

This volume is very scarce. It was written by the
the author (James Montfornery) was a
Business in Johnsville. I never saw another
copy...

London, 1837.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS,

AND

OTHER TRIFLES:

Principally written during Nine Months of Confinement

IN THE

CASTLE OF YORK.

etc. / K

BY PAUL POSITIVE.



Blest with freedom unconfined,
Dungeons cannot hold the soul;
Who can chain the immortal mind?
—None but HE who spans the pole.

MOONLIGHT.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, NO. 72. ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

Price Four Shillings in Boards.

1797.

TO

FELIX VAUGHAN, ESQ.

SIR,

PERMIT me to inscribe these TRIFLES to you. They would possess as much merit as they ought, were they worthy of your notice. Imperfect as they are, you will not disdain to accept them, as a tribute of grateful esteem from ONE, who is unfashionable enough to write a Dedication without flattery, tho' not so unfashionable as to conclude without a compliment to himself, in telling the world that he is, with sincere respect,

Your obliged friend and servant,

J— M—.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.



THIS little volume is offered to the world without any other apology than its contents. Many of the pieces were composed in bitter moments, amid the horrors of a gaol, under the pressure of sickness. They were the transcripts of melancholy feelings—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart. The writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real.

PERHAPS the reader may be curious to be informed of the circumstances to which these trifles owe their existence. Suffice it to say, the writer is very young, and has been very unfortunate. Twice, in the course of twelve months, he was sentenced to the penalties of fine and imprisonment for imputed offences.* He forbears, however, to enter into the unimportant detail; less from the dread of exposing

* In January 1795, and again in January 1796: the first time—a fine of twenty pounds, and three months confinement: the second—six months confinement, and a fine of thirty pounds.



exposing himself, than an unwillingness to wound the vindictive sensibility of others.

SHOULD these humble essays obtain only a moderate share of public favour, the writer may be emboldened to risk the publication of another more voluminous work, which was also composed during the long leisure of imprisonment.

S——, *February* }
11, 1797. }

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PRISON

Prison Amusements.

VERSES

TO

A ROBIN REDBREAST,

Who visits the window of my prison every day.

+++++

I.

WELCOME, pretty little Stranger!

Welcome to my lone retreat!

Here, secure from every danger,

Hop about, and chirp, and eat.

Robin! how I envy thee,

Happy Child of Liberty!

A

II. Now

 II.

Now though tyrant Winter, howling,
 Shakes the world with tempests round;
 Heaven above with vapours scowling,
 Frost imprisons all the ground;—
 Robin! what are these to thee?
 Thou art blest with Liberty.

III.

Though yon fair majestic River*
 Mourns in solid icy chains;
 Though yon flocks and cattle shiver,
 On the desolated plains.
 Robin! thou art gay and free,
 Happy in thy Liberty.

* The Ouse.

IV. Hunger

IV.

Hunger never shall distress thee,

While my cates one crum afford ;

Colds nor cramps shall ne'er oppress thee ;

Come and share my humble board.

Robin ! come and live with me,

Live—yet still at Liberty.

V.

Soon shall spring, in smiles and blushes,

Steal upon the blooming year ;

Then, amid the' enamoured bushes,

Thy sweet song shall warble clear ;—

Then shall I too, joined with thee,

Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

VI. Should

VI.

Should some rough unfeeling Dubbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin !
And confine thee in a cage.
Then, poor Robin ! think of me,
Think—and fight for Liberty ;—

VII.

Liberty, the brightest jewel
In the crown of earthly joys !
All sensations else are cruel,
All delights beside are toys.
None but Captives—such as me—
Know the worth of Liberty.

York Castle, Feb. 2, 1795.

MOON-

MOONLIGHT.

I.

GENTLE MOON! a Captive calls :
Gentle Moon! awake, arise!

Gild the prison's fallen walls ;

Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

II.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside ;

Let those smiles, that light the pole,

Through the liquid Æther glide—

Glide into the mourner's soul.

III. Cheer

III.

Cheer his melancholy mind ;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart :
Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

IV.

Chace despondency and care,
Fiends that haunt the GUILTY breast :
Conscious virtue braves despair ;
Triumphs most when most oppressed !

V.

Now I feel thy power benign,
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins ;

As thy beams the brightest shine,
When the deepest midnight reigns.

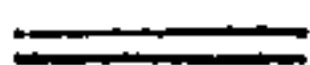
VI.

Say, fair shepherdes of night!
Who thy starry flock dost lead
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue etherial mead;

VII.

At this moment, dost thou see,
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me—
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear?

VIII. On



VIII.

On a brilliant beam convey

This soft whisper to his breast :

“ Wipe that generous drop away ;

“ He for whom it falls is—blest !

IX.

“ Blest with Freedom unconfin'd ;

“ Dungeons cannot hold the Soul :

“ Who can chain the' immortal Mind ?

“ —None but HE, who spans the pole.

X.

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,

With her subt'le magic spell,

In romantic visions airy
Steals the Captive from his cell.

XI.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
Far he flies from grief and pain;
Never, never to be torn
From his friends and home again!

XII.

Stay, thou dear delusion! stay!
Beautiful bubble! do not break!
—Ah! the pageant flits away!
—Who from such a dream would wake?

York Castle, March 7, 1795.

B

TO

TO CELIA,

*Who addressed a consolatory letter to the writer on his
imprisonment, through the medium of the IRIS,
a newspaper published at Sheffield.*

I.

WHERE sorrow and solitude reign,
Reclined on my elbow, I sit,
And turn o'er the leaves of my brain,
But can find neither comfort nor wit:
My Robin, poor fellow ! too soon
Returned to the green budding grove ;
Where clearing his pipe into tune,
The pretty rogue's fallen in love :

II. In

 II.

In his mate and his little ones blest,
 How merry the warbler will be !
 He'll perch near his moss-woven nest,
 And carrol a Song about me :
 Next winter, when tempests awake,
 He'll peck at yon window in vain ;
 Sweet Robin ! almost for thy sake,
 I shall sigh for my prison again.

III.

—Hark !—shrill and sonorous around,
 The trumpet's dread summons I hear ; †
Death's

† Every morning, during the Assizes, trumpets proclaim
 the entrance of the judge. These lines were written on the
day

Death's voice in the blood-chilling sound

Affaults the pale murderer's ear :

What horror must stiffen his veins !

At the pomp and the thunder of law,

Guilt shudders, and clings to his chains ;

Even innocence trembles with awe !

IV.

Such mournful reflections as these

To agony turned every thought :

When lo !—at the music of keys,

I start—and a letter is brought !

day when Celia's letter was received, and just at the time when sentence of death had been pronounced upon a murderer; and his wife, in violent fits, was carried by near the window of the writer.

—Oh !

—Oh! Celia, how soothing your art!
So sweetly pathetic you write,
Every syllable steals to the heart,
And melts it with pensive delight.

V.

The Nightingale sitting forlorn,
Whose music enamours the vale,
Leans his breast on the point of a thorn,
While telling his eloquent tale;
His feelings, this moment, are mine,
And oh! could I borrow his strain,
Even Philomel's numbers divine,
Might rival your letter in vain;—

VI. Your

 VI.

Your beautiful letter replete

With modesty, elegance, ease!

Soft graces! how seldom they meet,

And oh! when they meet, how they please!

The charms of a delicate mind

So fair in this mirror are shewn,

One fault, and one only, I find—

—Dear Celia! why are you unknown?

Castle of York, March 7,
1795. }
}



THE
CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

NOCTURNAL Silence reigning ;

A Nightingale began,

In his cold cage, complaining

Of cruel, cruel Man :

His drooping pinions shivered,

Like withered moss so dry ;

His heart with anguish quivered,

And sorrow dimmed his eye.

II. His

 II.

His grief, in soothing slumbers,
 No balmy power could steep;
 So sweetly flowed his numbers,
 The Music seemed to weep.
 Unfeeling Sons of Folly!
 To you the Mourner sung;
 While tender melancholy
 Inspired his plaintive tongue:

III.

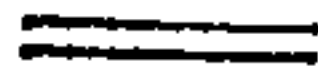
“ Now reigns the Moon in splendor
 “ Amid the heaven serene;
 “ A thousand Stars attend her,
 “ And glitter round their Queen:

“ Sweet

“ Sweet hours of Inspiration !
“ When I, the still night long,
“ Was wont to pour my passion,
“ And breathe my soul in Song.

IV.

“ But now, delicious Season !
“ In vain thy charms invite :
“ Entombed in this dire prison,
“ I sicken at the sight.
“ This morn, this vernal morning,
“ The happiest bird was I,
“ That hailed the sun returning,
“ Or swam the liquid sky.



V.

- “ In yonder breezy bowers,
 “ Among the foliage green,
 “ I spent my tuneful hours,
 “ In solitude serene :
 “ There soft Melodia’s beauty
 “ First fired my ravished eye ;
 “ I vowed eternal duty ;
 “ She looked—half kind, half coy !

VI.

- “ My plumes with ardour trembling,
 “ I fluttered, sighed, and sung ;
 “ The fair one, still dissembling,
 “ Refused to trust my tongue :

“ A thou-

“ A thousand tricks inventing,
“ A thousand arts I tried :
“ Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
“ Confessed herself my bride.

VII.

“ Deep in the grove retiring
“ To choose our secret seat,
“ We found an oak aspiring,
“ Beneath whose mossy feet,
“ Where the tall herbage swelling
“ Had formed a snug alcove,
“ We built our humble dwelling,
“ And hallowed it with love.

VIII. “ Sweet

VIII.

- “ Sweet scene of vanished pleasure !
“ This day, this fatal day,
“ My little ones, my treasure,
“ My spouse, were stolen away !
“ I saw the precious plunder
“ All in a napkin bound :
“ —Then, smit with human thunder,
“ I fluttered on the ground !

IX.

- “ O Man ! beneath whose vengeance,
“ All nature, bleeding lies !
“ Who charged thine impious engines,
“ With lightning from the skies ?

“ What !

-
- “ What ! though from heaven descended,
“ The world be all thine own ;
“ Say, how have I offended ?
“ What have my children done ?

X.

- “ Ah ! is thy bosom iron ?
“ Does it thine heart enchain ?
“ As these cold bars environ
“ And, captive, me detain ?
“ How couldst thou wound and plunder
“ The innocent and weak ?
“ Why rend those bands afunder,
“ Which death alone should break ?

XI, “ Where

XI.

“ Where are my offspring tender ?

“ Where is my widowed mate ?

“ —Thou guardian moon ! defend her !

“ Ye stars ! avert their fate !—

“ O'erwhelmed with killing anguish,

“ In iron cage, forlorn,

“ I see my poor babes languish !

“ I hear their mother mourn !

XII.

“ O liberty ! inspire me,

“ And eagle strength supply !

“ Thou love almighty ! fire me !—

“ —I'll burst my prison—or die !—”

He fung; and forward bounded;
 He broke the yielding door!
 —But, with the flock confounded,
 Fell,—lifeless,—on the floor!

XIII.

Farewell, then, Philomela!
 Poor martyred bird! adieu!
 There's One, my charming fellow!
 Who thinks, who feels, like you:
 The Bard, that pens thy story,
 Amidst a prison's gloom,
 Sighs—not for wealth nor glory;
 —But Freedom, or thy tomb!

Castle of York, Feb. 12,
 1796. }

ODE

ODE

TO

THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL! resplendent Evening Star!

Brightly beaming from afar;

Fairest gem of purest light

In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray

Lights to rest the weary day;

While the lustre of thine eye

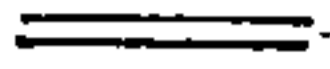
Sweetly trembles thro' the sky.

As the closing shadows roll
Deep and deeper round the pole,
Lo! thy kindling legions bright
Steal insensibly to light;
Till, magnificent and clear,
Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly pleasing hours,
When the soul expands her powers,
And, on wings of contemplation,
Ranges o'er the vast creation;
When the mind's immortal eye
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,
And, in one triumphant glance,
Comprehends the wide expanse,

D

Where



Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE!—

—Now, when visionary sleep

Lulls the world in slumbers deep;

When silence, awfully profound,

Breathes solemn inspiration round :

Queen of beauty ! queen of stars !

Smile upon these frowning bars ;

Softly sliding from thy sphere,

Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell,

No tormenting dæmons dwell ;

Round these walls, in wild despair,

No agonizing spectres glare :

Here

=====

Here reside no furies ghaunt ;
 No tumultuous passions haunt ;
 Fell revenge, nor treachery base ;
 Guilt, with bold unblushing face ;
 Pale remorse, within whose breast
 Scorpion horrors murder rest ;
 Coward malice, hatred dire
 Lawless rapine, dark desire ;
 Pining envy, frantic ire ;
 Never, never dare intrude
 On this pensive solitude.

—But a forely hunted deer
 Finds a sad asylum here :
 One, whose panting sides have been
 Pierced with many an arrow keen :

One, whose deeply wounded heart
Bears the scars of many a dart.
In the herd he vainly mingled ;
From the herd, when harshly singled,
Too proud to fly, he scorned to yield ;
Too weak to fight, he lost the field ;
Affailed and, captive, led away,
He fell a poor, inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle star ! to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head :
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee, from thy sphere,
Trembling like a brilliant tear,

Shed

Shed a sympathizing ray
On the pale, expiring day :
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart ;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose.
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep, majestic ocean,
When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide ;
Calmly thus, prepared, resigned,
Swells the independent mind.

But

But when, through clouds, thy beauteous
light
Streams, in splendour, on the night ;
Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the fullen gloom of care,
Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way.
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes:
Wildly through each throbbing vein,
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain ;
All my fretful fears are banished,
All my dreams of anguish vanished ;
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the muse's hallowed fires ;

Rich

Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay,
Swiftly, sweetly, glide away;
Till the last, last day declining,
O'er yon tower thy glory shining,
Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty!
Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return!

Rise to set the captive free;
Rise, O sun of liberty!

Castle of York, Feb. 29, 1796. }

SOLILOQUY

OF

A WATER WAGTAIL;

ON

THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

+++++

I.

ON the walls that guard my prison,
Swelling big with little pride,

Brisk and merry as the season,

I, a feathered Coxcomb, spied :

When the little, hopping elf

Gayly thus amused himself.

II. "Hear

 II.

“ Hear your sovereign’s proclamation,

“ All good subjects, young and old !

“ I’m the Lord of the Creation ;

“ I—a Water Wagtail bold !

“ All around, and all you see,

“ All the world was made for ME !

III.

“ Yonder sun, so proudly shining,

“ Rises—when I leave my nest ;

“ And, behind the hills declining,

“ Sets—when I retire to rest :

“ Morn and evening, thus you see,

“ Day and night, were made for ME !

E

IV. “ Vernal



IV.

- “ Vernal gales to love invite me ;
 “ Summer sheds, for me, her beams ;
 “ Autumn’s jovial scenes delight me ;
 “ Winter paves, with ice, my streams :
 “ All the year is mine, you see ;
 “ Seasons change, like moons, for ME !

V.

- “ On the giant heads of mountains,
 “ Or beneath the shady trees ;
 “ By the banks of warbling fountains,
 “ I enjoy myself at ease :
 “ Hills and vallies, thus you see,
 “ Groves and rivers, made for ME !

VI. “ Boundless

VI.

- “ Boundless are my vast dominions ;
“ I can hop, or swim, or fly ;
“ When I please, my towering pinions
“ Trace mine empire through the sky :
“ Air and elements, you see,
“ Heaven and earth, were made for ME !

VII.

- “ Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
“ All their humble distance keep ;
“ Man, subservient to my wishes,
“ Sows the harvest, which I reap :
“ Mighty man himself, you see,
“ All that breathe, were made for ME !

VIII. “ ’Twas

 VIII.

“ ’Twas for my accommodation,
 “ Nature rose when I was born ;
 “ Should I die—the whole creation
 “ Back to nothing would return :
 “ Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
 “ Sprung—exist—will fall with ME !”

IX.

Here the pretty prattler ending,
 Spread his wings to soar away ;
 But a cruel Hawk, descending,
 Pounced him up—an helpless prey !
 —Couldst thou not, poor Wagtail ! see,
 That the Hawk was made for THEE ?

Castle of York, April 5,
 1796. }

ADDRESS,

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN

AT THE THEATRE, SHEFFIELD,

ON OCCASION OF THE PERFORMANCE OF THE TRAGEDY OF MAHOMET,

BY A COMPANY OF PRIVATE PERSONS,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF POOR WIDOWS,

On Friday, May 20, 1796.

THE first of blessings—is the power to bless ;

The first of pleasures—to relieve distress :

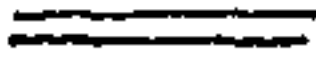
That soul-expanding bliss, that dear delight,

You all experience who are met this night.

While

While we, with trembling diffidence, appear,
Hear us with candour—with indulgence hear :
For, though unwont to burn with tragic rage,
And wield the ponderous passions of the stage,
Our bosoms glow with no ignoble fires ;
The subject warms us, but the cause inspires !—
In this, at least—secure of your applause—
We plead the widow's—plead the orphan's cause ;
We plead for her, who, stretched in mournful
 plight,
Consumes, in lingering agonics, the night ;
We plead for her, who sees her hopes decay—
Her sorrows swell, with each renewing day :
For her, who spends her ebbing soul in sighs,
And weeps, to dew, the fountains of her eyes ;

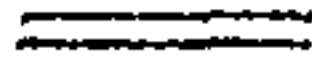
For



For her, whose famished babes besiege her bed,
And cry, importunately cry—for bread!
Cling round the pale desponding mother's neck,
And wring her bosom, till her heart-strings
break!

Friends of humanity!—admit our claim;
Friends of humanity!—deserve that name.
Husbands!—to you we earnestly appeal;
Look at your wives, and guess what widows feel.
Ye mothers!—strain your infants to your breast,
And think, O think! how orphans are distressed.
Soft, blooming maids!—whose lucid eyes appear
Bathed in the sweet suffusion of a tear,

What



What would ye feel, if on your lips, in death,
Your favourite youth resigned his last, faint
breath?

But what, ye generous youths! whose bosoms
glow

With all the throbs of sympathetic woe,
What would the dear distracted mourner prove,
If torn, untimely, from her bridal love,
You left her friendless, desolate, and poor,
To combat sorrows death alone can cure;
To press her orphans to her heart and tell,
How, blasted in his prime, their father fell!
“O, had he lived!” she cries; “why lived he
not?”

“Happy, too happy then, had been our lot.”

Thus

Thus think, my generous friends ! who fill the
pit ;

Thus think, ye honest souls ! on high that sit ;

Thus think, ye fair ! who shine in radiant rows,

Whose charms of face your charms of heart dis-
close,

Whose eyes in pity's weeping language speak,

While blushes glow compassion on each cheek :

Thus think !—and may your bosoms only know,

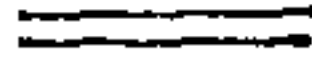
By tender sympathy, the widow's woe !

And may your children never mourn their fires,

Ere their own hearts can feel parental fires !

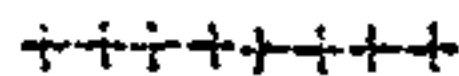
Meanwhile accept, for bounty shewn this night,

The widow's blessing—'tis the widow's mite !

*THE*

PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT :

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.



YOU ask, my friend, and well you may,

You ask me, how I spend the day ;

I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,

How wisely I befool my time :

Expect not wit, nor fancy then ;

In this effusion of my pen ;

These idle lines—they might be worse—

Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock;
Bolts, bars, and portals crash and thunder;
The gates of iron burst afunder;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains, in concert mingle:
So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
For joy, would break its drum to hear;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound!
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again:
Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
At night I am as free as you;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me—when I'm fast asleep!

But

But every thing is good in season,
I dream at large—and wake in prison!
Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
I rise as early even as eight:
Ten hours of drowfiness are plenty,
For any man, in four and twenty.
You smile—and yet 'tis nobly done,
I'm but five hours behind the sun!
For thus, by Phaeton's folly taught,
I keep my distance as I ought,
Lest I, like him, should chance to break,
By rising with the sun—my neck!

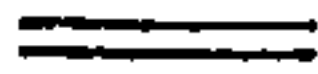
When dressed, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure, fresh air:

But

But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For weighty reasons I make free
To mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self same thing ;
Yet bards are not cameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light :
Who ever fattened on a name ?
Or made a pigeon-pie of fame ?
Even bishops will not be confined
To dine on air and sup on wind.

Breakfast dispatched, I sometimes read,
To clear the cob-webs from my head :

For



For books, my friend, are charming brooms
To sweep the dust of upper rooms!
As in an ample Cheshire cheese,
Fat, lazy maggots dwell at ease,
Or mites, in millions, swarm and thrive,
Till every atom is alive;
So in the chamber of a brain,
O'er which the moon extends her reign,
Strange creeping things, called thoughts, are
bred,
Among the lumber of the head,
That throng around the pineal gland,
Rank as the frogs in Egypt's land!
A brain, with such wild tenants fraught,
Would soon be bit to death with thought,

If reading, writing, eating, drinking,
Did not sometimes relieve the thinking !

But books, besides, are cures, I ween,
Both for the cholic and the spleen.

When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
And honest sense shakes hands with sound ;

When art and nature both combine,
And live, and breathe, in every line ;

The reader glows along the page,

With all the author's native rage !

But books there are of nothing full,

Except the wit of being dull ;

With most unmeaning meaning fraught, -

Ten thousand words and ne'er a thought !

Where

=====

Where periods without period crawl,
 Like caterpillars on a wall,
 That fall to climb, and climb to fall ;
 While still their efforts only tend
 To keep them from their journey's end !
 The readers yawn with pure vexation,
 And nod—but not with approbation !
 As in a wilderness of snow,
 An ass may ramble to and fro ;
 From drift to drift pursue his way,
 Yet wander more and more astray ;
 Blind with the dazzling waste of white,
 He cannot see his road for light :
 But plunges, sinks, and brays amain,
 While cold benumbs each drowsy vein ;

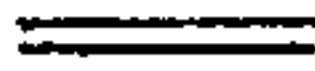
Till

Till night and sleep at length o'ertake him,
And then—not all the world can wake him!
Thus in a fog of dulness lost,
Job's patience must give up the ghost:
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep;
Even death might read himself to sleep!

At half past ten, or there about,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe me, sir, upon my word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends:

G

But



But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, fir, and try!

When high the tide of fancy flows,
The muses take me by the nose:
With brains on fire, I boldly then
Bestride my Pegasean pen;
Borne on an honest gander's quill,
I fly triumphant where I will;
Beneath my feet York Castle falls,
With all its bolts, and bars, and walls;
I burst the bounds of day and night—
The world's too little for my flight;
I dance with stars, with planets run,
Explore the moon, salute the sun:

Then

Then leaving nature's narrow bound,
(Bards scorn to tread on solid ground)
I wing my way, with toil and pain,
Where endless night and nothing reign:
There, in a sea, without a coast,
My senses and myself are lost!

Sometimes to fairy land I rove:
Those iron rails become a grove;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains;
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crowned:

Their



Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers;
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers;
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphosed into songs;
While wretched female prisoners, lo!
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow!
Those hideous walls with verdure shoot;
These pillars bend with blushing fruit;
That dunghill swells into a mountain,
And, lo! the pump becomes a fountain!
The noisome smoke of yonder mills*,
The circling air with fragrance fills;

Yon

* The Castle Steam Mills, the smoke of which is an insufferable nuisance here, and a punishment to which the unfortunate inhabitants of this place are doomed without the authority of

Yon horse-pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make!
Sparrows are changed to turtle doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves;
Wagtails, turned thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales!
No more the wind through keyholes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles;
The rattling rain, that beats without,
And gargles down the leaden spout,
In light, delicious dew distills,
And melts away in amber rills!
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene:
While, prince of these romantic plains,
Our ever-honoured keeper reigns;

Whose



Whose generous soul, with equal ease,
Knows how to rule, and how to please !

Then by the' enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head ;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes ;
Poetic visions gild my brain,
Then melt in liquid air again !
As in a magic lantern clear,
Fantastic images appear,
That beaming from the' enamelled glass,
In beautiful succession pass ;
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night :

Thus

Thus in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,
That borrow splendour from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb !

But lest these glories should confound me,
Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me ;
The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice :
Nothing remains of all the vapour,
Save—what I send you—ink and paper !

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song :
Yet let me ramble as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still.

Thus.

Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravished from his little nest
By barbarous boys, who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg :
See the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to prison again !
—The clock strikes one—I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day !
At present, worthy friend, farewell ;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell,
How, during these half dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons !

*Castle of York, June 13, }
1796.*

THE

THE

PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT :

THE

SECOND EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

+++++

THE man who first invented dinners
Was certainly the chief of finners ;
For those who once the habit gain,
May long to leave them off in vain :
Nor even in gaol can folk forget,
To eat, to drink, and run in debt !

H

Thousands,



Thousands, by dinners, are undone,
But woe to those who can get none!
Though many a one has died with dining,
Yet many more have perished pining:
While too much dinner is a curse,
No dinner is as bad, or worse;
But who would give a pin to chuse,
To die of famine or roast goose?
In this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
Secured by bolts and snug in chains;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie,
From faucy duns and bailiffs fly;

Where

Where highwaymen and robbers stout,
Would, rather than break in, break out ;
Where all's so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose !—
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord ;
And he who can't the cost defray,
Is welcome, sir, to fast and pray !
There is a sympathy between
The stomach and the purse, I ween ;
For here, in every change of weather,
They fill and empty both together :
Yet with the heart at variance quite,
When those are heavy this is light ;

But

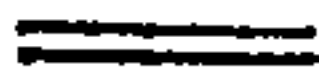
But when the former lose their weight,
Then doth the heart preponderate !

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear, be heard and seen ;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail you sun, who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows,
As on York Minster or Kew Palace !
And here let us the scene review :
That's the old castle, this the new ;
Yonder the felons walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air ;
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells ;

There

There stands the chapel for good people,
And yon balcony is the steeple ;
How gayly spins the weather-cock !
How proudly shines the crazy clock !
A clock, whose wheels eccentric run,
More like my head than like the sun !
And yet it shews us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long ;
Though captives often reckon here,
Each day a month, each month a year !
There honest William stands in state,
Like grim St. Peter at heaven's gate ;
But not so scrupulous is he,
Entrance to all the world is free ;
Yet what, methinks, is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarred ;

OF



Of all the joys in prison that reign,
 There's none like—getting out again !
 Across the green, behold the court,
 Where jargon reigns and wigs resort ;
 Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
 For life and death, for straws and rattles ;
 Where juries yawn their patience out,
 And judges dream in spite of gout.
 There, on the outside of the door,
 (As sang a wicked wag of yore*)
 Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
 Who never yet hath ventured in !
 The cause, my friend, may soon be shewn,
 The lady was a stepping stone,

Till—

* “ On the outside stands Justice, who never walks in ! ”—

Vide a Song well known in York Castle.

Till—though the metamorphose odd is—

A chissel made the block a goddess!

—“Odd!” did I say?—I’m wrong this
time;

But I was hampered for a rhyme:

Justice at—I could tell you where—

Is just the same as justice here!

But, lo! my frisking dog attends,

The kindest of four-footed friends;

Brim full of giddiness and mirth,

He is the prettiest fool on earth!

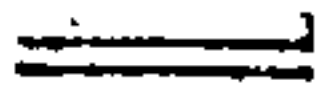
I call this fond companion Billy,

But wiser people call him Silly;

Because, in spite of rhyme and reason,

He chuses to reside in prison;

And,



And, though his home is in the city,
He boards with me for bones—or pity !
The rogue's about a squirrel's size,
With short snub nose and big black eyes ;
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail ;
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears ;
While white, around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows ;
Waves on his breast and plumes his feet,
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
Billy's a mendicant by trade,
And begs—or steals—his daily bread ;
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks, at once, a thousand ways ;

His

His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than Billy cease to wag that tail.
Though never taught to read or write,
I've heard him bark, and felt him bite:
For teeth and tongue he freely lends,
To plague his foes or please his friends.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph;
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own dominions!



This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles,
Bold Billy runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight ;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels :
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He flily pinches in the rear ;
They start, surpris'd with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again !

Next an unhappy buck appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears ;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
The very picture of myself !

My

My ghost-like form and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counter parts of his :
Blasted like me by fortune's frown ;
Like me TWICE hunted, TWICE run
down !

Like me pursued, almost to death,
He's come to gaol to save his breath !
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been ;
Still, in his woe-imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.
Daily the mournful wretch I feed,
With crumbs of comfort and of bread ;
But man, false man ! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes ;

In vain I smile to soothe his fear,
He will not, dare not, come too near;
He lingers—looks—and fain he would—
Then strains his neck to reach the food.
Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me;
I share his griefs with feelings fond,
As strings in unison respond.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate;
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth nought:
I know, and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself an host;

While

While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me—I'm at rest!
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather SUFFER than DESERVE!

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dappled doe, all fire and life;
She trips along with gailant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace;
Soft as the moon-light fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread:
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts and gives a modest squeak;

Then,



Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
The fawning animal returns ;
Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears !
—Sweet nymph ! from fierce ambition free,
And all the WOES OF LIBERTY ;
Born in a gaol, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head ;
Ah ! mayst thou never pass these bounds,
To see the world—and feel the hounds !—
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have failed to win her husband's heart ;
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest ;
Her swan-white neck, and ermine breast ;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly, delicately pied,

In vain their fond allurements spread,
Her spouse—has antlers on his head !
Yet why should those be deemed unpleasant,
They're Nature's and not Nanny's present !

But, lo ! the evening shadows fall
Broader and browner from the wall ;
A warning voice, like curfew bell,
Commands each captive to his cell ;
My faithful dog and I retire,
To play and chatter by the fire :
Soon comes a turnkey with " Good night,
" fir !"
And bolts the door with all his might, fir !
Then leisurely to bed I creep,
And sometimes wake—and sometimes sleep.

These

These are the joys that reign in prison,
And if I'm happy, 'tis with reason:
Yet still this prospect, o'er the rest,
Makes every blessing doubly blest;
That soon these pleasures will be vanished,
And I, from all these comforts, banished!

*Castle of York, June 14, }
1796. }*

THE BRAMIN.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

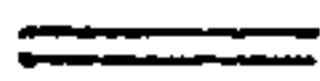
MORNING.

WHERE sacred Ganges rolls his awful tide
Through Indian realms, magnificent and
wide;

In ghastly desarts works his mournful way,
Where pestilence and twilight blast the day;

K

Or



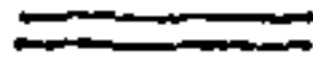
Or gayly wantons o'er the smiling plains,
Where the full fun in boundless splendour reigns ;
Like human life, the winding waters flow,
Thro' fields of pleasure, and thro' vales of woe !
—There on the summit of a mountain high,
Whose flowery skirts perfumed the breathing sky,
A living temple of majestic trees,
In green luxuriance, quivering to the breeze,
With branchy arms, embracing close, displayed
A calm, delicious, cool, inviting shade.
A spring, that wept itself into a rill,
Refreshed the grove, and tinkled down the hill ;
On beauty's bloom-enamelled cheek appears,
Meandering thus, a glistening stream of tears.

The'

The' enchanted air with sweetest music rung ;
The choral birds from morn till even sung ;
And Philomel, in night's enamoured shade,
Charmed the deep silence with her serenade.

Here, in a calm and flourishing old age,
A reverend Bramin dwelt, a learned sage !
Who, having bade the restless world farewell,
Lived in a mossy grotto's tranquil cell.
But, though from scenes of giddy life retired,
Unbounded tenderness his heart inspired ;
Like æther pure, expansive as the pole,
And bountiful, as nature, was his soul :
Benevolence, the friend of all distressed,
Had built her temple in his holy breast ;

He



He healed the sick, the drooping spirit cheered,
Grief shunned his eye, and anguish disappeared:
He spoke;—despair, like midnight, fled away:
He smiled;—and comfort brightened, like the
day.

Wide, as the beams of morning, spread his fame;
Admiring crowds from distant regions came;
On all his bounty fell, in cordial showers,
As living dews refresh the fainting flowers.

Once at the hour when, blushing like a bride,
Young morning bathes in Ganges' hallowed tide;
Fresh, as the new-born dawn, the Bramin rose,
From dreams delightful, and serene repose;
Forth from the grove he stepped, in thin array,
Dipped in the stream, and hailed the lord of day:
Then,

Yet, warmed with quickening showers of genial
rain,
Spring from their graves, and purple all the plain.
As day the night, and night succeeds the day,
So death reanimates, so lives decay :
Like billows on the undulating main,
The swelling fall, the falling swell again ;
Thus on the tide of time, inconstant, roll
The dying body and the living soul.
In every animal, inspired with breath,
The flowers of life produce the seeds of death ;—
The seeds of death, though scattered in the
tomb,
Spring with new vigour, vegetate and bloom.

“ When

“ When wasted down to dust the creature
dies,

Quick, from its cell, the' enfranchis'd spirit flies ;
Fills, with fresh energy, another form,
And towers an elephant, or glides a worm ;
The awful lion's royal shape assumes ;
The fox's subtlety, or peacock's plumes ;
Swims, like an eagle, in the eye of noon,
Or wails, a screech owl, to the deaf, cold moon ;
Haunts the dread brakes, where serpents hiss and
glare,

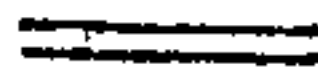
Or hums, a glittering insect, in the air !

The' illustrious souls of great and virtuous men,
In noble animals revive again :

But base and vicious spirits wind their way,

In scorpions, vultures, sharks and beasts of prey.

The



The fair, the gay; the witty, and the brave;
The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave;
Each, in congenial animals, shall find
An home and kindred for his wandering mind.

“ Even the cold body, when enshrined in
earth,

Rises again in vegetable birth;
From the vile ashes of the bad proceeds
A baneful harvest of pernicious weeds;
The relics of the good, awaked by showers,
Peep from the lap of death, and live in flowers;
Sweet modest flowers, that blush along the vale,
Whose nectared lips embalm the kissing gale.

“ Now,

“ Now, with your own admiring eyes, behold
Examples of the mysteries I unfold.

“ Where the proud mountain overawes the
land,

A bearded lion takes his princely stand :

O'er the broad landscape, and incumbent skies,

He rolls the suns of his majestic eyes ;

Flashed from their lids resplendent lightnings
play,

Swift as the arrows of the dawning day ;

While, from his cloud embosomed throne, around

He views his realms, by air and ocean bound.

His mantling mane, with undulation bright,

Like a broad volume of dishevelled light,

L

Beams



Beams round his front ; where, ranged in mortal
rows,

The pointed terrors of his jaws unclofe :

Lolling his foamy tongue, he pants for breath,

And opens, with a yawn, the gates of death !

Strength in his finewy limbs with speed com-
bines ;

Sublime dominion on his forehead shines :

Though wrath and vengeance seem to heave his
chest,

Justice and mercy triumph in his breast.

Hark !—'tis his voice !—with peals redoubling
round,

It whelms in thunder every humbler found !

See

See the wild cattle scud along the plain,
Thick as the vollying darts of frozen rain ;
The timid birds, on pinions towering high,
Drop the weak wing, and shiver from the sky ;
Earth reels upon her centre while he roars ;
Even holy Ganges shudders from his shores !

“ Thus when of yore, in human flesh arrayed,

His awful arm the Indian sceptre sway'd ;
His sword through prostrate Asia bore his fame,
Till bleak Siberia trembled at his name ;
Kingdoms and empires, ancient and renowned,
Stood, while he smiled—but vanished, when he
frowned :

Yet

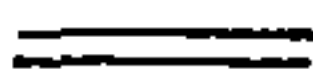
Yet justice, heavenly justice ! was his pride ;
He lived an hero, and a GOD he died !
Temples, not sepulchres, to him were raised,
And grateful India all one altar blazed.

“ A ghaunt hyæna, from the forest’s gloom ;
A jealous fiend, whose maw’s a living tomb ;
An hermit-monster, gorged with horrid prey,
Yet ravening still, to Ganges winds his way :
Mark, as the murderer moves along the strand,
His gory footsteps print with blood the sand.
Arrived, he reels toward the giddy brink,
Then bends incumbent o’er the stream to drink ;
But back recoils, transfixed with chill affright,
And strains each agonizing orb of sight ;

While,

While, in the living wave, the frantic elf
Starts from the grisly image—of himself!
Shame, wrath, confusion in his visage glare;
He bursts with rancour, shivers with despair:
Now all his frame with mortal madness burns,
Again impatient to the stream he turns;
Again the watery phantom blasts his eyes,
With tenfold horror all the features rise!
He springs to rend the monster with his feet,
And the mock-monster springs his rage to meet;
He roars—he foams—he plunges in the flood,
—The phantom vanishes in rolling mud!
Victorious then the fiend triumphant lands,
And round his head, in whirlwinds, spurns the
sands;

But



But glancing o'er the stream his thirsty eyes,
Again beholds his rival self arise ;
Headlong, and blind, he cleaves the foaming
tides ;

Again the phantom from his vengeance glides :
In vain he struggles with the waves, in vain
He spends his might ;—he floats towards the
main :

There shall his wild impatient soul embark,
And navigate the ocean in a shark !

“ That dæmon filled a blood besprinkled
throne ;

Upheld by rapine, as by murder won :
But when stern conscience, like yon holy tide,
Shewed him himself,—on his own sword he died !

“ Now

“ Now from the monster turn your aching
eyes,

Where softer scenes, more pleasing prospects rise.
See, in light gambols, tripping o'er the lawn,
Yon beauteous doe, and wildly wanton fawn;
Swift as fantastic meteors sweep the sky,
They spring, they charge, they turn, retire or
fly.

In this delightful valley dwelt the pair,
A gentle mother and her daughter fair.
That stately deer, whose branching honours
spread

High o'er his nodding brows and graceful head,
Once shone the glory of the rural scene,
The gallant monarch of the village green ;

He



Fell ; as the cedar, flourishing on high,
Stoops to the fierce red bolt that splits the sky ;
The prostrate ruins load the mournful ground,
And all its blasted glories perish round :
Thus set the bridegroom from the noon of life ;
Nor long survived the self-devoted wife !
I saw the mourner mount his funeral pyre,
Kiss the cold corpse, and triumph in the fire ;
One farewell tear to parting life she shed,
Sunk on his breast, and bowed her dying head :
So were the sun extinguished from his sphere,
The widowed moon would perish on his bier !
The daughter next, in beauty's morning bloom,
Wept o'er their loss, then followed to the tomb :
Thus fades an orphan violet on the plain,
When the plough shares the parent-roots in twain !

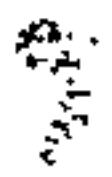


PRISON AMUSEMENTS.



Now changed to Deer, renewed the lovers find
All the soft happiness they left behind.

“ But lo ! the sun’s impetuous fervors beam,
In floods of fire on Ganges’ glittering stream ;
Retire we now till evening smile in dew,
Then in the cool mild hour our pleasing theme
pursue.”



THE BRAMIN.

*...

...

IN TWO CANTOS.

==o==

CANTO II.

EVENING.

NOW evening rose, in melting robes arrayed,
Of sweetly intermingled light and shade;
Fantastic breezes sported in her train,
And winnowed fragrance thro' the wide cham-
paign :

Then



Then on the mountain's flowery brow reclined,
Whence the bold eye might wander unconfined
O'er all the charms of nature, glowing round,
The blushing hemisphere, the smiling ground,
The flaunted clouds in radiant colours drest,
And the broad sun, declining in the west;
—Beneath a palmtree's shade the Bramin lay,
Serenely tranquil, like the setting day;
Eager his youthful audience thronged around,
With warm attention and respect profound;
On each the prophet cast a gracious look,
Then raised his hand, and pointed as he spoke:

“ See round yon hillock, sporting in the sun,
In wanton chace, the frisking lambkins run;

Pursuing

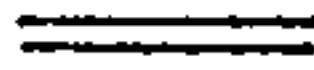
Pursuing and pursued, they nimbly bound,
And wheel in giddy circles round and round.
Mark the soft innocence, the gentle grace,
That sweetly animates each little face ;
Their pure white fleeces and enamelled eyes
Glitter like stars in silver clouded skies,

“ But lo !—tremendous as tornados sweep,
Or maddening whirlwinds scourge the indignant
deep ;

With throat of thunder, lightning in his claws,
Death glaring eyes, and black sepulchral jaws ;
With famine frantic, parched with quenchless
thirst ;

—See the grim tyger from the forest burst !

Fierce



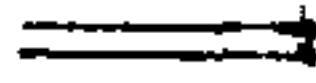
Fierce on the trembling, bleating flock he darts,
 And rends, at once, an hundred little hearts ;
 The mangled limbs, convulsed between his teeth,
 Writhe, pant, and agonize,—aliv^e ⁱⁿ death !
 While from his crashing jaws the blood distills,
 And trickles down his breast in reeking rills ;
 Yet cannot melt it :—hark !—avert thine eye !
 Behold !—behold the monster's doom draws
 nigh !

“ Hot as the scorching blast on sandy plains,
 With burning blood consuming all his veins,
 A second tyger glances on the prey ;
 The former claims the empire of the day.
 See the wild foes with mortal malice meet,
 The plain in strong convulsions at their feet !

Their

Their foamy jaws, tremendous to behold,
Like earthquakes, black and horrible unfold ;
With rage instinct, their arrowy bristles rise,
Blood, fire and fury flashing from their eyes !
Locked in a dire embrace, the struggling foes,
With murdering paws, and force resistless close ;
Hurled on the earth, in dust and gore they roll,
Each from his rival's bosom tears the foul !
Still while they grind in agony their teeth,
With horrid thirst they drink each other's blood
in death !

“ Those ravening fiends, when human forms
they wore,
Stained the pure lap of earth with reeking gore ;



Two Nabobs proud, in endless feuds engaged,
The guiltless perished, when the guilty raged ;
Those lambs, those inoffensive lambs, were they ;
Who in their tyrants' battles fell a prey.
But meeting, each atchieved a glorious deed,
For each a nation from a monster freed ;
Their conquering swords exchanged a mutual
wound ;
Each fought his rival's death, and what he fought
he found.
Transformed to tygers ; here again they flew
Their former subjects, then themselves o'erthrew !
What future punishments their crimes await,
Is yet an embryo in the womb of fate.

“ Where

“ Where two soft hills, arrayed in smiling
green;

Break the blue sky, and leave a vale between,
Emerging like the moon, when full and clear
She melts the clouds and slowly mounts the sphere,
In giant majesty, immense and strong,
An animated mountain moves along !
See the dread elephant, who towers sublime,
And seems twin brother of primeval time !
Two shining tusks of adamantine horn,
With formidable grace his front adorn ;
Like a tall pine of root and branches spoiled,
Or Ceylon's hideous serpent all uncoiled,
His mighty trunk extends, an awful length,
The sceptre of his reign, and symbol of his
strength :

N

Broad

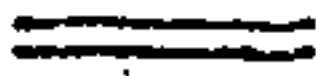
Broad at his side his dreadful shadow stalks,
Eclipsing half the valley as he walks;
Thus at the signal of the passing moon,
The ghost of night appalls the world at noon!
But mark, my children! mark his modest mien,
His look contemplative, and brow serene,
That firm deep eye, majestically mild,
And touched with all the sweetness of a child;
While printed on his ample front appears,
The hoary wisdom of unnumbered years.

“ 'Twas in a barbarous age and frigid clime,
His spirit fired an human form sublime;
When thundering war with red vindictive hand,
Hurled bolts of desolation round his land;

That

That land, to fierce invading foes a prey,
In tears and ashes, blood and ruins lay.
Born to a throne that tottered on its base,
Born to command a brave and generous race,
Born to experience every change of fate,
To shew a MAN in every station GREAT;
Long with unequal might his arms withstood
The ruthless storm and inundating flood;
Resistance vain; the prince resigned his throne,
And lived in pastoral solitude unknown.
There from the cottage window of repose,
He saw, he shared, he felt his country's woes:
The mad barbarians, terrible in ire,
Marched through the realm with massacre and
fire;

The



The vales and mountains rung with swords and
shields,

The plains were graves, and lakes of blood the
fields,

The nation fainted, gashed with wounds all o'er,
And ebbing life escaped from every pore!

He viewed his dying country thus oppressed,

And heaven's own lightning kindled in his breast;

Then like a lion pierced by lurking foes,

Sudden as death the indignant hero rose,

Unsheathed his sword, his awful banner raised,

And rallying legions round his standard blazed;

Thick as the vapours, big with thunder, roll,

To form the tempest blackening round the pole;

As

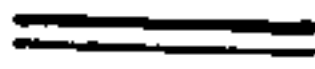
As if the dead, awaked by dire alarms,
Had burst their dungeons and come forth in
arms,
So quick at freedom's call the nation rose,
To blast their tyrants and confound their foes!
Like trembling flocks before the wolves of prey,
Or fainting stars that vanish from the day,
Like smoke annihilated by the wind,
They fled, they fell, nor left a trace behind!
But as the sun, when vanquished tempests fly
From the keen lightning of his holy eye,
Breaks, flaming, thro' the clouds, in splendor
bright,
And rains o'er heaven and earth unbounded
light;

So

=====

So did the prince his mightiest powers display,
 When on the lulling lap of peace he lay ;
 Dreading the blandishments of soft repose,
 More than the rage of all his former foes,
 His native land with generous laws he blest,
 By wisdom's finger written in his breast ;
 Laws true to justice, and eternal right,
 Clear as the sun, impartial as the light !
 Thus was the prince, in low and high estate,
 In peace and war, in fair and adverse fate,
 Best of the Good, and greatest of the Great. }

“ Lo ! emanating from the rustling brake,
 Glides, like a ray of light, a glistening snake ;
 His pearly scales unnumbered hues unfold ;
 Green, crimson, purple and resplendent gold,



In gay confusion vanish, change, unite
With all the magic subtlety of light ;
Graceful he rolls his undulating train,
Bright as a living rainbow on the plain :
Even thus in luxury's soft delicious bowers,
The serpent pleasure plays among the flowers !

“ Hark ! how the echoing vales and moun-
tains ring,

While sweet around the plummy poets sing ;
Where the broad oak o'ercanopies the glade,
The wild musicians warble in the shade.
Stealing along, in midnight silence, see
The guileful serpent lurks beneath the tree ;

His

His awful train in swelling grass concealed,
His burnished head and crest alone revealed.
Mark how the wily tempter lifts on high
His broad, refulgent, fascinating eye ;
That magic eye, whose dire enchantment draws
The powerless prey to his expecting jaws ;
Jaws fell as famine, merciless as death,
His tongue with lightning tipped, the pestilence his
breath !

“ The keen bewitching glance of sense be-
reaves

The giddy birds among the whispering leaves ;
Silent they gaze upon those globes of fire,
And hesitate, and tremble, and admire ;

The

The dazzling beams intoxicate their fight,
They freeze with horror, quiver with delight;
From bough to bough the fluttering victims
 hop;

Then one by one, entranced and helpless, drop!
Linnets and finches perish in the snare,
With many a sweet inhabitant of air:
Why sleeps vindictive thunder in the skies
When poor, unfriended Robin Redbreast dies?
Thick as in autumn rain the weeping leaves,
The falling birds the monster's maw receives:
Till gorged with slaughter, satiated with prey,
Slowly he trails his bloated bulk away;
But faint with motion, and with food oppressed,
He stretches all his lazy length to rest.

O

Vengeance,



Vengeance, quick vengeance shall thy crimes
o'ertake,

When from that sleep of death thine eyes awake:

Base traitor ! how thy dastard heart will fail,

To find its pride imprisoned in—a snail !

“ That horrid snake was once a subtle slave,
Who played with fools the fool, with knaves the
knave ;

A flatterer vile, whose lubricated tongue
With honey poisoned, and with kindness stung ;
A treacherous friend, who with a kiss betrayed ;
A foe, whose looks were deep in ambush laid ;
With infant innocence he masked his guile,
Stabbed with a glance, and murdered with a smile.



As those deluded birds to death he drew,
So with his eyes the smooth assaffin flew.

“ Majestic rising, like the vivid morn,
On wings of winds magnificently borne,
A strong imperial eagle mounts on high,
Cleaves the light clouds, and sails along the
sky :

Broad to the sun his kindling breast he turns,
Till all his plumage in the radiance burns ;
While from his eyes reanimated light
Breaks, like the day-spring on the brow of night.
Now from the throne of noon his sight he bends,
Where far beneath the dusky world extends :
His boundless vision beams from pole to pole,
Where empires flourish and where oceans roll ;

The

The radiant palace of the morn he sees,
And the green vales that nurse the evening
breeze;

The realms of ice, where tempests dwell for-
lorn,

And southern seas, where vernal showers are
born.

Sublimely thus, with transport unconfined,

On wings of immortality, the MIND

Through nature's infinite dominions soars;

Admires her works, her mysteries explores;

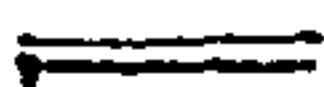
From wisdom's sun imbibes inspiring light,

And glories in the grandeur of her flight;

While, far removed, the grovelling world ap-
pears,

A mount of follies and a vale of tears!

“ You

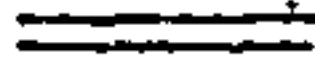


“ Yon towering eagle, whose transcendant
foul

Spurns, nobly independent, spurns controul;
Whose breast disdains a weaker lord to own
Than the dread SOVEREIGN of the spheres alone:
That eagle was my fire!—a bramin sage!
The pride of India, glory of his age!
Why should my tongue his deathless deeds de-
clare?

His country breathes his virtues with the air.
—But, hush! on me his speaking glances dart;
I feel the boding impulse at my heart:
What soft vibrations tremble on mine ear?
My father’s voice, his living voice, I hear.
Transporting tidings!—O thrice welcome doom!
He calls,—my father calls me,—to his tomb.

Yes,



Yes, fire! ere three returning days decline,
 Thy son's cold ashes shall repose with thine.
 But thou, my raptured soul! on wings of fire,
 Shalt to thy parent's sacred nest aspire;
 Nor long thine energy shall slumber there,
 But burst the shell, and breathe meridian air;
 Gaze on yon sun with keen undazzled sight,
 Live in his beams, and triumph in his light.

“ —Now, mark the words these dying lips
 impart,

And wear this grand memorial round your heart:
 All that inhabit ocean, air or earth,
 FROM ONE ETERNAL SIRE derive their birth:
 The Hand, that built the palace of the sky,
 Formed the light wings that decorate a fly;

The

The Power, that wheels the circling planets
round,

Rears every infant floweret on the ground ;

That Bounty, which the mightiest beings share,

Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air.

Thus all the wild inhabitants of woods,

Children of air and tenants of the floods ;

All, all are equal, independent, free,

And all the heirs of immortality !

For all that live and breathe have once been
men,

And, in succession, will be such again :

Even you, in turn, that human shape must
change,

And through ten thousand forms of being range.

“ Ah !

“ Ah ! then refrain your brethren’s blood to
spill,

And, till you can create, forbear to kill !

Oft as a guiltless fellow creature dies,

The blood of innocence for vengeance cries :

Even grim, rapacious savages of prey,

Presume not, save in self defence, to slay ;

What, though to heaven their forfeit-lives they

owe,

Hath heaven commissioned thee to deal the

blow ?

Crush not the feeble, inoffensive worm,

Thy sister’s spirit wears that humble form !

Why should thy cruel arrow smite yon thrush ?

In him thy brother warbles from the bush !

When

When the poor, harmless kid, all trembling,
lies,

And begs his little life with infant cries ;

Think, ere you take the throbbing victim's
breath,

You doom a dear, an only child to death !

When at the ring the beauteous heifer stands ;

—Stay, monster ! stay those parricidal hands !

Canst thou not, in that mild dejected face,

The sacred features of thy mother trace ?

When to the stake the generous bull you lead,

Tremble—ah, tremble!—lest your father bleed !

Let not your anger on your dog descend,

The faithful animal was once your friend :



The friend whose courage snatched you from the
grave,

When wrapt in flames, or wrestling with the
wave!

—Rash impious youth! renounce that horrid
knife;

Spare the sweet antelope!—ah! spare—thy wife!

In the meek victim's tear-illumined eyes,

See the soft image of thy consort rise!

Such as she was, when all her bridal charms

Blushed on thy bosom, melted in thine arms;

Such as she is, when by romantic streams,

Her spirit greets thee in delicious dreams;

Not as she looked, when blighted in her bloom;

Not as she lies, all pale, in yonder tomb:

The

The tomb, on which thy constant tears are shed,
Oft as the pensive morning lifts her head ;
The tomb, on which thy faithful cheek reclines,
Oft as the weeping star of evening shines ;
That mournful tomb, where all thy joys repose ;
That hallowed tomb, where all thy griefs shall
close !

“ While yet I sing, the weary king of light
Reigns his sceptre to the queen of night ;
Unnumbered orbs of living fire appear,
And roll in glittering grandeur o'er the sphere.
Perhaps the soul, released from earthly ties,
A thousand ages hence, may mount the skies ;
Thro' suns and planets, stars and systems range,
In each new forms assume, relinquish, change ;
From

From age to age, from world to world aspite,
 And climb the scale of being higher and higher.
 But who these awful mysteries dare explore?
 Pause, O my soul! and tremble, and adore!

“ There is a POWER, all other powers above,
 Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love;
 Who called the infant universe to light,
 From central nothing and circumfluent night.
 On His great providence all worlds depend,
 As trembling atoms to their centre tend:
 In nature’s face His glory shines confess’d,
 She wears His sacred image on her breast;
 His spirit breathes in every living soul;
 His bounty feeds, His presence fills the whole;

Thought

Though seen, invisible—though felt, unknown :
 All that exist, exist in Him alone.
 But who the wonders of His hand can trace
 Through the dread ocean of infinite space ?
 When from the shore we lift our fainting eyes,
 Where endless scenes of Godlike grandeur rise ;
 Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
 Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes blaze !
 Yet these transcendant monuments that shine,
 Immortal miracles of skill divine,
 These, and ten thousand more, are only still
 THE SHADOW OF HIS POWER, THE TRAN-
 SCRIPT OF HIS WILL !”

Castle of York, April }
 14, 1796. }

TALES



TALES
AND
TRIFLES.



TALES & TRIFLES.

THE
GRUMBLER'S PETITION.

GIVE me, ye Gods! a farm as snug
As woollen blanket to a bug;
I'll dance and sing, and rhyme and sleep,
To lowing cows and bleating sheep;
Carve Cynthia's name on every tree;
But Cynthia's false—as false as me!
A plague consume the filthy cot;
Perish the herds—the flocks may rot!

Q

Give



Give me a warehouse crammed with
goods;
And fifty ships to plow the floods;
I'll strut and swagger, job and range,
The fiercest merchant upon 'Change.
But what is loss and gain to me?
I hate the golden rule of three:
And as for fractions, hang the breed,
They'll make a fraction of my head!
Then, curse on trade!—I'll leave the stocks
To lame the legs of waddling ducks.

How wretched is a batchelor's life!
Give me, ye Gods! a pretty wife;
As Pallas wife, as Venus fair;
Gay as the light, and chaste as air;
Ha!—

Ha!—now I think on't—wives have
tongues,

And mine are weak, consumptive lungs!

Then grant me an enormous wig,
And reverend coat, ten times too big;
With purple pimpled face I'll shine,
A worthy orthodox divine:
Six days and nights in riot spent,
I'll bless the seventh and repent;
Then start again on Monday morn,
Nor rest till Sabbath day return.

—No,—my good grannum used to say,
That there will come—a judgment day!

Well,

Well, then with lawyers I'll resort,
And, like a spectre, haunt the court ;
With gown so black and wig so white,
Symbolical of wrong and right,—
(For every lawyer lets his tongue
To any tenant, right or wrong ;)
—I'll split my wind pipe o'er a brief,
And bawl for justice and for beef :
Or spruce and gay, with back bone pliant,
Bow, smile and simper to a client ;
But then, before he quits my gate O,
I'll make a man of him, if Plato
Be right in what he hath alledged,
That man's a two-legged thing unfledg-
ed !

Stay !—

Stay !—John Buil's Memoirs tell me—rot
'em!

That law's the pit without a bottom ;
If so—heaven shield. be from such evils !
Lawyers themselves must e'en be devils !

Make me, ye Gods ! a foldier brave,
A foldier's coat fits fool or knave ;
With tongue of brass and heart of delf ware,
As thousands more, beside myself are ;
Like Hercules, I'll mount a breach,
And murder all within my reach.
“ Stop !” roars a bullet : “ Blast your eyes !”
Cries Hercules—and falls, and dies.

O then,

O then, ye GODS ! my next condition
Must be the lot of a physician !
Through all the parish, who but me ?
Man-midwife, surgeon and M. D.
I'll shrug my shoulders, shake my head,
And look a purseless patient dead ;
But the rich rogue, in anguish lying,
Shall lead a weary life of dying ;—
My conscience smites me, scripture faith,
“ The end of all these things is death ! ”
What !—Death to doctors ?—Doctors die ?
I'll be no doctor—no, not I !

Give me an house in Grosvenor Square,
With forty thousand pounds a year ;

An

An host of friends to wait my call,
Yet not a friend among them all :
But who would fight for faithless friends ?
A star and garter makes amends ;
Titles and gewgaws are adored ;
Heavens ! what a thing to be a lord !
Then in a chariot to be whirled,
And kick a dust up in the world.
Hold !—carriages are apt to break,
And mine's a very brittle neck :
'Tis fun to thunder up and down,
But death to fall and crack one's crown :
Sweet is the noise of rattling stones ;
But curse the crash of broken bones !

Sick of mankind, and all their folly,
I'll yield my soul to melancholy:
Myself and I, in cordial strife,
Together live, like man and wife :
Like them, alas ! we're two in one ;
Flesh of each other's flesh and bone.
Alas ! like them, we scold and fight ;
Like them, we hate with all our might ;
Like them, to mend the breach, of course,
We must determine to divorce.
Then, give me, Jove ! an hermit's cell,
Where I, with apathy, may dwell ;
And, like another honest ass,
Drink the clear spring and browse on grass ;
From morn to night, in my retreat,
I'll eat and bray, and bray and eat.

No—

No—who would be an afs that can,
In any fenfe or fhape, be man ?

What fhall I ask for then, ye GODS !
Of this world's EVENS and its ODDS :
Alike to me is odd or even,
There's no fuch thing on EARTH as HEAVEN !
I bow content to your decrees—
Give me, O give me—what you please !

R,

DESPAIR.



DESPAIR.



WHAT human tongue can speak my
woe?

What human thought conceive?

For, O my tears refuse to flow,

Lest weeping should relieve!

Despair, with agonizing stings,

Forbids my soul to rest;

While the broad shadow of his wings

Eclipses all my breast!

Transfixed

Transfixed with grief all day I sigh,
And shun the smiling light ;
To shades and solitudes I fly,
And languish for the night !

Frantic I toss the night away,
And rave, and faint, and burn ;
I curse the gloom, invoke the day,
Yet dread the day's return !

Ah, me ! distracted and forlorn,
No friendship soothes my smart ;
My rose is withered, and the thorn
Hath sunk into my heart !

In vain the rosy lips of spring
The softening air perfume ;
In vain the warbling woodlands ring,
The hills and vallies bloom !

The spring of peace shall never quell
The winter of my care,
Nor rising sun of hope dispell
The midnight of despair !

O melt my frozen eyes, and first
Weep your full fountains dry ;
Then O my heart asunder burst,
And let—and let me die !

SONG

SONG.

I.

LOVELY are the kindling blushes
Of the gay exulting morn ;
Sweet the songs of rival thrushes,
Pouring from the blossomed thorn ;
Faint and pale the morning blushes ;
Harsh the songs of warbling thrushes ;
When my Laura's charms appear,
When her voice salutes mine ear.

Welcome

II.

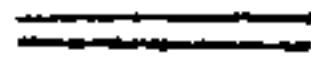
Welcome to the travellers weary,
Fountains in the fandy plain ;
Welcome, after winter dreary,
Spring with all her blooming train :
Fountains to the travellers weary ;
Spring that chafes winter dreary ;
Cannot half so welcome be
As my Laura's fight to me.

III.

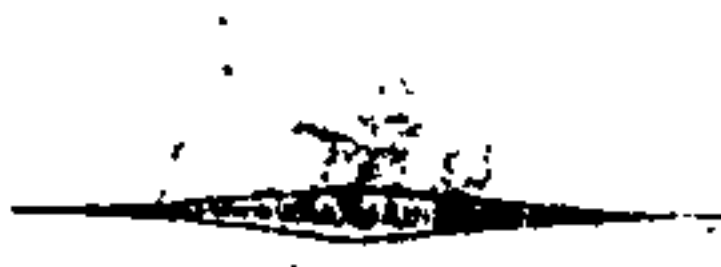
Give to bees ambrosial honey ;
Give to Bacchanalians wine ;
Power to knaves—to misers money ;
Love—my Laura's love be mine !

Soft beneath the shade reclined,
When I broke my tender mind;
Laura, dear consenting maid!
Smiled and blushed—but nothing said.

THE



THE
RETREAT.



WELCOME, dear maid! to these soft
scenes!

Welcome to these Elyſian plains!

With me, in this ſerene retreat,

Come Love, and Laura, fix your feat.

No drums, nor trumpets' martial ſound

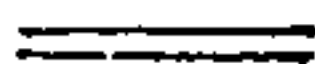
Shall ever rend this peaceful ground;

No fibres clash, nor cannons roar,
To drench these blooming plains in gore:

When morning gilds the opening east,
Or evening veils the closing west,
Cheerful we'll rise and hail the light,
Or steal to rest and bless the night:

When spring descends in balmy showers,
Revives the trees, and wakes the flowers ;
When summer's brighter glories shine,
Or autumn melts the luscious vine :

Then, arm in arm, we'll gaily rove
The flushing mead, the warbling grove ;



On beds of velvet moss repose,
And breathe the incense of the rose.

For thee, in this delightful bower,
I'll garlands weave of every flower,
Which this delicious valley yields,
Or blooms in these luxuriant fields.

Even winter, desolation's fire,
Shall smile beside our social fire ;
While tempests shake the mountain's brow,
Secure from storms we'll sing below.

Farewell, ambition!—pride, farewell!
Presume not near this sacred cell :

Come,

Come, cherub peace!—contentment, come!
And make this favoured cot your home,

Though humble be our little lot,
The rich and great we envy not;
Can heaven bestow one bliss above
The tender luxury of love?

SONG

SONG.

WHEN banished from my Cynthia's
charms,

Keen anguish wrung my breast ;
But when restored to Cynthia's arms,
She smiled—and all was rest.

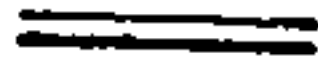
The blacker frowns the stormy night,
The brighter beams the day ;
And blessings long, long out of sight,
Are sweetened by delay.

No briny sorrows blight the cheeks
That bloom with love and peace ;
Save the soft, sudden tear that speaks
Unutterable bliss.

All seasons wear a welcome face ;
Young spring with blushes spread,
Great summer's glory, autumn's grace,
And winter's reverend head.

With thee, dear Cynthia ! while I rove,
At morn, or evening hour,
I find a muse in every grove,
A theme in every flower.

But,



But, O! whatever muse or theme
Employs my glowing tongue,
Sweet Cynthia! thy delightful name
Alone inspires the song.

False fortune's bounty, fortune's ire,
Are equal now to me:
The only blessing I desire,
Is to be blest with thee.

THE MIRROR.

YES, Clara ! I am vexed to see
You love your mirror more than me :
But leave the room, the faithless glass
Will smile on any other lass !

Behold your image then imprest
On the pure mirror of my breast ;
Your charms alone reflected there,
Nor place can change, nor time impair.

THE



THE KISS.



LUCINDA breathed a pensive sigh ;
Lucinda wept, she knew not why ;
Arch Damon stole a kiss, and she
Looked, in her turn—as arch as he !

Thus have I seen an April morn,
All bathed in tears, like nymph forlorn ;
Till Phoebus rose, her bridegroom gay,
And then—she blushed herself to day !

STELLA.

STELLA.

STELLA outshines the sun at noon,
But changes oftener than the moon !

Is Stella fickle ?—No, not she :

She's constant—in inconstancy !

Is Stella false ?—No, you may swear,

That nothing's false, where all is fair !

T

THE



THE
STATESMAN AND HIS FOOL.*



A MARVELLOUS TALE.



WHO ever heard that dumplings grew
Upon the points of rushes?

That fyllabubs, and custards too,

Were plucked from bramble bushes?

Who can distill port wine from hops?

Or from a cabbage head cut mutton chops?

Who

* The idea of this Story was borrowed from a French Anecdote.

Who ever made a race horse of an ass ?

Or golden image of a block of brass ?

Who can refresh a stagnant pool ?

Who make an hero of a slave ?

Who make a christian of a knave ?

Who make a wiseman of a fool ?

Unanswered, to the ground, these questions
fall :

I'll tell a story worth them all.

A famous minister of state,

As legendary tales relate,

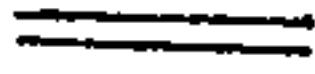
Oppressed a foreign land :

He taxed and tythed, and tythed and taxed ;

Greedy as death, he ne'er relaxed

His unrelenting hand.

From



From every sheep he tore the fleece,
The feathers plucked from living geese,

With his rapacious claws :

He spared not age, nor sex, nor beauty ;

Noses and eyes themselves paid duty ;

And grievous was the tax on jaws !

In eating, drinking, working, playing,

Sleeping, waking, swearing, praying,

The people were for ever paying !

With panniers of oppression loaded,

Kicked and pummelled, mauled and goad-
ed,

To the vilest slavery humbled,

Poor, patient souls ! they neither growled nor
grumbled ;

But

But wore as meek, submissive faces,
As grave philosophers, or graver asses.
Thus governed only by their fears,
They eat their thistles, drank their tears;
And for their country's, or their monarch's
good,
Were thankful even to shed their blood.

At length this minister, so formidably
great,
Who dropt from Jupiter to rule the state,
Caught cold one evening!—Pray, what
then?
He died—upon my soul, he died!—like com-
mon men!

Nay,



Nay, gentle reader ! do not wonder :
Tho' statesmen seem the sons of thunder,
And strut like demigods to-day,
To-morrow, lo !—ah, sad reverse !
The pallid shroud, the pompous hearse,
Proclaim them sons of clay !
Yes, earthen vessels lords and bishops are :
Even kings and queens themselves are crockery
ware.

Our hero died, his corse was buried,
And o'er the Styx his soul was ferried.
His honour had not long been there,
When walking, pensive, by the river side,
In Charon's boat, with solemn air,
Roger, his faithful fool on earth, he spied.

Astonished

Astonished stood

The statesman good,

And thought his eyes

Were telling lies,

'Till Roger, stepping on the fable shore,

With equal wonder, knew his lord once more.

Not Martin Luther, at the sight

Of Satan, stared with more affright,

When musing upon things eternal,

In stalked his majesty infernal !

Not more astonished looked the Devil,

When Martin Luther, faint uncivil,

Hurled—O indelible disgrace!

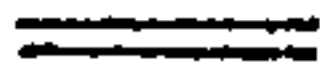
A full-charged inkstand in his worship's face ;

His

His goodly nose to jelly crushed,
While blood, and tears, and ink, in mingled
torrents gushed.

So Roger stared, so stared his lord,
Full half an hour without a word.
The Fool, at length, reviving from the fit,
Which stole away his tongue and wit—
“ By old Bartholomew’s thrice blessed hide !
“ What brought your honour here ? ” he
cried :
“ A faint you was, for all the world believed
“ it :—
“ The world’s a calf, thank heaven you have
“ deceived it ! ”

“ Ah,



- “ Ali, Roger, Roger !” said the master,
“ How can’st thou laugh at my disaster ?
“ Roger, thou knew’st full well my virtuous
 “ wife,
“ Chaste as the moon,
“ And beautiful as noon,
“ The pride—the comfort of my life !
“ By her an only, yes, a matchless son, I had ;
“ Was ever father blessed with such a lad ?
“ For that dear spouse, that only son,
 “ I plundered and oppressed a nation ;
 “ For them I forfeited my own salvation,
“ And here am I, undone—undone !
“ But, honest Roger, tell me, in thy turn,
“ For what black crime art thou condemned
 to burn ?”

U

“ Because,”

“ Because,” quoth Roger, “ now we’re
“ dead and gone,
“ And each must suffer for what each has
“ done—
“ I was the father of your only son !!!”

The fable ended, here the moral lies,
To punish folly—open folly’s eyes.

VERSES,

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY

THE VISIT OF THOMAS HARDY,

IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS ACQUITTAL,

TO THE

GRAVE OF HIS WIFE,

Who had died, during his Confinement, in Child-bed ; declaring in her last moments, that the grief, occasioned by her Husband's misfortune, had broken her heart.

“ **I**S this thy grave ? ” the’ afflicted mourner
said,

And fresh from every pore his sorrows bled :

“ It is thy grave ! ” but grief arrested speech,

And silence spoke what language could not reach :

Full

Full in his eyes, whence drops of anguish stole,
Beamed all the husband's, all the father's soul.
—Why was thy wife from thine embraces torn?
Why, but to perish, was thine infant born?—

Pale, on the sad deserted bed she lies,
Where last her spouse and guardian blessed her
eyes ;

Whence, from her arms, she saw him dragged
away ;

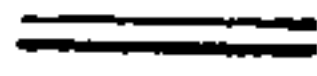
—O the wild horrors of that dismal day !
Less keen the torture, less severe the smart,
Had all the nerves been severed from her heart ;
Ah ! less the mortal shock, the rending pain,
Had that ill-fated heart been cleft in twain !

From

From that distracting moment, quick decay
Crumbled her poor remains of life away :
How did the world to her sick eyes appear ;
Each breath a sigh, and every look a tear !
Her pillow restless as the tossing wave,
And every step sunk deeper in the grave !
Bending, at length, beneath o'erwhelming woes,
While nature laboured with maternal throes,
She saw, she blessed her babe—then deeply
 sighed—
—And wept, and blessed her babe again—and
 died !

The little innocent just peeped at earth ;
No joyful father hailed its happy birth ;

No



No mother's breast the sweet nutrition shed,
Or formed a pillow for its fainting head.

The infant star emerging from the main,

Shot one pale twinkling ray—and set again :

So in the eye of beauty springs a tear,

Then drops, for ever, from its brilliant sphere !

Ah ! wherefore did the hapless babe expire ?

Why lived it not to bless its injured fire ?

From his parched cheeks to wipe the streaming
tears,

And ease the burthen of his bending years.

That fire, in dungeons doomed to mourn his
fate ;

His innocence, alas ! declared too late !

Lo !

Lo! from the awful bar, the prison's gloom,
Released he flies—ah! whither?—see the tomb!
See where the agonizing mourner stands,
With flowing eyes, mute lips, and pleading
hands!

Cannot those speaking looks revive the dead?

Cannot those sighs recall the spirits fled?

Alas! no tears can melt the unfeeling tomb!

No sighs revoke the inexorable doom!

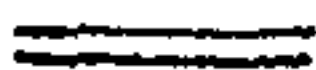
“Is this thy grave?”—Impressed with solemn awe

The people stood—they felt the grief they saw.

Such was the scene on earth. The mourner's
eye,

Raised from the tomb, beheld the unfolding sky:

His



His fainted spouse, and her angelic child,
Smiled on the husband, on the father smiled!
Admiring seraphs, like the crowd below,
Beheld the scene, and felt their bosoms glow.
“And shall we meet again?” the mourner
 sighed:
“Soon,” smiled the vision of his heavenly bride;
Then vanished, in a moment, from his view:
The husband bowed in silence and withdrew.

ELEGY


ELEGY

TO

THE MEMORY

OF THE

LATE COLONEL BOSVILLE,

Who fell in the Action near Lincelles, previous to the unfortunate Attack
upon Dunkirk.

AND is he fallen? — And is the hero slain?
Does generous Bosville press the groaning
plain?

Yes, he is fallen—and low the hero lies;

Mute his cold lips, and fixed his marble eyes!

X**That**



That heart which beat when trumpets called—

“ To arms !”

Or sunk, dissolved, in beauty's sunshine charms :

That heart no more with thrilling love shall

glow,

Or bound when death-awakening clarions blow !

Bowed, ah ! for ever bowed, his honoured head !—

And is he fallen ?—Ye Powers ! is Bosville dead ?

Mourn, noble youths !—and melting virgins,

mourn !

A friend, a brother, sleeps in Bosville's urn !

Red rose the morn, arrayed in sanguine

light ;

But thundering cannons soon recalled the night :

Thro'

Thro' falling ranks Death hewed his purple
way!

The Grave awoke outrageous for his prey!
Horror, Distraction, Phrenzy, and Despair,
Rent, with their howls, the agonizing air!

—O War! grim dæmon! cease thy carnage,
cease!

Return, to earth return, thou cherub Peace!—

Bosville serenely smiled amid the shock;

So, lashed by storms and oceans, stands a
rock:

Fortune that day hung trembling on his eye,

And Gallia's stoutest sons began to fly.

—Why, guardian Angel of the British host!

Why was a victory gained, a Bosville lost?

Had

Had he survived, would Dunkirk's grisly shore
Have dyed old ocean red with English gore?
Would Albion's legions have been forced to
 yield,
While rout and ruin chased them o'er the field?—
Mourn, martial youths!—your country's glory,
 mourn!
An hero's ashes sleep in Bosville's urn!

As when the widowed vine laments, in vain,
The blast that broke her spousal elm in twain;
Her orphan clusters bleed upon the ground;
Her green dishevelled tresses fade around;
So the bright Fair, who to her Bosville's arms
Consigned the virgin treasure of her charms,

E'er

E'er twice the' inconstant moon renewed her
horn,

Saw the gay bridegroom from her bosom torn ;
From weeping love, at glory's call he fled,
And made a foldier's grave his nuptial bed !
She heard his fate—What language can ex-
press ?

What thought conceive her exquisite distress ?
—Some seraph snatch' my pen—ah, no !—for-
bear—

An angel cannot paint—a widow's tear !—
Mourn, blooming nymphs !—sweet flowers of
beauty, mourn !

A lover's ashes sleep in Bosville's urn !

For

For Bosville dead, his country heaved one sigh,
And one big drop suffused the nation's eye!

See! like an awful comet through the air,
He mounts the spheres upon a fiery car:
He lived, he died, he fought, he triumphed well;
—Who caught the hero's mantle when it fell?
Who shall his bleeding country's loss restore?—
—And is he fallen?—Shall Bosville rise no more?
Mourn, Albion's cliffs!—ye rocks responsive,
mourn!

A patriot's ashes sleep in Bosville's urn!

'Graved on Britannia's seven-fold shield, his
name
Stands consecrated to eternal fame:

Sooner

Sooner shall ocean burst his ancient mound ;
Sooner ingulphed shall Albion sink profound ;
Sooner shall vanish earth, and air, and sky ;
Than Bosville's laurels fade, or Bosville's virtues
die !

ON SEEING

THE

*FEATHERS OF A LINNET,**Scattered along the Ground in a solitary Walk.*

THESE little relics, injured bird !
That strew the mournful vale,
With silent eloquence record
Thy brief, pathetic tale.

Like

Like autumn's leaves that rustle round,
From every weeping tree,
These plumes, dishevelled on the ground,
Are all the wreck of thee.

Some hungry kite's rapacious maw
Hath been thy gloomy grave ;
No pitying eye thy murder saw,
Nor hand appeared to save.

Heaven's thunder smite the guilty foe !
No !—spare the tyrant's breath ;
Till wintry winds, and famine flow,
Avenge thy cruel death.

Few were thy days, thy pleasures few,
Yet sweet and unconfined ;
On sunbeams every moment flew,
Nor left one care behind.

In spring, to build thy curious nest,
And woo thine hopping bride,
To bless, and in thy turn be blest,
Was all thine humble pride.

Happy beyond the lot of kings,
Thy bosom knew no smart,
Till the last pang that tore the strings
From thy dissevered heart.

When

When late, to secret griefs a prey,
I wandered pensive here,
Wild, from the woods, an artless lay,
Like magic, won mine ear.

Perhaps 'twas thy romantic song,
That exquisitely stole
In rills of melody along,
And harmonized my soul.

Now, sweet musician ! now no more
Thy mellow pipe resounds !
But jarring drums at distance roar,
And yonder howl the hounds :



—The hounds that thro' the echoing wood
The panting hare pursue!

—The drums that wake vindictive blood,
And beat to glory too!

While at my feet thy sad remains,
Unwept, unburied lie,
Like victims, on embattled plains,
That moulder where they die.

May every plume, that graced thy wing,
Be quickened where it lies,
And, at the genial breath of spring,
A fragrant cowslip rise!

But

But could the muse, whose strains rehearse

Thy melancholy doom,

Embalm thee in immortal verse,

And bid thy memory bloom :

While hastening ages roll away,

And youngest time grows old ;

While empires flourish and decay,

Thy story should be told !

And art thou then for ever dead ?

Eclipsed in endless night ?

Or is thy spirit only fled

To fairer fields of light ?

Where



Where wicked kites can never come,
Nor school boys break thy rest ;
But spring's eternal beauties bloom
Around thine happy nest !

Whatever be thy present state,
When wandering near this spot,
The sad memorial of thy fate
Shall never be forgot,

Tho' doomed the lingering pangs to feel
Of destiny severe,
One truant sigh from these I'll steal,
And drop one willing tear.

ON PLUCKING

WILD ROSE,

LATE IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,

Poor, sickly rose ! what dost thou here ?

Why, frail flower ! so late a comer ?

Hast thou been asleep all summer ?

Since now in fullen autumn's reign,

When

When every breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain,
Awakening from repose,
Thine eyelids soft unclofe.

Paltry, lilliputian flower !
Fairy phantom of an hour !
Every daisy that I see
Spreads a broader bloom than thee ;
Nothing, but thy stalk, discloses
Thy descent from royal roses :
How thine ancestors would blush
To behold thee on their bush ;
Pursing up thy puny face,
To the scandal of their race !

Thus

Thus some make-weight limb of fashion,
Born, like other puppies, blind ;
Formed by nature, in a passion,
As a libel on mankind ;
Vaunts a pedigree that springs
From the loins of mighty kings,
And claims hereditary right
To play the fool with all his might :
Tho' the vain animal would pass
For the pure offspring of an ass,
Had not dame nature held back half his due,
And given, instead of four legs, only two !

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, void of grace !



No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips ;
No spangling dew drops gem
Thy fine elastic stem ;
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom ;
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn ;
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume ;
But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconcealed below,
All naked glares the threatening thorn !

Around thy bloom, perplexed with filmy threads,
His subtle web a brigand spider spreads ;
Even in thy bosom, he prepares
His venomed shafts of death, and weaves his wily
snares.

Like

Like some giant in his castle,
The monster grim
Surveys the horrors of his bastile ;
Where many a head, and wing, and
limb,
Of slaughtered flies,
To feast his eyes,
Are scattered round,
Like sculls and marrow bones in holy
ground !

While I sing, a wandering fly
Merrily comes buzzing by ;
Little seems the rogue aware
Of the labyrinthine snare :

Round



Round and round, on winnowing wings,
Lo! the insect wheels and fings :

Closely couched the fiend discovers,
Marks the thoughtless fool draw nigh,
And, while o'er the verge he hovers,
Charms him with a steadfast eye.

As the snake's magnetic glare
Fascinates the tribes of air,
So the spider's magic draws
Destined victims to his jaws !

Now, among his brethren mangled,

On his feet alights the fly ;

Ah!—he feels himself entangled !

Hark!—he pours a piteous cry !

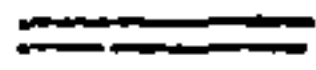
Swift

Swift as death's own arrows dart,
On his prey the spider springs;
Wounds his side, with dextrous art
Winds the web about his wings;
And quick as thought recoiling then,
The villain vanishes into his den.
The entangled fly perceives, too late,
The gloomy crisis of his fate:
Disaster crowds upon disaster,
And every struggle to get free
Snaps the hopes of liberty,
And draws the knots of bondage faster.

Again the spider glides along the line:

“ Hold!—murderer, hold!—the prize is mine!

“ Go,



“ Go, simple fly !—go home, thou giddy fool !

“ Learn wit and wisdom in misfortune’s school.

“ Spider ! I spare thy life : for know from me,

“ The law of justice is humanity !

“ And thou, poor rose ! whose livid leaves ex-

“ pand

“ Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand :

“ Mean as thou art, I’ll place thee near my soul ;

“ Not in my heart indeed,—but in my button

“ hole !”

SONNET,

SONNET,

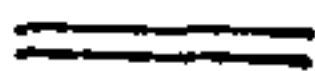
Upon the Close of the Campaign of 1793.

HAIL, drear December!—king of tempests,
hail!

Rise, wrapt in horrors!—armed with ven-
geance, rise!

Round thy pale throne tormented goblins wail,
And fanguine meteors streak with blood the
skies!

Grim



Grim tyrant ! say, since light from darkness rose,

Was ever year before so red with crimes ?

Ah, guilty year !—ah, year of murder !—close,

And be abhorred, accursed by future times !

In blood did spring, in blood did summer, mourn ;

And autumn's reeking vintage gushed with

gore !

Rather than scenes like these should e'er return,

May seed and harvest time return no more,

Eternal desolation blast the plain,

And winter, everlasting winter, reign !

A TALE,

A TALE,

TOO TRUE.

ONE beautiful morning, when Paul was a
child,

And went with a fatchel to school,

The rogue played the truant, which proves he
was wild,

And, though little, a very great fool.

z A.

He



He came to a cottage that grew on the moor,

No mushroom was ever so strong ;

'Twas snug as a mouse-trap, and, close by the
door,

A river ran rippling along.

The cot was embosomed in rook-nested trees,

The chestnut, the beech, and the oak ;

Geese gabbled in concert with bagpiping bees ;

While softly ascended the smoke.

At the door sat a damsel, a sweet little girl,

Arrayed in a petticoat green ;

Her skin was as lovely as mother of pearl,

And milder than moonlight her mien.

She

She sung as she knotted a garland of flowers,
Right mellowly warbled her tongue ;
Such strains in Elysium's romantical bowers,
To soothe the departed, are sung.

Paul stood like a gander, he stood like himself ;
Eyes, ears, nose, and mouth open wide !
When, suddenly rising, the pretty young elf
The thunder struck wanderer spied.

She started and trembled, she blushed and she
smiled ;

Then dropping a curtsy, she said—

“ Pray, what brought you hither, my dear little
“ child ?

“ Did your legs run away with your head ?”

“ Yes

“ Yes—yes ! ”—stammered Paul, and he made
a fine bow ;

At least 'twas the finest he could :

Tho' the lofty bred belles of St. James's, I trow,

Would have called it—a bow made of wood !

No matter—the dimple-chin'd damsel was
pleas'd,

And modestly gave him her wrist :

Paul took the fair present, and tenderly squeezed,

As if he'd a wasp in his fist !

Then into the cottage she led the young fool,

Who stood all aghast to behold

The lass's grim mother—who managed a school—

A beldame, a witch, and a scold !

Her

Her eyes were as red as two lobsters when boiled,
Her complexion the colour of straw ;
Tho' she grinned, like a death's head, whenever
she smiled,
She shewed not a tooth in her jaw !

Her body was shrivelled and dried like a kecks ;
Her arms were all veins, bone, and skin :
And then she'd a beard, fir ! in spite of her sex,
I don't know how long, on her chin !

Her dress was as mournful as mourning can be :
Black sackcloth, bleached white with her tears !
For a widow—fair ladies !—a widow was she,
Most dismally stricken in years !

The

The charms of her youth, if she ever had any,
Were all under total eclipse ;
While the charms of her daughter, who truly
had many,
Were only unfolding their lips.

Thus far in a wilderness, bleak and forlorn,
When winter deflowers the year,
All hoary and horrid, I've seen an old thorn
In icicle trappings appear ;

While a sweet smiling snow drop enamels its
root,
Like the morning star gilding the sky ;
Or an elegant crocus peeps out at its foot,
As blue as Miss Who-ye-will's eye !

“ Dear

“ Dear mother !” the damsel exclaimed, with a
 figh ;

“ I’ve brought you a poor little wretch—

“ Your victim—and mine !”—but a tear from
 her eye

Washed away all the rest of her speech.

The beldame then mounting her spectacles on,

 Like an arch o’er the bridge of her nose,

Examined the captive, and crying, “ Well done !”

 Bade him welcome with twenty dry blows !

Paul fell down astounded, and only not dead,

 For death was not quite within call :

Recovering, he found himself in a warm bed,

 And in a warm fever and all !

Like

Reclined on her elbow, to anguish a prey,
The maiden, in lovely distress,
Sat weeping her soul from her eye lids away—
How could the fair mourner do less?

But when she perceived him reviving again
She carrolled a sonnet so sweet ;
The captive, transported, forgot all his pain,
And presently fell at her feet.

All rapture and fondness, all folly and joy—
“ Dear damsel ! for your sake,” he cried ;
“ I’ll be your cross mother’s own dutiful boy,
“ And you shall one day be my bride !”

“ For

“ For shame ! ” quoth the nymph, though she
looked the reverse ;

“ Such nonsense I cannot approve :

“ Too young we’re to wed ! ” — Paul said, “ So
“ much the worse ! —

“ — But are we too young then to love ? ”

The lady replied, in a language that speaks

Not unto the ear but the eye :

The language that blushes thro’ eloquent checks,

When modesty looks very fly !

Our true lovers lived — for the fable faith true —

As merry as larks in a nest,

Who are learning to sing while the hawk is in view ;

— The ignorant always are blest ! —



Thro' vallies and meadows they wandered by day,
And whistled and warbled along;
So liquidly glided their moments away,
Their life was a galloping song!

When they twittered their notes from the brow
of an hill,

If November did not look like May,
If rocks did not caper, nor rivers stand still,
The asses, at least, did not bray!

If the trees would not leap, nor the mountains
advance,

They were deafer than bailiffs 'tis clear;
If sun, moon and stars did not lead up a dance,
They wanted a musical ear!

But

But sometimes the beldame, cross, crazy and old,
Would thunder, and threaten, and swear:
Expose them to tempests, to heat, and to cold,
To danger, fatigue, and despair!

For wisdom, she argued, could only be taught
By bitter experience to fools:
And she acted, as every good school mistress
ought,
Quite up to the beard of her rules.

Her school, by the bye, was the noblest on earth
For mortals to study themselves;
There many great folks, who were folios by birth,
She cut down to pitiful twelves!

Her

Her rod, like death's scythe, in her levelling hand,

Bowed down rich, poor, wicked and just ;

Kings, queens, popes and priests, at the touch of
her wand,

Were crumbled to primitive dust !

At length, in due season, the planets who reign,

By chance or some similar art,

Commanded the damsel to honour her swain

With her hand as the key to her heart.

The grisly old mother then blest the fond pair :

“ While you live, O my darlings !” she cried ;

“ My favours, unasked for, you always shall share,

“ And cleave like two ribs to my side !

“ Poor

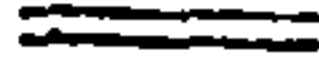
“ Poor Paul is a blockhead in marrow and bone,
“ Whom nought but my rod can make wife ;
“ The fellow will only, when all's said and done,
“ Be just fit to live when he dies !”

The witch was a prophetess, all must allow,
And Paul a strange moon-stricken youth,
Who somewhere had picked up—I'll not tell you
how—

A vile knack of telling the truth !

His sorrows and sufferings his consort may paint,
In colours of water and fire ;
She saw him in prison, desponding and faint ;
She saw him in act to expire !

Then



Then melting her voice to the tenderest tone,

The lovely enthusiast began

To sing, in sweet numbers, the comforts unknown

That solace the soul of the man ;

Who, hated, forsaken, tormented, oppressed,

And wrestling with anguish severe,

Can turn his eye inward, and view in his breast

A conscience unclouded and clear.

The captive looked up with a languishing eye,

Half quenched in a tremulous tear ;

He saw the meek angel of hope standing by,

He heard her solicit his ear.

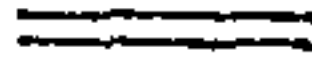
Her

Her strain then exalting, and swelling her lyre,
The triumphs of patience she sung;
While passions of music, and language of fire,
Flowed full and sublime from her tongue.

At length the gay morning of liberty shone,
At length the dread portals flew wide;
Then, hailing each other with transports un-
known,
The captive escaped with his bride.

So when the last trumpet's loud signal—"Arise!"
Shall ring through the empire of space,
The clay from the tomb, and the soul from the skies,
Shall meet in a raptured embrace.

But



But now at the death of our long-winded song,

The readers their night caps may take ;

If those, who have slumbered so sweet and so long,

Will only one moment awake.

—Behold, in a fable, the Poet's own life ;

From whence this lean moral we draw :

The **MUSE** is **PAUL POSITIVE**'s twenty-tongued
Wife !

MISFORTUNE his Mother-in-Law !

23 JY 68

