

Nor picture of the pleasures Hope invests,
 Nor mistiness o'er memory that presides
 Or fev'rishness such as afflicts the minds
 Of vain enthusiasts in poetic throes,
 Where stolid trifles are the premium paid
 To see their shadows photograph'd in fame.

We only pencil memorandum notes
 On tablets such as accident supplies,
 Perchance the margin of a caucell'd writ,
 Or a subpœna that is out of date,
 Or envelope, if one should come to hand,
 Or even a sliver from a slatey rock
 If on it dots be visible when made.
 Whatever may a reference retain
 Of things imposing as we pass along,
 And in accordance with a dim idea
 Once fondly cherish'd but discarded now,
 To give them shape and fashion by and bye,
That by and bye must be already past
 As symbols neither faint nor few advise,
 And here they are in native nakedness
 The quaint and curious in our Cabinet,
 Just flung together, in confusion flung.
 Some disarranged, and dislocated some,
 But not the less original and lend
 To us the pleasures in the present found.

Could poetry like wine improve by age,
 A copy of this paraphrase engross'd,
 If kept in manuscript for ten decades
 At public auction might a premium bring
 More priceless in an Antiquary's eyes
 Than the inscription on an useless coin
 (A beggar scarcely would stoop down to lift)
 Time has been long employ'd in blotting out
 Or, any crude memorial of the past,
 No matter what; provided it be old.

The vitriol drops distilling from steel pens
 And spued, or spouted out by parrot tongues
 In youthful days however acrid felt
 Make faint impressions on a head bleach'd white
 Beneath the discipline of fourscore years,