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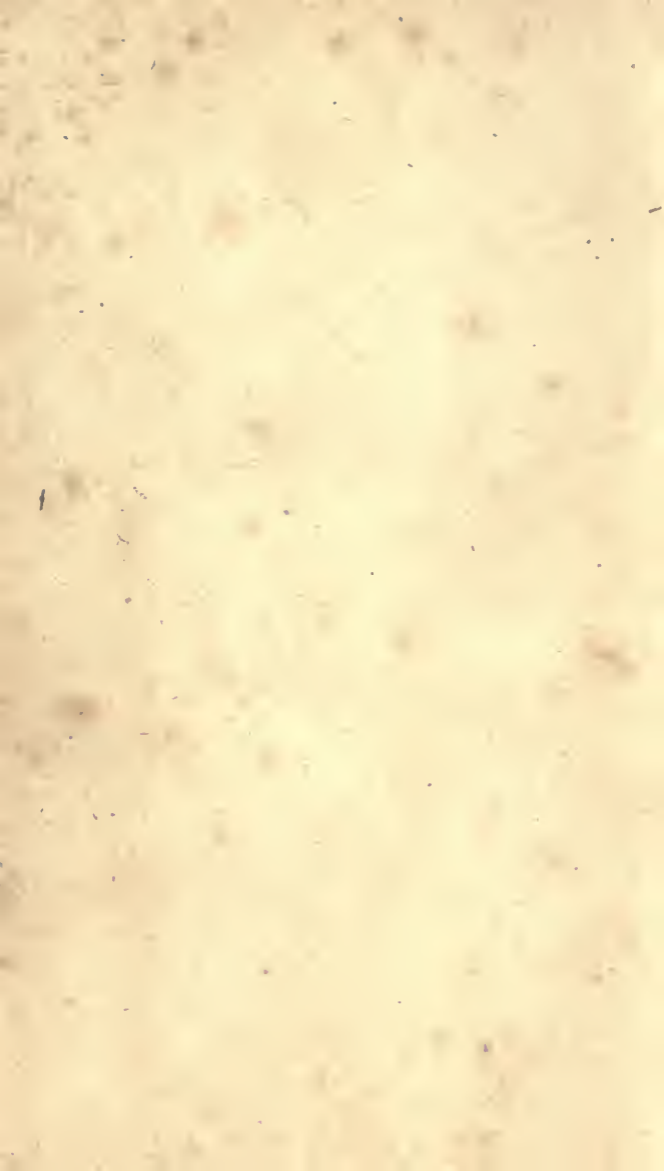


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Illustrations
OF
A F F E C T I O N,
WITH
Other Poems.

BY G. H. TOULMIN.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

VIRG.

London :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWNE,
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1819.

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MATTHEW DUBOURG, Esq.

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THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

IF natural representations of life awaken by sympathy, feelings similar to the passions they exhibit—then, scenes of tenderness and love, portraits of justly-esteemed, and distinguished characters, acts of magnanimity and patriotism, may be deemed favorable to the best affections of the mind.

The “Illustrations of Affection” in the following Poem were written with this design, and, with the minor pieces, are with much diffidence submitted to the Public.

1847

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Illustrations of Affection.



PART I.

Subject.—Part the First.

The Poem opens with an Invocation.—Affection illustrated by the Savages of America.—Feast of Souls described.—Gentoo Women,—custom of ascending the funeral pile of their deceased husbands originally emanated from Affection.—Arcadia, as represented by the Poets.—Picture of the *Golden Age*.—Arabs.—Laplanders.—Song.—Affection traced to heaven.—Illustrious Women,—Aria—Porcia—The Grecian daughter—Lucretia.—Spain—Country and women described.—Maid of Saragossa.—Diversions.—Night.—Devotions.—Serenade described.—The Lover's Song.—Morning.—Occupations of the Peasants, &c. &c.

1871

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Illustrations of Affection.

BLEST source of life, in Nature's earliest hour,
When varied good appear'd th' Almighty's pow'r,
Affection! thou his attribute supreme,
O! with thy beam illumè, and be my theme!
Celestial visitant to bless mankind,
Attendant ever on the virtuous mind,
No cold, dull caution, bars thy rapid way,
Bright is thy flame as heav'n's eternal ray;
No dangers daunt, heroic in thy mien,
Where glory points thy vivid course is seen;

Immortal spirit! not the bigot's rage,
 That stains with dæmon acts the moral page—
 The tyrant's ire, can quench the bold design,
 In chains and death, the victory is thine!
 —Excursive, ranging, ardent, unconfin'd,
 On vig'rous pinion soars th' expansive mind!
 No limits fetter Nature's genial tie,
 O'er the wide earth pervades *Humanity!*

Where on the Western Continent, a screen
 Extending wide, the Appalachia's seen—
 Conceal'd in lofty shades the mimic bird,
 Mellifluent, in varied notes is heard—
 A solitude of ages dark around,
 Pre-eminent in woods, *Affection's* found!
 Not to the living :—War delights alone
 The *savage*,* from his youth to evil prone;

Refinement, love, the chaste endear'd caress,
When two young hearts in bliss united press
Unknown!—hate and revenge, instead employ
A dæmon spirit eager to destroy ;
Yet, though supreme, his youth to war is led,
Virtue appears,—*Affection* for the dead!
Pure beam of love, that shines in mental night,
In gloom diffusive sheds celestial light—
O! sacred feeling, that can triumph where
The grave, rank fest'ring, taints the wholesome
air.
The corse,^b with pious love he tott'ring bears,
In sacred sorrow bathes with nature's tears ;
Though moons have wan'd, the slimy earth-worm
wound,
In rayless cells, a sinuous fold around,
Corruption claim'd insatiate her spoil,
He bears his kindred to their native soil—

By death, disease, and horrors undismay'd,
The relic-bones, in decent order laid.

Religion claims, by barb'rous laws, a rite
Which reason shudd'ring views with pale af-
fright,
Indignant sees dark Superstition's reign,
In Indian climes, her ancient pow'r maintain ;
In scenes, that blest Arabia's land outvies,
That beauteous summer decks with varied dyes ;
Where the rich incense of an orient morn
Are od'rous airs on zephyrs' pinions borne ;
Where ev'ning mild, in golden vest arrays,
Magnificent, the pomp of thrones displays ;
She sees where *Ganges*, with majestic pride,
A laughing champaigne laves with rapid tide ;
With measur'd steps, amid the sacred grove
And solemn chant, the long procession move ;

The fun'ral pyre,^c the victim cheerful bend,
And kind regards to parents, kindred—send;
Then by her husband, prest the clammy face,
Her modest limbs reclin'd in decent grace—
The signal giv'n—the flame aspiring high,
And smoke in column rising to the sky:
No more—for lo! a sudden dimness spread,
Conceals pale fancy's spectres of the dead;
The fun'ral cry is hush'd—a still repose
Awful succeeds *Affection's* tragic close!
Yes, friends and kindred, parents, country—
fame!

And the priz'd blessing of a mother's name—
Life's genial ties, from all esteem'd most dear,
She leaves—the victim of a husband's bier.
Could barb'rous laws, remorseless, unconfin'd,
For ages fetter thus the human mind,

Did not supreme, o'er pain and death imprest,
Affection reign the sov'reign of the breast?
Sages of old, ascetic and severe,
Who scorn'd with stoic art *Affection's* tear,
Your boasted ethics do they wide impart
The love of nature to improve the heart,
That erring man pale mis'ry's wants supply,
Precept of love, to aid humanity?
No, with cold caution, ev'ry warm desire
That animates, impels with noble fire,
Subdued—ye philosophic, frigid, scan
The varied beauties of life's moral plan.

Arcadian scenes of unsuspecting truth,
Poetic dreams of fond enraptur'd youth;
The sylvan scenes *Italia's* groves among,
Inspir'd by love, the past'ral poets sung;

In vision come, irradiate my lay,
And beam celestial, wide—*Affection's* ray!
The tangled covert, and the sparry cave,
The lone recesses of the murm'ring wave;
The verdant groves, by Flora wanton drest,
The haunts of *bliss*, which oft *Affection* prest,
The varied scenes of ever fond delight,
In beauty vivid—rise before my sight!

O! happy age, when *Innocence* and *Love*
In union blest, innocuous rang'd the grove;
Nature excursive, free—no wish repress,
Affection thron'd supreme in ev'ry breast;
No honey'd periods, where conceal'd was found,
In treach'rous guise, the artful word to wound—
No sland'rous lie, but pure, unsullied truth,
With hoary age, and pleas'd ingenuous youth.

When orient morn askance, a silver ray
O'er the dark *cypress* beam'd the infant day;
The fleecy flocks from osier'd fence they drove,
And free allow'd the thymy hills to rove;
The Sylvan flute awaken'd Nature heard,
The note responsive of the warbling bird;
Creation smil'd a genial pow'r to bless,
And Nature teem'd with life and happiness!
Love reign'd supreme! the song and choral hymn,
Arcadians rais'd in sacred praise to him;
The rustic altar votive garlands grac'd,
Affection's gift, by timid virgins plac'd;
His temple Nature! there in life confest,
His genial pow'r did earth and skies attest!

Love naked,^d weaponless appear'd,
For then no injuries were fear'd;

Exempt from plummy wings,—for why
Should he from youth and beauty fly ?
With winning smiles, his heav'nly charms
He willing gave to beauty's arms ;
From youth was never known to rove—
The golden age of happy love !
His gentle office was to bless
With kisses, and the dear caress ;
To shed around a vivid ray,
To light with joy Arcadia's day,
And sympathetic, swift impart
Celestial balm to bless the heart :
The young *Affections* lisp'd his name,
The golden age preserves his fame !
He came from heav'n ! but staid not long,
The happy myrtle groves among.
When *Vice* usurp'd fair *Virtue's* reign
And *Innocence* had left the plain,

When War, hell's direst fiend arose,
To fill the earth with varied woes—
Then pass'd the golden age,—and Love,
Immortal, dwelt in realms above!

Yet still remain'd *Affection*—she alone,
When all the earth to violence was prone,
Oft-times successful check'd the victor's ire,
The rugged breast subdued by holy fire—
The fierce Barbarian, when from foreign war
His captive victims led to grace the car,
Affection's voice in parents—children—heard,
With lenient mind the bloody doom deferr'd.

Swift as the winds that sweep his sterile plain
The bark impel, high bounding o'er the
main;
Fierce as the *Samiel* fiend, whose fatal breath
O'er *Lybian* wastes imparts a fiery death;

Fierce as his clime, where angry *Syrius* glows,
To murder prone the dusky Arab goes ;
Discerns the horizon's verge with eager sight,
And wheels in circles wide, a rapid flight ;
A num'rous horde of unrelenting mood,
With crescent sabre deeply stain'd by blood.
If be perceiv'd a pilgrim troop afar,
With joy elate they eager speed to war—
No mercy shewn, but one wide slaughter round,^e
And heaps of corpses strew th' ensanguin'd ground ;
Yet, though deceitful, treach'rous, cruel, base,
Lawless, the spoiler in the human race—
Abject, a slave, without one pitying throe,
Which e'en pale bigots, when they torture, know :
Curse of the land,^f of whom th' Almighty saith,
“ The arm shall raised be 'gainst him to death.”
When with his tent, in peaceful ease, he strays
For fresher pastures and the flow'ry ways ;

Though lust, vindictive ire, revenge, are seen
 In the eyes' sparkle, and a haughty mien ;
 Though lone he sits, in wild and gloomy mood,
 By *woman*, lispng *babe*, that heart's subdued !
 Though man he hates, yet still the Haram's
 joy,

Endearments—love—his softer hours employ,
 Then, when in winning softness fondly prest,
 By his soul-beaming dark ey'd slave, carest—
 Does he not feel *Affection's* blest control,
 A beam of love irradiate the soul ?

' When first the father knows the infant's kiss,
 Does he not feel *Affection's* purest bliss ? —
 Triumph resistless, o'er the sterner will,
 In man and brute, who yield to nature still !

Thus Alpine ice, whose summits tow'ring high,
 Ne'er felt the influence of a Summer's sky,

In native splendor, dazzling to the sight,
Blended by heav'n—a cold, unsullied white ;
Though round its head the mountain tempests
 play,
In smiling skies, reflects the solar ray !

Where Arctic cold, with iron force congeals,
Darkness perennial, Nature suff'ring feels,
Stern Winter reigns, eternal snows abide,
Where monsters ice-shagg'd, lonely, silent glide ;
Midst mountains vast, disrupt from Nature's womb,
Whose tow'ring, cloud-capt frontlets, pierce the
 gloom ;

A race of men, from Europe's climes remov'd,
From polish'd life, domestic scenes belov'd,
Cheerless, in low-roof'd smoky huts reside,
Funereal light by unctuous wick supply'd ;

Still, though no vivifying beam of heav'n,
Joyous to bless the *Laplander* is giv'n—
Affection lends her tranquil ray serene,
A *star of promise* in the wintry scene :
Aided by it, the fragile boat he steers
In stormy lakes^s—nor rocks, nor whirlpools fears ;
And, as he kens the mountain's craggy bay,
The lov'd abode ! it shines a brighter ray,
The light of love ! and Poësy her pow'r
Affords, to charm the dang'rous, lonely hour.

Where torrents wildly rave,
Light bounding o'er the wave,
I haste to thee my love !
As the raven wings her flight,
Careering in the dusky night,
The murky clouds above !

The giant rocks uprear—
Dæmons of night appear—
 Forbid the lovers way!
But *Orika*, thoughts of thee,
In gloom a polar star to me,
 Will guide me by its ray!

Whirlpools, terrific round,
The cat'ract's stunning sound,
 No craven fears excite!
The roar of winds above,
Seems as the breath of love
 Which wafts me to thy sight!

Since has the Muse in intellectual light,
Pursu'd o'er earth a varied, rapid flight;
 Unflagging, vig'rous, she will rise,
And trace *Affection* to the skies!

When dark, inert, a cumb'rous form,
Nature in giant masses lay ;
And tempesting, with stunning roar,
A vast, illimitable shore—
Chaos upheaved, in mighty throes,
Ere yet the beauteous world arose,
Ere yet illum'd life's golden day,
In darkness veil'd, th' Almighty walk'd the
storm !

Night at his presence backward sped,
Confusion conscious swiftly fled :
And wild *Disorder* scatter'd round,
In Hell's wide gates a refuge found :
With joyous songs of angels mild,
Order, with light, appear'd and smil'd !
Fair *Order*, beauteous as the dawn
Of light, the silv'ry vest of morn !

Ethereal, lucid, brilliant, seem'd
In heav'n the crystal ray that beam'd ;
Angels in strains sublime admir'd,
To praise celestial, fond aspir'd,

And *Harmony* announc'd it—*Love!*

The *Seasons* knit in mystic dance,
Did then in jubilee advance,
And with them came the laughing *Hours*,
Circling the new-born earth with flow'rs ;
Nature receiv'd the golden day,
Ethereal, mild, of brilliant ray ;
Presence of God, who smil'd above,

Ineffable the beam of love !

Solace of life when ills assail,
The golden aids of fortune fail,
When all is reft of peace, 'tis thou
Affection mild, canst cheer the brow !

Presence of God, effulgence blest,
Which Nature's varied works attest.

Say, Memory, whose hidden stores contain
The embryo beings of the teeming brain ;
Creation of the intellectual mind,
That wide o'er nature rangest unconfin'd—
Whom shall the verse record, whose deathless
name
Is plac'd conspicuous on the roll of fame ;
Who, for *Affection*, nobly ills defied,
Triumph'd o'er pain, sublime in virtue died ?
Woman, 'tis *Thee* ! In thy pure breast it shines,
Ennobles man, his nature, form refines ;
Best gift of God, a beam of heav'n serene,
To light with joy and love life's dusky scene.

Theme of her sex's glory, can the Muse,
Aria!^h the record of thy fame refuse?
Who taught in death thy *Pætus* to maintain
The Roman virtue, and his fate sustain!
When Nature shudd'ring view'd the awful doom,
Which 'lone consign'd him victim of the tomb;
When coward fears within impetuous prest,
Despair and agony usurp'd the breast,
The poniard reeking from her side she drew,
And, ere life ling'ring, sigh'd a last adieu;
While in his arms reclin'd her drooping head,
The dagger to her husband gave, and said,
"Behold! the Gods for ills this blade supplied,
Pætus! it was not painful!" this—and died.

See *Piety* console a parent's fate,
Awaiting duteous at the dungeon's grate—

Of feeble age the ebbing life sustain,
Affection's act, the milky fountain drain.

Porcia! sublime thy honor'd name displays
Virtue and love, exists in deathless lays;
Worthy thy Sire, in suff'rings great and good,
Who freedom nobly purchas'd with his blood;
Thy soul like his, which scorn'd disgraceful breath,
A stern resolve, disdain of pain and death;
O! constancy of suff'ring, that impell'd
An act of love, and woman's terrors quell'd;
Triumph of mind, in martyrs only found,
The thigh was pierc'd,—a voluntary wound!
And when thy *Brutus*, *Freedom's* martyr, died,
By fire a Roman virtue death supplied!
And yet, examples of a mighty age,
Succeeds another to adorn the page,

With beauty, youth—who bled at Virtue's
shrine,

Whose honor'd urn the wreaths of love entwine—

Lucretia!—these transcendently display

In acts of death, *Affection's* brightest ray,

Fair Virtue!—Love! whose fragrant odours
rise,

Amid the wreck of years, immortal to the skies!

But softer scenes appear of love and truth,
Of fond, ingenuous, ardent, frolic youth.

Swift as the ray of heav'n at morning's birth,

When rapid light illumines the dusky earth,

The mind on joyous pinions fervid flies

For golden summers of unrivall'd dies!

Land of romance, and chivalry and love,

Iberia's clime! o'er myrtle plains to rove—

Mountains abrupt, precipitous and bold,
Whose cavern-depths, eternal snows infold ;
Where Nature's works exhibit, active, free,
Stupendous, wild, a bold variety !

Heard is the convent's bell, a rapid chime,
The stated sound denotes the speed of time :
In distance seen, the water-carriers slow,
Who, with their tinkling mules, to neighb'ring
 hamlets go :

In long defile, the plain extending o'er,
The shepherd and his flock,—he walks before ;
And browsing goats, from rocks that fearless
 leap,

Cork-trees projecting o'er the craggy steep ;
Such is the land ! but can the verse portray,
Its dark-ey'd maids' *Affection's* brilliant ray ;

Glances that beam expression's fervid soul,
Softness, yet wildly beautiful, control—
A sylphid form, whose lightness mocks the view,
Love's dimpled smiles persuasive to subdue?
No! admiration checks the teeming thought,
The mind's subdued, by feeling over-wrought.

Land of romance! that erst in distant time
Gave birth to heroes, chiefs of fame sublime;
When armed Honour on the fiery steed
Trail'd the long lance, and made oppression bleed—
Where is thy glory? Like the meteor star,
A brilliant track of light is seen afar,
And gloom succeeds,—pale Superstition's sway,
With tyrant pow'r, has quench'd the vivid ray.
Yet, when fierce Gaul, with eagle grasp, essay'd
Dominion wide—it beam'd in one soft maid!

Who can forget, O! Saragossa, thee,
Lavish of blood, aspiring to be free;
And Her, the pride of Spain, who dar'd maintain
The rampart's heights, surrounded by the slain!
None,—for the records of her country well
To ages hence bright glory's acts will tell;
None,—for illum'd they are by genius' ray,
Immortal made, *Childe Harolde*, by thy lay!

This was *Affection*, not to one confin'd,
Evinc'd for country, and for human kind!
Parental scenes of fond domestic joy,
She saw the *mine* and *furnace-shot* destroy;
Scenes of the moon-light dance to rebeck sound,
Scenes of her youth, by flame wide scath'd around!
Then rose superior, where her sex have fear'd,
In danger's hour with armed bands appear'd—

A leader bold, to freedom firm allied,
Who fire-wing'd deaths and bursting shells defied ;
Walk'd where destruction cower'd, with manly tread,
Sublime amid the dying and the dead !

But War is past, and Spain again restor'd,
Dreads not the vengeance of a Gallic sword—
Reliev'd from rapine, from pollution's band,
From scathing flame and ruin, sav'd—the land
Is free? No: patriot chiefs essay'd in vain,
With ardent zeal, to rend oppression's chain ;
A country mourns for parents, kindred, friends,
Beneath the pressure of a bigot bends ;
Affection mourns—Spain's gallant spirits' doom
Death or the murky stifling dungeon's gloom.

Yet on the sward at evening's vesper ray,
When gleams the glory of the parting day,

That in the West light azure clouds suffuse,
A golden radiance of ethereal hues,
May now be seen fond youths and maids, who meet
The dance to wind, with frolic bounding feet—
Fandango there with castanet appears,
And stily quaint his form *Bolero* rears :
Hour of fond youth ! for then the lover's sigh
Voluptuous heard, and beams th' impassion'd eye,
And young *Desire* inspires the throbbing breast,
And laughing *Loves* and *Pleasures*, joy attest !
Hour of delight ! but not *Affection* thine,
'Tis that of silence, lovers thee assign—
When tranquil night with sable stole around,
The world invests in shadowy veil profound,
And Nature hush'd to balmy, soft repose,
The weary eyes of labour peaceful close—
When *Cynthia's* tranquil, pallid, tender beams,
O'er rocks and tow'rs and foliage silv'ry gleams,

And heav'n's bright sphere with brilliant, sparkling
rays,

Lifts the rapt soul to solemn, sacred praise.—

This is thine hour, *Affection!* when the soul

Entranc'd, adoring, wings from pole to pole,

To her Creator! where ethereal light,

Excess of glory, dim the angels' sight,

And golden harps in strains of rapture prove,

Music of spheres, immortal acts of love,

Of perfect goodness, wisdom, love divine!

Affection's beams that o'er creation shine,

The love whose vivifying pow'r is seen

Where Nature decks with flow'rs the smiling
green;

The pendant woodbine's playful tendril wreathes,

Lives in the rose, in scented fragrance breathes;

When rustling, golden harvests crown the scene,

Smiles o'er the landscape in a ray serene!

Sustains—defends,—that angels leave the sky,
With unseen converse, tell of dangers nigh:
Protecting care in Nature's varying plan,
Progressive trac'd from insect, on to man;
Organs and pow'rs adaptive to their fate,
Peculiar means, and suited to the state.

—What does by this creative wisdom prove?

That all its acts are infinite in love!

Yet erring man, in sceptic pride, arraigns
The mighty pow'r that governs and sustains;
As weakness, frailty, to his state belong,
Deems Nature faulty, and that God is wrong;
From partial evils views the great design,
Not from the whole, an Architect divine!

—Cold, hunger, thirst, are evils: Yes, to man,
'To brute, and all, who err from Nature's plan—
Not to the natives of the woods, who free,
Unconscious range in joyous liberty.

Nature disclaims the wants that arts supply,
Her offspring live beneath a Polar sky !
Hardy and bold, with sinews firm to trace,
Ardent, o'er wastes of snow, the mountain chace ;
Unknown contagious cities' baneful modes,
Of sickness, want and misery, th' abodes ;
Unknown, of sumptuous palaces the use ;
Unfelt the ills that luxuries induce :
No splendid ores their humble lot attain,
Nor heard is there, *Impiety's* complaint ;
Man mars—nay more—perverts to other ends,
The bounteous gifts the wise Creator sends.

Land of romance, and chivalry and love !
Iberia's land ! from thee no more I rove ;
Hour of repose—of love ! be still my theme ;
Silence and night—*Affection*, love supreme !

Soft music's heard as beams the vesper star,
The Spanish lover strikes the fond guitar ;
Young, ardent, fond, by rivals undismay'd,
In tender lays he woos a dark-ey'd maid ;
She, breathless, timid, listens to the verse,
Strains fitful, wild, that love and war rehearse :
Hark ! now the lattice slowly opes—he hears,
And from the shadowy veil of night appears !
Her lip is prest—she points to parents nigh.
The lay has ceas'd—he lists the virgin's sigh :
His arm is rais'd—he bids his saint above,
Be witness sacred to a youthful love ;
Fondly intreats, in passion's language woos,
And fervid, eloquent, the maid subdues ;
The suit prevails, in whispers soft she speaks,
While love's rich blushes mantle o'er her
cheeks—

Then quickly clos'd the casement—light the tread,
Retires—but not for slumbers of the bed,
Sweet music breathes again upon the ear;
And lo! a voice to young *Affection* dear!

O! Maid belov'd, you tell in vain
Thy parents' watchful, stern control;
Of menac'd dangers lurking near—
The hope that may my suit obtain,
Fondly pervades, illumes the soul,
Expansive beams, unquench'd by fear!

Then, Lady, list a lover's lay,
That wakes to win a virgin heart,
Night's vigils keeps its truth to prove—
Still in love's sweetest accents say,
“I would not have thee now depart,
Yet fear thy stay, so much I love!”

I lonely sigh, yet not complain ;
I linger sad, yet pleas'd to stay ;
I woo, yet feel love's thrilling pain ;
I ceaseless wake the tender strain ;
I mourn when here, yet grieve away—
Joyless, and cheerless, life sustain.

Yet 'tis relief near thee to be,
Unconscious then the hours retire,
Unmark'd the waning moon's decline ;
And still a lay awakes to thee,
Of youthful, ardent love—desire,
And ev'ry pulse of life is thine !

Maid, whose wild and jetty glances,
Coyness and fears, would fain subdue :
And eloquent thy tender sighs !
Converse soft, 'tis night enhances—

Her crescent shines for lovers true,
Who on the sacred rays rely.

Lady, not zephyr's wanton gale
That gently wafts perfume of heav'n,
The od'rous breath of orange grove,
To me so sweet, as whisper'd tale,
The plighted vow, the promise giv'n,
Though jealous bars forbid to rove.

But warning light in Eastern skies,
Ascends in spiral, paly flame ;
Heav'n's silver verge the planets kiss—
Love wafts to thee his latest sighs,
In orisons repeats a name,
He, fervid, ever blends with bliss !

'Tis morn! and wide diffus'd, celestial light
Unveils the distant landscape to the sight—
With Eastern pomp, magnificent array,
Superb ascends the splendid orb of day!
No murky clouds, nor vapors intervene,
In glory rises, stainless, pure, serene—
His ray askancé the mountain's summit fires,
Careering swift, t' attain the skies, aspires!
Where trees of lime and orange lift their heads,
The *Hesperus* grove a golden radiance sheds—
Od'rous the air! so thickly strewn around
Are thyme and myrtle, o'er the craggy ground;
Arabia's perfume is the scented air,
And aromatic sweets the zephyrs bear;
The tinkling bell of muleteer is heard,
From dusky coverts flies the roving bird;

Where winter torrents rocky heights divide,
Ascending slowly by the mountain's side ;
To sunny vines, the sturdy peasants go,
The branches prune, and culture's cares bestow ;
Their woolly flocks, the careful shepherds lead
O'er heaths of thyme, and flow'ry meads to feed ;
The pasture varied,—hence *Merino's* breed,
Thy silky fleece, all others far exceed.
—The Spanish girls with braided length of hair,
Boddice antique, the market stores prepare—
Herbs, fruits fresh cull'd, and nicely pack'd are
found,
The produce various of the garden ground ;
Gallinas, olives, eggs, incongruous seen,
Jars full with milk, and honey, plac'd between ;
The sluggish, harness'd mule with panniers load,
Then mounted high proceed along the road ;

Dark sun-burnt youths, attendant on the throng,
Goad on the beast, and chant the rustic song.
Wild, shrill, and plaintive, is the legend verse,
The lays alternate love and war rehearse,
And many a jest and merry tale are told,
Enchantment's wiles, and knighthood's feats of
old ;

Matchless Cervantes ! of thy moon-spell knight,
The wine-press battle deem'd a giant fight !
Simple the village groupe,—light-hearted, gay,
Who sportive, fond, beguile the length of way !

What is it thus does pow'rfully engage
Youth's ardent prime, and childhood's tender
age ;
When all is new and pleasing to the sight,
And sympathy the sexes close unite ;

When thrill the nerves, and vivid glances tell,
That which not language can express so well ;
An impulse secret, fervid of the soul,
Which fond directs, impels without control !

PART II.

Subject.

Affection has redeemed from the obloquy that belongs to crimes, the page of history.—Apostrophized.—Induced to the commission of crime.—Violence not congenial with its spirit.—Dwells retired with peace and happiness.—Turf, or the couch, alike indifferent to Affection.—A guest of the palace—but oftener seen in the cottage.—Roves a Savoy minstrel.—Song.—Picture of Swisserland,—its archives illustrate Affection.—Invasion.—Bravery of the females and children.—William Tell.—Affection of the Swiss for their legends—mountains—native land.—“Rantz de Vaches,” the Swiss song, imitated.—*Reminiscences*.—Tomb of Gessner.—Klopstock.—Portrait of Madame De Staël.—The analogy of the human frame and mind with climate and country.—England.—Illustrates eminently the domestic and social virtues.—Patriotism and *Affection*.—Celebrated characters—Howard, Wilberforce, Fox, Pitt,—Algernon Sydney, Hampden, Wolfe, Abercrombie, Nelson, &c.—Affection manifested

in the battle of Waterloo.—By Wellington, &c.—By women.—Story of Lady Harriet Acland,—Lady Russel.—Rural scenes of England.—Lamented death of the Princess Charlotte.—National sorrow.—Conjugal affection.—Induces reflections on humanity.—Affection illustrated in a picture of life from infancy to old age.

SECOND PART.

CREATION's links that bind in genial tie
Man to his fate, pervade humanity ;
In distant times, in ages dark, remote,
When the fierce spoiler's sword vindictive smote,
And anarchy and rapine, lawless sway'd,
When tributary nations might obey'd ;
Disjointed, broken was the mystic chain,
The ties that love and nature blest, sustain :
Yet then, 'midst crimes and wars, *Affection* beam'd,
The page of life from obloquy redeem'd ;

Though feebly gleams th' ethereal ray serene,
That lights with joy and love life's social scene,
In savage nations o'er th' Atlantic far,
Where plummy chieftains, fiercely rush to war—
Yet not extinguish'd are Love's golden rays,
Affection still in night her light displays.

Light of the soul! thy vivid beam is seen,
In woodlands dusky and the smiling green,
In polish'd social life, supremely blest,
Domestic joys thy influence attest;
Smooth'd is by thee, the pillow of repose,
And to soft slumbers gentle eye-lids close:
When sickness fades the cheek, and damps the brow,
Assiduous to aid, an angel thou!
Thy presence cheers the peasant's humble fare,
In smiles of welcome, lessens ev'ry care;

Illum'd by thee, life's rugged path is trod
Meekly with peace, and confidence in God :
Thy ardent beam excites to honor's deeds ;
Inspir'd by thee, the patriot dares, and bleeds !
Impell'd by thee, the sainted Maid of France
The banner rais'd, and steady pois'd the lance :
The dagger reach'd by thee the tyrant's side,
When *Cordey* * struck, and coward *Marat* died.

But to thy spirit not congenial this—
Affection dwells with peace, and social bliss.
Retir'd, secluded, far from noise and strife,
Her's is with acts of love—a tranquil life.
The flow'ry turf, or couch, alike is prest,
Virtue and peace, the inmates of the breast !
The palace guest, but oft'ner seen to share
With Liberty, the peasant's humble fare ;

In manners simple, plain the dress—sincere ;
The mountains, rocks, her native scenes most dear.

A Savoy minstrel roves the flow'ry plain,
And thus in artless lays awakes the strain:—

When morning beams with golden ray,
And jocund pipe the shepherd swains
The *canzonet*, the simple lay—
Dear are to me the native strains !
The flow'ry plain, the rocky glen,
The rill that murmurs in the vale,
The Alpine cliffs in distance seen,
The simple joys that never fail
The merry, merry Savoyard !

With snow-shoes shod, and iron pole,
The *Chamois*' bounding steps to trace,

Keen the fix'd eye, and firm the soul—

Dear is to me the native chace!

And, when the joyous sport is past,

As sounds the triumph in the vale,

The welcome home, the gay repast—

The simple joys that never fail

The merry, merry Savoyard!

When labour rests at evening's close,

The village dance beneath the tree,

For the lov'd maid to wreath the rose—

Dear is the rural dance to me!

The converse sweet in myrtle grove,

As silv'ry gleams the dusky vale,

The fond delights of mutual love—

The simple joys that never fail

The merry, merry Savoyard!

Where craggy frontlets, cloud-capt, pierce the
sky,

Mountains stupendous, snow-crown'd, tow'ring high;
From cavern sluices, rushing down amain,
Impetuous torrents hurry to the plain—
From the long lake, irriguous on proceed,
Then gently flowing lave the verdant mead.
Land of the brave! where valor's dauntless eye,
Peers above storms thy spirit—Liberty!
Helvetia! freedom's clime, thy archives well,
Acts of bold emprise, and *Affection* tell!

When *Jura's*^b rocks, responsive to the sound;
Echo'd the war-cry to the vales around;
Sublime on hills, in scatter'd masses driv'n,
The bale-fire smoke incessant rose to heav'n—
Then like the *avalanche*, destructive, wide,
The cavern rocks and heights a host supplied

To crush proud usurpation, and to free—
Their native land from *Gallic* perfidy.
Maidens and children—matrons ! all appear'd,
Where Liberty her standard boldly rear'd ;
No craven fears subdued, supreme imprest,
The patriot virtues dwelt in ev'ry breast ;
Affection ardent—love of country reign'd,
Nerv'd the weak arm, the timid heart sustain'd.
—Her garments deftly on, for speed array'd,
The youthful virgin gave the timely aid ;
Her lover wounded, prov'd *Affection*, truth,
Reviv'd by tepid draught the fainting youth ;
Kneeling, supported, check'd life's ebbing tide,
And while she aided, by the death-shot died !
E'en children shar'd the perils of the fray,
The bloody honors of the glorious day ;
Amid the ranks, by mothers, sisters sent,
With viands tott'ring, cheerful, fearless went ;

And ere return'd, c stroll'd heedless where around
The cannon's bullet struck the battle ground;
When spent its force, the heavy trophy seiz'd,
And carried to the hamlet, breathless, pleas'd.
Conspicuous o'er the scene with gestures proud,
Matrons on hills beheld the fighting crowd—
Wav'd to and fro their kercheifs in the air,
As fortune favor'd breath'd the fervid pray'r—
With animating cries, and clam'rous joy,
Husbands and sons, excited to destroy;
But when retir'd the foe, *Helvetia* free,
Low murmur'd sighs, and tears of ecstasy,
In woman, plaintive, eloquent, exprest,
Affection still, was inmate of the breast!

Land of the giant mountain, lowly glen,
Terrific storm, and nurse of armed men;

The mind on eagle pinions soars to trace
From thy bleak summits, amplitude of space ;
Delighted roves thy verdant rocks among,
By freedom sacred, and the classic song ;
In *Uri* views the lengthen'd, shadowy vale,
And lists to hear the legendary tale.
Still does the peasant shew with patriot joy,
Where stood the father and the gallant boy,
When power vindictive, stern, the parent led,
To shoot the apple on his darling's head ;
With triumph speaks the dextrous archer's aim,
How true to strike the whizzing arrow came.
Affection's triumph, when the father found,
Escap'd from death—the child was free from
wound !

The tyrant's wrath—when fallen on the green,
Of *William Tell*, another shaft was seen !

The tumult-shouts of approbation wide,
 When said 'twas meant to pierce his (*Gresler's*)
 side—
 Freedom! thy triumph when the tyrant died!

Dear are his native legends,^d various—strange,
 O'er years remote and glory's acts they range;
 Pictur'd by rocks familiar to his sight,
 In youth and manhood seen with fond delight.
 On the bold ledge sublime, where scarce the eye
 Can trace the site, as pendant in the sky—
 Dear is his simple, lowly cabin—there,
 Vig'rous by toil, he breathes the mountain air;
 Remote from noise, except when thunders loud
 Percussive roll—and flames the battle cloud;
 Sublime he sees the vivid, glancing ray,
 Around—beneath—th' arrowy lightnings play;

Dear is his native land! *Affection* true—
 Clime, distance, absence, never can subdue;
 In other lands he wakes the sylvan strains,
 And thus in simple melody complains:—

THE SWISS SONG, RANTZ DES VACHES,^c

IMITATED.

O! when shall I see, now distant from me,
 The sweet blooming bow'rs
 Of infancy's hours;
 The scenes of my youth—*Affection* and truth;
 Our snow-piled mountains,
 The crystalline fountains,
 Our valleys of freedom, the pride of the earth!
 O! when shall I be, Helvetia with thee,
 The clime of my sires! the land of my birth!

Dear objects of love, wherever I rove,

My father, my mother—

My sister, my brother—

And her lov'd so well, the young Isabelle!

Memory's fond treasures,

Of infantile pleasures

In valleys of freedom, the pride of the earth!

O! when shall I be, Helvetia with thee,

The clime of my sires! the land of my birth!

If the pure spirits of the blest descry

Where their pale relics lone secluded lie;

Unseen re-trace the pleasing haunts of youth,

Hallow'd by vows of love—*Affection*—truth;

Then thy pure spirit, *Gessner*, oft may rove

Recesses silent of the lime-tree grove;

Here,^f where the branches rear a pensive shade,

The sylvan poet's modest tablet's laid.

Memorial fleeting of the honor'd dead—
Inscription fragile of a mind that's fled ;
Mocks with a name, what intellectual light
Fondly combines with sportive *Fauns*—*Delight* !
In past'ral scenes that peace and love attest—
Primeval scenes, where only love was blest ;
Affection's scenes, when innocence and love,
And virtue—joy innocuous, rang'd the grove ;
Spirit of bliss ! while genius has the pow'r
To charm, improve the solitary hour—
Thy *Golden Age* of innocence will live,
Thy virtues, fame, to distant ages give !

Klopstock, congenial spirit, blameless, bright ;
Historian, poet, fond in thee unite :
Sublime thy epic hallow'd lays, impart
Whate'er can charm the fancy—mend the heart ;

Precepts divine, with purest ethics fraught,
Ethics of love the blest *Messiah* taught !
Approximate if not thy earthly doom
With virtuous *Gessner* in the silent tomb,
Yet thy blest spirits blend in joys above,
Immortal scenes, ineffable of love !

In suff'rings active, strenuous to prove
The latest efforts of a daughter's love ;
Far from her country, doom'd in life to roam,
Far from Helvetia's scenes, her much lov'd
home—

Is one, whose vivid energy of thought,
Prolific teeming, ardent, useful wrought ;
All that can charm—taste, genius, learning lie—
Expecting life in immortality !

Her sex, and Europe's glory, exil'd—free,
While France enslav'd—inspiring liberty!
Admir'd, distinguish'd, persecuted—fate
Misfortunes mingled with an honor'd state.
Enthusiast fond! the light of genius came,
And freedom kindled at a father's name;
That honor'd name a sacred halo spread
Resplendent, wide around the daughter's head—
This was *De Staël*! whose latest hours attest
Affection—love immortal! filial—blest!

Helvetia's spirit! on yon craggy height,
Enrob'd by clouds, impervious to the sight—
Pinnac'd high, where glaciers' glitt'ring ray
Dazzling reflect the splendid orb of day—
Sublime it dwells—the peasant's pendant seat,
In war—invasion! Freedom's bold retreat.

Accordant Nature! on the verdant plain,
Where shepherds listless pipe the Doric strain,
And gentle zephyrs balmy airs dispense,
The climate-scenes induce to indolence—
The mind as Nature, level, gay, serene,
Partakes the softness of the sylvan scene;
In Alpine solitudes compos'd, sedate,
Resolv'd and firm it meets the storms of fate:
Terrific, wild, magnificent arise
Rocks above rocks ascending to the skies;
The craggy peak's accumulated snow—
The cat'ract foaming in the vale below—
The fire-wing'd tempest vivid—glancing round,
From echoing hills the crashing thunders sound.
These, Nature's works and pow'rs, enlarge the soul,
That active, bold, admits of no control—
Incorp'rate with the clime—the passions, mind,
Appear for strife and perils—war design'd.

England! my native land, to thee I flee:
O! who would choose to linger long from thee,
A stranger lone, in foreign climes to roam,
Far from the blessings of thy social home,
His theme thy patriot virtues, which display
Preeminent—*Affection's* pow'rful ray.
Shades of the mighty dead in mental light,
Successive—vivid rise before the sight—
Chiefs, heroes, kings, who nobly ills defied,
O'er suff'rings triumph'd, and with glory died!

Affection—love! the soften'd tender heart,
Which gen'rous, noble, would wide good impart;—
Be still my theme,—a love that angels claim,
Ethereal, pure—in heav'n and earth the same.
This *Howard* ^ε knew on Dnieper's marshy shore,
Where the loud Euxine chafes with sullen roar;

And *Pestilence*, from Egypt's arid strand,
Dæmon of *ire*! with death deforms the land ;
He saw the mother pale by anguish—dread,
Her lisping babe abandon with the dead ;
Contagion livid in the gen'ral doom,
Parent and child consign to fill one tomb ;
Perceiv'd, and felt for suff'ring human kind—
The sick to tend—himself the task assign'd ;
Medicinal, the healing aid prepar'd—
Distemper! all thy horrors willing shar'd ;
Heard, bending o'er the bed, the mutter'd
 pray'r—
Contagion! breath'd in wards thy deadliest air !
Like Him, whose life the purest ethics taught,
A gentle nature, and with pity fraught ;
A soften'd heart that teem'd with love divine—
He fell a victim at *Affection's* shrine.

And *Wilberforce*, 'tis thine, a feeling breast,
With moral love and sacred truths imprest ;
A living record !—Afric's injur'd son,
In Plantain shades repeats what thou hast done—
Beneath Bananas' wavy branches roves,
Contented woos in peace his dusky loves ;
Joyous, he tells at feasts the white-man's name,
And wide, to distant tribes, extends thy fame :
Free as the wild-bird, as he journeys, sings,
Feels all the bliss that native freedom brings—
Health, vigor, joy, the active, ardent soul,
That strong impels—impatient of control ;
Fearless in fight, with sinews firm to trace
For days in war, a rapid mountain chase ;
Roving at will—with song and dance beguil'd
The tedious hour—*Simplicity!* thy child !
Yet is he oft, though not from Britain's land,
Captive and victim of a brutal band :

Still there exists the traffic of a slave,
A wand'rer sickly o'er the Western wave;
But more secure, since eloquence display'd
The suff'rings, horrors, of that dæmon trade.

Dear to his country, and the social hearth,
How may the feeble verse relate his worth,
The sacred influence of whose ardent mind
Exerted ever was for human kind?
Fox! at thy name an awful pause succeeds—
The heart lamenting, mute, afflicted bleeds;
Blest with a genius powerful, divine,
His Country's champion, Liberty! and thine.
Who can forget when leagur'd despots wag'd
'Gainst freedom war—when hydra faction rag'd—
Ardent and bold, e'en hostile men confest
The gen'rous purpose of his manly breast;

Illum'd by genius, and the patriot's flame,
 Of eloquence a flow impetuous came—
Affection's triumph! for conspicuous teem'd
 His soul with love, and wide resplendant beam'd.

And he, the senate's chief in boyhood's years,
 Whose lofty shrine approximate appears;
 Rival in fame, and emulous to gain
 Th' eternal wreath that patriots' acts obtain:
 In Nature's saddest hour, his spirit riven,
 The latest pray'r was, "*Save my country, Heav'n!*"

Yet a long roll of chiefs appear, who claim
 The proud memorial of a well-earn'd fame:
Algernon Sydney, Hampden, others still,
 Britain! thy records vivid—ample fill—
Wolfe, Abercrombie, Nelson! stand confest,
 With love of country ardent, strong impress;

Sublime in chivalry and death—display
For England's weal, *Affection's* pow'rful ray.

This was conspicuous on that fatal plain,
By blood deep drench'd, and laden with the slain;
When brave battalions charging' hosts oppos'd,
Though lessen'd, resolute, still calmly clos'd.
In *Wellington*—in *chiefs* to honor true;
Thy gallant victors, glorious Waterloo!

But not alone with glory, light divine,
Warriors, and patriots, wide resplendent shine.
The child of Nature! he whose ardent mind
Excursive ranges vivid, unconfin'd—
Beholds creation with a lover's eye—
Whose kindred spirit lives beyond the sky!
Bright as the galaxy of heav'nly fires,
The poet's hallow'd lay sublime aspires!

All, who irradiate by heav'nly flame
Live in the records of their country's fame ;
Woman ador'd ! beneficently giv'n
Supreme for joy—the prototype of heav'n !
Thy mild *Affections* beam celestial light,
Like heav'n's meek eve, tranquillity—delight!
Virtue's effulgence in a soften'd ray,
That warm impels—excites *Affection's* lay.

Where Western billows lave th' Atlantic shore,
On the bleak coast of gloomy *Labrador* ;
Where rob'd in storms, stern Winter rules the year—
In suff'rings, horrors of a clime severe ;
In war's alarms, in danger's trying hour—
Affection conjugal, was seen thy power !

The Savage yell when springing for the fray,
With high uplifted tomahawk to slay—

The hurrying tumult, din of conflict near—
The cannon's thunder bursting on the ear—
The death-shot rushing as a dæmon by—
The war-drum mingling with the woundeds' cry—
Nought could appal that constancy of mind,
Patient in suff'rings, and to ills resign'd ;
That gen'rous noble spirit, fervid, free,
Acland !^h in perils, strife, evinc'd by thee !

Her husband wounded, pris'ner, cheerless—lone,
Affection heard the absent suff'rer's groan ;
Though the wan frame, pale cheek, and languid
eye,
Fatigue denoted—mental misery—
A boat undeck'd convey'd by lab'ring oar
Th' undaunted female to the hostile shore ;
Expos'd to perils on the surging wave,
All ills she brav'd a consort's life to save ;

Fond cherish'd hopes, her fervid breast possess,
Soon in a husband's—lover's arms, to rest :
Denied that bliss—at least his lot to share,
His couch to watch with duteous, tender care ;
To read the feeble sparkle of the eye—
That which the tongue might speak—his wants
supply !

But O! what pow'r of language can impart
The pain, the anguish of a wounded heart,
When the stern sentinel forbade to land—
May she dispute, resist the rude command ?
In vain were urg'd the hour, an angry sky,
The black'ning scud that spake the tempest nigh ;
In vain intreaty and the proffer'd gold—
In vain *Affection* of a husband told :
With menac'd arm that threaten'd instant fire,
Inflexible the mandate bade—retire !

—Then was deep felt pale disappointment's sway,
As sorrowing meek she linger'd for the day ;
Chill, comfortless, were heard the breakers' roar—
The surge wild bounding strike the rocky shore—
The dark waves' course she saw as hurrying by,
With clenched hands and looks of agony !
Sublime 'mid fleeting rack the moon slow wane—
She felt the night wind cold the stormy rain—
Thought of one absent, what his fate assign'd—
Submissive, mild, to heav'n herself resign'd !

O'er the pale corse of virtuous *Russel*,ⁱ see
A widow bend in hopeless agony ;
With beauty, youth, in vain to save her lord
She kneeling, eloquent for grace implor'd :
No tears a heartless king—*buffoon* ! could move,
Nor pleadings tender of connubial love.

Too independent, honest, bold, to give
Submission base to tyrant pow'r—and *live* ;
T' assert his country's liberties and laws,
The patriot bled—a victim in the cause !
His spirit noble still exists !—There are
Who now for England's weal would greatly dare,
Should she of charter'd rights be e'er bereft,
Th' inviolate—sacred Ark, by freemen left.

England, O ! not alone supreme imprest,
Affection—truth—thy patriots well attest ;
The milder virtues ever fond to bless,
Connubial faith, and social happiness.
In unsuspecting, pleas'd, ingenuous youth,
The vernal rays of pure *Affection*—truth ;
These in thy matchless Isle conspicuous seen,
With Nature's varied beauties grace the scene.

The lowly vales where pettish waters glide
In sinuous course, a rippling, struggling tide ;
The wood-bine, straw-thatch'd cottage, rural, clean,
On the steep rock, and pendant trees between—
Where infant happiness beneath the tree
Light-hearted sports in joyous revelry ;
The busy house-wife, and the grandam grey,
Plac'd at the door to catch the sunny ray—
The humble scenes of calm domestic life,
Far from ambition's wiles and noise and strife ;
Scenes that to *read* in boyhood, much I lov'd,
And since to see, in manhood oft have rov'd—
Affection's scenes of unsuspecting truth,
“ With hoary age, and pleas'd ingenuous youth.”

Hark ! on the startled ear the death-bell slow,
Swinging a heavy sound, announces—wo !

Congregated wide, a wild and fix'd amaze,
Assembled peasant groupes in horror gaze :
A hoary sire in falt'ring accent speaks,
While mild *Affection's* tear bedews his cheeks ;
With eyes uprais'd, and looks sublim'd by grief,
From heav'n, by pray'r, he seems to seek relief ;
Tidings of tragic sorrow, wo, relates,
And each in turn around, the tale debates.
Eternal God ! thy dispensation wise,
Wisdom and human foresight mocks—defies :
England ! thy hope is gone !—the awful doom
Mother and *babe*—ordains to fill one tomb !

The beam of heav'n that strikes the earth,
The laughing buds which press to birth,
Youth, beauty—fame !

The same

View'd with delight,
Charm!—disappear—delusive to the sight!

Life's early joys that rapid fly,
Are transient as an April's sky!

A while
A smile!
As soon,

Young beauteous bride, was pass'd thy golden noon!

A mourner drooping, lonely, wan, forlorn,
In youth—of happiness and pleasures shorn—
Scath'd in the heart, grief-stricken—wretched laid,
The Consort wild invokes an angel's shade!
Convulsive sobs of agony declare
The stifled suff'ring of a fix'd despair
That shakes almost to dissolution—prest,
Scarcely the struggling sigh can leave the breast.—

But see! a fleeting, playful, tender smile
Lights the pale cheek, in sorrow gleams awhile;
Fitful—is gone! No: yet again appears,
Love's thrilling voice again the mourner hears:
The name's invoc'd!—He lists to catch the sound—
Confus'd, amaz'd, wild gazes pleas'd around.
Was it that voice, which oft in happier hour,
In ardent youth and hope—in beauty's bow'r,
He heard in sweetest accents fond attest
A gratitude to heav'n—that she was blest!
Of England's welfare zealous—fervid speak,
While warm *Affection's* tints suffus'd the cheek?
No!—fancy's fev'rish dream, the mind subdu'd,
The spectre-workings of a sickly mood.
—But feeble is description to portray
Near *Esher's* groves *Affection's* powerful ray;
There is it seen alone?—Supreme does grief,
At *Claremont* only—seek in tears relief?

A Father mourns—the pride of promise dead,
Ambition's splendid visions—hopes are fled :
A Mother sorrows—Exile !—absent grieves—
The doom of Heav'n—love's only tie bereaves !
—But parents' grief is sacred, and the strain
Elegiac thrilling—ceases to complain.

Life is by ills so much encompass'd round,
Whate'er on earth the state—afflictions wound :
The child of circumstance as passion leads,
In error darkling, blindly man proceeds :
Selfish and base, and ever prone to sin,
The sacred light of truth to quench within ;
Yet, when misfortune unforeseen assails,
With tears and vain regrets, he weak bewails :
Fragile and beautiful, the vernal flow'r
That blooms and dies—displays his transient hour ;

Transient his joys—the meteor of the night
Is not more swift—they fade before his sight!
Man! conscious of his weakness, seeks above,
Immortal aid in plenitude of love!
But should he wilful err, in sinful pride
Neglect that Pow'r from whence all good's sup-
plied—

In human frailty, weakness, foolish trust,
Forgetting he is impotence and dust—
Th' Almighty pities!—still does love divine,
Ethereal—blest, around resplendent shine:
Transmit that light, whose cheering ray, serene
As orient beams, illumines life's dusky scene;
Solace of life!—'tis blest *Affection* smiles,
With peace and love the path of life beguiles.
Not doom'd to misery—in vernal years
Ardent, in health and hope the boy appears—

Bold active joyous, carols as he goes,
And all the bliss of action early knows ;
The spring of blood, the spirits fervid—free,
Bounding in sports of simple revelry :
Peaceful his slumbers, pure, exempt from cares,
Sleep's genial pow'r a lessen'd strength repairs ;
Guiltless he rises, renovated, strong,
To pleasures—which to *Innocence* belong !
O ! happy age, ere passion's tyrant sway,
From virtue peace and home excites to stray ;
Dear is that home, whatever be his lot,
Lov'd scenes of youth they never are forgot !
The mem'ry cherish'd as a dream to bless,
Still lights to hours of peace and happiness ;
Nor yet is felt the restless, active flame,
That thrills the nerves, and fierce pervades the
frame,

When callow-down the stripling's cheeks o'erspread,
Deeper the voice, and manlier the tread ;
Season of *love, delight* and youthful *joy*,
When pleasures varying ev'ry hour employ :
Age of aspiring youth ! and transient, soon
Speed the young years, and life arrives at noon :
Meridian splendors of *Affection's* ray,
Warm the fond heart, and gild life's vernal day,
Beam in the eyes, that eloquent attest
Th' impassion'd feelings of the throbbing breast—
'Tis love and boundless transport, ev'ry sense
Ardent, complete in Nature's eloquence,
Asserts its claim to bliss without control,
And tells the native passion of the soul :
Acknowledg'd, fervid felt, yet undefin'd,
The *ideal beauty* of the restless mind,
Perpetual, constant charms the listless mood,
And ev'ry hope of life is promis'd good !

Delusive, fleeting, as the glories fade
Of Summer skies in splendid tints array'd—
When murky clouds the Sun's bright orb o'er-
cast,
And the black tempest's borne upon the blast—
Gradual youth's vivid golden hopes decline—
Obscur'd by sorrows, cares, more mildly shine :
Yet though the splendor of noon's ardent ray,
Temp'rate and lessen'd, shines in manhood's day ;
Love's pow'rful flame less fiercely charms the soul,
Virtue and reason, passion's force control—
Affection's sacred cheering beams are giv'n,
The suff'ring heart to bless with light of heav'n,
In woman's smiles ! Her gentle cares attest
Love's pleasing sway, and soothe the anxious breast :
Domestic peace and love—the genial pow'r
That virtuous charms the solitary hour
He knows—exulting feels the hallow'd flame,
And conscious, happy, boasts a *husband's* name !

And if with this, so pure, without alloy,
When some fond months are gone of fleeting joy,
Affection's hymeneal pledge there be,
O! what can tell the bosom's ecstasy!
'Tis tenderness and joy, the raptur'd throe
Of feelings chaste, which only parents know;
Awaken'd hope of future good appears,
With love to bless in life's declining years,
Cheer with its converse, aid, support—defend,
Of age at once to be the guide and friend;
In life's last scene to watch the bed of death,
With fond embrace receive the parting breath.

The pleasing task of nurture now beguiles
The mother's hours—repaid by infants' smiles!
Sooth'd on the breast, a pillow of repose,
In slumbers gentle eyelids placid close—

Wreath'd in the mother's hair the fingers stray,
While angel smiles in dimples sweetly play ;
Mother and child he views with fix'd delight,
Till tenderness and joy o'ermast'ring quite,
The tear of pleasure bathes the manly cheek,
And eloquent—expressive feelings speak !

But not alone these scenes of love beguile
Endearment's hours with blest *Affection's* smile ;
Soon young perception charms the infant sense,
Conscious and pleas'd in blissful innocence,
The babe inquiring views, and springs to meet
The fond embraces that its chirrups greet ;
And when in lisp'ing utt'rance to the ear,
Mama ! Papa ! accented, parents hear—
Surprise and joy the tide of transport swell,
And glances speak what language cannot tell !

—As a fair flow'ret of the gay parterre,
Peculiar object of the florist's care,
Matures its charms, and breathes its fragrance
 round,
Supreme in beauty decks the garden-ground—
By culture's toil the infant mind appears,
Expanding, blooming with successive years :
Youth in life's morn, its vernal charms displays,
And grateful love *Affection's* care repays.

Should nuptial happiness around it see,
Progressive rise, a num'rous progeny ;
In his fair girls, in loveliness attir'd,
The father views the face in youth admir'd :
The mother in her boys, bold active strong,
With spirits that to youth and health belong ;
The form of love, the animated grace
Which ardent beam'd in youthful beauty's face—

Which won the eye, and eloquent imprest,
With love's rich transports thrill'd the virgin's breast.

'Tis life's meridian, and *Affection* thine,
Cherish'd and dear the ties of love entwine;
Hallow'd and pure the love that parents know,
As angels feel for erring man below :
Honor'd—belov'd—they view with tranquil mind
Life and its joys—by gratitude resign'd ;
In orisons to heav'n, with fervid praise,
Devotion's sacred supplication raise ;
Kneeling, implore youth's tender age to guide
That Love from whence in life all good's supplied ;
That far remov'd they be from paths of vice,
Where guilty joys to sin the soul entice ;
That virtuous, happy, by its goodness blest,
With moral love and sacred truths imprest,

They still in life, whate'er the lot, may know
"Virtue alone can happiness bestow!"

Gay ardent joyous, with increasing years,
Youth speeds to noon—in beauty's bloom ap-
pears!

Then if to bless another race they see!
Supreme with love to crown felicity!—
With peace, contentment, happy to the close,
In honor'd age they cheerful fond repose.

Ah! if life's devious, erring, tangled way,
Constant were cheer'd by mild *Affection's* ray—
Love ever bland! a frolic-laughing mien
Radiant in joy!—illum'd this dusky scene;
If vernal youth, by moral truths imprest,
Were ever active, ardent, joyous, blest!

And manhood vig'rous—age from care were
free,

Gaining with honor'd years felicity—

There would be then again the world to bless,
A *golden age* of love and happiness !

But shadowy, changing is this mortal scene—

With pleasures fleeting, sorrows intervene ;

A mingled lot of hope and fear below,

Of joy and grief and happiness and wo :

Obscur'd by ills, life's early morn appears,

And sorrows darken with successive years.

Then since is seen by care perplex'd this state,

Suff'rings if varied, still the doom of fate,

Does it not prove—since feeble from his birth,

Man was not meant for perfect joy on earth ?

Nor is it here the meed of Virtue's giv'n,

That blest award awaits the good in heav'n,—

How gain'd? By reason's mast'ry o'er the will—
Passions, desires, that prompt the soul to ill.
Yet were from sorrows—cares—life's transit free,
Affections—pleasures—love! would cease to be:
Hope is extinct—when satisfied, possesst,
No future good excites the tranquil breast:
Desire is dead—when all acquir'd, to gain,
The craving wish, if possible—how vain!
And *love!* exempt from hope and fear, desire—
Extinguish'd in the breast the sacred fire!

Where then is that which perfect none obtain,
Yet from the cradle eager strive to gain;
A restless feeling of imagin'd good,
In distance seen, and seldom understood—
If nought of hope desire and love to bless,
Affections—joys!—ah! where is happiness?

Can it exist when feeling is subdued,
The mind preserving an unaltered mood;
Inactive, torpid, dead to pleasures, joys—
Life's golden hope that ardent youth employs?
No: this imperfect state for man is best,
And good and ill perform a wise behest.

NOTES ON PART I.



(Note * p. 14.)

*Not to the living :—War delights alone
The Savage, from his youth to evil prone.*

“ Besides the usual motives which urge them (Savages) to hostility against troublesome neighbours who give them just subject of complaint, war is also indispensable to them as a fundamental principle in the rules of their association.

“ The petty wars of the natives of America are carried on either by small parties, or made in the name of the whole tribe. In the former case, the parties are not composed of more than seven or eight persons; but the number is frequently augmented by the inhabitants of other villages, or by allies who join them. That the whole tribe may not be involved in hostility which might be productive of trouble-

some events, the warriors direct their route into remote countries or territories. They will sometimes be absent many months, and will travel many hundred leagues to acquire a few prisoners, or to carry home a certain number of scalps. This contemptible mode of warfare can be called by no other appellation than that of *assassination* and *robbery*, as the invaders are known to these remote people only by the injuries and cruelties which they inflict, when they thus unexpectedly fall upon them to destroy or to enslave them.

“Such actions are, however, considered by the Savages as laudable and attended with glory.”

HERIOT'S TRAVELS THROUGH CANADA, p. 422.

“*St. Louis, July 19, 1818.*”

“The Pawnners are at war with the Spaniards of Santé Fé. They lately defeated, and killed seven Spaniards out of a hunting party they met within the limits of the United States. Among the baggage of the Spaniards, they found concealed a boy about ten years of age, whom they intended to sacrifice to the great Star.

“ There are three tribes of the Pawnners, Republican, Loup, and Big-Step, residing a few leagues apart. The Wolf-Pawnners are the only tribe who offer up human sacrifices to the object of their worship. Their priests, amounting to about forty, have unlimited power over the minds of this miserable people: and their temporary chiefs, now in St. Louis, reign with despotic sway.”

FROM A NEW ORLEANS PAPER.

(Note ^b p. 15.)

*The corse, with pious love he tott'ring bears,
In sacred sorrow bathes with nature's tears.*

“ Among the various tokens of regard (of Savages) for their deceased friends, the most remarkable is what they call the *Feast of the Dead*, or the Feast of Souls. The day for this ceremony is appointed in the council of their chiefs, who give orders for every thing which may enable them to celebrate it with pomp and magnificence, and the neighbouring nations are invited to partake of the entertainment. At this time, all who have died since the preceding feast of the kind, are taken out of their graves! Even those

who have been interred at the greatest distance from the villages are sought for, and conducted to this rendezvous of the dead, which exhibits a scene of horror beyond the power of description. When the feast is concluded, the bodies are drest in the finest skins which can be procured, and after being exposed for some time in this pomp, are again committed to the earth with great solemnity, which is succeeded by funeral games.”

ENCY. BRIT. VOL. I. p. 548.

(Note ° p. 17.)

*The fun'ral pyre, the victim cheerful bend,
And kind regards to parents, kindred—send.*

“The doctrine of transmigration is one of the distinguishing tenets of the Gentoos. They imagine six different spheres above this earth; the highest of which, called *Settee*, is the residence of Bhrima and his particular favorites. This sphere is also the habitation of those men who never uttered a falsehood, and of those women who have voluntarily burned themselves with their husbands; the propriety of which

practice is expressly enjoined in the code of the Gentoo laws."

ENCY. BRIT. VOL. VII. p. 632.

(Note ^d p. 20.)

*Love naked, weaponless appear'd,
For then no injuries were fear'd ;
Exempt from plummy wings,—for why
Should he from youth and beauty fly ?*

On the pedestal of a statue of Cupid, which the artist has represented without arrows and wings, at Haerlem, is the following inscription :

“N^o offrant qu' un Cœur à la Beauté,
Nud comme la Vérité,
Sans armes comme l' Innocence,
Sans ailes comme la Constance,
Tel fut l' Amour dans le Siècle d' Or,

On ne le trouve plus, quoi qu' on le cherche encore.”

SIR JOHN CARR'S TRAVELS THROUGH HOLLAND AND
GERMANY, p. 329.

(Note * p. 23.)

*No mercy shewn, but one wide slaughter round,
And heaps of corpses strew th' ensanguin'd ground.*

“ But it is not in those periods of civil discord which have been so frequent in Barbary, that the Arab character completely develops itself. On these occasions they will be seen linked together in small tribes, the firm friends of each other, but the sworn enemies of all the world besides. Their ravages are not confined merely to the Berebber and Buckharie tribes, to whom they are at all times hostile, and whom they take all opportunities of attacking, but every individual is their enemy who is richer than themselves. Whilst these dreadful tempests last, the Arabs carry devastation and destruction wherever they go, sparing neither age nor sex, and even ripping open the bodies of their victims to discover whether they have not swallowed their riches for the purposes of concealment.”

APPENDIX II. p. 219, TO THE NARRATIVE OF ROBERT ADAMS,
A SAILOR, WHO WAS WRECKED ON THE WESTERN COAST OF
AFRICA.

(Note ' p. 23.)

*Curse of the land, of whom th' Almighty saith,
'The arm shall raised be 'gainst him to death.*

“ Bedouins live in tents, called *Khymas*, from the shade they afford their inhabitants, and *Beet el Shaw*, or houses of hair, from the matter they are made of : their houses are secure from the inclemency of the weather by a covering only of hair-cloth.

“ The Bedouins are supposed to be of the race of Jacob, and literally fulfil the prophecy of Jacob, that Ishmael should be a wild man, *his hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him !*”

SHAW'S TRAVELS.

Mr. Gibbon's description is : “ In the dreary waste of Arabia, a boundless level of sand is intersected by sharp and naked mountains, and the face of the Desert without shade or shelter, is scorched by the direct and intense rays of a tropical sun. Instead of refreshing breezes, the winds, particularly the South-West, diffuse a noxious, and even a deadly

vapor; the hillocks of sand which they alternately raise and scatter, are compared to the billows of the ocean, and whole caravans, whole armies have been lost and buried in the whirlwind; the common benefits of water are an object of desire and contest, and such is the scarcity of wood, that some art is requisite to preserve and propagate the element of fire.

“In the portrait of the modern Bedouins, we may trace the portraits of their ancestors, who, in the ages of Moses or Mahomet, dwelt under similar tents, and conducted their horses and camels and sheep to the same springs, and the same pastures. In the studies of nations and men, we may observe the causes that render them hostile or friendly to each other, that tend to narrow or enlarge, to mollify or exasperate the social character. The separation of the Arabs from the rest of mankind, has accustomed them to confound the ideas of stranger and enemy; and the poverty of the land has introduced a maxim of jurisprudence, which they believe and practise to the present hour. They pretend, that in the division of the earth, the rich and fertile climates were assigned to the other branches of the human family;

and that the posterity of the outlaw Ishmael might recover by fraud or force the portion of inheritance of which he had been unjustly deprived. According to the remark of Pliny, the Arabic tribes are equally addicted to theft and merchandise: the caravans that traverse the Desert are ransomed or pillaged; and their neighbours since the remote times of Job and Sesostris, have been the victims of their rapacious spirit. If a Bedouin discovers from afar a solitary traveller, he rides furiously against him, crying with a loud voice, 'Undress thyself, thy aunt (my wife) is without a garment: ' a ready submission entitles him to mercy; resistance will provoke the aggressor, and his own blood must expiate the blood which he presumes to shed in legitimate defence. A simple robber, or a few associates, are branded with the genuine name; but the exploits of a numerous band assume the character of a lawful and honorable war. The temper of a people thus armed against mankind is doubly inflamed by the domestic license of rapine, murder and revenge . . . In private life every man, at least every family, is the avenger of his own cause: the honor of their women and their beards, is most easily wounded; an indecent action, a contemptuous word, can be expiated only by the blood of

the offender; and such is their patient inveteracy, that they expect whole months and years, the opportunity of revenge. The refined malice of the Arabs refuses even the head of the murderer, substitutes an innocent to the guilty person, and transfers the penalty to the best and most considerable of the race by whom they have been injured. If he falls by their hands, they are exposed in their turn to the danger of reprisals, the interest and principal of the bloody debt are accumulated; the individuals of either family lead a life of malice and suspicion, and fifty years may sometimes elapse before the account of vengeance be finally settled."

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

(Note ^s p. 26.)

Aided by it, the fragile boat he steers

In stormy lakes—nor rocks, nor whirlpools fears.

“ A few very thin planks of deal compose their skiffs, so light and so flexible, that notwithstanding they continually strike against the stones with which the rivers are full, borne by the whole violence of the torrent, they bear the shock without injury. It affords a sight terrible for those

unaccustomed to it, and astonishing to all, to behold the frail machine in the midst of a cataract, the noise of which is deafening, carried away by a torrent of waves, froth and stones, sometimes borne up aloft, and at others lost amidst the waves."

M. MAUPERTIUS'S MEMOIR.

" On Thursday the last of July, we left Torro in a little Finland boat, made for the purpose of performing voyages here ; it is about twelve feet long, and three broad. It is impossible to see any thing better or more lightly built than this boat ; two or three men can easily carry it when they are obliged to pass the cataracts of the river, which are so impetuous as to roll down stones of an immense size. We had the pleasure of seeing two little boats descending in the midst of the cataracts. The swiftest and lightest bird could not fly with such impetuosity ; the sight even could not follow the course of these boats, which hide themselves from view, and at one time dive into the waves, when they seem buried, and at another time rise to an astonishing height. During this rapid course, the pilot is standing, and employs all his skill to avoid stones of an extraordinary

size, and to pass through the middle of rocks, in a span no larger than the breadth of the boats, which would be driven into a thousand pieces if they touched them in the slightest degree.”

REGNARD'S JOURNEY TO LAPLAND.

(Note ^h p. 31.)

*Theme of her sex's glory, can the Muse,
Aria! the record of thy fame refuse?*

“The story, as mentioned by several of the ancient historians, is to this purpose: Pætus having joined Scribonianus, who was in arms in Illyria against Claudius, was taken after the death of the latter, and condemned to death. Aria having in vain solicited his life, persuaded him to destroy himself rather than suffer the ignominy of falling by the executioner's hands; and in order to encourage him to an act to which it seems he was not much inclined, she set him the example in the manner Pliny relates.”

“In a pleasure-house belonging to the villa Ludovisa, at Rome, there is a fine statue representing this action. Pætus

is stabbing himself with one hand, and holds up the dying Aria with the other. Her sinking body hangs as loose as if every joint were relaxed."

WRIGHT'S TRAVELS, p. 334.

Martial also has celebrated this heroic action in a famous epigram :

"Casta suo gladium cum tradiret Aria Pæto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis ;
 Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit ;
 Sed hoc tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet."

L. i. p. 14.

PLINY'S LETTERS, TRANSLATED BY MELMOTH.

(Note ' p. 32.)

*Porcia ! sublime thy honor'd name displays
 Virtue and love, exists in deathless lays.*

"Porcia, the daughter of Cato of Utica, inherited the virtues and magnanimity of her father. She strengthened

her mind, and cultivated her understanding, by the study of philosophy. She married Bibulus, and after his death gave her hand to Brutus, of whom she was worthy, and to whom she proved her fidelity and courage. Having observed that her husband appeared to be meditating some important enterprise, she was solicitous to share in his glory or in his cares, and to deserve his confidence, which she resolved not to ask till she had made trial of her own fortitude. With this view she inflicted a deep wound on her thigh, the pain of which, added to the loss of blood, brought on a dangerous malady. She carefully concealed for some time the cause of her illness, till observing her husband overwhelmed with grief and concern on her account, she seized this opportunity of addressing him. As the daughter of Cato, she told him, she had a claim to expect not only the common courtesies or civilities of an ordinary wife or concubine, but to share in the thoughts and counsels, in the good and evil fortune of her husband: and that whatever weakness might be imputed to her sex, her birth, education, and honorable connexions, had strengthened her mind, and formed her to superior qualities. But though the daughter of Cato, and the wife of Brutus, titles in which she gloried, she had not boasted of her for-

titude, but upon trial, that had proved her invincible to pain and inconvenience. Having thus spoken, she discovered to Brutus her wound, and related the cause in which it had originated.

“ Brutus, affected, and struck with tenderness and admiration, raised his hands to heaven, and implored the gods to assist his enterprise, that he might live to prove himself worthy a wife like Porcia. He then imparted to her the project of freeing Rome and restoring the Republic, by the death of Julius Cæsar.

“ The courage which had sustained the daughter of Cato under her own sufferings, deserted her in the danger of her husband. On the day appointed for the assassination of Cæsar, Porcia, previous to its execution, sunk under the agitation of her spirits : she was seized with a succession of fainting fits, when her attendants, believing her dead, abandoned themselves to grief and lamentation. The rumour of her death reached Brutus, who, notwithstanding his grief and concern, shrunk not from the purpose he had undertaken. Cæsar fell, a victim to a virtuous, but mistaken

patriotism : a combination of causes had conspired to the ruin of the Republic, and to the subjugation of the Roman people, which the death of an individual was insufficient to counteract.

“ Brutus, perceiving he had failed in the end, for which means so questionable had been adopted, resolved to leave Italy : passing by land through Lucaria to Elea, by the seaside, he there took leave of his wife, it being judged necessary that she should return to Rome. The daughter of Cato, struggling with her feelings, assumed on this separation an appearance of firmness ; but a picture which hung on the wall, representing the parting of Hector and Andromache, accidentally meeting her eyes, overcame her resolution. Gazing earnestly on the figure of Hector delivering the young Astyanax into the arms of his mother, she melted into tenderness and tears. A friend of Brutus, who was present on this occasion, repeated from Homer the address of the Trojan princess to her husband :

“ Be careful, Hector, for with thee my *all*,

My father, mother, brother, husband, fall.’

“ Brutus replied, smiling, ‘ I must not answer Porcia in the words of Hector to Andromache,

“ ‘ Mind you your wheel, and to your maids give law :’

“ ‘ For, if the weakness of her frame seconds not her mind, in courage, in activity, in concern for the cause of freedom, and for the welfare of her country, she is not inferior to any of us.’

“ When Porcia was informed that her husband had fallen by his own hand, she determined not to survive him. Being watched by her friends, who sought to prevent her fatal purpose, she snatched burning coals from the fire, and held them in her mouth till they produced suffocation.”

HAYES'S FEMALE BIOGRAPHY, VOL. VI. pp. 74, &c.

NOTES ON PART II.

(Note * p. 54.)

*The dagger reach'd by thee the tyrant's side,
When Cordey struck, and coward Marat died.*

“ Of this young heroine of the French Revolution, which called forth and displayed so many virtues and vices, but little is known. She was the daughter of a man, attached by his place to the court. Jacques Adrian de Cordey, her grandfather, married Mary Renée Adelaide de Belleau, lady de la Motte, in the parish of Cortonne, near Orbee, by whom he had four sons and four daughters. James Francis de Cordey, Sieur d'Ermon, the third of these sons, married Mary Carola Gautier des Antiers. Four sons and two daughters, one of whom was the celebrated Charlotte, were the fruit of this union.

“ Charlotte having imbibed, with all their enthusiasm, the republican principles, conceived a just indignation at the character and conduct of Marat, and with a truly Roman spirit, meditated a generous sacrifice for the deliverance of her bleeding country.—Young, rich and beautiful, she quitted the bosom of her family, and the occupations of her sex, and armed with a dagger, came to Paris, alone, unprotected, without confidants or accomplices. Under the pretence of business she procured admission to the apartments of Marat, whom with an unerring arm, and a dauntless spirit, she stabbed to the heart, as reclining on a sofa he perused a paper which she had previously presented to him.

“ She surrendered herself a prisoner with calm intrepidity, and expected without shrinking, the fate which awaited her. She preserved the same presence of mind, and the same tranquillity through the whole of her examination and trial, justifying and triumphing in the deed she had committed. At the place of execution, she appeared with an unchanged and cheerful aspect; her pulse beat with a temperate regularity, nor did the color of her cheeks once vary. She spoke not, but frequently placed her hand on her

heart with an animated gesture, more eloquent than words. In the satisfaction of having delivered the earth from a monster, and the anticipation of future glory, all concerns for the present seemed absorbed and annihilated.

“ A curious anecdote is related in connexion with her death: A young Frenchman, who saw her for the first time as she passed through the streets to the scaffold, struck with her beauty, and the dignity of her aspect, conceived for her a violent and enthusiastic passion: and running wildly through the city, proclaimed with his sentiments and his despair, his determination of sharing the fate of the object of his admiration, and mingling with hers his blood. He was taken at his word by the satellites of the tyrant demagogues, and hurried to the guillotine.—While the behaviour of Charlotte Cordey extorts a tribute of admiration, the principles of assassination must ever be reprobated.”

HAYES'S FEMALE BIOGRAPHY, VOL. III. p. 432.

(Note ^b p. 57.)

*When Jura's rocks, responsive to the sound,
Echo'd the war-cry to the vales around ;*

*Sublime on hills, in scatter'd masses driv'n,
 The bale-fire smoke incessant rose to heav'n—
 Then like the avalanche, destructive, wide,
 The cavern rocks and heights a host supplied
 To crush proud usurpation, and to free—
 Their native land, from Gallic perfidy.*

“ But these hostile measures, these menaces and imperious declarations, did not humble the spirits of the mountaineers ; on the contrary, they inspired them with new energy, by inflaming their rage and pride. Habituated for ages past to be treated by the European powers upon the footing of a free and independent people, how strange must appear to them the denominations of rebels and fanatics; which the French agents lavished upon them without reason. France, which, following the example of the Swiss Republics, had proclaimed in the face of the world liberty and equality of rights, suddenly advanced to violate the country of William Tell, and spread through it the ravages of war, because it would not receive law from a stranger. France, which preached ‘ War to thrones and peace to cottages,’ now caused its armies to march against the wretched cabins of

those herdsmen whose felicity had been so long an object of envy. It deceived them with the greater facility, as the inhabitants of the small Cantons trusted to the promises they had received, not through their opinion of the morality of the rulers of France, but because they gave them credit for greatness of soul enough to disdain having recourse to treachery, while the superiority of their strength offered them sufficient and less guilty means.

“ The circular letter of the Canton of Uri electrified all the parts of Switzerland to which it was addressed. Every where were seen not only men in the vigor of life, but old men, children and even women, without regard to either weakness of sex or age, who prepared to offer their arms for the service of their country.

“ All the frontiers of the ancient Canton of Schwitz, except a part covered by the Mattathal, were now exposed ; and it was necessary with fewer than four thousand men to line an extent of near twenty-five leagues, and to make head against much superior French forces, which advanced from all quarters. The last ray of hope of saving the country

vanished at this aspect of affairs. ‘What remains for us now (said the soldiers) but to die the glorious death of our ancestors?’

“The effect of so many misfortunes, however, was to augment the general enthusiasm, and to carry it to the highest pitch. The old men and children desired to share the glory of falling for their country. Women and girls employed themselves in dragging the cannon taken at Lucerne from Brennen, and they conveyed them over rocks by frightful roads, as far as Rothenthurm. They were almost all armed, and chiefly with clubs. Many of them had adopted as a mark of distinction, a knot of white ribbon round the head. Wherever they met with a coward, who sought to withdraw himself by flight from the danger of his country, they stopped him, and forced him to return to the frontier, and take his place in the ranks of the army. Thus the internal police of the country was managed by the weaker sex, while their husbands, their sons, their brothers, guarded the summit of the mountains, and faced the foe and death.

“On their parts, immoveable as the rocks on which they

stood, they waited courageously for an occasion to devote themselves for their country. They wished to renew on the green heights of Morgarten the sacred monument of the ancient valour of the Swiss, and to leave to their posterity, if not freedom, at least a memorable example of what a free people can do in its defence.

“The night between the 1st and 2nd of May now approached. From distance to distance were perceived fires kindled for signals.”

HISTORY OF THE INVASION OF SWITZERLAND BY THE FRENCH,
&c., BY HENRY ZSCHOKK, NATIONAL PREFECT OF THE
CANTON OF BASIL.

(Note ‘ p. 59.)

*And ere return'd, stroll'd heedless where around
The cannon's bullet struck the battle ground;
When spent its force, the heavy trophy seiz'd,
And carried to the hamlet, breathless, pleas'd.*

The above, a poetical license, was suggested by an occurrence during the French invasion of the Tyrol.

“The Tyrolese chief *Speckbacher* was followed in the morning of the battle by his little son Andrew, who was then about ten years old. As the engagement grew hotter, he ordered him to quit the field. The boy returned, and at last received a blow from his father. He then went back a little way, and employed himself in watching the shot as they struck in the ground, and dug them out with his knife, and the following morning he brought his hat full of bullets which he presented to *Speckbacher* with great exultation, and begged him to take them for the use of the troops, because he had heard they were in want of ammunition.”

BARTHOLDY'S FRENCH INVASION OF THE TYROL IN 1809.

(Note ^d p. 61.)

*Dear are his native legends, various—strange,
O'er years remote and glory's acts, they range.*

“They, even to our days, celebrated annual masses for the souls of those who fell in the glorious conflict. Still on these occasions, they recited to the people the names and heroic deeds of those generous champions of their liberties; and still did the three Cantons commemorate these splendid

times, by holding their public assemblies in the field Rutli : the Under-Walders of the upper district still met on the hill on which Landenberg formerly resided ; and with the same laudable spirit of patriotic emulation have their youths, on a late day of great festivity, amidst a concourse of their applauding parents and countrymen, rehearsed on the very spots, in the same habits, and with the peculiar usages of the times in which they were achieved, all the eminent deeds to which they owed their darling independence."

PLANTA'S HISTORY OF THE HELVETIC CONFEDERACY,
VOL. I. p. 280.

(Note ' p. 62.)

RANTZ DES VACHES.

“ Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ;
 Nos clairs ruisseaux,
 Nos hameaux,
 Nos côteaux,
 Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,

La si gentille Isabeau !
 Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,
 Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau !

“ Quand reverrai-je en un jour
 Tous les objets de mon amour ;

- Mon père,
 Ma mère,
 Mon frère,
 Ma sœur,
 Mes agneau,
 Mes troupeaux,
 Ma bergère ! ”

(Note ^r p. 63.)

*Here, where the branches rear a pensive shade,
 The sylvan poet's modest tablet's laid.*

Gessner's tomb is in a grove of limes, on the banks of the river Limmat, near Zurich.

“ Of all the moderns, M. Gessner, a poet of Switzerland,

has been most successful in his pastoral compositions. He has introduced into his Idyls, (as he entitles them,) many new ideas. His rural scenery is often striking, and his descriptions are lively. He presents pastoral life to us with all the embellishments of which it is susceptible ; but without any excess of refinement. What forms the chief merit of this poet is, that he writes to the heart, and has enriched the subject of his Idyls with incidents which give rise to much tender sentiment. Scenes of domestic felicity are beautifully painted. The mutual affection of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, as well as of lovers, are displayed in a pleasing and touching manner.”

Dr. BLAIR'S LECTURES ON RHETORIC.

(Note † p. 68.)

*This Howard knew on Dnieper's marshy shore,
Where the loud Euxine chafes with sullen roar.*

“ The town, (i. e. Cherson on the Black Sea, where Howard died,) is entirely furnished with fuel by reeds, of which there is an inexhaustible forest in the shallows of the Boristhenes, or Dnieper.”

LADY CRAVEN'S TOUR.

(Note ^h p. 75.)

*That gen'rous noble spirit, fervid, free,
Acland! in perils, strife, evinc'd by thee!*

“ While conjugal affection is considered as a virtue, and unbounded attachment thought amiable in the female mind, the conduct of Lady Harriet Acland must not only excite emulation in the breasts of her own sex, but command the admiration of mankind. In the beginning of the year 1767, she accompanied her husband to America, and underwent a variety of hardships, both from colds and fatigue: in the midst of difficulties and dangers, Major Acland was taken ill. The anxiety she must have experienced on this occasion, it would be difficult for the power of language to describe; yet in the rigid climate of Canada, destitute of common comforts, this amiable and undaunted female was his only nurse. Scarcely recovered from a tedious and severe disorder, the forces which Major Acland commanded were ordered to attack Ticonderago; and fearful of exposing the object of his affection to the dangers with which he was surrounded, he absolutely insisted upon her remaining be-

hind. The idea of not accompanying her husband to the post of peril, was more distressing than all the difficulties she had hitherto sustained; and in the strongest terms of persuasion she urged him to permit her to be the partner of his fatigues and dangers. The Major's determination however was fixed, and the afflicted Lady Harriet beheld him depart with the most agonizing fears; and, though able to support every difficulty when animated with her husband's presence, passed the days in apprehension, and the sleepless nights in tears. By the exertion of the troops Ticonderago was taken; but the day after the conquest, the Major received a dangerous wound, and the account of the misfortune in a few days afterwards reached the ears of his then disconsolate wife. The thoughts of his situation, although agonizing to her feelings, inspired an unheard-of resolution of mind; and unappalled by difficulties, and unalarmed by dangers, she resolved to fly to his assistance, in the hope of preserving his life. The protecting hand of heaven kindly sustained her, she reached the object of her solicitude, and at length had the happiness of seeing him restored to health, and then resolved that no persuasion should induce her to separate herself from him again.

“ The troop of grenadiers which Major Acland commanded, were exposed to uncommon hardships and fatigues ; they were continually employed in harassing the enemy, and scarcely remained twelve hours in the same place. They were attached to the corps which belonged to General Frazer, and the duty they had to perform required such constant exertion, that the officers were seldom able to take off their clothes. Still the spirit of this undaunted woman never forsook her for one moment ; unappalled, she met danger ; and, undaunted, encountered fatigue ; and when the tent in which she slept took fire by accident, it was with the utmost difficulty she preserved her life. Scarcely had she recovered from the alarm which this accident occasioned, when she found herself encircled by dangers of a still more alarming kind. On the 19th of September the grenadiers were ordered to march and meet the enemy, and Lady Harriet was not then suffered to join her husband, but was confided to the care of those who conducted the baggage and artillery stores. Soon were her ears shocked with the dreadful firing of the musquetry : terror and apprehension debilitated her frame, for each sound she thought might be the messenger of death to her husband, and in this dreadful state of

suspense she remained several days. Her companions in affliction were the Baroness Reidesal, and the wives of Major Hornage and Lieutenant Beynett. The Major was soon brought in dangerously wounded, and in a few hours afterwards intelligence arrived that poor Beynett was dead. Every soldier who approached the hut where those agonized females had found shelter, called forth the most alarming apprehensions in Lady Harriet's mind, and she dreaded to inquire whether she bore the melancholy title of *widow*, or if she still had the happiness of calling herself a *wife*. At length she was overwhelmed with the cruel information of the British troops having been defeated, and that her husband, covered with wounds, had been made a prisoner by General Gates. At this dreadful intelligence all her courage forsook her, but in the course of a few hours fortitude and resolution supplied the place of grief; she addressed a letter to General Burgoyne, imploring his permission to pass over to the enemy's camp, who, struck with the magnanimity of the proposal, ordered her to be furnished with a boat; the chaplain of the artillery offered to accompany her, and General Burgoyne wrote a few lines, commending her to the protection of General Gates; describing the extraordinary

proofs she had given of conjugal attachment, and requesting she might be permitted to attend the object of her care. In an open boat, without even an awning to defend her from the damp dews of the night, she proceeded up the river to the camp of the enemy, who declared they would sink the boat if any one attempted to land. For eight hours they were obliged to remain in that dreadful situation ; however, when daylight appeared, the sentinels were persuaded to deliver the letter to General Gates. To the honor of that gentleman, he not only granted the petition, but treated her with that respect which was due to her rank, and she was once more restored to the arms of a beloved husband. It is impossible to peruse the account of this amiable woman's sufferings with feelings uninterested, or with sensations unmoved."

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED FEMALE CHARACTERS,
BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

(Note ¹ p. 77.)

*O'er the pale corse of virtuous Russel, see
A widow bend in hopeless agony.*

"The day previous to his (Lord Russel's) trial, he had asked leave of the court that notes of the evidence might be

taken for his use. By the Attorney-General he was informed in reply, that he might if he pleased, use one of his servants for the purpose. 'I ask no assistance,' answered the prisoner, 'but that of the lady who sits by me. At these words, the spectators, turning their eyes on the daughter of the virtuous Southampton, who rose to assist her husband in his distress, melted into tears. The old Earl of Bedford, the father of Lord Russel, offered to the Duchess of Portsmouth, a hundred thousand pounds to procure her interest with the king for the pardon of his son. But every application proved vain. The independent spirit, the patriotism, the popularity, the courage, the talents and the virtues of the prisoner were his most dangerous offences, and became so many arguments against his escape. Charles could be prevailed on only to remit the more ignominious part of the sentence which the law requires to be pronounced against traitors.

“Lady Russel threw herself at the feet of the king, and pleaded with tears the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those offences into which her husband had been drawn. Charles beheld unmoved the daughter of his

best friend weeping at his feet. These tears and these supplications were the last instance of feminine sorrow, which Lady Russel betrayed on so trying an occasion. On finding every effort fruitless for saving the life of her husband, she collected her courage, and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke, confirming by her example the resolution of her lord.

“No one doubted the innocence of Russel respecting the charge of conspiring against the life of the king, which he solemnly denied with his dying breath. The witnesses who deposed against him, made no mention of any such design: his principal guilt had been his opposition in parliament to what he deemed unconstitutional measures, with his efforts for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne.”

HAYES'S FEMALE BIOGRAPHY, VOL. VI. p. 333.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
 introduction of the subject, and to a discussion of the
 various methods which have been employed for the
 purpose of determining the true value of the
 constant π . The author then proceeds to a
 detailed examination of the various methods which
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 purpose of determining the true value of the
 constant π .

Poems.



The Herefordshire Beacon. *

WHEN armed Hate—with gore defil'd,
 Vindictive roam'd his mountains wild,
 Or, ambush'd in the dusky wood,
 As the gaunt wolf—terrific stood—
 'Gainst foemen rear'd the bloody knife—
 When Albion bléd by native strife,
 Rampart sublime ! thy bale-fire high,
 Blaz'd as a meteor of the sky !

* The Herefordshire Beacon forms a part of the Malvern Hills, in Worcestershire. The treble ditch by which it is surrounded, indicates its having been formerly a place of great strength : it is conjectured to have been a Roman camp. The highest point of elevation of the Malvern Hills, has been ascertained to be 1313 feet from the surface of the Severn at Hauley.

From hills remote—to meet the war
Barbaric roll'd the Scythian car ;
With stern delight the chieftains red,
From caves the painted Briton led—
When near they view'd the hostile field,
Clang'd were the spear and bossy shield—
Foremost thy steep ascent to gain,
As erst, in contests fierce—the leaders of the plain!

On thy bleak summit, altar-crown'd,
Within the circle's magic bound,
With mystic spells, the Druid priest
Awful prepar'd the sacred feast—
Pour'd the libation to the pow'r
Who rul'd supreme in battle's hour—
While fix'd he pray'd the gods to gain—
Quaff'd was the mead from skulls of warriors
slain!

Rampart sublime of iron war !
The Roman eagle from afar,
Cower'd as he ken'd thy crested pride,
Whose mighty strength the host defied ;
Freedom thy birth exulting view'd,
From thee she saw her foes subdu'd—
Time has in vain the mound essay'd,
Where, fled from tyrant pow'r, her last retreat she
made !

Bulwark of sacred Freedom,—hail !
No more thy soil fierce bands assail—
No more is heard stern war's alarms,
The banner'd shout, the din of arms—
But peaceful on thy hallow'd ground,
The shepherd feeds his flocks around !
Freedom again resumes her throne,
And makes fair Albion's land her blest abode alone.

O Liberty! Heav'n's best award,
Its blessings thus 'tis thine to guard!
Thy standard wide aloft unfurl'd,
Waves o'er the zone that girds the world—
Cradled in storms,—in wars supreme,
Keen the fix'd eye,—of dauntless mien,
England's brave sons thy throne defend,
And nations sav'd by thee—in adoration bend!

SONNETS.

Carthage.

“ Si genus humanum et mortalia temnites arma,
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.”

VIRG.

Ye teeming wastes, ye massive piles of old,
Carthage, thy site! where erst the glitt'ring car
Preeminent in gorgeous triumph roll'd—
Barbaric pomp and pageantry of war!

Grim Moloch's shrine, and wild ambition's tomb,
Archives of perfidy detested be—

No Ceres smiling, will thy tracts resume,
Crimson'd by crimes, and stain'd with infamy.

No golden lyre awakes th' inspired lay,
 No laughing loves amid thy hamlets dwell—
 By *cisterns** ruin'd, lurking foxes stray,
 High on the tow'r † the owl stands sentinel!
 —Her rapid flight stern *Desolation* bends,
 And o'er the guilty land her sable wing extends!

* Immense subterraneous apartments to contain water : seventeen are still to be seen in an extraordinary state of preservation.

† The remains of a temple, said to have been dedicated to Diana. This tower, the cisterns, three granaries contiguous, and some scattered masses of earth, the latter, indications of an aqueduct,—are the only monuments of the once famed cities of Carthage!

“The owl stands sentinel on the watch-tower of Afrasiab.”

SIR WILLIAM JONES'S PERSIAN GRAMMAR.

The Camel Driver.

Written after witnessing a Storm of Sand.



O'er Lybian wastes where the gaunt lion roves,
In regions flaming with excess of day :
Far from his native loves and palmy groves,
The Arab lonely winds his sultry way.

Wild as the surfs that lash the sounding shores,
Loud sickly winds in dire succession rise—
Fierce on his head the glitt'ring deluge pours—
In gloomy horror blaze the lurid skies !

Aghast he stands and sees th' approaching storm ;
High swells his heart—to fly, alas ! is vain—

Swift on the whirlwind's wing *—in giant form,
The fiery column sweeps along the plain—
His camels fear attest in plaintive cries,
O'erwhelm'd, he struggling falls—he pants, and
dies!

* In the month of July 1809, about four in the afternoon, during a Sirocco, this storm commenced, and continued three hours: previous to its beginning, the atmosphere had a gloomy and lurid appearance; while it lasted, almost darkness prevailed. Although the doors and windows of the apartment of the English Consul, Richard Oglander, Esq., were closed, an impalpable powder penetrated, and rendered respiration difficult. The Moors were alarmed, and during the ensuing night made a hideous noise by clashing their copper utensils; they alleged it to be a punishment for the high price at which bread was sold:—grain fell in the market the following day.

The author hopes to be excused, if he avails himself of this opportunity to acknowledge the attention, kindness and hospitality, which, during a residence of six months at Tunis, he uniformly experienced from Mr. Oglander.

The Exile.

Near yon old tow'r, long tott'ring in decay,
 Where, mocking ruin, flow'rs the pile adorn,
 Shaded by ivy from the scorching ray,
 The Exile lonely, pensive sits—to mourn.

As the wild screaming sea-bird o'er him flies,
 Wheeling its way to Gallia's distant shore,
 The rapid flight he views, with hollow eyes,
 To happy scenes—ne'er doom'd to visit more.

Poor wanderer! thy sorrows soon will cease,
 From future ills thee death alone can save,

Soon will thy wounded spirit, free, in peace,
Be hush'd in quiet slumber—of the grave!
For ruin'd hopes on earth no cure is giv'n—
The soul impatient seeks repose in heav'n.

Malbina.

IN IMITATION OF OSSIAN.

O! where is the voice of my love,
That came to the dreams of my rest?
'Twas sad as the breeze of the grove,
When in Autumn light fades in the West.

On the dark-rolling clouds of the storm,
Where the red-beam of war faintly shone;
In the splendor of youth was the form—
Alas! from my sight it is gone.

Ye pale wand'ring meteors of night,
That flit by the tombs of the brave,

I rove listless in grief by thy light,
And rest where reeds moan o'er the grave.

O! thou, who with years that are past,
By the dun skirts of heav'n conceal'd—
Sublime on the wings of the blast,
In the bright path of storms art reveal'd:—

Young hero! Malvina is near,
O! look from the place of thy rest—
In the pride of thy glory appear,
As erst, when with love she was blest!

The cold morn rises slow in the East,
Her wan-beam is faint on the hill,
The gale of the mountain has ceas'd,
All is lonely and cheerless and still.

He hears not the voice of his love—
My Oscar!—he comes not again—
With bright clouds he sails careless above,
I sigh and lament him—in vain!

The War-Horse.

The war-horse at th' inspiring trumpet's sound,
Impatient pawing, ardent chafes the ground—
With eye of flame, wide glancing kens the fight,
And conscious triumphs in collected might!
O'er the broad chest with ample sable flow,
The mane dilating sweeps the sward below—
Mist from the nostril streams—his neighings shrill,
Impetuous,—th' extended champaignes fill;
The signal giv'n—with sudden bound he goes,
And bears in swift career the rider to his foes!

Anacreontic.

In Asia's clime! where harvests ample wave,
And laughing meadows, streams pellucid lave,
Disporting wanton on the flow'ry plain,
As jocund shepherds pip'd the rural strain—
Virgins and blooming stripling youths among,
Young Love in circlets led a festal throng!
Winding the dance as flutes harmonious breath'd,
His brows with Ceres' gifts and roses wreath'd—
Noon fervid breath'd,—a myrtle's shadowy grove,
Invited youthful pairs with love to rove;
The gushing rill a tepid draught supplied,
And purple vintage pour'd its sparkling tide;
Love quaff'd the wine! th' inspiring mantling bliss,
Flush'd on his cheek, and ardent thrill'd the kiss—

Steep'd in the cup—his little pinions clos'd,
In languid sleep the beauteous child repos'd ;
Laugh'd the gay troop of young Desires and Joys,
Love's infant train of rose-lip'd, wanton boys,
Attendants ever of the god—unseen,
Who haunt his sacred fane, and rove the sylvan
scene.

A captive Love ! the swains with mocking jest
Assembled near,—and sportive, curious prest—
Surpris'd—indignant—from the gazing crew,
Soaring sublime on rapid wings—Love flew !
But ere he left the cup, suffus'd by shame,
The balmy wine was ting'd with *vengeful flame*.
A fatal act that teem'd with human wo—
Hence the dire ills thy vot'ries, Bacchus ! know.

Anacreontic.

Love's happy clime! in Cytherea's grove,
As swains entwin'd the festal vine,
With buskin'd feet the wand'rer Love!
Sought the blest covert of his myrtle shrine.

No youthful votary holy rites prepar'd—
No suppliant pray'r his aid implor'd;
To Bacchus frantic crowds repair'd,
And with loud cries the vintage god ador'd!

Heav'n's golden beam to cheer life's dusky way,
And bless the lonely heart—
They left his fane—Love's brilliant ray,
Insensate, woo'd that bliss, Love only could impart.

He ne'er could dwell where orgies, crimes, defile—
But swiftly flew—yet not alone,

For Bacchus left the guilty isle—
 Who then the charm essay'd, should *injur'd* Love
atone!

Ardent and sparkling as the solar beam,
 The fiery clusters strict comprest,
 And ductile gold, where roses teem,
 He tendered Love the *cup*, and Love was blest!

Hail! happy hour! when first with rapture's zest,
 Love gaily quaff'd th' inspiring wine;
 And on the hallow'd vase—imprest
 Th' impassion'd kiss, that made the draught divine!



Love and the Rose.

“Canto della fior Regina.”

From Psyche fled, in Paphian bow'rs,
 By vine and myrtle blest inclos'd:

Breathing the sweets of vernal flow'rs,
Young Love in slumbers mild repos'd.

The Rose with sweet affection's kiss,
Fervid his tender cheek imprest—

As orient beams, the fragrant bliss,
In *blushing tints* her pow'r exprest !

Enamour'd of her beauteous guest,
With every charm she conscious strove
To win him from his Psyche's breast,
And make her bow'r th' abode of Love !

Woo'd by the Rose, unheeded flew
The golden hours on silent wing—
Stern Winter came—Love bade adieu,
But fondly vow'd return in Spring.

Scented by Love's delicious breath,
The Rose her empire *hence* obtains—
His balmy sigh preserves in death—
And Love, the Rose's hue retains !

VERSES

On the Monument of two only Children,

BY CHANTRY;

Exhibited at Somerset House in the year 1817.

“ Lieti fiori e felici—

“ Amorosette, e pallide viole ! ”

PETRARCH.

Solace of life, sweet sleep ! thy form is seen,
Where fond in death these children calm repose :
Slumbers more mild were not if life had been,
'Tis breathing love their seraph lips disclose.

By circling arms a sister's bosom prest—
United, placid, as in life they were—
The cheek reposing on the downy rest—
And beautiful and bland th' expression there !

Emblem of youth—as fair and fleeting too !
The early violet decks affection's bier—
And weeping forms around, the shrine bedew,
In eloquence of grief,—with Beauty's tear !

Cold as the sculptur'd marble—cheerless, still,
The breast by tender sympathy unmov'd—
With pity never did its tenant thrill,
To joy a stranger,—for it never lov'd !

ON THE LATE EXCELLENT
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

“ ——— Magnis tamen excidit aësis.”

OVID.

O! White! thy natal hour in vain was blest,
 Young Genius smil'd, and youthful hopes carest :
 Fair Science woo'd thee in her classic bow'rs,
 And fondly giv'n to her were all thy hours ;
 The golden beam of heav'n, ethereal, mild,
 Light of the soul, illum'd the Muse's child—
 In vain ! for death has quench'd the vivid ray,
 The beam of fame when bright'ning into day ;
 Yet, has a sacred halo round thy head,
 Glorious, diffusive wide, resplendent spread—
 Deathless thy lay ! by Nature's awful doom,
 Unharm'd, secure, it lives beyond the tomb !

Immortal mind, the tyrant's dart defies,
Its native sphere—exists beyond the skies !
Triumph of mind—the tenement of earth,
The feeble fragile frame of Nature's birth
Succumbs—and joyous freed—a rapid flight
The spirit wings, and blends with native light!

FINIS.











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