

CONSOLATORY ODE.

[From Mr. Pratt's *Landscapes in Verse*.]

NO more, fond youth, the strains prolong,
Break off, break off, the plaintive song;
With mandate high from spheres above,
Our golden harps are strung to love!
In ev'ry flow'r that Nature blows,
Breeze that fans, and wave that flows;
On earth, in ocean, and in air,
Love is the sov'reign bliss, the universal prayer.

'Tis love sustains the starry choir,
Love is the elemental fire;
Ah! naught in thy mortality,
Nor ev'n in our eternity,
Like love can charm, like love can bless,
The sun and soul of happiness;
Love is to ev'ry Muse allied,
Touches each tuneful chord, and spread
the chorus wide.

'Tis ours to waft the lover's sighs,
Swift to the nymph for whom they rise;
And gently as we strike the string,
Convey the nymph's on rosy wing.
Absence, tho' it wounds, endears,
Soft its sorrows, sweet its tears;
Pains that please, and joys that weep,
Trickle like healing balm, and o'er the
bosom creep.

Love and Sorrow, twins, were born
On a shining show'ry morn,
'Twas in prime of April weather,
When it shone and rain'd together;
He who never Sorrow knew,
Never felt affections true;
Never felt true passion's power,
Love's sun and dew combine, to nurse
the tender flow'r.

ODE TO PETER PINDAR.

[From *Peter Pindar's Lyric Odes*.]

A Thousand frogs, upon a summer's day,
Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face;—
They show'd their gold-lac'd cloaths
with pride,
In harmless sallies, frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a
grace.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Observant of their harmless joys,
Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy
sport;
One frenzy seiz'd both great and small,
On the poor frogs the rpgues began to
fall,
Meaning to splash them, not to do them
hurt.

As Milton quaintly sings, 'the stones
'gan pour,'
Indeed, an Otaheite show'r!
The consequence was dreadful; let me tell
ye;
One's eye was beat out of his head,—
This limp'd away, that lay for dead,—
Here mourn'd a broken hack, and there a
belly:

Amongst the smitten, it was found
Their beauteous queen receiv'd a
wound;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:—
At length king Croak got up, and thus be-
gun—
'My lads, you think this very pretty fun!
'Your pebbles round us fly as thick as
hops,—
'Have warmly complimented all our
chops;—
'To you, I guess that these are pleasant
stones!
'And so they might be to us frogs,
'You damn'd, young, good-for-no-
thing dogs!
'But that they are so hard,—they break
our bones.'

Peter! thou mark'st the meaning of this
fable—
So put thy Pegasus into the stable;
Nor wanton, thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor—the Fair,
Whose works thy muse forbore to
spare,
Is blest with talents Envy must approve;
And didst thou know her heart,
thou'dst say—
'Perdition catch the idle lay!
Then strike thy lyre to Innocence and
Love.

'Poh! poh! cry'd Satiré, with a smile,
'Where is the glorious freedom of our isle,
'If not permitted to call names?'
Methought the argument had weight—
Was logical, conclusive, neat;—
So once more forth, volcanic Peter flames!