

# THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, AND WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1847.

No. 19

## SPECIMENS OF ENGLISH POETS.

PHILIPS.

(Phillips was cotemporary with Dryden, and a writer of no small ability, as the following melancholy burlesque will show.)

### THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Happy the man, who void of cares and strife,  
In silken or in leathern purse retains  
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain  
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale.  
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,  
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,  
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,  
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain;  
Then solitary walk, or dose at home  
In garret vile, and with a warming puff  
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black  
As winter-chimney, or well polish'd jet,  
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent:  
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,  
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,  
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings  
Full famous in romantic tale) when he  
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,  
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,  
High overshadowing rides, with a design  
To vend his wares at th' Arvonian mart.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,  
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,  
Horrible monster, hated by gods and men!  
To my aerial citadel ascends.  
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,  
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know  
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.  
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,  
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly  
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect  
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews  
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)  
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;  
So horrible he seems! His faded brow  
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,  
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,  
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand  
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,  
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,  
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert  
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks  
Another monster not unlike himself,  
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd  
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods  
With force incredible, and magic charms,  
First have endued: if he his ample palm  
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay  
Of debtor, strait his body, to the touch  
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)  
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,  
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,  
In durance strict detain him, till, in form  
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.  
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,  
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken  
The catiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft  
Lies perdu in a nook of gloomy cave,  
Prompt to enchant some inadvertant wretch  
With his unballow'd touch.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades

This world envelop, and th' inclement air  
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts  
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;  
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light  
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk  
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,  
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,  
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts  
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse  
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,  
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,  
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.  
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,  
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat  
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:  
But if a slumber haply does invade  
My weary limbs, my fancy, still awake,  
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,  
Tripples imaginary pots of ale,  
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst  
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom cure.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,  
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays  
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,  
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,  
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay;  
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:  
My galligaskins, that have long withstood  
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts  
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)  
An horrid chasm disclose with orifice  
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds  
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force  
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,  
Turmultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,  
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,  
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,  
Or the Ionian, till cruising near  
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush  
On Scylla, or Charybdis, (dangerous rocks!)  
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,  
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,  
Admits the sea; in at the gasping side  
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage  
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,  
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

[The above is an exceedingly graphic delineation of what has usually been called the miseries of a Poet's life, but what, in reality, was the miseries of the drunkard. Indeed the oft expressed wonder at the destitution of such poets, as Congreve, Wycherly, Dryden, &c., would cease, if we reflect that they, generally speaking, devoted all their powers, physical and mental, to the service of Satan, and received, as they might expect, his wages in return.—Ed.]

## TAHITI AND QUEEN POMARE.

(From the Edinburgh Witness.)

It is now about eighty years since Tahiti, long buried in darkness, started into light. Much better known than it was once, it is as remote and diminutive as ever, and yet it has been able to fix upon itself the attention of the civilized world.

We have alluded to the interest which the discovery awakened at home,—the efforts made to send thither the gospel,—the sixteen years of untiring but fruitless labour on the part of the missionaries, and the signal success with which their perseverance was crowned at last. The ravages of war, and lust, and infanticide, which threatened to depopulate the island,