
'Twas Erin's self, in all her youthful pride,  
Nature, her mother, smiling at her side;  
Health's brightest bloom adorned Erin's face,  
Her eyes beamed lustre, and her form was grace;

Which such endearing elegance displayed,  
As Love delights to deck a bridal maid.

Proceeding on, th' advancing parties meet,  
And each the other in soft accents greet:  
Love bowed obeisance to the blooming pair,  
Praising the country honored by their care;  
And Erin spoke with an endearing smile,  
"Welcome, young stranger, to this verdant Isle."  
Genius was conquered, all his cares were o'er,  
He felt that Erin's was a blooming shore,  
Where Nature shone, and such a lovely Queen  
Reigned o'er each charm, and dignified the scene;  
That man, he thought, were hard indeed to please,  
Who could resist such varied charms as these.

Enamoured thus, as he her form surveyed,  
He whispered—"Love, is Erin yet a maid?"  
For Love, 'till now, concealed his magic dart,  
And scarce had poised it at his youthful heart,  
When in his bosom seemed a flame to rise,  
Caught by a spark which darted from her eyes;

A transient flash, unconscious as it came,  
To light a bosom with celestial flame;  
For maids so throw their darts of beauty round,  
Heedless, 'twould seem, but certain is the wound;  
Thus Erin's glance seemed careless to subdue—  
A random shot—but had its aim in view;  
For she, no less enamoured of the youth,  
Prizing his worth, his purity, and truth,  
Felt in her bosom every transport move,  
Which Virtue triumphs at the shrine of Love:  
Celestial gem, by Heaven itself designed,  
To bless and ornament the female mind,  
Without thy aid, how vain the outward form,  
Cold the forced glance, and dull the fancied charm;  
But virtue's graces beautify the frame,  
Exalt the heart, and light a heavenly flame;  
In Erin's bosom were these charms entwined,  
And in her soul was truth itself enshrined.

Wand'ring, regardless of each perfumed flower,  
They sought the shelter of a charming bower,

Where list'ning larks then springing from the grass,  
Pay their harmonious tribute as they pass;  
But oh! what transports in their bosoms rise,  
As Hymen there attracts their wond'ring eyes,  
For soon as Love perceived his work was done,  
Quick flew the summons, and the god came down,  
And in that bower his glowing altar raised,  
On which fair Erin with emotion gazed.

Love now declared, as he entwined their hands,  
Their hearts prepared for Hymen's sacred bands;  
Hymen obedient, soon performed his part,  
Uniting those already joined in heart.  
"Be thou," he said, as he addressed the youth,  
"Sacred to virtue, Erin, and to truth;  
In Erin's daughters shall her graces glow,  
Ready their hearts to soothe another's woe,  
And this the boon her sons shall e'er desire,  
To be the heirs of their enlightened sire;  
The rites performed, my sacred task is done—  
Genius and Erin, shall henceforth be *one*."

From this her sons their proudest boastings drew,  
Erin's bright sons—are those of Genius too,  
In time he hastened to this sacred place,  
And ope'd an entrance for her tuneful race.

Now Fame, who stood as I intent surveyed,  
The interior beauties of the scene displayed:  
“Behold,” he said, “where Britain's glories shine,  
Dramatic, Epic, Lyric, and Divine ;  
See ancient CHAUCER, beaming from the clouds,  
Where dim obscurity his genius shrouds ;  
This reverend patriarch of British song,  
Tho' now scarce lisped or uttered by a tongue,  
Still holds his place amidst the sons of Time,  
The great progenitor of English rhyme ;  
But o'er his race for some succeeding years,  
Mark what a shade of cloudiness appears :  
Scarce a bright ray reflected from the scene,  
'Till SPENCER's muse pourtrayed the *Fairy Queen* ;  
Then soon appeared those favoured names, that rise  
Now in succession to thy wondering eyes :

COWLEY and WALLER there are seen to cope,  
And DRYDEN claims a precedence to POPE ;  
But be assured, that midst this tuneful scene,  
Relentless Death our enemy has been !  
Of BRITAIN'S BARDS, you scarce behold a tithe,  
Escaped the slaughter of his fatal scythe ;  
How oft with grief, I've seen a dastard knave,  
At fourscore years, yet smiling at the grave ;  
A man, whose heart no sacred fire had warmed,  
Whose breast no love of poesy e'er charmed ;  
And oft a youth, whose yet untutored mind,  
Displayed the promise of a soul refined,  
While yet fair science watched his opening bloom,  
Death's fatal mandate call him to the tomb ;  
So midst the flowers which deck each verdant field,  
And all their fragrance in profusion yield,  
Tho' mountain thistles, and obnoxious weeds,  
All scatter wide their propagating seeds,  
How oft a pleasing and a fragrant gem,  
Dies in the bud, or withers on the stem !



Grown now familiar with my guide so blest,  
I asked—"What bard is that above the rest?"  
High on a pedestal supremely grand,  
He seemed in list'ning attitude to stand,  
While Truth and Wisdom sat on either side,  
And Justice, too, determined to preside;  
There critic-like, he stood with looks profound,  
List'ning to each harmonious bard around;  
"Thou," said my guide, "a candidate for fame,  
And hast not heard of mighty JOHNSON'S name,  
Whose knowledge infinite, and powers supreme,  
Extoll'd each bard, and magnified his fame!"  
Genius and learning were in him combined,  
To form a critic of discerning mind;  
Now, if a lyre unharmonized appear,  
It grates in discord on his tuneful ear,  
The critic's sceptre he sublimely holds,  
While truth's bright torch each dignity unfolds;  
Pleased with the bards, he shews their just degree  
And Time, enraptured, sanctions the decree.  
"Each bard," said Fame, "will soon be known to you,"  
And in a moment vanished from my view.

I soon perceived the wasting hand of Time  
Was interfering in this scene sublime,  
For of the verdant laurels of the bards,  
Some he revives, and others disregards;  
Nor years alone their verdure had defaced,  
Nor they decayed as centuries increased;  
For some, who first an entrance had obtained,  
Their vernal bloom and brilliancy retained.

As when at eve we view the spangled sky,  
And mark the glorious firmament on high,  
Where stars in thousands twinkle to the sight,  
Each with its meed of heaven-proportioned light:  
Thus ranged, they deck the canopy divine,  
'Till Cynthia rising, all the stars outshine.  
So here, each bard, by fame in order placed,  
Had long the records of the Temple graced;  
Alike, or near, their just applause had been,  
'Till SHAKSPERE burst in splendour on the scene,  
The vernal laurels which his brows adorn,  
More lovely bloom, and brighten ev'ry morn.

The Epic Muse, exalted in the train,  
Then sought her height of grandeur to attain,  
Displeas'd this vast Dramatic orb should shine,  
The most resplendent planet of the Nine;  
Roused by the thought, she grasped her sacred lyre,  
And seem'd illumined by celestial fire;  
The gods enamour'd, then around her drew,  
And mighty MILTON burst upon her view.

Exalted thus, to their determin'd height,  
They'd now in sweetest melody delight,  
Then sought a minstrel of harmonious race,  
With less of majesty—and more of grace;  
But scarce had utter'd this their new-born hope,  
When their flash'd sparks illuminated POPE,  
Whose flowing numbers so sublime and dear,  
In sweetest cadence, charm the ravish'd ear.

Now, the poetic hemisphere was seen,  
As cloudless evenings, shining and serene,  
Each varied star of brilliancy and size,  
Its light diffus'd, and beautified the skies;

But as this scene all admiration drew,  
A blazing meteor darted into view!  
O'er Bristol's sacred edifice it beamed,  
And there its brilliancy of lustre streamed;  
This youthful herald, roving thro' the sky,  
Now seemed to tell of centuries gone by,  
And shew to light what distant ages doomed,  
And in oblivion's sepulchre entombed;  
Some thought, this comet<sup>(4)</sup> was the *Rowley* star,  
That dimly shone or twinkled from afar;  
But others<sup>(5)</sup> viewing, not the most endeared,  
Declared it never had before appeared;  
Tho' still its beams continued to reflect,  
Yet those who viewed, *but viewed it to neglect*;  
Awhile it stood, still dazzling to the view,  
And then, *indignant, from the scene withdrew.*

(4) MRS. HANNAH MORE has said, that BURNS, with all his brilliancy of talent, was but a shining star compared to CHATTERTON, who should always be considered a comet in the hemisphere of genius.

(5) GRAY and MASON.—(See SOUTHEY'S Life of CHATTERTON.)

Oh! youthful CHATTERTON, how shall the muse,  
To thee her tributary tear refuse?  
Or who shall know the splendour of thy rays,  
And the perverted judgment of those days,  
And not invoke the Muses' deadly ire,  
On those who frowned neglect upon thy lyre?  
The bosom swells, and must indignant beat,  
To hear thy piteous, undeserving fate;  
To think that you—in whom the powers designed  
To prove the force and majesty of mind,  
And thus display how high the soul may rise,  
When nature pours her treasures from the skies,  
Should be, tho' genius valued and caressed,  
By shameful man, neglected and depressed.

At distance now, in a sarcastic frown,  
Appeared a favourite satirist of renown;  
But as I tried a nearer view to gain,  
And hoped a willing audience to obtain,  
The bashful muse, her garb of sable hue  
Cast o'er his form, and screened it from my view.

Great man, when first I viewed thy marble bust,  
And trod the ground encompassing thy dust,  
When recollection to my mind exposed  
The painful scene in which thy life was closed,  
The liquid witness of a feeling heart  
Burst forth, and caused me weeping to depart ;  
Methought, that were thy vast ingenious mind,  
As that of YOUNG or ADDISON inclined ;  
That did thy strains, as theirs tow'rds virtue drift,  
Few names should stand pre-eminent as SWIFT.

A solemn, grand, and energetic sound,  
Now made the walls with harmony resound :  
I turned to witness the majestic lay,  
And found it issued from the lyre of GRAY.

GOLDSMITH, beloved amidst the tuneful race,  
Poured forth his lays of elegance and grace ;  
And SHENSTONE then attuned his chords to move,  
To all the sweet simplicity of love.

Next followed PARNELL's ever pleasing lay,  
With PRIOR, TICKLE, AKENSIDE, and GAY,  
And PHILLIPS shewed his imitative vein,  
Soaring to touch great MILTON's lofty strain.  
They ceased, I gazed with pride and love, on all  
The countless names within this spacious hall,  
Hundreds of whom I ne'er before had heard,  
Arranged in order with their harps appeared.  
But soon a varied and a lofty sound,  
Of wild notes floating echoed all around;  
'Twas tuneful COLLINS, with his magic art,  
Tracing the *passions* of the human heart.

Think not, the sound of each exalted lyre  
Alone avails the bosom to inspire,  
Tho' PHILLIPS, GAY, or SWIFT could never hope  
To soar as MILTON, or to charm as POPE,  
Yet shall the sweetness of their soothing lays,  
Excite a meed of secondary praise ;  
As when a band in martial order rise,  
And each his well-tuned instrument applies,

'Mid the loud drum, and trumpet's warlike sound,  
The softer notes of melody are drowned;  
Yet tho' the sound be faint among the train,  
It still is felt to harmonize the strain.

The youthful **DERMODY**, I next perceived,  
From all anxieties of life relieved;  
His tuneful mind, unshackled and at ease,  
Delights the sounds of harmony to raise.

Methinks, a sympathetic feeling rolls,  
Between poetic and ill-fated souls;  
For near this bard, misguided **SAVAGE** stood,  
In plaintive, humourous, and sarcastic mood.  
Hard-fated man—from his obnoxious birth,  
Forced a deserted wand'rer on the earth—  
His hateful parent, by each age reviled,  
Her husband's shame, and ruin of her child,  
Basely refused each fond protecting care,  
And gave her son to misery and despair;  
The Muse beheld him, wandering and alone,  
Nurtured the boy, and reared him as her own;



Her fostering care, with amplitude supplied,  
What a base mother had from birth denied.

Now glowing THOMSON, of poetic soul,  
Sung to the changing Seasons as they roll;  
Then ALLAN RAMSAY'S rural notes I heard,  
And here ill-fated FERGUSON appeared;  
Here shone sweet FALCONER'S ever brilliant rays,  
Which, like the sun, illuminates the seas,  
His lyre he raised—and with one mighty sweep,  
Sung all the fatal horrors of the deep;  
Then pleasing BEATTIE, in a strain refined,  
Traced the grand progress of a Minstrel's mind,  
Through all the sweets of poesy he roved,  
As now the harp in ecstasy he moved;  
BRUCE, loved his native beauties to rehearse,  
And clothed "Lochleven" in immortal verse.

But, as the mind tow'rds Caledonia turns,  
It seeks the brightest of her offspring, BURNS;  
Scotia, I saw that morning star so bright,  
Your native, luminous, and brilliant light,

Here stood that gem—that boasts your heartfelt  
toil—

The proudest produce of *your fertile soil*;  
I heard that bard, whose brilliant merits claim  
The constant echo of your loudest fame;  
Sweet was the lyre of that poetic gem,  
Who wears with pride your laurelled diadem,  
Humour and pathos blended on his page,  
Still charm the young, and cheer decrepid age.

Now a grand sound of harmony most dear,  
Filled the vast dome, and struck my ravished ear;  
Even Fame stood mute, and motionless appeared,  
As the resoundings of this lyre he heard;  
From plain to pleasing, pleasing to sublime,  
Thro' all the sweet variety of rhyme  
Its music flowed, determined to impart,  
All that of verse could animate the heart;  
I turned to whence the magic sweetness came,  
And witnessed BYRON'S captivating flame!  
While this great harp continued to resound,  
I heard a soft pipe yield a gentle sound:

Ye rural scenes, whose joys are ever dear,  
Ye shades, still vocal to the list'ning ear,  
Ye hills, whose prospects harmonize the mind,  
Ye vales, with love and gentleness entwined,  
Your flowery scenes shall never know decay,  
While BLOOMFIELD'S lines your loveliness display.

In SHAKSPERE'S angle of the mighty hall,  
Tho' he appeared to occupy it all,  
Pathetic OTWAY'S genius never fails  
On Belvidera's and Monimia's tales ;  
There ROWE is heard the tragic chords to move,  
As he pourtrays the force of nuptial love ;  
He leads "Jane Grey" upon the block to bleed,  
And poor "Jane Shore"—fair penitent indeed.  
Scenes such as his must touch the feeling heart,  
When forced with heroines like those to part.

There, too, was DRYDEN, whose transcendent mind,  
Was with the powers of tragedy entwined ;  
Tho' dim is now his once bright tragic fire,  
And nearly silent his dramatic lyre :

But oh! what rapture in his pleasing lay,  
Whene'er he sings of "Alexander's Day,"  
Or strains the chords, whose energies aspire  
To all the tuneful transports of the lyre!  
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, next unite to prove  
The dire effects of unrequited love;  
There rare BEN JONSON'S wit and learning please,  
And CONGREVE sings with elegance and ease;  
While GOLDSMITH'S humour, in a happy strain,  
Essayed to please, nor ever sought in vain.

But, near to SHAKSPERE'S yet unrival'd lyre,  
Stood one—who seemed illumined by his fire,  
All hearts and passions were by magic won,  
As HOME displayed the fate of Douglas' son;  
Then pleasing ADDISON caught up the lyre,  
And sung as "Cato" might himself inspire;  
While YOUNG, depicts a human monster's state,  
As Zanga proves his unrelenting hate.  
Vast were the numbers in this scene appeared,  
But faintly viewed, or indistinctly heard;

In vain the Muse now labours to recall,  
The various names which graced the Tragic hall.

Now, a grand sound of heavenly accents rung,  
Floating, methought, from some seraphic tongue,  
Sweet as those notes—when sinners are forgiven—  
And mercy leads a ransomed soul through heaven;  
'Twas from those Bards who strike the *Sacred* lyre,  
And sing what cherubim alone inspire;  
First were displayed in loud sonorous strains,  
Contending angels on the heavenly plains,  
How brilliant Lucifer, who shone afar,  
Rebelled, and dared the seraphim to war,  
Him, conquering Michael from his height expelled,  
With all presuming spirits who rebelled;  
The vast assembly sparkled with surprise,  
As MILTON sung the triumph of the skies!

There WATTS, his harp to hallowed music strung,  
And there I heard the solemn strains of YOUNG,  
And mighty ADDISON, of Christian heart,  
In the grand concert bore a tuneful part;

Then gentle COWPER, whose immortal lays,  
No limits knew to sound his Maker's praise,  
Next sung of "Truth," of "Charity," and "Hope,"  
And in "The Task" to genius gave full scope;

Then BOYSE poured forth his sweet harmonious lines,  
Through which "The Deity" resplendent shines,  
And as with awful reverence he stood,

Pourtrayed each mighty attribute of GOD;

Pleased with the theme, great PORTEUS joined the  
strain,

And sung Death's terrors, and his ghastly train.

He ceased, and BLAIR commenced a solemn stave,  
To show the gloomy horrors of "The Grave;"

So sweet, so sacred, and sublime his lyre,

It seemed to sparkle with Miltonian fire;

BRUCE, GLYNN, and YOUNG, then joined in solemn  
lay,

And sung the terrors of the "Judgment Day."

But how the scene with sacred music rung,

When TATE and BRADY tuned what DAVID strung!

The Royal Bard, whose tuneful chords they move,

Smiled from his sacred residence above,

And Angels gladdened with a sound so dear,  
Resigned their harps in ecstasy to hear.

Methinks when that Eternal Day shall come,  
That the loud trump shall pierce the silent tomb,  
When all the dead—wise, great, and mean shall rise  
As the last summons issues from the skies,  
When all—from Adam, who this earth have trod,  
Must stand before the tribunal of GOD,  
Methinks, I say, this once harmonious band,  
Shall re-united and together stand ;  
There MILTON, COWPER, ADDISON, and YOUNG,  
Who, while on earth such heavenly accents sung,  
Shall lead with rapture the poetic train,  
And tune their voices to a glorious strain ;  
Then, as their spirits more refined shall prove,  
Joined with the sacred cherubim above,  
Those favoured bards, who sung to virtue here,  
Shall raise a song of loudest triumph there ;  
But, when a Seraph shall aloud proclaim  
“Praises to GOD, and glory to His Name,”

And saints and angels at the sacred shrine,  
Prepare their harps for melody divine,  
Then shall these bards, with rapture strike their lyres,  
And sing in accents such as heaven inspires!

Now, in the centre of the pile appeared,  
A splendid throne of adamant upreared,  
No massive pillars were upraised to prop,  
Nor did it seem suspended from the top;  
But in the Temple as by magic stood,  
And soon received the harp-inspiring god.  
Exalted thus, Apollo raised his head,  
And to the tuneful multitude he said—  
“My favourite sons, who crowd this spacious dome,  
Whom Greece ne'er equalled, nor Imperial Rome,  
I know your merits, and esteem your worth,  
For I presided at each poet's birth;”  
(When to the world a bard has ushered been,  
Apollo stands in secret at the scene)  
“All your grand flights of fancy I've surveyed,  
In the close closet, or sequestered shade;



This day, the Muse determines to proclaim,  
The most exalted of the sons of Fame."

"Sire of the Drama, leave thy hallowed seat,  
And let the Muse thy mighty powers repeat;  
Come, thou, who soaring to the heights sublime,  
Burst the strong shackles and the bonds of *rhyme*,  
Who taught the soul, th' eternal world to scan,  
'And justify the ways of GOD to man;'  
And come, thou Youth, by Poesy adored,  
Whose daring spirit to its heights has soared,  
Who from thy brow tore down its just award,  
To crown an ancient and forgotten bard.  
Haste, POPE and DRYDEN, whose harmonious lays,  
Gained the loud tribute of a nation's praise,  
Who raised loved Poetry to beauty's height,  
And drew her reasoning faculties to light;  
Descend great BYRON, from thy mighty throne,  
And be the laurell'd diadem thine own;  
All, who've excelled, in majesty or theme  
Advance, and prove the merits of your claim;

Come all, who would the bright tiara wear,  
And Fame's bright trophy undisputed bear."

As thus he spake, the bards in order stand,  
And in a circle wait the god's command,  
Who smiling, said—"I ne'er can here decide,  
'Till I behold sweet Caledonia's pride."  
This said, he instant round to Genius turns,  
And calls aloud to Nature's minstrel, BURNS:  
The bard is seen to rise at the command,  
And with the favourite candidates to stand.

Then sought each goddess of celestial fire,  
In conscious pride to elevate her lyre,  
And raise the bards of her peculiar strain,  
The most exalted in each vocal train;  
The loved Melpomene, at first arose,  
And thought no rival sister would oppose;  
Her lyre she struck, and one harmonious sound  
Brought bleeding heroines and heroes round,  
Of youth, of love, of valour, and of age,  
Who seemed to raise, and dignify the Stage;

Surrounded thus, the goddess loud exclaimed—  
“Now, be my art through future ages famed,  
Now, let each power whose inspirations fire,  
Pronounce my bards, triumphant on the lyre.  
First in the train, see brilliant SHAKSPERE stand,  
In genius infinite, and wisdom grand;  
Nature’s great Minstrel, thus he stands sublime,  
And speaks defiance to the sons of time;  
But this, some bards are now disposed to try,  
And for supremacy intend to vie.  
In him, what vast sublimities now shine,  
Nature and passion breathing through each line,  
Where vice and virtue stand alike displayed,  
In horror that, and this in love arrayed,  
To show the graces which the mind adorn,  
And hold detested infamy to scorn,  
Or o’er the heights, the valley, or the grove,  
Where Nature plants her images of love,  
Alike his genius pours its ample store,  
In all its grand variety of lore.  
There, see how ‘Richard’ innocence oppressed,  
And forced in gory sepulchres to rest,

Or slaughtered 'Hamlet' rising from his tomb,  
To point the wretch who forced him to his doom;  
And lovely 'Juliet,' there appears to prove,  
Who best depicts her constancy and love."

She ceased, and soon the Epic Muse declared,  
That "MILTON stands the most majestic bard.  
Is not his song as ancient bard ne'er sung,  
Nor ever flowed from a succeeding tongue?  
What mighty genius has his verse displayed,  
In all the pride of majesty arrayed;  
View in his theme, the mysteries and plan  
Of earthly Paradise, once bestowed on man,  
Nor think his muse delights alone to tell,  
How man transgress'd, and from his glory fell;  
For soon as Heaven, in mercy to man's race,  
Designed a refuge from that foul disgrace,  
Then, what Redemption had for man attained,  
Now stands displayed in 'Paradise Regained.'"

Soon as she ceased, the Lyric Muse arose,  
But, here Apollo sought to interpose:

“I know,” he said, “the merit of each bard,  
And yield of fame, proportionate reward;  
But I perceive it vain for you to try,  
Or hope with SHAKSPERE’S brilliancy to vie;  
For he<sup>(6)</sup> who stands of critics most elate,  
Has thus declared—‘A tragedy complete—  
Is, of all verse—majestic or refined—  
The greatest effort of the human mind.’  
Now, as there’s none around this mighty throne,  
Who has that splendid dramatist outshone,  
He must, at once, the diadem obtain,  
And SHAKSPERE—*ever undisputed reign.*”

Soon as the brightest trophy was bestowed,  
The next in brilliancy to MILTON flowed;  
Endowed with strength and majesty of mind,  
To him the lyre of grandeur was consigned.  
“Be thou,” they said, “of Poesy the pride,  
And o’er each bard of loftiness preside;  
But POPE and DRYDEN’S hallowed lays shall prove  
The soul, the test of Poetry and Love.”

(6) DR. JOHNSON.

Genius now questioned CHATTERTON, to know  
Why he on Rowley should his gifts bestow :  
“You have I blest,” he said, “with heavenly fire,  
Bright as e'er beamed or sparkled from the lyre,  
Within thy bosom dwelt a taste refined,  
As e'er could raise or dignify the mind ;  
Then why didst thou, regardless of thy fame,  
Light up old Rowley's just expiring flame ;  
Not DRYDEN, BURNS, nor yet harmonious POPE,  
Could here attempt with CHATTERTON to cope ;  
Hadst thou but prized the mighty genius given,  
Nor dared the mandate of all-ruling Heaven ;  
As thou in doubt the learned world involved—  
So be thy fame—a mystery unsolved.”

Oh hallowed Bards, who yet these isles adorn,  
And sweetly echo as the lark at morn,  
The time will come—tho' years may intervene,  
When ye shall sit triumphant in that scene,  
When CAMPBELL, soaring on the wings of “Hope,”  
Shall there alight in Poesy to cope,

And pleasing ROGERS, still to "Memory" dear,  
Shall there receive that fame he purchased here;  
There SOUTHEY's laurels brighter still shall bloom,  
And WORDSWORTH's lilies shed a sweet perfume;  
There HEMAN's flowers their sweetness shall display,  
Her beauties opening as the rose in May,  
And there MONTGOMERY's pleasing gems be seen,  
To hold for ever their unfading green.

More brilliant there, shall virtuous STOWELL shine,  
Whose life displays the Minstrel and Divine;  
When here the zealous Pastor, can no more  
Reclaim the sinner, or instruct the poor,  
When Death, the preacher's ministry shall close,  
And bid the tongue, now eloquent, repose,  
"Religion's Pleasures," to their minds shall give  
A view of him who bade their spirits live;  
Close to the shades of hallowed WATTS and YOUNG,  
He'll sing to virtue, as he here has sung.

But oh! what raptures must attend the Nine,  
When BYRON, SHERIDAN, and MOORE shall join;

That winning bard of Erin's tuneful race,  
Who here displays both majesty and grace,  
Shall there his country's "Melodies" rehearse,  
In all the touching dignity of verse!  
What vast excitement will his strains prolong,  
Whene'er he touches Oriental song;  
And should he sing the "worshippers of fire,"  
Hundreds shall fall, and worship at his lyre;  
For Fame, while I the magic scene surveyed,  
A most resplendent *Pedestal* displayed!

Around this grand poetical award,  
Appeared each emblem of a pleasing bard;  
Below, supporting, stood the Lyric lyre,  
Its sounds vibrating 'midst celestial fire,  
Whose flames ascending, formed a glowing ray,  
Designed by Fame, the Poet to display;  
Above, stood Time, determined to proclaim,  
'Through future ages his exalted name;  
And at each side a noble form appeared,  
To beauty, love, and harmony endeared;



One, the fair goddess of his isle, who cried  
 "Here shall the brightest of my sons preside;"  
 And one that muse, whose pleasing powers combined  
 To form his worth and dignity of mind.

"Does this," said Fame, "attract thy wond'ring  
 mind,

And wouldst thou know for whom it is designed?  
 For ROGERS, SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, it is not,  
 Nor yet prepared for more ingenious SCOTT,  
 Nor for a candidate of fame unborn,  
 Designed some future ages to adorn;  
 Not gentle COLERIDGE, nor simple CLARE,  
 Nor CRABBE, nor HOGG, shall shine conspicuous  
 there,  
 Nor CAMPBELL's genius could this shrine procure;  
 For know, that pedestal's designed for MOORE;  
 Who there enthroned in true poetic pride,  
 Shall o'er the sons of melody preside,  
 Till Time, in fatal agony shall pass,  
 His scythe laid useless, with his vacant glass."

Ye mighty powers, who guard the Poet's mind,  
And all your trophies on his temples bind,  
Oh! what's the magic of your mystic sway,  
That here made Time his progress to delay;  
When Heaven, in vengeance on the world had  
    rained,  
And none, save Noah's, of the earth remained;  
Then, when the sun refused his dazzling light,  
And the moon ceased to influence the night,  
Time, who alone pursued his swift career,  
Nor lost one moment of that fatal year,  
Here stood—arrested by poetic force,  
As POLLOCK traced his universal "Course."

As thus I listened to each swelling lyre,  
And felt the blaze of Inspiration's fire,  
A rushing noise there through the Temple ran,  
And Fame's loud accents in this strain began:  
"Ye Bards, who sit in this imperial dome,  
Behold great SCOTT, my favourite minstrel, come,  
Let all who value Inspiration's flame,  
With sounds harmonious echo to his fame.

Ye massive pillars of this Temple rise,  
And let its top support th' incumbent skies;  
If great PARNASSUS can more room command,  
Spread the foundations, and let all expand."  
Scarce had he ceased, when high the structure rose,  
And each great scene seemed struggling to disclose!  
Wider it grew, 'till lost in fond amaze,  
The vision dazzled—and I ceased to gaze.

WATERFORD.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### THE MANIAC:

NO FICTION.

WHEN blest with the pleasures of comfort and ease,  
We rest in their blessings secure;  
How little we heed the distress or disease,  
Our poor fellow-mortals endure.

“One half of the world,” the proverb declares,  
“Scarce know how the other exist;”  
Their noxious recesses, misfortunes, and cares,  
And pittance on which they subsist.

These all are unknown to the wealthy and great,  
Whose mansion vast treasure supplies;  
And unknown are the pangs which on riches await,  
When health from voluptuousness flies.

In a wind-shivered cot, near the circling **SUIR**,  
A mortal in wretchedness lies ;  
But exempt from our bliss, or the pains we endure,  
While we toil for a home in the skies.

Ambition, that vile agitator of days  
Now passing, now past, and to come ;  
Tho' to list'ning thousands it echoes its praise,  
In the Maniac's poor bosom is dumb.

He is free from the cares, the vexations, and strife,  
Which await on the reasoning mind ;  
With no thought of the dangers which intercept life,  
By envy or malice designed,

No children, regardless of filial delight,  
Disturb his parental concern ;  
No fearful anxieties wake him at night,  
Their dreaded effects to discern.

But, call not the Maniac's station so blest,  
Tho' he feels no vexations or strife,  
Did the sweetness of love in his bosom e'er rest,  
To display all the beauties of life?

Has beauty—that heaven-born charm of the earth,  
That entwines round the delicate mind,  
And awakens inanimate love into birth,  
His feelings or passions refined?

Oh! shades of great MILTON, of BYRON, and POPE,  
Your notes never float on his ear;  
In sweetness the screams of the peacock may cope,  
And please his dull fancy to hear.

No Palaces, decked out in trappings of gold,  
Nor all that wealth's pencil can draw,  
To him their delightful allurements unfold;  
He's content with his "blanket and straw."

He, nought of Creation's great beauties can tell,  
Nor can they to his bosom be dear;  
A taper when lighted, will please him as well  
As the Sun in his brilliant career!

He feels not, he seeks not, that heaven-born love,  
His Redeemer once died to obtain;  
Ne'er prostrate in prayer, his soul rises above,  
A pardoning mercy to gain.

Thou, test of high Heaven's superlative powers,  
A reasoning mortal, attend;  
See here the sad fate, see the wearisome hours,  
A soul void of reason must spend.

No hope of a state in Eternal delight,  
No ideas of a merciful God;  
No wish to assemble in regions of light,  
With associates consigned to the sod.

Oh! that is a hope in the sensitive heart,  
That dispels all the shadows of Death;  
It sweetens his dregs, and then wards off his dart,  
As we draw the last semblance of breath.

Compassion, to charity's sweetness allied,  
Dost thou weep this sad object to view?  
Then remember, this rational feeling denied,  
Is in mercy still granted to you.

Adieu, thou poor Maniac, may Wisdom Divine,  
Which thy bosom's bright reason withdraws;  
Still grant, that the portion imparted to mine,  
May be spent in humanity's cause.



## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. CLOSE, AND MISS ANNA GRUBB,

*Who were found Drowned together in Clonmell.*

---

“Dreadful vicissitude, to have the bridal festivity turned into the funeral solemnity.”—HERVEY.

THE weeping lyre must now be strung,  
With mournful hand each chord be rung,  
And tremble while they ring;  
The Muse, from gayer scenes retired,  
By melancholy's theme inspired,  
In sorrow now shall sing.

But why, when love triumphant reigns,  
Should sorrow dwell upon the strains,  
    And cheerless notes prolong?  
Tho' ANNA'S spirit now is fled,  
And CLOSE lies number'd with the dead,  
    'Tis yet a cheerful song.

'Twas twilight's lovely hour—the West  
Had just received the sun to rest,  
    No moon displayed a beam,  
When two fond souls—as brave and fair  
As ever breathed sweet Erin's air,  
    Roved near a gliding stream.

He sought in zeal the conquering field,  
Britannia's foes compell'd to yield,  
    Brave, midst the brave had proved;  
While she, in beauty's charms arrayed,  
Nature's superior gifts displayed,  
    But more by virtue loved.

Their hearts unite, their arms link,  
And walking on the water's brink,  
    No fear or dangers dread,  
Unguided by a silvery beam,  
They step into the fatal stream,  
    Which yields them to the dead.

Oh! fate, that's known a foe to prove,  
And oft dispel the sweets of love,  
    And bosoms disunite,  
Thy cruel hate could never part,  
These souls in unison of heart,  
    Now severed from thy sight.

The evening star, their witness stood,  
Their altar was the raging flood,  
    And Death the priest that wed;  
As nuptial bells the night winds storm'd,  
When Death his holy rites performed,  
    The waters were their bed!

Too pure their love for mortal sight,  
They're hurried to those scenes of light,

Where each fond spirit rests :

In heavenly matrimonial pride,  
Appear the lover and his bride,

With angels for their guests.

Man, when united to his fair,

Will oft to lovely scenes repair,

The marriage-week to spend;

But when their plighted vows were given,

They hastened to the bowers of Heaven,

Where bliss can never end.

Be hushed, ye mourning parents, here

With pious resignation bear

Those trials which arise,

That GOD, who rules supreme above,

Pleased with their purity and love,

Has caught them to the skies.

## LINES

WRITTEN OVER THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG POETICAL  
FRIEND,

*In the Abbey Churchyard, Waterford.*

---

"A mute, inglorious MILTON, here may rest."—GRAY.

---

THESE silent solitary scenes I tread,  
And rove with pleasing fondness o'er the dead;  
I love these paths so dreary, to pursue,  
Where Death's dread emblems rise before my view.  
How many mortals once of life possessed,  
Beneath these hillocks are reclined to rest!  
How many here, for whom some beating heart,  
Feels the dread pangs of separation's smart!  
What hope, what youth, and wisdom may recline,  
And oh! what genius mingle in this shrine!  
Oft beauteous blossoms fall before their bloom,  
Cropt like the clay-cold tenant of this tomb!

For in this grave, tho' no proud laurel shines,  
A MICHAEL BRUCE, or CHATTERTON reclines,  
Or now retired from studies too severe,  
A young KIRK WHITE, or DERMODY lies here ;  
A heart, when life the human frame had warmed,  
The sweets of Poesy sublime had charmed.  
Who rests beneath, and why these thoughts arise,  
And why, oh ! why, this tribute from my eyes ?  
Friendship sends forth each trickling tear to meet,  
My once loved COLLINS, buried at my feet ;  
Let them bear witness, that I stand above,  
Be them my faithful messengers of love,  
As soon might vigour warm again his frame,  
As he extinguished in my breast its flame.

But, what's the body when the spirit flies  
A few poor bones, obnoxious to the eyes.  
And does this head contain its learned brain ?  
Yes, just as much as these cold stones contain—  
This, and no more—but, why no more, you say,  
Must all dissolve and mingle with the clay ?  
Even the pure heart, affection's blissful seat,  
That oft for love and harmony had beat ;

There virtuous friendship ne'er was known to cease,  
But now corruption has usurped its place ;  
The eyes that rolled and sparkled in the day,  
Are undistinguished particles of clay ;  
And must those virtues which thro' life had bloomed,  
With worms associate, and be here entomb'd ?  
Ah, no ! the unconquered spirit in her flight,  
Conveyed those trophies into realms of light.

The bounteous grain, dissolving in the earth,  
Must first decay, e'er wakened into birth ;  
But when the sun's enlivening rays appear,  
And Summer shines in splendour to the year,  
The seed soon swelling, forms th' expanding root,  
And rising stems display their promised fruit.  
So, in the grave, from human sight withdrawn,  
We rest till Resurrection's sun shall dawn ;  
Then at the great Eternal Trumpet's sound,  
When buried thousands start from out this ground,  
Shall this same body here entomb'd arise,  
And join its ransomed spirit in the skies.

## STANZAS

ON THE RUINS OF DUNHILL CASTLE,\*

*In the County of Waterford.*

ROMANTIC remains of those ages gone by,  
Which we fondly look back to behold ;  
Come tell me thy sorrows, as grandsires reply  
To what children may wish to have told.

Upraised on a pedestal nature had plann'd,  
Thy station was nobly designed ;  
For the genius of beauty selected thy stand,  
To please the dispassionate mind.

\* For an interesting account of this romantic, and once splendid Mansion, together with the resistance made by its inhabitants to the fury of CROMWELL. before he completed its demolition, see RYLAND'S History of Waterford.



How lovely thy stand, the wide ocean in view,  
Reflecting thy picturesque form ;  
Thy strength, what *explosion*, nor time could subdue,  
Still smiles at the impotent storm.

Oh! Erin, my country, renowned thro' the earth,  
For valour, song, beauty, and love ;  
Thee, Nature, in ecstasy waken'd to birth,  
Her powers of creation to prove.

Thou lovely sweet Isle, so beloved thro' the land,  
For Nature's luxuriant display,  
Must each mighty edifice genius had plann'd,  
Thus stand in a shapeless decay ?

While rays of their once splendid brilliancy beam,  
Our voice shall resound in thy praise ;  
While a poet yet makes thee his favourite theme,  
We'll echo his national lays.

We'll sigh to behold what of ages remained,  
Despoiled by tyranical power,  
And the structure that Time's devastation sustained,  
Destroyed in one tragical hour.

So hearts, in the gay festive scenes of delight,  
To each transport of harmony wake,  
Where peace, love, and friendship in honour unite,  
Till some mental calamities break.

The fabrics, tho' human, resign their gay smile,  
When reason drops down from the mind ;  
Departed, like this, are the gems of the pile,  
And leave but *the Ruins* behind.

Now, dim are the grandeurs beheld to arise,  
The kernel is gone from its shell ;  
Ungarnished old walls are the objects we prize,  
Which thus their sad history tell.

“Time was, when the lovely, the valiant and gay,  
In love we were wont to enclose ;  
And the minstrel cheer'd, when the brightness of day  
Retired to his tranquil repose.

The knight, who from valour gained laurell'd renown,  
The maid, in full beauty attired ;  
The bard, and the priest, dress'd in sanctity's gown,  
Have all in this mansion retired.

That sun that's now gilding our dropping remains,  
Has daily our splendour surveyed ;  
He has stood in his glory, list to the strains,  
And fondly his exit delayed.

We have seen him, his head from the eastward  
uprear,  
As if from that ocean he rose ;  
We have seen the moon tremble, and blush to appear,  
E're he had withdrawn to repose.

When the fiend of destruction determined to frown,  
The sun beamed revenge from the skies,  
He reddened with rage, then indignant went down,  
And dared the bright moon to arise."

Desist thou old relic, no longer I'll dwell,  
Nor muse on thy beauties and woes,  
To record the misfortunes my country befell,  
When deprived of such grandeurs as those.

## STANZAS

ON THE GENIUS OF THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

WHEN Shakspeare, in England, rose splendidly beaming,  
And Ramsay, and Thomson, in Scotia by turns ;  
To shew their bright rays more resplendently streaming,  
They sought, and received both a Milton and Burns.  
Then thus these two nations in song so delighted,  
They vowed that no neighbouring Island should cope,  
Their Drama, their Epic, and Song they recited,  
And thought that none dare even venture to hope.

But Erin, who heard all their boasting, in silence,  
Determined to enter a contest so high ;  
For Poesy's spirit had whispered reliance,  
No nation on earth should in genius outvie.  
'Twas not on the sweetness of Goldsmith she rested,  
Nor Sheridan's flights so poetic and pure ;  
Nor the National strains with her Phillips invested ;  
Oh, no! it was ALL, so conspicuous in MOORE.

Now, sweet-flowing Albion, yield the palm of renown,  
That has stood unconsumed in poetical fire ;  
For the gems of true greatness which garnish thy crown,  
No longer must reign o'er the fanciful lyre :  
Tho' the bards of thy melody hundreds admire,  
And thousands to come, admiration will pour,  
But, while truth, love, and sweetness resound from the lyre  
Shall millions re-echo the praises of MOORE.

Thou land of the North, tho' exalted thy station,  
And formed are thy songs every care to beguile ;  
Nor ever 'till now were surpassed by a nation,  
Relinquish thy claim, and give place to our Isle ;  
For though high 'midst the sons of poetical fame,  
Are Scotia's sweet Bards on a basis secure,  
Yet they wanted that bright, that enliv'ning flame,  
That glows in the heart-raising stanzas of MOORE.

The green Isle, to which first this great orb was revealed,  
Her genius and worth to extract and adorn,  
Beheld the dark clouds, which her brightness concealed,  
Disperse, and her splendour burst forth as the morn :

If Erin, once low as a flourishing nation,  
Contempt and privations was doomed to endure,  
She has proudly attained a pre-eminent station,  
In calling to light the bright genius of MOORE.

Dear land of my fathers, tho' thy charms were defaced,  
By despotic hands more destroying than time,  
Yet thy worth, and thy splendour shall ne'er be erased,  
While sensitive bosoms still hold thee sublime :  
If again desolators, as Cromwell, arise,  
And lay waste our proud structures—one grandeur is  
sure,  
Tho' impell'd by all motives which demons devise,  
They ne'er can take from us the genius of MOORE.

Oh! that is a light will be brilliantly burning,  
Illuming the path-ways to learning and fame ;  
And futurity's bards in their course will be turning,  
To catch but a ray of its magical flame ;  
For, while scenes oriental the bosom inspire,  
Or loves of the angels with mortals endure,  
Or Erin's sweet melodies ring from the lyre,  
Shall glow the bright flame so resplendent in MOORE.

## ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE

MOST NOBLE HENRY DE LA POER BERESFORD,

*Second Marquis of Waterford, &c.*

---

“How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot.”—POPE.

---

WHEN first my Muse had ventured to rehearse,  
Her humble efforts, imitating verse,  
Nature's superior beauties to explore,  
She sung the blooming scenes of CURRAGHMORE.  
Joyous she roved along the lovely plain,  
Grateful the task, tho' humble be the strain;  
How changed the theme—in sorrow now to come,  
And view the bier that carries to the tomb,  
The noble Patron of my early lays,  
Pride of my youth, and hope of future days.

Now, to the limits of a grave consigned,  
Reclines the Peer, ennobled most in mind,  
Whose life displayed what virtue could inspire,  
As soldier, senator, or tender sire!  
When base Rebellion in his country rose,  
He sought the field, and triumphed o'er her foes;  
Brave, but humane, the soldier still was known,  
Nor e'er condemned, when mercy could be shown.

In social life, that fond endearing tie,  
And test ordained the human heart to try;  
Which proves if kings or warriors can move,  
In all the sweets of heaven-created love,  
The husband, brother, and the sire appeared,  
Beloved and honoured, and to all endeared.  
To those fond ties, he gave his heartfelt love,  
Nor sought in courts the orator to prove,  
Tho' there, the faithful patriot he was known,  
And felt his country's welfare as his own.  
O'erwhelmed in sorrow shall be seen to come,  
The mourning widows to his silent tomb,



And orphan children by his bounty fed,  
Alike shall seek his solitary bed;  
There grateful speak those feelings which survive,  
“We seek him dead, who sought us when alive.”

Now, CURRAGHMORE,\* so long in beauty's bloom,  
Must all thy splendour vanish into gloom?  
Thy lovely scenes, by nature's self admired,  
Must they in mournful cypress be attired?

So frail is life within the human breast,  
Tho' of all power and influence possessed,  
That him, who late could look around, and say,  
“For me those scenes their cheerfulness display,  
For me those trees in stately order rise,  
And point their verdant branches to the skies;  
That pleasing arbour, the retreat of love,  
If 'twere my wish, should cease to be a grove;  
The deer, in thousands, sporting o'er yon hill,  
Must live, or die, obedient to my will;  
And this great Mansion, pride of all around,  
How soon my voice could prostrate on the ground.”

\* CURRAGHMORE is the extensive and beautiful demesne of this noble family, in the county of Waterford.

Now Death, regardless of the wise or brave,  
Has since consigned him to the silent grave.

Now, may his virtues, as his race is run,  
Glow in the breast of that illustrious son,  
Who, to his wealth and honours shall succeed,  
And imitation of each virtuous deed;  
And oh! may all, who long the sire had loved,  
And mourn, as death their patron has removed,  
In him experience what their souls desire,  
'The father's actions, may the son inspire ;'  
Whene'er with Britain's Senators he'll sit,  
There may his wisdom equal that of PITT ;  
May sparkling knowledge glow in all his words,  
And purchase laurels from surrounding lords ;  
If in the field, he fights his country's cause,  
May valour gain him Monarchs' applause ;  
BERESFORD, a name terrific in the field,  
Alone might make Britannia's foes to yield ;  
But may the victories which his sires have won,  
With tenfold ardour animate the son ;  
May conquered enemies before him bow,  
And Mars' proud laurels decorate his brow.

## S T A N Z A S

ON SEEING FIELD MARSHALL LORD BERESFORD WEEP

*At the Funeral of*

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.

---

“TEARS, by bards or heroes shed,  
Alike immortalize the dead.”—COWPER.

---

WHEN in the silent sepulchre was placed,  
The Peer, whose bosom every virtue graced,  
And hundreds stood around his clay-cold bed,  
To pay their tribute to the noble dead;  
When Peers and Prelates had with peasants proved,  
Their heartfelt sorrow for the Sire they loved;  
There stood the hero, who as conquerer stood,  
When fields were crimsoned o'er with human blood,

When countless deaths were rattling o'er his head,  
And heroes lay in thousands with the dead,  
When the proud foe, his nearest friends had slain,  
And thund'ring canon swept the gory plain,  
No sigh to heave, no tear was seen to flow,  
At all these dangers menaced by the foe;  
But, when returned, as war's dread scenes are o'er,  
A laurell'd conquerer to his native shore,

His noble brother, there he views,  
Laid with his sires to rest,  
When nature, which no art subdues,  
Beat in his gallant breast;  
He, who could war's dread current stem,  
Is now affection's brightest gem.

When the last scene of those we love  
Is closing from our view,  
What secret pangs our bosoms move,  
What feelings to subdue;  
The heart increased beyond its size,  
Seeks refuge in the tearful eyes.

A Victor once displayed a tear,  
By many a widow felt,  
To sorrowful remembrance dear,  
Which stoic hearts might melt;  
An ancient hero wept, 'tis true,  
But 'twas for kingdoms to subdue.

Would he, who desolation sought,  
And cried, "*for worlds to slay,*"  
By nature to the grave be brought,  
A brother's fondness to display?  
So would the vile assassin come,  
In sorrow to his victim's tomb.

He, whose bright glance when in the field,  
Could thousand warriors move,  
Is now himself compell'd to yield,  
And triumphed o'er by love;  
He fought and conquered tyrants grim,  
But now—affection conquers him.

WATERFORD.

## THE THREE GRAVES:

SCENE—GRANTSTOWN CHURCHYARD,

*County of Waterford.*

---

“Oh! ’tis delicious to maintain  
Of friends deceased, a due respect.”—DR. DODD.

---

THERE is a verdant spot of ground,  
By no proud laurels guarded round,  
Near SUIR’s vast swelling waves,  
Where oft the sun, in lustre bright,  
And the pale moon direct their light,  
Upon *three* silent *graves*.

There lie within that spot of earth,  
The sacred sources of my birth,  
    Who ushered me to life ;  
To hold—these graves are set apart,  
The three first objects of my heart—  
    My Mother, Sire, and Wife.

Accept, my parents, ever dear,  
And thou, blest partner, still more near,  
    The sigh my bosom heaves ;  
The tears of him bedewed each hearse,  
Whose numbers flow in mournful verse,  
    To consecrate your graves.

Each sabbath, when Religion's seat  
Unfolds its doors, unbars its gate,  
    For souls to meet in faith,  
The passing eye may then be seen,  
To glance upon these hillocks green,  
    Unconscious *who's* beneath.

There's the fond Mother, who in youth,  
Impressed the words of sacred Truth  
    Upon her offsprings' mind;  
And there, the pious Father's laid,\*  
Whose life, for fourscore years displayed  
    A heart to Heaven resigned.

His vast expansive mind had caught,  
Each science wisdom's school has taught,  
    With unaffected ease;  
In converse, dignified and mild,  
He, with the scholar, or the child,  
    Could captivate and please.

Thro' life, a constant love he bore,  
For precepts taught in sacred lore,  
    And practised what he knew;  
Nor could the cares of life while here,  
Or trials, dreadfully severe,  
    His pious mind undo.

\* The late AMBROSE MORRISON, of Waterford.



As son, and brother, he was known,  
Most others to have far outshone,  
    In fond and filial love;  
As husband, *father*, and as friend,  
Each virtue seemed in him to blend,  
    A model here to prove.

For others' cares, his feeling heart  
Would comfort, love, and help impart,  
    Whene'er distress was near;  
He sought, nor waited to be sought,  
But urged by love, his tribute brought  
    Of consolation dear.

Meek and resigned, his heavenly heart  
Calmly awaited to depart  
    From such a world as this;  
Death had for him no painful sting,  
He wished the moment that should bring  
    His happy soul to bliss.

Thus lived he, to his latest breath,  
Then calmly closed his eyes in death,  
    To "wake with CHRIST in GOD;"  
Long may his blest example be,  
A beacon for futurity,  
    To walk the paths he trod.

Now, from my Parents' graves I turn,  
The far most painful death to mourn,  
    Of any felt thro' life;  
For near my Father's sacred tomb,  
Cropt in the flower of youthful bloom,  
    Reclines my faithful Wife.

Unsullied honour took its rest,  
An early inmate of her breast,  
    And kept its fond abode;  
Nor from her mind did e'er depart,  
That "blessed are the pure in heart,  
    For they shall see their GOD."

Oh! dear departed, has thy shade  
Those scenes of earthly care surveyed,  
    Since thou wert raised above?  
Or canst thou, from thy heavenly sphere,  
Look down on objects ever dear,  
    The pledges of thy love?

Behold them mourn, behold them weep,  
But still in fond remembrance keep  
    The precepts of thy mind;  
Nor thou, alone by precept taught,  
As all thy spotless life was fraught  
    With actions purely kind.

With her each beauty seemed to rest,  
And ev'ry virtue, to her breast  
    In fondness had retired;  
Cheerful and modest, mild, yet gay,  
And blest contentment seemed to say,  
    " What more to be admired."

My Sire's example well she loved,  
His ev'ry virtue she approved,  
    With imitation mild;  
Like him, had learned her God to fear,  
And when the final hour drew near,  
    With resignation smiled.

When Time's old glass its course shall run,  
And Death himself be called upon  
    To close his dreary caves;  
Their bodies, moulded for the skies,  
Shall, at the Trumpet's sound arise  
    From those *three* silent *graves*.

WATERFORD.



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