

Original Poems

Mary Hopkins Pilkington

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Original Poems

Mary Hopkins Pilkington

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- HELEN AND SEDLEY.
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Original Poems

- LINES
- CONCLUDING TALE.

**DEDICATORY ADDRESS
TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.**

WHEN virtue and dignity jointly combine,
Like the sun's radiant beams, more effulgent they shine;
For when virtue is hid by *Obscurity's shroud* ,
It resembles the sun, conceal'd by a cloud;
But when 'tis encircled with *Royalty's blaze* ,
Conspicuous it *shines* , and, like Caroline's rays,
Far beyond its own circular orbit extends,
And effulgently shines on its *admiring friends!*
May the virtues of BRUNSWICK'S descendant long shine,
And, transmitted, appear in Old England's *fair* line;
May her joys and her pleasures each moment increase,
And her breast be the mansion of bliss and of peace!
May those honours which fate has decreed her to wear
Be never diminish'd by *Royalty's care*;
May the coronet which her temples adorns
Ne'er prove to its wearer a garland of thorns!
May roses spring from it, so profuse and sweet,
That their leaves, falling down, may envelope her feet,
And occasion life's steps to appear light as air,
By concealing beneath them the rough path of care.
If *wishes* , Great Princess, could like incense rise,
Then *mine* should *ascend* to the foot of the skies,
And implore the Blest Author of *greatness* and life
To shield you from care, and protect you from strife.
But as wishes, alas! are both futile and vain,
I have only to *hope* that no sorrow or pain
Will probe to the quick that too sensitive heart;
And if sorrow *must aim* , may the point of its dart
Be blunted, before it reaches a breast
Where virtue resides, and residing, feels blest.
May your days, honour'd Princess, prove tranquil and sweet,
Is the prayer of that being who lays at your *feet*
The offspring of *fancy* , the produce of *thought*;
Though *some* of the *Tales* are with *simple facts* fraught,
As their *title* will prove; and, permit me to say,
That *applauded* by *Royalty* , each humble lay
Will borrow some merit from that brilliant gleam
Which illumines the Work from *Caroline's beam!*
Receive then an off'ring, submissively laid,
And draw forth oh, draw forth, the writer from shade!
Oh, smile on her efforts—*applaud* but her *Muse* ,
And the *World* will no longer their *plaudits* refuse;
But *smiling* or *frowning* , *respectful* I bend,
Still hoping to find in my *Princess* a *friend!*

Brook Green, Hammersmith.

Original Poems

ORIGINAL TALES.

DONALD AND JESSEY.

NOT in a verdant varying vale,
Not shelter'd by a wood,
Not sweetly fann'd by zephyr's gale,
Or margin'd by a flood,

Whose gentle stream meand'ring flow'd
Clear as the mirror's glare,
And, by reflection, plainly show'd
Each form which wander'd there;

But Donald's habitation stood
Near rocks, whose tow'ring height
Seem'd form'd primeval with the flood,
So firmly fix'd their might.

No placid rivulet was near
That bleak, that drear abode;
The gloomy cypress here, and there,
Proclaim'd the footstepp'd road

Which led to Donald's dreary den—
For such I might it call—
As there the busy hum of men
Ne'er echo'd, through the hall!

Silence, and Solitude, proclaim'd
The master's turn of mind;
Yet Donald's name had once been fam'd
For noble deeds—and kind.

But treach'ry harden'd Donald's breast;
Treach'ry of deepest dye——
A friend depriv'd his soul of rest,
And dimm'd his lust'rous eye.

A friend!—blasphemy to a name
Which spotless Seraphs bear!
A friend it was, who, lost to shame,
Drove Donald to despair.

Original Poems

Donald, the Chief of a proud clan,
Whose castle's tow'r'd the Clyde;
And whose domain extended ran
Along that river's side.

Yet not of wealth or titles proud,
But of those noble deeds
Which time itself can never shroud,
Or veil like widow's weeds!

In feats of valour he had shone;
Fame had those feats proclaim'd;
But his sun set, alas! at noon,
And 'velop'd him in shade.

Douglass, and Donald, long were friends,
Each fought on virtue's side;
Donald on Douglass oft depends,
And makes his will, a guide.

A treach'rous guide, a subtle foe,
Who, with insidious art,
Instill'd a poison deep, yet slow;
Which touch'd a noble heart.

Jessey and Donald were a pair
Unmatch'd—unheard—unseen!
She was the fairest of the fair;
He—of unequall'd mien!

Mars scarcely mov'd with equal grace;
Apollo's lute his voice;
Adonis' not so fine a face;
Such—was fair Jessey's choice.

If Donald might with Mars compare,
With *Venus* Jessey strove;
Not Helen, that fam'd Grecian fair,
Seem'd form'd like her—for love!

Her roseate lip, her blooming cheek,
Her eye of azure blue,

DONALD AND JESSEY.

Original Poems

Did not the pow'r of love bespeak
In language half so true:

For modesty bestow'd a grace,
A charm almost divine,—
Which, Helen, beam'd not in thy face,
But, Jessey,—shone in thine.

No wanton look; no luring glare;
In Jessey's eye was seen;
She seem'd to shun the broad, bold stare,
And wish to bloom unseen.

The din of arms had ceas'd to sound,
The trumpet's voice was mute;
And Jessey sweet enjoyment found
In Donald's tuneful flute.

Attention mark'd her speaking eye,
As o'er the strain she hung;
And bliss inspir'd a feeling sigh,
When Donald play'd or sung!

Douglass attended to the sound,
And saw the bliss inspir'd;
He mark'd each gaze with look profound
Each gaze—his bosom fir'd,

With passion,—fiend-like as the heart
From whence that passion flow'd,
He form'd his plans with subtle art,
Whilst pure esteem he show'd:

For Donald, when retir'd from arms,
Ask'd Douglass to his house,
To spend some months in rural charms,
And see his lovely spouse.

The *sword*, then to the *ploughshare* turn'd,
The *spear* into the *prune*;
And Donald husbandry had learn'd
In the preceding June.

Original Poems

Douglass pretended to enjoy
Pleasure from rural sports;
Weaving a web that should destroy
Bliss seldom known in Courts!—

Long, long, had Jessey been assail'd
By Donald's treach'rous friend;
But though his ev'ry scheme had fail'd,
Yet still he would depend

Upon that pride which women feel
When husbands faithless prove:
And there, with venom'd aspine steel,
He poison'd Jessey's love!

A tale, *maliciously untrue* ,
He whisper'd in her ears;
But, Jessey, may each fair by you
Be caution'd how she hears,

Or listens to, a treach'rous tale
Against the man whose name
Should reach her ears through plaudit's gale,
Proclaiming *worth* and *fame*!

For jealousy, when once inspir'd,
Is not to be repress'd;
It burns with fury, when its fir'd,
Like a volcano's breast.

And Jessey's gentle bosom felt
That fierce volcanic fire;
A bosom Nature form'd to melt
And soothe each rough desire.

Swift, swift the progress from the road
Of virtue, if we stray;
And few—if any—who have trod,
Return'd the perfect way.

This dang'rous path did Jessey tread;
Jessey, once *pure* as *fair*;

Original Poems

Whilst retrospective horror spread
A veil of black despair!

"Oh, Douglass! causer of my woes,"
(In frantic grief she cried,)
"Shield me beneath the Alpine snows,
Or in some cavern hide

"Me from Donald's piercing eye,
Which, sure, must read my shame!
To the remotest realm I'd fly,
To hide my perjur'd name!

"Wretch that I am! *disgrac'd* and *lost* ,
By varying passions torn;
My mind, like raging billows toss'd,
Hopeless! distress'd! forlorn!"

"Fly, my belov'd!" (Douglass exclaim'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast;)
"Let but the spot of earth be nam'd
Where Jessey seeks for rest:

"Not Afric's sun, or Alpine snow,
Should e'er retard my flight;
With thee, contented would I go,
Thinking each danger light!

"My Jessey's spotless form would prove
A guardian angel's light !"——
"Stop! Douglass, stop!" reply'd his love,
"*Virtue alone* —shines bright!

"But me, degen'rate and forlorn,
Detesting ev'n myself;
I rue the day that I was born,
Endow'd with charms and health!"

The plan of flight was soon arrang'd,
To distant realms they flew;
And Jessey from her lord estrang'd,
Jessey, once fond and true!

But who shall paint her lord's distress?
Or tell the horrid tale,
Which whisp'ring rumours soon express
On aggravation's gale?

He heard she fled—and by consent;—
With rapid force and speed;
He heard it as he homeward bent,
And found her gone, indeed!

His infant Jessey tearful ran,
And met him at the door;
"Mamma is gone!" the child began,
"And will not see us more!"

"Not see us more!" Donald reply'd,
Tortur'd with fresh alarms;
He groan'd—he wept—he rav'd—and sigh'd—
Then press'd her in his arms.

"Oh, hapless innocent!" he cry'd,
"Forsaken and forlorn;
Would but to Heav'n I had died,
E'er thou—dear babe, wast born!"

"For now thou chain'st me to this earth;
Thou art a pow'rful tie;
Yet, as I gavest thee thy birth,
For thee—I will not die!"

Grief, indignation, and despair,
Tortur'd his manly breast;
Quick he pursu'd the treach'rous fair,
Who robb'd his soul of rest.

Douglass nor Jessey could be trac'd;
Half o'er the globe he flew;
When homeward he return'd disgrac'd,
He scarce young Jessey knew.

Thrice had the sun its circuit ran,
Or thrice the earth mov'd round,

Original Poems

When Donald, poor unhappy man,
Resought his native ground.

Unable to support the taunts
He fancied would be thrown,
He then resolv'd to seek some haunts
Where he could not be known.

Long did he seek—at length he found
A spot which charm'd his soul;
Sterility o'erspread the ground;
Rough winds—incessant howl!

Far as the eye extends its ken,
Rude rocks majestic rise,
An unfit spot for social men;
Yet thither Donald flies,

Attended by the lovely child,
Whose youthful joyous sports
Render'd the rocks a pleasing wild,
More pleasing far, than courts.

Remembrance never could recall
To Jessey other scenes;
Her father's noble banner'd hall,
Or park of vary'd greens,

If e'er remember'd, soon appear'd
Like an illusive dream;
For Jessey's childhood had been rear'd
Where pleasures—never beam.

To see the sea—fowl fly to rest,
To hear the billows roar,
Or sometimes for the kirk be drest,
Then stroll along the shore,

Was all of pleasure Jessey knew,
Yet Jessey was serene;
And as to womanhood she grew,
She rivall'd Beauty's queen.

Original Poems

Grace in her step; love in her eye;
Contentment in her breast;
And but for Donald's smother'd sigh,
Young Jessey had been bless'd.

Untutor'd she in worldly bliss;
Unskill'd in guile or art;
When Donald smiling gave a kiss,
Joy touch'd her tender heart.

She was, in fact, pure Nature's child,
Yet might have grac'd a court;
Not rustically rude or wild,
But gentleness her forte.

Jessey at ev'ning oft would stray,
To mark the ebbing tide;
Whilst Cynthia lent her silv'ry ray,
To innocence—a guide!

One ev'ning, as she watch'd the tide,
A sudden storm appears;
Cynthia no longer prov'd a guide,
But darkness veil'd the spheres.

A vessel tow'ring on the waves
Drew near to Jessey's coast;
It rises! sinks! rises! and laves!
Then seems for ever lost!

At length surmounting shoals and sands,
It gains the wish'd—for shore;
A female form descends—and lands
Amidst the billow's roar!

Impervious as the rock she stood,
Fix'd was her azure eye;
When just emerging from the flood,
Jessey she chanc'd to spy.

"Your name, young lady? oh, declare;"
(She said in accents wild)——

Original Poems

"Jessey;" reply'd the trembling fair——
"Oh God!" she cry'd, "my child!"

Then with maternal transport prest
The maiden in her arms;
Alternate clasp'd her to her breast,
And gaz'd upon her charms.

Delighted gaz'd; then smiling wept;
And smiling, wept anew;
A soft sensation quickly crept
Through Jessey's heart, which flew

Spontaneous to her lovely eyes,
And dimm'd them with soft tears,
More beauteous than the pearl of skies,
Which in the dew appears.

Donald began to think the fair
Unusual time had staid;
A thousand fears excited care,
Lest danger haunted shade:

Or that the lightning's lurid glare
Had terror-struck her heart;
For though as innocent as fair,
She fear'd the rapid dart.

Donald, acquainted with the road
Jessey was prone to take,
Quitted his gloomy, drear abode,
For his lov'd daughter's sake.

True did he mark the fair one's race,
And drew to Jessey near,
Just as a mother's fond embrace
Call'd forth the tender tear.

Eager amazement mark'd his eye
What mingled passions rise!
His lab'ring bosom heav'd a sigh
Of joy, distress, surprise!

He saw, he knew his long-lost love;
But ah! no longer pure:
No longer like a spotless dove;
Her frailty prov'd his cure!

"Jessey," he said, in solemn tone,
"Say farewell to our dear!"
Yet whilst he spoke, the deep-drawn groan
Was follow'd by a tear.

"If poverty has been thy doom,
I will its cares remove;
But virtue in its op'ning bloom
Demands a father's love;

"Demands his fond protecting care,
To shield it from all vice:
Contagion mixes in its air,
And females must be nice,

"If they would wish to save their fame
From Calumny's foul breath;
And to preserve a spotless name
For Jessey—I'd brave death!

"Dreadful the tortures which I feel,
Whilst making this decree;
But for our daughter's future weal,
This night she parts from thee."

Appall'd the timid Jessey stood,
Gazing upon that form,
Preserv'd from the engulfing flood,
To brave a still worse storm.

Then falling prostrate on the ground,
"My father lov'd," she cry'd,
"A mother I've this moment found
I always thought had died

"In giving birth to this frail form,
Which begs, intreats, implores!

Original Poems

Be not less piteous than the storm,
Or hard, like rocky shores!

"My mother's faults may have been great,
But like a God, forgive;
Permit her but to share your fate,
And let your Jessey live!

"For ah! I feel to part is death!
Death to your darling child!"
As she said this, she gasp'd for breath,
Her lovely eyes look'd wild.

"Kill you, my life!" Donald exclaim'd,
Kill her my soul holds dear!
A savage fury would be tam'd,
Could he behold that tear!"

He clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,
Then turning to his wife,
"Jessey, forgive a mind distress'd,
And almost sick of life,

"The harsh expressions which I made,
Resentment now is o'er;
Severely, doubtless, you have paid
For quitting Albion's shore."

And now behold the trio rush
Into each other's arms;
Whilst Donald saw the rising blush
Restore his Jessey's charms:

Those charms rekindled that soft flame
Which once was Donald's pride;
Yet still a feeling sense of shame
Induc'd him for to hide

Those charms within a drear abode;
There still his child confine,
Though form'd to tread life's gayest road;
And in a court to shine.

Original Poems

Hear this, ye mothers! and beware
How ye support the name;
For if not virtuous as fair,
Your daughters feel the shame.

MENTAL SUFFERINGS;

OR,
THE DUELLIST.

DECEMBER'S hollow winds had howl'd,
And whistled through the air;
The leafless trees an emblem stood
Of sorrow and despair.

Beneath an aged oak I spy'd
A traveller distress;
His manly form, by sorrow bow'd,
Rais'd pity in my breast.

His hollow eye was lowly bent
Tow'rds the russet earth;
Yet in his form I thought I trac'd
Semblance of higher birth:

I spoke—and as my voice proclaim'd
Compassion's soothing art,
He rais'd an eye so finely form'd,
It touch'd me to the heart.

Speech was deny'd; but as he clasp'd
Impressively his hands,
A tear, the emblem of distress,
Fell on the senseless sands.

Well did I mark the crystal drop:
Unbidden from his eye
Another fell, attended by
A sympathetic sigh.

"Unhappy man!" said I, "whate'er
Thy cause of sorrow be,
In me behold a willing friend,
Anxious to comfort thee."

Astonishment was quickly mark'd
On his expressive face:
"A *Friend* !" he cried, "do I hear right?
Great God! I thank thy grace;

"Or mercy—for this precious boon—"
Then turning round tow'rds me,
"My story's long,—the wind blows keen—
Not far, Sir, from this tree,

"A cavity these hands have made;
And on the earth's cold breast
This wretched form each night retires,
To seek repose and rest:

"Thither allow me to conduct,
And there I will disclose
A tale that will appal your heart,
A tale of *real woes!*"

A silent glance bespoke assent;
Towards the spot we drew;
Four gloomy trees o'ershadow'd it,
The cypress, and the yew.

An excavation, made by art,
Gave shelter from the air;
Yet all within the cell appear'd
The *emblem of despair!*

A table, if it might be call'd
By that convenient name,
Was form'd out of an old elm trunk,
With two stools of the same.

A bow, that might a court have grac'd,
Prov'd I was welcome there;
And drawing forth a *stool*, he ask'd
If 'twould supply a *chair?* —

Seated, I begg'd him to disclose
The sorrows of his breast;
"No idle wish," said I, "my friend,
Induces this request:

"An ample fortune I possess;

No kindred ties have claim;
If I can serve you, tell me so;
I ask not for your name;"

"It is *Fernando!*" , he reply'd;
"My *father's* I'll conceal;
For false assertions have disgrac'd,
And wounded pride might feel

"Offended, if I should disclose
The race from whence I sprung;
A race that's not ignobly born,
For ah ! when I was young

"The sycophantic tongue proclaim'd
The honours I should wear;
Honours, connected with deceit,
And laden deep with care!

"When education was complete,
The army was my choice;
My mother the fond wish oppos'd
With a dissenting voice;

"But youthful ardour rose too high,
For reason to prevent:
At length, reluctant I receiv'd
A kind of *half consent*.

"Enthusiasm fir'd my breast:
Like Cæsar's self I thought;
And Veni, Vidi, Vita was
The maxim which I taught.—

"Approving honours deck'd my brow,
But *praise* too oft inspires
Malign aspersions, and gives rise
To *Envy's* dark desires.

"The artful fiend in ambush lay,
It wore a specious garb;
And under *Friendship's* sacred form,
Convey'd the deadly barb.

"The point was aim'd by Osmund's hand,
The much-lov'd friend of youth;
On whose professions I rely'd
With unsuspecting truth.

"Is there a pang on earth so keen,
So tort'ringly severe,
As to find *treach'ry* in a friend,
Whom our whole souls revere?

"Yet him it was who stung the breast
That cherish'd and sustain'd;
For Osmund ne'er had serv'd his King,
Unless by *me* maintain'd.

"I thought within his mind I trac'd
Virtues above his *sphere* ;
I call'd them forth—and *lov'd* the *man* —
Pardon this rising tear!

"A tear—which my Amanda's shade
Oft summons from these eyes;—
Amanda was her parent's pride,
Their dear—their valued prize!

"Angelic maid! she was the boast
Of Avon's flow'ry vale;
Forgive a brother's fond regret,—
Who now pursues his tale.

"The specious Osmund soon contriv'd
My sister's love to gain;
But knowing that his suit could not
My sanction e'er obtain,

"He poison'd her too cred'lous mind,
And taught her to suppose,
That in her brother she would meet
One of her *greatest foes!*

"The beauteous maiden soon believ'd

The fabricated tale;
And drove Fernando from her breast,
As an infectious gale!

"Not satisfied with this dark deed,
A vile report he spread,
That when the enemy press'd close,
Most dastardly I fled;

"And that the laurels which I wore,
Belong'd to *him* , in *right* ;
For that my *rank* alone obtain'd
The *honours* of the *fight* .—

"No longer greeted with applause,
A coolness I perceiv'd;
And though my friends might Osmund doubt,
My foes too soon believ'd.—

"I trac'd the rumour,—and soon heard
From whose false tongue it rose;
The pang was doubled, when I found
It sprang not from my *foes*!

"My aggravated wrongs were more
Than patience could sustain;
And urg'd by Passion's potent sway,
I did not check its reign.

"Deceptious monster! (I exclaim'd,)
Thy villany's reveal'd;
Prepare, then, to defend thyself,
Virtue will prove *my shield*!

"Appall'd with terror by my words,
And paraliz'd by fear,
Osmund submissively implor'd
Excuses I would hear!

"But urg'd by passion to proceed,
Impetuously I drew;—
Defend thyself! (again I cried,)
And the false Osmund slew!

"The dreadful tale was soon disclos'd,
And reach'd Amanda's ear;
Transfix'd she heard it—but, alas!
Shed not—a single tear!

"Reason for ever fled her throne;—
That sister, once my pride,
Remain'd three years an idiot,
Regain'd her sense—and died!

"A father's curses have pursu'd
Me—from that fatal day;
But who my anguish can describe?
Who can my griefs pourtray?

"Disgrac'd—disown'd—I fled the land
To which I ow'd my birth;
And twice twelve years a pilgrim now
Have sojourn'd on this earth:

"Yet has affection to the spot
Where first I drew my breath,
Attracted me from foreign climes,
To wait the hand of death.

"And stranger, soon this care—worn form
Will in the grave be laid;
And you, perhaps, will shed a tear
Of pity to my shade!

"My wrongs were such, as few could bear;
And such as *all* must *feel* ;
Yet Osmund's tale I should have heard,
Before I drew the steel:

"For each night when I seek repose,
His murder'd corpse I view;
His gaping wound all bleeding fresh,
As when my sword first slew.—

"Amanda's lov'd, angelic form,

To me, too, oft appears;
A maniac's shriek appals my heart,
And fills my eyes with tears.—

"Restore my Osmund to these arms!"
She says, or seems to say,
'I come, my Love!' she then exclaims,
And vanishes away.

"Then, stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
Whose sympathetic breast
Hast seem'd to share my poignant woes,
And giv'n a transient rest

"To those afflictions which, for years,
This heart with grief has fraught;
From me, then learn to check revenge,
And by my pangs be taught

"That though the *Duellist* may think
He gains the *world's applause*,
A sacred monitor *within*
Will *disapprove* his cause!

"This monitor will loud appeal,
And call forth many a sigh;
By proving *murder* is a *crime* ,
A crime of *blackest dye*!

"Believe me, *honour* is a name
Which does the sense allure;
Then, stranger, take a warning by
The anguish I endure.—

"Could I but Osmund's life recal;
Or could I but restore
My lov'd Amanda from the grave,
To this terrestrial shore,

"Religion's dictates I'd pursue,
And Osmund's faults forgive;
Bid him *repent* , and *sin no more* ,
But free from *slander live*:

"Then might I hope a Saviour's blood
Would wash my faults away;
Nor dread to hear my doom pronounc'd
At the great judgment day.—

"By prayers and penitence I try
A pardon to procure;
But Conscience whispers to my breast,
That pardon's far from *sure!*

"Yet here this wretched life shall close;
Here shall this form be laid;
For near this spot Amanda died,
That dear—ill—fated maid!"——

He paus'd—I thank'd him for a tale
Which had impress'd my mind,
More forcibly than doctrines taught
By arguments sublim'd."

"If," said Fernando, "My deep woes
One duel should restrain,
Then will the anguish I endure
Not prove completely vain."

Original Poems

HELEN AND SEDLEY.

A TALE FOUNDED UPON A NOVEL,
ENTITLED

" HELEN OF GLENROSS."

FAIR Helen was the loveliest maid
That Scotia's land has seen;
A sylph-like form, adorn'd with grace,
Mark'd lovely Helen's mien.—

Yet not the grace of *haughty* minds,
But *modest, chaste, refin'd*;
As if devoid of ev'ry charm,
Save a celestial mind!

The Author of young Helen's birth
Had dire misfortunes known;
Yet his complex, and various woes,
In verse, could not be shown!

Too *deep* —too *poignant* —too *severe* ,
For fiction to disclose;
His children were in ign'rance kept,
Suspecting not —his woes!

Suffice to say, he had resign'd
A noble birth—and name;
And in *retirement* pass'd a life
Which Nature form'd for *fame* !

Helen had oft remark'd with grief
Her father's gloom of mind;
Yet ne'er presum'd to *ask* the *cause* ,
From sentiments refin'd!

Yet would she strive to banish care
From his unquiet breast;
And from her harp, such strains would draw
As sooth'd his soul to rest.

Her voice accompanied the sound,
Sweeter than any flute;
And Frazier oft, while list'ning, thought
'Twas Orpheus and his lute.

Each day some charming trait appear'd
In Helen's opening mind;
So pure, so perfect, was the fair,
She seem'd like Virtue's child!

Form'd to be *lov'd, ador'd, admir'd* ,
Yet not to bloom unseen;
Each courtly friend had oft implor'd
Helen to quit the green,

And mix among the brilliant crowd
That did the *court* adorn:
Thus Ellen as a rose appear'd,
Encircled with its thorn.

With anxious, yet foreboding fears,
Did Frazier then resign
The object of his tender care,
In Pleasure's maze—to shine!

Amazement follow'd every step;
Such charms had ne'er been seen!
Yet did no conscious pride appear
In Helen's modest mien!

Frazier with joy heard the applause
Bestow'd upon his child;
And fondly did he hope to hear
She was some *noble's bride* .

Amidst the numbers who were struck
With lovely Helen's charms,
Was Sedley—dignify'd in form,
And fam'd for feats in arms!

This youth, not form'd in common mould,
Was dignified in mind;
His passions all impetuous were;
Still, he was good and kind.

His soul despis'd all sordid views;
Lucre was not his aim;

He thirsted for that *shade, Applause* —
That *bubble* , we term *Fame!*

Yet what, perhaps, he might have gain'd
By courteous, kind address,
He lost;—because he seem'd to *claim*;
Each look *commands* express!

Such was the youth who Helen woo'd,
Yet woo'd, alas! in vain;
The very thought of Sedley's love
Excited fear and pain!

Rejected by the maid he lov'd
With tenderness sublime;
How shall I tell the pangs he felt!
How paint his *woes* in rhyme!

By turns he rav'd—by turns he wept;
With frantic grief grew wild;
And Frazier's rage scarce bound'ries knew
Against his darling child,

When he discover'd she'd refus'd
An offer he admir'd;
For though retir'd in Glenross vale,
Pride still his bosom *fired* .

And Sedley was, of all the earth,
The man he wish'd to call
By the *endearing* name of *son*;
As then the banner'd hall,

Where feats of valour waving hung
In *ancestorial pride* ,
Would to his Helen then belong,
If she was Sedley's bride:

But by rejecting Sedley's love,
These hopes had fled in air;
And Frazier's angry letter spoke
Daggers —unto the fair !

Surpris'd, affected, and dismay'd;
With many a falling tear,
She begg'd her father to announce
Why Sedley was so dear!

" Oft has my father kindly vow'd
Ne'er to control his child;"
Said duteous Helen, in reply,
"Then why severely chide?"

A piteous tale was then disclos'd,
A tale of woe and pain;
And Helen vow'd to be a bride,
If Sedley sued again!

To sooth the agitated mind,
Toss'd on affliction's storm,
Helen conceiv'd that *duty* forc'd
A *daughter* to perform.

With grief of heart had Helen read
Those marks of rage or ire;
And but for *reading* ,—ne'er conceiv'd
Them written by her *sire* .—

The news that Helen's father blam'd
Her hasty, fix'd decree,
Was soon by friends to Sedley told,
Who vow'd that sire to see.

Helen, unable to sustain
A father's rage and ire,
Once more return'd to sweet Glenross,
To see her much—lov'd sire.

And scarce had Helen said, "I'm wrong!"
When all resentment flies;
He press'd her to his throbbing heart,
With transport, joy, surprise!

A fresh surprise was still in store,
For Sedley soon appears;

" HELEN OF GLENROSS."

Again he breathes the ardent vow
In lovely Helen's ears!

With modest blush, and downcast eye,
She listen'd to the tale;
Whilst Sedley, all impatient waits
On Expectation's gale.

And as her ruby lips unclos'd,
He trembled lest the sound
Should crush his *new, aspiring hopes*,
In an abyss—profound!

A *tear*, defying all control,
Stole down his manly cheek;
That precious gem, which feeling shows
When language is too weak

To paint sensations of the heart,
With hopes and fears opprest;
Helen beheld the crystal drop,
And *pity*—touch'd her breast;

Pity, so near allied to Love,
That Poets all declare
Them *sister-twins*, —meant to evince
The softness of the fair!

Though pity soften'd Helen's breast,
Yet *duty* made it rise;
And whilst to speak she oft essay'd,
Her voice seem'd check'd by sighs.

"Speak, my belov'd!" then Sedley cried
"Thy Lover waits his doom;
But if rejected,—here I swear
To die on Glory's tomb!

"For life, without my Helen's love,
Would be a life of woe;
Love's poison I have deeply drank,
A poison *sure*, —but *slow* !"

He spoke, and press'd her downy hand
With transport to his heart;
A smile angelic,—grac'd the maid,
And rivetted the dart.—

The smile did *no reluctance* seem
To publish or proclaim;
Sedley with transport felt its force,
'Twas fuel to his flame!

"If, Sedley," said the blushing maid,
With fault'ring tone of voice,
"*Esteem* and *gratitude* can e'er
Repay thy flatt'ring choice,

"Helen accepts thy ardent vows,
And plights her vows to thine;
Yet love's strong passion in this breast
Burns not with rays divine!"

"Enough, my angel!" he exclaim'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
"Thy Sedley shall *inspire* that *love* ;
Then feel completely blest!"

Sedley then urg'd the timid fair
To name an *early day*;
And when the nuptial knot was tied,
He bore his bride away—

To scenes of fashion, pomp, and state,
Unknown in Glenross vale;
And Frazier fear'd his darling child
In Fashion's stream should sail!

Yet well he knew Ambition's glare
Is but a fatuus gleam;
And that the lovely Helen ne'er
Was pleas'd with Fashion's beam.

Domestic pleasures were her choice;
Her joys all pure and chaste;

" HELEN OF GLENROSS."

And visiting the humble roof
Of poverty—her taste.

Sedley he heard was prone to *vice* ,
Attach'd to wealth and state;
In short, to all those glaring faults,
Which *stigmatize* the *great* .

E'er Helen had the *charm dissolv'd* ,
A *mistress* was his *pride*;
Woodley her name;—a friend of art,
Yet she was Sedley's guide.

Too late he saw the dreadful snare
That wicked woman laid;
Hatred usurp'd the place of *love* ,
Yet still he was afraid

To aggravate the wretch's wrath
To whom he had assign'd
A *bond* , which must *destruction bring* ;
Distraction seiz'd his mind!

Still, still, from Helen did he try
To hide each deed of blame;
But cruel *Rumour's busy tongue*
Soon told of Sedley's shame.

Sedley was then no longer frail;
He lov'd,—ador'd his wife;
And, to insure *her happiness* ,
With joy had yielded life.

By contrast, Woodley was despis'd,
He loath'd her former charms;
Yet dreading lest the *bond* was claim'd,
He fled into her arms.

Hating himself—hating a crime,
Which stigmatiz'd his fame;
He could not meet his spotless wife
Without a sense of shame!

Helen beheld his alter'd brow,
Beheld it with despair;
Yet little knew the inward pangs
Which veil'd that brow—with care!

Rumour, as I before observ'd,
Gave gentle Helen pain;
At length a letter meets her hands,
Which made *denial* vain;

For in that fatal note, or scroll,
Woodley display'd her part;
Call'd loudly upon Sedley's *love* ,
And *claim'd* —his *fetter'd heart*.

Alas ! *what wife* could *patient read*
So vile,—so sad a claim,
Without experiencing those pangs
Which set the mind in flame!

Helen inclos'd the shocking proof
Of *passions uncontroll'd* ,
Condemning Sedley for *her* wrongs,
In language strong and cold!

Rage, indignation, and despair ,
By turns usurp'd his breast;
A direful vow he solemn took,
Which robb'd his soul of rest!

He vow'd to quit his native shore,
And see no *more* his *wife* ;
The sacred contract firm he kept,
Fatal to peace,—and life.

Woodley resolv'd to share his fate
Disguis'd, she sought the fleet;
Secur'd a passage in the ship,
And there the lovers meet.

Helen this news too quickly heard,
And begs, intreats, implores,

Original Poems

Her angry lord to seek his home,
Nor *quit* his *native shores*.

But, like a rock, unmov'd he stood,
Both *sighs* and *tears* , were vain;
In terms severe, again he vow'd
They ne'er *could* meet again.

The injur'd Helen keenly felt
This insult from her lord;
The wound inflicted was as deep
As any treach'rous sword

Could e'er inflict upon a breast
It ought to shield or 'fend:
Thus cruel Sedley wounded his
Kindest,—and dearest friend!

Helen, *discarded* in her *Prime* ,
Return'd to Glenross vale;
There did her sorrows soon burst forth
Into a dreadful gale!

Pitied—belov'd—ador'd—admir'd—
Her friends in clusters came
To offer consolation to, a mind
Untouch'd with shame.

Yet still had disappointed hope
Her promis'd joys consum'd;
And the sweet *Rose* of Glenross Vale.
Seemed wither'd, ere it bloom'd.

Amongst the num'rous friends that came,
Was Stuart, great and good;
His sanction—was a *host* of *fame* ;
On Virtue's rock, he stood.

And with him came the polish'd lord,
For whom the trump of fame
Had sounded oft in Helen's ears,
As free from spot or blame.

Ah! luckless visit! big with woe;
With *horror* , and *despair* ;
For Helen seem'd by *Nature* form'd
To fall to *Dorville's* share!

Oh! had they met before the knot,
The dreadful knot was tied;
Then Dorville had, indeed, been blest,
And Helen been his bride.

They met, 'tis true; but Helen then
Was but in years a child;
And Dorville merely saw in her
A creature *soft* and *mild* .

But when he view'd her ripen'd charms,
And listen'd to her voice,
How did he blame his wayward heart,
That might have made a choice;

Might have secur'd the precious prize,
Ere Sedley own'd a flame!
For Stuart oft had wish'd the youth
To give the fair his name.

Though Helen was a peerless maid,
Unmatch'd in form and mein ;
Dorville in ev'ry grace excell'd,
His equal—ne'er was seen!

Persuasion hung upon his lips,
Instruction mark'd his mind;
His ev'ry look, his ev'ry thought,
Was *noble*, *chaste*, *refin'd*!

But love, all-powerful love, distain'd
A mind by Nature chaste;
And his frail heart sent forth a wish,
Forbidden joys to taste.

By zeal unfeign'd, for Helen's bliss,
He stole into her heart;

Stuart perceiv'd the wily snare,
And shew'd his pupil's art.

Helen awoke, as from a dream;
Awoke, alas! too late;
Her heart was gone, although her mind
Was firmly fix'd as fate!

Never could one unchaste desire
That radiant mind o'ercloud;
But ah! her sun of happiness
Was 'velop'd in a shroud!

And to complete her poignant woes,
Strange news of Sedley came
His love for Helen had return'd
With an increase of flame!

He felt the folly of the past,
And Woodley's claims were o'er;
With rapid haste he hasten'd back
Unto his native shore.

Then with true penitence of heart
He meant to see his wife;
Implore forgiveness on his knees,
And vow to love through life!

Helen with anguish heard this plan,
With terror and dismay;
And vow'd her husband ne'er to see
Until the judgment day.

Not guilty she in *act* , but *thought* ;
Dorville possess'd her *heart*;
Could she, then, meet its rightful lord,
Without the aid of art?

But Helen knew not how to feign
Pleasure—or great surprise;
Sedley had once refus'd her love,
And call'd upon the skies,

To witness this his sacred oath,
That they no more should meet;
But that forgotten, home he sails
With the Egyptian fleet.

He sails, and lands on Albion's isle,
With anxious, throbbing breast;
To Glenross Vale he bends his course,
Seeking repose and rest!

For peace had long a stranger been
To hapless Sedley's heart;
Too late he trac'd out Woodley's wiles,
Her treachery and art.

But rumour now with *Helen's fame*
Had cruel busy been;
And Sedley heard that Dorville
Had, —tempted the *Fair* to sin.

Impetuous as volcanic fires,
His varying passions rose;
Unhappy man! the fates decree
Thou ne'er should'st feel repose!

The purity of *Helen's fame*
He scarce could doubt or blame;
But he believ'd Lord Dorville had
Tried to disgrace her name.

Belief with Sedley was a *fact* ;
His passions were on fire;
And whilst he journey'd to Glenross,
Each mile increas'd his ire !

Helen was journeying on the road,
And Dorville chanc'd to meet;
Oh, fatal chance! oh, luckless hour!
An hour to vengeance sweet!

For at the self—same inn they stopp'd,
That Sedley entertain'd;

A thin partition form'd the wall,—
Each *utter'd word* explain'd.

And Sedley heard Lord Dorville breathe
Vows into Helen's ears;
Of love,—eternal love and truth;
He maddens as he hears!

Yet Helen tried to check those vows
Prophaning to a wife;
And no encouragement she gave
To him whose very life

Seem'd bound in her's—but pity soon
Softened her gentle breast;
And she declar'd that were she free,
Dorville would then be blest!

Blest with the hand as well as heart,
Of her, whose dreary life
Would pass unsolac'd and retir'd,
Whilst she was *Sedley's wife!*

Yet wife alone by *wedlock's ties* ,
Was all that she could prove;
Sedley had once rejected her,
She now *despis'd his love!*

"Yet Dorville," said the weeping fair,
"If Helen's peace is dear,
Never, oh! never, I implore,
Before my face appear!

"Respect my sorrows, and my woes,
Respect my spotless name;
I'm Sedley's wife—not Helen now;
Who might have shar'd thy fame!"

Such was the language Sedley heard,
And heard it with dismay;
"Vengeance!" he cried; "Vengeance, ye gods!
Vengeance, without delay!"

The hapless Dorville had retir'd
To soothe his cares to rest;
But Sedley soon disturb'd the lord
With this severe behest:

To meet him e'er an hour elaps'd,
In an adjoining field;
Dorville attended the command,
Their glittering points they wield.

Dorville is wounded—Sedley dies—
Yet e'er his parting breath
Escap'd his lips, Helen had heard
A dreadful tale of death.

Frantic with grief and woe she flies;
But ah! too late arrives!
She threw herself upon his form;
She heard his last faint sighs!

Distraction sudden seiz'd her brain;
Her eyes with wildness roll;
Her servants bear her from the scene,
But who shall calm her soul?

Not, not on earth, poor hapless fair,
Thy spirit e'er can rest;
But in the realms of pure delight
'Twill be a spotless guest!

For pure and spotless was thy mind;
Thy virtue was unstain'd;
Yet being Sedley's wedded wife,
Thy conduct must be blam'd.

Woe to a wife despis'd, forsworn,
Who listens to Love's voice
From any but that husband's lips,
Whom she had made her choice.

And woe to ev'ry parent's heart
Who lets ambition prove

Original Poems

A cement for connubial bonds,
Bonds only firm by love.

May Helen's death, for ah! she died
Distracted and forlorn;
Prove that ambition's flow'ry road
Conceals the pointed thorn!

THE STORM;

OR,
THE ATHEIST DESTROYED.

'T WAS on a gloomy sombre night,
When clust'ring clouds had form'd
Into a mass so densely thick,
That Nature seem'd appall'd!

The whistling winds with hollow sound
Proclaim'd the *tempest* near;
Whilst *Echo* , from the neighb'ring rocks,
Increas'd the force of fear!

Soon did electric fires illume
With rapid darting rays;
Whilst peals of thunder quick pursu'd
Each flash's fearful blaze!

Alonzo wandering o'er the waste,
Benighted and forlorn;
Beheld this elemental strife,
And pray'd for early dawn!

Pray'd , did I *say*? ah no! for prayer
His lips would have prophan'd;
He had *denied Omnipotence*,
By vices unrestrain'd !

Not satisfied with *doing wrong* ,
It was Alonzo's pride
To *propagate* his *dang'rous thoughts* ,
And Virtue's laws deride!

Still bounteous Nature to this youth
Such personal charms had giv'n;
He seem'd to move a god on earth,
The favourite child—of heav'n!

For never was a finer form,
And ne'er did manly grace
Appear more strikingly display'd
Than in Alonzo's face!

But ah ! the casket was adorn'd,
Whilst *that* which it contain'd
Was but the seeds of ev'ry vice,
Polluted—and distain'd.

Still smoothness flow'd from the youth's tongue;
Persuasion mark'd his speech;
And deep Attention mutely sate
To hear Alonzo teach.

He taught, that passions were bestow'd
But to be *gratified* ;
He taught, that virtue was a *name*;
An *ignus-fatúus* guide.

He taught, that an *all-powerful God*
Was but the *cant of priests*;
And when the thread of life was broke,
Man perish'd like the *beasts* .

Such were the tenets which he taught;
And ah! poor luckless maid!
Such were the doctrines of the wretch
By whom thou wast betray'd.

Fatal, Elvira, prov'd the hour,
When, with sophistic art,
Alonzo, by corruptive wiles,
Betray'd thy spotless heart!

Elvira was her parent's pride;
Transcendent were her charms;
And never till Alonzo woo'd,
Had she felt Love's alarms!

Not the Deceiver of mankind,
Not Eve's invet'rate foe,
Could e'er display more subtle art,
Or more deception show!

Scarce could her innocence escape,

Assail'd by so much *guile*;
Diana might have been deceiv'd,
And yielded with a smile.

Yet not contented with her charms,
Charms of angelic kind;
The wretch *destroy'd* her *principles* ,
Her *virtuous* turn of *mind*:

Taught her to *disbelieve* a *God*!
Nor fear his sacred name:
And ev'ry moral law condemn
With ignominious shame!

Yet was the veil in time withdrawn
From her envelopp'd eyes;
And penitence of heart then rais'd
Elvira to the skies.

Untrammell'd from the fatal snares
Which villany had spread,
Elvira trembled at the past;
But ah! her spirit fled!

Unable to sustain the pangs
Which conscious guilt imparts,
Elvira sunk beneath the stroke;
Beneath Alonzo's arts!

And twice twelve moons had circled round,
When that tempestuous night
First made Alonzo view his crimes,
And view them with affright!

Pale—trembling— and *dismay'd* he stood!
Cold drops bedew'd his face;
"Oh God !" he cried, "in mercy spare
A wretch who asks thy grace!"

He spoke—and falling on his knees,
Bedew'd the earth with tears;
But whilst thus prostrate and dismay'd,
Elvira's shade —appears!

Original Poems

"Hide me, ye rocks! ye caverns hide!"
Affrighted, he exclaim'd;
"Thy hour is come ;—thy time elaps'd !"
Reply'd the heav'nly maid.

"By prayers and penitence, my crimes
A pardon have insur'd;
But ah! unhappy wretch! *thy vice*
No longer is endur'd!

"Eternal justice has decreed
This hour shall be thy last;
Behold the *lightning's* lurid *gleam!*
Hear the *dread thunder's* blast!
 But whilst thus prostrate an dismay'd
Elvira's shade—*appears !*

T. Uwins del. T. Woolnoth, sculp.
Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Sept. 1.1810.
 Quick from the clouds the lightning burst
 On his devoted head;
 "Save me, Elvira !"—he exclaim'd;
 But ah! his spirit fled!

SELINA.

NOT far from Tyvy's banks and bay
An humble dwelling rose;
Around its walls the woodbine twin'd,
Encircled with the rose.

The purple violet at their feet,
Perfum'd the ambient air;
And those who view'd the lovely cot,
Thought it—a shield from care!

But ah! how oft the gilded car
A wretched heart contains;
And oft the palaces of state
Are fill'd with care and pains!

Deceptuous is the lot of man;
For those who seem most blest,
Are frequently a prey to grief,
Their hearts devoid of rest!

And oh! that cot, which seem'd to be
Tranquility's abode,
Contain'd a being who had long
Wander'd in Sorrow's road!

Selina, beauteous as the morn
In orient streaks appears,
Had felt Affliction's iron stroke
Even in childhood's years!

Had felt—for ah! her heart was soft
As cygnet's downy breast;
And when she measur'd twice six years,
Heav'n sent a dire behest:

A mother, tenderly rever'd,
Was struck by *death's* keen *dart*;
Fatal the stroke—sad the effect—
On poor Selina's heart!

SELINA.

A *father* still, 'tis true, she had;
Yet father but in *name*;
No tenderness he e'er display'd,
E'en *kindness* seem'd a shame.

Stoic and stern Antonio was;
A tear ne'er veil'd his eye;
And when he *lost* his *gentle love* ,
His breast scarce heav'd a sigh!

His *will* , to *her* , had been a *law* ;
His *word* , a firm *decree* ;
His wishes were a *strict command* ,
And what he said—*must be* .

Such was Selina's stoic sire;
A sire she needs must fear;
But such a man was never form'd
To cherish or endear

A female timid as the fawn,
Which fearful skips and plays;
And whilst it sportive bounds along,
Dreads danger if it strays.

And thus Selina, if she e'er
In sportive childhood stray'd,
Dreaded to meet a father's frown,
For having sportive play'd.

But as the age of *childhood* pass'd,
A mind matur'd appears;
Reading succeeded juv'nile sports,
Reflection —mark'd her years.

Intense those thoughts, by nature gay,
For sorrow mark'd her mind;
No soft caress e'er met her ear
In language sweet and kind!

But from her father's low'ring brow
Repulsive looks were cast;

SELINA.

Original Poems

Like gath'ring clouds, which oft foretel
The rough succeeding blast.

Thus did this fair—one, all forlorn
Within a mansion dwell;
Where art and nature seem'd to blend
Their sweet, inviting spell.

Yet from that sweet Elysium spot
Selina oft would stray;
And on clear Tyvy's verdant banks,
Stroll thoughtless of the way.

One eve it was, when wand'ring far,
Near that pellucid tide,
A foaming steed flew rapid by,
Ungovern'd by a guide.

The rattling stirrups and the rein
Proclaim'd its *rider thrown*;
Selina felt a thousand fears
At being quite alone.

Quick she return'd the trodden path,
And there beheld a swain
Stretch'd languid on the verdant grass,
Wreathing beneath his pain.

Transfix'd some moments she remain'd,
But Pity made her move;
Pity, that passion which we know
Is near allied to Love!

"Stranger !"—she said, in fault'ring voice,
"Can I assistance lend?
Or shall I fly to yonder farm,
And fetch an abler friend?"

"Oh, fly not!—move not!" he replied;
Gazing upon the fair;
"That voice proclaims that you were sent
By Heav'n—to banish care!"

SELINA.

Unus'd to language soft or mild,
Selina anxious stays;
Lends a white 'kerchief for the wound,
And sweet attention pays.

With tender hand the 'kerchief binds
Around his bleeding head;
Then to the farm she quickly flies,
To ask a friendly bed.

The boon was granted quick as made;
The honest farmer greets
The stranger in the kindest terms,
His wife well airs the sheets.

Slowly and sad the maid returns
To Tyvy's mossy vale;
Not daring to relate the past,
Or tell the stranger's tale!

Strange the sensations which she felt
Within her throbbing breast;
The stranger's sorrows, and his voice,
Had robb'd her mind of rest!

For as he spoke, his looks proclaim'd
The passion she'd inspir'd;
And love appear'd in ev'ry glance,
Pure love his bosom fir'd!

Next morn Selina anxious bent
Her steps towards the farm;
And joyful hears the accident
Portended no great harm.

Languid and faint, young *Edward* was,
For such the stranger's name;
His father, a *true pastor*, dwelt
Far from the road to fame:

An humble village thrice three leagues
From Tyvy's flow'ry side

Original Poems

The good man liv'd—admir'd, ador'd,—
His humble hearers' guide.

Edward was likewise for the church
Intended to prepare;
Such was his taste,—although his sire
The money ill could spare.

At Cambridge Edward found a friend;
A friend he was, indeed;
The Lord Macdonald saw his worth,
And prov'd a friend in need.

"Edward!" he said, "be to my son,
A youth about your age,
A kind admonisher and friend;
My service then engage!

"Teach him to shun the path of vice,
In which I greatly fear
He has been led—and I will grant
Two hundred pounds a year:

"Nor that alone; for if *I live* ,
Most solemnly I swear,
To make your interest my own,
With a paternal care."

He said, and rigidly fulfill'd
The promise he had made;
And from that time, two hundred pounds
Each year was duly paid.

That sum was *wealth* to Edward's mind,
A mind unprone to stray
In the luxurious path of vice;
He kept pure Virtue's way.

Such was the fortune of this youth,
But bright his prospects were,
When he beheld the lovely maid
Selina—young and fair!

SELINA.

Original Poems

Inspir'd he was with passion pure,
As angels might proclaim;
And well he knew his worthy sire
Would sanction the soft flame.

Oft had he heard Selina's charms
Applauded and admir'd;
And when he saw the blooming maid,
His breast by love was fir'd.

"Say, beauteous fair—one, can thy breast
A mutual passion own?
Say, wilt thou plight to me thy faith
And live for me alone ?

"If so, conduct me to thy sire,
And on my bended knee
I will implore him to bestow
A prize ador'd—on me!

"Speak—fair—one, speak! tell me my doom!"
Impatient he exclaim'd;
"Or if my eagerness offends,
Thy *charms* are to be blam'd!"

With modest blush, and downcast eye,
The timid maid replied:
"If *sanction'd* to *receive* thy *love* ,"
I may become thy bride;

"But oh! my father is severe;
His voice I *must* obey!
E'en now I fear I shall be miss'd,
Longer I dare not stay.

"Nor would I wish it, till I hear
My father's fix'd decree;
Although I readily will own
My heart inclines tow'rds thee !"

"Let it *incline* and *cleave* ," he cried,
"To this true, faithful breast;

SELINA.

And, like the ivy round the oak,
Make me supremely blest!"

They parted—Edward promising,
On the ensuing day,
To wait upon Selina's sire,
His compliments to pay.

Scarce had the damsel reach'd her door,
Ere Dorothy, the maid,
Inform'd her that a stranger had,
During her absence, paid

A visit to her haughty sire,
"And much, dear girl, I fear
That visit will bring woe to you;
Some words I chanc'd to hear,

"Which gave me reason to suppose
He came to beg your hand:
This visitor was *crooked Dick* ,
Who owns a pow'r of land."

"Sir Richard Benson! do you mean?
Speak, Dorothy—oh, say!
Yet ah! the very name of him
Would fill me with dismay!"

"Yes, him it was," the maid replied;
"But do not yield to fear;"——
Antonio, ah! that moment call'd,
Selina hid the tear

That started in her azure eye
At Benson's hateful name:
He was the veriest wretch on earth,
A being lost to shame:

Sordid and selfish ; proud and vain ;
Yet still his callous heart
Had felt the mighty pow'r of love,
And own'd its potent dart.

Selina's form had met his eye,
And all his passions fir'd;
Then to Antonio he flew,
To tell what he desir'd.

Elate with joy Antonio heard
Sir Richard's flattering tale;
And gave his word, a *word* he *vow'd*
Through time should never fail;

That ere the moon its course had run,
And ere three weeks had fled,
His daughter should be sacrific'd,
And to the altar led!

Appall'd!—aghast!—Selina stood,
The image of despair;
Her trembling limbs refus'd their post,
She totter'd to a chair!

"What ails the girl?" Antonio cried,
In accents deep and loud;
His gath'ring brow was overspread
With anger's darkest cloud.

"My father surely will not bring
Deep sorrow on his child?"
She said, in accents choak'd by tears,
Yet accents sweetly mild!

"What can the ideot mean?" he said,
Foaming with rage and ire;
"Sir Richard *shall* your *husband* be;
Now to your room retire!"

Not twice the mandate need be told,
With pleasure she obey'd;
Yet scarcely could ascend the stairs,
Though aided by her maid.

"Oh, Dorothy!" the fair-one said,
"The veriest wretch on earth

SELINA.

Is surely happier than me;
For, from my very birth,

"No ray of comfort have I known;
No smile has fortune shed;
But clouds, dark clouds, have from that hour
Been hov'ring o'er my head!"

To Edward now we will return,
Who to Antonio hied;
And having told his love-sick tale,
Solicited his bride.

Scarce would the rude Antonio hear
The gentle Edward's tale;
The youth perceiv'd his angry brow
Collect with Passion's gale.

"Begone!" he cried, "no parson poor
Can e'er my daughter wed;
She is betroth'd, and to the church
In three weeks will be led."

"Oh spare her! spare her!" Edward said,
And sunk upon his knee;
"If pity ever touch'd thy breast,
Bestow her upon me!"

As well might Edward have suppos'd
Pity could touch a *stone* ,
As to imagine his hard heart
Would that sensation own.

"Young man, away ! nor e'er presume
To enter this abode:"
So saying, he unclos'd the door,
And pointed to the road.

Not twice requiring to be told
To quit Selina's sire,
Upon his ready steed he sprang,
His bosom fill'd with ire;

SELINA.

Not ire alone his feelings shook,
But agoniz'd dismay;
Selina's image fill'd his mind
With its celestial ray!

Again towards the farm he turn'd
His horse's willing head;
Again implor'd his gen'rous host
To grant a friendly bed.

The boon was granted, and next morn
The maid again appears;
But with a face o'erspread with woe,
'Twas Beauty veil'd in tears!

These tender meetings for nine days
Successively took place;
But at their end the fates decreed
Edward had ran his race!

During that time, Sir Richard had
Each ev'ning seen the fair;
And by rich presents vainly tried
To win her to his care:

Yet sighs and tears are the return
His love and gifts obtain;
The baronet resolv'd to know
What caus'd, the fair-one's pain;

By bribery, he soon found out
She met the favour'd youth;
Who plighted her his fervent vows
Of constancy and truth.

Suspicion had the *cause suppos'd*
Why the fair-maid was coy;
But *fact* the *circumstance* reveal'd,
That Edward was her joy.

Indignant were Sir Richard's thoughts;
Revenge his bosom fires;

SELINA.

And the *ninth morn* —oh, cruel deed!
The hapless youth expires!

A *trusty* page Sir Richard had,
If such term be applied
To a vile wretch who ever had
Made *interest* his *guide* .

To him he told his tale of love,
And whence the coyness came;
Then bade his *pistols* be *prepar'd* ,
Oh, deed of savage shame!

The one was laden with *two balls* ,
The *other* destitute
Of any loading that could harm;
Thus sally'd forth the brute,

Attended by his trusty squire,
To meet Selina's swain;
Whom well he knew must pass that road,
To reach his home again.

"Well met !" he cried, as he espied
The noble youth appear;
"But tell me, youngster, by *what right*
You have been loit'ring here?"

By *what right* , sir, do you *demand*
Me to account to you? "
Exclaim'd young Edward, whilst his face
Glow'd with a roseate hue.

"*These grounds* are *mine*;" Richard replied;
"I am their lawful lord;"—
"And I," said Edward, with a sneer,
"Am master of the world!"

"Great as *thou art* —I'm *greater* still;
My passions I control;
Therefore pass on ;—thou art *too mean*
To agitate my soul!"

Rage gave *impétus* now to love;
He darted from his steed;
" Vain boy!" he said, "this moment *one*
Or *other* , of us bleed!"

"To—morrow," Edward calm reply'd,"
"I'll try with thee my pow'r;
The spot and weapons thou may'st name,
Likewise the very hour!"

"*To—morrow!* say'st thou?" he exclaim'd;
"Moments would seem a year!
But, *coward* , I thy reason know;
Thou tremblest now— from fear !

"I have two weapons by my side,
And *one* thou now may'st try;
But I behold thy quiv'ring lip,
Thou dar'st not *nobly die!* "

"*Dar'st not!* " the *noble* youth exclaim'd;
And from the ready hand
Snatch'd the too fatal offer'd means;
Each took the measur'd stand!

"Heav'n and Selina!" Edward said,
As he the trigger drew;
With smile satanic Richard aim'd,
The balls both rapid flew,

And lodg'd beneath his manly breast!
He stagger'd, groan'd, and fell!
Who shall the horrid deed proclaim?
Who the disaster tell?

Yet told it was—though not with *truth* —
Time only could reveal
The dark assassin's villany
Of heart—more hard than steel!

Quick did the horrid tale extend
To Tyvy's verdant side;

Original Poems

A shriek of terror rent the air
From Edward's destin'd bride!

For on that fatal morn she had
Promis'd the urgent youth,
Next day to plight to him her vows
Of constancy and truth.

For nine long months madness o'erspread
Hapless Selina's mind;
At length Religion's soothing charm
Taught her to be resign'd!

But who shall paint her heart-felt grief!
Who tell her poignant woes?
On Tyvy's banks the maid still strays,
And as its water flows,

She nightly wanders near its side,
Her tears augment the stream;
And *Fiction* says, those pearly drops
Have made it *saline seem* .

Too late Antonio saw his fault;
That fault in vain deplor'd;
Sir Richard's name is scarcely borne,
Whilst Edward's is ador'd.

QUASHEY;

AN AUTHENTIC TALE:

FOUNDED ON MATTER OF FACT.

NO more let Europe's offspring boast
Superior sense and worth;
Or fancy *virtue* is attach'd
To *any* spot of *earth*;

Nor e'er suppose that Carib's dark,
And Ebon's sons don't know
A bright illuminating ray,
A pure, a heaven form'd glow;

For Quashey's simple tale will show
A lesson to mankind;
And prove a sable skin is not
Connected with the mind.

Quashey possess'd exterior charms,
And native, untaught grace;
For Porto Rico's sons were all
Enamour'd with her face.

A speaking eye—a slender form—
A sensative , soft pride,
Made her ador'd by Porto's youths,
Who sought her for their bride.

Yet was not Quashey easy won,
Although her tender heart
Felt the full force of potent love,
And knew its joys and smarts !

And Vincent was a warlike youth,
Well he pursu'd the chase;
His *form* , true manliness display'd,
Expression mark'd his face.

Long did he woo; at length he bore
The valued prize away;
And tenderness each hour increas'd,
From the propitious day.

QUASHEY;

So fondly were their hearts attach'd,
So true, so firm their loves,
That Porto Rico's sons compar'd
This couple to two doves!

But, sad and shocking to relate,
This fond domestic pair
Were torn asunder by a force,
Which might with wolves compare;

For slav'ry, with its ruffian band,
Seiz'd the ill-fated youth;
And though he pleaded wedded love
With tenderness and truth,

Yet unaffected by those ties,
They forc'd him from the fair;
And the distracted Quashey stood
An emblem of despair!

Frantic she saw him forc'd on board
A vessel that lay near;
A shriek of horror rent the air,
Yet shed she not a tear!

To St. Domingo's fruitful isle
The hapless youth they bore;
And three long days was Quashey stretch'd
Upon the senseless shore!

At length a floating bark she spied,
With whited sails unfurl'd;
Transported, she a signal made,
'Twas handkerchief empearl'd

With crystal drops, which from her eye
The snowy lawn had steep'd;
And as she rais'd it high in air,
Again the fair—one weep'd.

"Convey me to my love!" she cried;

QUASHEY;

"In pity to my prayer,
Oh, take me to Domingo's isle,
For my *belov'd* is there!"

The vessel was completely stow'd,
Few passengers had room
E'en for the luggage they requir'd,
Each birth was like a tomb,

So close, so narrow, and confin'd;
The captain cool declar'd,
That Quashey could not be receiv'd,
Or any space be spar'd.

"I'll sleep upon the deck," she cried;
"No food this form requires;
For grief destroys the appetite,
And quenches such desires.

"Yet oh! in pity hear my prayer;
In mercy give assent;
If e'er the pangs of love you knew,
Then would your heart relent!

"Convey me to Domingo's shores,
I'll pray for prosp'rous gales!"
Yet still the captain stood unmov'd,
The vessel swiftly sails.

Senseless she dropp'd upon the sands;
The sight appall'd the breast
Of Edward, who had vainly urg'd
Poor Quashey's fond request.

"Can you behold that hapless girl,"
Said he, "with heart unmov'd !
On Albion's shores is there no one
Whom *you* have fondly *lov'd*?

"Think then—oh! but one moment think,
If such should be her fate,
How would you feel, to see that fair
Reduc'd to such a state?

QUASHEY;

"Willing my birth I will resign,
In my *cot she shall lay*;
Order the men to loose the boat,
And fetch the fair away."

Humanity then touch'd a breast
Unus'd to pity's charms;
Two sailors sprang on board the boat,
And bore her in their arms.

By aid of volatiles restor'd,
Her heart responsive beat,
To Gratitude's impressive voice;
And falling at the feet

Of Edward—she implor'd her gods
His valu'd life to spare;
Beseeching them, in language sweet,
To take him to their care.

Short was the passage to the isle;
A prosp'rous gale soon bore
Quashey to her beloved's arms,
On St. Domingo's shore.

The tender tale was soon disclos'd,
It *touch'd each feeling heart*;
And Vincent's humane master vow'd
They never more should part.

Freedom to Vincent was proclaim'd
Within a trifling space;
But Quashey wish'd her thanks to breathe
Before she left the place,

To her preserver—as she call'd
The being who procur'd
A passage to Domingo's isle,
And all her sorrows cured.

Yet ah! poor Edward was reduc'd

QUASHEY;

Original Poems

To such a dreadful state;
The voice of gratitude was lost,
But how shall I relate

The ravage which that dreadful foe
The *yellow fever* made?
Twelve brother officers had then
The *debt* of nature paid;

And Edward was pronounc'd past cure,
Senseless and *parch'd* he lay ,
Without one friend to comfort him,
Or kind attention pay!

Though pestilence breath'd round the spot,
Quashey its wrath defied;
For gratitude inspir'd her breast,
"And oh, my love," she cried,

"Help me to move this feeble form
Into a purer air;
This is the man who sav'd thy wife
From mis'ry and despair!"

Then laden with Distemper's load,
They mov'd it near the sea;
And tenderly repos'd the weight
Under a plantain tree.

An acid napkin was procur'd,
And round his temples bound;
Then searching Nature's bounteous store,
Some healing drugs they found.

These were prepar'd without delay,
And like the Mecca balm,
They check'd the burning fever's rage,
And made the pulse beat calm.

Soon did intelligence return,
Soon Reason gain'd her seat;
Tears stream'd from grateful Quashey's eyes,
Tears exquisitely sweet.

QUASHEY;

The languid Edward gaz'd around;
"Where am I?" he exclaims;
A plantain-tree o'ershadow'd him,
Fann'd by refreshing gales.

Extatic then was Quashey's joy,
Her anxious cares had prov'd
The means of saving Edward's life,
Whom she *rever'd* and *lov'd* .

"Quashey, receive my grateful thanks,"
Said the still languid youth;
"Existence to *your* care I *owe* ,
And by my sacred truth,

The gratitude this bosom feels
Shall be in *deeds* repaid;
And half the fortune I possess
Shall at your feet be laid."

Talk not to me of gratitude;"
Said Quashey, in reply;
"Through you my reason was preserv'd,
And could I see you die,

"Without endeavouring to restore
Your dearly valued health?
Within this breast I *feel reward* ,
Then say no more of wealth:

"Vincent will for his Quashey work;
Daily his toils I'll share;
Farewell, my friend—may the gods take
You under their kind care!"

Thus saying, she embrac'd his hand,
And bath'd it with a tear;
Then fled like arrow from a bow,
Or hare impress'd with fear.

Who, let me ask, will now declare

Original Poems

That sable tint of skin
Can the mind's feelings ere display,
Or prove the worth within.

EDWARD OF WALHAM GREEN;

OR,
THE REWARD OF DUTY AND VALOUR.

YOUNG Edward was a noble youth,
A finer ne'er was seen;
He was his aged gran-dam's pride,
And lov'd by all the green.

Yet Edward had misfortune known,
Ere he pronounc'd the *name*;
His father died in honour's cause,
Untarnish'd was his fame!

His mother's heart was fond and true,
The fatal news she heard;
And unprepar'd for the deep shock,
She utter'd not a word!

Her eyes on Vacancy seem'd fix'd;
Her heart could not contain
The mighty load of grief and woe,
Its strings all burst in twain!

Thus then was Edward, when a child,
Of parents fond bereft;
And in the space of two short days,
An *orphan* was he left.

Ill news, they say, on pinions flies,
Swift as the passing gale;
And Edward's grandmother soon heard
The melancholy tale!

The orphan child was quickly brought,
And plac'd on Walham Green;
And soon a lovely boy became,
As ever eyes have seen.

His manly form was much admir'd;
His manners *more* approv'd;
And Edward, as he grew in years,
Was by his neighbours lov'd.

The gran—dam doated to excess
Upon this worthy youth;
And on his ductile mind impress'd
A noble sense of truth.

His father's virtues and his worth,
Frequent would she proclaim;
And then implore the list'ning boy
Ne'er to disgrace his name.

Thus did the boy in early youth,
A sense of honour feel;
And as attentively he sat,
The pearly drops would steal

Adown his soft carnation cheek,
Which checking—he'd exclaim,
"Never—oh, never! granny, fear,
That I'll *disgrace* my *name*!

"A more than mother you have been,
Dear granny, long to me;
Yet much I wish to serve my king,
And distant climes to see.

"Should I but any laurels wear,
I'd lay them at your feet;
And coming home, recount exploits
Performed by our fleet!

"Besides, I then a prize might *gain* ;
A noble *prize* for *thee*;
And then afford to keep a maid,
What comfort would it be,

"To see thy ev'ry want supply'd!
Yet little can I earn,
And you grow old—and I have still
Part of my trade to learn."

"Oh, Edward!" said the aged dame,

"Would you your granny leave?
Who in your absence will sustain?
I have not long to breathe.

Then stay until my eyes are clos'd;
My heart I'm sure would break,
Was I to lose my darling boy,
Oh! stay then—for my sake!"

Edward embrac'd her wither'd hand;
And on that hand he swore
Never to name the painful theme,
Or quit his native shore,

Until the being whom he lov'd
Was in the cold earth laid:
Cheerful he daily went to work,
A carpenter—his trade.

Whilst every penny he could save,
Was to his granny giv'n;
And as he toil'd, his tuneful voice
Implor'd the God of heav'n

To crown his labour with success;
For as his granny drew
Near to her end—her *wants increas'd* ,
And Edward's *means* were *few*:

For scarcely sixteen suns had shed
Their light upon his head;
And his protectress had quite lost
The pow'r of gaining bread.

Though Edward toil'd from morn till night,
His strength had never fail'd;
At length his poor old granny died,
Then—on the seas he sail'd.

Beside his captain Edward fought,
His eyes emitting fire;
He fought for *glory* —and for *fame* ,
And *gain'd* his fond desire.

For as the captain eager sprang
Upon the vanquish'd deck,
A fatal blow was slily aim'd
At his unguarded neck.

Edward with eye of hawk beheld
The bright, uplifted steel;
Rushing between his *friend* and *foe* ,
He made the *latter* feel

The force of his strong, nervous arm;
For with one mighty stroke,
The head he sever'd from the trunk:
It fell—and never spoke!

"*No quarter* to such wretches give!"
Exclaim'd a lieutenant;
"In mercy spare them!" said the youth;
"*Mercy's an English plant*;

"And let us not destroy its growth,
Or tarnish our bright name;"
"Spare them!" the captain said, likewise,
"We will not soil our fame!"

Then rushing into Edward's arms,
"Receive, dear gallant youth,
My thanks," said he; "and now I swear,
By honour and by truth,

"From this blest moment you shall be
Dear as my vital breath:
To *you* I owe the gift of life;
And when that foe call'd Death,

"Shall summon me to give account
Of all the deeds I've done,
My fortune shall descend to thee,
Henceforth thou art my son!"

True did the captain make his words;

Original Poems

And e'er that twelvemonth day,
He was entomb'd within the earth,
His body turn'd to clay.

With fortune of ten thousand pounds
Was Edward then possess'd;
Whilst gratitude o'ercharg'd his heart,
Grief agonized his breast;

Returning home to Albion's clime,
Two monuments he rais'd;
One to the friend who nurtur'd him,
Whose worth the marble prais'd.

The other—to the valiant chief,
Whose noble, gen'rous heart,
Had shielded him from poverty's
Depressing, poignant smart.

Yet Edward, when endow'd with wealth,
With honour, and renown,
Never forgot his humble birth,
Or granny's russet gown.

Original Poems

THE STORM;

OR,
VIRTUE PROTECTED BY OMNIPOTENCE.

THE night was dark, the hollow winds
Rush'd through the falling leaves;
For autumn shed her yellow hue,
And ting'd the verdant trees.

Long had the dew—drops from the skies
Denied their nurt'ring pow'r;
The earth was parch'd—the forest dry—
And faded was each flow'r.

The rapid forming clouds proclaim'd
A *storm* approaching near;
The forked lightning darting quick,
Inspir'd the breast with fear!

The deep—ton'd thunder swift pursu'd
The elemental rays;
And scarce *one second* interven'd,
Between the *sound* and *blaze*!

Oh! 'twas a night—when guilty souls
Are struck with horror's dread;
And innocence dare scarcely sleep
Secure upon its bed!

Ethelbert, on this dreary night,
Had wander'd long and far;
No house appear'd—to shelter him—
He saw no polar star:

Yet 'midst the elemental shock,
His mind was still and calm;
Approving Conscience shed her light,
Her sweet, consoling balm!

"Great God!" he cried, "in *thee* I trust!
On thy support rely!
But if it is thy mighty will,
That this night I should die,

"Forgive the errors of my youth!
Pardon the faults I've done!
Sins of omission—oft I feel;
Yet *crimes*—*thank thee!*—*I've none!*

But if the creature thou hast form'd,
Might venture to implore;
Oh! let the lightning's lucid glare
Spare her —whom I adore!

"If delegated angels guard
The *virtuous* and the *wise* ;
Then—then is my Louisa safe,
'Midst those terrific skies!

"Yet timid is her spotless soul,
Though *guilt* she never knew;
Angels themselves—are not more *pure* ,
More *perfect* ,—or more *true!*

"Oh! should her form be now expos'd
To this tempestuous night,
Fear would destroy the lovely maid,
She'd sink—beneath affright!"

Thus spoke Ethelbert—whilst the blast
Howl'd horrid o'er his head;
At length, majestic rose the moon,
Her rays effulgent spread.

The tempest for some minutes ceas'd,
Whilst Cynthia's silver ray
Became a guide—conducting him
Into the proper way.

He thought her light display'd a form
Extended near a tree;
"Great God!" he cried, "'tis sure my love!
"My angel! that I see."

Like arrow from the bow discharg'd,

Original Poems

He flew with eager speed;
Appalling sight!—and sad to tell!
Louisa —'twas indeed!

Her pallid form was stretch'd beneath
The branches of an oak;
He caught her in his circling arms,
But ah! in vain he spoke.

"My life! my love! my soul's delight!"
Alternate he exclaim'd;
But *terror* —or the hand of *death* ,
Silenc'd the lovely maid!

Fresh peals of thunder rent the air,
New flashes burst the skies;
Far from the tree—Ethelbert bore
His senseless—lifeless prize!

Scarce had he mov'd her to a spot
That seem'd to him more free
From danger—than he saw a blast
Shatter the fated tree!

Transports—beyond the pow'r of words
To paint, or to describe,
Then fill'd the breast of Ethelbert—
Louisa—was alive!

For, as he press'd her to his heart,
The maiden op'd her eyes;
But fearful was the sight she saw,
Joy—terror—and surprise

*And prostrate at his shrine
Breath'd to their God a grateful pray'r
An orison divine
Published by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Sept. 1.1810.*

Restrain'd at first the pow'r of speech;
At length—"My God," said she,
"How has existence been prolong'd?
How came *I from the tree?* "

"The God we serve," Ethelbert said,
"An *agent's* power conferr'd;
I saw thy danger—and I flew;
"But *heav'n* —thy life preserv'd.

"And ere we leave this fearful spot,
Let us, my love, in pray'r
Return Omnipotence our thanks,
For making *thee* —his care!"

Near to the blasted tree they drew,
And prostrate at his shrine,
Breath'd to their God a grateful pray'r,
An orison divine!

This done—Ethelbert once more press'd
The maiden to his heart;
"'Tis *heav'n* ," said he, "has *join'd* us *now* ,
And we will never part!"

"Yes heav'n, my friend, has surely join'd;
And virtues bright like thine,
Will be *reflected* , Ethelbert,
When I am wholly *thine* .

"To—morrow shall the priest unite
Our hands, our souls, and heart,
And never from my Ethelbert
Will I consent to part!"

*And prostrate at his shrine,
Breath'd to their God a grateful pray'r*

Original Poems

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

LINES;

ADDRESSED TO THE
RIGHT HON. THE COUNTESS OF FARNHAM.

FARNHAM! receive the mede of praise,
An humble mede—whose meteor rays
Cannot *illumine worth* like *thine*;
Worth , which with radiance divine,
Displays itself by doing good,
And nurturing a tender brood
Of helpless orphans!—yet who ne'er
Felt that deep loss—*a mother's care!*
For in thy tender arms caress'd,
They lean upon a mother's breast.
Still not to *them alone* confin'd
The gen'rous dictates of thy mind;
For never was the aged poor
Indignant driv'n from thy door:
E'en there the ready hand bestows
Sufficient for their present woes;
And with benevolence imparts
A balm to their afflicted hearts !
No vain domestic ever there,
Forbiddeth the appeal of care;
But, like the streamlet, in its course,
Nurtures from some great river's source!
Long may that river and its tide
Successive flow—and sweetly glide!
Long may its smooth meand'ring stream
Continue bright by Fortune's beam!
And ev'ry blessing life bestows,
With Farnham—and her lord repose!

A POETIC EPISTLE.

TO

LADY H——L.; *Inviting her to a Fair, which commenced on the First of May.*

PERMIT a dull muse, my dear Charlotte, to say,
 The season approaches when Brook Green looks gay;
 Or in other terms, my dear friend, to declare,
 That on Monday the first, commenceth the fair;
 And though bustle and noise cannot always amuse,
 Yet to see others *happy*, you will not *refuse*;
 For I know that your heart by *sympathy shares*
 The joys of your friends, as well as their cares!
 "But pray, what *amusement* does Brook Green display?"
 Methinks, my dear Charlotte, I now hear you say,
 There is Gingle exhibiting *musical glasses*,
 Whilst the tone he produceth, *Apollo surpasses!*
 Then his *dog*, such superior instinct discovers,
 As to tell each young lady her number of *lovers*;
 And both master and dog alternate display
 A thousand droll tricks, which pass time away.
 Two dramatic companies likewise appear,
 In one *Rolla thunders*, —in the other a *Lear*,
 Who raves at his daughters with such potent rage,
 That his *voice* is sufficient to shake the poor stage.
 Then there's Saunderson's troop, with riders so bold,
 As e'en to *astonish* all those who behold!
 Three horses they stride, and fly round a ring,
 Like the God at whose *heels* there is painted a wing.
 There are *wild beasts*, and giants, and likewise a child,
 Whose person is *large* —but whose manners are mild;
 With whom poor Lady Morgan appears on a stage,
 That comparison may—more *attention* engage.
 There are booths, where all trinkets may easy be bought,
 From a three—guinea writing—desk, down to a groat.
 In short, my dear Charlotte, at Brook Green you'll find,
 Relief for the eye, if not for the mind;
 For a more motley groupe ne'er assembled together,
 And last year they were favour'd with beautiful weather:
 But weather affects not the feeling of friends,
 For on internal sources their pleasure depends;
 And should Boreas blow with his blustering main,
 Or the clouds all distil in torrents of rain;
 Should the elements war, or the deep thunder roll,
 They would make no impression on my serene soul:
 For if Charlotte was with me, the season would seem
 Adorn'd with the beauty of spring's verdant green;
 And come when she will, to me 'twill be fair,
 For her presence disperses both sorrow and care.

SPONTANEOUS LINES,

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. S——; *Who, upon being made acquainted with the Author's Design of publishing a Volume of Poems by Subscription, for an aged Mother's Benefit, warmly exerted herself to obtain Subscribers, and wrote for Fifty more Copies of the Proposals, to circulate amongst her numerous Acquaintance, apologizing for the Number.*

FIFTY more! my kind friend—and apologize too!

Yet with form—let me ask, what has *friendship* to do?

And such friendship as yours—flowing warm from a heart

Unguided by int'rest—unaided by art,

But rising or springing from sources divine,

For such sweet *benevolence* surely is thine!

And such, my kind friend, is a motive that's blest,

Which, *phoenix-like*, rose from its mansion thy breast.

"No phoenix,"—methinks I hear you exclaim;

Yet in this instance do *not* the *epithet* blame;

For sincerity guideth each thought of my mind,

And so, my dear friend, in time you will find.

But *phoenix you are*; for no friend have I found,

(Though with some—twenty years have circled their round,)

Who have tried like yourself to promote this design;

Then surely the *praise*, and the *glory* is thine!

Yet do not suppose that I mean to declare

No *being* has made my int'rest their care;

I only avow, that *you have done more*

Than the rest of my friends,—as I've told you before;

And as gratitude filleth each space of my heart,

You claim, my dear friend, a Benjamin's part.

Original Poems

LINES,

ADDRESSED

TO MRS. WILLIAMS, OF BEDFORD SQUARE; *Supposed to be written by a young Lady of Fourteen; to whom she had sent a Lock of Hair, accompanied with a Letter, filled with tender and maternal Advice.*

THE lock, my dear aunt! I've this moment receiv'd;
And with grateful emotions impart
That joy, which the present inspir'd, or conceiv'd,
In a warm and susceptible heart!

No trifle to me is the gift of a friend,
So maternally tender and true;
And when from my bosom the lock shall suspend,
My thoughts will each day turn to you!

"A *trifle* , if you do *not* love;
A *treasure* , if you do!"

They'll turn like the needle, whose magnet the pole
Attracts like a pure northern light;
And those virtues, dear aunt! which display thy pure soul,
Shall lead me—to do what is right!

Original Poems

A FICTITIOUS DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN TWO GENTLEMEN;

The one of whom had, in reality, imagined Mrs. M—— to be a very young Woman, from the peculiar Lightness of her Step, and complained of the Calash concealing, those Charms he fancied confined under it.

SAID a beau to his friend, who resides on Brook Green,
 "Oh, Charles! near *your house* I've a *new beauty* seen!
 Her gait was *elastic* —her step *debonaire* ,
 And if I might judge, she is *youthful* and *fair*;
 But although a female who cutteth a *dash* ,
 Her charms were conceal'd—by a *horrid calash*;
 Under which even Argus could not take a peep,
 Still her form all *that night* haunted *me* in my *sleep* .
 And as you now live near her, pray tell me her name?
 Or from what part of England the *sly gypsey* came?
 For that said *calash* , which envelopes her ears,
 Like the zones which encircle their different spheres,
 Is merely a *trick* , as beauty conceal'd,
 Makes us anxious to gaze, and wish it reveal'd.
 Charles smil'd at his friend—and smiling exclaim'd,
 "Dear George, you are *caught!* still not to be blam'd;
 The fair—one in question is Mrs. Anne Moore,
 Who has seen *fifteen years* , and likewise *threescore*;
 Yet in movement may rival *youth, beauty, and grace* ,
 And *in worth of mind*; ——but as to the face,
 That doubtless is furrow'd by sorrow and years,
 Though still she's much older than what she appears;
 For the smile of good-humour illumines a face
 Where youth and its charms we no longer can trace;
 Yet no girl in my life have I ever seen
 Who could trip with more lightness or *grace* o'er the green.
 The calash is no *trick* —but a veil to the light,
 As the *dear, good old lady* , has not a *good sight*;
 For alas! she has mourn'd o'er the grave of those friends
 On whom all our joys, and our blessings depends.
 Yet friends she has left, both *distant* and *near* ,
 Who her virtues *admire* , and her *merits revere*;
 And *relations* , who proud of Nature's soft ties,
 Would rejoice in the pow'r of preventing her sighs."—
 "Faith!" said George, (interrupting his friend as he spoke,)
 If this *phoenix* old lady would yield to the yoke
 Of wedlock—and join but her fate once to mine,
 I think, as a husband, I might chance to shine.
 Her virtues, at least, *reflected* would be,
 And effulgently bright shine forth upon *me* ."
 "Poh! marriage!" cried Charles, "obtain her your *friend*;
 For on her advice you may safely depend,
 As Prudence directeth each word, thought, and deed;
 And you know, my dear George, that a true friend in need
 Is a *blessing* which Solomon tells us to prize
 Above ev'ry boon we receive from the skies;

Original Poems

So come along now, we'll away to Brook Green,
Where this charming old woman is still to be seen;
Though *Uffington* is her place of abode,
And next week, I find, she retravels the road."

POETIC LINES,

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND, *Who had paid the Author a late Visit; and whom a Lady in Company asked whether she was not fearful of returning to Town without other Protection than Servants? The Enquiry led into a Dissertation upon Courage, and the Author was requested to give her Sentiments upon it.*

YOU request me, my friend, on *true courage to write*;
Yet do you reflect, that whilst I indite,
Or attempt to explain my *ideas* on the theme,
The critics may term them a mere ignus gleam.
As *courage* , the lords of creation declare,
Disgraces that *softness* attach'd to the fair;
For *courage* , like *honour* , they boldly maintain,
Is their inclusive right—a paternal domain,
Descending as *land* , from the *sire* to the *son* ,
Since the time that dame Eve her domestic course run.
She was softness personified, Milton declares;
And Coelib's his heroine to Eve compares;
Yet her's was the softness of *feeling* and soul,
For each passion was under the judgment's control.
But you'll tell me I wander, and widely digress
From the subject you wish'd me to paint or express;
Corrected I stand;—and revert to my text,
Although to expound it—I'm rather perplex'd.
True courage, I think, springs mature from that heart
Which disdains all appearance of softness or art;
That softness, I mean, which seems to require
Some fostering aid if a *cat* should expire;
Or a poor harmless beetle should happen to crawl
From its confin'd abode, in the chink of a wall;
Or a *mouse* should presumptuously venture to stray
From its diurnal hiding place, and *seem to say*,
This moment's your last! —then seize on the fair,
And her delicate form into mere atoms tear!
'Tis only such softness as this I despise,
For a softness of *heart* is our sexes first prize.
Again, you will say, I'm digressing too far;
Allow'd;—I now make you my kind polar star;
And return to the subject with which I began,
Declaring *true courage* belongs not to man,
As his exclusive right, or paternal domain;
And will prove it, by shewing our sex can bear pain
With heroic firmness, and undaunted mind;
E'en to danger they often prove fearless or blind!
Yet *assertions* and *proof* are two distinct things,
Though my bow, in this instance, expands with two strings;
And from history *ancient* and *modern* , can trace
Proofs of *courage sublime* —in the peticoat race.
Arria's sufficient, my friend, to proclaim,
That woman, weak woman, has some claim to fame;

For, as the life—blood flow'd warm from her heart,
 She smiling deliver'd her husband the dart:
 "No pain, my lov'd lord, does thy Arria feel,"
 Said she, as she gave him the sharp—pointed steel;
 "The death which I suffer is only to part
 From the object I love—the spouse of my heart!"
 Yet courage consists *not* in contempt of life;
 But Arria *died* to prove that a wife
 Could set an *example* , worth record, and fame,
 For both sex's honour that great woman's name.
 This is *one* of the *many examples* which thought
 Has to my remembrance judiciously brought,
 To prove that true courage from female minds springs,
 And is not confin'd to warriors or kings.
 Since fate has ordain'd all those horrors in France,
 What marks of courageousness might I advance!
 But the theme is too shocking for me to proclaim,
 And the proofs are recorded in annals of fame.
 But would you, my friend, have me courage define,
 I shall say, 'tis a gift from the Author Divine,
 Bestow'd at our birth, yet never acquir'd,
 Though brav'ry oft with its semblance is fir'd:
 'Tis a passion which banishes all futile fear,
 And draws independence within its own sphere.
 It would not face danger with wanton despite,
 Or shrink from dark omens with *fear* and *affright*;
 Collected it stands, with reason its base,
 Not fearing alarm, or dreading disgrace:
 'Tis a shield which preserveth from dread and surprise,
 And used by the *noble* , the *good* , and the *wise* .
 Yet why, my dear Laura, should I e'er define,
 A sentiment which I believe truly *thine*?
 No feminine fear does your bosom pervade,
 No dreadful forebodings excited by *shade*;
 From Brook Green you travel at twelve of the night,
 With the same perfect ease as when Sol's rays are bright;
 The reason, my friend, is perfectly clear,
 Neither *act*, *deed*, or *word*, give occasion for fear.
 Long, long may you travel through life's changing road,
 And always have sun—shine to *gild* your *abode*!
 And as you drive on—may each smiling year
 More joyous and gay than the former appear!
 Then when you arrive at the end of life's stage,
 May you meet the reward of virtue and age!

SPONTANEOUS LINES;

Written in Consequence of hearing the Conduct of J. J. Smith, Esq. highly applauded in a private Company, for having filled the important Office of High Sheriff with Credit to himself, and Benefit to the Community at large.

WHEN the *charters* of *England* by *worth* are maintain'd,
And each citizen's *right* supported unstain'd
By corruptive measures, or fraudulent deeds,
At which honour's high sense recoils or recedes;
When the sheriffs of London *adorn* their *high post* ,
Attracting applause, from a legion or host;
Then Britons may proudly exult in their name,
And the temples of *Smith* —wear the laurel of fame!
May the wreath long his temples entwine and adorn,
And the *bays* never *prove* like the *rose* and its thorn!
But when he ascends to the high civic chair,
May the *sheriff's applause* —attend the *lord mayor* .

POETIC LINES,

ADDRESSED

TO FOUR CHILDREN; *To whom the Author was tenderly attached, and who had frequently intreated her to celebrate them in Verse; but at length requested Compliance with their Wishes, in a collective Body.*

FOUR beggars at once! each imploring a poet,
 If the muses inspire, on their *persons* to *show it*;
 But the Helicon's distant—and poor Peg is tir'd;
 Or, in other words—your friend's *not inspir'd!*
 Yet, to please you, dear girls, I'll endeavour to say
A something to each — in a mere friendly way.
 Suppose, then, in form, your *ages* I take,
 And begin with dear Sarah, for *eldership's sake*:
 Though not quite *poetic* the *name* which *you bear*,
 May that breast ne'er be tortur'd by sorrow or care;
 Yet do not suppose, in this varying life,
One lot is untinctur'd with sorrow or strife;
 We all, my dear girl, must expect that some shade
 Will o'ershadow our sun—like clouds o'er the glade.
 But may *you* never meet with distresses *severe*;
 Still an uncorrupt heart can have little to fear;
 As the great God who form'd you will ever protect
 That being who treateth his laws with respect.
 Yet, Sarah, permit me in friendship to say,
 We must do something more than simply *obey*;
 We must, by *exertion*, endeavour and try
 To make ourselves *worthy* a place in the *sky* .
 Remember that *steward* whose *talent* was laid
 Secure in a *napkin* , confin'd in a shade;
 And conceal'd, as a miser would hoard up his store,
 Instead of endeav'ring to make *little more* ,
 Though the giver intended the girl should diffuse,
 And nurture, like rain, or the soft morning dews.
 Yet to take leave of metaphor, and speak the truth,
 Each talent is giv'n for *exertion* in youth;
 As after that period, who e'er can say,
 I'll devote to *improvement* the whole of a day?
 Then now, my dear girl, is the time to attend
 To those precepts which fall from the lips of a friend.
 Let zeal for improvement *attention* inspire;
 Ne'er suffer a junior in *years* to be higher
 On the ladder of knowledge,—or yield them the prize
 Which those may obtain, who try to be wise.
 Yet never permit emulation to bring
 A sensation like *envy* —for its pointed sting
 Will poison those qualities which all admire,
 Instead of exciting an ardent desire
 To excel in those virtues which adorn our race;
 In fact, 'tis a passion that teems with disgrace,
 And one, which I trust you never will feel,

And therefore I need not its dangers reveal;
 For your heart is so tender, so good, and so kind,
 That envy can never take root in your mind.
 And now, my dear Emma, to you I must speak,
 Though my poetic rays, I confess, are so weak
 They scarcely would light a poor author to bed,
 If perch'd in an *attic* , or down in a *shed* .
 Yet, nevertheless, as in *verse* I *must* write,
 For such is the *order* you gave me to—night,
 Your motto, dear Emma, is *frolic* and *fun* ,
 Yet I trust that no *mischievous* tricks have been done;
 For *frolic* , unless by *prudence confin'd*,
 May lead to exploits which degrade the pure mind;
 But *your frolic* and *fun* , I'm persuaded, my dear,
 Will never excite in my bosom a fear;
 And ne'er will you smile, if misfortune appears,
 But soften its pangs with sweet sympathy's tears.
 Then smile away, Emma—you'll ne'er hear me say,
 I wish to behold you *less* cheerful and gay.
 Yet amidst all the innocent pleasures of youth,
 Let sober reflection inspire *love of truth*;
 And may Virtue's lov'd image, transcendently mild,
 Take up its abode in the breast of a *child*!
 For Nature, dear Emma, bestow'd at your birth,
 A gift far more precious than Golcondo's earth;
 Or rather those treasures its *bowels* contains;
 I mean a *good stock* of *intelligent brains*!
 And you, my dear Frances, are equally blest;
 For never were two little birds in a nest
 More completely alike—in point of the store
 Of *brains* you possess—as I've told you before;
 Where much has been giv'n, there *much* is requir'd;
 And *much* , my dear Frances, from *you* is desir'd,
 Both by parents, and friends;—then for those friends' sake,
 A pleasure in mental improvement pray take.
 The mere charm of person, without worth of mind,
 May *please* for a *moment*; —yet ah! you will find
 From *virtue* alone we taste true delight,
 'Tis the soul's radiant lamp—which ever burns bright;
 And from it a rich source of pleasure will spring,
 More sweet than the fragrance of blossoms in spring.
 Then let me implore you to cherish with care
 Those virtues which add so much grace to the fair;
 Let mildness and sweetness be both so combin'd
 That those prone to censure may no failing find;
 And may even cynics, dear Frances, declare,
 The child whom I love—is as *good* as she's *fair* .
 Though last, my dear George, not the least in affection;
 May your mind be the seat both of worth and perfection!
 And as time circles round, may each virtue appear
 More transcendently bright than it was the last year!

Original Poems

May those volatile spirits, with which you are bless'd,
Long fix their abode in that innocent breast!
Yet never allow them to escape those bounds
Which reason prescribes—and true feeling grounds,
Or brings into practice—for spirits, my dear,
Should be always constrain'd by humanity's sphere;
I mean that you never, by action or word,
Should be guilty of any thing which is absurd;
And ne'er thoughtlessly ridicule failings in others,
For remember, my love, we are *sisters* and *brothers*;
The same father made us,—the same God protects,
And 'tis *virtue alone*, —which that *father respects*!
But now, my dear girls, permit me to say,
May you *all* long remain just as *guileless* and *gay*
As you are at this moment,—for trust me, that *art*
Is a corrosive passion—which cankers the heart;
In *youth* 'tis obnoxious—in age 'tis replete
With those pangs its possessor deserveth to meet;
It lives unrespected,—neglected it dies,
And can never obtain an abode in the skies;
There—harmony, love, and tenderness greet,
And there—may our spirits, my dearest girls, meet!

LINES, ADDRESSED

TO THE AUTHOR'S DEAREST FRIEND; *Accompanied by a Pack of Ticket Cards.*

COULD the cards, dear Louisa, which herald your name,
Be endow'd with the pow'r of proclaiming *your fame*,
At each door where you stopp'd, these cards should declare
You more *good* and more *great*, than *lovely* and *fair*.
They should say, that your heart was the seat of true worth,
That your grandfather's virtues descended by birth;
For Ford, Earl of Cavan, when living, was known
To possess all that merit which by his rank shone
More transcendently bright—than had he been born
In a more humble sphere, for the blossoming thorn
Is seldom admir'd from its low situation;
Yet scarce an exotic, inclos'd in glass station,
Possesses such exquisite beauty and scent;
But wherefore the simile? how is it meant?
I hear you enquire;—why, virtue, my dear,
When attach'd to a *noble* or exalted sphere,
Is much more attractive than when it is found
Unadorn'd with that grandeur which makes the name sound;
For the *great*, an example of *virtue* should *show*;
Yet this is a truth which you too well know,
To require repetition:—Accept, then, each card,
As a mark of the donor's *esteem* and *regard*;
A regard which *increases* with *time* and with *years*;
And though time is pourtray'd with a pair of sharp shears,
He ne'er, dear Louisa, my love can divide;

POETIC LINES,

Original Poems

As well might he sever this heart from the side:
My friendship's so tender, my love so sincere,
That the longer I live, the more strong 'twill appear!

SPONTANEOUS LINES,

ADDRESSED

TO A MYRTLE; *Presented to the Author by a Friend.*

THEE, verdant plant, with joy I greet,
And welcome too my roof;
Thy fragrant leaves appear more sweet,
From being friendship's proof!

And as thy whited buds disclose,
And starry forms assume,
More sweet they'll seem than breath of rose,
Or violet's perfume!

The verdant green I now compare
To friendship's changeless pow'r;
And nurture thee—with fondest care,
Thou sweet, unvarying flow'r.

From winter's cold, and summer's heat,
Thy verdure I'll defend,
With the same tenderness I'd treat
A *dear* —a much-lov'd friend.

An emblem thou of friendship art,
Which is *sincere* and *true*;
Thy leaves unvaryingly impart
A verdant, lively hue.

So genuine friendship will remain,
Like never-fading green;
And thus I venture to maintain
Affinity between

This plant, which *now* calls forth my verse,
And *her* —from whom it came;
Whose virtues I cannot rehearse,
They need not public fame.

EXTEMPORE LINES,

REPEATED

TO A FRIEND; *Who had advised the Author to pick up a Pin, which lay with the Head towards her; and observing it was an Emblem of good Fortune.*

THIS crested pin, I heard you say,
Was like a beam from fortune's ray,
Portending some event that's kind,
To soothe my griefs, and calm my mind.
Yet Fortune is a treach'rous jade,
And many an adverse trick has play'd;
For e'en this pin, which you suppos'd
An emblem of success disclos'd,
Has prob'd me to the very quick;
The current flows—my heart turns sick!
Thus have I often been deceiv'd—
Thus friendship's *semblance* oft believ'd,
And press'd *delusion* to my heart,
Which, like this pin, occasion'd smart,
When I expected and suppos'd,
Instead of wounding—'twould have clos'd
The lacerations of distress,
Or, by partaking, made them less.
But never more, Louisa, say,
A prostrate pin will *luck* convey;
For though its *head* to me was bent,
Its point has prov'd an instrument,
And caus'd life's crimson stream to flow;
Yet if I never more should know
A sharper pang, or keener smart,
I'd cherish this metallic dart;
And ever after fondly greet
Each pin that I might chance to meet;
And though to *stooping* not inclin'd,
I'd humble my too tow'ring mind;
Place Fortune's emblem near my heart,
Nor *dread* its scratch, or fear its *smart* .

SPONTANEOUS LINES,

ADDRESSED

TO A FRIEND; *Who had presented the Author with a very neat Chamber Lamp, in Consequence of her observing the Servant never brought the Water hot in Summer.*

WHENE'ER, my friend, this lamp I see,
My grateful thoughts will warm tow'rds thee;
Not with a *blue* , or *vap'rous* light,
But from true friendship, glowing, bright;
For friendship's light must ever shine
With radiance almost divine!
But to my lamp again I turn,
And though in August, see it burn
With radiance brilliant, pure, and bright,
As in December's chilly night.
A two-fold purpose I shall make
This said lamp serve—for prudence sake;
Not merely warming a tin-pot,
But keeping a *rump-steak* quite hot;
Or, should rich ven'son, fat and fair,
E'er fall to a *poor author's* share,
Then shall my lamp with pride appear,
Fresh trimm'd—fresh burnish'd—bright and clear!
And as my plate upon it stands,
Mary—the currant jelly hands;
To give what epicures term *goût*,
Yet all the time I'll think of you;
And as I *think* —spontaneous *say* ,
To C—I owe this *treat to-day*;
As but for *her* dear *lamp* I'd not
Eaten my ven'son *half so hot* ;
And what is a delicious treat,
'Tis ten to one if I could eat;
For *heat* goes far to form a cook,
So says dame Glass's cook'ry book.
Thus will my lamp, with useful ray,
Serve me at once by *night* and *day* ;
Thus should pure friendship ever show
A never-failing warmth and glow;
And thus, my friend, may ours appear,
Bright, steady, permanent, and clear!

LINES,

ADDRESSED

TO A MUCH-RESPECTED RELATION; *Accompanying a net Lamb's-Wool Tippet, to which Fashion had given the Appellation of Sylph.*

A SYLPH, my dear aunt, is the gift which I send,
In the hope it will *warm* , and *comfort* my *friend*;
For *comfort* and *warmth* are so nearly allied,
That we own their affinity round a fire-side.
Yet methinks, my dear aunt, I hear you exclaim,
"A *tippet* term'd *sylph*! who gave it that name?"
Not your niece, my dear ma'am, I vow and declare,
But that potent queen *Fashion* , who rules all the fair.
'Twas Fashion, that arbitress rigidly great,
Who turns, as she pleases, the *helm* of *her state*!
Yet a *sylph* , you must know, the poets declare,
Is an ærial spirit—attending the fair;
And with kind precaution implores them to take
Special care to avoid the designs of a rake;
And with an impressive and strong warning voice,
Implores them to make *true virtue* their *choice* .
So a *sylph* , you now find, is a *guard* , or a *friend* ,
And to guard you from cold, *this sylph* I now *send*;
Then wear it, dear aunt—and let it appear,
That the donor's a friend—though not a friend near.

LINES ON FRIENDSHIP;

Addressed to those who, on many Occasions, had displayed it to the Author.

FRIENDSHIP! thou sweet, balsamic pow'r,
Which soothes affliction's trying hour,
And with a ray divine
Illumes the dreary path of life,
Checking resentment—healing strife,
On *me* , bright *Goddess*, *shine!*

Oft have I felt thy potent art
Expand each feeling of my heart,
At thy benign decree!
Have I not seen the *purse unfold*,
With proffer'd use of friendship's gold,
When care usurp'd my breast?
Oh H——! can I forget that day,
When on my table *bank-notes* lay,
Conceiving me distress'd?

Or can I e'er one hour forget,
The marks of kindness and respect
Thy lov'd Eliza pays?
Ah no! engraven on my breast
Is ev'ry proof of friendship dress'd
With hospitable rays!

Rays, which to me are more than bright,
Because *sincerity's* pure light
Shines forth in *artless strains* .
Long may ye both display that worth
Which shines transcendent on this earth,
Devoid of care or pains!

LINES,

**SUPPOSED TO BE
WRITTEN BY J——H——, JUN.
TO HIS WIFE, ON THE DAY OF THEIR MARRIAGE,**

(In Imitation of Doctor Cotton's Fire-side.)

THIS morn, dear Mary, were our hands
United firm in Hymen's bands;
Bands which to me are sweet!
Though at the altar then I swore
To love my Mary, and adore
The vow I now repeat!

And may recording angels write
Each word that *feeling* shall indite
In their immortal page:
I vow, then, through each stage of life,
To soothe and cherish my lov'd wife;
And should we see old age,

New charms in her—I'll then descry,
Though lost the lustre of her eye;
Still shall her fruitful mind
Ten thousand ripen'd charms display,
Conducting me to virtue's way,
With *her* the path I'll find!

Together we will tread her road,
Neither requiring any goad,
Religion our sure guide;
And as the hill of life we reach,
Some moral precepts she shall teach,
In which we'll both confide.

Should Providence our wish befriend,
And *branches* round our table send,
New *transports* we shall feel;
Their ductile minds we'll then improve,
Sweet task of duty and of love,
Affection's binding seal!

What pleasure to behold a mind
Chaotic, uninform'd, and blind,
With learning's rays illum'd!
'Tis like the op'ning buds of May,
Which some new fragrant charms display,

Original Poems

Each spring that they have bloom'd.

Nor *wealth* , nor honours, we desire,
'Tis *competence* that we require,
And *comfort* in our *home* .
This blessing we, my love, enjoy,
No gilded prospects should decoy,
Or make me wish to roam!

My blessing is my own *fire-side* ,
With *thee* and virtue for my guide;
I wish —nor *ask* for more.
Long may our lives thus tranquil flow,
Like some clear current, soft and slow,
Far from all rocky shores!

AN INVOCATION TO HUMANITY.

OH, sweet Humanity! if e'er
The tide of *pity* in this *breast*
Should be calcin'd by grief and care,
Or stagnate—from my being blest,
Then, heav'n-born Goddess may thy name
Produce the deepest dye of *shame*!

Yet, whilst I feel for other's woes,
And whilst the stream of pity flows,
And whilst this heart will sorrow greet,
In language *gentle, kind, and sweet* ,
Then in its mansion ever dwell,
Soothing distress with potent spell!

Ne'er can *Oppression's* pointed thorn,
Or Pride's malignant sneering scorn,
E'er find asylum in this breast,
Which heaves a sigh for the distress,
Whilst readily this hand would spread
A pillow for affliction's head!

And though this hand should be confin'd,
By *Fortune* proving rather *blind* ,
Yet whilst humanity resides,
And pity flows from Feeling's tides,
Distress shall never plead in vain,
But always some assistance gain!

MORNING REFLECTIONS,

UPON FIRST RISING.

My drowsy thoughts, by sleep refin'd,
Salute the rising day;
Death's torpid image o'er my mind
Has now resign'd its sway.

And as the sun's all-glorious light
Illumes the azure skies,
My grateful thoughts to heav'n take flight,
As morning sacrifice!

Silent and soaring they ascend
To the Almighty's throne;
And bless some delegated friend,
For care and kindness shewn!

For guardian spirits, we are told,
Watch o'er the good and just;
And whilst the sun his rays withhold,
Protect our slumb'ring dust!

Yet *day* and *night* they kindly tend,
And with paternal care,
Some guardian angel proves a friend,
And checks that foe, Despair!

And oft, when care and sorrow bends
The deep-afflicted heart,
The very thought of long-tried friends,
Whom death alone could part,

Hov'ring around us from that sphere
Where bliss and transport reigns,
Stops, e'er it falls, the trembling tear,
And reconciles our pains.

May they not only *guard* , but *guide*
Me —through life's devious way,
Until, like them—through death I glide,
To everlasting day!

Original Poems

And whilst the *days* successive roll,
May I—their care employ;
And Virtue's image fill my soul
With happiness and joy!

Then shall each hour as tranquil flow
As an unruffled stream;
And death itself no terror show,
But seem a pleasing dream.

Original Poems

ELEGIAC LINES.

Original Poems

ELEGIAC LINES.

**A MONODY
ON THE
DEATH OF MRS. KRUTZE;**

Supposed to be written by her disconsolate Husband.

OH Death! insatiate archer! why on me
Pour forth thy vengeance with a shaft so keen?
Why was no other victim mark'd by thee,
To be conducted to the world unseen?
Or didst thou think my Harriet's growing worth
Was too angelic for this faulty earth?
Oh Death! if such was thy benign design,
Then will I try to bear this load of mine!
Yet how with fortitude can I sustain
The keenest anguish—most afflictive pain!

How shall I now drag on the load of life,
When ev'ry joy, and ev'ry bliss is fled!
When she who prov'd a *sister, friend, and wife* ,
Alas! lies number'd with the silent dead;
For ev'ry tie relationship e'er gave,
Seems to me, buried in my Harriet's grave:
'Twas in her sweet society I found
Each kindred left upon my native ground!

Oh! could I check those inward pangs which rise,
And rob my mind of comfort and of rest!
Let those condemn my unavailing sighs
Who ne'er like *me* —have been *supremely bless'd!*
Yet let me not presumptuously repine;
My Harriet was but *lent* by pow'r *Divine* ;
The great Jehovah only gave her birth,
To prove that virtue still exists on earth;
On me—vain man, bestow'd the heav'nly prize,
Ere he recall'd her to her native skies!

A few short *years* alone can intervene,
Ere Death shall point his ebon'd dart at me;
Nay, *months* —may haply not by me be seen,
Dear Harriet, ere my spirit flies to thee!
Then shalt thou greet me on thy native shore;
Then ev'ry pang, and ev'ry care be o'er;
Extatic bliss—and joy supreme shall prove,
The bright reward of genuine wedded love;
Then hallelujah's we'll together sing,
To our beneficent eternal king!

Yet whilst my soul's envelop'd round with clay,
May I each duty, and each tie fulfil;
Affection's dictates rigidly obey,
And whilst I mourn, bow to my Maker's will!
My little Harriet now has double claim
Upon her father's tenderness and name!
Dear helpless innocent—thy growing years
Will oft be nurtur'd with thy sire's sad tears;
And when thy lisping accents can proclaim
The mournful sound of thy lov'd mother's name,
Then, lovely innocent, I'll hourly try
To make thee worthy of yon azure sky!

ELEGIAC LINES,

Written spontaneously upon passing the Spot where the Body of the Right Honourable Lady GERTRUDE CROMIE was buried, previous to any Tombstone or Tablet being erected to her Memory.

THIS humble, hallow'd spot contains
The pious Gertrude's—pure remains!
But shall *no stone* proclaim that worth
Which shone transcendent on this earth?
Shall not the poet's pen declare,
That *virtue* was her *daily care*?
That *gentleness* and *worth combin'd*,
Irradiated her placid mind;
And like the moon's soft silv'ry beam,
Display'd a mild—yet lovely gleam!
That born to *honour's rank* and *state* ,
She envied *not* —the *proud* or *great*;
But in retirement pass'd her days,
Unaided by Ambition's blaze;
Whilst Friendship's rays display'd a light,
That made the frowns of Fortune bright!
Thus drooping nature sunk to rest,
And her pure spirit join'd the blest!

EPITAPH FOR THE TOMBSTONE.

Though born to honours, title, pomp, and state,
Her mind disdain'd the pageants of the great;
The path of humble piety she trod;
Her hopes and wishes center'd in her God!!!

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. LADY ANN FITZGERALD; *Who died in Dublin at an advanced Age, in the Year 1808.*

AGE, when adorn'd with innate worth,
Affords the youthful race on earth
A bright example—and a gleam
Not ill compar'd with Cynthia's beam;
Which in the mazy gloom of night
Gives to the traveller a light,
Conducting to a peaceful home,
Like virtue—guiding to the tomb,
Where it will meet with true renown,
And be rewarded with a crown!
A crown immortal! glorious prize!
Yet which weak mortals oft despise!
Not so Fitzgerald;—for her voice
Proclaim'd that *virtue* was her *choice* .
Still not by words alone—proclaim'd,
But by those *deeds* —which *known* , are *fam'd*;
For poverty ne'er sued in vain,
Nor age, nor impotence, or pain;
Each turn'd rewarded from her door,
She was a friend to all the poor!
Her honour'd name to me is dear;
And whilst the sympathetic tear
Streameth unbidden from my eyes,
In thought—I see her in the skies;
Receiving there a bright reward,
For ev'ry instance of regard
Which her benevolence display'd,
Whilst passing through life's devious shade.
And when this stream of life shall cease,
May her pure spirit whisper peace;
Then guide me to the realms of light,
Beyond the reach of mortal sight!

ELEGIAC LINES,

TO THE

MEMORY OF LADY HARTWELL; *With whose Friendship the Author had been blessed near twenty Years; and whom she took leave of, upon her going to Cheltenham, without the most distant Idea the Indisposition under which she laboured, was of a dangerous kind.*

AH! why did no foreboding fear *foretel*
The dire *misfortune* which I now deplore?
Why, dearest Charlotte, when I said *farewell* ,
Did I not *feel* —that we should *meet no more!*

Why did I fancy Chelt'nham's healing spring
Would prove balsamic to thy fragile frame?
Why was I unprepar'd for Death's sharp sting?
Why were my Charlotte's blooming cheeks the same?

Deadly disease was lurking at her heart,
Whilst roseate health imparted youthful grace;
So bright the hectic, that it seem'd like art,
Deceptious art—which wore a Janus' face!

Yet ne'er did Janus influence that mind;
No act deceptious, Charlotte, sprang from thee;
Thou wert all *candid, gentle, good, and kind* ,
And thy resemblance—dare I hope to see?

Ah no! the prize of friendship is too rare!
A loss irrevocable—I sustain!
Yet let the check that dreadful foe despair,
And ev'ry murm'ring sentiment restrain!

My loss, dear Charlotte, has to thee prov'd *gain* ,
Angelic spirits wafted *thine* in air;
The moment death had rescued *thee* from pain,
A crown immortal thou wast doom'd to wear!

From sacred record—do I now believe
The friend I mourn receiv'd the promis'd prize;
Then why deplore, why *sigh, lament, and grieve* ,
When Charlotte's spirit, ranges through the skies?

Dear sacred spirit of my much-lov'd friend,
Wilt thou the name of guardian angel bear?

Original Poems

Wilt thou, dear Charlotte, on my steps attend,
And guide me through this labyrinth of care?

And when misfortune shall pervade a breast
Too oft assail'd by trials most severe,
Wilt thou, my Charlotte, whisper *future rest*,
And *by* that *whisper* , check the *rising tear*?

And when life's troubles, and its joys shall cease,
And languid nature feel its last decay,
Wilt thou conduct me to the realms of peace?
The glorious realms—of everlasting day!

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE

DEATH OF CHRISTOPHER PEMBERTON, ESQ. *Who died November 1809, in his eighty-fifth Year, sincerely lamented, and universally deplored.*

ENCLOS'D within a spot of earth,
A form superior lies,
Endow'd with talents great and rare,
Humane, sincere, and wise!

Oh, Pemberton! thy matchless name
Through time shall be rever'd;
Belov'd, respected, and admir'd,
To ev'ry friend endear'd!

The grateful tribute of a tear
The muse spontaneous pays;
Yet worth like thine deserves a wreath
Of the unfading bays!

Not the Columbus Christopher,
Whose name is still renown'd ,
Deserv'd more honours, or more fame,
For the new world he found.

Around thy native spot of earth
Thy deeds of fame shall rise;
The widow's sighs—the orphan's tears,
Shall there ascend the skies.

Often hast thou reliev'd their woes,
And with a lib'ral hand,
Made poverty in *peace* repose
Round Newton's fertile land.

Bless'd with the will—bless'd with the pow'r,
Thou didst their griefs assuage;
And God, in mercy to their pray'rs,
Lengthen'd thy life—to age!

Yet did no semblance of decay
In mind or form appear;
For *manhood's grace—conspicuous shone*

Beyond thy eightieth year!

And when the fatal *fiat* came,
Compos'd, prepar'd, resign'd,
Thy spirit left its earthy clay
And kindred angels joined.

When the immortal trump shall sound,
Oh, may our spirits meet!
And join the pure celestial choir,
At our Redeemer's feet!

SUBSEQUENT GLEANINGS.

LINES ON THE NEW-YEAR,

ACCOMPANIED BY AN ALMANACK. *Addressed to a Friend.*

MAY ev'ry hour that passeth by,
May each revolving year,
Destroy the source from whence a sigh
Derives its gloomy sphere;

And may the mansion which gave birth
To the ungenial gale,
No more become a spot of earth
For sorrow to assail!

But may it ever be a source
Of true, substantial joy;
And may a tide of pleasure course
Without the least alloy!

And as Amanda marks the hours
Revolving in their sphere,
May smiling peace, like May's soft showers,
Enrich the rising year!

With gifts more sweet than India's isles
In bounty can bestow;
Where blooming verdure ever smiles,
And fragrant odours blow!

Enrich her with the precious balm
Which Friendship's goddess brings;
That tender and all-soothing charm,
Which shuns the pride of kings!

Enrich her with a store of health;
And may the waning year
See her possess'd of every wealth
As *blesses mortals* here!

ON SEPARATION.

THE worst of tortures fate can find
To lacerate the feeling mind,
And rob the soul of rest,
Is, when its adverse laws ordain,
That *Separation's* heart—felt pain
Should agonize the breast!

Oh! 'tis an anguish too severe
For even *Hope* to soothe or cheer,
Tho' deck'd in radiance bright;
For, like dense vapours which arise,
And cast a gloom upon the skies,
It soon obscures her light!

Its torturing pangs, alas! are found
More poignant than the keenest wound
That venom'd darts can send;
For fortitude can suffer pain,
But, oh! to part, and not again
Rejoin a much—lov'd friend,

Corrodes, as well as pains, the heart,
Makes ev'ry nerve with anguish smart,
And ev'ry bliss destroys;
Remembrance, with officious zeal,
Increases ev'ry pang we feel,
Recurring to past joys.

And oft, amidst the gloom of night,
It brings Louisa to my sight,
Then leaves me to deplore;
In ev'ry dream I likewise see
Some tender proof of love to me,
And, *waking* ,—feel 'tis o'er.

Ah! no, though distance may divide,
Affection still may be her guide;
Still, like the needle, true,
Her thoughts will turn towards that pole
Which seem'd to guide her chasten'd soul,
Though not within her view.

And Mem'ry's pencil oft shall paint,
In colours neither cold nor faint,
The portrait of a friend!
On whom, through ev'ry scene of life,
Whether of *pleasure, pain, or strife* ,
She firmly may depend!

Then, why should Separation's pow'r
Impress with gloom each future hour,
Why ev'ry bliss destroy?
Still our united thoughts shall greet,
And, though divided, they shall meet,
And thus partake of joy.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A WATCH, *Which had been presented as a Parting—Gift to the Author.*
OH! why, thou dull noter of time,
Dost thou move so progressively slow?
Is it merely to measure my rhyme?
Or is it to measure my woe?

Ye moments that flew with delight,
When with my Lucinda I've stray'd,
Oh, say, is it out of mere spite
That ye now are so sadly delay'd.

Come, hasten your tardy career,
And fly with a Mercury wing,
Till the friend of my bosom is here,
Then let Saturn add weight to each spring.

For moments then gladly I'll find,
As long as a Midsummer day;
And fancy, when Phoebus declin'd,
He had shorten'd the length of his ray.

LINES

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A FRIEND, *To whom the Author was tenderly attached.*

ONCE more I'll endeavour to paint,
In language which flows from the *heart* ,
Those *wishes* , which make language faint,
Those feelings it cannot impart!

What phrase can my friendship disclose?
What words have the pow'r to reveal
The love, which maternally flows,
Or the exquisite fondness I feel?

By Destiny's adverse decree,
No longer, Louisa, I prove
The friendship my heart feels to Thee,
Or give *daily* proofs of my love.

Yet still do my thoughts *hourly* turn
To the object most dear to my soul:
As well might the needle e'er learn,
To diverge from its magnet the pole.

This day, my Louisa, I find
An additional void at my heart;
Yet this may, perhaps, seem unkind,
When for years we were never apart!

Each year, in succession, I've hail'd
The annual return of this day;
And though I, perhaps, may have fail'd
In the poetic style of my lay,

Yet still I have try'd to impart
The *feelings* which *friendship* inspir'd;
And the theme coming *warm* from the *heart* ,
Louisa has often admir'd!

Will *absence* , then, make it *less dear*?
"Ah, no!" my Louisa replies:
Th' assertion is prov'd by a tear,
Which, I fancy, now falls from her eyes!

The chrystaline drop wipe away;
Ah! let it no longer appear;
As *this* should for *smiles* be the day,
And the *brightest* of all the whole year!

Yet may they be never confin'd
To a *day* —to a *month* —or a *year*!
But always *extend* to thy *mind* ,
And illumine that susceptible sphere!

Alas! I have known it o'erspread
With affliction's enveloping gloom;
Henceforth may each sorrow be fled,
And happiness come in their room!

My wishes, Louisa, arise,
And ascend to the mansion of Grace,
Imploring the Lord of the skies
To shed his bright beams on thy face.

CONCLUDING TALE,

IN THE STYLE OF

ALPHONSO THE BRAVE AND FAIR IMOGENE.

WHEN evening's pale light had retired from the plain,
And night had the valley o'erspread;
When the dew was converted to big drops of rain,
And the Owls on their battlements hooting complain,
As the wind blew in gusts o'er their head.

A damsel all frantic with grief and despair,
Fled rapidly over the plain,
Her face, though the emblem of *Sorrow*, was *fair*;
Dishevell'd and torn were her ringlets of hair;
Her bosom was labouring with pain.

A shriek of distress was then borne on the wind,
More plaintive to hear, than the sound
Of a Ring-dove, describing the pangs of its mind,
When no longer its mate in the woods it can find,
Or, finding, perceives a death wound.

It reach'd to the cave where Alphonso retir'd,
To seclude both his sorrow and woes;
Where the lamp of affection had never expir'd,
Though Religion and Virtue together conspir'd,
The anguish of grief to compose.

Yet love was still potent, and under a vest,
Which duty oblig'd him to wear,
He conceal'd the dear tyrant, that sway'd o'er his breast,
That robb'd him alike both of joy and of rest,
And made him the victim of care.

Sebastian the tyrant, had chanc'd to behold
A maid, whom Alphonso long priz'd:
He sought her, he woo'd her—at length he was told,
Her heart could be never attracted by gold,
And his love would be ever despis'd.

Enrag'd at a rival, he quickly retires,
The tumult to hide in his breast;
For envy and malice together conspires,
To light up a flame, more terrific than fires

CONCLUDING TALE,

That burst from a volcanic nest.

Sebastian was lord of a boundless domain,
And part he resolv'd to bestow,
If the sire of Alphonso despotic would reign;
Compel him to wear both a *Cross* and a *Chain* ,
And take a *Monastical Vow* .

The bait was attractive—his heart was allur'd,
The peace of his son was forgot;
Of his zeal the proud tyrant was firmly assur'd:
Alphonso was destin'd of love to be cur'd,
Or sent to a far distant spot.

The sire, with a mandate most rigidly stern,
Said, "Alphonso, 'tis hence my decree,
That your bosom no longer with passion must burn,
But your love be for ever entomb'd in an urn,
And religion the object for thee."

Amazement, at first, suspended his speech:
At length he exclaim'd—" Do I hear!
Resign, my Louisa!—turn *Hermit!* —and preach!
Relinquish a joy when its just in my reach?
Ah! rather I'll stretch on a bier!"

"Decide," said the father, "decide, nor delay,
Louisa's existence depends,
For unless you declare that my will you obey,
And solemnly swear you agree to my way,
Her *Love* , and her *Life* , quickly ends."

"Oh, spare her!" Alphonso in terror then cries,
"To what would you have me agree?"
Then clasping his hands, and imploring the skies,
"Louisa," said he, "thou delight of my eyes!
And must I resign *Love* , and *thee*?"

The paleness of death o'er his features was spread,
Cold dew stood in drops on his cheeks;
The roses from thence entirely were fled,
His lips were no longer enamell'd with red,
And his frame became suddenly weak.

The moon had thrice circled around in her horn,
E're Alphonso recover'd his sense,
E're he knew that his comforts were totally shorn,
That his love from his arms been forcibly torn,
And many leagues distant from thence.

The wealth, which his sire had so vilely obtain'd,
Corroded, like care, in his breast;
Too late he lamented, Sebastian had gain'd
A purpose, by which his Alphonso was pain'd,
And totally robb'd of his rest.

"My son," said the Tyrant, "alas! I relent,
And gladly dispense with thy vow;
But for fear that Sebastian should know I repent,
And recal in the wealth, which in part I have spent,
An appearance of sanctity show.

"Thy garments must henceforth religious appear,
Thy vestment some order disclose;
For if ever thy rival should happen to hear,
You still have a right to reclaim your lost dear,
He'd at once put an end to your woes."

"Alas!" said Alphonso, "the cloaths that I wear,
Can only my person conceal;
But give me a veil to confine my despair,
To hide from *myself*, the corrodings of care,
And teach, me no longer to feel.

"Or find me some spot where my sorrows may hide,
Where my griefs may in *private repose*;
Where my tears may augment the slow course of some tide,
As it silently murmurs my cavern beside,
And seems to attend to my woes."

The spot which Alphonso so stongly desir'd
At length was disclos'd to his view:
'Twas a cave where a hermit had once liv'd retir'd,
Where his life and his virtues together expir'd,
And the moss round its arches thick grew.

To the inmost recess of this deep gloomy cave

A voice in distress did extend:
Alphonso it rous'd, and he rush'd forth to save
A damsel, who sought a defence from the brave,
And call'd upon Death as a friend.

But who can describe the emotions that rise,
As the lamp plac'd the fair—one in view?
When Louisa herself was disclos'd to his eyes!
Yet her spirit seem'd fled to its mansion, the skies,
And frantic with horror he grew.

"Louisa!" he cried, "thou delight of my heart,
Oh speak!—let me feel but thy breath!—
And have we then met to be destin'd to part?
Ah no!—for, I swear, no persuasion or art
Shall prevent me from sharing thy death."

His voice soon recall'd the faint spirit that fled,
She open'd her languid blue eyes—
Beheld her Alphonso—reclin'd her weak head
In those arms which to press her were openly spread,
And shield her from grief and surprise.

The pow'r of expression to both was deny'd—
Their joy was too great to impart:
At length—" My Alphonso, I'm spotless!" she cry'd,
"I've escap'd all his arts—and I'll now be the bride
Of him who has long had my heart!"