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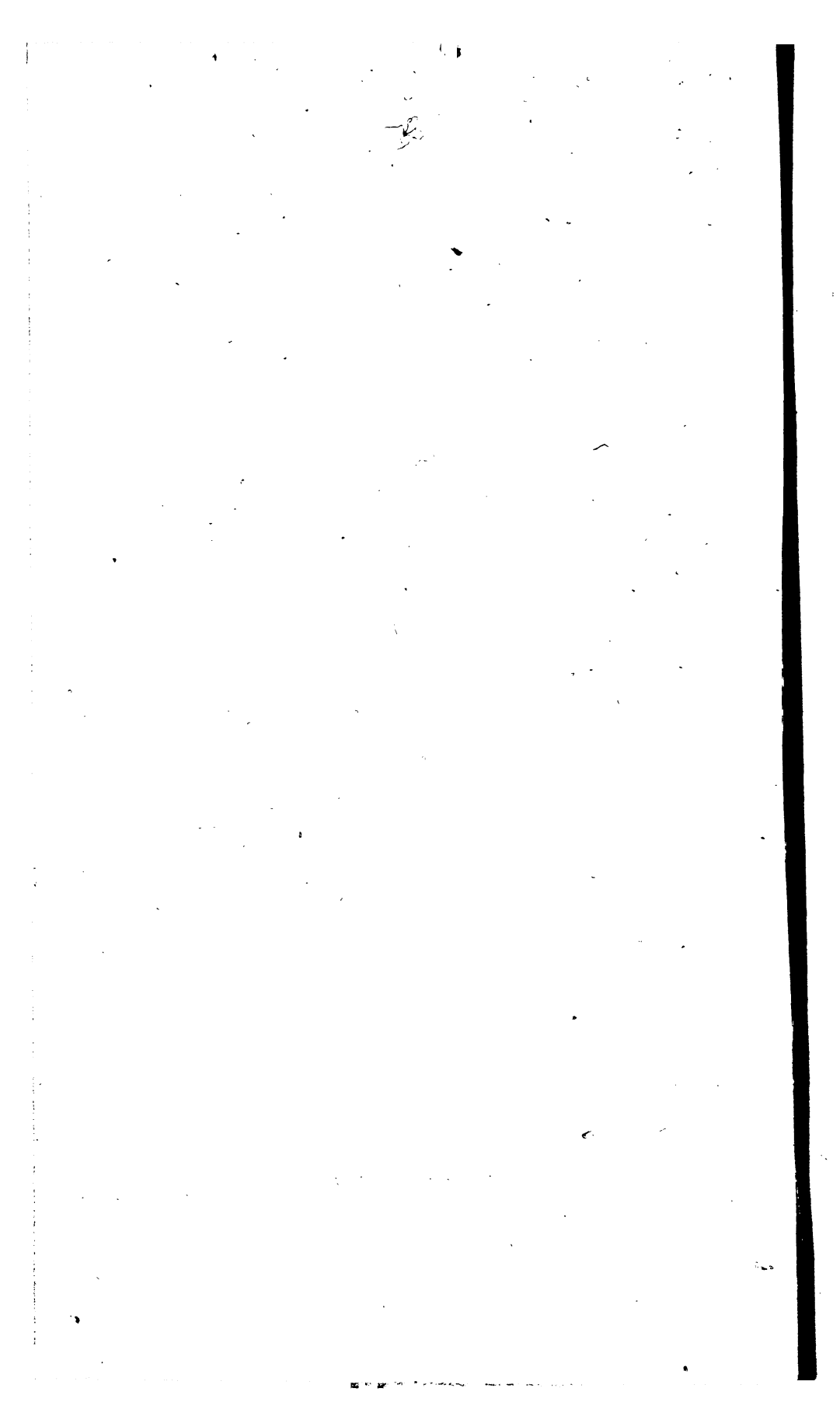
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CANADA.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

Written at Quebec, 1805.

WITH

SATIRES—IMITATIONS—AND SONNETS.

“ Pro Charis Amicis.”—Hor. Ode.

Printed by JOHN NEILSON, No. 3, Mountain-Street.

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DEDICATION

TO THE POEM ON CANADA.

TO MISS

THIS POEM

INTENDED TO DESCRIBE A COUNTRY,

OF WHICH

SHE IS THE GREATEST ORNAMENT,

IS INSCRIBED

AS A TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

BY THE AUTHOR.

A 2

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the request of his friends, and willing to oblige where a compliment was so generously intended, the author of the following "Bagatelles," commits them to the press. Should they chance to travel beyond the circle of his acquaintance, he can only entreat the candid reader to make allowances for the inexperience of a Youth (he may almost say a School-boy); and more particularly to overlook the errors in his Poem on Canada, which he had not an opportunity of correcting.

QUEBEC, February 1806.

CANADA.

PLAN OF THE POEM.

THE view from Cape Diamond described—The animal and vegetable productions of the Country—The Indians with some conjectures upon their origin and former state—The colonization of Canada by the French Missionaries—Its conquest by the British in 1759—The Death of Wolfe—The repulse of the American army under Montgomery—Reflections upon Democracy—and the usual evils of a Revolution—Illustrated by France.—The Contrast presented in the innocent manners of the Canadians—Their Civil and Religious liberties—Their manners and customs described, as varying according to the seasons—Upper Canada introduced—Lakes—Falls of Niagara—Reflections upon Great Britain and her Colonies—Address to the St. Lawrence—its rivers—towns and villages—Panegyric upon Quebec—Its General Hospital—The Nuns—their amusements &c. The Poem concludes with a tribute of praise to the females of the Province.

HOW steep th' ascent! how fearful from the brow
Projecting thus, to mark the gulf below!
Ev'n now the faltering strand appears to sink—
My feet recoil with horror from the brink—
One startling word might hurl the fleeting breath, 5
Wafted in midway air, to realms of Death;
One more—one sudden glance—half snatch'd—would seem
Inevitable fate!—'Tis Fancy's dream—
And 'tis but for a moment! Reason's laws
Return, collected, from the transient pause; 10
A thousand charms the raptur'd soul employ,
And fear itself is overwhelm'd in joy.

The glittering spire—the rampart's massy tower,
The cannon frowning on opposing power;
The tide-resisting wharf—the busy shore— 15
The bulky vessel—and the crowded store— Half-

NOTE.

Ver. 1. "He who looks from a Precipice—finds himself assailed by one dreadful idea of irresistible destruction—but this overwhelming reflection is dissipated from the moment the faculties become collected—and the mind can diffuse it's attention to minute objects.—See Johnson's remarks on "Shakespeare's Lear."

Half-undistinguish'd by the naked eye,
 Low at my feet, in pigmy semblance, lie!
 Onwards—whilst not a shade intrudes between,
 Expands the area of the checquer'd scene; 20
 All that Creation's rural sceptre yields
 The bloom of vales—the garniture of fields,
 All that of Beauport's crops—of Orlean's charms
 Majestic Lawrence circles in his arms;
 All that the wood primæval, nature's child, 25
 Spreads o'er the rocky steep of vesture wild;
 These fill the void; whilst Alps on Alps arise,
 And bound the prospect to our wearied eyes.
 Yet still the mind—imagination's cell—
 On scenes, which pall the senses, loves to dwell— 30
 Calls up reflection's ever-roving train—
 Links every thought in one successive chain,
 And as those thoughts in Fancy's realms we lose
 Gives birth to song, and consecrates the Muse!
 And yet on thee, no classic wreaths await, 35
 To swell the annals of an ancient state;
 But long and dreary was the night that spread,
 It's Chaos, Lawrence, o'er thy oozy bed!
 In vain the shore, where *now* th' industrious hand
 Of labor glows, and animates the land; 40
 Then free-displaying it's abundant breast
 The plowshare w'ed, and sought to be caress'd;
 In vain the Cedar ting'd the perfum'd gale;
 And stately Pines wav'd on the upland dale;
 In vain the Maple wept her sweets around, 45
 And fruits spontaneous melted on the ground;
 There nought was heard throughout the lengthen'd shore
 Save the dull Bear's reiterated roar;
 There the sleek Elk with bounding spirit rov'd,
 The shaggy Buffaloe majestic mov'd; 50
 The Mammoth, hugest in the brutal train,
 Towr'd to the sky, and stalk'd across the plain,
 Drank the discolor'd river from it's bed,
 And shook the mountains at his every tread.
 (Sole suicide, save man) the crested snake, 55
 Rattled her folds and rustled thro' the brake;
 The

NOTES.

Ver. 38. Genesis, I. 2.

Ver. 55. The Rattle Snake has been known to bite *itself* when in danger.

The Beaver provident of future lot, His gran'ries stow'd—and built his simple cot; The murd'rous Wolf that whelms his soul in blood, The Otter carried on the limpid flood;	60
The Fox that lurks in ambush for his prey, The pilfering band of Squirrels darkning day; These an innumeros and a varying race, Rang'd undisputed tyrants of the place, Save when mankind, the forest's ancient Lords, Pitch'd their light tents, and told their savage hordes; Of sex regardless—rushing from afar, With brethren clans to wage eternal war!	65
Mark yon wild Indian, leaning on his bow, Fatigue and labour streaming from his brow; Ev'n in his wild and undomestic state, In form superior and in reason great!	70
Mark how the hand of Fashion or of Pride In barbarous custom decorates his side; Mark the snow-sandals that support his tread, The crown of Feathers waving o'er his head;	75
Mark in his face what various passions low'r And rule his bosom with alternate power! Revenge, to mercy deaf to reason blind, That scorns forgiveness as beneath his mind;	80
Exulting Rage, with human tortures fed, That rears the Scalp his triumph o'er the dead; With "Jealousy, the injur'd lover's hell," And dark distrust, that vacant blasts impel!	
And yet with these, humanity may trace Some nobler stamps that fire the warriors face; There beam the patriot virtues, self-born train— Contempt of danger, and contempt of pain:	85
Yes here are form'd the mouldings of a soul, Too great for ease, too lofty for controul;	90
A soul, which ripen'd by refinement's hand, Had scatter'd wisdom thro' its native land; A soul, which Education might have given To earth an honor—and an heir to Heaven!	
Nay more! Perchance there was a time (e're first On Europe's plains the dawn of science burst)	95 When

NOTES.

Ver. 83. Milton's Par. lost; book I.

Ver. 95. See these conjectures, so agreeable to reason, and so essential to the truth of Revelation, supported at length by---Grotius---Horné (de orig. americ.) Robertson---Gilbert Stuart---Paley---Stillingfleet, and others.--See the note on this subject at the end of the Poem.

When the forefathers of these *vagrant* hordes
 Knew every charm that civil life affords;
 Now may they rove, expell'd by wayward fate,
 By mutual warfare or tyrannic hate; 100
 The offspring *once*, of nations far renown'd,
 Whom *Genius* cherish'd or whom *Glory* crown'd;
 Perchance—(for whence could superstition claim
 E'en yet in these wild forests her domain)
 The spirit, *now* the object of their dread 105
 When nature's thunders echo round their head,
 The plank impending o'er the gulf beneath,
 Pass'd by each trembling stranger after death,
 Are but the phantoms of a purer creed
 That worships Heav'n in *spirit* as in deed; 110
 Perchance at last—when their meridian blaze
 Had beam'd around on man's astonish'd gaze;
 In *nature's course*, and time's declining date,
 Perfection yielded to the hand of fate,
 Their Sun of Science set beneath the clouds, 115
 And bade the night arise, that still their *glory* shrouds!
 Yet wherefore still?—as when, of late, around
 Canadia's shores a darken'd Sabbath frown'd,
 The fearful crowds with awful doubt forlorn,
 Watch'd—and (transported) hail'd th' ensuing morn; 120
 So—willing Hope perceives returning beams
 Bursting from nature's long-bewilder'd dreams,
 So now she feels again th' expanding rays
 And looks beyond to life's maturer blaze!

 How sweet the vales with many a hamlet crown'd 125
 Where Sabbath bells proclaim their welcome sound!
 Are these the spots where erst the savage race
 With endless bloodshed fill'd the desert place?
 Are these the spots where o'er the piling fire,
 The Indian watch'd his victim foes expire? 130
~~How chan'd the scene? now naught but mutual love~~
~~Descends in Seraph features from above;~~ The

NOTES.

Ver. 105. The ancients, unable to account for the mixture of evil with good, in the dispensations of Providence, imagined two principles of Divinity---one good, the other evil---hence the Indian doctrine of two distinct *Spirits*.

Ver. 107. Many tribes imagine that after death they are destined to pass plank impending over a fiery gulph into which they fall if meriting punishment---They have been known at the death of their children to destroy themselves in order to assist them over the plank into the Elyrium beyond.

Ver. 118. The dark Sunday at Quebec, October 17, 1785.

How chang'd the scene! now nought but mutual love,
 Descends in Seraph features from above;
 The darted tomahawk, no longer known, 135
 Its tribute yields to agriculture's throne;
 The war whoop's echoes and the slave's sad throes,
 Are hush'd in music, pleasure, and repose!
 This, Gallia, was thy work—to thee 'twas given
 To dare these shores, the messenger of Heaven; 140
 What time th' astonis'd Cabot from his deck
 Beheld, and hail'd th' emphatic name "*Quebec*";
 What time, regardless of their forfeit breath,
 And scorning anger's new-invented death;
 Thy hallow'd lab'ors planted "*Sharon's rose*," 145
 On these bleak coasts and yet-untempted snows!
 Nor be less praise to thee, my country due;—
Britannia's honors let my Song renew!
 Whether for thee the laurel wreath we twine,
 Or consecrate the lov'lier olive thine; 150
 No vengeance stains those laurels with its gore
 Those olives no tyrannic thorns deplore;
 Thy sons in mercy great, in justice brave,
 Fight but to conquer—conquer but to save!
 This let Canadia's vanquish'd clime confess, 155
 Tho' vanquish'd happy, nor in freedom less;
 This let her tell; that, when her open'd gate,
 Receiv'd the Victors in triumphal state;
 Albion in turn receiv'd her humbled foe.
 With arms of Pity—not with arms of Woe! 160
 Whence then, amid the trump's exulting note,
 Wide thro the air do sighs of sorrow float?
 Whence 'midst ovation's pomp proceeds the tear,
 That thus bedews yon sable vested bier?
 'Tis glory mourns (yet wherefore name the name 165
 Of him so oft immortaliz'd by fame?)
 'Tis Glory mourns her Wolfe! the mountain's height
 The barrier rocks had vanish'd at his sight;—
 Nature and art appal'd ~~in vain~~ *in vain*
 Their powers combin'd his onset to restrain; 170

NOTES.

Ver. 135. Isaiah, 2. 4.

Ver. 142. Cabot is said on turning "*Point Pevi*" to have gazed with wonder on the rock before him, and to have exclaim'd "*Quel Bec!*" whence the city is thought to have its name.

Ver. 144. See Charlevoix's account of the sufferings of the Missionaries.

Ver. 145. Cowper's task.

Borne on the wings of war the hero rode
 Where battles thunder'd and where carnage flow'd;
 The aid of pride he scorn'd—ev'n music's sound
 Amidst the clangor of his arms was drown'd;
 Till "Hope awhile bade England's name farewell," 175
 And Valour shudder'd as her warrior fell;
 Fell—and reclin'd in Victry's bosom died,
 When "now they fly—they fly"—the well known herald cried!
 Yet still for him his country's grateful praise
 A lasting tomb of mem'ry's love shall raise! 180
 Yet still his spirit hover's o'er these walls,
 And Albion's sons to Valour's standard calls!
 'Twas this inspir'd the few—who recreant hurl'd
 An host from hence (the rebels of the world)
 When with the serpent fangs of jealous strife, 185
 They gnaw'd the parent breast that gave them life;
 That *maddning*-tribe who ignorant and rude
 Shunn'd fancied ills and chas'd romantic good;
 Who shar'd what *real* freedom could bestow,
 Yet sought a freedom they can *never* know! 190
 For hark, ev'n now, from some sequester'd cave
 That Hudson's waves or wild Potomac's lave,
 Columbia's genius mourns her *alter'd* sway
 And, in prophetic sorrow, seems to say:
 "Ill fated rose the Eagle—voice of war, 195
 "And spread the cries of vengeance from afar,
 "When first my sons, fir'd with the *thoughts* of right,
 "Provok'd the call of paricidal fight!
 "What tho' the parent o'er her offspring reign
 "With lawless rigour and unequal chain, 200
 "Say can that rigour and that chain impel
 "To spurn their filial duty, and rebel?
 "Or what tho', valiant in an erring cause,
 "They crush'd her sceptre and abjur'd her laws,
 "Yet now ambition struggles round my shore, 205
 "Ferments arise; imprison'd factions roar;
 "Ev'n now we find that despot slavery springs
 "From despot *rabbles*, more than despot *kings*;—

"AI-

NOTES.

Ver. 173. Wolfe is said to have addressed the musicians the night before his memorable battle, and desired them to enter the ranks, pointing to the canon, and adding, "that, my boys," is the *music*, I must have played *to-morrow*!

Ver. 178. Wolfe expired as he heard these words utter'd by the British herald!

Ver. 208. Goldsmith's traveller.

“ Already down Democracy’s career,	
“ Envy and strife the weak republic steer ;	210
“ The fragil bark, scarce launch’d upon the main,	
“ Its glittering name of Freedom boasts in vain ;	
“ Soon when the blasts of adverse chance arise,	
“ When war and tumult shroud the black’ning skies,	
“ My sons shall mourn their wreck’s unhappy fate	215
“ And <i>nature’s</i> second night <i>for ever</i> close their date ! ”	
’Tis not the voice of Fancy that we hear ;	
’Tis not delusion’s dream excites our fear !	
O ! turn your eyes to Gallia’s blood-stain’d coast,	
And mark the limits of her former boast !	220
Lo ! the mad train—“ the men without a God ; ”	
That points destruction’s short unerring road ;	
Lo ! in the front Voltaire, from earliest youth	
Avow’d the champion ’gainst the cause of Truth !	
Lo ! the weak Sophist tho’ th’ intrepid man,	225
Whose regal influence animates the plan ;	
With all who <i>since</i> upheld th’ unhallow’d cause,	
“ To crush the wretch ”—their savior’s sacred laws ;	
Gallia’s <i>Le-Paux</i> —Columbia’s serpent <i>Paine</i> ;	
With England’s infamous tho’ <i>titled</i> train ;	230
These against man their venom’d arts employ	
To blast their present with their future joy,	
To make <i>mistaken</i> right their secret scheme ;	
Their country libel, and their God blaspheme !	
Swift flies thro’ hapless France the pois’nous band,	235
Proscription guides its sacrificing hand ;	
Till on the throne where murder’d Louis sate	
A foreign Despot wields the wav’ring state-!	
Mad with ambition, thro’ the eastern coast,	
Depopulation leads his murdering host ;	240
Italia mourns—stript of her classic charms,	
And Danube echoes to the clash of arms ;	
Europa’s empire’s totter on their base,	
Nor dare their universal foe to face ;	B 2 To

NOTES.

Ver. 211. Horace’s ode I4. lib. I.—“ *genus et nomen inutile,* ” &c.

Ver. 216. The aim of the Jeffersonian philosophy is *merely this*.

Ver. 222. Voltaire’s tutor (Le Jay) said to him whilst a student at College, “ unhappy youth, you will one day be the standard-bearer of infidelity ! ” see Kell’s life of Voltaire.

Ver. 225. Fredrick of Prussia.

Ver. 230. Shaftsbury, Bolinbroke, &c. See Leland’s Deistical writers.

Ver. 234. See the Antijacobin poetry.

Ver. 236. Robespier’s maxim. See the Abbé Barruel, vol. I.

Save thou my native land!—'tis *thine* alone 243
 To shake corruption from her Venal throne;
 'Tis thine to scorn the threats in fury hurl'd,
 And stay the flood that strives to overwhelm the world!
 Yet wherefore thus th' unpleasing theme pursue?
 Why bring such horrors to Canadia's view? 250
 Her crimes abjuring, guiltless of her shame,
 She knows not ought of Gallia but the name;
 Nought but the cheerful sunshine of the breast,
 The active labour or the wanted rest,
 The simple song—the pipe—the rural choir, 255
 Charms that *once* bloom'd amidst the vales of *Loire*!
Hence Custom calls her Sons to hail the day
 With annual vows to pleasure and to May,
 When Laurence first breaks from his icy chain,
 And thun'dering pour his caverns to the main; 260
 And as the spring dissolves the parting snow,
 A new Creation vegetates below!
 Then whilst the early hand of active toil
 Resumes the harrow and inverts the soil;
 Soon the glad soil returns the given seed, 265
 With three-fold harvests and with earliest meed;
 And scarce e're yet the embryo blooms appear,
 Mature and perfect shews the favor'd year!
 Yet labor oft beneath the *Summer's* blaze
 Faints with the fervor, nor supports the gaze; 270
 Ev'n the light bird, that *hums* his plaintive notes,
 Sportive no longer on the Zephyr floats,
 But in the flowery cup of roseate hue
 Enfolds his wings, and drinks it's honied dew!
 And now the clouds that o'er th' horizon run 275
 Proclaim th' approach of each departing sun;
 Whilst in one deep interminable shade,
 Depopulation walks the sombrous glade,
 And spoils the hoary foliage of the groves,
 That Fancy haunts and Contemplation loves! 280
 Then e're the autumn's last luxuriant smile
 Fades on the prospect—let me trace the isle
 Which, Grant, thy hand industrious has embrac'd
 With mix'd protub'rance and assiduous taste; Or

NOTES.

Ver. 248. I. Chronicles, 21. 22.

Ver. 271. The humming bird.

Ver. 283. St. Helen's Island, the property of Mr. Grant.

Or let me stray where Montréal's mountain height	286
Displays un-number'd beauties to the sight ;	
And there recline on yon romantic cave	
Where widow'd love has rais'd a husband's grave :	
Wide round me lie in one exhaustless view	290
Landscapes which fancy scarcely can pursue	
The pteuous farm—the field—the buzy mill,	
La-Prarie's spire ; the azure distant hill ;	
The winding river, where alternate smile,	
The rocky shed—the intervening isle ;	295
Whilst at my feet the sun's last tranquil ray	
On Montréal's summits beams departing day !	
For short <i>those</i> days— and nightly thro' the air	
Wild meteors shoot—innocuous lightnings glare ;	
Or from the North Aurora's Boreas breaks,	
Expands from side to side—and noon nocturnal wakes.	300
Yet not ungenial to Canadia's plains	
Are these pure gales and equinoctial rains ;	
Soon with a keener air the biting North,	
Parent of health and pleasure rushes forth ;	
His powers the frame invigorated speak,	305
Brace every nerve and flush in every cheek !	
<i>Then</i> in one tractless scene resplendent glow	
Hills, vales, and rivers of unending snow ;	
The mountain torrents by the frost's control	
Arrested pause,—and, freezing as they roll,	310
In gothic shapes and broken structures rise,	
Which playful Fancy oft may realize !—	
Its vagrant smoke the cottage chimney hurls,	
Shrinks from the cold, and, as it issues, curls ;	
The forests groan beneath the flaky weight,	315
Congea'd to ice, and mourn their fallen state ;	
Ev'n animation seems to pause !—the herds,	
The color-changing hare—the trembling birds,	
To covert fly ! man rears his butchering blow,	
Cautious, <i>ev'n now</i> his wintry food to stow ;	320
Nor fears he ought, save only when the gale	
Sweeps with his drifting whirlwinds o'er the dale,	
One icy torrent should convulsive fall,	
Uproot his hapless cot—and whelm his little all !	
But 'tis not often thus : the well-pleas'd swain	325
Views the full market teeming with his gain,	And

NOTES.

Ver. 288. M'Tavish's tomb on the mountain.

Ver. 299, The Aurora Borealis.

And by his hardy dogs in burthens drawn,
 Directs his sledge across the snow-clad lawn !
 Now o'er the road scarce yielding to its force
 Swift glides the Carriole's well-pointed course ; 330
 O'er streams and lakes the winged coursers fly,
 (New pleasure glist'ning in the strangers eye)
 And social mirth invites the willing car,
 At friendship's call to hasten from afar !

There whilst the evening hearth—the genial smile, 335
 And frequent draught—the tedious night beguile
 Perchance some healthful hoary-headed sire,
 Allures the circle round the cheering fire ;
 Pleas'd with the past, he tells the list'ning crow'd,
 His earliest travels from his lov'd abode ; 340
 Tells how he stray'd thro' woods, a prey to dread,
 His fears creating forms at every tread ;
 Tells with what skill amidst the rapid's shock
 His light canoe evaded every rock, 345
 Or how the well-known song inspir'd the oar,
 And his batteaux swift glided by the shore.
 In wonder wrapt their roving fancies trace
 The various scenes his histories embrace ;
 Now on Ontario's wide expanse they seem
 Launch'd on a new and never-ending stream ; 350
 Now on Superior where a British fleet
 Swells on an inland ocean's distant sheet ;
 Now on wild Erie where the scatter'd cot,
 But proves the former deserts of the spot ;
 Or where the frequent fires that blaze, declare 355
 How cultivation even travels *there* !
 And now they hear a wild romantic roar ;
 'Tis *Niagara* shakes the echoing shore !

First breaking restless thro' the watry maze,
 A bubbling stream the rural scene displays ;— 360
 But soon the pine uprooted by the blast,
 The parted vale inundated and waste ;
 The massy cliffs, that by convulsive storm
 Thrown from their basis, nature's face deform,
 These all collecting as it rolls along, 365
 The fountain flows majestic, wide, and strong ; Till

NOTES.

Ver. 345. The celebrated Voyageurs songs.

Ver. 355. The fires that clear the woodlands.

Ver. 358. Goldsmith's authority justifies this pronunciation.

Till in one lengthen'd sheet of hoary white Wave upon wave it tumbles from its height; The rocks below receive th' incessant stroke, And back recoil a cloud of watery smoke ;	370
The cloud, ascending to the sun's full blaze, Reflects the lustre of his arching rays ; And to the grandeur of the awful view Adds every softer—every milder hue !	
Thus whilst he tells, the aged sire recalls His former thoughts of these stupendous falls; He feels how grand—how infinite the tale, Himself how little in Creation's scale ;	375
And still to low his maker's works to raise, Bids more expressive silence muse his praise !	380
For in <i>these</i> cots afar from Athiest pride, And bigot doctrines to deciet allied ; Faith, Hope and Charity adore the cross, Of <i>him</i> who suffer'd to redeem our loss—	385
Religion here disdains not to impart, Her warmest influence on the simple heart ; Here persecution tempts not from his door, To seek a gentler rule the pious poor ;	390
No griping landlord with oppression's rod, Drives the poor tenant from his sweet abode ; No wretch with one monopolizing hand Spreads crafty famine o'er a plenteous land ;	395
No titled Lord th' instructed child of vice, Whose laws are passion, and whose Gods are dice, Lays seige to virgin innocence and Youth, Ensnares her prudence—tramples on her truth ;	400
Then spurns her, <i>glorying</i> in his brutal fame. A prey to guilty tears—to poverty—and shame !—	405
It is not so—for here the rustic bands, Themselves enjoy the labour of their hands ; Each views the independence of his lot, The genial stove that cheers his cleanly cot ;	The
His faithful wife—his offspring's varying stage, In quick succession slip'ning into age ; His neat Calash (himself the artist) made, For use and pleasure—not for vain parade ;	

NOTES.

Ver. 372. The rainbow form'd in the spray.

Ver. 380. Thompson's hymn to the seasons.

The well plough'd arpent—the laborious steed,
 Tho' small, yet strong, and certain in his speed;
 The cow's full udder wishing to be press'd,
 The downy flock whence flows his self-made vest; 410
 The river's freedom or the babbling brook
 Where many a victim trembles on his hook,
 These are his riches;—but from Heaven sent,
 He boasts his greatest wealth in virtue and content!
 Ah! little thought the empress of the world 415
 When o'er mankind her conqu'ring scourge was hurl'd;
 Whilst Tully's pillars should alternate claim,
 The fort's—the cloister's—and the dungeon's name;
 That Albion's once inhospitable shores,
 Which banished peace and science from her doors; 420
 In hemispheres, to Cæsar's eyes unknown,
 Should shed such blessings from her equal throne;
 That British sons uncounted leagues should roam,
 'Midst savage tribes to fix a polish'd home;
 And grace with Europe's charms a dreary scene, 425
 Where half the convex world intrudes between;
 She little thought, when England's-self gave birth,
 To the *then-distant* barrier of the earth,
 That one exalted mind alone should scan,
 Millions of regions undescried by man; 430
 Circling the globe from wide Atlantic's bound,
 To where Pacific meets the joining round!
 Ah! little thought she when her Tiber's wave,
 Had wept for arts and wash'd fair Freedom's grave;
 That Freedom's *spirit*—tho' an exile thence, 435
 Should *here* a purer lasting sway commence,
 Where Lawrence op'ning thus his golden reign,
 Recalls the Poet's tributary strain!
 Hail then, Majestic King of rivers, hail!
 Whether amid the placid-winding vale, 440
 Thy waters ripen nature's every bloom;
 Or, thro' the bosom of the forest's gloom,
 Their swelling currents with resistless tide,
 Break o'er the rocks, and lash their craggy side; Where're

NOTES.

- Ver. 417. The Celebrated Portico of Cicero, has been successively occupied,
 as the barbarian's fort—the monk's cloister, and the inquisitors den—Gibbon.
 Ver. 419. Hor. ode. lib. 2, 14.
 Ver. 423. The Nor-West Company.
 Ver. 426. Goldsmith's traveller.
 Ver. 429. Sir Alexander M'Kenzie.

Where'er thy waves reflect the face of day, 445
 Wide—rich—romantic—is thy regal sway!
 Thine is Chaudiere in wild impetuous force,
 And Montmorenci's more majestic course;
 Thine are the well-nam'd Cartier's bending woods,
 And Saguenay, himself a Prince of floods; 450
 Thine is Chamblee that still adorns her fort,
 And neat Sorelle, the princely-favor'd port;
 Here Kingston tow'rs o'er vast Ontario's sheet,
 Here too Toronto, now an Empire's seat;
 And here impending Albion's signal plays, 455
 O'er the rude rock from whence my fancy strays!

What tho' no marble busts, no gothic tow'rs,
 No pillars glowing with Corinthian flowers,
 No gaudy equipage, no liveried train,
 Here thro' the streets awaken Envy's pain; 460
 What tho' no surly porter's idle state
 Spurs the poor beggar from the noble's gate?
 What tho' no brothels here with riot sound,
 No tables shake, no taverns blaze around,
 Where dissipation holds her midnight sway, 465
 Reversing nature, shrinking from the day?
 These are not themes that charm the peaceful muse;
 More pleas'd the scenes of order'd rest she views;
 More pleas'd she roves thro' yonder cloister'd roof
 With youthful science, and instructive proof; 470
 More pleas'd she strays where yonder female band,
 In vestal robes around the altar stand!

More pleas'd!—for shall not Heav'n itself approve,
 A work devoted to celestial love;
 O! shall not Angels smile to hover round, 475
 Yon simple dome with pity's standard crown'd?
 There should the spark of reason yield to fate,
 Should shame with penitence on guilt await;
 There should the infant mind be wrapt in night
 Nor share the dawn of intellectual light; 480
 Should sickness frown amidst a helpless roof,
 Or virtue mourn at poverty's reproof;

C

There

NOTES.

Ver. 452. Call'd after Prince William Henry.

Ver. 454. York, in Upper-Canada.

Ver. 456. Quebec.—The British standard on the Cape.

Ver. 470. The Seminary.

Ver. 476. The General Hospital.

There Charity erect's her willing throne
 And bids these female vot'ries be her own !
 Nor be the intervening task forgot, 485
 That cheers the vestal's solitary lot ;
 When graceful art entwines the bristly hair,
 And ornaments the bark with varying care ;
 Or from the gauze shapes out the imag'd flower,
 And decks the shrines with many a mimic bower ! 490

One tear be shed, as the deep-sounding bell
 Religion's victims summons to her cell ;
 One tear to find that superstition's reign,
 Ev'n here her gloomy influence can retain ; 495
 That beauty, beauteous in a female mind,
 For active virtue, and for love design'd ;
 Should linger here by false delusion led,
 Lost to the world—to life's enjoyments dead !

For there *are* girls, and dear the lovely band ;
 The budding beauties of their native land ; 500
 The angel office of whose sacred breast,
 Is man to bless, and mutually be bless'd !
 Yes there are girls who boast a generous soul,
 Whose virtue knows, nor limits nor controul ;
 Who reign unconscious of the powers they share 505
 To waken rapture or excite despair ;
 Yes such there are ! —Oh !—witness thou,
 That manly love to female worth must bow ;
 Life with thee,——, were an endless feast,
 To me, without thee, one continual waste ; 510
 O! whilst thy country boasts of hearts like thine,
 In seraph forms a spirit so divine,
 Then may that country bear the palm away,
 From every clime that drinks the orient ray,
 Then may the theme which now my song pursues 515
 Be prais'd hereafter by a worthier muse ;
 And England's self may hail around her coast,
 Canadia's daughters as her noblest boast !

NOTES.

Ver. 487. Nun's bark work.

Ver. 489. Artificial flowers made by the Nuns.

NOTE

NOTE REFERRED TO IN THE POEM ON CANADA, Page 7.

Since the poem on Canada was committed to the press, the author has met with several little treatises upon the subject of the origin of native Americans.

Col. Daniel Boone, in his account of Kentucky, imagines the tribes on the Ohio, to have been a branch of the *Welsb*, who left Britain under Madoc, their Prince, in the eleventh century.

John Bell, in his travels thro' Asia, asserts an undeniable similarity between the Indians of Canada and the Tongusians.

Gilbert Stuart conceives them to have been part of the scattered Jews.—others conjecture them to have sprung from the Persians—the Carthaginians—the Danes or the Picts.

But the most generally received opinion is, that they are tribes of roving Tartars—and this seems the more probable, if we suppose the two Continents to have been once united.

Be this as it may, they have no accounts or memoirs of themselves (as Stillingfleet observes) of more than 800 years backwards; and when we reflect upon their manners and customs—their vestiges of arts and sciences—and above all, their notions of religion (which could never have been derived from nature) we cannot doubt of their owing their origin to enlightened nations, *since the confusion of tongues.*

Superstition would naturally creep into their religious ceremonies; the climate and local circumstances of the regions they colonized, would alter not only their manner of living, but even their bodily appearance—The loss of literature and education would corrupt their language—and the want of proper materials and opportunities would occasion that decay of arts and sciences which must finally terminate in barbarity.

The curious reader may find ample amusement upon this interesting and even useful subject in "Grotius de veritate"—"Charlevoix"—"De Hornn"—"John de Laet"—Stillingfleet's *origines Sacræ*—"Paley's evidences" and many others, particularly, "Brerewood on the diversity of languages—8vo. 1674."

FINIS.

LINES written on leaving ENGLAND for QUEBEC, 1804.

ENGLAND, as now upon thy rocky strand,
 My parting eyes survey their native land;
 As from my much-lov'd home (awhile) I fly,
 To seek new climes beneath the western sky;
 How shall my falt'ring tongue unmov'd impart, 5
 One last adieu the language of my heart?
 How shall my bosom beat secure from pain,
 Or reasoning comfort nature's tear restrain?
 Hard is the task to bid the scenes farewell,
 Where all the ties that bind affection dwell; 10
 Where all our blessings, all our wishes end,
 In the lov'd names of parent—brother—friend!
 Hard to forsake the hearth of social ease,
 And smiling circles emulous to please;
 To tempt tho' short the period climes unknown, 15
 And wander far, unfriended and alone!
 Ask Afric's son, who in a foreign soil,
 Drags out *a life of death* in slavish toil,
 What are his dreams of realms beyond the tomb,
 What his ideas of a state to come; 20
 His native sands restor'd, his dog and wife,
 Are all the Heaven he hopes in future life!
 Or ask yon wand'ring Swiss, by war's alarms
 Forc'd to abandon all his mountain charms,
 Whence flow the tears that down his furrow'd cheek, 25
 In silent sorrow nature's language speak,
 *He hears the well-known tune, that o'er the lake
 Was wont each social feeling to awake,
 He hears its notes that *now* but sound in vain,
 Or rousing "memory turn the past to pain," 30
 Mem'ry that points to his deserted shore,
 Where Freedom, Peace and Glory are no more!
 So strong are those attractive pow'rs of earth
 That draw mankind to scenes that gave them birth!
 For trace the cultivated world's extent, 35
 And all its bounds this general law present;
 Where'er the charms that call mankind away,
 To toil for int'rest or for pleasure stray; Where'er

* The celebrated Swiss song—"Rants de Vacehès."

Where're we rove, and (as our thoughts delude,)
 Shun fancied ills and chase romantic good ; 40
 Not all the world can alienate the mind,
 That in its country leaves a world behind ;
 But as perchance, when playful infants rove
 Careless of danger thro' some distant grove
 Soon as the mother's fondness stands confess'd, 45
 Before their eyes, they rush into her breast:
 So too the heart where genuine feeling burns,
 Still to it's country, "still untravell'd turn's ;"
 And having wander'd thro' each foreign shore,
 Flies to it's own prepar'd to love it more !— 50

For me—the task is done ! ev'n now the gale,
 Destin'd to waft me plays upon the sail ;
 Ev'n now my blessing and my last farewell,
 Must crown the scenes I lov'd so long, so well !
 Yet never shall my soul forget the shores 55
 That hold the objects which it most adores ;
 * If I forgot thee, England, let my tongue
 Cleave to my mouth, and be my nerves unstrung,
 Let my right hand forget her us'd employ,
 If I prefer not thee to every joy ! 60

Yes ! when thy rocks before mine eye-lids fail,
 Still in my heart thy image shall prevail,
 My raptur'd fancy shall survey thee still
 And all my thoughts with pleasing sorrow fill !
 In every spot—in every tree shall find, 65
 Some pictur'd form of those it leaves behind ;
 And to the haunts that Contemplation loves,
 Give many a well-known name of Albion's groves.

And should the summons from my maker, God,
 Recal my spirit to it's dread abode ; 70
 Should I in foreign shores for ever sleep,
 And western climes my unwept ashes keep ;
 For thee th' expiring prayer shall rise to Heav'n,
 For thee the sigh, the last fond wish be given ;
 Thy form divine shall catch my parting breath, 75
 And soothe 'midst angel choirs the pangs of Death.
 Then in it's bless'd Redeemer's blood bedew'd,
 By mercy pardon'd and by grace renew'd ;
 O ! may my soul in brighter realms above,
 Still share the joys of patriotic love ; 80

* Psalms, 137, ver. 5 & 6.

There friends, on earth rever'd, 'midst Seraphs trace
 There meet again a Father's lov'd embrace;
 There too with him, from mortal bondage free,
 Triumphant soar—and gaze bless'd land on thee!

THE SMILE.

OH! say for whom Pity, reclin'd on yon bier,
 Thus discharges the tribute of woe?
 'Tis for Edwin;—who lately could banish the tear
 Which he now has occasion'd to flow!
 Form'd to taste all the innocent transports of youth
 No alloy could his pleasures beguile;
 And his soul the resemblance of candour and truth,
 Was express'd on his face by a *Smile*.

2.

When that *Smile* once appear'd all was comfort and mirth
 And sollicitude fell from the mind;
 Whilst the beauty and virtues of Edwin gave birth,
 To the love and esteem of mankind.
 But the world, and the notions of mortals below,
 Little joy to his soul could impart;
 And that *Smile* which illumin'd him most, us'd to glow
 When caress'd by the girl of his heart!

3.

'Twas Eliza he lov'd; and had hop'd in her charms
 Every bliss, every treasure to see;
 But Eliza was faithless and fled to the arms
 Of a wealthier suitor than he:
 When he heard it, his conscience with purity bright
 Seem'd to scorn all the horrors of care;
 But 'twas finish'd! the smile of content and delight,
 Was chang'd for a *Smile* of despair.

4.

At the Altar undaunted he stood by her side
 When her hand to his rival was given;
 And in silence invok'd on the fond-faithless bride
 The protection and blessing of Heaven!

At

At the feast—amidst riot and merriment's sound,
 He appear'd every passion to brave ;
 And he smiled as the joke and the bottle went round,
 But that *Smile* was the Smile of the grave !

5.

And 'twas just ! as the day, when Eliza he knew,
 All his hopes of enjoyment arose ;
 So the day when *his* hopes with *her* promises flew,
 Mark'd his sojourn on earth with its close !
 Yet has innocence triumph'd o'er sorrow's last strife ;
 Angels caught his expiring breath ;
 And the *Smile* that he wore thro' the tenor of life,
 Has not left Edwin's features in Death !

O D E,

*On the death of JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D. Author of the
 Minstrel, &c. &c. &c.—Written in imitation of and chiefly
 collected from that Poem.*

1.

HIGH on a rock that frown'd o'er Eden's wave,
 A youthful Minstrel stood in wild despair ;
 Loose flow'd his vest, and careless sorrow gave,
 His auburn ringlets to th' unconscious air !
 Rude were his features and his bosom bare ;
 Tears quench'd his eyes that glisten'd erst with fire ;
 And as he tun'd the echoing notes of care,
 Grief seem'd herself to animate his lyre,
 To rouse the feeling strain, and ev'ry verse inspire !

2.

" Mourn, Edwin, mourn thy rev'rend guardian dead,
 " He who thy breast from false desires redeem'd ;
 " Cold is the hand which then thy footsteps led,
 " Clos'd are those eyes whence heavenly pity beam'd,
 " Silent the heart which in his features gleam'd !
 " And mute, for ever mute his genial tongue
 " That tongue which inspiration's image seem'd ;
 " Whilst on his lips celestial doctrines hung,
 " *And Revelation will'd the music that he sung !

3.

* See his evidences of Christianity, 2 Vol. duodecimo.

3.

" The warbling groves—the garniture of fields
 " The solemn night—the blaze of perfect day ;
 " All that the healthful dew of morning yields,
 " And all that echoes to the evening lay ;
 " No more their Beattie's rural charms display ;—
 " For *me*, whose wand'ring heart his maxims drew,
 " From Fancy's paths to reason's purer way,
 " Here on his recent tomb I fix my view,
 " And pour my endless tears—and weep my soul's adieu !

4.

" Yet no !—hark ! 'tis *his* voice !—“ let those their doom
 " Deplore, whose hope is still this dark sojourn ;
 " But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
 " Can smile at Fate—and wonder how they mourn ;
 " Shall endless darkness shroud the strangers bourne ?
 " Shall man be born to vegetate in vain ?
 " No ! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet return,
 " And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
 " Bright thro' the eternal years of Love's triumphant reign ! ”

REFLECTIONS AT SEA.

1st. *Written during a STORM.*

1.

AH ! what dangers the ocean of life overwhelm,
 When youth's giddy bark on it's surface appears ;
 Should desire be the Pilot that rules at the helm,
 And the pleasures of Folly the course that she steers !

2.

Whilst perchance the gay morning of Fortune may smile,
 Too incautious ambition unfurls every sail ;
 And whilst Syrens of ease the frail vessel beguile,
 She is stranded on shoals where temptations prevail !

3.

Or at length when the storms of adversity low'r
 And the light'nings of famine and Poverty glare ;
 Too distracted to brave the wild hurricane's power,
 She for ever is wreck'd on the rocks of Despair !

2d.

2d. On hearing some Canary Birds sing during a Storm.

1.

Sweet birds, that confin'd in yon cages of wire,
Thus warble your mutual strain ;
How unconscious are ye of the pangs of Desire,
How regardless of sorrow or pain !

2.

The waves that with fury the vessel surround
Disturb not your gentle repose ;
And still as in concert your voices resound,
Ye heed not the wind as it blows !

3.

Oh ! had but mankind hearts as spotless as you,
And as guiltless of envy and strife
Misfortune's rude blasts with disdain they might view
And sing 'midst the tempests of life !

LINES written on the banks of the Skullkill.

1.

WHILST a stranger I wander afar from the shores,
Where my heart must for ever remain ;
Oh ! say why that heart all its cheerfulness pours,
O'er the banks of the Skullkill again ?

2.

It is not the villas that hang on the brow,
Nor the harvests that scatter the field ;
It is not the swelling Savannah's below
Nor the treasures her commerce can yield ;

3.

But 'tis that which the Skullkill alone of each stream
That adorns her Columbia can prove ;
'Tis the gentle ingenuous manners that beam,
On her social politeness and love !

4.

*Philadelphia ! how well do thy merits approve,
The fair title affection has given ;
Where thy sons are the union of brotherly love,
And thy daughters are Seraphs from Heaven !

D

For

* Philadelphia is the Greek word for brotherly love. !

5.

For me; when my country receives me again
 And my tale shall recall what has past,
 The dear banks of the Skullkill my praise shall retain
 Whilst my mem'ry and gratitude last!

6.

Yes!—I bid unregretting a final adieu,
 To each scene that Columbia reveres,
 But a lingring farewell from my soul shall bedew
 The dear banks of the Skullkill with tears.

*On the Death of ROBERT SUMNER, A. B. Christ. Coll. Camb.
 ob. June, 1804. atat. 22.*

*"I am distressed for thee my brother! Very pleasant hast thou been
 unto me!—Thy love to me was wonderful!"* 2. Sam. I. 26.

OH! my prophetic soul! and did my heart
 So justly true the fatal fear impart?
 Did sorrow tell me when my Sumner's breast
 First bade me slumber in its generous rest;
 That soon, ere friendship's raptures could commence,
 My heart should mourn an early exile thence?
 And yet, dear youth, the same internal dread,
 Had mark'd thee (*conscious*) for the fleeting dead;
 The hour that gave reflecting wisdom birth,
 Told thee how short thy sad career on earth;
 Each rising year proclaim'd the tale again,
 With louder summons and severer pain;
 Whilst nature seem'd to tremble on the brink,
 Ev'n life itself in hourly death to sink;
 And every pulse chain'd by the sad controul
 Died in the yielding conflict 'save thy Soul!
That soul the mirror of ingenious youth,
 Whose every wish and every thought was truth;
That soul which yet in mercy may impart
 Its wanted influence to my bleeding heart;
That soul, oppress'd by sorrow's bitterest sway,
 Taught thee, resign'd, to suffer and obey;
 Undaunted watch'd the limits of thy breath,
 And smil'd in triumph 'midst the pangs of Death!

SONNETS, &c.

"Nugæ Canoræ."

On reading Poems by MOORE, the translator of *Anacreon*, under
the name of "LITTLE."

1.

PRUD'RY perchance as here she beams
Thro' modesty's affected veil,
May blush to look on nature's themes,
And spurn the bard's entamor'd tale!

2.

Perchance the frown of crabbed age,
Its soul to proffer'd bliss may steel;
And mark as errors in the page,
Affections which it cannot feel!

3.

But every pulse of *gen'rous youth*
To sympathetic joys must move;
And life asserts it's noblest truth,
When rapture warms a mutual love!

4.

Then (far from themes of labor'd art)
Be mine the soft ingenuous strain,
Which stealing from the *Poet's* heart,
Steals thro' the *Reader's* heart again!

SONG.

O! Bring the flowing goblet here,
That lulls the soul to sleep;
And as it's charms my bosom cheer,
Let me forget to weep!

2.

It cannot be!—when mourns the breast
With *temporary* woe;
Wine may promote it's genial rest,
And sorrow cease to flow!

3.

But when the wishes cease to live,
And Death becomes a friend;
Life's only cure that wine can give,
Is—hast'ning on it's end!

To

1.

Dear Girl, whilst thus I bend the knee,
A beggar I must prove ;
Nor whilst I claim the boon from thee,
Return thee love for love !

2.

For whilst I supplicate thy heart
I cannot offer mine ;
The gift is not my own t' impart ;
It is already thine !

S Y M P A T H Y.

1.

SWEET is the influence that can move,
Two souls with one unchanging glow ;
And bid the tide of mutual love,
Thro' Sympathetic bosoms flow !

2.

Bless'd are the hearts, divinely bless'd,
Whose vital streams united run ;
Which throb responsive thro' the breast,
And the pulse vibrate both in one !

To

1.

AND can you — — — then forego
The riches of mankind ;—
For one whose only wealth below
Is center'd in his mind ?

2.

And shall thy faithful bosom burn,
With fondness but for *me* ?
And shall my mutual friendship turn
From every wish but *thee* ?

3.

Then must the bond that gives it birth
 Our union constant prove ;
 Ourselves must be our only earth,
 Our only wishes *Love!*

To — —

On her Canary Bird.—“ I wish I were thy bird ! ”

Shaks. Rom.

1.

YON bird that flutters in his cage
 And seems to struggle to be free ;
 Knows not the cares he would engage,
 Dear — — when at large from thee !

2.

For should he break his wiry chain
 And seek the songsters of the grove ;
 Still would he fly to you again,
 Where center'd rests his only love.

3.

For me—whose heart (like him) is bound,
 In — —'s unlamented cage,
 I would not leave my measur'd ground
 For all the freedom of the age !

4.

For should my light and winged heart,
 Soar thro' the limits of the world ;
 Still would it dread misfortune's dart,
 By faithless hate, and falshood hurl'd ;

5.

But in my — —'s bond repress'd,
 Slavery itself becomes a bliss ;
 My only prison is her breast,
 And each resistless chain *a kiss!*

A

A Familiar Epistle from College to a Friend in the Country.

A public fair is annually held in September, on Sturbitch plain, near Cambridge, and proclaimed with much pomp and ceremony.—Some incidents which occurred at its celebration in 1802, are here described. The want of discipline hinted at in the latter part of the poem, has already been lashed by Cowper.

FROM Granta's fair plains where together in youth,
 We pursued the dear footsteps of Science and truth ;
 Or (to speak less like *Poets*) where studious of ease,
 We slumber'd and saunter'd to gain our degrees ;
 I address you, dear Charles, and bid blessings attend 5
 The man I revere, and can claim as my friend !
 Yet, what news can I send, when the walls of a College,
 Are the bounds of my world, th' extent of my knowledge ;
 What news, where each day opes with chapel at seven
 And closes with barring the gates e're eleven ? 10
 Yet since I have vow'd to compose you a letter
 Accept this relation for want of a better.

I had scarcely return'd from the summer Vacation,
 And in Christ's second story recover'd my station ;
 When the annual wonders of Sturbitch laid wait 15
 For the wise men of England to worship the fête !
 O ! had but myself and the muses, to back us,
 The spirit of Homer, or Virgil, or Flaccus,
 With what pomp might we sing of bless'd Granta's renown,
 When the fair was proclaim'd thro' the country and town ; 20
 With what pomp might we tell what arrangements were made,
 For these "mysteries of *Athens*," this "*second crusade* !"
 First then—paint to your fancy a coach sent express
 From the *City of London* to carry the mess ;
 The Chancellor's vice-roy, in vestments of scarlet, 25
 Not unlike altogether fam'd Babylon's harlot,
 With masters and tutors—physicians and doctors,
 Moderators—Scrutators—and Taxers—and Proctors ;
 And as if the poor *Vice* were unable to bear,
 All the cargo of Doctrine to hallow the fare, } 30
 To assist in the farce came his Honor the Mayor !

Then as soon as they ceas'd their permission to preach,
 And the ground was made holy and pure by their speech,
 O ! ye Heavens ! what a fight fit for Courts to view,
 Or to charm with desire Epicurus' crew ; 35

When the party—both Clergy—and Galens—and Feetail,
 Emptied barrels of oysters by wholesale and retail
 With porter and mutton and other good eating,
 Which they forc'd the poor *proctors* to give them in treating !
 'Twould be vain to recount all the scenes and the train 40
 That rose (as by magic) on Sturbitch's plain !
 Here gingerbread husbands—queens—princes and wives ;
 Lay scatter'd with thimbles and swissars and knives ;
 Here petticoats—breeches—chemises and bedding
 Here coffins for fun'rals—here rings for a wedding ; 45
 Here "Baxter's last words, and expiring treasure,"
 Were heap'd on "Joe Millars" and "W——n of pleasure ;"
 Here bibles and prayer-books (O ! shame on the binder)
 Were bound up with "Tally-i-o and the grinder."
 Nor less were the live-stock, a mixture of face 50
 Which ev'n Hogarth himself had been puzzled to trace
 Here mouted on high stood a mountebank teacher,
 Here mounted still higher a methodist preacher ;
 Here Punch and his puppets—here Harlequin's motions,
 Here a quack, with his blisters, cathartic's and potions ; 55
 Here a hucks'ter—a Jew—and a smart city Tailor,
 Here a sharper of note—turn'd a blind begging sailor ;
 Here a Thespian theatre form'd in a cart,
 Where each was a dozen—and acted each part ;
 Here a booth fill'd with wine serv'd by waiters the quickest, 60
 With a snug little bar and the "quod petis hic est !"
 Here dancing and fiddling and tennis and Ball,
 Alternately shook the pro-tempore hall ;
 Here psalms, cards and dice,
 Revelation and vice, 65
 Dissipation and piety meet ;
 Here the merry and grave,
 Here the good and the knave,
 Promiscuous through the retreat !
 But what struck one the most was a cargo of *Dames* 70
 (No matter their ages, their dresses, or names ;
 Who came down from the City, like Sylphs from above,
 To initiate the *Freshmen* in mysteries of Love !
 Whilst the lads just let loose from the bars of a school,
 Unrestrain'd by the rod,—undirected by rule) 75
 Impatient to claim the bless'd title of *man*,
 Tho' as yet, o'er their cheeks not a razor had ran ; Made

Ver. 70. It is hoped a relation of the fact, will not be construed in licentiousness.

Made libations in plenty (perchance too, *between us*
 To their future regret) both to Bacchus and Venus !
 Nor if Freshmen and Sophs follow'd fashion's example, 80
 Were their betters remiss in promoting the sample ;
 The tutor, dear Charles, who so often has pos'd you
 With sections and angles, and *oftener* dos'd you ;
 With a tribe of his brethren whose souls being mellow
 And empty their heads—claim the title of Fellow ; 85
 Came high mounted on hunters—and arm'd Cap-à-pee,
 With the Jacket and whip that denote *their degree* !
 Some, less jovial than these, who the fair could acknowledge
 At least three-score times since they enter'd at College,
Less ambitious of fame, were contented to sit, 90
 And feast on the riches of Harlequin's wit !
 But the foremost for pleasure so hearty and jolly,
 Were the *proctors*, those rev'rend correctors of Folly ;
 Those bailiffs of Granta—those watchmen of evil
 Who search allies and lanes, the vile haunts of the D—1 ; 95
 Were espied in a booth giving lectures *at ease*,
 To two Cyprian frail ones who *sat on their knees* !
 Thus a fortnight went by, e're these mystries were over,
 Whilst the gyps like their masters were feeding in clover ;
 When the genius of Cambridge (like Greece) had a notion, 100
 That a custom so sacred should close with devotion ;
 So on Sunday to finish the hallow'd transaction,
 St. Mary's was chang'd to the temple of action !
 There in Golgotha sat the Vice Chancellor's red,
 And around him the Caput (*fair Science's head* !) 105
 On his right sat nobility gilded and glaz'd,
 And beneath him the tinsel of Barony blaz'd ;
 Whilst *we* the offscourings of genius and learning
 Were huddled above scarcely worth your discerning.
 Then—led by the bedels those guardians of grace 110
 Who wield the proud sceptre the Chancellor's mace,
 Who should mount on the pulpit but H———d the hack
 Who carries divinity's load on his back,
 And steals every Sabbath for many a ninny
 A sermon from *Blair* which he reads for a guinea ! 115
 And lastly at night the fam'd S— —n of King's,
 Soar'd high on the rant of absurdity's wings ; And

Ver. 89. Consequently not much under four-score years of age.

Ver. 99. Gyps—College Servants.

Ver. 112. No disparagement is intended to this worthy usurer in Theology.

Ver. 117. The facetious author of *Skeletons of Sermons* !

And held forth in the meeting that well-belov'd station,
 So pleasant for forming a snug assignation ;
 Where, whilst Maudlinites lengthen then sorrowful face, 120
 And tremble for regeneration and grace ;
 Their lost Academical brethren are paying,
 Their orisons to love—and their purses displaying !
 Such a medley as this, my dear Charles, you'll conclude
 Has afforded my fancy abundance of food ; 125
 And to tell you the truth (for I never will flatter,)¹
 I have thought a good deal on so serious a matter ;
 When I rove thro' the scenes where our *Bacon* and *Barrow*,
 And *Dryden* first fed upon Genius' marrow,
 O ! me—thinks, could our regal promoters of art, 130
 Who on Granta first labor'd its charms to impart ;
 Could our founders but rise from their Westminster station
 And gaze at this moment on Cam's situation ;
 With what praise would they load the dear empire of science
 Which has still bid the arms of oppression defiance ; 135
 And which ever encreasing in glory and worth,
Now displays it's meridian of wisdom on earth !
 When they built these rude cloisters, as mansions of Truth
 For the progress of Talent, and guidance of youth,
 An usurper had seiz'd the tutorial rein 140
 And bound independence in Discipline's chain ;
 It was "*Order !*"—her spirit pervaded the soul,
 And the life of the place, with incessant controul ;
 Then the bell of the Chapel that summon'd to pray,
 Would not hear of a *tardy*, or suffer delay ; 145
 Then no Sizar with stockings ungarter'd was seen
 To haste, e're the psalms should begin, o'er the green ;
 Then the Schools were created for art, not for *pleasure*,
 And the youths enter'd college for *toil* not for *leisure* ;
 Whilst the masters themselves were oppress'd with the shame, 150
 And consider'd their office as more than a name ;
 Whilst the Preachers submitted *in person* to preach
 The Students to learn—and the Teachers to teach ;
 And our Milton himself (tho' now prais'd as a God)
 Was compell'd when obstrep'rous to strip to the rod ! 155
 Thus *Order* had long held the sceptre of Camus,
 And the night of dependance and slavery o'ercame us,

E

Till

Ver. 120. The sober students of Magdalen (Maudlin) College.

Ver. 132. Westminster Abbey.

Ver. 155. Milton was the last who suffered corporal punishment, in College.

Till *Fashion* dear Fashion, in glory arose,
 To give freedom to *belles* and emancipate *beaux* ;
 Till she triumph'd o'er discipline—trampled on law, 160
 And bade statutes and precepts remain as a flaw !
 O ! witness ye streets fill'd with horses and chaises,
 Let your pavement that rattles speak Albion's praises,
 Ye Gogmagog summits whose turf knows the face,
 Of each gambler that ruins himself in the race ; 165
 Ye schools whose acquittal of learning and bond is,
 When you give in your question a "recte respondes ;"
 Ye readers who preach to the bare Chapel walls,
 Ye dinners that smoke unregarded in halls ;
 But chiefly, dear Sturbitch, O ! witness the glory, 170
 That the freedom of Fashion thus places before ye ;
 O ! witness the pomp when your festival rose,
 The dear charms of its progress—the tears at it's close !
 With thoughts and reflections like these I've replenish'd
 My mind, from the moment the rebeck had finish'd 175
 And reflections like these I might ever pursue,
 Did not time my dear Charles, call my bosom to you !
 For you on whom Granta no longer bestows
 " Philosophical slumbers, and learned repose ;
 For you who are chain'd to the horrors of life, 180
 With the country—a Curacy—children—and wife !
 Who are wasting your time and annoying your mind
 With efforts and schemes for the good of mankind ;
 For you who afar from the world's glorious riot
 Conceive it (how falsely !) a bliss to be quiet, 185
 Whilst I pity your errors, and mourn for your lot,
 Your merits and friendship shall ne'er be forgot ;
 And tho' hurried away by the impulse of pleasure,
 Which Granta presents without limit or measure ;
 Yet still will I steal a few moments of view, 190
 To gaze, my dear Charles, with compassion on you ;
 Like a Seraph exalted 'midst thrones of the bless'd,
 Still deign to look down from my mansions of rest ;
 And to give you a taste of *Cæstrial* mirth,
 Shall on Monday *revisit* your cottage on earth ! 195

On

Ver. 164. The Gogmagog hills.

Ver. 166. The only exercise *absolutely* required of a candidate for the degree of A. B.—is to give his "*questio*" and receive an answer—"recte respondes" &c. &c.

On the *SYSTEM* of *EDUCATION* prevalent in *NEW YORK*.

It is most earnestly requested, that malicious motives, and ill-natured Satire will not be attributed to the author of the following lines.

NOW were Columbia's struggling triumphs done,
 And fix'd her power in *Gun-boat number one* ;
 And now her offspring freed from toils of war
 Cherish'd refinement, and the bless'd *Segar* !
 First where New-York her various tribute pours, 5
 She rais'd on high her Academic towr's ;
 There bid the child assume the manly gown,
 Hail'd him "*Collegian*" thro' the wondrous town,
 And e're a razor o'er his cheeks had ran,
 Told him 'twas finish'd—and proclaim'd him man ! 10
 Next lest her sons, should share that rust of mind
 Which Cam's dull race, and Oxford's pedants find ;
 Columbia taught her boys with dextrous care
 To braid the ringlets of their flowing hair ;
 Taught them in Fashion's elegance to move, 15
 Then bade them dance, and learn the laws of love ;
 Hence flows the dying verse from stripling swains
 Hence am'rous ditties and poetic strains ;
 Hence *books* and *nymphs* by turns prepar'd to charm,
 Claim the boy's looks, and rivals, share his arm ; 20
 Whilst Cupid's shafts by wondrous change beguil'd,
 Forget their aim and pierce a brother—child !
 Next too another task required her toil,
 To plant ideas in a *female* soil ;
 For this she culls the the fairest flowers of France, 25
 To teach them language and to rule the Dance ;
 For this she shews them how to claim applause
 From Mantua's skill in tinsel and in gauze ;
 Whence Mother Eve, like them could never bless
 The fig-leaf elegance of muslin dress ; 30
 Whence thro' the viel too delicately—fine
 Exulting beauty marks the waving line ;
 Whence too tis prov'd how much they smile at Death,
 How lightly hold the value of their breath ;
 How midst the piercing blast they ne'er complain, 35
 Tho' sure of fevers and consumptive pain.

E 2

Nay

Ver. 7. The *toga virilis* was assumed in Rome at 17. In England at 15!
 In New York at 10!!!

Nay further—as Columbia's ruling choice ;
 Is *Independence* and the *People's* voice ;
 As once she urg'd her Citizens should speak
 In pure dissent from England, *Ancient Greek* ; 40
 So too 'tis her's on *learning's* stablish'd throne,
 To raise a *feudal system* of her own !
Chilton, (she cries) O ! thou whose pow'rs divine
 " Can trace the stars and count them as they shine,
 " Thou by whom seeming inconsistencies, 45
 " Are nicely solv'd by A's and B's ;
 " Lo here thy charge,—be thine this band of youth,
 " Bind on their hearts each philosophic truth ;
 " Shew them the paths thy toiling footsteps trod,
 " And teach them nature's laws and nature's God ! " 50

Columbia spake—and lo ! the task was done,
Chilton was ready—and his school begun ;
 In vain the youths who deem'd their rights infring'd,
 And all their doors of lawful art unhing'd ;
 Cry for revenge—dip their rude pens in gall, 55
 And on the flock with *doggral* weapons fall ;
 In vain afar the hue and cry they raise,
 In vain attempt to make the Hudson blaze ;
 Nay tho' each press with daily labor teems,
 In serious prose, or loose poetic themes ; 60
 Yet—all his dangers—all his combats pass'd ;
 Still *Chilton* triumphs—and his school shall last !

Now mark th' event,—mark from Columbia's laws,
 What vast refinement Education draws !
 The boy by practice taught to ape the man, 65
 To roll a snowball as to hand a fan ;
 Strolls in the careless negligence of ease
 (Since 'tis himself he pleases—sure to please)
 Bows to each girl, gallants her thro' the town
 Looks back to claim the passenger's renown ; 70
 Till thus the morning glides in haste away,
 And dinner warns him of the closing day :
 Then rich in self-conceit he talks of fun,
 Tells us his feats—recounts what nymph's were won,
 Toast's

Ver. 51. A philosopher of the name of Chilton, established a female school which was attended by all the fashionable ladies of New York in 1805.—The boys at College opposed it—and formed themselves into a society for the purpose of filling the Newspapers with their effusions—swearing "they never would desist till the Hudson blazed."

Toast's to their health—and o'er the flowing bowl, 75
 Maddens his *brain*, to shew his pow'rs of soul!
 At evening too the sacred shrine he haunts,
 Where Harper rattles and where Cooper rants;
 There talks aloud—applauds—opposes—nods
 Or joins the thunder of the *Gallery Gods*; 80
 Flies where adorers bend at beauty's shrine,
 And youth's, (like *Satellités*) round planets shine;
 Or thro' the lobby strolls with vacant air,
 Surveys the fruit that tempt the pallate there;
 Whips up a jelly and destroy's the *glass*, 85
 To save the *bore* of taking change in *brass*!
 But this is low-liv'd pleasure!—Hudson's youth,
 Despise a *mirror* where they see the *truth*;
 Be theirs the joys that midst the dance abound,
 The brisk cotillion or the waltze's round. 90
 There they display their independent state,
 There frisk in *boots conspicuously great*;
 There shew the girls how much *their* aid they spurn,
 And 'midst themselves with nobler grace can turn;
 Thus always pleas'd—from evcry wish remov'd, 95
 To rise superior or be more belov'd,
 Their souls possess that calm contented rest,
 Which gives mankind the sunshine of the breast;
 Whilst Europe's offspring in their countries cause
 Rise to defend their liberties and laws; 100
 Whilst thro' the earth the emulating youth,
 Burn to excel in Science and in truth;
 Columbia's sons alone are freed from cares,
 And all that anxious sorrow genius shares!
 Untaught, indeed, that other climes are known, 105
 They hail their *empire* as the world alone;
 Unconscious all of transatlantic shores,
 For them the scenes of nature bloom in *doors*;
 They wish to know no manners but their own,
 And keep no statutes, but from Fashions throne; 110
 Taught

Ver. 78. Cooper and Harper two favorite performers at the New-York Theatre.

Ver. 86. From the life.

Ver. 88. "To hold the Mirror up to Nature." Is the motto to the New-York Theatre.

Ver. 92. &c. A bull dance was in vogue in New-York in the winter of 1804-5: which eight youths (to the neglect of the ladies) accomplished with much self-satisfaction—arrayed in *boots and great coats*!

Taught all that injures freedom to disdain,
 Ev'n independent in belief they reign ;
 Now *Scripture moralists* —now *Albeist beaux*
Christians or not—just as the fashion goes !

Such was Lothario (well the youth I knew) 115
 Who all his morals from this system drew !
 Had but Lothario in *another* soil
 Flourish'd by care and Education's toil,
 His genius form'd for greatness and for fame,
 Had scatter'd wide his virtues as his name ; 120
 But ah ! what labors must his mind have shar'd,
 What devious paths, what steep ascents have dar'd ;
 Year after year he might have dragg'd in vain,
 A life of credit by a life of pain !
 But 'twas Lothario's lot, contented here, 125
 No toils to enter, and no pangs to fear ;
 His rising years in careless pleasures flew,
 His days nor envy nor ambition knew ;
 And soon as first he felt his rising breast,
 Swell with some *trifle* that disturb'd his rest ; 130
 Too calm to live—to shrink from death too brave,
 He plung'd his sorrows in an early grave !
 How nobler this than living to have borne,
 Lifes future ills and envious mortal's scorn ;
 How better far when boys are cross'd with spleen, 135
 And manhood's quarrels meet them at *fifteen* ;
 To point the pistol at each other's breast,
 And send the ball that guarantees them rest ;
 ("When they themselves can their quietus make")
 Than all the rubs Fortune's wheel to take ! 140

But should the youth at length to age encrease,
 And fix his life in matrimonial peace ;
 Some nymph *too old* and *wearied* to coquet,
 Who *wears*, and *mourns* her maiden honors yet,
 Warms his cold bosom and adorns his side, 145
 And reigns his queen, his glory, and his bride ;
 His offspring soon the same career commence,
Heirs of their fathers virtues as his sense ;
 Save him the anxious trouble to direct
 Their infant footsteps, and their faults correct ; 150
 For e're his precepts o'er their mind distil,
 They *doubt* his *wisdom*, and *dispute* his *will* !
 Lo ! now a fairer prospect claims our view,
 To see what charms to *female* minds accrue ; To

To trace the wisdom *Chilton's* models give, 155
 And mark the *women's* manners as they live.
 Now morning grows apace—and (lectures done)
 Th' united fair to crowded levies run ;
 Relate the wonders *Chilton's* wit can trace,
 And try the *wash* he talk'd of for the face ; 160
 Then turn to scandal—prate of youthful quizzes,
 Their dancing—verses—chit-chat—persons—phizzes ;
 And as each fair one drops in turn away,
 She quick becomes the subject of the day,
 Till thus the morn has furnish'd half the nation, 165
 With “ walking journals of communication ! ”
 Yet there are girls—(and some of *Chilton's* school)
 A few exceptions wait on every rule ;
 Who draw such small advantage from their task
 As nev'r to wear the stiff pedantic mask ; 170
 Who only learn from philosophic art
 To know themselves—and regulate the heart ;
 Whose dull enjoyments far from Fashion's laws,
 Are those alone whence conscience claims applause ;
 Whose morning lounge is 'midst those *vulgar* roofs 175
 Where sorrow mourns at Poverty's reproofs ;
 Yes there are girls whose grov'ling souls display.
 That *coward* thought which looks *beyond* to day !
 But *few* are *these*, for whom Columbia's name,
 Need shed the tear or breathe the curse of shame ; 180
 Her happy nymphs with nobler views inspir'd,
 With conscious innocence and courage fir'd ;
 Dare to encounter all our sexes wiles,
 Their am'rous force as their all conqu'ring smiles ;
 Dare *undefended* and *alone* to rove, 185
 The public streets or thro' the secret grove ;
 Or (if protected) to the world they shew,
 No Mother's care is equal to a beau !
 Oft have I seen when ev'ning parties blaze,
 The tender parent (bless'd) in triumph gaze ; 190
 Whilst on her girl some stripling swain has hung,
 And lisp'd forth College phrases from his tongue ;
 Oft heard the nymph declare impassion'd vows,
 Whilst the next day she *cuts* her youth with bows ;
 Whilst both affect in equal love to rise 195
 And both “ MAKE BABIES ” in each other's eyes !
 Hence, free from all that sympathy of love,
 Those real ties which fond affection move, 'Midst

'Midst them no *Hero* for *Leander* raves,
 No dear *Leander* scorns opposing waves ; 200
 No dying *Arria* draws the reeking steel,
 And cries—" for *Pætus*, not *myself* I feel !"
 No 'tis alone on bless'd *Columbia's* plain,
 That *Cupid* aims at female hearts in vain ;
 Who if they love—'tis but to shew their power ; 205
 Or for the pastime of a leisure hour !
 Thus, like her *sons*, *Columbia's daughters* too,
 In calm content their rising years pursue ;
 'Tis idle folly for their minds to know
 What climes *once* flourish'd—or what flourish *now* ; 210
 Since in *themselves* their only world began,
 And since a *Cæsar* is no longer man !
 For them no memoir of rewarded truth
 Excites the pang of emulating youth ;
 No tale of sorrow wakes the heaving sigh, 215
 Or dims the sparkling lustre of the eye ;
 No trite examples cloud their anxious breast,
 With plans to make a child or husband bless'd ;
 But calm they rest—*themselves* their only rule,
 Conceit their *tutor*, and the *streets* their *school* ! 220
 Nay more whilst *England's* dames advanc'd in age,
 Despair a boy's attention to engage ;
 The nymphs on *Hudson's* brighter regions born,
 Treat fears of dotage with contemptuous scorn.
 Tho' three-score years have whiten'd o'er their pate, 225
 And wrinkles frown, where roses bloom'd of late ;
 Still they assume the wink—the maiden glance,
 Flutter like Sylphs and rule the fairy dance ;
 Still they retain the tinsil of their teens,
 And deck'd in feathers blaze like *Indian queens* ! 230
 From these examples 'midst *Columbia's* ton,
 From this new system which she claims herown :
 Her *lower ranks* have learn'd to imitate,
 With proper zeal, the manners of the *great* !
 The simple shop-boy, late a country clown, 235
 One winter past, begins to know the town ;
 Smokes his *Segar*, *en passant*, thro' the street,
 That bless'd *Segar* which makes him *Man* complete ;
 And to the haunts of dissipation steers
 A *Man* in *folly*, tho' a *child* in years ! 240

On

On Sunday too, with more than *Cockney* grace,
 He curls his hair and ornaments his face ;
 Frequents the Church to see and to be seen,
 With comrade coxcombs loiters o'er the green ;
 Or nobler still (high mounted) whisks away, 245
 The country seeks and drinks the live-long day !
 How bless'd the land with such refinement grac'd
 Where ev'n th' apprentice sets the laws of taste ;
 Soon (should but Heaven favor) we may find,
 Columbia's method follow'd by mankind ! 250
 Soon may her ploughboys ape the woman's man,
 And handle now a *pitchfork*—now a *fan*,
 And as they leave the lesser world behind,
 Reign *independent, happy, and refin'd!*

IMITATIONS!

From the Greek of BION.

As late in slumber wrapt I lay,
 Venus approach'd me, blythe and gay ;
 Her infant Cupid by her side,
 And thus, in friendly accents cried :
 " Dear Bion, take this child from me,
 " And teach him how to sing like thee !
 She spake, and into air retir'd ;
 Whilst I with proud ambition fir'd,
 Fool as I was, began with joy,
 To teach my music to the boy ;
 The pipe of Pan—Minerva's lute
 The lyre of Hermes—Phœbus' flute
 These all I labor'd to impart ;
 But the wild stripling scorn'd my art ;
 And rising high his am'rous songs,
 Taught me the music that belongs
 To themes immortal ;—themes that move
 To all his Mothers charms of love ;
 Till I forgot my *wanted* lays,
 And now but sing what Cupid plays !

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

1st. To the Evening Star.

O! Hesperus, fair Venus' golden light,
 The sacred glory of the dawning night ;

F

Less

Less than the moon, yet fairer than the stars,
 O! hail! and since that setting moon debars
 Her blaze—bestow thy more propitious ray,
 To whose fair influence yields the closing day.
 I come not thus with false—designing soul,
 The nightly wand'ers musings to controul;
 But thou art Venus,—thou my love can'st see;
 And love allures me to converse with thee!

2d. Cupid turn'd Ploughboy.

His wanted torch and arrows cast away,
 Cupid usurp'd the ploughboy's rude array;
 Coupled his oxen in the rustic chain,
 And strew'd his harvest o'er the fertile plain;
 Then cried (whilst smiling on the heav'ns above)
 " Burn up these vales of Ceres, mighty Jove;
 " Lest you yourself *Europa's bull* should bow,
 " Ere long beneath my unresisted plough!

FROM HORACE.

Dialogue between Horace and Lydia,

" Donec gratus eram."

H O R A C E.

WHILST Horace in his Lydia's arms,
 Shar'd, fondly shar'd, her blooming charms,
 Nor knew a rival there;
 Not all the blifs that monarchs own,
 Not all the wealth of Persia's throne,
 With Horace could compare.

L Y D I A.

Whilst you a mutual fondness shew'd,
 Nor with a warmer feeling glow'd,
 For Chloe than for me;
 Not ev'n the Roman Ilia's name
 Flourished with half so fair a fame,
 As Lydia's bless'd with thee.

H O R A C E.

Me now the Thracian Chloe sways,
 And lulls me with the am'rous lays
 Her love has taught to flow;
 For her, I would not shrink from Death,
 Would but the Gods prolong her breath,
 And grant her bliss below!

Me

C H L O E.

Me the Thurinian Calais fires,
 And my enraptur'd soul inspires,
 With *more* than mutual joy;
 Death's fiercest pangs I *twice* would brave,
 Could I but rescue from the grave,
 My dearer life—the boy!

H O R A C E.

What if our fondness, tho' resign'd,
 Ev'n now *renew'd*, our hearts should bind,
 In its resistless chain;
 If Chloe should be seen no more;
 And Horace ope his willing' door
 To Lydia's arms agin'?

C H L O E.

Tho' *he* is beauteous as a star;
 Your faithless bosom lighter' far,
 Than man's retiring breath;
 Still would I wish to nestle there;
 With thee the joys of life to share
 With thee the pangs of Death!

F R O M C A T U L L U S.

“Vivemus mea Lesbia.”

LESBIA, let us live and love;
 Let us, Lesbia, far remove,
 Care and sorrow—nor regard
 Tales that happiness retard!

Yon bright sun that gilds the main,
 Sets,— but sets to rise again;
 We—when once life's precious light
 Has fail'd—must sleep in endless night.

Haste then, darling of my wishes,
 Bless me with a thousand kisses;
 Then, succeeding each to each,
 Tho' the number myriads reach;
 Still encrease the boundless store,
 Still, O! still give myriads more;
 'Till—when myriads we have given
 (Wrapt in all the joys of Heaven)

Let us cease to count our treasures,
Lest we fix a bound to pleasures;
Or lest others envious prove,
When they see such hoards of love!

T O L E S B I A.

No girl can boast a lover half so true
As I, my Lesbia, still have prov'd to you;
No league of faith was e're so firmly bound,
As that which you within my breast have found;
Now is my mind so madden'd by your *shame*,
So reft of all its influence by your *name*;
That, tho' I never can my *love* renew,
I cannot *hate* you, whatsoever you do!

FROM CASIMER.

1st. *Nero's Mother addressing him when he was about to kill her.*

Why does thy sword thus threaten with the tomb,
Thy Mother's bosom and thy Mother's womb?
Support and life that womb and bosom gave,
Each claims thy filial duty—not the grave!

Ah! no! 'tis false!—the womb and breast that hurl'd
Thy tyrant being on a wretched world,
Are worthy *both*, with deadly blood to flow,
And *Nero* worthy to decide the blow!

2d. *From the Song of Solomon.*

“ Ah sitio clamas.”

“ I thirst” the prince of Heaven, expiring, cries;
“ I thirst,” and lifts his agonizing eyes;
O! drink, my spouse, and satiate thy call,
Tho' the sad cup, embitter'd, tastes with gall;
Yet drink my spouse, to Heav'n's high will resign'd,
And be the health, “ *Salvation to mankind!*”

E P I G R A M S.

From various Greek Authors—chiefly in the Anthologia.

1st. *On a Statue of Venus at Cnidos, by Praxiteles.*

When Venus saw her statue plac'd
At Cnidos, with perfection grac'd;

“ Ah!

“ Ah! where Praxitéles,” she cried,
 “ Hast thou my naked charms espied?”

2d. On Envy.

Envy is bad ;—and yet has one good part ;
 It gnaws, the man who envies, to the heart.

3d. On Life.

Long life is short where virtuous men engage!
 But to the bad one moment is an age!

4th. On a Miser.

You have a rich man's wealth—a poor man's breast,
 Rich for your heirs, but for yourself distress'd!

5th. Imitated.

The Graces seeking for a place of rest,
 Have fix'd their empire in Amanda's breast!

6th. On Valetudinariens.

I mourn not those already 'reft of breath,
 But those who live in hourly fears of Death!

FROM CATULLUS.

Hæc strives to climb the hill of sense
 But reason hurls him headlong thence!

Lesbia my fond proposals still disproves,
 Yet may I perish but my Lesbia loves;
 Whence is my proof?—the same revoking will
 Is mine!—I curse her—yet I love her still!

My Lesbia swears she never more can love,
 Save loving me—no not tho' wo'ed by Jove!
 But women's oaths should be transcrib'd in haste,
 And *somewhere* where they cannot be *eras'd*!

FROM HEINSIUS—HUYGENIUS, &c.

1st. On a man always shaking his head.
 You shake your head!—a bottle too
 Requires the same each minute;
 Whilst the poor thirsty toper doubts,
 If there is ought within it!

2d. Aulus in Office.

Aulus in office, thinks it is propitious
 To shew *his office*—and to be officious!

3d.

3d. *On the iron coins of J. Caesar.*

With future names—be any metal grac'd,
But Cæsar's stamps on nought but iron plac'd!

4th. *On a fine picture of a Girl.*

With raptur'd hearts, the blooming girl we view,
Who boasts, tho' painted, natures colors too!

5th. *On a great man envied.*

What wonder envy should devolve on you,
Whom all feet trample on, but none pursue!

6th. *With a set of prayers to his brother—By HUYGENIUS.*

The prayers you ask, are here, my brother given;
O! be my words your passport into Heaven!

7th. *On a sick Drunkard.*

Æmilius bids the various physic
Which his Doctor sends be c^{ur}-st;
Fearing lest the self—same doses,
With his pain should cure his thirst!

8th. *On Gustavus of Sweden.*

Ages hereafter, when the earth may quake,
Shall say, "the ashes of Gustavus wake!"

9th. *On a talkative girl—who had lost her teeth.*

What wonder that the beauteous Anna's
Lately splendid teeth should fail,
Whilst her tongue's incessant hammer,
Dares those splendid teeth assail?

10th. *The gouty debtor.*

In vain the gouty debtor tries,
Th' evasive force of wit;
"He cannot to his promise stand!"
No!—but he sure can sit!

11th. *On a pauper who had fallen into a ditch.*

The pitying strangers haste with generous fear,
To lift the pauper from the pit of mud;
"O! cease, (he cries) and let me slumber here,
"My bed at home is not one half so good!"

12th. *On a father surrounded by his children.*

Lines from a circle to its centre
Each to each must equal prove;

Equal

Equal to his circling children
Is a gen'rous parent's love !

13**th.** *On Women.*

What is lighter than a feather ?
Dust :—than Dust ?—the changing wind :
Than the wind ?—than all together ?
Nothing—but a woman's mind !

14**th.** *On a beautiful boy and his mother each blind of one eye.*

O ! let your eye, sweet Boy,
Your mother's socket fill ;
And thus be Cupid blind,
Whilst she is Venus still !

16. *Imitated from the French—on a man who had unjustly been
refused a College fellowship.*

Here lies a wretch—who had so little knowledge,
He was not ev'n a fellow of a College !

FINIS.

The

The Author of the following Poem had not resolved to commit it to the press, till the first part of this little Volume was in types—This will account for it's not appearing under it's proper head.

THE YEAR OF SORROW.

Written in NEW-YORK at the close of the Year 1804.

" His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani.
" Munere " ! Virg.

This Elegy was written at the close of the year 1804, as a tribute of regret to the memory of several friends most dear to the author, who in that year had paid the debt of nature. The first of these was Dr. Percival, of Manchester; well known in the literary world, as a skillful Physician, an elegant Scholar, an amiable Companion, and a pious Christian.—As he was "a second father" to the author, mention is here also made of his *real* parent, who was chief Magistrate of Manchester—and died in June, 1802, aged 57.—A memoir of his life was published by Dr. Percival, in the Monthly Magazine for that year.—The second person lamented, is Robert Sumner, A. B. whose virtues have been so imperfectly recorded in the former pages.—The third, is John, son of the late Sir John Mosely, of Staffordshire, a student of Oriel College, Oxford—he died almost suddenly in the 18th year of his age. This young man added to his mental qualities, the most singular beauty of person;—and was remarked even when a boy for his wonderful elegance and activity,—his manly and ingenuous countenance,—and his great superiority of strength.

The fair female whose name closes this list of sorrow, was a young lady, the most intimate companion of the author's sister, who died at Manchester in October 1804, aged 23, after a short illness.

1.

SWIFTLY the year has past;—whose genial beams
For me on Albion's blissful plains arose;
And now, by Hudson's unregarded streams,
Marks me a dreary wand'rer at it's close!

2.

Yet time may fly, and chance may bid me rove
To trace new scenes of Fashion or of Fame;
But time and place can never change the love
Which centers only in it's country's name!

3.

Then let me glance my mem'ry on the few,
Who still are *there*, to raise my drooping head;
And let the genuine tear their names bedew,
Whom the *last* year has number'd with the dead!

4.

For there *were* hearts which now no longer beat,
For me where many a *parting* sorrow burn'd;
And there were lips which mine no more shall meet,
That bade me *live* to *bless* them when return'd!

5.

5.

O! witness this, *thou*, on whose recent grave,
 A thousand mourning Charities attend;
 Thou, "*Percival*," whom Heav'n and Virtue gave
 My guide, my *second*—Father, and my friend!

6.

For I had *once* a father—(and can claim
 A father *still*, immortaliz'd above)
 And *such* a father, as enhanc'd the name
 With more than human tenderness and love!

7.

Him had his *Mersey* twice—three *lustres* seen,
 The guardian of her Justice and her laws;
 Him had she twice rous'd from the peaceful scene
 To wield the sabre in his country's cause!

8.

Him had she seen, when daily toil had ceas'd,
 Stray forth at eve to calm some suff'ring breast;
 At once the donor of the *Social* feast,
 At once the *pauper's* charitable guest!

9.

Him had she seen the husband of a *hand*;
 Worthy his *heart*, and with his heart combin'd;
 Him too the parent of a num'rous band,
 Large, yet encompass'd in his larger mind!

10.

To *these* (bereft of *him*) in pitying love,
 Heav'n gave a second father as sincere;
 Who *then* paternal fondness so could prove,
 As *now* to wake afresh the filial tear!

11.

For I remember when in pain reclin'd,
 Thy medicinal hand was constant there;
 And oft thy *more*—than medicinal mind
 In deep affliction snatch'd me from Despair!

12.

And I remember when my *earliest* youth,
 In dreams of Fancy and of Error stray'd;
 Thy precepts led me to the paths of Truth,
 Unask'd, and (save by *conscience*) unrepaid!

13.

How did thy feast of reasoning wit regale!
 How did thy converse tedious night beguile!

G

Com-

Combina the *moral* with the *cheerful* tale,
And taught the *Sigh* to mingle with the *Smile*!

14.

Or did'st thou guide the pen, how swiftly flow'd
Genius with elegance spontaneous fraught;

Where Wisdom's self, where pure Religion glow'd,
Luxuriant language, yet the *chastest* thought.

15.

Bless'd be thy mem'ry! and if happily now
Thy Spirit meets my father in it's charms;

O! join with him to guide me here below,
And (*if thou canst*) restore me to his arms!

16.

For—may not Hope, without presumption think,
That friends on *earth*, are guardian angels *there*;

Who snatch the soul when 'on destruction's brink
And oft direct it to the realms of air?

17.

And may not *Faith* anticipate the hour,
When *Hope*, dissolv'd in *Certainty*, shall fail;

And *Charity* renew'd with nobler pow'r,
Unblemish'd and unfaiding shall prevail?

18.

Then—in redeeming mercy, may my soul,
Give happier passions and affections birth;

Freed from the pangs of Envy's dread control,
And all that injures friendship, *when on earth*!

19.

Then from my *Sumner*, may it never part,
For whom the muse long pour'd the sorrowing strain;

There share the raptures of his cheerful heart,
Without the anguish of his *former* pain!

20.

Nor less with *thee*, thro' genial skies above,
My airy spirit *then* may wing it's flight;

Thou, whom *this* year, so fatal to my love,
Plung'd in a moment to the shades of night!

21.

Thou, Mosely,—whom my earliest childhood lov'd;
My chosen playmate e're I knew thy worth;

When hand in hand on Avon's banks we rov'd,
And mock'd the schoolboy's hardships in our mirth!

22.

Whilst health sat blushing thro' thy downy cheek,
 And pleasure sparkled in thy moistning eyes ;
 (Those eyes which erst an eloquence could speak
 Of every feeling that might chance to rise ;)

23.

Whilst Vigour cloath'd thy manly limbs with charms,
 " Harmonious swell'd by nature's finest hand ;"
 Taught thee to stem the current with thy arms,
 And bade the ball recoil at thy command ;

24.

Yes !—whilst the banks of *Isis* fondly shew'd,
 A form so perfect in a *stripling's* years ;
 And prov'd that beauty, when on *worth* bestow'd,
 The brightest work of bounteous Heav'n appears ;

25.

Death hover'd o'er, with his resistless dart,
 And instantaneous dealt the fatal blow ;
 Bade cease the throbbings of thy gen'rous heart,
 And laid thy youth's aspiring honors low !

26.

When *Virtue*, thus, array'd in op'ning bloom,
 Fram'd to delight the mind, the sense to cheer,
 Sinks early blasted to the silent tomb,
 Who can suppress the sigh—restrain the tear ?

27.

Then *who*—when join'd to Beauty and to Truth,
 The name of "*Female*"—heightens every grace ;
 Can cease to weep, when in expanding youth,
 Her form is sever'd from his fond embrace ?

28.

Such was Eliza ! such my *Sister's* friend ;
 That Sister mark'd her *live*—and mark'd her *die* !
 Long must she mourn her lov'd companion's er
 Long shall her *brother* mourn in sympathy !

29.

For she was all—the fond fraternal mind,
 Could wish a darling Sister to possess ;
 All that the purest heart on *earth* could find ;
 And Seraphs now may *glory* to caress !

30.

Such are the names, that Sorrow bids me write,
 (Tho' *rude* the hand) on Mem'ry's sable Urn ;
 Names which this year has shadow'd in its night ;
 And, *like itself*, can never more return !

31.

Yes ! 'tis the year of sorrow, past !—and now,
Another dawns as *fickle*, tho' as *clear* ;

This *too* may ravish *other* friends below,
But *none* more virtuous—*few* more justly dear.

32.

The year of Sorrow !—quickly has its past !
Quickly will pass the few that yet remain ;
'Tis but a journey !—and our souls at last,
Shall meet their friends, never to part again !

FINIS.

ERRATA.

- Page 8. Erase the two last lines in the page.
ibid. Note, to v. 107, for *Elyium*, read *Elysium*.
9. Note, to v. 140, for *Pévi*, read *Levi*.
10. Line 198, for *fright*, read *fight*.
11. 243, for *empire's* read *empires*.
15. 395, for *brutual*, read *brutal*.
21. 48, for *turn's*, read *turns*.
25. 18th, from the top, for, O! read, *on*.
[*ingenuous*.
26. 8th, from the bottom, for *ingenous*, read
35. 7th, for *bid*, read *bade*.
36. 37. for *Columbra* read *Columbia*.
ibid. 43. for *Chlitan*, read *Chilton*.

