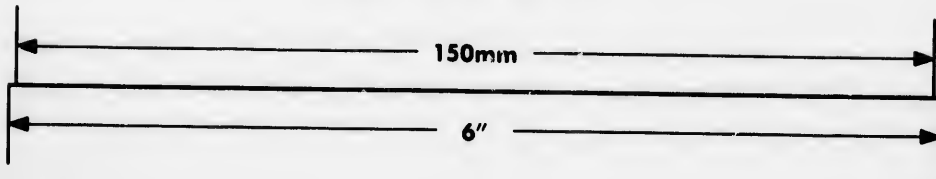
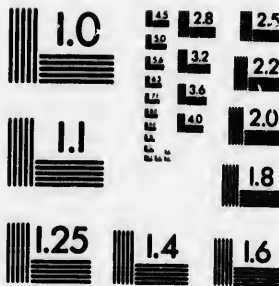
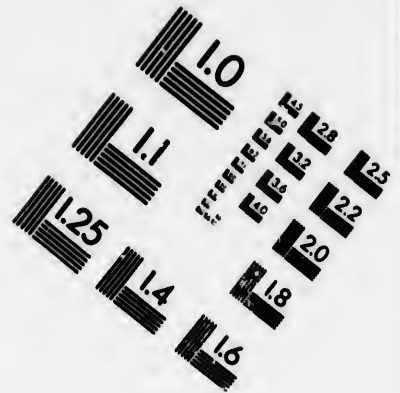
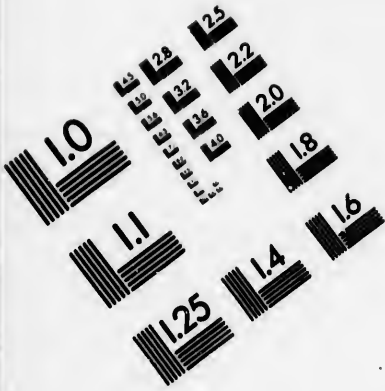


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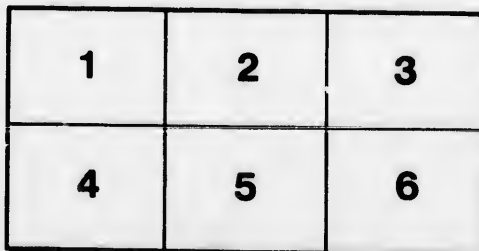
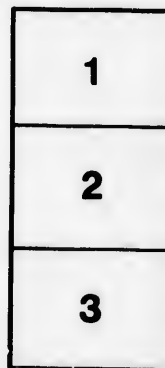
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THE
BATTLE OF THE NILE;
A POEM.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY WILLIAM C. MACKINNON.

SYDNEY, CAPE-BRETON:

PRINTED BY J. D. KUHN.

1844.

8308 - May 2/23

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PREFACE.

In offering this trifle to the public, I am fully aware that the historical, as well as the descriptive parts, are in many respects incorrect—such as “Alexandria’s heights,” &c. ; but I never meant that it should be relied on as an authentic account of that great battle. And it would be an impossible task, to write a poem with no other materials than the ungarished truths : it would at once sink into prose. Poetry has always been understood as the imaginative breathings of Romance; and the same train of thoughts have been handed down from age to age. Thus it is with Shakspeare’s “Troilus and Cressida;” the poet borrowed half from Homer, and the rest he invented. And scarcely one third of Homer himself can be relied on.

The reader’s good sense, therefore, will pardon these little flights; in the following pages, which if seen in prose would call forth ridicule. But very few have at command the smooth numbers with which the inimitable Pope could—in euphonous verse, and in the most prose-like manner—relate a circumstance, declare his feelings, or describe a scene. A poet is compelled to write beyond what he intends : a prose writer can stop where he pleases. The former has to open his intentions in metre—the first line, perhaps, is descriptive enough, but the next *must* be drawn out, to accord with the preceding; and thus it often happens the sense is confused. Neither can he end abruptly—he must come to a poetical conclusion, which is very difficult, particularly if the theme is beginning to run short—but is not, however, so hard, or fatiguing to the mind as the opening of a poem. And thus it is that in the best poetry, ill-natured critics will discover something to censure (Shakspeare’s ‘Adamant’ alone excepted.) Now take away the erroneous parts of the “Battle of the

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Nile," and it will sink into nothingness—as the French man who was admiring London—"Ah!" said he, "all dis is ver fine, but take away de river and de beauty est gone." Now as regards the parts that allude to Alexandria being named after the conqueror of that name—a scribbling critic would at once give a prosy and sarcastic description of the *present* town, and ridicule the Author's ignorance in saying Alexandria (the present) was named after Alexander the Great. (See Canto 2d.) But as the *ci-devant* Alexandria was called after him, and its site very near the present town, Poetry must describe the most minute circumstance, and make every thing appear as poetry.

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THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Poem opens with a description of the scene, (*i. e. the Nile*) &c. —Short address to Britannia—The landing of the French, and the episode of their chief Bonaparte—His address to his soldiers —General Kleber's speech, which Bonaparte ridicules, as do also the soldiers—General Desaix's advice, which is refused, and the army abandon the fleet, and march on to Alexandria—Battle of the combined British and Mamelukes, in which the French are victorious and enter the Town—The appearance of the British fleets from Alexandria—End of Canto I. The scene is the Bay of Aboukir, the surrounding shores, and the vicinity of Alexandria. The time occupied in landing and the Battle is two days.

*"Vain was the chief, the sages' pride,
They had no poet, and they died—
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled,
They had no poet, and are dead."*—POPE.

Where Nile's smooth River, through the verdant plain,
Pursues its way unto the briny main—
Where Egypt once, in all her glory shone—
Where Pharaohs and Ptolemys filled a throne—
Where Alexandria rears his lofty towers—
Where Hannibal, to conquest, led his powers—
Where Carthage walls have all unmarked decayed,
And left no token where 'twas raised and made;
There was the scene—the theme of what I sing
What loud report through every age shall ring.
Here by this river, where the Naiads sailed,
Sported, and bathed, with Cleopatra veiled,
Achilles' mother—silver-footed dame—
Caused it to flow e'en to the seat of Fame;
When hated Xanthus no more formed her care,
To Nile she flew, and found a solace there.

The Grecian bard did Ajax raise to fame,
 And yet we know not, was there such a name;
 Achilles divine, and warlike Hector too,
 Might never been—but what I sing is true.
 O! sacred Muse, assist, in such a theme,
 And let the numbers flow like some pellucid stream!
 O! tuneful Nine! a mighty structure raise,
 And rear a pillar to great Nelson's praise.
 When barbarous nations spread rapine and war,
 And Mars, blood-thirsty, drove his iron car,
 When verse was young—then patriots fought and fell;
 Down sank their arms—their names in darkness dwell;
 One age, perhaps, the story handed down—
 And then it dies—no bays the hero crown.

Oft has it been a poet's greatest fame,
 To sound the glories of Britannia's name.
 Thy name, in every age, adorned by kings,
 As Harry* and Edward†, of whom Calliopo sings.
 Oh, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The heaven of invention, Homer-penned;
 Then should the nine unite, and sing the fate
 Of that great Isle, of Britain's noble state—
 Not seated on the land, her guardian train
 Upon the briny and tremendous main.

Now landed on the slimy Egypt's shore
 Was the great chieftain of fantastic war;
 With troop on troop, he rushes to the land,
 That must stoop low before his conquering hand.
 No country yet withstood his direful arm,
 Which crush'd whole empires, and e'en Mars alarm'd.
 As a fierce flood, long pent by granite walls,
 That bursts its bounds, and o'er the mountain falls,
 Tearing away the rocks that intervene,
 And bounds from hill to hill, and pours in each ravine;

* Henry V. † Edward III.

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Where noble oaks, fit for an admiral's mast,
 For centuries had withstood fierce Boreas' blast,
 Yet can't resist the cataract's rushing force,
 'Tis torn away, and hurried on the course;
 So did the nations fall before the hand
 Of this great general of the Gallic band.

Napoleon Bonaparte, the victor's name—
 From Corsica's tumultuous Isle he came.
 Where hills on hills in lofty piles arise,
 And where Ajaccio's mountains pierce the skies;
 Where towering trees the mountain sides adorn,
 While in the valleys waved the golden corn;
 Majestic streams adown these mountains pour,
 And rumbling cataracts in the distance roar.
 Before fierce Civil war the Island shook,
 A cottage proudly stood, beside you brook;
 Here lived a lawyer, father of this chief,
 Who spread before him, death, and fire, and grief;
 ("A butcher was his father," others say—
 But here it was, that he first saw the day.)
 He led the hosts of France from fight to fight—
 All that escaped, were those that took to flight.
 Small was his form, but mighty was his mind,
 Trained by Bellona—fearless and unkind.
 His arts in war, ne'er equalled were before,
 And such a warrior shall be seen no more;
 Not Pelcus' son, by Thetis, could surpass,
 Nor dreadful Diomedes, arrayed in brass.

Now into Egypt, with his troops, he goes,
 To hurl his vengeance on his country's foes;
 Then to his soldiers thus he cries aloud,
 While in close order stand the listening crowd—
 "Now safe in Egypt, though the main was o'er
 Covered with foes, from England to this shore.
 Now once arrived, be firm, be brave, be true,
 And Egypt soon must be a prize for you;

Once Egypt down, the Indies next must fall,
 And France's ensign wave supreme o'er all;
 Have courage now, be resolute, and bold,
 For Egypt's yours, and then all Afric's gold"—
 Thus Bonaparte.—And thus a chieftain said,
 Whose name was Kleber, in war's customs bred—
 "'Tis true, great General, we will conquer now,
 But let us see the Vanguard's* towering prow,
 Where sits great Nelson, hurling death and shame
 On all that bears a Frenchman, for his name.
 Our force on shore, perhaps, is safe awhile,
 But our burnt fleets would make a funeral pile
 'To those that fall—if Nelson chance to come,
 Our fate is sealed——" The loud and deafening drum
 Drowned what he would have said. Again
 Bonaparte answers with a fierce disdain—
 "What fears are these? though Nelson were a Jove,
 He dare not enter Aboukir's deep cove;
 A thousand shells would thunder on his head,
 And him and all his crews, would sink amongst the dead.
 No, Egypt's ours, and ours it still shall stand,
 It cannot fall even by great Nelson's hand."
 Loud deafening shouts th' impetuous soldiers gave—
 "We'll bury Nelson in his own blue wave."
 Desaix arose. With shining lance and gold—
 A rash adviser, but in battle bold;
 'Thrice had he saved his leader from defeat,
 But now, his counsel would have loss'd the fleet—
 "Great Chieftain, hear me. Let us face the foe,
 And strike Britannia the decisive blow;
 Let us with one accord a tower raise,
 'That will protect our navy from the blaze;
 In trenchments make, the foaming bay around,
 And let yon hill with bristling guns be crowned;
 Then if the hero of proud Albion's shore
 Dare once attack, he will attempt no more."

* The name of the flag-ship of Lord Nelson.

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Thus said Desaix. His Captain made reply—
" Upon our fleets, we never could rely ;
Our arms by land alone must clear the way ;
E'en to the shore's of Bengal's briny bay ;
First Alexandria's towers must kiss the dust,
And Jaffa then must yield to conquest's lust,
No, let the fleet escape from Nelson's hand,
And we with scorn will dare him touch the land."

Now in close columns to the Town they go,
Which issues forth, the numerous well-armed foe ;
The Mamelukes in all the lines were found,
And but a few of Britain's soldiers round.
Now Bonaparte—dressed in the gorgeous green,
The uniform of France's hosts had been—
With rich, red scarlet bands on every seam,
While the brown gold resplendantly did gleam—
His sword inlaid with gold and diamonds shine ;
Belsham owned him, for her son divine ;
Full in the front the little warrior stands,
And thus accosts the French republic's bands—
" Frenchmen, unite, and ere the light of day
Hath run its circuit, that proud town must lay
Either on the plain, level'd and known no more,
Or our great flag must stream from yonder tower."
Then to the cloud-capt pyramids he turned,
While all his soldiers with impatience burned.
" Remember, friends, that forty ages there
Survey us now, from azure fields of air ;
Remember, then, four thousand years behold
Whether the French are slaves, or whether bold."
The sun-dried legions loudly shout once more,
Which is succeeded by a stunning roar ;
Th' artillery first, pour'd forth its horrid flame,
The muskets' roll across the distance came,
The drums now thunder, and the bugles sound,
The dust, in volumes, rolls along the ground ;

Then like a whirlwind rushes to the plain
 The native horsemen of the Mameluke train;
 Shrouded in smoke, in dust, in froth, and blood,
 They for some time the French attacks withstood;
 The long, loud roll that from the musket rung,
 Soon the fierce rider from the saddle flung,
 To every part the great French general flies,
 With life and vigor flashing from his eyes,
 "On, on, for shame; what! are you men?" he cries;
 "Rush on; and drive them from the now won field,
 And shew how soon the French can make them yield."
 With "Vive *Republique*!" impetuously they fly,
 And swear at once to conquer or to die,
 Loud roars the cannon, sweeping columns down—
 The drums and charges, other noises drown—
 Save where the bugle warns the distant chief,
 To—march quick there; or yonder give relief,
 At length before, behind, Egypt gives way,
 And the aspiring French hath gained the day;
 The wounded's groans are changed to piercing cries,
 As o'er their necks the frightened horseman flies;
 Those that on foot, now cast their arms away,
 And all who fly, promiscuously they slay—
 The clash of weapons, and the victor's cheers,
 Far on the winds the raging Eolus bears,
 Now to the peaks of Alexandria's heights
 My mind shall glide—the Muse sustain my flights.
 Lo, sweeping o'er the vast, deep, watery sheet,
 Behold the tow'ring canvass of a fleet!
 They foaming onward, dash th' Atlantic spray
 Far in the sunbeams of the closing day;
 Fast they are nearing Egypt's almy coasts,
 Now swarming with the French republic's hosts;
 They onward press, like some vast thing of life,
 Like some fell fiend who burns for blood and strife.

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The British ensign flutters o'er this fleet.
 While joyful hearts prepare the foes to meet—
 By Jove, designed to hurl the Gallic name
 To sad destruction, and eternal shame.

As the sleek charger rushes to the plain
 Easy and free, so these the briny main—
 The foam flies off, and streaks his glossy side,
 He rears his head, in conscious strength and pride;
 So doth these ships, that like the engine move,
 An awful structure, made by thundering Jove;
 The watery foam flies from the sable bows,
 Dashes aside, and o'er the high-reared prows;
 As Phœbus' chariot, by one guiding hand,
 Flies through void space—a sight supremely grand;
 As bits, the rudder guides these ships of war,
 Whose streamers' glare is view'd with fear afar,
 Like a fierce meteor or a boding star.
 Like two fierce serpents of the watery world,
 Who to destruction wish all Egypt hurled,
 Now on the Nilus lofty ships of war
 Securely float, nor see the foe afar;
 Alexandria's heights support armed men again,
 And cannons bristle from the hill and main.
 Though Eolus lately sought to baulk their course,
 He now was silent—calmly lay their force.
 The proud tri-color braved the azure skies
 And loud "viva" in vaunting tones arose.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the inspiring power of Music—Homer the first and greatest
Poet—Causes of the Rupture between France and England—
Thoughts awakened by the vicinity of ancient Greece and
Rome—The Heroes of these countries—Mourns the destruction
of Troy and her champion—The British fleets advance—Anger of
Bonaparte, on that occasion—Council held on board the British
Admiral's ship; the result of which is, to dash on at once into
the harbor—At 6 o'clock in the afternoon, the Battle begins—
Nelson's address to his men; and Captain Millar's, on the same
occasion. The Canto ends in an address to Julius Cæsar. The
scene is the mouth of the Nile; and the Battle during the night.

When ill, on ill, and war, and famine's rage,
Spread o'er the world, in a barbarian age,
When Mars' fierce clasion roused the torpid bands
To spread destruction with their murderous hands;
Then Peace, with all her train, left the dread scene—
Wild Discord rages; village fires gleam;
Then first the Muse arose—inspiring strains
Reviving those who deploate the plains;
Even in those times when rudeness but prevailed,
And city, city—mankind, mankind assailed,
The ignorant warrior, stretched upon the field,
Wearied with slaughtering those who even yield—
Or weak with toil, exhausted in the chase—
Or for his life, had fled at quickest pace;
Let but be heard the Muses' lively strain,
The jaded warrior will his feet regain,
Seizes the sword or grasps the twanging bow—
Inspired with music meets again the foe.
And the sweet Nine through every age doth fire
The cooling blood, from Orpheus's lyre.

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Hail; bard inspired! Parnassus' highest peak
 Is much too low for thee, great, tuneful Greek—
 Who first the ringing and the thrilling choir
 Touched with true accents on thy noble lyre,
 And fills thy readers with a martial fire;
 'Twas thou, great Homer, first explored the way,
 And thy first beam sheds light at every ray.

Tell me, O Muse! what king's resentment gave
 (Or vain dispute) fierce Mars such cause to rave.
 'Twas not by ancient rights, or feuds called,
 Or groundless lineage, hosts to be enthralled;
 As when the "star of England," o'er the wave,
 Made French, in millions, seek a foreign grave;
 They heedless of the mighty hero's word,
 In scoffs and jest, they failed to draw the sword,
 Till o'er the boiling foam the Briton gained
 The dormant lands o'er which he should have reigned.
 He crushed the mocking foe—dispersed them far—
 Fired by Mars, and bright-eyed maid of war;
 Till dauntless "Joan of Arc" the charm dispels,
 And France's star in the ascendant dwells;
 The charm 'tis true, from British bands had fled,
 But long ere this, their mighty king was dead;
 How Ayot's bard this glorious theme declared!
 And Southey, too, the inspiration shared.

But on no groundless title to the Crown,
 That crush'd our armies, and their navies down;
 But mighty Britain, neutral as the breeze
 That sings with nature through the rustling trees,
 Saw an unhappy empire swim with blood,
 And miscreants adding rivers to this flood;
 Britannia view'd a monarch dragged from all
 He loved on earth—yet could not save his fall;
 She saw that nation's rightful sovereign bow
 His sacred head upon the scaffold low;
 She saw his heir, an exile o'er the earth,
 Expelled from the dear country of his birth;

She saw whole nations trembling to their base,
 And the Republic's streamer wave in every place.
 No longer could the indignant Goddess bear
 These cries of woe, unheard, to fill the air.
 No; she was free—surrounded by the main
 Where warriors swarmed—and Freedom, in the plain—
 An empire, like great Rome, where Freedom flies—
 The Arbitress of nations, brave and wise;
 With indignation fierce, no longer she
 The wounds of injured liberty would see;
 With dread avenging fire in her eyes,
 She bids her Nelson, and her seamen rise;
 She bids her dread tremendous thunders roll
 Along the vassal deep, from pole to pole:

Between Gibraltar and low Afric's main,
 And far behind them, fast receding Spain;
 The British fleet are now of wind bereft,
 Just as Italia opens to the left.
 O, what a scene for contemplation there,
 Where Rome's far hills their towering glories rear;
 Lo, to the left famed Troy and Greece appears,
 See ancient turrets' forms, (decaying) rears;
 See to the Northward lies Parnassus' mount,
 The Nine's great throne, and Music's flowing fount;
 There lies Olympia—Jove's departed seat—
 The hero, victor, and the gods' retreat;
 There, once, was Glory, and immortal Fame,
 There far-famed Tully first did sound his name,
 There Scipio conquer'd, and the Tarquin reign'd,
 There mighty Brutus* Freedom's rights maintain'd,
 There first great Plato did unfold his mind,
 There Maro, and bright Ovid's merits shin'd,
 Here godlike Cato fell—ah! there he died;
 There in his chariot Cæsar's form did ride;
 Look to the right!—immortal Pompey here
 Fell by the damask Septimus's spear;

* Julius Brutus

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There Egypt's faith to treason's gloom gave way;
 There pluts benighted truth's refulgent ray;
 There Carthage's noble towers once proudly rose;
 There Hannibal threw down his country's foes.

Sicily's Island far to the windward lies;
 Now almost sunk beneath the western skies;
 Behold her distant *Ætna's* fiery mount,
 Where awful lava forms a blazing fount,
 Where red hot streams adown the mountain pours,
 And tortur'd Earth, in belching thunder, roars.

Most famed of all, immortal *Troy*, once great—
 A lovely country, and a sacred state.

O! dire the fate of that unhappy town,
 By furious powers and Grecian hands hur'd down;
 Long did great *Hector's* arm thy walls defend,
 That *Hector* who to foes could never bend.
 First youthful *Troilus*, like the god of war,
 Who thundered fery from his rolling car,
 He fell beneath the Grecian darts supine,
 Though favored by great *Phœbus* divine.
 And *Hector*, dreadful as the Scythian boar,
 That bathes his tusks in victims' gushing gore,
 His strong right hand the *Trojans* did sustain,
 Till slain by cunning on *Scamander's* plain—
Scamander's sacred and calm silver flood,
 Oft choked with bodies, dyed with human blood.
 Deathless *Achilles* 'twas, who struck the blow,
 And false *Minerva*, his inveterate foe.
 When *Troy's* great champion lay among the dead,
 Her fate was sealed, she bowed her captive head.
 The bloody Grecian sacked it o'er and o'er,
 And *Troy's* imperial seat is found no more.

But rushing on in all her majesty,
 The gallant *Zealous* pressed upon her lee;

* "*Lee*"—the side of the ship farthest from the wind.

In two long lines the stately ships advance,
To meet the navy of chivalrous France;
Under twelve thousand yards of towering sail
Nelson flies on, tremendous as the gale.

How calm the seas, how still the day's become,
Nought breaks the silence but the distant drum.
O! 'tis but transient! and the quiet flown,
The stars shall blacken, and the earth shall groan;
Bellona in't, I see her sweep afar,
Revenge and murder at her iron car;
See Mars, with naked arm and brows of blood,
Despatch his minions through Nile's fearful flood.

But tell me, Muse, who bore Napoleon's ire,
When first the tidings of these events dire—
Who sounded these fell tidings in his ear,
"The British fleet approaching doth appear."
"Ah, cursed Fortune!" cries the angry chief,
"Is this the way you lend your dupes relief,
First safely to decoy us o'er the wave,
Only in Nile to find a foreign grave.
Where Nelson is, 'tis almost vain to go,
Who can withstand so favorite a foe?
Great Pallas nerves him—Thetis smooths his way,
And Neptune's empire doth he wholly sway.
The winds are at his call—Eolas directs:
Alas! I see our ships, all dismal wrecks,
Yet dreadful as he is, and favored so,
To meet him, great Napoleon dares to go."
Thus said the chief—he leaves the conquered tow;
And from the towering heights looked proudly down;
He views the fleet, and rages at the sight,
Descends, and all prepares to meet the fatal fight.

Now o'er the waste of waters England comes,
Far in th' advance, the rolling Zealous foams.
Yes, the tall Zealous led the way to fame,
Sir Samuel Hood, her great commander's name;

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'Twas from her decks the enemy first was seen
 In dark array against relief of green.
 The Bellerophon, next the Zealous came,
 Crowded with canvas, Darby her chief's name.
 Under all sail the fleet for Nilus bear,
 The tardy Swiftsure bringing up the rear.
 'Twas now past five, and every nerve was braced
 To meet the foe, they view'd the now calm waste.
 The British tars, in little bands around,
 Now make their 'wills,' in case they're shot or drown'd.
 Each bids his friend farewell—whoe'er survives
 Will bear the message, to their friends and wives.

On Nelson's deck in conference now stand
 The gallant leaders of the British band;
 Trowbridge, as firm as he who e'er drew breath,
 And Hollowell, fearless of the darts of death,
 With famous Berry, of the Hawke-ian school,
 And Lewis, who the Minotaur did rule;
 Great Westcott, and Saumarez, were among
 That daring and immortal British throng.
 First spoke great Nelson—fame's immortal son—
 Who scenes of danger could not ever ahun;
 " My comrades, let us haste this very night,
 And bring the French into a general fight;
 This moment let us dash into the bay—
 Already we the briny ocean sway;
 Give them no time to breathe, ere they all fly—
 Willing to lose their fleet, but not to die.
 To hurl them from the waters let us go,
 And let this fate attend our George's foe."
 Applauding cheers, and shouts, at once declar'd
 The counsel good—the crews his feelings shar'd;
 Enthusiasm flew from breast to breast,
 The lust of glory every mind invests;
 Nor did a chief, of all th' assembled train,
 Rise to refute the hero of the main.

The British fleet are now upon the Nile,
 Where Victory on Britannia bright did smile.
 Yes, that great Nile, whose waters once were blood—
 The mandate of a justly-angry God—
 A second time its streams turn crimson dye,
 Regardless of the black and frowning sky.*

Now Silence is hurled down, and wild Up roar
 Is chief director on the sea and shore ;
 Both sides are eager for the fatal fray,
 And soon begin the terrors of that day.
 Now mighty Nelson hath attain'd his will,
 The winds are hush'd, and *Nature* all is still ;
 All their attention turned towards the shore,
 Where France and Nelson's dreadful thunders roar.
 Through trumpets sound the order, " shorten sail,"
 And the broad courses rise before the gale ;
 The boatswain's whistle echoes a repeat—
 " Take in top-hamper," † sounds throughout the fleet.
 The studding-sails § and royals || " stow'd away,"
 The guns " cast loose" to meet the coming fray ;
 Cutlass and pikes are now in order placed—
 The " boarding parties" ¶ muster in each waist ; **

* "*Regardless of the frowning sky,*" &c. Signifying that the flashes from the guns were so intense and vivid that the water reflected that blood-color " regardless of the dark sky."

† "*Courses.*" These are the largest and lowest sails in a ship, being understood as the foresail, mainsail, and mizen.

‡ "*Top-hamper.*" These are generally the light sails, such as sky-sails, stay-sails, studding-sails, &c.

§ "*Studding-sails.*" The studding-sails are those which run out on the side or edges of the larger sails ; they are only used in fine weather.

|| "*Royals.*" The royal-yard in the highest yard in a ship, although there is a light sail sometimes set over it.

¶ "*Boarding parties.*" These are men chosen for that sanguinary work ; that is, as soon as the two vessels come in contact, the Boarding Party at once throw themselves on board the enemy's ship, where they fight hand in hand, with sabres.

** "*Waist*"—that part of the ship which is between the quarter-deck and fore-castle—being a deck lower than either of these.

* "*Poop*"
 the Latin w

These men are chosen from the whole ship's crew,
Renowned for daring, and to England true ;
Rough British bull-dogs, trained in smoke and fire,
To "board" the foe is their whole soul's desire.

The British chief—his eye now glancing o'er
And kindling brighter, at the sullen roar
That boomed across old Neptune's dark domain,
But soon to crimson with the victims slain ;
Upon his breast three golden stars do blaze,
Each one, a column to the hero's praise ;
Then spoke the chief—the Britons listening stand—
"Remember, friends, our fate is sealed by land ;
The balance sinks with us, while France doth rise—
Our's, to the ground—but their's up to the skies.
Let us retrieve the loss, the heaps of slain—
And let us now retrieve it, on the main ;
The only hope we have, is here to fight,
And here we'll conquer, or else die this night.
Remember, friends, our country's fate depends
Upon the seas, while Nelson's arm defends ;
Let every soul, on this momentous day,
His duty do—implicitly obey ;
ENGLAND EXPECTS IT."—**Loud the cheers resound,
"We'll die or conquer," through the fleet rang round.**
Nor was the Theseus, lofty floating car,
Which held six hundred daring hearts for war,
Behind the Vanguard—enthusiastic flame
Fired each warrior with a thirst of fame ;
Upon the poop* her tall commander stood—
Miller, the brave, the fortunate, the good ;
The glittering gold, around his neck and breast,
Made stiff the sea-blue cloth and richly-colored vest ;
The epaulettes of gold his shoulders graced,
While the rich sword around his loins was braced ;

* "Poop"—the highest and hindmost part of a ship ; taken from
the Latin word *puppis*.

The noble chieftain thus addressed his band—
 “Ye brave defenders of our native land,
 Remember, Justice strengthens every band;
 ’Tis not for conquest, but defence, we fight,
 And we will die, ere yield to foes our right.
 And He, whose arm is mighty still to save,
 Will help our arms, and braver make the brave;
 Still call on him—not built with hands his fane—
 Whose nostrils’ breath could sweep us off the main.”
 With glowing hearts the Britons rush to war,
 And soon their vivid lightnings stream afar.

How much depends on this all fatal night,
 Where France and Albion tried their awful might!
 The Eastern lands of Britain were at stake,
 And for the issue did Columbia quake;
 Her mighty ships of war lay on the tide,
 Where enemies encompassed every side;
 The land with Frenchmen swarms—the sea’s alive—
 And who against this fortune dare to strive?
 Immortal Nelson dared the strengths of man,
 When on the Ocean he had formed his plan;
 That was his field of fame—his soul’s delight
 Was to engage the foe in dreadful fight.
 No hovering doubt about his mind now flies,
 But firm assurance in his bosom lies.

The shock across the raging seas was hurled,
 Until it shook the New, and Western World,
 Where Slavery, and Freedom, both reside,
 From the rough Cape, to great St. Lawrence’ tide;
 Where the intrepid Spaniard crossed the main,
 Until the Western Indies bowed to Spain.
 Ah! see, the bleeding form of Freedom soars,
 With gushing tears, above these Indian shores,
 Where Innocence, with Nature, proudly stood,
 Survey’d the stream, the valley, and the wood;

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There the wild chieftain felt himself supreme,
 When hunting by some murmuring native stream.
 O! glorious Isles! when no European's hand
 Had blasted the sweet beauties of the land;
 There sylvan shades, with the rich guava hung;
 The red-bird's* notes through dale and mountain rung;
 See feathery cocoas, waving in the gale,
 And the dark cedar shades the fertile vale,
 Beneath whose foliage, and Italian skies,
 The native Indian on Earth's carpet lies.

"Say, memory, from whose unerring tongue"
 The Bards gone by and present Bards have sung,
 On every side, around the thundering fleet,
 What far-famed lands and ancient countries meet!
 O! Nile, pure stream, where are thy Naiads flown?
 Where are thy guardian Nymphs and Isis gone?
 O! River great, renowned in classic song,
 Whose waters gild the verdant plains along,
 Convuls'd with fear, the Crocodile has fled
 From out thy waters, swollen with the dead!
 Once, Cleopatra's barge did deck thy wave—
 Thy waters worshipp'd, and a Queen thy slave.

O Alexandria! rear thy towers high,
 For thy great namer but with fame can die!
 Did he too stretch his arm, from Grecian fields,
 That far-famed Egypt to the conqueror yields?
 Thy peaks, great town, shall stand a monument
 That Alexander here once reared his tent.
 A second Hero stands amongst that fleet,
 Whose name till now ne'er coupled with defeat;
 Oh view on this great day that Corsican,
 That mighty-minded, but small-bodied man.

* "Red-bird."—A bird peculiar to North America, called the Virginia Nightingale, or Cardinal Grosbeak.
 † "Falconer's "Shipwreck."

And oracle would that he should rise
 A dreadful monarch—cruel, brave and wise ;
 And so it came to pass ; that alien's name
 Was soon to rank amongst the sons of fame.
 The Macedonian warrior's type, this chief—
 Whose warlike name spread conquest, joy and grief.
 His mighty genius is not yet unfurled,
 And unknown lives the man, who after ruled the world.

Hail, Nilus, Egypt's everlasting fame—
 I see thee now, emitting clouds of flame,
 Thy bosom torn with fleets, with shells, and fire,
 With Nelson's thunders, that the crews inspire—
 The deafening cheers, and many an ill-timed joke,
 Of England's hearts encased, in hearts of oak !
 But long ere this the French had formed a plan
 Whose strong defences seemed too hard for man
 For to subdue, or even venture near,
 And from their bosoms cast away all fear—
 For they had fortified the spacious bay,
 While close in front the heavy shipping lay.
 But Nelson eyed them with a seaman's skill,
 And gave the words again " the sails to fill ;"
 For, said the chief " if all their ships can moor,
There's depths of water neerer still the shore."
 The French aghast beheld the wondrous sight,
 For they ne'er thought our chief would risk the fight ;
 He onward rushed between their fleets and shore—
 Such fearless skill was never known before

Now from the end of England's *inward* line,
 On rolling smoke—the blazing nitre's shine—
 The battle roars ; the English cheers resound,
 The Ocean, maddened, rushes 'gainst the ground ;
 And from the kelson to the lofty truck,
 Each ship of war is wholly lost in smoke.
 Could Pompey now this dreadful fight discern,
 Nay, could the mighty Julius burat the urn—

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Could that magician of the ancient world,
 That Cæsar, who all warlike nations hurled
 To direful losses, and defeat, and shame,
 While distant nations trembled at his name—
 That learned, god-like, fearless Roman star,
 Whose name was great in letters as in war,
 Whose soul then comprehended arts and man,
 Whose foot disdained the paths that others ran;
 Arise, thou Roman, whose small sword and shield
 Made half the world, in terror, to thee yield,
 Behold (O would thou could'st) the smoking Nile,
 Where Erebus and Mars alone do smile!
 Lo! the tall rigging forms a mighty maze!
 Behold the waters, all a flashing blaze!
 See what tremendous ships! what thunder roars!
 How? is this battle to be ranked with yours?
 Arise, and view from Alexandria's height
 The awful lightnings of the Nile's proud fight:
 Would'st thou not cry, great Cæsar, in amaze,
 "The gods—not mortals—on the Nilus rage."
 There thundering Nelson, on a throne of flame
 And wings of victory, hurl'd Britannia's foes
 To everlasting shame.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Reflections on War—Diffidence of the Author—Dreadful combat, between the Flag Ship of Admiral Bruce's, and the Bellerophon; in which the latter is dismasted, and forced to withdraw out of the line of fire—L'Orient ranges through the fleet—The Zealous, Captain Hood, dismasts the "Guerriere"—The Goliath, Captain Foley, takes the "Conquerant"—Captain Westcott, of the Majestic, killed—The Orion, Captain Sir J. Saumarez, sinks the "Serieuse" frigate—The Vanguard, Nelson's ship, enters the battle, and engages the "Spartiate," on the one side, and the "Agjolon" on the other—The Minotaur captures the latter, and the Vanguard the former—List of the British Ships that fought at the Nile—Nelson receives a wound in the head, at first thought to be mortal.—The scene is the same—the time from dark till 2 o'clock in the morning.

O! tell me, Muse, why first thou sung the praise
Of Heroes, and none else, with Homer's lays—
What raging Demon first this order made,
Who through the crimson stream of blood might wade?
'Twas thou, O Muse, first instituted laws,
And sung, in classic verse, the first great cause.
Elysian bowers thou formed and sung their praise,
Then the dark shades, in dread and awful lays.
But how, O Nine, could men that swam in blood,
And *rose to heaven* on the purple flood?
The cruel hero, but to gain the prize
Of the Elysian fields, to slaughter flies
Without a cause—the innocent's retreat,
Must welter in their blood, beneath his feet—
Fires the hamlet, and the rustic slays,
There on this chief is admiration's gaze.
Thus towns, and countries, by him, run with blood;
He walks to glory on the purple flood.

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Then blasts of triumph, hundred-tongued fame,
 With ill-earned laurels binds the victor's name.
 What can withstand, when raging Ate incites—
 When follow scenes in which stern Mars delights?
 When daring Diomed, by Pallas fired,
 Struck Emilius, with execution tired,
 And sent the immortal to the feet of Jove
 To ask for vengeance, on Minerva's love—
 Yet soon again in battle Mars was found
 Dealing his blows on all the Greeks around.
 Through every age, and clime, the demon War
 Drives his iron and his murdering car—
 When will the day arrive that he shall cease,
 And rural beauties show the sweets of peace?
 Even thou Egypt—how oft thy slimy shore
 Hath run with streams (like rain) of human gore!

When Calliope sings, along my glowing veins
 I feel the fire of the Muses' strains—
 O sacred nymph! all passions wilt thou move—
 Prepares the heart, for battle, or for love;
 With thrilling pleasure, dost thou chain the ear,
 And lulled by thee, no foe, nor danger fear,
 What sweet emotions melt the inspired soul
 As Joy, and Ardour through the passions roll—
 O heavenly maid! this dreadful fight declare
 In mournful strains, and with a mournful air.
 When Virgil shone, with bright Apollo's beam,
 He sung a boundless and exhaustless theme—
 Fresh heroes, and new battles—chieftain's dreams,
 Their councils, quarrels—and pellucid streams—
 Great Ammon's charges to th' immortal train—
 And Isis, guardian of great Hector slain—
 A mighty maze, a vast expanse for song,
 Which like a river laves the plain along;
 But I, bewildered, in a labyrinth lost,
 With false impressions and false numbers tost—

Who rushes heedless, soonest leaves the way;
 I, onward plunging, lost the guiding ray—
 'Tis not for me to draw the briny tear,
 As Falconer, name to Muses ever dear—
 Nor deal in grandest Milton's awful page,
 The mysteries of an ancient bygone age—
 Nor yet as Shakspeare, Nature's great delight,
 To paint Troilus' love or Ajax' fight—
 Not one alone—but he the whole possessed—
 The Nine all sung in Shakspeare's tuneful breast.
 But daring Calliope's mine—to fire the lay,
 And rouse the stagnant blood, in Egypt's bay.
 Then Britons rise, awake, to conquest go,
 And to the shades hurl your ensanguine foe—
 Nelson, thou sleepest—rise and be again
 What thou was wont, the sovereign of the main.

Now, Calliope, assist me with this theme,
 Make bright each line with great Appollo's beam:
 O! now again behold the scene sublime,
 Transcending naval fights of every clime.
 Now had L'Orient, which the Admiral bore,
 Been fiercely fighting with a seventy-four.
 One hundred guns the Orient's decks contain,
 And with a crew of twice five hundred men;
 The Bellerophon on her quarter* lies,
 Equals in courage what they lose in size,
 The British captain—no inspiring sounds,
 Nought but his orders, through the ship resounds,
 The seamen—steady, staunch, on hope relies,
 Nor view with terror their inferior size—
 "For," say the Britons, "'Tis with French we fight,
 Nor can they stand before a Nelson's might."
 Britannia nerves them, with a firm desire
 Never to flinch, but still maintain the fire—

* "Quarter"—the sides of the ship next the stern, where in large ships windows are placed—termed sometimes quarter-gallery.

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While desperate courage, and the guillotine,
 Is what *inspires* the crews of the French line.
 Nearly *an hour* did these ships contend—
 While British shot the Orient's rigging rend;
 At 8, with deafening crash, the mizen tall
 With the huge mainmast o'er the bulwarks fall,
 A lofty pile of sails and ropes descend,
 Nor can the Briton any more contend.
 Under the weight of all this towering wreck,
 Brave Lander falls a mangled corpse on deck.
 He was the third, commanding, from his chief—
 The crew all swear revenge, in silent grief:
 As the tall towers that looked o'er Ilium's plain
 Fell crashing, on the living and the slain,
 So did the masts of this great ship of war
 Fall like an avalanche on the sable car.
 The Bellerophon motionless doth lie,
 Which cannot fight and yet which will not fly.
 Now falls the first Lieutenant, Savage brave,
 He finds a foreign tomb in Nilus' wave.
 Now thus the Captain, to the chagrined band,
 Who mad with anger round the cannon stand—
 "My friends, 'gainst fate to rush is all in vain,
 Some other day we may the victory gain;
 And though I sooner on this deck would die
 Than see the Bellerophon turn and fly,
 Still to preserve the lives that yet remain,
 And save the ship, we must from fight refrain."
 Scarce uttered were these words, when o'er the side
 The foremast falls down thundering on the tide—
 A shot now lays the Captain in his gore,
 Wounded, he listens to the kindling roar—
 The Bellerophon from the line withdrew—
 In silent sorrow worked the sullen crew.
 Far from the Britons and the Gaulian foe,
 The Swiftsure now the crippled ship doth tow.
 The huge tall Orient fights amid the throng,
 The echo from her guns doth boom along;

Upon her deck walk the French Admiral,
 Unconscious that his *ship* was doomed to fall.
 Like some fierce Giant through a Pigmy crowd,
 Rushes along, in strength and greatness proud,
 Tramps down opposers, hurls them round and round,
 Dashes aside, or crushes to the ground ;
 So did this mighty ship sail through the fleet.
 In vain she tried an equal foe to meet—
 But dire was her fate—it was at hand,
 Nor was she doomed to touch her native land.

Now daring Hood, the Zealous' nerve and bone,
 The "Guerriere's" tall rigging had hurl'd down—
 Death-like she lay, that moved of late in pride—
 The Zealous' prize, lay conquered on the tide.
 The "Conquerant," one of the enemy's line,
 Now, without masts, lies on the heaving brine ;
 The shot and shells, from the Goliath's side,
 Laid low their rigging, and, with it, their pride.
 Thus two large ships, already Britons' rights,
 Though scarce ten minutes* had been pass'd in fight ;
 And Captain Foley was her chieftain brave,
 Whose hand was strong in fight, yet mild to save.
 He ruled the tall Goliath, on this night,
 When France and Britain raged in dreadful fight.
 The flaming Orion in the vanward glows,
 And "La Serieuse" down to the bottom goes ;
 Proud Saumarez (her chief,) the "Serieuse" eyed—
 The proud commander *yawed* his vessel's side,

* In the 3d line, page 27, are the words "nearly an hour did these ships contend"—then afterwards, "the scene ten minutes had been passed," &c. Now this will be attributed to the author, as an error ; but it is one which cannot be rectified, although it might be placed a few pages back ; for, by the Bellerophon's log-book it was nine o'clock when she withdrew out of the line—though by James Clarke and McAnther, and the Vanguard's log, it was but eight o'clock ; so that by the Bellerophon's log-book, they *did* contend an hour.

A flood of fire he on the frigate pours,
And down she sinks beneath the Orion's roars ;
Then rushing on between the "Souverain,"
He thunders on the "Franklin" shot and flame,
Receives the fire from both these ships of war—
Britannia nerved him, and his flag streamed far.
The "Franklin" bears, at her tall mainmast's pole,
Rear-Admiral Blanquet's flag (which fleets control).
The British ship Defence, now on her side
Lets death and wounds on every bullet ride.

Then Westcott, in the stern Majestic came,
And pours on the "Hereux" destructive sheets of flame.
Then Westcott thus unto his noble crew—
"Brave hearts of oak, to Britain ever true,
We'll dash into the line—this seventy-four
We'll sink by you, under our cannon's roar."
The tars huzza'd—with sinews firm as steel,
With hearts resolved to make the "Monsieur" feel
Britannia's metal, and her seamen's skill—
And to their work they went, with right good will.

And now the rolling Vanguard, Nelson's car,
Bearing this son of ocean to the war,
Amid the throng, under all sails advance,
To choose the bravest, of the fleets of France ;
Six ensigns stream'd from the cloud-piercing masts,
And lurid flashes on the night he casts ;
Then rushing on the "Spartiate's" larboard bow,
Clews up the sails, and rears her towering prow.
The huge "Aquilon" on his quarter runs,
Discharging in the Vanguard all her guns.
Upon his starboard doth the "Spartiate" rage,
And now he doth the other ship engage ;
He thunders from each side—the waters shake,
And the far-distant shores with terror quake ;
Then Nelson in his glory joyful fights,
Defending Freedom's and Great Britain's rights.

But, ranging up, the lofty Minotaur
 On the "Aquilon" her fierce broadsides pour—
 Lewis, her master, eager for the fight,
 And proud to show his skill in Nelson's sight;
 After a struggle, dreadful and severe,
 They strike* their streamers, all convulsed with fear.

The Alexander, on the fleet's lee beam,
 Now takes a part in this momentous scene;
 Then Hollowell, in the Swiftsure, sails amain
 To dash the flag of France, and laurels gain;
 'Twas now so dark, that dread disasters rose,
 Nor Hollowell discover where his foes;
 The crippled Bellerophon lay alone,
 And from her sides no sparkling meteor shone;
 Then Hollowell, zealous for Britannia's fame,
 Thought not to let escape one Gaulian name;
 A dire mistake—prepares his guns to send
 The Bellerophon to a dismal end;
 A circumstance prolonged her to the world—
 Nelson had said, "Fire not, with sails unfurled."†
 The Swiftsure anchored, in the leeward line,
 And soon her cannons thundered o'er the brine;
 Not so the lofty "Franklin"—o'er the deck
 Her foremast falls, a tangled mass of wreck;
 On board the Bellerophon—now no more,
 But lying lifeless, in his streaming gore,
 Brave Jolliffe, torn by a murderous shell—
 Making the third Lieutenant that had fell.

Now to the fight sails the remaining bark—
 Nor could the crew distinguish, in the dark,

* "Strike." This is a sea term signifying to surrender, or hauling down the colors.

† Nelson had given orders that not a gun should be fired till the fleet had taken their station in the line, and had anchored; to this circumstance the above line alludes.

Which friend or foe—but that each Briton bare
 Four lanterns at the peak, whose vapoury glare
 Show friends their friends, and foes to combat dare. }
 The small Leander—fifty guns she reared—
 Thomson, her chief, who Nelson's counsels shared ;
 When to the scene she rushed, four ships of Gaul
 To British valour had been forced to fall.

And now that every British ship's engaged,
 And France, and England's sailors, deep enraged—
 I will detail the names of Nelson's fleet,
 (A name who never knew what meant defeat.)
 The Vanguard first, and the tall Orion,
 The Swiftsure, and the stern Bellerophon,
 (Who bravely fought "L'Orient," immense,)
 The Minotaur, Leander, and Defence,
 The Theseus, and Culloden, (but the last,
 During the battle, on a shoal was fast) ;
 And the Audacious, bold as her name implies ;
 The Alexander, too, on Nilus lies ;
 The Zealous, who from foes did ne'er retreat,
 Goliah, and Majestic, ends the fleet.

Brave Nelson, who had thundered death around,
 Sad to relate, receives a fearful wound ;
 A langridge shot the hero's temples tear,
 While his brave crew, him to the cockpit bear ;
 The blood flows clotted, and the pulse throbs fast,
 And all the crew believe each throb the last.
 The mighty Nelson, knowing that his end
 Was fast approaching, now sends for his friend,
 The Minotaur's brave chief—Lewis his name—
 Who had that day been dealing death and flame.

Now (Nelson down) brave Berry takes command—
 But soon the Britons know another hand :
 As the tall bark, that through the waters flies,
 While on each side pellucid mountains rise,

Pressed on her lee, through the white waste she glides,
 A well-tried veteran at her helm guides—
 Thus smooth she skims along, mountains behind,
 " Bearing away," or " luffing" to the wind;
 But place a novice at the dangerous post,
 And soon 'mong billows will the bark be tost,
 Soon will the seas dash over bows and side,
 And then perhaps the mast will kiss the tide;
 No " spilling" of the sails, broadside she lies,
 And every wave high o'er the vessel flies.

Now Lewis comes on board, to see his friend,
 And take one last farewell, before his end.
 " Ah! Nelson," said the chief, " thy end is near,
 But thy great soul despised the pale-faced fear;
 ' Here,' have I heard thee say, ' here would I die—
 From the wet decks, would Nelson's spirit fly!'
 And here, the decks are wet with gore and blood,
 And there, a conquered fleet lies on the flood.
 Thy soul, immortal chief, to death must yield—
 The Eastern main is Nelson's battle-field.
 O! how I envy such a name as thine,
 Great chief, whose name shall be almost divine."
 Thus Lewis said; and thus the chief replies,
 While the fire glistens from his martial eyes—
 " Yes, Lewis, it is so, I die with joy,
 Nor even death can my great fame destroy;
 There conquered lies the half of that proud fleet,
 That held, last morning, Egypt at its feet."
 But, ah! what pen can write the joy that flew
 Among the Vanguard's hardy, daring crew;
 And every Briton, as with one loud voice,
 Thank'd Heaven for Nelson—as they did rejoice,
 Their shouts of joy did to the shore resound;
 For when the surgeon came to view the wound,
 (Reader, don't start, so late the surgeon came,
 This only adds to laurelled Nelson's name,

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For when he rush'd at once to staunch the blood,
 "No!" said the chief, "go where you will; good!
 When my turn comes, then you may view my head;
 By then I do expect to slumber with the dead."
 But different was the case—the wound was small,
 Nor through the head had pass'd the fatal ball;
 Britannia's son once more renew'd the strife,
 And many a sailor now resigned his life.

Anxious and trembling on the distant shore,
 Their ears nigh stunned by battle's deafening roar,
 Where Nilus rolls his tributary wave
 To what was ocean once, but now a grave—
 There on its banks the Gallic soldiers gaze,
 Their eyes directed by the cannons' blaze,
 Certain, almost, their fleet was crushed below
 The foot of Nelson, their detested foe;
 Unwilling to believe, what was too plain,
 They once more see their ruin on the main;
 With sullen silence, and despair, they leave
 The banks of Nile, while for their fleet they grieve;
 "Remote, dejected, melancholy, slow,"
 Back to the town of Alexandria go.
 But now no more to follow these my theme—
 Alone it sings of Nile's meandering stream;
 Alike their conquests and defeats remain,
 Some other Muse must sing the fiery strain.

All the French Marschal's plans by sea now fail,
 For soon he heard the dread and direful tale;
 "I care not!" said the warrior, "let it be!
 France never can match England on the sea;
 But I will fierce destruction on them pour,
 Loud as the crater of high *Ætna's* roar;

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

The conflagration of the Orient, and the fall of Admiral Bruys and Captain Casa Bianca, of the Orient—Dreadful Explosion of that ship, and a short cessation of the combat—Young Casa Bianca's fate, the Captain's son—The battle again rages—Four Ships of France surrender—The Thesus attacks the "Timoleon"—Traucherous conduct of Estandlet, Captain of the "Artemise" frigate—Admiral Villeneuve flies, in the "Guillaume Tell;" and is pursued by the Zealous—He escapes, along with the "Genevex"—The Battle ends—List of the killed, on the English side—Nelson's glory—The rejoicing and mourning in England, on the news of the Battle. Time, from 9 o'clock, P. M. till the morning of the next day.

O! now again behold the scene sublime,
Transcending naval fights in every clime;
The mighty "Orient" still the fight maintains,
The "Franklin," "Tonnant," and "Heureux" remains.
Bravely these strive their fortunes to regain,
And change the fate of battle—but in vain:
The thundering cannons' loud, tremendous roar,
And vivid flashes lights the neighboring shore;
Nature's convulsed—while dire havoc flies,
And many a hero in the turmoil dies.
The tars of England view their comrades fall,
Which nerves them more to crush the sons of Gaul!
The heaps of slain disarms the French's power—
They crouch beneath the tempest's iron shower,
Then strike their colors to superior skill,
Or strive in vain their tattered sails to fill;
In noise they struggle—but it will not do,
Their wheel-ropes severed and the braces* too.

* "Braces."—Ropes leading from the end of each principal yard—wherby the yards are kept even, or "braced fairly."

See! now a smoke in rolling volumes rise,
 And shuts L'Orient from ten thousand eyes;
 O! awful fate—the gallant ship's on fire!
 (Now all the high-born hopes of France expire.)
 What pen shall write the terrors of this sight,
 Or who describe the waving sheet of light!
 Calm had it been, no winds disturbed the bay—
 Night though it was, the sky seemed light as day:
 A rolling sea of fire alone appeared,
 'T' heaven's blue vault the flaming brands are reared;
 It runs along the masts—they are a fire—
 And every instant still the flame bursts higher.
 The towering masts of rigging now performs
 The gun's hot office, rearing hideous forms,
 The fire, like serpents, up the cordage runs,
 While fast below is heard the booming guns—
 Will Illium's sacred walls with this compare,
 A fire alone, on water, and on air?
 When dread Vesuvius poured his lava flood,
 And 'neath his rage ill-fated Pompeii stood,
 Such awful sheets of flame did not ascend
 Unto the crescent of the heaven's bend—
 Nor could the Grecian fleets, if fired by Troy,
 Give Priam greater, than was Nelson's joy.

The polished decks that lately bore a form,
 Now crashing, sink amidst the raging storm—
 The bolts red-hot withdraw, the oak planks rend,
 The tall masts totter and like rushes bend,
 The massive planks with thrilling crash give way,
 And the aspiring flames turns night to day.
 Yet though the ship was all a sheet of flame,
 Still her great ruler kept his name from blame—
 'Mid falling spars and ropes and boiling tar—
 Yet still his flag, above all these, streamed far
 The Swifsure on his weather, hurled a shower
 Of shot and shells, forced by a deadly power—

* "Weather"—the side of a ship nearest to the wind.

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The Alexander on his larboard, pours
 Death, and sad carnage, in terrific pours.

At length (sad to relate, the mournful fall)
 Of that intrepid and brave admiral)

A murderous shot the noble chieftain found,
 And down he sank, gashed with a horrid wound.

Thrice was he shot before, and thrice he stood
 And rather save his honor than his blood,

Pierced through the head, down by his chieftain's side,
 Fell brave Bianca, (saves his fame) and died.

Some friendly arm the chieftain, dead, conveyed
 Down from the deck into the cockpit's shade.

Now struck with awe, the loud uproar subsides,
 And every eye towards the Orient glides,

A joyful bonfire to Britannia's sons—
 "Rejoice, great Nelson," cries her booming guns.

But every ship, whether hostile or a friend,
 Unto her crew their whole assistance lend.

In kindness' cause Britannia's sons are found,
 (Not held by duty, but by honour bound)

To be as forward in dark danger's way
 And save those foes that vengeance taught them slay.

A score of boats around the Orient meet,
 Returning laden to the silenced fleet.

How shall I sing the fate of that bright star,
 The Captain's son,* (son of the God of War)

That dauntless youth upon the deck still stands,
 Where painted apars are changed to fiery brands—

* *Casa-Bianca*, a midshipman on board the *L'Orient*, son of the Captain. The Captain was killed in the early part of the action, but this event was unknown to the son, when the ship caught fire, and the boats were leaving her; and he, not seeing his father in any of them, concluded that his father was still on board, and therefore refused to quit the ship until he was ordered to do so—consequently, he was blown up in the explosion of that ship shortly afterwards.

Death showed his terrors in a blazing storm,
 But foul dishonour reared a blacker form—
 Though young in years and life her beauties spread,
 And raging Etna thundered o'er his head,
 The refuge too remained, where he might fly,
 And leave his sire in flames; perhaps to die—
 He knew not (godlike youth) his father's head
 Was stiff and cold among the heaps of dead.
 So thus immortal Aeneas from Troy's fire
 On his wide shoulders bore his aged sire,
 But then Anchises was a living weight,
 While brave Biscia met his mournful fate,
 Still on the deck stands his intrepid son,
 Nor the most dreadful torments would he shun—
 His post he would not quit, the flames rolled on,
 He cried, "My father, may I yet be gone,
 One boat awaits me, and the fire is great,
 Say shall I hasten, ere it be too late?"
 No answer got the youth, but crashing spars,
 And loud rejoicings from the British tars,
 Smile on this youth, thou fickle goddess, Fame,
 As Nelson wrote of his immortal name—
 He stamped up, "Nelson," in his foeman's blood—
 He thundered, "Nelson," off St. Vincent's flood—
 "Nelson and Bronte," resounded through all Spain,
 And Teneriffe, his pillar in the main—
 And death, and vengeance at his conquering side,
 Dashed France's hopes, upon the Nilus' tide—
 And dread Bellona, caused her that his name,
 Should rise, a pillar in the "house of Fame."
 But let a trumpet swell to pathos mild,
 And sing the praises of that noble child.
 He held the post allotted by his sire,
 Despite of shot, the ocean, and the fire—
 And when the last and tardy boat had gone,
 "O father! have I now my duty done!"

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A thunder-blast, a victory-boding cry—
 A stream of flame, that lit the blackened sky—
 Was all that answered that true son of Fame,
 Whose praise shall live as long as Nelson's name.

That roar of thunder shook the ocean round,
 Convulsed with earthquakes was the trembling ground,
 A death-like stillness, to this blast, succeeds,
 And Nelson's feeling heart, for the doom'd wretches
 For full three minutes silence but prevailed,
 Down horror-stricken were the crews fast nailed—
 High in the air the blazing fragments ride,
 Like fierce, portentous meteors, down they glide,
 Then, with a sullen splash, they hiss among the tide.

But soon, pale horror left each Gaulic face,
 And dire revenge, glowed in the vacant place;
 The dreadful combat is again renewed,
 And thousands more die in the deadful feud.
 The rolling "Guillaume Tell," and "Genereux,"
 The swift "Mercure," and sable "Le Hereux,"
 Feebly, now try the battle to maintain,
 And strive with England's hero of the main.
 The conflict now its crisis has attained,
 For in the van a certain victory's gained—
 Four of their haughty fleet, no colours shew
 But Albion's streamers, and their flags below.
 With ecstasy our sailors cast a glance,
 At the red ensign, o'er the flags of France—
 That proudly wave, above the blood-stained bay,
 And plainly tell that Britons won the day.
 Four others of the foe beheld the fate
 Of their van ships, which fury did create
 In their vexed souls—like tigers roused, again,
 They hoped by desperation still to reign,
 Lords of the Bay—but fruitless was their skill,
 Britannia ruled—and rules the ocean still.

The Swiftsure, and Leander, had subdued
 The "Franklin"—and the "Tonnant" was pursued,
 Then like a knight, in brazen armor bound,
 High on a steed, whose feet disdained the ground,
 Rushed the tall Theseus, fiercely to the fight,
 Her cannon roaring—nitre flashing light—
 Upon the large "Timoleon" Millar runs,
 Discharging, all at once, his larboard guns—
 "L'Artemise" upon his larboard lies,
 While from her sides a stream of fire flies,
 The iron shower rakes the Theseus full,
 Upon the bowsprit, and the sable hulk;
 No sooner had the metal left the guns,
 When the French banner, down the halliard runs—
 Down 'neath the deck a latent fire glows,
 And to the shore her crew, midst darkness, goes,
 The treacherous chief, Estandlet—craven slave—
 No more a warrior, a designing knave—
 Disgraced the streamer, he was bound to save—
 Prepared a plot to give the English boat,
 A cruise 'midst burning spars, on air to float—
 Heaven willed not so; his ship to atoms blew,
 Ere, from the Theseus, sailed the boarding crew,
 But stamps with infamy the chieftain's name—
 His deep laid plot proved his eternal shame—
 Then, only then, France saw the battle won,
 And Albion's star, like the meridian sun,
 In the ascendant, towering o'er the Gaul,
 Who, always on the main, was doomed to fall,
 One hour's more fierce fighting, brought a ray
 From Phœbus' chariot, sovereign of the day,
 O! what a sight did Sol's bright beams expose,
 High heaps on heaps of friends, and piles of foes,
 The bodies, choking up Nile's rolling flood,
 The waters crimson, dyed with human blood.

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Ere this the leader of the Gallic fleet—
 Proud Villeneuve—thought proper to retreat,
 And when Apollo's bow dispelled the dark,
 Far in the offing was his shattered bark;
 With terror all convulsed he fled the fight,
 Too well escaping, favored by the night.
 The lofty "Genereux" had also fled,
 Of Nelson and his Britons deep in dread.
 The British chief, then, did the Zealous send,
 To give the past night's work a fearful end;
 But Fate preserved them, and they got away,
 Leaving Britannia's flag supreme o'er all the bay.
 These were the only *two* that escaped the hand
 Of Nelson, and his glorious British band;
 But dreadful was the price—eight hundred fell
 On Britain's side, beneath the ocean's swell.
 The gallant Bellerophon's loss was great—
 Three brave Lieutenants, all had met their fate;
 The Captain wounded—nine and forty dead—
 Two hundred in this ship, this night had bled.
 The noble chief of the Majestic died,
 Two hundred of his crew fell by his side,
 Some gashed with wounds, and three and forty slain—
 Their battle-field the deck, their grave the main.
 Taddy, and Taylor, in the Vanguard died,
 The first, who o'er the soldiers did preside;
 Brave Seymour too, and thirty Britons more,
 Resigned their lives, lay weltering in their gore;
 And on that dread and memorable night,
 Two hundred British sailors died in fight;
 Six hundred more, sore wounded, groaning lay
 Upon the decks, on that momentous day;
 But thirteen of the proudest ships of Gaul,
 Had fell before Britannia's brazen wall.

The battle hushed, the work of death is o'er;
 But view the deck besmeared with human gore!

In dire confusion, dead and dying lay,
 Brisk on the eve, but now mute lumps of clay.
 The hardy tars, whose valour just before
 Nought could subdue, alas! are now no more.
 Some weep for messmates, dear and ever true,
 With bursting sobs they bid the last adieu ;
 Some others to their groaning comrades haste,
 And gently raise them by the throbbing waist,
 Then to the cockpit sure and slow descend,
 Crying "Dearest doctor, help my dying friend."
 But oft it happens, with increasing pain,
 The messmate's dead—and back he goes again ;
 Then lays him out with every pious care ;
 Had he a wife ? then cuts a lock of hair.
 "To her I'll bear it, and to her relate
 Her slain and ever-gallant warrior's fate."

The fight is o'er, and France's navy crushed
 Beneath the victor, not with victory flushed !
 Nelson has stamped Britannia's name so great,
 That the tremendous sea supports her state,
 O ! what would have befell the Indies all,
 By land and main ? certain had been their fall.
 They must have fall'n, and England's power there
 France would have crush'd—but this was Nelson's care.
 He gained for Albion the greatest naval fight,
 That ever blackened day, or lit up night ;
 His matchless vig'lance found the foe at last,
 And, when once found, he with a deadly blast
 Blew France to ruin—no remnant might declare
 That e'er a Gaulian bark frequented there.

[Trafalgar's glories, *never* can I sing,
 A Homer through an Ilium should them sing.
 When, with his fleet, he to the Indies flew—
 Swift as the reindeer, did the foe pursue—
 The craven foe, who with a mighty host,
 Secure in Cadiz did their valor boas.

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But Nelson's mind's repose was never hushed,
 Until once more he Gaullia's navies crushed;
 And he *did* crush, and scatter on the flood—
 But sealed the mighty conquest with his blood.
 He, with his Britons, on Trafalgar's coasts,
 Tore into atoms the opposing hosts—
 Sunk, and destroyed—and once more France's pride
 Lay in destruction on th' Atlantic's tide.
 He Britain's fess from off the waters hurled,
 And St. George's Cross again ruled o'er the watery
 Let laurels and the cypress be allied, [world.
 For Nelson conquered, and the hero died;
 His lightnings bright eclipsed the noon-day sun,
 And what his thunders hath for Britain won!
 O! Gaullia, tremble! bow thy proud neck, Spain!
 For mighty Nelson's spirit rules the main!]

How many souls did death this day defy!
 "Yet 'tis a dread and awful thing to die." *
 Though, when the blood is raging at each vein,
 And God, nor Reason, can the hand restrain—
 When the hot choler chokes, and vengeance calls—
 Fear is thrust down, and grim Death's terror falls;
 Each sense is banished from fair Reason's throne,
 And "Death or Conquest" is the last faint groan.

How many widows shall deplore this day!
 How many more shall curse the blood-dy'd bay,
 Where Nelson struck the dread, tremendous blow,
 And swept away a brave and mighty foe!
 How many orphans shall in England cry,
 "Britannia won, for which my sire did die!"
 Her lights shall blaze, her trumpets loudly tell
 How noble Nelson conquer'd, and her foemen fell;
 "Rejoice!" shall shout her crowds—her guns shall roar
 The Nile's great victory, to the furthest shore.

* Campbell.

Thy name shall be pronounced by every tongue ;
 In every language shall thy praise be sung ;
 Each Muse of Fame a trump of gold shall sound,
 That thy great name shall to the heavens resound ;
 Thy deeds shall yet be sung in climes unknown,
 And in " Fame's Temple," sit by Ammon's throne ;
 Thy mighty actions unborn sires shall tell,
 How glorious was the Nile—thou Nelson fell !

England once more is sovereign of the main,
 Where Nelson's mighty arm her rights maintain ;
 His streamers wave from Nilus' slimy shore,
 To Denmark and Iberia—streaming o'er.

Now what remains of England's band, prepare
 Their ships, and hard-earned prizes, to repair ;
 The thirteen ships of France are all secured,
 Those having anchors being safely moored ;
 And all destroyed of that vain, boastful fleet,
 A day before held Egypt at its feet.

Now, Nile, adieu ! and solemn land, farewell !
 This monumental pile, where Gaullia fell !

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THE
STEEP OF FAME;

A POEM.

BY W. C. MCKINNON.

WRITTEN DURING THE WINTER OF

1843.

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THE STEEP OF FAME.

The steep where Fame's proud Temple shines afar

"And if no bast' have my vising seen
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame,
Then teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty page,
Drive from my breast the wretched lust of praise.
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O! grant me honest fame, or grant me none."

"She blows not both with the same wind,
But one before, and one behind;
And therefore modern authors name
One 'bove, and t'other evil fame."

The mighty mother, and her Muse, who led
Me through the mazes of the hero's dead—
Whose snallow praise the Avon Musae sing
The fame of warriors, and of tyrant kings;
Of this capricious theme, the Muse bewails
The vain ascends the steep, the honest fails,
No raging Calliope now, shall lead the song—
The scornful Muse, alone, shall guide along.

What is this goddess, that makes mankind rejoice,
That both the prince, the clown seek for her voice?
She that deludes, and makes a Cromwell's name
Coupled, with glory and foul murder's stain—
Who touches men with her small fairy wand,
And, like the ignis fatuus, waves her hand
Unto her dupes, who still believe her true—
Though she is nought, and guile—

In times of yore, ere mortals writ or read,
And knowledge lay obscure, for ages dead—
Dulness, eclipsed bright genial learning's bloom,
Offspring of chaos, and eternal gloom.

Then, goddess Both, ~~coarse~~ was thy sounding lyre,
 And loud, and fierce, thy dread tumultuous fire;
 When but a nation's voice thy trumpet was,
 Ere Jove's nine tuneful daughters took its place.
 Long ere an Alexander wore a crown,
 Or Indus' king his millions hurled down,
 Thy hundred tongues made known a chieftain's name,
 Ere Homer won his own immortal fame.

Back to the numbers turn, and view the fane;
 Far o'er each nation, doth the goddess reign;
 She rears her broken ladder, to the skies,
 Ambition, called—e'en sages to it flies—
 Loud thundering fame, high at the top doth stand,
 Seen by all tribes, and by each distant land—

And every grade, and every soul below,
 Doth, more or less, upon this ladder go
 Charmed with melody of the Muses lays,
 Filled with the soul, and wretched lust of praise.
 High over this the towering structure lay,
 Far, steep, and slippery, was the much-trod way;
 There, on the earth it's base, the mansion shone,
 Which tuneful Pope compared to Parian stone—
 It's lofty turrets midst the clouds were reared,

And o'er the globe its shining walls appeared.
 There every species, of report, is found
 From grovelling creatures, on the lowly ground
 To that which high, amid the stars, does sound,
 What wilt thou choose, a Doddridge moral page,
 Or Calvin, bright reformer of an age—
 Or wilt thou choose to view a Newton there,
 Or Tully's fame, ethereal, on the air?
 In that great mansion is each votary found—

Some sought it not, yet these the Muses sound;
 But, ah! what perverse Muse assigned a throne
 To sons of dulness never having shone—
 To rigid critics, famed by noise, whose fame
 Was torn away to give these men a name—

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When the worst wit, that ever penned a line,
 Was better than the best that here does shine.
 With vast exertions, see a Cooke^s efface
 The name of Pope, his own the throne a disgrace.
 But, silent are they now, their censures o'er—
 The host of Curlls,^s and Tibbald's,^s are no more;
 While his great name, in every learned mind
 For ages, yet to come, a home shall find.
 Behold! by fraud, by flattery, and by right,
 A Wolsey hath now reached the utmost height—
 Alas, he's dizzy! he, Henry's foe^s enthral—

* Thomas Cooke, one of the severest of Pope's critics—but only one, out of, I may say, hundreds. He issued a scurrilous pamphlet against the above author, and when he failed in ridiculing his works, the inveterate and learned critic abused Mr. Pope's person, religion, friends, &c. in a manner with such a veil of truth about it, as induced many people to believe it was authentic.—See Cooke's "Battle of the Poets," and Letters in the "Flying Post," a Journal long since discontinued.

† Edmund Curll, much such a character as the preceding, but far more vindictive. He not only libelled Mr. Pope in every paper in which he had any interest, (and, he being a bookseller, these were not a few,) but published works gratis, for all others who chose to libel him; among whom the severest was John Dennis, who, in the "Satirical Reflections on the Rhapsody called an Essay on Criticism," "Aepos at the Bear Garden; in imitation of the Temple of Fame," and other publications without number, showed the greatest ingratitude and revenge possible. Also, James Smith Moore, T. Oldmixon, Leonard Welsted, (who really acquired some little fame as a poet,) &c.

‡ Lewis Theobald, (alias Tibbald,) a newspaper editor, was also an enemy to Pope—writing the most scandalous articles against that author, and, like Curll, courting works whereby he might more securely libel him. A periodical called "Mist's Weekly Journal," was the one that his articles generally appeared in. As for his own Journal, it swarmed with abusive pieces in every column, written by Dennis, Welsted, Griffin (a famous actor), Mr. Centlivre, &c. &c. &c.

§ Henry VIII. of England. His foe, the Duke of Buckingham Cardinal Wolsey, finding the noble Duke a great barrier to his ambitious projects, through deep plots, intrigue, and flattery, at length got him executed. His father was the Duke of Buckingham that Richard III. beheaded.

Intoxicated, now he headlong falls
 Unto the wrangled, and degrading base.
 See a Napoleon, scramble in this race—
 Lo, he hath reached the top, both kingdoms sway,
 And royal princes his commands obey.
 His steps again, bestrides the ivory walls,
 Backward he sinks, and to the earth he falls.

O, ever dazzling too, too vain mankind—
 O, ever spreading mists before the mind—
 Yet still with man thy jealous power share.

Or else, we sink with cold, indifferent care.
 Ah still, O Briton, let thy Muses fly
 But teach their sons, in battle, how to die.
 But thou too sickle queen, too quickly fires,
 And ever tardy from the wrong retirest;
 In dulness, ever ready, prone to sleep,
 A noisy demagogue, a travelling king;
 But on the flame that fires genius equal
 Opposing seas of grief are caused to roll
 But what of this—bright genius can not rust
 Nor can his soaring spirit sleep in dual
 For, should the bitter world in scorn arise,
 With opposition glaring in their eyes,
 To crush the serial youth, they find it vain—
 For, "spite of spite," he will the temple gain.

Who is not eager for the blasts of fame,
 Who does not wish to leave the world a name,
 Attempt it not!—'tis void of good, or truth—
 A dangerous quack and to th' aspiring youth
 So genius spends his days—secluded lives,
 His nights to all the sweet of learning gives,
 "Pale melancholy" marks him for his fate,
 And all is done, for fame to say he's great,
 He's gained, what say the haughty reputation gained;
 Vain, transitory joy, when 'tis attained.

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He hath pursued, perhaps, to fields of death—
 And when she's grasped, there's nothing but a breath.
 O, young aspirant, seek not—her tinselled joys
 Viewed far, are gold, but near, are shadowy toys;
 Mind not her calls, in loud heroic strains,
 Nor let Shakspearian fire swell thy veins
 Doth not the warrior thirst for sounding Fame!
 Doth not he seek it, mid the battle's flame?
 Stares death in the face, on land or seaming main,
 Unheeds the wounded's groans, and spurns the slain.
 He gains her like a Wellestey—all her praise,
 Hath been engrossed by him, in blooming bays,
 He walks preceded by the trump and drum,
 Who did the world's great master overcome
 Him to the skies the gaping mob doth lead,
 His daring deeds, his flatterers applaud,
 "Great Iron Duke," his eulogists, (O living FAME)
 And panegyrics sound the *Marshal's* name.
 What has he gained, for all his exploits done,
 Bearing the heat of India's torrid zone,
 The danger dark, of the tremendous sea,
 When bound to Spain, to set the Spaniard free—
 And though a clever general, in the war,
 Unlike Coriolanus, hath no scar
 But he hath caught the shadow-vaulting fame,
 For every child, hears of the General's name,
 But bath he honest fame, or is he dupe
 To sycophants, like dogs that fawning stoop—
 And does not fame her loudest Muse address,
 And echo back into his mind's recess,
 The accusing sound, "Thy honour's fled away!"
 Where was his greatness, when immortal Ney?

* Alluding to the treaty made by the Duke, on his entering Paris, with the Allies, in 1815. And his allowing Marshal Ney to be sacrificed at the caprice of the Bourbon family, was certainly a breach of his treaty, and a stain on the noble Duke's honor, which can never be effaced.

Whom fame shall crown, in wreaths eternal green,
 That when the former's name extinct has been,
 Great Ney's, in fame's proud annals will be seen—
 Where was his greatness, when his plighted gage
 Left mighty Ney to dastard Bourbon rage;
 Then fell great Ney—to infamous intrigue,
 No never would thy soul with traitors league—
 Then fell a man, who held inviolate
 His faith to France, that thrice unhappy State—
 He could not serve the craven, nor obey,
 The mandates of the *thing* that France did sway—
 Thou didst not Ney! but Wellington, proud lord,
 Fell lower still—he broke his sacred word!
 How different thy sister-goddess, Fame
 From thee, an empty vapor with a name!
 O, grant me Muse, from troubled scenes, like these,
 To turn to Hope, where every line shall please.

Hail, Hope! sweet soother of the troubled mind,
 Thou goddess, that with joy inspires mankind!
 Most gentle Hope! where doth thy form not dwell,
 On Ocean's brine, and in the dungeon's cell—
 Away with grim despair, and let thy train
 Of ideal fancies, sweep across my brain!
 Let melancholy and revenge, begone,
 While fairy visions of the goddess dawn,
 Alluring Hope, can art thy genius span,
 Bright glows thy radiance in the heart of man—
 What though blind fortune, frowning hides her face,
 Sweet hope, and nature, can the breast relax—
 Nature's can charm; and hope still bright remains,
 Though sorrows rise, she still light retains—
 Art thou not fair! the soother of the soul,
 When civil turmoil and despair doth roll—
 The power, of those the lowest minds allow,
 And what great Virgil was, is Campbell now,
 Hope lights the warrior to the battle field,
 And can burn still, e'en though her subjects yield—

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She fills the aspirant with the lust of fame;
 And Fame, her sister, sounds the victor's name;
 And with the learned and persevering sage
 She lights with hope of praise, the finished page—
 She smiles alike, on every nature's child,
 Lives in their hearts, and all their hours beguiled.

In vain, alas, is all the flowing praise,
 The Muse can sing in these degenerate days,
 To sing of Hope, the aerial sylph divine
 Would be the lines of Campbell,* and not mine
 And no idea to the mind occurs,
 But what his genius, in his lay, concurs.
 The Muse, with beauty, and the finest rhyme
 Are all combined, in his great work, sublime:
 And all attempts to raise it are in vain,
 And only would subtract from that poetic name—
 In thought as deep, with numbers, smooth as Pope,
 Are in the exquisite "Pleasures of Hope."

Sister of Hope, accurate Truth, divine—
 In radiant glories, doth thy virtues shine:
 O spotless Truth, thy love is ever just—
 Justness thy love, contentment thy sweet trust.
 So Truth with Man—creation's dawn beheld
 Adam content—and joy his bosom swelled—

* Every literary person has doubtless heard of this eminent poet, only a few weeks deceased. He was born in Scotland in 1777; his father was a merchant of Glasgow, and died in 1801. Thomas Campbell, in the twelfth year of his age, gained a bursary, for the translation of one of the Comedies of Aristophanes; and some time after gained a second prize in the same Academy, for a translation of a tragedy of Bæchylus, likewise in verse, in 1797, at the age of twenty he composed his illustrious "Pleasures of Hope," while in Edinburgh. For several years after this he travelled on the Continent; and while there, composed the "Battle of Hohenlinden"—a small piece, but full of vigor. He married in 1803, and the same year produced his "History of Great Britain during the Reign of George III." In 1810, he composed "Gertrude of Wyoming"—a beautiful poem, but inferior to his first production, "Theoderic," and "Critical and Biographical Notices of British Poets," were his last. He died in Boulogne, in 1844.

Dwelt in the garden of famed Paradise—
 Communed with God, a stranger still to vice—
 Allowed, save one, the fruit of every tree—
 But the day, he brake his maker's mild decree—
 And eat the fruit—he mortal would be then,
 And dying dust, be all the race of men,
 A mate, was formed; they were supremely blest—
 Happy arose, with joy lay down to rest,
 Truth cast around her blissful beam of light,
 For hope, had not lit up her pathway bright,
 The serpent, subtlest of the brutish race,
 Truth disregarded, to usurp her place,
 He Eve beguiled—resulting death denied,
 She eat the fruit, and then to Adam hied—
 He too partook, and truth affrighted fled—
 And earth, was soon a charnel-house of dead,
 When Love had gone, and pity took her flight,
 Then dreadful murder did usurp her right—
 Each gentle passion, driven, quit mankind;
 "But Hope the charmer, lingered still behind,"
 Yes Hope, on golden wings, flew to the earth,
 And with her sister's fall, derived her birth,
 Again, with Jesus Christ, the goddess dawned,
 And weeping Pity to mankind returned,
 Now man's sweet comfort is, the charming Hope
 That Paradise again his soul may envelope,
 Bard of the name, how would thy thrilling strain,
 The noble cause of liberty maintain
 How would thy muse great Washington disclose,
 Defending Freedom's rights, against her foes,
 Bright Hope, cheered on illustrious Newton's mind,
 With fame in view, the Heaven's great hosts defined,
 Immortal Herachal, felt the sweets of Hope—
 She lit the soul of first of poets, Pope
 What gained great Nelson, by the blasts of Fame
 Unshaken martial glory, and a name

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But why should heroes all thy praise engage?
 Rise, honest Muse, in the recording page—
 Let Howard's* name stand foremost in a cause,
 With Tell and Hampden, guarding Freedom's laws—

* John Howard. Every person has heard of Tell, Hampden, and Washington; but Howard deserves fully as much fame as either of these. He was generally known by the appellation of the "Benevolent Howard." He was born in 1727, near London. At the age of 24 he was left a small fortune by his father—when commenced his charitable services in behalf of poor suffering humanity. On a visit to Portugal, he was captured by a French privateer, and his captors used him with great cruelty. After having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest, and, along with his other companions, thrown into a cathsome hole, of the castle of that place. After having been kept in this dungeon for some time, a joint of mutton was thrown in amongst them, which they were obliged to tear and gnaw like dogs, having neither knife nor fork. After suffering great hardships, he was released upon parole; and no sooner was he liberated, than he went through France, visiting every prison, and detecting the existence of the utmost barbarity. He never rested until he had interested the Government to look into these departments. Upon returning to England, in 1773, he was created High Sheriff; and he then went through every county of England, to inspect the jails and prisons—furnishing, at his own expense, every thing conducive to the comfort of the inmates. For three years he continued his exertions to render more comfortable the condition of felons and prisoners throughout the Bridewells in England. In many of the places he visited, he relates that the treatment of prisoners was horrible. He even extended his benevolent tours to Scotland and Ireland. In 1775 he went to the Continent, for the purpose of visiting the jails of France, Holland, Germany, Flanders, and Switzerland. It would take up entirely too much space here to enumerate the deeds of this great philanthropist. Suffice it to say, that for sixteen years he was constantly employed, and in that time visited Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, Italy, Prussia, Smyrna, Constantinople, &c. and effected a total reformation in the prisons, bridewells, lazarettos, &c. and also the hospitals—founding some, and repairing others. On visiting an infectious hospital at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, he caught the plague, under which his constitution gave way. Every attention was paid him by the authorities; but on the 20th January, 1790, died one of the brightest ornaments of British biography, full of Christian hope and resignation.

It is the place were fools aspiring fly,
To criticise, to censure, and to lie.

"Ah," says the wit, "he that doth preach 'gainst fame,
Always prefixes to his work, his name."
Yes, every one that draws the breath of life
Seeks fame—some in letters, or in fields of strife.
See laurell'd Eusden,* at a king's right hand,
The mighty king of poets through the land;
But, says his brother bard,† "by fortune raised,
By very few was read, by fewer praised."

Yet see the laureate's crown, of fading bays,
And see him rule o'er Cowley's‡ well known lays.
But what of this—behold a Cibber§ reign,
And, crowned with laurels, loud applauses gain;
This praise, was not attained by flowing verse!
"Not by the Muse, what then?" a well-filled purse!
Behold a Swift, a Garth,|| at the same time
Behold a Pope, yet Cibber king of rhyme.
O partial king! O Muse, and genius, fly,
Let dulness reign, and heavenly sisters die.

* Laurence Eusden—the Poet Laureate in 1720—25. He was such a miserable composer of verse, that a contemporary critic (T. Oldmixon) says of him—"That of all the galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet; which have as much of the ridiculum, and the sustia in them, as can be well jumbled together; and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind."

† Thomas Cooke, who, in his "Battle of Poets," has the above couplet.

‡ Abraham Cowley, a celebrated poet, who flourished in 1667.

§ Colley Cibber, the Poet Laureate of 1730—40. He wrote 25 tragedies and comedies, but they were nearly as ridiculous as the productions of his predecessor, Eusden. Cibber is the hero of Pope's "Dunciad;" on him was composed the following epigram:

"In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you all know it,
That Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet."

|| Dr. Garth—author of the "Dispensary," and other poems.

Ah, false Apollo! to such to give the throne;
 Alas, where is thy bright perception flown?
 This is not all—behold a Pye,* on State,
 Called to the throne, "by dulness, Jove, and fate;"
 Behold this dunce, in splendid wealth, on high,
 And see a Burns, oppressed, in misery die:
 Nor finished, yet, is this eternal shame—
 But Pye's extinct, and Burns in living fame.
 Now see this post, a wordy Wordsworth† gain;
 And Briton's see him o'er a Campbell‡ reign.

High on a couch, see dulness' son recline,
 He reads a play, is fired by the Nine—
 "Why couldst not I, in such a thing excel;
 "I'll try—I know that I can write it well."
 An hour spent, and the first line is past;
 But, at the second, see our bard is fast;
 "Ah, curse the thing," he cries, "I fear, I fear,
 That, on the stage, my verse shall ne'er appear."
 Then sonnets, ballads, love-songs, (endless theme)
 Nor yet awakes the "would be," from his dream;
 An author turned, the rhymes like rivers pour;
 His well-earned fame, hear "Grub-street alley" roar.
 O, Muse, now view blank-verse like sermons rise,
 Tedious to hear, and loathsome to the eyes;
 But not that verse, that Milton formed his fame;
 Nor Garrick's Shakespeare, thundered Ajax' name.
 Southey, a poet learned and sublime,
 In merit, next to Campbell, of his time;
 But affectation of the Wordsworth' school,
 Made him too vain, and his great teacher fool.

This age is one of wonders, all are wise.
 Great Newton's theory, some learned wit denies;

* Pye—the Poet Laureate of the latter part of the 16th century.

† William Wordsworth, Esquire—the present Poet Laureate.

‡ Thomas Campbell, LL. D.—author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

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Who saw, the planets hurled around the sun,
 Each on its orbit, through space' ocean run;
 And *his* great mind, beheld the attractive force,
 By which each world was led its mighty course.
 Far in the advance, he first the way explored,
 But in his track, soon countless numbers poured:
 Great Halley, dead, immortal Herschel, gone,
 'Twas these, alone, that made the science known.

The Stage!—once too, the tragic Muse' retreat—
 Here laughing Thalia, and stern Calliope, meet.
 This is, alas! indeed a foolish age—

What see we *now*, upon the *once* great stage?
 A pack of mountebanks, in masks disguised,
 By fools admired, by the wise despised.

O judge, ye Muses, what would Garrick say,
 Could he behold a fulsome, modern play;
 Italian songs; a jiggling Russian dance;

The plot all taken from the bards of France.
 How different from Foote's, ye Muses know:

Or where immortal Garrick's tears did flow.
 He could in *Lear's* old form, draw the salt tear;

Or chill his audience, all, with Hamlet's fear;
 Or fire the blood with Shakspeare's glowing strain,
 When England's star,* for France did cross the main;

Or with old Falstaff's *paunch*, cowards derides,
 And make his laughing audience hold their sides;

He gave each word of Shakspeare's full effect,
 And his great name survives the Stage's wreck.

Pay not, O youth, the pearl of health and time,
 For such a fickle shadow, won by crime!!!

Her voice, as changing as the baffling wind;

Purchase, a comprehensive, judging mind.

Sweet knowledge, is a theme, let all pursue,

Not changing and capricious, false, untrue;

* Henry V., called "the Star of England."

But fresh, unfading, like a well-earned bay—
A fame that triumphs, with the muse of Gay.

LIFE.

INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO THE "STEEP OF FAME."

"Let us, since Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us, and to die—
Expatriate freely o'er this scene of man,
A mighty maze, but not without a plan."—POPE.

"We trifle all—and he who best deserves
Is but a trifler. What art Thou, whose eye
Follows my pen? or what am I that write?
Both triflers!—'Tis a trifling world!"—HURDIS.

'Tis Life I sing, and the pursuits of Life—
No more the thunders of a nation's strife;
But Man, a being of a middle state,
Too wise—too dark—too little—vain, yet great.
See Fame, with all her train, lead mortals high—
Forsakes them in a labyrinth, of grief to die;
When first she leads, he would attempt the sun,
"And shew the planets in what orbs to run;"
Till all his projects fail, and she has flown—
Then curses life, and ends it with a groan.
See laughing Democlitus* mortals scan,
He knew the study of mankind was man;
With vanity enough, a world to guide,
But balked by ignorance, and choked with pride.
On earth, man is the principal, 'tis true,
Forms plans of glory, wants the power to do.
See man, a slave, beneath the blazing line,
And see him, on a throne of diamonds' shine;

* Democlitus—an ancient philosopher, who laughed at the follies of mankind; while Heraclitus, a contemporary sage, wept at them.

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Yet so it is, with beasts and brutes who toil,
 And cultivate, for man, the fruitful soil;
 See the dull ox, a bleeding victim die,
 And see him, Egypt's revered Deity.
 Man luckily knows not his future state,
 For Heaven, all wise, conceals the book of fate.
 See, every one some different duty tries,
 And each thinks, but himself no mortal wise.
 See Chatterton^t aspire to sounding fame,
 And leave behind, a troubled poet's name;
 See a cold world damp out the mental glow,
 And see, the murderous pistol ends the show.
 Let Falconbridge run on in soliquy—
 "Mad kings—mad heroes," see, you all must die.
 Shakspeare writes this, whose ever rising name
 Has not attained the zenith of its fame.
 O' emulation! through each mortal's mind,
 From thoughtless rustics, to courtiers refined,
 Sow still thy seeds; let every one engage—
 'Tis scarcely but for more than half an age!
 Let authors write—let teasing critics rail—
 Let kings, on dunces, unearn'd wealth entail—
 Let potentates intrigue, in deeds of state—
 But let not Plutus' victims view their fate!
 Let sages laugh at such a race of men—
 'Tis only sought, for threescore years and ten!

* Thomas Chatterton—born at Bristol, England, in 1732; and who, before the age of 17, wrote poems that astonished the world of letters. All the education he ever received was at a Charity School. He wrote to the Hon. Horace Walpole, sending him some of his productions, at the age of 13; but that vain aristocrat, did not deign to notice the Bristol boy's application.—After having written things superior to anything of the kind at his age known before, and vainly endeavoring to obtain a situation, whereby he might support a helpless mother and two sisters, he committed suicide, on the 24th August, at the age of 17 years. His poems, which had scarcely ever been read, previous to his death, now made a considerable stir, and were admitted into classical English literature. He died rather to spite the world, than from any other cause.

Each man believes all mortals born to die,
 But *he* will live on earth, eternally.
 Behold a Clements* live, unlearned, unwise,
 A useless fortune but to realise!

How short is Life—how swift it glides away!
 O! just resemblance of a winter's day!
 In this vast world no pleasure can be found,
 And happiness is but an empty sound;
 The rich, unhappy in his crowded stores,
 A monarch, † wreck'd upon an Austria's shores;
 The wise are not, they find but a few joys
 As any other, finding all but toys.
 Who wishes years? Then he is sorrow's child.
 Who sees old age, will seldom see it mild!
 'Tis not the wealth of Chartrest, or the fame
 Of Philip's son, that age's miseries tame;
 'Tis not the beauty of an Egypt's Queen,
 That checks disease, or cools the fire unseen;
 Nor all the honors of a Cæsar's crown;
 Could but a pang of toothache's pain thrust down.
 O! vain, vain man! how madly run you on,
 While all before you is obscure, unknown.

* Jacob Clements, Esq., who died in England in 1844. He began life as an errand boy to the "King's Head" Inn, in Aylesbury; where, by dint of perseverance and industry, he earned £15 in a very short time; and then started to London to "seek a fortune," as the term is. Here he became engaged waiter to a hotel; and at length from a servant became master; and from a landlord to a banker. He died at the age of 85, and left a fortune of £300,000! He was humane, it is said, in a very high degree.

† Richard, Comte de Lion.

‡ Francis Chartres—an infamous character. He was, when an ensign in the army, drummed out of the Regiment for theft—was banished from Brussels—and by gaming, cheating, and every manner of vice, accumulated a large fortune. He kept a perpetual bawdy house. He died in Scotland, in 1751, aged 62; and the populace raised a great riot at his funeral, tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs into the grave. The following epitaph was written by Dr. Arbuthnot:

And mortal pleasures are forever hurl'd
From this mad, rioting, delusive world.

Behold the sage, above all others bright,
The wise Solomon, whose mind shed truth and light!
He says, "Go to, mine heart, I will find mirth
In every part of this fat tastic earth,
I will seek pleasure; and will banish pain;
Again he says—"T was vanity—and vain;

HERE CONTINUETH TO ROT

THE BODY OF

FRANCIS CHARTRES,

Who, with an inflexible constancy,
and inimitable uniformity of life,

PERSISTED,

In spite of age or infirmities,
In the practice of every human vice,

Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy.

His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,

His matchless Impudence from the second;

Nor was he more singular in the *pravity* of his manners,

Than successful in accumulating Wealth;

For, without trade or profession,

Without trust of Public Money,

And without bribe-worthy service,

He acquired, or, more properly, created,

A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only person of his time,

Who could cheat without the mask of honesty,

Retain his primeval meanness,

When possessed of Ten Thousand a year,

And having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did,

Was at last condemned to it, for what he could not do.

OH, INDIGNANT READER,

Think not his life useless to mankind!

Providence conniv'd at his execrable designs,

To give to after ages

A sufficient proof and example,

Of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth,

In the sight of God,

By his bestowing it on the most unworthy,

Of all mortals.

I will then joy in wine and folly find,
 And see what pleasures doth enchant mankind.
 I built me houses, and huge works I made,
 Where blooming gardens formed a leafy shade;
 Fruit trees I planted, and rich orchards laid,
 While glistening pools in golden sunbeams played;
 I hired servants, some in my house were born,
 Maidens I had, fair as the blushing morn;
 Possessions mighty—cattle; score on score;
 Jerusalem ne'er saw my like before.

There ne'er was one, whose treasures were like mine,
 And over sages, did my wisdom shine.
 Nothing my eye beheld, but I enjoyed,
 Methought by man I ne'er could be annoyed.
 Then forth I went to view my towering walls,
 My houses, arbors, and loud waterfalls—
 The mighty works that I had formed and raised—
 The lofty turrets, to the earth's end praised;
 And when I saw all I had ever done,
 I said 'there is no profit 'neath the sun.'
 All my wonders, all my golden gain,
 But vexed the spirit—'twas vanity, and vain.

"I saw the fool—the madman—all mankind—
 Just end alike myself, with god-like mind;
 And thus, the beggar, prince, the rich, the learn'd,
 Was once but dust, and all to dust return'd;
 And then said I, 'how vain is jesting life,
 A scene of folly, madness, and of strife.'

"The wise no joy, in this life, can attain,
 But all is vanity, and all is vain;
 I hated all the labors of my day,
 For soon 'twould fall, and all my towers decay;
 When I was dead, with another 'twould be found,
 And soon my name would slumber with my ground."

Thus spoke a man, whose equal ne'er was seen—
 Who never will be, and has never been.

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While in this life, we struggle on our way,
 The price for future honors, all must pay,
 Would you be rich? then if you strive, you may;
 The road is straight, the beaten track pursue—
 But rough, and far, and difficult, 'tis true;
 Turn not aside, mind not the orphan's cry,
 Oppress the poor, and from the widow fly,
 But, if you would be rich, you must not turn,
 To right, nor left; nor wisdom's lessons learn;
 Ignorant thou must remain, thy soul engrossed
 In speculation, and with business tossed:
 Thou 'st paid the price, thy conscience and thy mind
 Despised thy friends, to every one unkind;
 Well, thou hast purchased, what thou did'st desire,
 Too dear, alas!—*Why 'tis not safe from fire!*
 Now houses, and estates, and ships in fleets,
 And coaches, footmen, are thy purchased sweets.
 Would thou, O youth, to martial flame aspire,
 And glorious death, upon the field, desire,
 Then pay the price, thy limbs, perhaps thy life,
 May fall the victim, to a nation's strife:
 Ungrateful kings, no sweet rewards impart,
 Then draw thy sword (?) and act a Roman's part!

O rotary, would thou learning's paths attend?
 And make the much-despised Muse thy friend.
 Would thou in literature, aspire to fame,
 And, bright in letters, leave the world a name;
 Then pay the price—thy health and youth must go,
 But let thy mind, still feel the inspiring glow;
 In midnight vigils, thou o'er Rome must weep,
 Distil the Grecian lore, while others sleep—
 Or give thy nights, unto the Muse of Gay;
 And Johnson, mighty, and Pope's genial lay;
 And Addison, sublime, his volumes scan,
 And there behold a great, and learned man.
 Pause if thou wilt, for dreadful barriers roll,
 Betwixt thee now, and thy much-wished-for goal.

When rich men scorn thee, do thou not repine,
 They paid their jewel, just as thou didst thine;
 And still reflect, what *have they* for their toil?
 A marble tombstone, and six feet of soil!
 Thy noble soul, hath learned to understand
 The glorious works of God's Almighty hand;
 Remember too, thou hast a mind will scan,
 The sweets of nature, and the works of man;
 Thou hast a name, undying as the tongue,
 In which thy motives have been said or sung;
 Nought is beyond thy grasp, which is not vain,
 For genius' might all thy pursuits will gain.

Behold the shepherd boy,* on Scotland's plain,
 Want, ignorance, and coarseness, o'er him reign;
 Behold, again, see by his mind alone,
 He fills the learned Edina's linguist's throne.
 See at the play-house door, without a friend,
 The youth who to the audience horses tend;
 Look through the vista of these years again,
 And see him high in Jove's eternal fane.
 See a poor mental on a miller wait,
 In rustic ignorance born, a humble fate.

* Dr. Alexander Murray—a most extraordinary instance of genius and application. He was born in Galloway, in the south of Scotland, in the year 1775. His father was but a poor shepherd, with a large family of children. Alexander was taught to write and read, by his father, upon the back of an old wool-card, with a stick burnt black in the fire. He wrote his autobiography, which is very interesting, and shows what perseverance and merit can do. As his history is sufficiently well known, suffice it to say, that, at the age of 19, he underwent an examination in Edinburgh, and explained accurately a passage of French, an Ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew Psalm. Besides these, he understood the Arabic language. He died in 1813. (See his Life in Chambers' excellent publication, "Exemplary Biography.")

† Shakspeare.

‡ James Ferguson—who, from the utmost indigence and want, raised himself, purely by his own exertions and genius, to be the first astronomer of his age.

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Behold again, and see his genius blaze,
 "Scotland's astronomer," in glorious bays,
 See Herschel serve as drummer, while his mind,
 Was far above the most of human kind;
 And now mid ancient gods, a planet's name,
 Forever sings, the great discoverer's fame.
 Behold a poor apprentice, walk alone,
 With not a dwelling he could call his own;
 Then see him grasp, the lightning's fiery blaze,
 Before th' admiring world, in wild amaze.
 "Great Franklin, grasped the lightning's fiery wing,
 And Herschel, gave the lyre another string."
 And see Columbia's ever radiant flame,
 Lit by her Wilson's† ever mighty fame:
 What man has done, O man may do again,
 By application, may his views attain.
 But, hold; I see, the madding critic's rage,
 Prepares to hold to scorn, my truthful page;
 Then let a Dryden‡ rise, opposing mien,
 Who's ne'er the "Satires,"§ nor "Excursion"|| seen.
 Or let the Eulogist of Wellesley's name,
 Deny the charges 'gainst the Marachal's fame.

- W. When man's the theme, the poet must beware;
 M. Or never have, a pampered tyrant's care.
 W. Young man, no honor, nor deserving bays,
 Will you obtain, by such sarcastic lays.

* Campbell—"Or add the *lyre of heaven* another string."—
 There being just seven planets known previous to Herschel's
 time, they were called "the lyre of heaven;" but Herschel's dis-
 covery of the Georgium Sidus, caused this line of Campbell's.
 † Alexander Wilson, America's immortal Ornithologist—originally
 a weaver in Paisley, Scotland.

‡ Though Dryden was a learned and great author, yet it was too
 plain that he often received bribes, from courtiers and members of
 Parliament, for panegyrics and eulogies.

§ The *Satire of Pope*, in imitation of Horace.
 || Wordsworth's "Excursion," a poem.

- M. What other theme is at the bard's command?
 Each one of merit comes, at second hand;
 No, let mankind, their every passion show;
 Let mortals learn, betimes, themselves to know.
- W. What I write for nothing—let them find a purse;
 Embalm a monarch's name, in living verse;
 Or sing the praises, of a hero dead;
 Or he, that in Rome's fractious senate bled.
- M. Forbid it, Muse, no tuneful numbers lend,
 Should mercenary motives, be my end.
 I have a Nelson sung, our isle's defence,
 Yet with more admiration, than good sense;
 But praise the just, the talented, the learned,
 A Hofer* patriot, or a Crommer burned;
 Declaim, promoters of a groundless war,
 "Bare the mean heart, that lurks beneath a star." †
- W. Then vain, say you, is all a warrior's praise,
 And to the living, flattery the lays;
 Then why, should heroes e'er in arms engage,
 And live unheard of, till another age.
- M. Yet 'tis not this—how fruitless is their fame,
 Their splendid deeds, exempts from minor blame;
 For see a Wallace, for his country's sake,
 How far outshine a false Mentrose, or Blake;
- W. I understand you not—for Blake was true.
- M. He was; but also of proud Cromwell's crew;
 But, thus, I will illustrate my view:
 A chieftain, ‡ long in foreign countries fought,
 And had for fame, (not bootless) bravely fought;

* Andrew Hofer, the great champion and patriot of the Tyrol, in 1809—a brave and disinterested man—one to whom the term hero might be safely applied.

† In this illustration, no particular person is alluded to—it is perfectly imaginary.

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He'd gained honor, and his king's applause,
 And in his conquests, sown his country's laws;
 In battle conqueror, victory claimed his rights,
 He ne'er was wounded, in a hundred fights;
 At length all's gained, and the campaign is o'er,
 His troops prepare, to view their native shore.
 But the fierce foe, drove to a final stand,
 Resolve, in desperation, to regain their land;
 In countless numbers they oppose the chief,
 And every native, mad with hate and grief;
 Yet their o'erthrown, their hosts are all dismayed,
 Nor can this general's laurels, ever fade. (?)
 Again, his fate protected him from harm,
 Though all around him, roared the dread alarm!
 Then for the Press his exploits he prepares,
 To shew the world his squabbles of five years.
 Mark now, what conquests has the hero won,
 While blood in rivers, in his footsteps run;
 Behold, a nation, once both brave and free,
 Though true they were not learned and wise, like we;
 Behold them now, bound by wild discord's chain,
 While cruel slavery o'er the victim's reign:
 Yet 'tis to civilize the barbarous horde—
 Aye, with a vengeance, by the blood-stained sword.

W. But hold, you go to far: 'twas so indeed.
 But now where are the people, that so bleed?
 What does our senates, now, not tolerate?
 Uninfluenced by bribe, or flaming Ate.

M. I sing of men, not of one kind alone,
 From him, that begs, to him, that fills a throne.
 Behold the native naked at the line,
 Conveyed to foreign lands across the brine
 Their, neath the ever lifted lash; the slave,
 Has the meridian sun, or storms to brave.
 Like worthless brutes; and what a trivial cause,
 That man should form such arbitrary laws;
 Because their skins are of a darker tinge,
 Than those to whom the slaves are doomed to cringe.

See where the Indian Isles wave their green trees,
 In the hot tropic's cool refreshing breeze;
 Their happy thousands, once joined in the chase,
 Or, in the forests, sought the exulting race;
 Now may you seek these harmless tribes in vain,
Not one, of all these nations, now remain!
 But by a christian band their warriors slain,
 Their treasures plundered for the crown of Spain.

W. Enough, enough, and with your tale proceed;
 Though Balboa's* honored, yet see freedom bleed.

M. Well thus the chieftain, conquers every foe,
 And crushed the daring nations' liberties low;
 To England then, where wavering mobs applaud,
 And Journalists' the warriors exploits laud;
 All vain—that day he hunts, falls from his steed,
 Bursts an artery, and to death does bleed;
 Thus dies obscure, him who the world had feared,
 To not one breast, was his *great* name endeared;
 Thus how much better is a virtuous name,
 Than kings and conquerors, who're damned with fame.

Yet though life's vapor vanishes so fast,
 And every day's considered as the last;
 The "soul shall flourish, in immortal youth,"
 These are the words of pure, inspired truth.
 The soul secured in her existence, smiles
 At all the turmoil of the earth's deep wiles;
 The stars shall fade, and palely wane away,
 The sun grow dim, and fail to light up day,
 Nature shall sink, and time expire with age,
 And fearful death, at length shall cease to rage;
 But th' soul shall flourish in immortal bloom,
 The virtuous shall the streets of Heaven's home;
 Unhurt remain where elements are hurled,
 The wreck of matter, and the crushed worlds.

* Vasco Nunez de Balboa, discoverer of the Pacific.

YDIII KA

NOTE TO THE SHADE OF LIONEL CAMPBELL

The idea of the last twelve lines of the foregoing Poem; are taken from Addison's tragedy of "Cato," videlicet:—

CATO'S SOLILOQUY

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL

My bane, and antidote, are both before me; and
This in a moment, brings me to an end; in
But this, informs me I shall never die.
The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger—and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away—the sun himself;
Grow dim with age—and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.

But all the numbers that should sweetly flow
The positive lay—the animated glow
The deep pathetic, and lamenting strain—
The tuneful strains strive to sing, in vain;
For in a sable cloud, the nearly Nine
But for their Campbell, weep with tears divine.
"O! thou, the last," they cry, "of Cato's strain,
Shalt no more sing thy Eclogue, on the plain;
No more shall breathe the war, inspiring strain,
That roused Britannia's heroes on the main;
Nor sing of Hope, the cheering Nymph of joy—
Take Poland's name, as did Homer Troy.

AN ELEGY

TO THE SHADE OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL.D.

(THE GREATEST POET OF HIS AGE.)

LATELY DECEASED.

And hast thou, then, the debt of nature paid?
 No wandering ghost, along the heathen shade.
 Descend, ye weeping Nine, and fire the strain!
 Immortal Campbell, gone unto the fane
 Where thund'ring Ammon, and report doth reign!
 Flown to the planet radiant and divine,
 Where mighty bards in endless splendor shine
 In the tall dome of Fame—minstrel of "Hope"—
 Sits, side by side, with his great master, Pope;
 With Virgil's shade—who sung the warlike deeds
 Of Venus' son—both bleed by Diomedes;
 The Cyprian Queen's pure and immortal blood,
 Mix'd with her Aeneas's, dyed Scamander's flood.
 Here, too, learn'd Cæsar, and great Hesiod rest,
 And Plato, with a more than mortal breast;
 With mighty Homer, and proud Avon's fame,
 Fired by Milton, and great Pindar's flame.

But ah! the numbers that should sweetly flow—
 The pensive lay—the animated glow—
 The deep, pathetic, and lamenting strain—
 The tuneful Sisters strive to sing, in vain;
 For in a sable cloud, the heavenly Nine,
 But for their Campbell, weep with tears divine.
 "O! thou, the last," they cry, "of Orpheus' train,
 Shalt no more sing thy Eclogue, on the plain;
 No more shall breathe the warm, inspiring strain,
 That nerved Britannia's heroes on the main;
 Nor sing of Hope, the cheering Nymph of Joy—
 Make Poland famous, as did Homer Troy.

But still, great Poet, bright shall shine thy fame,
And when the language dies, then dies thy name!"

Say, Poet great, "what column wilt thou choose?
What laurell'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?"*
What son of Ireland hath not often read,
With wild emotion, which thy numbers shed,
The exil'd Alien from his country drove,
A wandering pauper, o'er the earth to rove?
What Scotsman is there, that doth not proclaim,
"Campbell! a Scot," the last true son of fame?
What Briton's heart with rapture doth not beat,
When'er he reads the haughty Dane's defeat?
Where is the patriot's ardor doth not flame—
His veins distend—when'er he hears thy name?
"Prone to the dust, Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, driven from the world;
Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied lands, shall see,
That man hath yet a soul, and dare be free."†
Then let a Hawke, or Nelson, on the wave,
Hear but his lay, which braver makes the brave!

But he is gone!—Ye woods, and fertile plains,
Which heard his moral and his daring strains,
In endless gloom, shrouded, with winter dread—
And mourn your Bard, your mighty Campbell dead!
Not Time could give his mind an ample scope,
Though Genius winged his Muse, along with Hope;
And snatch'd by Fate, to realms of peace he's fled—
His name immortal—and his body dead.
From high Parnassus' Mount, his lay sounds far,
Scotland's great Bard, and Literary Star!

* Simon Harcourt.

† "Pleasures of Hope."

ERRATA.

In Page 6, 6th line from the bottom—instead of, "e'en Mars alarmed," read "*did Mars alarm.*"

In Page 17, 4th line from the bottom—read, "Enthusiasm flew from *breasts to breasts.*"

In Page 22, line 1st—read, "An oracle would say," &c.

Same page, 2d line from the bottom—read *Antony*, for Pompey.

In Page 25, 5th line from the bottom—for "*Isis*," read *Iris*.

In Page 29, 3d line from the bottom—for "*terror*," read *terrors*.

In Page 32, 16th line from the bottom—read, "O! how I envy such a *death* as thine."

Same page, 13th line from the bottom—leave "*the*" out.

Same page, last line—for "*name*," read *fame*.

In Page 39, 1st line from the bottom—instead of "*Britons*, won the day," read "*Britain's* won the day," &c.

In Page 42, 5th line from the bottom—read, "A Homer through an *Illium* should them *ring*," &c.



