

A Poetical Olio

Elizabeth Beverley

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INTRODUCTION.

Whatever fault the scholar may find in the metrical composition of this little Production, the author is confident, that not one sentence in the whole, militates against the dictates of religion or morality. She therefore submits it to the candid perusal of an enlightened and liberal public, without further comment.

A Poetical Olio

**POETICAL OLIO,
&c. &c.**

MODERN PIETY.

TWO ladies fair, in lively chat;
Began to talk of this and that:—
Cries Celia, "why within the door
Of church do you go ?—'tis quite a bore,
As grave to sit as Simon Pure,
I know 'twill make your phiz demure;
So *dull* and *stupid* is the place,
Indeed 'twill spoil your pretty face."
"Dear friend," cries Ann, "you quite mistake—
Explain I will, love, for your sake:
To church I go, tho' not to pray,
'Tis not polite to stay away !
Besides we go to hear the news,
And shew our feet in pretty shoes:
In talking—laughing, all the while
Of service, we the time beguile:—
New faces and new dresses see,
And are as blithe as blithe can be:—
Then ogle beaus, their hearts to take;
Each sabbath we new conquests make.
Next eyes we lift as tho' to Heaven,
To shew the *blessing* to us given;
Their glances steal away each mind,
The man of God may preach to wind:
Our dress too, on the sabbath day,
We can with elegance display;
Our *friends* next, strive we to outvie,
And make them for our splendor sigh:
Such ends to gain, I'm sure no more,
You cannot style the *church a bore !*

THE UNCEREMONIOUS VISIT.

Young Celia gay,
The other day,
Before her mirror standing,
Exclaim'd—"my form is Nature's pride,
And beyond measure charming !

To night, no doubt,
At Fidgeum's rout,
New conquests I shall make;
I'll dress with taste, and smile divine,
'Twill make each beau's heart ache.

Her aim to please,
With thoughts like these,
The room she entered gay,
Her *darts* she dealt without remorse,—
All owned her magic sway.

The sequel mind,
Death *stood* behind,
With *dart* so keenly pointed,
He *aim'd a blow* ,—alas ! too sure,
Which *her's* for *ever* blunted.

THE QUESTION RESOLVED.

Mira asked in sportive way,
Why lovers, women, angels call ?
"Because," says I, "'tis plain as day,
That *ever* since our *mother's* fall,
O'er our mind has held their sway,
Vanity and flattery.

"Men, to gain our foolish hearts,
Will with flattery assail,—
Ply us with those pleasing darts,
'Cause they know our nature's frail.

"When they've gain'd our hands, depend,
Flattery will be banish'd quite;
No longer will the ingrates bend,
Nor will they call us angels bright."

ADIEU.

*Published in the Brighton Herald, September
the 19th, 1818.*

What moves the heart with trembling fear,
And fills the eye with flowing tear ?
'Tis when to those we love so true,
We falter out the word ADIEU !

How feels the lover on the day,
When forc'd to tear himself away
From her whose tender heart, he knew,
Must break to speak the word ADIEU !

How droop the husband and the wife,
When honor calls to war's dread strife !
Ah ! then, indeed, it is too true,
A thousand fears sound in ADIEU !

But when the hand of death is near
To husband, wife, or children dear,
Convulsive throbs too plainly shew,
How dreadful is the last ADIEU !

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ACROSTIC.

Join each heart in thankful praise,
Ev'ry voice in triumph raise;
Sing a dying Saviour's love

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

Unto GOD, who reigns above;
Sinners, shout Almighty love.

THE INVITATION.—AN ACROSTIC.

Come and welcome, sinners all !
Harden'd sinners hear my call,
Rich saving grace I offer free;
I would that *all* men come to me;
Sinners hear the joyful news,
That I will not *one* refuse !

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IMPROMTU.

Said poor merit one day
To a fair lady gay,
"Dearest madam, vouchsafe me relief."
The fair dame, in reply,
Said, "I vow may I die,
That you bore me, as does a church brief."

THE FOLLY OF TRIFFLING PURSUITS.

Oft my soul, in study deep,
Strives to scan the reason why,
"*Triffles light as air;*" engage
The minds of beings, born to die.

Born to die !—that's not the end—
Eternity must then ensue !
Trifflers would such folly cease
Did they keep this *truth* in view.

Motives in vain for such to find,
Contemplation's field I've rang'd,
Therefore conclude, such beings are
In intellect of course derang'd.

**THE REBUKE,
OR, THE TEAR OF AFFECTION.**

Eliza, for shame, for tears there's no need,
Such arts to ensnare will never succeed;
With tears feign'd like those, do not dim thy bright eyes,
'Tis the tear of affection alone that I prize.
Believe me, the tears by hypocrites worn,
Disfigure the face, instead of adorn;
Believe me, no tear can such joy e'er impart,
As that which affection sends warm from the heart.

The dew drops of morn—the chrystal so bright—
The planets which gild the dark face of night—
The lustre of pearl—nor the diamonds rich glare,
Can ne'er with the tear of affection compare !

ON BRIGHTON.

*Published in the Brighton Herald, August
the 15th, 1818.*

Hail, favor'd spot, divine retreat,
Sweet refuge from sol's scorching heat;
Here, balmy zephyrs waft their wealth,
And impregnate each breeze with health.
Hither, the sick and gay repair,
To breathe thy sweet salubrious air.
Here, harmless pleasure holds her sway;
Each face we meet is bright as day—
No gloom—all joyous as the morn,
When sol's first rays the sky adorn.
Well may our much lov'd Regent here,
Unbend awhile from state and care;
Thrice happy spot, long may thou give
Sweet health to him who bade thee live;
Who, from the village, rose thy state,
To be a town superb and great.
Here too, with joy, doth oft repair
The world's pride—England's matchless fair;
Their sylph like forms each eye delight,
With beauty too, they sense unite;
No upstart pride in them we find,
Sure index to an empty mind;
But in each look true sweetness dwells,
And throws around its magic spells.
Blest place, at once, in thee we view,
All fancy's pencil ever drew.

LOVE OF FAME.

How anxious for the praise of fame,
Are those, who wish an earthly name:
At nothing will they stop,
To gain this dear and valu'd prize,
In man's opinion for to rise.
Let them plod on, I envy not
That fame, which useless when it's got,
And perishes so soon:—
My aim, to nobler views are given,—
'Tis to gain a name in HEAVEN !

THE ARTLESS CONSENT.

Said Edward, "will you be my bride,
Dearest Clara, tell me when ?"
Clara blush'd, and softly sigh'd,
"When Edward pleases—not till then."

Edward strain'd her to his breast,
And pointing to the village spire,
Exclaim'd, "sweet girl now make me blest,
To make thee mine's my chief desire.

TO ELIZABETH.

O ! weep not fair maid, tho' the dark cloud of sorrow
Prosperity's bright sun for a moment obscure;
From the willow disdain not a lesson to borrow,
Who to the storm yielding, its life does ensure.
Only mark, though the oak so majestic doth stand,
The pride of the forest, nor shrinks from the blast,
Its stubbornness only destruction command
From the tempest, which harmless the willow hath past.

May thou, like the willow, thy head meekly bend
To the storm, which now rages around thee so loud,
Thy efforts, kind heaven, will surely befriend,
And thy life will pass happy, devoid of a cloud.

LOVE AND DUTY.

Dear Anna, why that falling tear,
Dost weep, my love, because we part ?
My constancy thou need'st not fear;
Thy Henry boasts a faithful heart.

Or dost thou fear the sea's rough wave,
May thy dear Henry's life destroy ?
Trust me, Providence can save
His life, to give his Anna joy.

Dearest love, once more adieu !
Stern duty calls, I must obey,—
Strong beats my heart with love and you,—
Farewell, my life—I dare not stay.
To battle then, the hero went,
Amid contending armies strife;
An angel guard, by heaven sent,
Preserv'd the gallant Henry's life.

To Gallia's shore he bade adieu !
The cover'd field with heros slain;
On wings of love he homeward flew,
His heart's dear treasure to obtain.

His laurels at her feet were laid:
My life ! my Anna, e'er command;
Sweetly smil'd the blushing maid,
And blest him with her willing hand.

FRIENDSHIP AN HEAVENLY FLAME.

O'er glass of punch, the other day,
Two *friends* were chatting time away:—
TOM smil'd—and then he gave a toast,
(Of which he always made great boast.)
'Twas friendship !—"NED, depend," said he,
"That through life thy *friend* I'll be !—
Friendship I feel's an *heavenly flame* ! "
Cries NED, "I think it but a name."
Nay, my dear *friend* , you wrong *me* much,
Some only boast, but are not such;
Depend, dear NED, if you e'er need,
Then TOM you'll find's a friend indeed,—
So doubt no more, but hands let's shake."
"Agreed," cries NED, "your word I take."
NED then began, with solemn grace,
And put well on a woeful face,—
"Dear TOM, I'm near a ruin'd man,
But you will save me, for you can;
An hundred pounds is all my boon,
Dear friend you let me have it soon;
'Twill save me from a dread arrest,
And make both me and family blest !"
TOM look'd surpris'd, and stam'ring said,
"A pain *severe* shoots through my head,
It makes me such dull company,
That NED, I'll wish thee now good bye."—
"One moment stay, and hear," cries NED,
'Twill *ease* the *pain* that's in thy *head* !
First know, that I *thy* aid don't need,
But that I give thy heart its need;
Next, that FRIENDSHIP'S HEAVENLY FLAME
With *thee* , is *nothing* but a name !
May heaven, in mercy, set me free,
From needing, TOM, a *friend* like thee !

THE AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER.

AUTHOR.

Good morning, sir, I'm come to sell
A work, perhaps may suit you well;
'Tis styl'd the Gamester, and may be
A book of some utility.

PUBLISHER.

I'll read it soon, and then can tell
If what you've wrote is like to sell;—
Pray call again some other day,
You'll then hear more what I have to say.

At length the wish'd for day arriv'd,
The author hop'd his work had thriv'd;
And early call'd, his fate to know,—
What author, but would have done so ?

PUBLISHER.

Good morning, sir, your book I've read—
To deal sincere—the subjects dead;
But, as I wish to serve you, pray
What price for it am I to pay ?

AUTHOR.

Sir, *twenty pounds* you'll not think dear,
For labour which has tak'n a year ?

PUBLISHER.

Twenty pounds ! why sure you're mad !
If *five* you get, you should feel glad;
To tell you truth, no more I'll give,
For *publishers* , you know must live.

AUTHOR.

From profit of the books you sell,
You live, and authors must as well;
Five pounds per year, will not suffice
To feed us, tho' we are not nice;
Believe me, sir, when I declare,
That authors cannot live on air.
Good day my friend, your price wont do,
You've lost a chance perhaps you'll rue.

To patrons then he next appli'd,
And gain'd a boon, before denied;
They money lent to print his book—
'Twas done—and with the public took:—
Five hundred pounds, the produce clear,
Came in, the author's heart to cheer:
The publisher repented sore,
He had not offer'd something more.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Hark ! what mean those piercing cries ?
Say ! what means that dreadful groan ?—
'Tis the GOD of Nature dies !
To make a fall'n world his own.

See the great Almighty LORD
Suffring on the tree—expire !
JESU, GOD !—incarnate WORD !
Dies to free our souls from ire.

Finish'd 'tis, our JESU said,
Bow'd, and yielded up the ghost;
Alone, for fall'n man he bled,
Shout it loud angelic host.

Devils heard the mighty sound,
When the earth convulsive crash'd,
Griev'd mankind a CHRIST had found,—
Fled and hid their heads abash'd.

[Dear spot, where rests the mould'ring clay]

*On viewing the Grave of a beloved Infant, the
Evening before a Journey.*

Dear spot, where rests the mould'ring clay
Of her I lov'd farewell !
The pangs, those falling tears betray,
Which now my bosom swell.

How oft I've held within my arms
The form which rests below;
How fondly gaz'd on infant charms,
Doom'd ne'er alas ! to blow.

How oft her balmy lips I've press'd,
With rapture close to mine;
And with a parent's fondness bless'd,
The babe I thought divine.

How oft has hope her mantle spread,
And cheer'd my sinking heart;
But hope, dear babe, with thee has fled,
And grief hath fix'd its dart.

Thy dying scene keen mem'ry brings
Full oft before mine eyes;
With the deep groan mine ear still rings,
Which snapt thy earthly ties.
Ah ! who the anguish'd grief can paint,
Which then the bosom swell ?
E'en eloquence itself must faint,
To tell the story well.

How oft I press'd the senseless clay,
With anguish to my heart;
With tearful eyes then turn'd away,
And cried—ah ! must we part ?

At length the dreadful hour arriv'd,
When she from me was borne:—
And must the earth for ever hide
This dear and much lov'd form ?

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No more, alas ! those aching eyes,
A sight of her can have
On earth:—stern fate, that boon denies;
She moulders in the grave !

Farewell ! dear babe, nor time, nor place,
From recollection's cell,
Shall never thy dear mem'ry chase,
'Till tolls my passing bell.

And then my soul on wings of love,
Shall mount, thy shade to meet;
I'll range the fields of joy above,
'Till there, my babe I greet.

THE PROMISE.

With fare so blith, and heart elate,
Jane trudg'd towards the fair;
"Come quicker on," cried she to Kate,
"My John you know'll be there.

"John promised me on last May-day,
This fair he would me give
A cap as good, and ribbons gay,
They wear in town who live.

"He ask'd me, Kate, the other day,
If I his bride would be,
You know I could'nt well say nay
To such a lad as he.

"Now is not he a cleaver youth,
And handsome too beside ?
"To tell thee Kate the honest truth,
I mean to be his bride.

"So haste, my girl, I promise thee,
A favor white to give,
The day that John does marry me,
As sure as I do live."

THE AUTHOR TO HER READERS.

The Poetical Olio, now you've read thro',
Little Misstress B's at your mercy I trow:
From the *ladies* she knows there is nothing to fear.
If they like not the book—why the leaves will curl hair.
'Tis the *lords* of creation the little soul fears,
A true woman, no doubt, in this she appears.
For how'er we may vapour, believe what I say,
There's engrav'd on our hearts, love ! honor ! obey !
Man's applause we all value, 'cause we very well know,
They're *lords* over all things created below;
Not woman excepted—yet most of us say,

[This and the following two lines are connected by a large brace in the right margin of the original printed edition.]

They seldom or never abuse their great sway,
Or should one, he's hunted like owl at noon day.
The authoress now your protection doth ask,—
To grant it, I'm sure, you'll not think an hard task,
When, she tells you, depend on the words you pronounce,
If *eating* and *writing* , she together renounce !
Therefore let your verdict, in favor be given,
For mercy you know is the child of high Heaven.