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Sewah







# Miscellaneous Poems,

WITH SEVERAL SPECIMENS

FROM THE

AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT VERSION

OF THE

## POEMS OF OSSIAN.

*original*  
*with*  
*all*  
By J. M. SEWALL, Esq.

PUBLISHED AGREEABLY TO AN ACT OF CONGRESS.

PORTSMOUTH:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM TREADWELL, & C<sup>o</sup>

FOR THE AUTHOR.

1801.

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*NB*  
*Sewal*



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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R 1939 L

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Gleams the bright steel ! loud clangs the dreadful shield !  
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Whilst lightning, thunder, meteors, wind and rain,  
Each object nature gives assists thy plan,  
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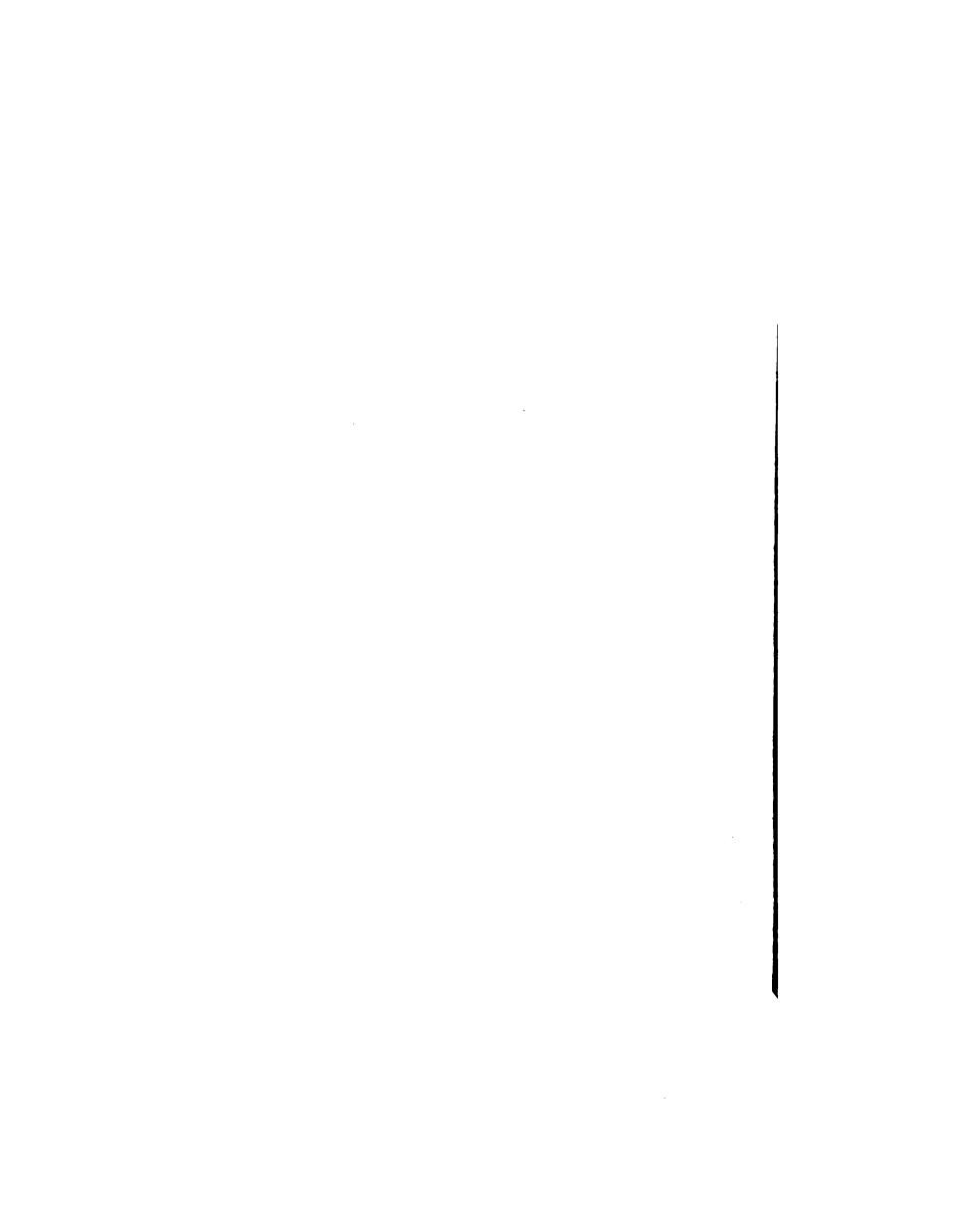
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 Save thy great father, Morvens hero, sage,  
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## ON OSSIAN AND HIS POEMS

No ties of int'rest, blood, or stronger fame,  
E'er make him deviate, or misguide his aim.  
To right the injur'd, pull the oppressor down  
Restore the orphan to his father's throne,  
For this he takes the field, the javelin shakes !  
His foes are only those, which virtue makes.

Divine old king ! what numbers shall I frame  
To paint thy worth, or publish half thy fame ?  
Yet well I weet, the task's already done,  
And all thy virtues flourish in thy son.  
Thou gav'st thy noble nature at his birth,  
He caught thy spirit when thou left'st the earth.  
Long as his strains delight, thy fame shall live,  
And time itself shall not those strains survive.  
Such tender passions ! sentiments divine !  
With nature's image glowing in each line,  
Must please while men their faculties retain,  
Or GOD and NATURE in joint concert reign.

---

CARTHON;

*A P O E M,*

From Ossian.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

\* This poem is complete, and the subject of it, as of most of Ossian's compositions, tragical. In the time of Comhal the son of Trathal, and father of the celebrated Fingal, Clessámmor the son of Thadda and brother of Morna, Fingal's mother, was driven by a storm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which stood Balclutha, a town belonging to the Britons between the walls. He was hospitably received by Reuthámir, the principal man in the place, who gave him Moina his only daughter in marriage. Reuda, the son of Cormo, a Briton, who was in love with Moina, came to Reuthámir's house, and behaved haughtily towards Clessámmor. A quarrel ensued, in which Reuda was killed; the Britons, who attended him, pressed so hard on Clessámmor, that he was obliged to throw himself into the Clyde, and swim to his ship. He hoisted sail, and the wind being favorable, bore him out to sea. He often endeavored to return, and carry off his beloved Moina by night; but the wind continuing contrary, he was forced to desist.

Moina, who had been left with child by her husband, brought forth a son, and died soon after. Reuthámir named the child Carthon, *i. e.* the *murmur of waves*, from the storm which carried off Clessámmor his father, who was supposed to have been cast away. . . . When Carthon was three years old, Comhal the father of Fingal, in one of his expeditions against the Britons, took and burnt Balclutha. Reuthámir was killed in the attack: and Carthon was carried safe away by his nurse, who fled farther into the country of the Britons. Carthon, coming to man's estate, was resolved to revenge the fall of Balclutha, on Comhal's posterity. He set sail, from the Clyde, and, sailing on the coast of Morven, defeated two of Fingal's heroes, who came to oppose his progress. He was, at last, unwittingly killed by his father Clessámmor, in a single combat. This story is the foundation of the present poem, which opens on the night preceding the death of Carthon, so that what passed before is introduced by way of episode. The poem is addressed to Malvina the daughter of Toscar.

C A R T H O N.

A TALE of ancient times awakes the lyre !  
Deeds of immortal fame the bard inspire !  
The murmur, Lora, of thy sacred springs,  
To view the mem'ry of past ages brings,  
Garmallar's venerable woods appear,  
Their rustling branches still delight the ear:  
On yonder distant landscape cast a look,  
Does not Malvina view, that heath-crown'd rook ?  
(Three aged firs, low-bending, grace the scene)  
Low at its feet is spread the verdant plain.  
The mountain-flow'r unfolds its sweetness there,  
And waves its snowy beauties in the air ;  
And there the thistle in the neighb'ring vale  
Sheds its white beard, and rustles to the gale.  
Two mould'ring stones, half sunk in earth appear,  
And shew their mossy heads : the mountain-deer  
Avoids the fatal spot ; he conscious spics  
The ghost that guards it, and with terror flies.  
For in that narrow plain the brave are laid,  
O Toscar's daughter ; snowy-bosom'd maid !

A song of other times ! the deeds of old !  
Thou harp, the melancholly tale unfold !

## C A R T H O N.

Who, from the land of strangers in proud might,  
 With his victorious thousands pours to sight ?  
 The sun-beam blazes on his ample mail,  
 His locks dishevel'd wanton on the gale.  
 His face is settled from the storm of war,  
 Calm as the splendor of the evening star  
 That beams from western clouds with silver light  
 On Cona's silent vale, and gilds the night.  
 Who, but great Fingal, Comhal's matchless son,  
 For mightiest deeds, and strength unrivall'd, known.  
 His native hills he views with raptur'd eyes,  
 And bids a thousand harps, and voices rise.

How have ye fled, sons of the distant land ? \*  
 (Thus in full chorus sang the radiant band)  
 Your haughty tyrant, in his halls of state,  
 Sits impotent and hears his people's fate.  
 O'er desolated realms his eye-balls glance ;  
 Then seiz'd with rage, he grasps his father's lance,  
 How have ye fled, ye heartless coward band,  
 Ignoble offspring of the desert land ?

Thus sang the bards, when all the chiefs of fame,  
 To Selma's echoing halls exulting came.

\* *The Romans.*

A thousand beaming lights (the spoil of foes)  
Amidst the spacious dome refulgent rose.  
The circling shell flows round, wide smokes the feast,  
And the glad night in joy and music pass'd.

Then thus the fair-hair'd son of Comhal ; where  
Is great Clessammor, Thaddu's mighty heir,  
The lov'd companion of my youthful sire ?  
His sacred presence would new joys inspire.  
Silent and sad, the remnant of his years,  
In Lora's echoing vale he wastes in tears.  
But lo ! he comes like a gay warlike steed,  
In youthful vigor, and unrivall'd speed,  
Who in the breeze his lost companion finds ;  
His mane disshewel'd dances on the winds.  
Hail, brave Clessammor ? why thou pride of war,  
So long from Selma, Thaddu's mighty heir ?

To whom the chief ; returns great Comhal's son,  
In the full splendor of his high renown ?  
Such was thy father, in his youthful days,  
So spread his triumphs, and so rang his praise.  
Oft o'er blue Carun, with a chosen band  
We pass'd exulting to the stranger's land.  
Unstain'd with blood, our falchions ne'er return'd,  
While the world's haughty tyrants vanquish'd mourn'd.

Why call I to remembrance youthful wars,  
 Trembling with age, and mix'd with grey my hairs ?  
 To bend the bow, this hand has lost the skill,  
 And feebly grasps the spear, or glitt'ring steel.  
 Oh, might such joys again this breast pervade,  
 As when I first beheld that heav'nly maid,  
 The beauteous Moina, fam'd in distant skies,  
 With snowy bosom, and blue rolling eyes !

The mighty Fingal then ; amidst thy tears,  
 Relate the story of thy early years.  
 Grief, like a cloud which day's bright orb invades,  
 The mighty soul of great Clessammor shades.  
 Mournful on Lora are thy thoughts alone,  
 Its roaring banks re-echo to each groan.  
 Oh, let us hear, thou much-enduring sage !  
 Thy youthful sorrows, and the woes of age.

'Twas in the days of peace (the sage began)  
 I in my bounding galley plow'd the main.  
 Beneath our prows the whit'ning ocean roars,  
 When proud to view appear'd Balclutha's towers.  
 With outspread sheets, and prosp'rous winds, we sail'd,  
 'Till Clutha's streams our gallant vessel hail'd.  
 Three days in Reuthmar's hall, by love detain'd,  
 (Smit with his beauteous daughter) I remain'd.

C A R T H O N.

1

The joy, of shells flows round, and to my arms,  
The aged hero gave that heav'n of charms.  
White as the foamy wave her breasts appear,  
Her eyes like stars that gild the glowing sphere.  
Dark as the raven's wing her tresses shine,  
Her form all graceful, and her soul divine.  
I lov'd the beauteous Moira to excess,  
And my heart swell'd with extacies of bliss.

In height of all my joys a stranger came ;  
A chief who lov'd the snowy-bosom'd dame.  
Amidst the hall, he fierce defiance roar'd,  
And oft, stern threat'ning, half unsheath'd his sword.  
Where is this restless wand'rer of the heath,  
Terrific Comhal, of the arm of death ?  
Seeks he Balclutha, with his ruffian hosts ?  
Or does Clessammor guard alone her coasts ?

My soul (I cry'd) imperious chief ! alone  
Burns with a generous ardor all its own !  
Fearless, 'midst thousands, I th' unequal war  
Decline not, though the brave are distant far.  
Thy words are mighty.—Comhal's wrathful frown  
Thou dread'st not, for Clessammor is alone.  
But my sword trembles, in its sheath detain'd,  
And longs to glitter in this eager hand.

Talk not of Comhal, Clutha's vaunting heir !  
 That first of heroes, dread and boast of war.  
 Pride, hate, and fury, in his bosom swell ;  
 We fought—beneath my arm the boaster fell.  
 Clutha's loud-echoing banks his fall resound,  
 A thousand falchions instant flash around.  
 Bold with despair, I fought : at length subdu'd,  
 Headlong I plunge into the foaming flood.  
 O'er the wild waves my sails arose again,  
 And swift I bounded o'er the roaring main.  
 But lovely Moina on the shore I view ;  
 Her hair disshevel'd on the breezes flew.  
 With heart-felt agony, I heard her cries,  
 And saw her heaving breasts, and tearful eyes ;  
 My vessel oft I turn'd the shore to gain,  
 Which eastern winds as often render'd vain.  
 Nor Clutha since I've seen, nor weeping fair,  
 The lovely Moina of the dark-brown hair :  
 On sad Balclutha's solitary coast,  
 She dy'd of grief : I've seen her plaintive ghost.  
 Along the murmur'ing Lora, pale to sight,  
 I knew her through the shades of dusky night ;  
 Like the moon's crescent, fading on the eye,  
 Seen through obscuring mists that cloud the sky ;  
 When wintry heav'ns pour down the flaky snow,  
*And dark, and silent, lours the plain below.*

Ye bards (began the mighty Fingal) raise  
 The song to Moina, and resound her praise.  
 Let ev'ry trembling harp the concert aid,  
 And to our hills invoke the sacred shade,  
 To rest with Morven's fair of ancient name,  
 The joy of heroes, the proud boast of fame.  
 Thy stately tow'rs, Baleluthia, I have seen,  
 But empty desolation reign'd within.  
 The fire had once resounded in thy halls,  
 But now no voice the wand'ring stranger calls ;  
 The stream of Clutha from its bed was chang'd,  
 By mould'ring columns, falling tow'rs derang'd.  
 Its scatter'd beard the lonely thistle cast,  
 And the moss whistled to the howling blast.  
 The fox, undaunted, from the windows star'd,  
 And the rank grass thro' broken walls appear'd.  
 Thy dwelling, Moina, desolate remains,  
 And in thy Sire's sad mansion, silence reigns !  
 The song of mourning raise, O sacred band,  
 O'er the sad stranger's desolated land !  
 They have but fall'n before us ; we one day  
 Must fall ! lost in obliuion too as they.  
 Why dost thou toil a short-liv'd bliss to raise,  
 Why build the hall, son of the winged days ?  
 To-day thou lookest from thy stately towers,  
*Yet a few years, the desert whirlwind roars,*



Through empty courts its howling course is held,  
 And rudely whistles round thy half-worn shield.  
 Then let the desolating blast come down,  
 While inextinguishable glories crown  
 Our mighty actions ; and the tuneful throng  
 Resound our praise in everlasting song.  
 Exalt the voice ! the shell of joy send round !  
 Let the high roof with mirth and song resound.  
 When thou, O sun, shalt leave thy path in heav'n,  
 By time from thy empyreal mansion driv'n.  
 Thy splendors wasted, veil'd thy golden rays,  
 (If thou, like Fingal, boast not endless days)  
 Our fame, bright REGENT ! shall survive thy blaze.

Such was the song of Fingal, in the day  
 Wh joyous transports fir'd the rapt'rous lay.  
 His thousand bards lean'd forward as he sung,  
 To catch the heav'nly accents of his tongue.  
 Sweet were the notes of Morven's mighty king,  
 As the harp's music on the gale of spring !  
 Sublime in native majesty the whole !  
 Why had not Ossian equal strength of soul ?  
 But oh ! thou shin'st unrivall'd and alone,  
 And who can equal Fingal in renown ?

In feast and song, thus pass'd the night away,  
 And joy awaken'd the returning day.

The mountains shew'd their grey heads, rough and wild,  
 And the blue face of grateful ocean smil'd.  
 The white wave tumbles round the distant rock ;  
 When slowly from the lake, resembling smoke  
 A vapour rises ; like an aged man  
 The figure seem'd, slow moving o'er the plain.  
 To stride, its large-spread limbs did not appear.  
 But mov'd supported by a ghost in air.  
 Tow'rd's Selma's hall it came, a moment stood,  
 Dissolving sudden in a show'r of blood.

The king alone beheld the dreadful sight,  
 Dire omen of the fatal chance of fight !  
 In solemn silence sadden'd with a tear,  
 He sought the hall, and took his father's spear,  
 Bright gleams his falchion, and his arms resound,  
 And all his heroes instant rose around.  
 Then silent gazing on each other, stand,  
 With rev'rence waiting Fingal's high command.  
 They saw the battle in each fatal glance,  
 The death of armies on his pointed lance.  
 Brac'd eager on, a thousand shields resound,  
 A thousand falchions sudden flash around.  
 Swift through the dome the glancing splendors fly,  
 And the loud clang of arms ascends the sky.

The grey-dogs howl portentuous, but no word,  
 Or whisper, from the warlike hosts is heard.  
 Each mark'd his leader's eye, and void of fear  
 Stern grasp'd his shield, and shook his glittering spear.

Sons of high Morven ! (thus the chief renown'd)  
 This is no time to send the shell around.  
 War darkens round us, foes are near at hand,  
 And death, stern threat'ning, hovers o'er our land.  
 Some ghost, the friend of Morven and her race,  
 Presages danger, ruin, and disgrace,  
 T' invade our shores, from ocean's briny foam,  
 Th' insatiate offspring of rude wand'ers come.  
 For of th' impending ill, the dire portent  
 Forewarn'd us from the watry element.

Let ev'ry chief gird on, disdaining fear,  
 His father's sword, assume his heavy spear,  
 The mail around him pour its streaming rays,  
 And on each head the radiant helmet blaze.  
 War, like a tempest, gathers o'er the heath,  
 Soon will ye hear the horrid roar of death.

They heard, and panoply'd in brazen arms,  
 Mov'd on, impatient to the dire alarms.  
 Their chief strode foremost, terrible and dire,  
 Like a dark cloud before heav'n's wasting fire,

Which dreadful glares, when ghosts the night deform.  
 And frighted mariners foresee a storm.  
 From Cona's rising heath they tow'rd above ;  
 The nymphs beheld them like a crowded grove.  
 With anxious dread they look'd towards the main,  
 And in their fears already view'd them slain.  
 The foam for distant sails, deceiv'd they spy,  
 While tears burst copious from each melting eye.

The sun now rising o'er th' illumin'd tide,  
 A distant fleet, swift-bounding, we descry'd.  
 Like ocean's mist, they soon approach'd the land,  
 And pour'd their crowded hosts on Morven's strand.  
 Tall in the centre their bold chief appear'd,  
 Like the proud stag amidst his subject herd.  
 Studded with gold his flaming shield appears,  
 And stern, and stately, strode the king of spears.  
 Tow'rd's Selma's halls his haughty steps inclin'd,  
 And undistinguish'd thousands pou'd behind.

Go Ullin ! (said the first of Morven's race)  
 And greet the monarch with the song of peace.  
 Tell him our fame in ev'ry battle grows,  
 And num'rous are the spectres of our foes.  
 But those who deign to grace the genial feast.  
 Rejoice, and grateful is each stranger-guest.

They praise our bounty, when the banquet warms,  
 And shew in distant lands our fathers' arms.  
 Their sons the costly gifts with wonder trace,  
 And bless the friends of Morven's mighty race,  
 Whose deeds remotest realms with terror struck,  
 While earth's proud lords, 'midst all their legions shod  
     Sage Ullin went, obedient to the word,  
 While on his spear reclin'd great Morven's lord.  
 He saw the noble chief in arms array'd,  
 And bless'd the stranger, and exulting said,  
     How stately art thou, ocean's mighty son,  
 'Midst thousands still unrival'd and alone !  
 Thy sword beside thee is a beam of light !  
 Thy spear a fir that braves the tempest's might !  
 Thy helm conspicuous blazes o'er the field,  
 Nor night's full orb is broader than thy shield !  
 Ruddy thy youthful cheeks, thy visage fair,  
 And soft the ringlets of thy shining hair !  
 But this fair tree, should sudden storms invade,  
 May fall, and all its with'ring branches fade.  
 The Stranger's daughter, sighing, o'er the main  
 May roll her eager eyes, but roll in vain.  
 We see a ship (some child, perhaps will say)  
*Balclutha's* monarch on the watry way.

The mother starts ! for other tidings fears !  
 To see th' illustrious chief her soul despairs,  
 While down her cheek descend the conscious tears, } :

Such were thy words (O thou of peerless fame !)  
 When Ullin to the mighty Carthon came.  
 Down at his feet, with winning mild address,  
 His spear he cast, and rais'd the song of peace.

O thou, who ridest on the roaring wave !  
 Come to the feast of Fingal, nobly brave !  
 With Morven's king the genial banquet share,  
 Or peace disdain, lift the spear of war.  
 Tho' num'rous ghosts of foes our might have found,  
 In ev'ry land are Morven's friends renown'd.  
 Behold that field, O Carthon ! many a stone  
 With mossy weeds, and rustling grass, o'er grown,  
 There dreary rises—these are tombs that hide  
 The hapless wand'ers of the rolling tide.

Dost thou (thus Carthon with indignant rage)  
 Address the weak in arms, deluded sage ?  
 Is this face pale with fear ? or does my tongue  
 With terror flunker, son, of peaceful song ?  
 Why then dost hope my steady soul to fright  
 With idle tales of heroes slain in fight ?

This arm has many a battle fought and won,  
 And my renown to distant realms is known.  
 Go to the coward-race who dread the field,  
 And bid them to the mighty Fingal yield.  
 Have I not seen Balclutha? (dire disgrace!)  
 And shall I feast with Comhal's hated race?  
 Stern Comhal! who with unrelenting ire,  
 Flung 'midst my father's halls his wasting fire!  
 With child-like wonder (infant as I was)  
 I saw the virgins weep, nor knew the cause.  
 The smoky columns, curling to the sky,  
 And tumbling ruins, pleas'd my gazing eye.  
 Ev'n when my guardians fled to desarts wild,  
 With thoughtless joy I oft look'd back, and smil'd.  
 But when (to years of manhood fully come)  
 My mould'ring walls I view'd, and ruin'd dome,  
 With the first beam of dawn my sighs arose,  
 My tears, with night descending, barr'd repose.  
 Shall I not fight (thus to my soul I sigh'd)  
 Against my country's foes, those sons of pride?  
 And I will fight them, bard, this arm alone .  
 Shall nobly vindicate my father's throne.

His chiefs surround their leader, breathing death,  
 Their shining swords gleam dreadful o'er the heath.

Above the rest, distinguish'd, and alone,  
Proud Carthon like a fiery pillar shone.  
His breast indignant, heav'd the bursting sigh,  
And the tear started from the warrior's eye.  
Contending passions in his bosom roll,  
The fall'n Balclutha crowded on his soul.  
Fierce tow'rds the hill, with scornful eye askance,  
Mix'd with revenge, he cast a fiery glance.  
Then pois'd his spear, already on the wing,  
And bending forward, seem'd to threat the king.

Shall I (thus Fingal to his soul began)  
Oppose this youthful hero on the plain.  
At once arrest his course, and seize the prize,  
Before the morning of his fame shall rise?  
What will disproving bards hereafter say,  
When they the noble strangers tomb survey?  
"Fingal his thousands marshal'd on the strand,  
Ere mighty Carthon sunk beneath his hand."  
No, bards of future times! with endless blame,  
Ye shall not thus diminish Fingal's fame.  
My younger heroes shall the combat dare,  
While I, at distance, view the doubtful war.  
If Carthon triumphs with redoubled might,  
Like Cona's roaring streams I rush to fight.



Who of my champions, bold in youthful pride,  
 Will meet the wand'rer of the rolling tide ?  
 For countless heroes on our shores appear,  
 His chiefs are mighty ! strong his ashen spear !

Then dauntless Cathul, in his strength, arose,  
 Whose blood, unmix'd from mighty Lormar flows,  
 Three hundred youths attend him, fierce and rude,  
 The hardy offspring of his native flood.  
 But weak his arm 'gainst proud Balclutha's dread,  
 He fell—his chiefs precipitately fled.

Connal resum'd the battle, void of fear,  
 But mighty Carthon broke his beamy spear.  
 Bound on the field, the hero lay subdu'd.  
 While Clutha's chief the flying hosts pursu'd,

The king of Morven stung with grief and rage,  
 Beheld, and thus address'd the warrior sage,  
 Wilt thou, Clessammor, view (O once renown'd !)  
 Thy friend, thy comrade, thy lov'd Connal bound ?  
 Rise, hoary chief ! the dire dishonor feel,  
 Rise in the splendor of thy youthful steel,  
 Thou friend of mighty Comhal ! oh, efface  
 In Carthon's blood this horrible disgrace,  
 Let his chiefs feel the strength of Morven's race.

Uprse the hoary vet'ran, stern, severe,  
 And shook his grizzly locks, and graspt his spear.  
 His flaming shield he fitted to his side,  
 And rush'd impetuous in his valour's pride.

High on yon heathy rock, bold Carthon stood,  
 And saw the chiefs approach ; well-pleas'd he view'd  
 The dreadful joy, the wild, tumultuous rage,  
 That flush'd the visage of the hoary sage,  
 Still formidable in his locks of age !

Shall I (thus Carthon) 'gainst a feeble foe  
 Exalt that spear that gives no second blow ?  
 Or nobly brave, to shun th' unequal strife,  
 With words of peace preserve the warrior's life ?  
 His stately steps, his venerable hairs,  
 Proclaim him lovely in the vale of years.  
 What struggling passions this sad bosom rouse ?  
 Perhaps 'tis Carthon's father, Moira's spouse.  
 Oft have I heard that bow'd with age and grief,  
 At Lora's echoing waters dwelt the chief.

Such, Carthon, were thy words, when thund'ring near,  
 Clessamor strode, and lifted high his spear.  
 On his broad shield, the swift-descending stroke  
 The youth receiv'd ; and mild the chief bespoke.

Why dost thou, hoary-headed sage ! appear  
 In arms ? is there no youth to lift the spear ?  
 Hast thou no son, full fraught with martial fire,  
 To raise the shield before his aged sire ?  
 Does thy lov'd spouse in death's cold mansion sleep,  
 Or o'er thy bury'd offspring ceaseless weep ?  
 Art thou of royal race ? what glorious wreath  
 Will crown those temples, shouldst thou press the heath

A glorious wreath indeed ! (Clessammor cry'd)  
 And bards shall spread my fame, thou son of pride !  
 I've been renown'd of old in fields of fame,  
 But to a foe, I ne'er reveal'd my name.  
 Yield first thou son of ocean ! and then know  
 The name, and lineage of thy mighty foe.  
 Then shall the prowess of this arm be shewn,  
 The wars, the conquests, which this sword has won,  
 From the first dawn of youth to life's declining sun.

I never yielded, king of spears ! (rejoin'd  
 The noble pride of Carthon) oft I've join'd  
 The host tumultuous pouring to the war ;  
 Led on the Phalanx, rul'd the rushing car,  
 And bards will sound my fame thro' ev'ry age,  
 Despise me not thou venerable sage !

My arm, my spear, are strong ! shun fiercer might  
Among thy friends retire, and let young heroes fight.

Why wilt thou pierce my soul thou son of pride ?  
(Clessammor, with a bursting tear, reply'd)  
Age does not tremble on my hand, nor fear  
Appal this bosom ; still I grasp the spear,  
Recreant, in Fingal's view shall I retire,  
The noble image of his godlike sire !  
Him whom my soul and all its pow'rs revere ?  
I never fled, proud youth ! exalt thy pointed spear !

They fought as when contending tempests rave,  
Two furious whirlwinds strive to roll the wave.  
But Carthon bade his flying spear to err,  
O'ercome with filial reverence and fear.  
A secret instinct in his bosom wrought,  
Still whisp'ring, " it was Moina's spouse he fought."  
He broke Clessammor's beamy spear in twain,  
And seiz'd his shining sword, but seiz'd in vain !  
For as the chief was binding his great foe,  
Struggling with anger, half-disarm'd, and low.  
He drew the dagger which his fathers wore,  
Carthon's uncover'd side the weapon tore,  
Wide gap'd the wound, & the heath blush'd with gore. }

Stern Fingal saw Clessammor overthrown,  
 And dreadful, in his sounding arms, mov'd on,  
 The host stood silent, at his presence aw'd,  
 With veneration ey'd him as a god;  
 He with fierce wrath, and indignation, flush'd,  
 Like a hoarse storm, ere winds burst furious, rush'd,  
 The hunter hears it in the silent vale,  
 Then in his rocky cavern shuns the gale,

Fix'd in his place, undaunted Carthon stood,  
 While down his side fast flow'd the crimson flood;  
 He saw the king's approach with secret joy,  
 High hopes of fame his eager thoughts employ.  
 But pale his cheek, his locks disorder'd fly,  
 And his bright tow'ring helmet shook on high.  
 Th' insidious, fatal wound (paternal wrong !)  
 Of force bereft him, but his soul was strong.

Fingal with grief beheld, as he drew near,  
 The streaming blood ; and stay'd th' uplifted spear.  
 Yield, king of swords ! (the king of Morven cry'd):  
 I see life's current gushing from thy side.  
 Mighty thy deeds in battle ! and thy name  
 Shall live immortal as thy deathless fame !

Art thou that glorious hero, fam'd so wide ?  
 (*The car-born Carthon with a sigh reply'd*).

## CARTHON.

31

Art thou that light of death loud fame records,  
 Whose splendor frightens earth's imperial lords ?  
 But why should Carthon ask ? for like the stream  
 That his own desert pours, extends his fame.  
 Strong as a river, is his matchless force !  
 Swift as an eagle in his swiftest course !  
 Oh, had it been my elevated lot  
 With Morven's glorious monarch to have fought !  
 Then would my name in song eternal last,  
 And the pleas'd hunter, as my tomb he pass'd,  
 Would say " illustrious was his closing scene,  
 He fought with Fingal, first of mortal men !"  
 But Carthon dies unknown ! his prowess vain,  
 Lost on the feeble ! by the feeble slain !  
 (Not so, said Fingal) great shall be thy praise,  
 My bards are many, deathless are their lays.  
 Their songs shall waft to future times thy name,  
 And latest generations learn thy fame,  
 As round the burning oak with conscious joy  
 They sit, and songs of old the night employ.  
 Oft the tir'd hunter, on the heath reclin'd,  
 Shall lift his eyes, wak'd by the rustling wind,  
 Viewing the rock where mighty Carthon fell,  
 To his pleas'd sons thy godlike actions tell.

And pointing to that memorable spot,  
 " There (cries the sire) Balclutha's monarch fought,  
 Array'd in glory's unextinguish'd beams,  
 Strong as the fury of a thousand streams !"

In Carthon's bright'ning face joy shone confess ;  
 He rais'd his heavy eyes with death oppress.  
 He gave his sword to Fingal, to remain  
 In Selma's hall thro' each succeeding reign  
 That distant ages might his fate deplore,  
 And Carthon be renown'd on Morven's shore.

Now had the battle ceas'd, the tuneful throng  
 Already sung the peace-commanding song.  
 Around the falling Carthon, every chief  
 Impatient flew ; they heard his words with grief.  
 Propt on their spears (while sighs in silence broke)  
 They listen'd while Balclutha's monarch spoke.  
 His flowing hair sigh'd mournful on the blast,  
 And feeble were those accents doom'd his last !

Great king of Morven! (sighing he began)  
 I fall—my race of glory run in vain !  
 A foreign tomb hides in its cold embrace  
 The last descendant of Reuthamar's race.  
 A night of darkness in Balclutha reigns,  
 And sorrow's dismal shades in Crathmor's plains &

But raise my tomb, and call the sacred quire,  
 To Lora's banks; there dwelt my aged sire.  
 The spouse of Moina thus my fate may learn,  
 And o'er his fall'n beloved Carthon mourn.

He ceas'd—and felt th' inexorable dart!  
 His dying accents reach'd Clessammor's heart.  
 He fell in silence on his son! around,  
 The host stood darken'd, wrapt in grief profound.  
 No voice, thro' all their files, the scene profan'd,  
 One solemn, universal, silence reign'd!

Night slow descended, and the sickly moon  
 On the sad scene look'd from her eastern throne.  
 But still they stood as a tall, silent grove,  
 Whose melancholy branches cease to move,  
 That on high Gormal rears its pensive head,  
 When autumn shades the plain, & the loud winds are laid.

Three days o'er Carthom, fall'n in youthful pride,  
 The heroes mourn'd: the fourth his father dy'd.  
 Morven's high shores their hapless dust inhume,  
 And a dim-ghost defends the sacred tomb.  
 There Moina oft is seen, when night's great foe  
 Darts on the rock, and all is dark below.  
 There is she seen, Malvina, beauteous still,  
*But not array'd like daughters of the hill.*



Her robes, such as the strangers wear she loves,  
And pensive, joyless, solitary roves.

Fingal was sad for Carthon, and enjoin'd  
His bards this memorable day to mind,  
Observe, and consecrate with solemn lays:  
And oft they mark'd the day, and sang the hero's pains  
" From ocean's roar, while storms the welkin shroud,  
Who comes so dark, like autumn's shadowy cloud ?  
From his bright arms what flashing streams expire !  
Death trembles in his hand ! his eyes are flames of fire !  
Who roars along dark Lora's echoing fields ?  
Who—but strong Carthon, breaker of the shields !  
The people fall ! see how from host to host,  
He furious strides, like Morven's sullen ghost !  
But there he lies, a goodly oak to view,  
Which sudden blasts resistless overthrew.  
When shalt thou rise in all thy might again,  
Balclutha's joy, illustrious king of men ?  
From ocean's roar, while storms the welkin shroud,  
Who comes so dark, like autumn's shadowy cloud ?"  
So sang the heav'nly minstrels o'er the chief !  
Such was their music in the day of grief !  
Fir'd with the theme, the sweet melodious throng  
*I often join'd, and added to their song.*

And oft o'er Carthon pour'd the tear alone,  
 Fall'n in full vigour, half his fame unknown !  
 And thou Clessammor, mighty in the war,  
 Where is thy dwelling in the fields of air ?  
 Does the stern youth forget his wound, and sail  
 With thee upon the clouds ? or still bewail ?

I feel the sun, each ray intensely glows !  
 Leave me, Malvina, leave me to repose.  
 To Ossian's dreams, perhaps, they may appear.  
 Retire—a feeble voice methinks I hear.

The glorious beam of heav'n delights to shine  
 On Carthon's grave : I feel the warmth divine !

O thou great source of light ! that roll'st unspent,  
 Majestic thro' the boundless firmament,  
 Whose all-pervading energy can pierce  
 Thro' the wide regions of the universe,  
 Kindling unbounded day ! whence are thy rays  
 O glorious splendor ? thine eternal blaze ?  
 Thou comest forth in beauty's sacred light,  
 And stars unnumber'd vanish at thy sight.  
 The cold, pale moon, aw'd by the blaze divine,  
 Shrinks in thy presence, and forgets to shine.  
 Whilst thou, sublime thro' heav'n, maintains't thy sway  
 Nor find'st a fit companion of thy way !

In radiant majesty there mov'st alone,  
Thy circuit boundless, unapproach'd thy throne.

The mountain-oaks yield to the whirlwind's rage,  
The mountains too themselves decay with age.  
The ocean varies—and the moon, chaste light !  
Now faintly glimmers, now is lost in night.  
But thou, unchanging pow'r † art still the same  
Still beam'st perpetual light, and undiminish'd flame

When gloomy tempests darken all the skies,  
When thunder roars, and the red lightning flies,  
Thou look'st all glorious from thy tow'ry height  
Laugh'st at the storm below, and mock'st the whirlw  
might †

But thou to Ossian look'st in vain, blest beam !  
Whether the eastern clouds with golden gleam  
Reflect thy rays, or in rich splendors drest,  
Thou shed'st thy glories o'er the g'owing west ;  
To Ossian still thou smil'st in vain (great pow'r)  
For he beholds thy dazzling beams no more †

Yet thou, perhaps art mortal, and thy light  
May one day fail, extinct in endless night.  
Thick clouds o'ershade thy face, expunge thy reign  
And the sad morn expect thy smile in vain.

*Exult then, in thy strength, O glorious ray !  
Still o'er the broad expansion pour the day !*

In pride of youth, march on thy great career,  
And rule the day, and guide the rolling year !  
For age (which must arrive ! ) is dark forlorn,  
Like night's pale queen of half her lustre shorn ;  
When thro' dark, scatt'ring clouds, with sullen glare  
She frowns, and mists obscure the dusky air.  
The cold, bleak north howls o'er the barren waste,  
The helpless trav'ler, trembling, pale, aghast !  
Hears the dire sound, and shudders at the blast. }

F

*On Music and Poetry; addressed to a Lady.*

WHEN ORPHEUS tun'd his lyre, the pleasing moan  
 "Taught rocks to weep, & made the mountains groan."  
 And when hell's monarch seiz'd his beauteous wife  
 Charm'd the grim tyrant, and redeem'd her life.

In early times the pow'r of music shone,  
 When youthful David play'd before the throne.  
 His magic harp could Saul's wild rage control,  
 And tune the harsh disorders of his soul.  
 While softest movements all his pangs allay'd,  
 And the fierce spirit listen'd as he play'd.

When pow'r divine had built the boundless skies,  
 And bade the starry orbs in glory rise,  
 To crown the whole, he taught them heav'nly airs,  
 And to soft music tun'd the trembling spheres.  
 In one grand chorus they his praises sang,  
 While the whole arch of heav'n with loud hosannas rang

In ev'ry age and clime thy pow'r is known,  
 Ev'n things inanimate thine influence own.  
 See at AMPHION'S nod proud Thebes arise,  
 And stretch her lofty turrets to the skies.

**THESE** rocks, brutes, men and angels all obey,  
**And universal nature owns thy sway !**  
**Ev'n the mad GREEK** whose unrelenting soul  
**No laws could limit nor a WORLD control,**  
**Whose cruelties have gain'd him deathless fame,**  
**Tho' the just purchase of eternal shame.**  
**Was touch'd, when great Timotheus try'd his art,**  
**And join'd the POET's to the MINSTREL's part,**  
**Unveil'd his crimes, and plac'd before his eyes**  
**Darius great and good, and just, and wise.**  
**Once the fam'd sov'reign of the Persian state ;**  
**Now, hapless Prince, " by too severe a fate"**  
**Torn from his throne ! his realms in ruin laid !**  
**His subjects slain, his queen a captive made !**  
**Bereft of shelter, friends, and ev'ry good,**  
**Cover'd with wounds, and weltring in his blood !**  
**The joyless victor heard with downcast eyes,**  
**His visage chang'd ! his bosom heav'd with sighs !**  
**Down his pale cheeks the briny torrents roll,**  
**And keen compunction shook his guilty soul.**  
**His breast, by turns, with shame and pity burn'd,**  
**And the proud king, 'midst all his conquests mourn'd.**  
**Such magic dwells in MUSIC ! such its sway**  
**When sound's enobled by the POET's lay :**

When sense, and harmony, consenting join,  
And the full concert swells with all the nine !

But I, alas ! whom humbler thoughts inspire,  
Untrain'd in verse, unskill'd to strike the lyre,  
In silent rapture on each genius gaze,  
Nor feel their spirit, tho' I love their lays.  
Or if one kindling spark should faintly gleam,  
A cold, dull \* science damps the gen'rous flame.  
And while the fav'rite themes my bosom warm,  
I'm charm'd myself, yet want the pow'r to charm.

But should these artless numbers please thine ear,  
Or suff'ring virtue prompt the pitying tear ;  
Should ROYAL crimes now blush at thy decree,  
And Persia's monarch find a friend in thee.  
Or when, in silent thought immur'd, you lie,  
And recollection wakes the tender sigh ;  
While in your breast conflicting passions blend,  
And to your mind recal your dear, lost friend,  
With all that blooming, artless innocence  
Which steals th' affections, while it charms the sense,  
Her open look, her soft yet speaking eye,  
Her sprightly sallies, gentle sympathy ;

\* The author was then beginning the study of Law.

Her noble, gen'rous heart, for friendship form'd,  
 With ev'ry bright, exalted virtue warm'd.  
 While the sweet impulse sighing you obey,  
 And to soft sorrow give yourself a prey,  
 'Tis touch'd by this hand, if then the lyre's sweet strains  
 Attun'd to friendship, should assuage thy pains,  
 With gay, enliv'ning airs dispel each care,  
 'Tis rovoke one smile, or disappoint one tear ;  
 Tho' HORACE' numbers charm'd Italia's swains,  
 Tho' great AUGUSTUS patroniz'd the strains ;  
 Tho' boundless fancy beams in PINDAR's song,  
 And all love's myst'ries flow from OVID's tongue ;  
 Tho' thro' the admiring world great VIRGIL's name  
 In loud applauses swells the voice of fame ;  
 Tho' HOMER shone above the sons of earth,  
 And sev'n rich states contended for his birth ;  
 Tho' DAVIN's harp could each fierce passion quell,  
 And ORPHEUS' numbers sooth'd the pow'rs of hell ;  
 Without a murmur I'd resign the bays,  
 Nor envy these, while you approv'd my lays.  
 Or if, pleas'd only with the kind intent,  
 My numbers charm not, still I'll be content,  
 To just correction my proud spirit bend,  
 Nor wish to shine the POET, but the FRIEND.



## ON FANATICISM;

A PARODY.

**L**O the mad Preacher ! who with bellowing sound,  
 Roars like a fiend, and " deals damnation-round.  
 His soul proud REASON never taught to stray,  
 The light that *inward shines* directs his way.  
 The REVELATION to our hope has giv'n  
 A gracious pardon, and a future heav'n ;  
 Our teacher dares this glorious truth deny  
 And boldly gives almighty grace the lie.  
 FAITH he extols, and bids the sinner *strive*,  
 Yet WORKS are vain, nor must he hope to live,  
 To storm and rave contents his full desire,  
 He asks no martyrs zeal, no Saint-Paul's fire ;  
 Nor cares (since he blast saint ! to heav'n *must go*)  
 Tho' all mankind are damn'd to endless woe.  
 Go, wild enthusiast ! thunder-out for sense  
 Thy dull, unmeaning, mad impertinence.  
 Call forth the groan, sigh, tear, scream, twang, grimace  
 And put on all the terrors of thy face.  
 O'er the weak consciences stretch thine iron rod,  
 Torture thy Bible, and blaspheme thy God.  
 But should these methods all united fail,  
 Take M——— for thy model, and prevail.  
*Snatch from his hand the scourge, defy all rules,*  
*Out-roar his roaring ! be the Fool of Fools !*

MONS. BARREAUX'S

Dying Address to the Deity,

*Attempted in English.*

**G**REAT **G**OD ! thy judgments all are wise and right,  
 but love and mercy are thy chief delight.  
 Set to such height has my rebellion grown,  
 That **J**USTICE would repine were **M**ERCY shown.  
 Yes, righteous God ! my daring crimes demand  
 Immediate vengeance from thy wrathful hand,  
 Compel almighty love to damn th' offence,  
 And in his choice confine **O**MNIPOTENCE.  
 My very Being frustrates thy designs,  
 And **M**ERCY'S self, array'd in terror, shines :  
 Since then thy glory bids, the war proclaim,  
 And let my tears thy sacred wrath inflame.  
 Strike then, 'tis time t' thy heaviest bolts prepare  
 Let loose thy vengeance, give me war for war !  
 Amidst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's roar,  
 I'll own thy justice, tremble and adore.  
 But on what part can thy dread bolts be hurl'd,  
 Not cover'd by His blood, who, dying, sav'd a **W**ORLD !

*To a Lady who fainted on attempting to smoke  
the Tooth-ache.*

**W**HAT means that sick'ning cloud that dims  
And shuts thy fading sight?  
That languid sweat o'er all thy limbs,  
The many-colour'd light?

Beware, CELESTIA! how you try  
Again the pois'nous weed.  
Nerves of less sensibility  
Have ru'd th' advent'rous deed.

Let Germans quaff the poignant steam,  
Nor shall the muse condemn;  
And those whose blood and juices seem  
Half dropsy, and half phlegm.

But thy soft frame and nerves require  
More fragrant, balmy scents;  
Sweet cassia, cinnamon, and myrrh,  
Should please thy purer sense.

Thus when a child, thy gen'rous mind  
No harshness could control,  
While cords of love, and arts refin'd,  
Compliance gently stole.

To JUDGE P-----,

*With a copy of DRYDEN'S ODE.*

WHEN the inspir'd musician try'd his skill,  
 And taught a tyrant's flinty breast to feel,  
 With moving strains call'd forth unusual sighs,  
 And drew soft tribute from a murd'ers eyes ;  
 Hadst thou been there, with feelings so refin'd,  
 Such tender sensibility of mind,  
 Each feature, look and action had express'd  
 The various passions struggling in thy breast.  
 With such peculiar, such prevailing force,  
 As would have giv'n the tyrant new remorse :  
 With guilty terror he aghast had stood,  
 And sighs for groans exchange'd, for tears wept blood.

When the sweet minstrel sang, in plaintive sounds,  
 DARIUS fall'n, and shew'd the ghastly wounds,  
 While foes and friends, in common, wept his fate :  
 Thy frame subdu'd, had sunk beneath the weight,  
 And freed th' incumber'd soul ! while Philip's son  
 Blushing to see himself so far out-dcne,  
 On his own breast had turn'd his slaught'ring sword,  
 And freed a captive world from its inhuman lord.

Heav'n would approve the timely sacrifice,  
 Shouts of applause to thee from earth should rise,  
 And great DARIUS thank thee in the skies.

G

## ON FRIENDSHIP.

**F**RRIENDSHIP! thou sov'reign balm of woe!  
 Thou richest blessing here below,  
     And source of ev'ry joy.  
 To publish thy unrival'd praise,  
 The soft, enliv'ning note I raise,  
     And all my skill employ.  
 O B—— lov'd by all the nine!  
 In whom sense, judgment, genius, join,  
     And virtue shines confest.  
 Oh, come with inspiration fraught,  
 Refine my numbers, raise each thought,  
     And pour upon my breast.  
 That God from whom each blessing flows  
 In kind compassion to our woes,  
     The gracious boon bestow'd!  
 'Tis friendship ev'ry bliss endears  
 And lightens all the gloomy cares  
     That wretched mortals load.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

47

In ev'ry sympathizing breast  
Thy sacred image is impress'd  
In characters divine.

O thy soft energy 'tis giv'n  
To bless mankind, and bid a Heav'n  
In ev'ry bosom shine.

When keen affliction racks the mind,  
And the full heart to grief resign'd,

All consolation flies ;  
Thy smile the mournful sufferer cheers,  
Thou wip'st away the falling tears,

And bidd'st new comforts rise.  
Sooth'd by thy tender, watchful aid,  
Thy sickness raise her drooping head,  
And own the kind relief.

Thy prosperous days by thee are blest,  
Thou art my never-failing, heav'nly guest,  
In sickness joy and grief.

Thy bounty softens poverty,  
The grateful beggar sings to thee  
Nor feels his miseries.

Thou art my slave no longer mourns his chains,  
Some kind partner shares his pains,  
And renders sighs for sighs.

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Thy sickness raise her drooping head,

And own the kind relief.  
Thy prosperous days by thee are  
Thy sorrow falling, heav'nly grace  
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Thy pains pove  
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Thy his mi  
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Thy d par  
Thy read



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Fills all the soul with virtuous fires,  
    And godlike sympathy.  
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Superior beings own thy sway,  
    Nor blush to bow to thee.  
Will friendship then immortal reign,  
And shall we wear the pleasing chain,  
    When this poor scene is o'er.  
Do ANGELS with delight pursue  
The goddess' steps ? yes, sure they do.  
For B—— owns her pow'r !

*To the Author of a scurrilous piece in the Hampshire Gazette,*

1771, on the

LADIES' HEAD-DRESS.

**W**HEN the meek Ass no vain conceit betrays,  
 But shews his ears, and unaffected brays  
 Tho' none will think him wise, yet still he'll pass  
 Uncensur'd, and be deem'd an honest—ass.  
 But when the fool with fond solicitude  
 Attempts to shine the sov'reign of the wood,  
 His mimic roar belies the LIONS strain,  
 And bursts of laughter echo thro' the plain.  
 So when mere folly rises to our view,  
 Tho' we, perhaps, may smile, we pity too.  
 But should the blockhead aim to pass for wise,  
 Contempt succeeds: we laugh, and we despise.  
 Such the emotions which thy lays inspire,  
 And these "th' immortal bays" thy rhymes acquire.  
 Rhymes, which from dulness hope alone success,  
 And only jingle thro' their emptiness.  
 What claim hast thou to "Beauty's sacred aid,"  
 Who slight her fav'rites and her laws degrade?

Whence all thy furious rapture, noise and rage ?  
 Will these the goddess bribe, or muse engage ?  
 Or canst thou think thy nonsense will prevail,  
 Where solid reason, and true satire fail ?  
 But what does all thy wond'rous zeal produce ?

What single maxim dost thou teach of use ?

Why, after sage debate, with solemn air,  
 Out comes, to please, instruct and mend the fair,  
 A paltry rhyme, a "posy for the hair!"

So when the teeming mount with bellowing sound  
 And dire convulsions shook the thund'ring ground  
 A despicable mouse the mighty labor crown'd !

Thy strains in harsh discordant measures roll,  
 Fit emblems of thy jarring, untun'd soul.  
 Where *sound* and *sense* their mutual hate declare,  
 And *rhyme* with *reason* wages-impious war.  
 But could'st thou flow soft as the linnet's song,  
 Spontaneous nonsense gliding from thy tongue  
 Yet stubborn critics would contemn thy lays,  
 Nor give to empty sound one sprig of bays.

Who gave thee leave, vain coxcomb ! thus to tax  
 The harmless foibles of our helpless sex ?  
 When thine, no less, those very follies love,  
 And by example shew that they approve ?

What tho' the pond'rous roll oppress our heads,  
And the French night-cap veils our face in shades ;  
What tho' the tow'ring pyramid we rear,  
Or curl, in artful wreaths, our borrow'd hair ;  
What tho' in easy negligence we shine,  
Or blaze in diamonds from the flaming mine ;  
What tho' each hour we strive to disagree,  
We keep our sphere, nor talk, nor think of thee,  
Nor busy politics, nor party-rage,  
Ere vex our bosoms, or one thought engage.  
Evn in revenge, we seek an honest mark,  
Nor stab th' unarm'd, nor murder in the dark,  
Whilst thou, with neither wit, nor sense, nor grace,  
Thy heart all flint, thy front corinthian brass,  
Dar'st to the world obtrude thy jests obscene,  
Yet, coward-like, dost all behind a screen.  
But peace ! a dunce should only misth create,  
As far beneath our anger as our hate.

Fly then, vain fop ! be wise, forget thy pen,  
Involv'd in dulness, shun the sight of men !  
Destroy thy rhymes, propitiate the fair,  
And know the sex are heav'ns peculiar care !

BELINDA.

## WAR &amp; WASHINGTON;

*A SONG composed at the beginning of the American Revolution.*

VAIN BRITONS boast no longer with proud indignity,  
By land your conqu'ring legions, your matchless strength at sea,  
Since we, your braver sons incens'd, our swords have girded on,  
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for WAR and WASHINGTON!

Urg'd on by NORTH and vengeance those valiant champions came,  
Loud bellowing *Tea* and *Treason* and *George* was all on flame,  
Yet sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels still live on,  
And laugh at all their empty puffs, huzza for WASHINGTON!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,  
You have for *thirty pieces* betray'd your country's blood.  
Like Esop's greedy cur you'll gain a shadow for your bone,  
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspir'd by WASHINGTON.

Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehensible!

The blund'ring schemes of Britain their folly, pride, and zeal,  
Like lions how ye growl and thrcat? mere asses have you shown,  
And ye shall share an ass's fate, and drudge for WASHINGTON!

Your dark, unfathom'd councils our weakest heads defeat,  
Our children rout your armics, our boats destroy your fleet,  
And to complete the dire disgrace, coop'd up within a town,  
You live, the scorn of all our host, the slaves of WASHINGTON!

Great Heav'n! is this the nation whose thund'ring arms were hurl'd,  
 Thro' EUROPE, AFRIC, INDIA? whose NAVY rul'd a WORLD?  
 The laurels of your former deeds, whole ages of renown,  
 Lost in a moment, or transferr'd to us and WASHINGTON!

Yet think not thir'd of GLORY unsheaths our vengeful swords  
 To rend your bands asunder, and cast away your cords.  
 Thy heav'n-born FREEDOM fires us all, and strengthens each brave son,  
 From him who humbly guides the plough, to godlik: WASHINGTON.  
 For this, Oh could our wishes your antient rage inspire,  
 Your armies should be doubled, in numbers, force and fire.  
 Then might the glorious conflict prove which best deserv'd the boon,  
 AMERICA, or ALBION, a GEORGE or WASHINGTON!

Fir'd with the great idea, our Fathers' shades would rise,  
 To view the stern contention, the gods desert their skies.

And WOLFE; midst hosts of heroes, superior bending down.

Cry out with eager transport, GOD SAVE GREAT WASHINGTON!

Should GEORGE, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,

And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy

Turk, Hessian, Jew, and Infidel, or all those pow'rs in one,

While ADAMS guides our senate, our camp great WASHINGTON!

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdain'g slavish fears,

To swords we'll beat our ploughshares, our pruninghooks to spears,

And rush, all desp'rate! on our foe, nor breathe 'till battle won,

Then shout, and shout AMERICA! and conqu'ring WASHINGTON!

Proud FRANCE should view with terror, and haughty SPAIN reverse,

While ev'ry warlike nation would court alliance here.

And George, his minions trembling round, dismounting from his throne

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*To a Lady who fainted on attempting to smoke  
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Thou wip'st away the falling tears,  
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Sooth'd by thy tender, watchful aid,  
See sickness raise her drooping head,  
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Our pros'p'rous days by thee are blest,  
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Thy bounty softens poverty,  
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What single maxim dost thou teach of use ?  
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So when the teeming mount with bellowing sound  
 And dire convulsions shook the thund'ring ground  
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 What tho' in easy negligence we shine,  
 Or blaze in diamonds from the flaming mine ;  
 What tho' each hour we strive to disagree,  
 We keep our sphere, nor talk, nor think of thee,  
 Nor busy politics, nor party-rage,  
 Ere vex our bosoms, or one thought engage.  
 Ev'n in revenge, we seek an honest mark,  
 Nor stab th' unarm'd, nor murder in the dark,  
 Whilst thou, with neither wit, nor sense, nor grace,  
 Thy heart all flint, thy front corinthian brass,  
 Dar'st to the world obtrude thy jests obscene,  
 Yet, coward-like, dost all behind a screen.  
 But peace ! a dunce should only misth. create,  
 As far beneath our anger as our hate.

Fly then, vain fop ! be wise, forget thy pen,  
 Involv'd in dulness, shun the sight of men !  
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 And know the sex are heav'n's peculiar care !

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*A SONG composed at the beginning of the American Revolution.*

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By land your conq'ring legions, your matchless strength at sea,  
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Urg'd on by NORTH and vengeance those valiant champions came,  
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And laugh at all their empty puffs, huzza for WASHINGTON!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,  
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Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehensible!

The blund'ring schemes of Britain their folly, pride, and zeal,  
Like lions how ye growl and threat? mere asses have you shown,  
And ye shall share an ass's fate, and drudge for WASHINGTON!

Your dark, unfathom'd councils our weakest heads defeat,  
Our children rout your armies, our boats destroy your fleet,  
And to complete the dire disgrace, coop'd up within a town,  
You live, the scorn of all our host, the slaves of WASHINGTON!

Great Heav'n ! is this the nation whose thund'ring arms were hurl'd,  
Thro' EUROPE, AFRIC, INDIA ? whose NAVY rul'd a WORLD ?  
The laurel of your former deeds, whole ages of renown,  
Lost in a moment, or transferr'd to us and WASHINGTON !

Yet think not thirst of GLORY unsheaths our vengeful swords  
To rend your bands asunder, and cast away your cords.  
'Tis heav'n-born FREEDOM fires us all, and strengthens each brave son,  
From him who humbly guides the plough, to godlik: WASHINGTON.  
For this, Oh could our wishes your antient rage inspire,  
Your armies should be doubled, in numbers, force and fire.  
Then might the glorious conflict prove which best deserv'd the boon,  
AMERICA, or ALBION, a GEORGE or WASHINGTON !

Fir'd with the great idea, our Fathers' shades would rise,  
To view the stern contention, the gods desert their skies.  
And WOLFE ; midst hosts of heroes, superior bending down.  
Cry out with eager transport, GOD SAVE GREAT WASHINGTON !

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And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy  
Turk, Hessian, Jew, and Infidel, or all those pow'rs in one,  
While ADAMS guides our senate, our camp great WASHINGTON !  
Should warlike weapons fail us, disdain'g slavish fears,  
To swords we'll beat our ploughshares, our pruninghooks to spears,  
And rush, all desp'rate ! on our foe, nor breathe 'till battle won,  
Then shout, and shout AMERICA ! and conqu'ring WASHINGTON !

Proud FRANCE should view with terror, and haughty SPAIN severe,  
While ev'ry warlike nation would court alliance here.  
And George, his minions trembling round, dismounting from his throne  
Pay homage to AMERICA and glorious WASHINGTON !



## THE SONGS OF

## S E L M A.

FROM OSSIAN.

**R**ESPLENDENT beam of falling night !  
 How glorious in the west, thy light ?  
 Clouds round thy unshorn temples move,  
 And stately are thy steps above.  
 What dost thou gaze at on the plain ?  
 The stormy winds no more complain.  
 But torrents murm'ring lash the shore :  
 Waves climb the distant rock, and roar.  
 On feeble wings the flies of night,  
 Hum—and pursue their drony flight.  
 What, radiant stranger ! dost thou view ?  
 But thou dost smile, and bid adieu.  
 Around, the joyful waves repair,  
 And kiss, and bathe thy lovely hair.  
 Farewell—thou silent beam ! now rise  
 The light of Ossian's soul—arise !  
 It does arise—in all its vigor too :  
*And now my long-departed sires I view,*

## SONGS OF SELMA.

55

They crowd on Lora, as in former years,  
And Fingal, foremost in the train appears.  
A watry column of thin mist he seems,  
Midst hosts of visionary heroes gleams.  
And see ! the bards in solemn state appear,  
There hoary Ullin, stately Ryno here ;  
With tuneful Alpin, sweet, melodious shade !  
And thy soft plaint, Minona, blushing maid !  
How chang'd, alas ! since Selma's festive days,  
When we contended for heroic praise,  
Like vernal gales that unresisted pass,  
And bend, by turns, the feebly-whistling grass.

### I.

Minona (softly-blushing dame !):  
With down-cast look, disorder'd frame,  
And tearful eye, came forth.  
Her hair flew slowly on the blast,  
That shrill, unfrequent, o'er the waste,  
Rush'd from the stormy north.

### II.

Love, grief and pity, chain'd each tongue ;  
Each bosom melted as she sung,  
And sternest heroes wept.  
For oft they Salgar's grave had seen,

H

## SONGS OF SELMA.

And the dark dwelling where serene,  
White-bosom'd Colma slept.

### III.

See Colma on the hill alone ;  
And hear the sad, melodious moan,  
Break from her heav'nly tongue.  
Her Salgar promis'd—but in vain !  
For night descending, veil'd the plain,  
And thus the mourner sung.

### I.

'Tis night ! and on these dreary shores  
Disconsolate I rove !  
Around, the mountain-tempest roars,  
The torrent shrieks above.

### II.

No friendly hut a shelter forms  
For this defenceless head.  
Forlorn, upon the hill of storms  
I wander—wretched maid !

### III.

Rise moon ! kind stars of night appear !  
And guide me to the place  
Where rests my love, o'erspent with care,  
And wearied in the chace.

## SONGS OF SELMA.

### IV.

Through night's uncomfortable shade,  
I see him press the ground ;  
His unstrung bow beside him laid,  
His panting dogs around.

### V.

Here by the rock, and roaring stream,  
All night must Colma rove !  
The wind and torrent hoarsely scream,  
Nor can I hear my love.

### VI.

Ho ! Salgar, ho ! why this delay ?  
Why is thy promise broke ?  
Here is the rock, the hill, the tree,  
And here the bubbling brook !

### VII.

Why didst thou promise with the night,  
Forgetful ! to be here ?  
Are then my Salgar's vows so light ?  
Am I no more his care ?

### VIII.

For thee I'd from my sire be torn,  
My haughty brother flee,  
For thee friends, kindred, country scorn,  
Fly all the world for thee.

## IX.

What tho' our race have long been foes,  
 And oft in battle strove,  
 We never did the strife espouse,  
 We are not foes, my love !

## X.

Cease, winds ! suspend your senseless noise !  
 Stream, stand a moment still !  
 Perhaps my love may hear my voice  
 Upon yon echoing hill.

## XI.

Ho ! Salgar, ho ! 'tis I my love !  
 Ah, why this long delay ?  
 Here is the rock, the stream, the grove,  
 Haste, Salgar ! haste away.

## I.

Lo, the wan moon, majestic, silent, pale,  
 Wide o'er th' ethereal vault her beams displays.  
 The silver current brightens in the vale,  
 And rocks, and mountains glitter with the rays.

## II.

In vain around the bright effulgence streams,  
 The rocks in vain reflect the splendors wide ;  
 I see not Salgar, by the fruitless beams,  
*His panting dogs rejoicing by his side.*

## III.

But who are these all pale on yonder heath ?

My love and brother ? speak, oh speak, my friends !

They answer not—cold, cold they lie in death !

Oh, my distracted heart ! what horror rends ?

## IV.

And see ! their swords in mutual gore embur'd !

The purple current smokes upon the plain.

Why, Salgar, hast thou shed my brother's blood ?

Oh, why my brother, hast thou Salgar slain ?

## V.

Ye both were dear to Colma—Oh, brave men !

How shall I half your matchless worth declare ?

'Midst thousands thou wast fairest on the plain ;

He—terrible amidst the sons of war.

## VI.

Speak, I adjure ye, by the love I bore !

Oh, hear my cries, dear objects of my pain !

Pale, silent, senseless ! on the naked shore

They lie—and cries, and tears, and pray'rs are vain !

## I.

Oh from yon rock sublimely spread ;

From the bleak mountains airy brow,

Speak, speak, ye spirits of the dead !

The balm of consolation shed,  
 And heal my heart, and soothe my woe.

## II.

Ah, whither are ye gone to rest ?  
 In what lone cave may ye be found ?  
 No airy forms glide o'er the waste,  
 No feeble voice is on the blast,  
 No answer—half in tempest drown'd !

## I.

In silent grief I waste the night,  
 And wait, in tears, the morning ray ;  
 Joyless I view returning light,  
 And sicken at the beam of day.  
 Oh friends ! in pity rear the tomb,  
 Nor close it, till your Colma come.

## II.

My life flies swifter than a dream ;  
 Why should I stay when ye are fled !  
 Here by the rock, and murm'ring stream,  
 I'll sit companion of the dead !  
 As night when tempests tear the heath,  
 Relate to every blast your death.

PART OF CARRIC-THURA.

A POEM FROM OSSIAN.

I.

**D**ARK autumn now with fading hand,  
Her sceptre stretches o'er the land,  
And saddens all the plain.  
Slow creeps the grey mist o'er the hill,  
Impetuous bursts the new swoln rill,  
Surcharg'd with mountain-rain.

II.

Along the margin's winding side,  
The river rolls his sable tide,  
Hoarse murm'ring pensive by:  
No balmy fragrance cheers the air,  
No cheerful sounds salute the ear,  
No prospects charm the eye.

III.

Thro' the thick gloom which horror sheds,  
Where yon lone yew its branches spreads,  
There Connal's grave is seen.  
Still as the blast inconstant blow,  
Thick-falling leaves the ground bestrow,  
Where lies the first of men.



## IV.

Oft at grey twilight, and at dawn,  
 The hunter o'er the dewy lawn,  
 Here pensive, musing hies ;  
 The sheeted ghost stalks o'er the green,  
 Or haunts with dreary steps the scene,  
 Where mighty Connal lies.

## V.

In honor of such matchless worth,  
 Who shall attempt to trace thy birth ?  
 What bard thy sires proclaim ?  
 Tho' glowing with prophetic fire,  
 In vain the Druid shall enquire  
 Whence thy high lineage came.

## VI.

For as th' aspiring oak, up-torn  
 By tempests, and to distance borne,  
 Far from its native place.  
 Such, Connal, is thy fate ! ordain'd  
 To perish in a foreign land,  
 And in thee all thy race !

## VII.

Thy wars, O Fingal, mighty man !  
 Spread desolation o'er the plain,  
*And bath'd the heath in gore.*

## CARRIC-THURA.

63

When vengeance rous'd thy soul to war,  
What numbers sunk beneath thy spear?  
What heroes prest the shore?

### VIII.

There, where grim slaughter marks the ground,  
A different fate brave Connal found,  
Preserv'd from adverse bands.  
In vain oppos'd whole squadrons stood,  
No hostile jav'lin drank thy blood,  
Thou dy'd'st by female hands!

### IX.

Thy voice was thunder, distant roar'd,  
Thine arm a tempest, and thy sword  
A meteor blaz'd on high.  
Thine height, the tow'ring summit's brow,  
Which proud o'erlooks the vale below;  
A furnace flam'd thine eye.

### X.

What arm with thine the sword could wield?  
Thy voice confounded all the field,  
And half the conquest gain'd.  
As thistles by the playful child,  
So were their proudest warriors foil'd  
Beneath thy conqu'ring hand.

## XI.

As thunder bursting from a cloud,  
 Bold Dargo dar'd the chief aloud,  
     Dreadful to view he stood.  
 His gloomy brow fierce war declar'd,  
 In two vast caves his eye balls glar'd,  
     His falchion reek'd with blood.

## XII.

Crimnora, (Rinval's beauteous heir)  
 Beheld her hero brav'd to war,  
     And hasted to his aid.  
 A spear she shakes—her bow behind  
 Depends, and careless in the wind  
     Her waving tresses play'd.

## XIII.

At Dargo the keen shaft she drew &  
 Swift from her arm the mischief flew,  
     But, erring, flew unblest.  
 Thy dart O virgin, vainly brave,  
 Slew the lov'd chief it flew to save,  
     It pierc'd thy Connal's breast !

## XIV.

So, rent by storms, falls the proud rock,  
 So, from its tow'ring height, the oak  
     *Lies prostrate on the plain.*

What anguish wrung the frantic maid ?  
 'Tis I have done the desp'rate deed !  
 By me is Connal slain !

## XV.

All day she wanders by some stream ;  
 Still Connal is her only theme,  
 Dear Connal ! (oft she cries)  
 At night thro' pathless ways she goes,  
 By the pale moon—'till worn with woes,  
 The beauteous mourner dies.

## XVI.

The loveliest pair lie here enshrin'd,  
 That e'er in mutual love were join'd,  
 Or slept in earth's cold womb.  
 They know nor tumults, cares, nor woes,  
 But rest in undisturb'd repose,  
 Grass rankling o'er their tomb.

## XVII.

I musing in the lonely shade,  
 The rank weed rustling round my head,  
 Indulge reflection dear.  
 'Till (all to tenderness resign'd) .  
 Their mem'ry rushes on my mind,  
 And calls the burning tear.

## On the gloomy prospects of 1776 ;

*Written with allusion to part of the 11th chapter of Job.*

---

**C**ANST thou, by searching, the OMNISCIENT find ?  
 Or to perfection scan th' ETERNAL MIND ?  
 Vain aim ! its height the heav'n of heav'ns transcends,  
 Deeper than hell, th' unfathom'd line descends !  
 'Tis longer than the earth's unmeasur'd plain,  
 And broader than th' illimitable main.

If HE in wrath, shut up a guilty land,  
 Or fierce consume them with his red right hand :  
 Humbled in dust beneath almighty power,  
 Trembling they groan, bow prostrate and adore :  
 Then, touch with pity, he their prayer receives,  
 Repents him of the evil, and forgives.

Thus oft doth God—what pow'r can stay his hand,  
 Who his fix'd counsels question, or withstand ?  
 He knows vain man ! no thought escapes his eyes,  
 And canst thou stand if wrath eternal rise ?  
 Yet dares proud dust presumptuously revolt,  
 To folly born, like the wild ass's colt.

Oh, then learn wisdom, much-enduring land !  
Implore thy God to stay his wasting hand !  
He'll not be deaf, if humbly thou prepare  
Thine heart, and stretch thine hands in fervent prayer,  
If in them wrath or wickedness be found,  
If fraud, extortion, violence, abound.  
Far, far remove them, let no guilty stain,  
The tabernacle of thy God profane.  
To him with filial confidence repair,  
He'll lift thee up, nor suffer thee to fear.  
Thy mis'ries shall be all forgot, or seem  
Like gliding waters, or an empty dream.  
Then shall thy light be as the morning ray,  
Thine age more glorious than meridian day.  
Confirm'd by hope, thy terrors all shall cease,  
And 'midst contending worlds, thou shalt have peace.  
Thy sons, reposing in almighty aid,  
Shall dwell securely, none to make afraid.  
Before thee BRITAIN shall abash'd retire,  
And mightiest nations deprecate thine ire.  
Thy favor court, from thy just vengeance flee,  
And for their great example, copy thee.  
Resembling in thy morals, laws, police,  
The glorious kingdom of the PRINCE OF PEACE.



## P A R A P H R A S E

## Of the 80th Psalm ; 1775.



**O** ISRAEL's shepherd ! hear our pray'r,  
 To thee in anguish we repair,  
     And for thy mercy wait.  
 What tho' with dazzling splendors crown'd,  
 Between the cherubims enthron'd,  
     Thou sitt'st in glorious state,  
 Yet thou a parent's breast dost prove,  
 Thy tender pity, care, and love,  
     O'er all thy works extend.  
 On man, vile man, thou deign'st to look,  
 Thou leadest Joseph like a flock,  
     Our father, guide, and friend !  
 Come then, O God of Israel ! come,  
 Ere the proud foe has seal'd our doom,  
     And conquer in our right !  
 Round Benjamin be vict'ry spread,  
 Thy helmet blaze o'er Ephraim's head,  
     Manassah own thy might.



But this, ere we may hope to see,  
 First reconcile us, Lord to thee,  
     And all our sins forgive.  
 Turn us again O Pow'r divine !  
 And cause thy face once more to shine,  
     That we may see, and live !  
  
 How long, Lord God of Hosts ! shall we  
 Fierce indignation feel from thee,  
     And vain be all our pray'rs ?  
 Thou giv'st tears our thirst t' allay,  
 And when to thee for bread we pray,  
     Thou feedest us with tears !  
  
 Thou mak'st us, to complete our woes,  
 Strife to our neighbors, while proud foes  
     Their taunts no respite give.  
 Turn us again, O Power divine !  
 And cause thy face once more to shine,  
     That we may see, and live !  
  
 From Egypt thou hast brought a vine,  
 Cast out the heathen, call'd it thine,  
     And nurtur'd with thy hand.  
 Before it thou preparedst room,  
 Rooted by thee, its fragrant bloom  
     *Diffus'd o'er all the land.*

Its boughs like cedars spread around,  
And loftiest hills a cov'ring found,  
    Beneath its ample shade.

Deep fix'd in earth its basis stood,  
While to Euphrates' distant flood,  
    Its stately branches spread.

Why then, O thou whose partial care  
First taught the tender plant to bear,  
    And swell'd each clust'ring bough ;  
Hast thou with one relentless frown,  
Her strong-fenc'd hedges broken down,  
    And laid her honors low ?

Her fruits, defenceless as they stand,  
Are pluck'd by each rapacious hand  
    That chance directs that way.

The tusky boar, each furious beast,  
Now riot on the rich repast,  
    Become a common prey.

Return, O God of hosts ! return !  
Let thy fierce wrath no longer burn,  
    But pity and forgive.

Look down from heav'n, thy dwelling-place,  
Vouchsafe one beam of heav'nly grace,

*That we may see and live.*

Once more vouchsafe O God ! to view,  
Nor view alone, but visit too,

    This long-forsaken vine.

The vineyard planted by thine hand,  
And branch which strong at thy command,  
    Confess'd its root divine.

Behold ! 'tis burnt ! thy chosen race  
Consume before thy awful face,

    At thy rebuke they die ;

From that avenging dreadful hand,  
What pow'r can rescue ? who withstand  
    The terror of thine eye ?

Oh then thy boundless grace display !  
Lay help, great king ! in mercy lay

    On ONE all strong to save.

Thy SON, the man of thy right-hand !  
Whom LOVE before all worlds, ordain'd,  
    And for salvation gave !

So shall we keep thy precepts, Lord !  
Oh, rouse us by thy quick'ning word,  
    And we'll thy goodness bless.

Turn us again, thy love renew,  
Our sins no more with anger view,  
    *Nor longer hide thy face !*

TO THE AUTHOR OF  
**A P O E M,**

*On the burning of Charlestown, published in 1775.*



**P**ARNASSUS' prospect, thro' thy mirror seen,  
 No more for matchless beauties shines alone.  
 One heap of rubbish blots the smiling scene,  
 And fills with pity ev'ry muses son!

But far more dismal to poetie eyes,  
 The dreary shadow of that lofty strain,  
 Which for lest PUNSENT,\* Churchill taught to rise,  
 And burst like thunder on the godlike man.

To view a piece so elegant to sight!  
 Points, commas, measure, wrought with patient toil,  
 Without one sentiment, one gen'rous flight,  
 From charity herself extorts a smile.

But when we hear thee *reason*, all at once  
 On "trifles" or "no trifles," paltry chime

\* An elegiac poem on the great PITT's being created a Peer, ascribed to Churchill.

Of wit, and paradox ! we must pronounce

Wit, humor, logic, equally sublime.

To see a man, by sudden fury caught,

Pointing to heav'n, and roaring like a bull,

Invoking vengeance, and the lord knows what,

Who but must think him mad, or d—k, or f—l ?

Howe'er we soon this castle-builder find

Dropt from his summit, like a falling star,

Th' outrageous flame evaporates in wind,

And all the pompous fabric sinks in air,

This stops chastisement, tho' in full career

Who, in his senses, would a phantom fight ?

Pursue a vapour thro' inclement air,

Or lash a wind-mill like Cervantes' knight.

Oh, song most rueful ! but alas ! no more,

By nature made abortive, ere its birth !

Yet shall thy name with laureat Sternhold's door,

Supreme in dulness o'er the sons of earth.

Unhappy victims in the noblest cause !

Was it too little, my brave country-men !

But *once* to perish, spurning impious laws ?

Must ye be back'd and butchered *o'er again* ?

If Cain's black crimes drew down the wrath of heav'n,  
If Britain's statesmen, still more black than Cain,  
Drew double vengeance, where must thou be driv'n  
Who frantic, stab afresh, and slay the slain ?

Yet that kind Being whom thou would'st enrage,  
Patient, and good, with pity eyes thy pain ;  
Perhaps in time, thy phrenzy may assuage,  
Do thou but cease to *take his name in vain*.

If heav'n, in mercy, should so far relent,  
Soon as her beams, bright *reason* o'er thee sheds  
Be grateful ! and on humble thoughts intent,  
Leave verse and politics to abler heads.

Then will your *bolts*, and *signs*, and *sprites*, appear  
Just what they are—mere phantoms of the brain,  
And you will wonder, with a ghastly stare,  
How such strange whimsies could admittance gain,

Since such the *prospect*, e'en at best, dear Sir,  
Let me advise you—instantly abjure  
These silly freaks ! reflect, repent, retire,  
Physic, and labor, will complete the cure.

## A S O N G

*Written in 1776—in imitation of the "Watry God."*

**T**HAT Power who *form'd* th' unmeasur'd seas,  
 Not with *fictitious trident* sways,  
 Look'd from th' empyrean sky,  
 The solid land, th' extended main,  
 With all their ample realms contain,  
 Lie naked to his eye.

Fierce discord shook the earth, the seas  
 Involv'd in one promiscuous blaze,  
 With doubling thunders roar'd.  
**MICHAEL** ! go forth (the godhead cry'd)  
 Wave my dread ensign o'er the tide,  
 And edge **COLUMBIA'S** sword.

Th' archangel wing'd th' ethereal road,  
 T' obey the mandate of his God,  
 And reach'd Columbia's shores.  
 He saw her heroes on the wave,  
*As* Albion's boasted navy brave,  
 Attle all her pow'rs.

In vain her thousand ships appear,  
 In all the horrid pomp of war,  
 And thunder round the coast.  
 Whole squadrons captive led he view'd,  
 By force inferior far subdu'd,  
 Their wealth, fame, glory, lost !

Amaz'd ! the seraph seeks the sky,  
 And tells the wond'rous tale on high,

All heav'n astonish'd gaze !  
 Thrones, angels, principalities,  
 In loud applause united rise,  
 And universal praise.

Hail ! brave COLUMBIANS ! sons of heav'n !  
 To whose all-conqu'ring arms 'tis giv'n  
 To bend proud tyrants down.

To burst vile slav'ry's iron band,  
 Guard sacred freedom, save your land,  
 THERE fix the Goddess' throne.

No more shall Albion rule the waves,  
 For you the broad Atlantic heaves,  
 And boundless oceans roll.

For you they circle every shore,  
 Waft India's treasures, Afric's ore,  
 And wealth from pole to pole.



They ceas'd—when thus th' almighty spoke,

(Heav'n's adamantine pillars shook,

As the dread word went forth.)

COLUMBIA'S SONS I give to reign

At home, and o'er the boundless main,

Unrivall'd lords of earth.

Go—execute the glorious trust,

Britannia's brazen fetters burst,

Her tow'ring pride subdue!

Henceforth, my sons! not only sway

The continent, and all the sea,

But curb proud Albion too!

On Congress investing General WASHINGTON, for  
 a season with the supreme military power—1776.

---

'T IS best that REASON govern man !  
 'Tis calm, deliberate, wise.  
 Yet PASSIONS were not giv'n in vain ;  
 Here then the difference lies.  
 REASON, tho' sure, too slow is found,  
 In *great emergencies*,  
 While PASSION instant feels the wound,  
 As quick the cure applies.  
 Yet that must not due bounds transgress,  
 By REASON still o'eraw'd ;  
 Submit at last to her decrees,  
 And own this guiding god.  
 Thus the GRAND COUNCIL of our land,  
 The *reas'ning power* of state,  
 Gave WASHINGTON supreme command,  
 And made his edicts fate.  
 But as *necessity* impell'd.  
 This step, when *that* is past,  
 The SENATE shall resume the field,  
 And reign supreme at last.



## ELEGY.

81

Yet shame ! to pass such virtues by,  
 To let him languish, pine, and die,  
 Heav'n's ! 'twas downright barbarity !  
 H. How could you help it, honest friend ?  
 You did not bring him to his end.  
 When fate, unpitied, stopt his breath,  
 Could you arrest the dart of death ?  
 But 'tis a common thing indeed  
 To love our friends best when they're dead.  
 Blind, ere that period, to their worth,  
 Their thousand merits then break forth.  
 The soft'ned mind records alone  
 Their virtues, all their faults are gone,  
 And blames herself for thousand things  
 Pity, not justice, from her wings.  
 S. Your reas'ning's just, I feel its force,  
 But yet am past excuse, poor horse !  
 Never thy equal shall I find,  
 In person, gesture, limb, and wind,  
 The first among the bitted-kind.  
 And but for me, Oh, grief and rage !  
 He might have liv'd to good old-age.  
 This thought continually attacks me ;  
 Odds life, my carelessness distracts me !

H. You're careless, every body knows.  
 But neighbor, come your griefs compose,  
 I'll pay you for his hide, and shoes !  
 S. This all the balm your skill can pour ?  
 By heav'n you aggravate the sore.  
 Inhuman ! thus of old we find  
 When the arch en'my of mankind  
 Was licenc'd by wise heav'n to rob  
 Afflict, and torture, honest Job.  
 Weigh'd down with pestilence and grief,  
 His hypoeritic friends and wife  
 Pour'd wormwood in for wine and oil,  
 And sharpen'd each tormenting boyl ;  
 Revil'd his woes, to pity callous,  
 And seconded the devil's malice.  
 H. I thank you my good rev'rend teacher !  
 In troth you make an able preacher,  
 But since, tho' very fine indeed,  
 Your sermon cannot wake the dead,  
 I'd only think, resign'd and calm,  
 How best his mem'ry to embalm,  
 His fame and virtues to retain,  
 Afford him, since 'tis all you can  
 Altho' not equal to his merit half,  
 A handsome burial, tomb and epitaph.

## ELEGY.

83

S. Ah, no, in spite of all your scorn,  
His fate I will forever mourn !  
Bring all his matchless worth to mind,  
And tell his virtues to mankind.

Midst a variety of voices,  
Distinct from other sounds and noises,  
He knew my voice, nor only knew,  
But zealously, obey'd it too.  
One instance of this keen sensation,  
Among a thousand, claims relation.

As once I peregrin'd along  
In gay, French disoblegiant.  
Just as we reach'd the river's side,  
Where Merrimac's slow waters glide.  
By heat, and eager thirst invited,  
The very instant I alighted.  
Longing to quaff, and cool, and lave,  
He plung'd impetuous in the wave.  
Which instantly (so steep the shore)  
The car, and flound'ring steed up-bore.  
Who all un-concious of his plight,  
Rush'd onward still, gloomy as night.  
And soon had perish'd in the tide,  
Or vig'rous gain'd the other side ;  
But I, whom fear now desp'rate made,  
Rais'd high my voice, and call'd the steed.

Not Peleus son, or mad Othello,  
 Or he, th' incestuous, Theban fellow,  
 For mistress, handkerchief, or murder,  
 E'er roar'd more earnest, or much louder.

As when a file of grenadiers,  
 Are marching onward, stout and fierce  
 If he who heads these sons of steel  
 Gives out the martial order—"Wheel!"  
 They instant turn, and scamper back,  
 As fast as when on t'other tack;  
 So turn'd the steed at my command,  
 And in a moment gain'd the land.

H. A deal of pains methinks you've shewn  
 To prove your nag a simpleton,  
 Could he deem life so light a matter  
 To pawn it for a drink of water?  
 To tempt a river was it wit  
 Before he once had-fathom'd it?  
 And as to all your horrid squalling,  
 So like Achilles' foolish bawling,  
 It nothing proves but that he *heard* you,  
 Not that he minded, knew, or fear'd you.  
 True, he came out, and might as well  
 At squalling pig, or indian yell.

S. 'Tis thus the most exalted actions  
Are oft debas'd by low detractions.

Have you no pity, no remorse ?  
Or do you envy a poor horse ?

H. Upon my honor, no—nor those  
Who on his horseship dine, the crows.  
They're welcome—hark what sound was that ?  
'Tis they, they scent the sav'ry treat.

S. 'Tis cruel thus to mock my woe !  
O give it vent, and let it flow.  
Poor hapless steed ! the truest, best,  
That e'er by luckless wight was prest ;  
How oft in dirtiest, vilest road,  
O'er roots, and stumps, thro' mire and mud ;  
'Midst cold, thirst, perils, and fatigues,  
No barn within a dozen leagues.  
Tho' wearied, hungry, parch'd, and faint,  
Has' thou, despising all complaint ;  
And only studious to approve  
Thy strength, speed, diligence and love ;  
Bore thy sad lord, with many a pack,  
A pleasing burthen ; on thy back.  
Oft times when night rush'd sudden down,  
And I was thoughtless jogging on,  
Some over-hanging limb or branch  
*Would almost cant me off my haunch.*



True to the int'rests of his master ;  
 Calm and unruffled by disaster,  
 He'd stop, all-conscious of my state,  
 'Till I'd recover'd well my seat.

Then brisker still, his pace would mend, ♣  
 Nor halt till at our journey's end.

Such wast thou, poor lamented horse !  
 But now hast finish'd thy sad course,  
 And left thy master, all forlorn,  
 Thy sad untimely fate to mourn !  
 Yet shall thy fame forever live,  
 My friendship after death survive.

H. Come, neighbor ! now you over-do it  
 Strain ev'n the licence of a poet.

S. Oh, had he dy'd some noble death,  
 In fighting fields resign'd his breath ;  
 For Freedom pour'd his gen'rous blood,  
 A martyr for his country's good !  
 How would the thought my grief control,  
 And calm the anguish of my soul ?  
 But by vile worms ! oh shameful fate !  
 Unworthy of the brave and great.

Worse far than if a thunderbolt  
*Had struck him dead ! alas poor colt !*

H. Whate'er the *neighing* tribe may think,  
The *human* will suspect you drink.  
He was a decent nag, but still  
He was a *Horse* say what you will !  
S. True, but in transports of this kind,  
The heart, to cooler reason blind,  
Will say too much—my fault I own,  
Induc'd by gratitude alone.  
And candor will not faults espy  
When prompted by humanity.  
To her I leave it, and to Heav'n,  
And humbly hope to be forgiv'n.

To Miss P - - - - S - - - - inviting her to bear a celebrated  
Preacher at Church — On the 1st PSALM.

**T**O day the prophet, in glad accents brings,  
Salvation's tidings from the king of kings.  
Go, my fair friend ! his sacred ardor feel,  
And let thy presence animate his zeal.  
There, in his courts, thy GOD and SAVIOUR bless  
In all the beauty of true holiness.  
The wond'ring audience pleas'd shall copy thee,  
Thy sex learn meekness, ours humility.  
And this cold heart, inspir'd by thee, and grace,  
Catch new devotion kindling o'er thy face.  
'Th' *ungodly* shall his frustrate counsels mourn,  
The pharasaic *scorn*er cease to scorn,  
Ev'n the vile *Atheist* shall stand trembling by,  
For once convicted of a DEITY.  
So shall thy youthful zeal accepted prove,  
And hov'ring angels guard thee from above.  
So like some blooming olive shalt thou grow,  
Thy leaf unwither'd, clust'ring ev'ry bough.  
'Till ripe for happier climes, the *source* of bliss  
Shall safe transplant thee to his paradise.  
Where rest, peace, joy, no interruption know,  
But streams of endless bliss perpetual flow.  
There, crown'd with life, may thy fair branches shoot  
With bloom unfading, and immortal fruit !

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THE  
BATTLE  
OF  
LORRA:  
A POEM.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

This poem is compleat; nor does it appear from tradition, that it was introduced, as an episode, into any of Ossian's great works.— It is called, in the original, *Duan a Chuldaib*, or the *Culdee's poem*, because it was addressed to one of the first Christian missionaries, who were called, from their retired life, Culdees, or *sequestered persons*.—The story bears a near resemblance to that which was the foundation of the Iliad. Fingal, on his return from Ireland, after he had expelled Swaran from that kingdom, made a feast to all his heroes: he forgot to invite Ma-ronnan and Aldo, two chiefs, who had not been along with him on his expedition. They resented his neglect; and went over to Erragon king of Sora, a country of Scandinavia, the declared enemy of Fingal. The valor of Aldo soon gained him a great reputation in Sora: and Lorma the beautiful wife of Erragon fell in love with him.—He found means to escape with her, and to come to Fingal, who resided then in Selma on the western coast.—Erragon invaded Scotland, and was slain in battle by Gaul the son of Morni, after he had rejected terms of peace offered him by Fingal.—In this war Aldo fell, in a single combat, by the hands of his rival Erragon; and the unfortunate Lorma afterwards died of grief.

THE BATTLE OF  
L O R A.

FROM OSSIAN.



**S**ON of the rock ! where distant oceans swell,  
 Immortal tenant of the hallow'd cell !  
 Thy murm'ring groves, enraptur'd do I hear ?  
 Or does thy sweeter voice delight my ear ?  
 Loud roar'd the torrent ; but a gentler noise  
 Each sense arrested—'twas thy tuneful voice !  
 Do mortal heroes wake such heav'nly lays ?  
 Or claim the spirits of the wind thy praise ?  
 Thou lonely dweller of the distant rock,  
 O'er yon sad plains, relenting, cast a look !  
 Thou see'st green tombs with whistling grass o'ergrown,  
 The flow'ry verdure, and the mossy stone :  
 Thou still behold'st them, clear, unclouded, bright,  
 But ah, these eyes are veil'd in endless night !  
     A mountain-stream, down-rushing, furious raves,  
 And round a verdant hillock spreads its waves.

Four mossy stones with wither'd grass around,  
 Rear high their heads ; two stately trees surround ;  
 Trees which fierce storms from Selma's lofty brow  
 Had seiz'd, and bent their whistling branches low.

Here is thy mansion here thy narrow-grave,  
 O Erragon, unfortunately brave !  
 Long has the sounding shell in Sora ceas'd,  
 The welcome stranger, and the genial feast.  
 Thy useless shield hangs dark'ning on the walls,  
 And mirth and music fly thy joyless halls.  
 Hail, mighty hero ! rider of the wave !  
 Sad was thy fate, unprofitably brave !

Low on our mountains lies great Sora's heir !  
 And fall'n the chief who rul'd the tide of war !

Son of the rock ! do songs delight thine ear ?  
 Lora's dire battle, then, indulgent, hear.  
 Long since, the horrid clash of arms is o'er ;  
 So distant thunder roars, and is no more.

With his mild beams the sun new gilds the plain,  
 And glitt'ring rocks and mountains smile again.

From distant Ullin's hoarse resounding deeps,  
 Fair Cona's shelt'ring bay receiv'd our ships.  
 Loose to the masts are hung our sheets around,  
 While roaring winds thro' Morven's groves resound.

The horn of Fingal sounds ; surpriz'd with fear,  
From all their deep recesses, start the deer.  
Nor fly our shafts in vain ; wide smokes the feast,  
And circling shells prolong the glad repast,  
Our souls with gen'rous pride and transport burn'd.  
From Swarans wars triumphantly return'd.

Two heroes were forgotten at our feast,  
And rage and indignation swell'd each breast.  
Their brows grew dark ; wild roll'd their wrathful eyes,  
And from each bosom burst indignant sighs,  
In close consult the vengeful pair appear,  
And each, disdainful, threw to earth his spear.  
Like two dark clouds, they shade the festive scene,  
Or misty wreaths slow-rising o'er the main.  
Glitt'ring and bright appears their lucid form,  
But the pale mariner forebodes a storm.

Rise ! (said Morannan) rear the swelling sails,  
And stretch them bellying, to the western gales.  
Our ship, O gen'rous Aldo, let us gain,  
And rush swift-bounding o'er the northern main,  
To grace the feast, unworthy we appear,  
Tho' blood of strangers dyes each reeking spear.  
Haste, let us fly from Fingal, and efface  
With Sora's mightier king, this foul disgrace.



Fierce is his vissage, foes his valour feel,  
And the war darkens round his beaming steel.  
Him let us join (dishonour'd as we are !)  
And fight his battles, and his triumphs share.

Clad in their might, they plough the watry way,  
And reach, undaunted, Lumar's sounding bay.  
To Sora's haughty king they instant speed ;  
(Fierce Erragon, who rules the rapid steed)  
New from the chace, the dreadful chief they view'd,  
His spear yet recking with the sanguine flood.  
His dark brown vissage to the ground he bent,  
And careless striding, whistled as he went.  
They join the feast : he hears, and grants their pray'rs ;  
They fought and conquer'd in the monarch's wars.

From fields of slaughter, crown'd with deathless fame,  
To Lora's lofty walls young Aldo came.  
The humid eye of Lorma on him shone ;  
(The blooming spouse of haughty Erragon)  
As from a tow'r look'd out the matchless fair :  
Loose on the zephyr flows her raven hair.  
With tend'rest sighs her panting bosom rose,  
Softer, and whiter than the fleecy snows,  
When, round them whisp'ring, gentle breezes play,  
And slowly move them in the sunny ray.

She saw young Aldo, and his beauties shone  
Mild as the beams of Lora's setting sun.  
She gaz'd, sigh'd, wept ! each fibre felt th' alarm,  
Her pale cheek fainting on her snowy arm.

Three days immur'd, the fair, by shame withheld,  
With counterfeited joy her grief conceal'd.  
The fourth (unable longer to contain)  
She fled with Aldo o'er the roaring main.  
To Cona's mossy tow'rs their course they took,  
Whom Fingal view'd ; and high-resenting spoke.

Shall I receive thee ? Selma aid afford,  
From the just rage of Sora's injur'd lord ?  
Who now my chiefs will welcome to the feast,  
Or in their halls receive the stranger-guest,  
Since Aldo, base of soul, by treach'ry won,  
Has borne away the spouse of Erragon ?  
Go to thy hills, thou wretch, avoid the light,  
And in thy inmost caverns plunge from sight.  
Urg'd by necessity, o'erwhelm'd in grief,  
Fingal must war with Sora's gloomy chief.

Spirit of Trenmor ! pride of Morven's race !  
When will the battles of thy offspring cease ?  
Enur'd to bloody contests from the womb,  
My steps must wade thro' slaughter to a tomb.  
Yet ne'er did helpless age my fury feel,  
Nor did the feeble warrior dread my steel.

I see, O Morven ! trembling see, and mourn  
Th' impending storms that will thy tow'rs o'erturn.  
When, all my hapless race in battle slain,  
None shall in Selma's echoing halls remain.  
Then will the offspring of the feeble come,  
And tread, unconscious, o'er your monarch's tomb.  
My deeds shall be the bard's perpetual theme,  
But sound to future ages like a dream.

Meantime fierce Erragon his host alarms,  
And burning with revenge, assumes his arms.  
Around their monarch crowd his chiefs of might  
Like dark'ning tempests round the ghost of night,  
When he (resolv'd with desolating hand,  
To hurl destruction on some guilty land)  
Calls ev'ry baleful blast that night deforms,  
And frowns tremendous 'midst a thousand storms.

For Cona's shores he speeds his eager way ;  
His chiefs attend him o'er the rolling sea.  
Soon as the rapid squadron gain'd the land,  
Go, bard ! (he cry'd) to Fingal, and demand  
The war of thousands—if he dreads the field,  
The moss-crown'd hills of Morven bid him yield.

Within his hall sat Fingal, and around  
The grey companions of his youth are found.

His younger heroes (Morven's blooming race)  
Far distant o'er the desert urge the chase.  
Of other times the chiefs confer at ease,  
And of the actions of their youthful days.  
When aged NARTHMOR in the hall appear'd,  
Sage chief! on Lora's steamy banks rever'd.

This is no time (began the king of spears)  
To listen to the songs of other years.  
Fierce ERRAGON, whose deeds each bard records,  
Frowns on your coasts, and lifts ten thousand swords.  
Gloomy the monarch, 'midst his sons of might,  
Like the moon's darken'd visage, when thro' night  
Ten thousand meteors, with portentous rays,  
Around their sable queen terrific blaze.

Then thus the king, while various passions move,  
Come from thy hall, thou daughter of my love,  
BOSMINA, pride of Morven, matchless fair,  
Instant to haughty Erragon repair.  
And NARTHMOR! take, in all their pomp array'd,  
The steeds of strangers, and attend the maid.  
Tell him, Bosmina, Fingal spreads the feast,  
And claims the injur'd monarch for his guest.  
Proffer the hero honorable peace,  
And bid him Aldo's boundless wealth possess.

## BATTLE OF LORA.

Tell him far distant roam our youthful bands,  
And age sits trembling on our palsied hands.

In all her beauty came the lovely maid,  
With ev'ry elegance of form array'd.  
On Erragon's dark host her beauties glow'd,  
Like light mild gleaming from a stormy cloud.  
A golden shaft her right-hand bore with grace,  
Her left a sparkling shell, the sign of peace.  
At such a blaze of charms the host amaz'd,  
In bending, speechless, admiration gaz'd,  
Bright'ning before her like a rock's vast height,  
At the quick splendors of the orb of light ;  
When from a broken cloud, by winds disperst,  
In full effulgent majesty they burst.

Sora's illustrious chief, brave Erragon !  
(The mildly-blushing, beauteous maid begun)  
The king of Morven spreads the bounteous feast  
In Selma's halls, and claims thee for a guest.  
Accept the peace of heroes, mighty lord !  
And by thy side repose thy slaught'ring sword.  
If wealth, the wealth of monarchs, claims thy care,  
The words of gen'rous Aldo, gracious hear.

A hundred coursers, children of the rein,  
*Unrival'd* bounding o'er the dusty plain,

To Erragon he gives : in captive bands  
 A hundred maids he joins, from distant lands.  
 With these, a hundred hawks, that rapid fly  
 With flutt'ring wing across the azure sky.  
 A hundred girdles too, of magic frame,  
 Whose sacred cincture binds th' high-bosom'd dame.  
 (The painful births of heroes these befriend,  
 And to the sons of toil swift succor lend)  
 Studded with gems, ten shells with sparkling rays,  
 In Sora's hospitable tow'rs shall blaze.  
 The monarchs of the world in ages past,  
 They gladden'd once amidst the joyous feast.  
 This wealth, these gifts, the noble youth allows,  
 And join'd with these, thy long-lost, beauteous spouse.  
 In thy glad halls, with rapture and surprize,  
 Lorma again shall roll her radiant eyes.  
 Thee to conciliate, Morven's king approves,  
 Tho' Fingal still the gen'rous Aldo loves.  
 Fingal ! who never justifi'd the wrong,  
 Nor hero injur'd, tho' his arm is strong.

Soft voice of Cona ! (Erragon began)  
 Tell Fingal that he spreads his feast in vain.  
 Let him his spoils before me, recreant, lay,  
 Confess my pow'r, and bend beneath my sway :

Yield up his fathers' swords, death-dealing spears,  
 And loud-resounding shields of other years.  
 High in my halls, my sons shall view them plac'd,  
 And say—"these arms the mighty Fingal grac'd."

Ne'er shall they grace thy halls! (the maid replies,  
 Keen indignation kindling in her eyes)

Those arms unconquerable heroes bear,  
 Who never yielded in the strife of war.  
 Monarch of echoing Sora! king of shields!  
 The storm is gath'ring on our peaceful fields.  
 Dost thou not bode (indelible disgrace!)  
 Thy routed squadrons, and extinguish'd race?

To Selma's silent halls return'd the maid:  
 Her downcast look the king with grief survey'd.  
 Slow from his place he rose, in all his pride,  
 And shook his hoary locks, and pensive sigh'd.  
 Then took the sounding mail great Trenmor wore,  
 And the dark shield his mighty fathers bore.  
 Impending horrors Selma's halls o'ershad  
 As the king reach'd to grasp his flaming blade.  
 The ghosts of thousands, round the palace spread,  
 The strangers' death foresaw, and shrieking fled.  
 Fierce joy in each grey vet'ran's visage rose,  
 Forth-rushing, furious, on th' insulting foes.

Each thinks of former years, of hosts o'ercome,  
And deeds immortal, that survive the tomb,

Now from the desart, with tumultuous pace,  
At Trathal's tomb appear'd the dogs of chase,  
Great Fingal knew his chiefs were near to aid,  
And 'midst his furious course exulting staid.

First Oscar came, and Morni's dauntless son,  
Then Nemi's hardy race intrepid shone.

Next Fercuth's formidable figure past,  
And Dermid spreads his dark hair on the blast.

Last Ossian came (O Druid) king of spears !

I humm'd, as wont, the song of other years.

My spear supports my steps o'er rushing streams,  
With mighty chiefs of old my fancy teems.

Then Fingal, eager, struck his bossy shield,  
And the dire signal echo'd thro' the field.

A thousand swords leap instant from the sheath,  
And gleam refulgent on the waving heath.

Three grey-hair'd bards, to fire the martial throng,  
Raise high the solemn, melancholly song.

With sounding steps, deep, dark, denouncing death,

We rush, a gloomy ridge, along the heath.

So sails a cloud surcharg'd with storms, and show'rs,

Then on the narrow vale, impetuous pours.



Dark on his hill, the monarch sat reclin'd ;  
 The battle's sun-beam floats upon the wind.  
 The lov'd companions of the hoary sage  
 Are near, with all their waving locks of age.  
 A conscious transport all his bosom warms,  
 To view his offspring, terrible in arms,  
 Glow at the falchion's gleam, with martial fires,  
 All emulous, while youthful fame inspires,  
 To imitate the deeds of their immortal sires. }

Now Erragon, with matchless strength endu'd,  
 Rush'd like the roarings of a wintry flood.  
 Beneath his sanguine steel the fields are dy'd,  
 And ghastly death stalks dreadful at his side.

Who comes (said Fingal) like the bounding roe  
 From Cona's echoing hills, to meet the foe ?  
 Before him dreadful flames his glitt'ring shield;  
 And his dire arms ring mournful o'er the field.  
 He meets fierce Erragon in fatal fight :  
 Behold the battle of the sons of might !  
 Rage, fury, hate, the rival chiefs deform,  
 Like ghosts contending in a wintry storm.

But fall'st thou then, with evry charm endu'd ?  
 And is that snowy bosom stain'd with blood ?  
 Unhappy Lorma ! how wilt thou deplore  
 Thy loss ? thy friend, thy Aldo, is no more !

Fingal, indignant, graspt his deathful spear,  
 (While down his cheek, for Aldo, roll'd the tear)  
 Fierce flame his eyes, surcharg'd with rage and woe,  
 But Gaul, undaunted, met the conqu'ring foe.  
 Who can describe the rage, the combat tell,  
 Of furious chiefs ? the mighty stranger fell !

Then Fingal thus—Ye chiefs of Cona's race !  
 Stop, stop the hand of death, let battle cease.  
 Mighty the dauntless warrior, now so low !  
 What tears in Sora for her monarch flow ?  
 The wond'ring stranger to his halls will come ;  
 But solemn silence reigns within the dome !  
 Pale lies the monarch on a foreign shore,  
 And music, joy, and feasting, are no more !  
 Listen, O stranger, to his sounding woods,  
 Perhaps his ghost is hov'ring near on clouds.  
 But he, far distant ! bleeds on Morven's strand,  
 Beneath the fury of a foreign hand !

Such were thy words, thou first of Morven's race !  
 The bards, obedient, rais'd the song of peace.  
 We stopt (while melting tears each eye o'erflow)  
 Th' uplifted sword, and spar'd the feeble foe.  
 O'er Erragon yon narrow tomb we raise,  
 And round it, Ossian pour'd the plaintive lays.

## BATTLE OF LORA.

At length the clouds of night come rolling down,  
 When, lo ! appear'd the ghost of Errogoa !  
 Cloudy his visage as an ev'ning sky,  
 And his dark bosom heav'd the half-form'd sigh.  
 Blest be thy soul, imperial Sora's heir !  
 Thy fame thro' distant regions spread afar,  
 In valor matchless, uncontrol'd in war !

In Aldo's hall, fair Lorma sat alone ;  
 An oak, pale glimm'ring, round the mourner shone.  
 The night return'd—but he did not return,  
 And her sad soul, despairing, sinks forlorn.  
 Hunter of Cona, what detains thee, say ?  
 Did'st thou not promise ? why this long delay ?  
 Have the deer wander'd, erring, from the path ?  
 Do the dark winds sigh round thee on the heath ?  
 In a strange land, disconsolate I rove,  
 No friend but Aldo ! none but thee, my love !  
 Come from thy hills, by gentle pity mov'd,  
 Oh, come, my only friend ! my best belov'd !

Now tow'rd the gate her watchful eyes are cast,  
 Now pale, she listens to each rustling blast.  
 She thinks 'tis Aldo's tread, return'd from chace,  
 And rising joy suffuses all her face ;  
 But grief returning shades her visage soon,  
*Like a thin cloud spread o'er the dark'ned moon.*

And wilt thou then, dear youth ! forever stay ?  
But let me yonder hill awhile survey.  
Pale in the east, the moon's mild splendors gleam,  
And calm and bright the bosom of the stream.  
Oh, when shall I behold, with eager pace,  
His panting dogs returning from the chace ?  
When shall I hear his steps along the vale,  
And voice, loud echoing to the distant gale ?  
Come from thy moss-crown'd hills ! why this delay ?  
Hunter of echoing Cona ! come away !

She saw his ghost—thin, visionary gleam !  
Pale on a rock—like the moon's watry beam,  
When, 'midst two clouds, by fits, the splendors pour,  
And o'er the silent fields descends the midnight show'r.  
The empty form she follow'd o'er the heath,  
Alas, too conscious of her lover's death !  
Her voice pursu'd him, as the phantom past,  
I heard her cries approaching on the blast,  
Sad as the breeze whose solemn murmurs wave,  
And sigh distressful on the grassy cave.

She came : she found her love ! in speechless woe  
Her eyes glare wildly, but no currents flow.  
Pale as a wat'ry cloud that from the stream  
Slow-rising, glitters to the moon-light beam,

Few were her days on Cona ! by sad doom  
 Fated to waste in hopeless grief her bloom !  
 Wearied, at last she sunk into the tomb !

Fingal commanded, and to Lorma's praise,  
 The bards, melodious, pour the solemn lays.  
 And once, each year, when autumn's blasts return'd,  
 In pensive numbers, Morven's daughters mourn'd.  
 They mourn'd the pangs that wretched lovers prove,  
 Those charms for which contending rivals strove,  
 And Lorma's cruel doom, and ill-starr'd love.

Son of the distant land ! who dwell'st alone  
 In Fame's bright temple, thy imperial throne !  
 Oh, let thy elevated strains resound  
 The deeds of deathless chiefs in song renown'd !  
 That their pale ghosts, enraptur'd, may descend,  
 Admire the heav'nly lays, and round thee bend.  
 And beauteous Lorma, long by anguish torn,  
 Hear the sweet numbers, and forget to mourn.  
 Desert her cloudy halls, in graceful pride,  
 And on a moon-beam thro' thy lattice glide.  
 While dewy slumbers on thy eye-lids dwell,  
 And the pale crescent looks into thy cell.  
 To view unrivall'd shall her charms appear,  
 But on her lovely cheek still rests the tear !

---

# Epilogue to CATO.

*Written in 1778.*



**Y**OU see mankind the same in ev'ry age :  
 Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,  
 Boundless ambition, patriotic truth,  
 And hoary treason, and untainted youth,  
 Have deeply mark'd all periods, and all climes :  
 The noblest virtues, and the blackest crimes !  
 Britannia's daring sins, and virtues both,  
 Perhaps once mark'd the Vandal and the Goth.  
 And what now gleams with dawning ray at home,  
 Once blaz'd in full-orb'd majesty at ROME.  
 Did Cæsar, drunk with pow'r, and madly brave,  
 Insatiate burn, his country to enslave ?  
 Did he for this, lead forth a servile host,  
 And spill the choicest blood that Rome could boast.  
 Our British Cæsar too has done the same,  
 And damn'd this age to everlasting fame.  
 Columbia's crimson'd fields still smoke with gore !  
 Her bravest heroes cover all the shore \

The flow'r of Britain too in martial bloom,  
In one sad year sent headlong to the tomb !

Did Rome's brave senate nobly strive t' oppose  
The mighty torrent of domestic foes ?  
And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare  
The desp'rate perils of unequal war ?

Our senate too, the same bold deed has done,  
And for a CATO, arm'd a WASHINGTON !

A chief in all the ways of battle skill'd,  
Great in the council, glorious in the field !  
Thy scourge O Britain ! and Columbia's boast,  
The dread, and admiration of each host !

Whose martial arm, and steady soul, alone  
Have made thy legions quake, thy empire groan, }  
And thy proud monarch tremble on his throne.

What now thou art, oh ! ever may'st thou be,  
And death the lot of any chief but thee !

We've had our DECIVS too, and HOWE can say  
Health, pardon, peace, GEORGE sends America ?

Yet brings destruction for the olive-wreath,  
For health contagion, and for pardon death.

In brave FAYETTE young JUBA lives again,  
And many a MARCUS bleeds on yonder plain.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

109

Like POMPEY, WARREN fell in martial pride.  
 And great MONTGOMERY like SCIPIO dy'd !  
 In GREEN the hero, patriot, sage we see,  
 And LUCIUS, JUBA, CATO, shine in thee !  
 When Rome receiv'd her last decisive blow,  
 Hadst thou immortal GATES been Cæsar's foe,  
 All-perfect *discipline* had check'd his sway,  
 And thy superior *conduct* won the day.  
 Freedom had triumph'd on Pharsalian ground,  
 Nor Saratoga's heights been more renown'd !  
 Long as heroic deeds the soul enflame,  
 Eternal praise bold STARK will ever claim,  
 Who led thy glorious way, and gave thee half thy fame. }  
 See persevering A \* \* proudly scale  
 Canadia's alpine hills, a second HANNIBAL !  
 In Cæsar's days had such a daring mind  
 With WASHINGTON's serenity been join'd,  
 The tyrant then had bled, great Cato liv'd,  
 And Rome in all her majesty surviv'd.  
 What praise, what gratitude, are due to thee,  
 Oh brave, experienc'd, all-accomplish'd LEE !  
 The sword, the pen, thou dost alternate wield,  
 Nor JULIUS' self to thee would blush to yield.



## EPILOGUE TO CATO.

And while SEMPRONIUS' bellowings stun the ear,  
 I see the traitor C—— his thunders hear.  
 "But all was false, and hollow, tho' his tongue  
 Dropt manna," with the garb of reason hung.  
 Ere long the wily SYPHAX may advance,  
 And AFRIC faith be verify'd in FRANCE.  
 How long, deluded by that faithless pow'r,  
 Will ye dream on, nor seize the golden hour?  
 In vain do ye rely on foreign aid,  
 By her own arm and heav'n's Columbia must be freed.  
 Rise then, my countrymen! for fight prepare,  
 Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!  
 For your griev'd country nobly dare to die,  
 And empty all your veins for LIBERTY.  
 No pent-up *Utica* contracts your pow'rs,  
 But the whole boundless continent is yours?  
 "Rouse up, for shame! your breth'ren slain in war,  
 "Or groaning now in ignominious bondage,  
 "Point at their wounds and chains, and cry aloud  
 "To battle! WASHINGTON impatient mourns  
 "His scanty legions, and demands your aid.  
 "Intrepid LEE still clanks his galling fetters!  
 "MONTGOMERY complains that we are slow!  
 "And WARREN'S ghost stalks unreveng'd among us!"

# S O N G,

*Composed in 1777.*

---

**S**HOUT, shout AMERICA !

Thy guardian-God appears,  
And wide o'er land and sea,

Thy fame triumphant bears.  
He fights thy battles on the plain,  
And crowns thee regent of the main !

Thy oaks, majestic wood !

Disdain their native spot,  
And rushing o'er the flood,

A glorious navy float.  
Nor shall that pile with ease be riv'n,  
That brav'd so long the bolts of heav'n.

Tho' all thy foes combine

At once to pull thee down,

Their impotent design,

But adds to thy renown.

As when the giants battled Jove,

They serv'd his greater strength to prove.

What tho' MONTGOMERY  
 Untimely press'd the field,  
 Triumphant borne on high,  
 His spirit still can shield.  
 We view him there ! his car of fame !  
 And catch, Elisha-like, the flame.

And tho' immortal 'LEE  
 By treachery's debarr'd  
 That glorious LIBERTY  
 He knew so well to guard.  
 Whole hosts of heroes yet we claim  
 T' avenge their gen'ral and redeem.

Still UNION bind our land,  
 Our councils WISDOM sway,  
 Great WASHINGTON command  
 And FREEDOM'S Sons obey.  
 Then Britain, Russia, Europe rise !  
 Your rage united we despise.

We laugh at war's alarms,  
 Its toils and arts we know ;  
 And how to wield our arms,  
 And when to charge the foe.  
 Fam'd Britain, in the trade complete,  
*Excels us only, in retreat.*

SONG.

111

Then shall an Isle bear sway,  
Which (some few seasons roll'd)  
Should all AMERICA  
A gen'ral banquet hold,  
*Attendants* scarcely could afford  
To pour the wine at ev'ry board.

Fir'd with the scenes to come,  
We'll rise without delay,  
And scourge the pirates home,  
Or drench them in the sea,  
That GEORGE may know, with all his slaves,  
Not us, but heav'n he madly braves.

Then shout AMERICA !  
Minerva calls, and Mars ;  
They point thy glorious way,  
They order all thy wars.  
They fight thy battles on the plain,  
And crown thee REGENT of the main !

To Miss E. C. on her singing "How oft Louisa,"  
*most pathetically.*

---

**H**OW oft Eliza have I thought,  
Since first I heard those notes of love,  
I'd rather listen to thy voice  
Than hear a radiant saint above ?  
And by those lips that sang so sweet,  
And by that warbling voice divine !  
I vow to hear a seraph's lyre  
I'd not forego one note of thine:  
Then how divinely blest the youth  
Ordain'd by heav'n to share thy love !  
Raptur'd, he'll listen, gaze, adore,  
Nor envy seraphims above.  
Thus will the fond, enamour'd youth  
Sink, overwhelm'd in love's abyss.  
And snatching treasures from those lips,  
Dissolve in extacies of bliss.

A N

## E L E G Y

*On two female Steeds, one of whom (called DIVINITY,) died of mere old age, in her 30th year : the other of a dropy, though previous to her death she was supposed to be with foal—addressed to the owner, J. R. Esq. 1777.*



**W**HEN valor nobly on the field expires,  
 Or patriot-virtue mingles with the dust,  
 Soft sympathy each feeling bosom fires,  
 And from the big-swoln heart the sorrows burst.

Who but of late, this truth severely found  
 When freedom's guardians bled in youthful pride,  
 While many a gallant hero prest the ground,  
 And in Columbia's cause triumphant dy'd.

Such, such emotions in each breast should rise,  
 When worth of any rank sinks with the dead.  
 And thy two blameless coursers from all eyes,  
 Demand the melting show'r profusely shed.

AN ELEGY.

Unhappy owner ! could not *one* suffice  
To glut the greedy foe, the gaping urn ?  
Must *both at once* be ravish'd from thine eyes,  
And leave their lord his *double* loss to mourn ?

Not so when great Achilles' mortal steed,  
By brave Sarpedon was in battle slain ;  
Th' immortal mate surviv'd, by Jove decreed  
To glad his lord, and shine in war again.

But since 'twas so ordain'd, it now remains  
To tell their virtues, and console their lord :  
To mourn their fate, in sympathetic strains,  
And all their worth, and ev'ry feat record.

In diff'rent ways excell'd the gen'rous brace,  
Their talents various, tho' alike their worth.  
One fam'd for *moderation* in the race,  
And one for breeding, and not bringing forth.

Whether that gift peculiar to the first  
Was nat'ral, or th' effect of age, which dulls  
The *moving pow'rs*—yet this allow we must  
Full thirty winters any spirit cools.

What various fate did the poor steed endure !  
How often stole, and lent, and bought, and sold ?  
All which with matchless constancy she bore,  
'Till thirty annual revolutions roll'd.

Sometimes a dollar the rich purchase made,  
And once a louis'dor, but never higher ;  
While many a time the purchaser was paid  
To take her from th' ungrateful former buyer.

As troubles have a strange effect indeed  
T' improve the patient exercis'd thereby,  
Thus prov'd it here—so humble was the steed,  
She gain'd the titled-name—*Divinity*.

If future bliss to sinful man be giv'n,  
A surer meed awaits the rev'rend mare ;  
And if *divines* arrive at last in heav'n,  
DIVINITY itself must sure go there.

There we must leave her with her worthy mate,  
To reap the high reward deny'd them here,  
And touch'd with gen'rous pity for their fate,  
Record this epitaph upon their bier:

Here lie two gentle steeds ! one dropt, good soul !  
Mature, like a well-ripen'd shock of corn !  
The other pregnant—not indeed with foal,  
But with a dropsy, and she dy'd forlorn !



## O N A L A D Y

*Who played and sung to her Guitar at the first request,  
without imposing the hateful tax of ceaseless importunity.*



**T**HOUGH all is harmony above,  
Yet angels kindly deign  
To leave the realms of bliss and love,  
And watch o'er favor'd man.

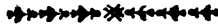
Their sacred inspiration warms  
The poet, and his lay ;  
But 'tis their condescension charms,  
And steals our souls away.

Thus when we hear thy heav'nly voice  
Soft-temper'd to thy lyre ;  
Our souls in extacy rejoice,  
And catch the glowing fire.

But 'tis thy READINESS TO PLEASE  
(So like the throng above !)  
That melts our sacred extacies  
*To gratitude, and love !*

TO THE MEMORY OF

Baron Trenck.



**H**AIL injur'd shade ! who nobly didst despise  
 The utmost malice fortune could devise !  
 Enur'd to bear variety of pain,  
 A dungeon's horrors, and a tyrant's chain !  
 What eye thy mighty suff'rings can peruse,  
 Nor tears of sympathy that eye suffuse,  
 Ponder the cruel wrongs thou did'st sustain,  
 Nor indignation boil in ev'ry vein ?  
 Thy dauntless valour contemplate, thy zeal,  
 And not accumulated courage feel ?  
 Thy manly, god-like fortitude behold,  
 And from those brows the martyr's crown withhold ?  
 Thy candor, justice, moderation, scan,  
 Nor glory in the dignity of man ?  
 As I revolve thy various turns of fate,  
 What struggling passions in this breast debate ?  
 Love, pity, admiration, take their turn,  
 Then horror, and vindictive vengeance burn

## TO THE MEMORY OF

What coward-vengeance in thy foes ? in thee  
 What unexampled magnanimity ?

Ye, who *another's* agonies have felt !  
 Whom rage can't redder, or compassion melt ;  
 See the brave vet'ran drag his dungeon-chain,  
 The blood fast trickling from each spouting vein !  
 I feel life's current from its channels swerve,  
 While keen vibrations rack each tortur'd nerve,

Exalted suff'rer ! thou shalt charm a world,  
 When thrones, and sceptres, are in ruins hurl'd.  
 And their proud owners, moulder'd and forgot,  
 They—and their hated memories shall rot.

From thee shall suff'ring virtue feel new springs,  
 Rise with recruited strength, and prune her wings.  
 And vice abash'd beneath thy potent spell,  
 Sink down affrighted to her native hell.

Thy memorable annals leave behind  
 An everlasting lesson to mankind  
 To place no confidence in states or kings,  
 Nor trust the shadow of a tyrant's wings.

The pageantry of courts, each fool and knave,  
 The cruel despot, and the cringing slave ;  
 The judge suborn'd, th' ungrateful, treach'rous friend,  
 The fawning sycophant, the subtle fiend ;

The lurking spy, each harpy of the gown,  
 The vengeful levite, and the rev'rend drone ;  
 Touch'd by thy pen, as by Ithuriel's spear,  
 In all their vile deformity appear.

Thee youth shall study, fir'd with thoughts sublime,  
 And the steep paths of honor dauntless climb.  
 The cheerless captive learn from thee to *bear*,  
 And fir'd by thy example, scorn despair.

Thy race, the guardian care of providence,  
 Shall live respected, crown'd with innocence ;  
 And those just rights proud despots thee deny'd,  
 With sev'n-fold honors be by them enjoy'd :  
 To teach base miscreants VIRTUE'S not mere *name*,  
 But surest passport to immortal fame.

Now PRUSSIA'S DESPOT, crouching at thy feet,  
 Beholds thee thron'd in some distinguish'd seat.  
 And ROBESPIERRE, to make thy ghost amends,  
 Howls in the lowest dungeon of the fiends.  
 Whilst thou in peace, no tyrant to annoy,  
 With blooming Hebe quaff'st perpetual joy.  
 And some illustrious bard of future days,  
 Fir'd by thy mighty name, shall tune the lays,  
 And grow immortal in thy deathless praise. }

THY boundless sway, almighty Lord !  
Earth, heav'n, all nature own ;  
Strength, majesty, omnipotence,  
Are thine great king alone.

The strong foundations of the globe  
Were fix'd at thy command ;  
Unshaken still from ages past,  
They shall to ages stand.

But thy firm throne, before all time  
Immutable hath stood,  
Th' eternal mansion where resides  
The self-existent God.

The floods, O Lord ! with fury rise,  
And roar, and foam on high !  
Still urg'd by storms, they rage, they burst,  
And tempest all the sky.

But thou with ease can'st still their noise,  
And make their fury cease ;  
One breath of thine their rage subdues,  
And softens all to peace.

Since such thy pow'r, eternal God !  
What wretch shall dare rebel ?  
Unspotted holiness alone  
*Can wish thee ever dwell.*

# Epilogue to CORIOLANUS.



TREMBLING with apprehension, doubt and pain,  
 We have presum'd to tread this stage again.  
 This stage—where late, by various passions mov'd,  
 A Juba triumph'd, and a Marcia lov'd,  
 Where a Numidian, barb'rous as his clime,  
 Stalk'd, black with ev'ry execrable crime.  
 And where by demons fir'd from deepest hell,  
 Sempronius bellow'd, fought, blasphem'd, and fell.  
 Here Lucia wept with anguish torn, and love ;  
 And there th' illustrious rival brothers strove.  
 Here noble Marcus bled, in youthful pride,  
 There Liberty, and Rome, and CATO dy'd !

A diff'rent scene has been display'd to night ;  
 No martyr bleeding in his country's right.  
 But a majestic Roman, great and good,  
 Driv'n by his country's base ingratitude,  
 From parent, wife, and offspring, whelm'd in woe,  
 To ask protection from a haughty foe :  
 To arm for those he long in arms had brav'd,  
 And stab that nation he so oft had sav'd.

- See him low-prostrate on the hearth! great heav'n?  
 Can worth so great to such extremes be driv'n?  
 He whom the trembling Volsci felt of late  
 Dart terror thro' their host, and scatter fate,  
 Now grov'ling at their feet! see Tullus rear  
 The godlike man, and answer all his pray'r.  
 Now crown'd joint leader of the volscian train,  
 And burning with revenge, he takes the plain.  
 What rage thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand;  
 O valiant gen'ral of the volscian band!  
 When thou Rome's trembling legions mad'st thy prey,  
 And her victorious eagle bore away.  
 Thy vanquish'd country now astonish'd see  
 Their past successes owing all to thee!  
 Priests, augurs, senators, around thee stand,  
 To deprecate thy rage, and save the land.  
 Unmov'd thou hear'st the supplicating train,  
 And priests implore, and augurs sue in vain.  
 Rome's weeping matrons last around thee plead,  
 Thy wife, thy mother, the procession lead.  
 What heart this tender scene unpitying bears?  
 What eye beholds, and melts not into tears?  
 VETUVIA kneels—ah, Marcius, ah, forbear,  
 Thy country, parent, wife, and infant spare.

With resolution, worthy of a god,  
 Long the great chief inexorable stood.  
 By filial piety at length o'ercome,  
 He yields—by *nature* more subdu'd than *Rome*.  
 Irrevocable fate o'ertakes the deed ;  
 By Tullus, his protector, see him bleed !

So fell the chief whom vengeance unrestrain'd  
 Against his country urg'd to lift the hand.  
 Howe'er ungrateful Rome deserv'd to bleed,  
 No wrongs can justify so dire a deed.

Learn hence, my countrymen ! Rome's guilt to shun ;  
 For honor, justice, gratitude, be known.  
 Nor let your unrewarded sons\* complain  
 They wield the sword, and fight, and bleed in vain.  
 Lest, tempted like this Roman, they rebel,  
 And 'gainst their country turn th' unhallow'd steel.  
 But keep stern CORIOLANUS still in view,  
 Impartial justice steadily pursue,  
 And to each warrior give a warrior's due !

\* General discontent prevailed in the American army, when  
 this was written and spoken.



## THE FADED ROSES

A SONNET :

TO MISS E. S.

ARDELIA, pride of 'ev'ry muse,  
 All innocent and chaste,  
 With two fresh roses, damask-hues;  
 Her snowy bosom grac'd.

"Thrice happy flow'rs ! (I sighing said).  
 Now sacred from decay,  
 Translated to that lily-bed  
 You ne'er can fade away !"

But scarce the nymph had plac'd them there,  
 With conscious grace and pride,  
 When stung with envy, and despair,  
 They wither'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

Astonish'd at a sight so rare,  
 And curious to know  
 If with their bloom so rich, so fair,  
 They'd lost their fragrance too.

I bent my head—but oh, what scents !

What show'rs of rich perfume !

Ambrosia ran thro' ev'ry sense,

And fragrance fill'd the room.

My admiration Venus saw,

Who hover'd near the fair ;

And thus with love-commanding awe,

Address'd my wond'ring ear.

'Tis not those flow'rs ! her sweeter breast

Your senses holds in chains ;

And my own cæstus binds that waist

Where Love despotic reigns !



Much more will you, who faithful to your trust,  
 Defend a cause, which half the globe thinks just.  
 But oh, my brother ! happier fates attend  
 My country's, mine, and virtue's noblest friend !  
 Heav'n crown thee with *their* glory on the plain,  
 But ah, return thee to our arms again !  
 This last best boon, will swell th' amazing debt,  
 And make what erst was mighty, INFINITE !

---

ON A CELEBRATED COURT-CRIER,

*Famous for a most tremendous, ear-piercing, air-rending  
 voice.*

---

SO loud that Stentoriphic note,  
 That were the LAST DAY night,  
 To rouse the dead with dreadful shout,  
 Th' ARCHANGEL would prefer thy throat,  
 And lay his trumpet by.

---

## INTRODUCTORY PROLOGUE

*To the Plays at Portsmouth.*

WHAT various ways has man's poor fancy wrought  
To ease him of that painful burthen—*Thought?*  
Cards, dice, and wine, the coffee-house, the inn,  
And tea, and scandal, fill the tedious scene.

'Midst such dull vanities, what praise is due  
To him who brought the DRAMA first to view ?  
Taught strains of heav'nly eloquence to roll,  
And wak'd up ev'ry passion of the soul ;  
Call'd from the murderer's eye a tender show'r,  
And sighs from flint that never felt before.  
Made dulness' self to feel the players rage,  
Or unextinguish'd laughter shake the stage.  
Feelings ! which give proud atheism the lie,  
And prove the spirit's IMMORTALITY !

There are, I know, who think this all mere rant,  
Who, pious souls ! to plays no quarter grant ;  
Pronounce them carnal, and with rueful face,  
Declare the rogues who act them void of grace.  
And do you in dull apathy thus glory ?  
*Peace, peace a moment, and attend my story.*

A rev'rend prelate once to Garrick said,  
 "Why are deluded mortals so misled?  
 "Our churches none frequent, your play-house swarms,  
 "While we preach TRUTH, you dress up *fiction's* charms."  
 Hear but the answer, for I think it wise;  
 "Our lies we veil in truth's alluring guise,  
 "You preach your truths as tho' you thought them lies."

But lest some worthy soul should think me rude,  
 I'll tell a tale far better and conclude.

A sailor once was cast on Cornwall's coast,  
 Naked and hungry! pinch'd with chilling frost;  
 In this sad state, a player took him in,  
 Bound up his bruises, pouring oil and wine.  
 Disdain'd not a whole month to feed and dress him,  
 Then gave one half he had, and bid God bless him.

The honest tar, while sighs his bosom heave,  
 With eyes that stream'd with gratitude, took leave.

Some few years rounded with far better claims,  
 Our tar returns, and anchors in the Thames;  
 Ask'd by his messmate, to the play he hies;  
 There view him, fix'd in wonder and surprize.  
 With rapture gazing on the splendid shew,  
 Bright scenes, and nymphs who yield to none but—*you*.  
 At length a player enters—"Heav'ns! 'tis he!  
 "The friend that succor'd misery, and we!"

What strong emotions in that bosom roll !  
 What grief, what anguish, wrung thy mighty soul ?

An ambush rises near, from the thick wood  
 Six ruffians rush ! their poignards thirst for blood !  
 Will none assist ? the trembling player cry'd.

“ Yes, I by G— !” the gen'rous tar reply'd.  
 Nor staid, but swifter than the lightning's rage,  
 Leapt from the gallery upon the stage.

One universal peal ascends the sky,  
 And tears of transport burst from ev'ry eye.  
 The play was o'er—eclips'd its fading rays,  
 And ev'ry tongue resounds the sailor's praise.

Such is the force of nature, such of art,  
 And both combin'd, o'erpow'r the firmest heart.  
 From ev'ry breast each selfish barrier roll,  
 And in elysium lap th' imprison'd soul !  
 What need I more ? th' example you supply,  
 And the bright comment sparkles from each eye.

Oh, might th' illustrious *House*\* their vote confer, }  
 Pass ev'ry act to night, without demur, }  
 And the *fair Senate* happily concur. . . }  
 Back'd by your suffrage, we'd the stage assert, }  
 With grateful pride the gen'rous *bill* report, }  
 And quote your *Statutes* in each *critic's court* ! }

\* *The General Court was then in session, and most of the members present at the Theatre.*





## TRIBUTARY TEAR.

And wish'd for more than Galen's art,  
To draw the inexorable dart.

You cannot, nor can we as yet,  
Think what a dreadful loss we've met.

Our family runs almost wild,

Poor P——y takes on like a child.

With all his faults we dearly lov'd him,

So very faithful we had prov'd him.

At cook'ry he'd a wond'rous knack,

Sev'n years he was our only jack.

In vain might Tom the Turkies get,

Were he not by to turn the spit.

Betty in vain might stuff her veal,

Was he not pilot at the wheel,

And who'd the sirloin touch, so boasted,

Till first by his industry roasted ?

No jack, like him, in all the town,

Could meat so exquisitely brown :

His still was infinitely better,

More rich the fat, the gravy sweeter.

Ah, me ! I ne'er again shall eat

The finest dainties of the spit.

My board shall smoke with boil'd alone :

I hare ev'n ven'son now he's gone !

## TRIBUTARY TEAR.

Oh for some poet's heav'nly art  
To pour th' effusions of my heart,  
And in impassioned strains shew forth  
His talents, and unrivall'd worth !  
He did all dogs of modern breed,  
In ev'ry excellence exceed.

- Not ARGUS could more watchful be,  
Nor Tobit's was more true than he.  
How well the important charge he bore,  
Majestic guardian of the door ?  
Stern centry ! there he stood untir'd,  
Not Cerberus more dread inspir'd.  
His keen, discriminating nose  
Could still distinguish friends from foes.  
Which with dire yelps full plain he'd make it,  
If S——ll touch'd the door or B——t.  
But joy would shew, and complaisance  
At ev'ry favorite's advance.  
What warm affection fir'd his mind !  
Once on a visit left behind,  
Soon as he found his master gone,  
He fill'd the air with piteous moan ;  
And tho' a river roll'd between,  
Spite of antipathy, plung'd in ;

## TRIBUTARY TEAR.

Stemm'd the swift current, cut the foam,  
And reach'd with wagging tail his home.  
Oh, could he now return as merry !  
But there's no swimming Styx's ferry.

To mitigate our mighty woes,  
You must an epitaph compose,  
And with your steed a mighty name !  
Enroll him in the lists of fame.  
To live, when nature's self shall die,  
In th' archives of eternity !

VERSES

*Written in a SUMMER-HOUSE.*

---

TO these embow'ring shades in vain I fly!  
Tho' Eden blooms around me, still I sigh.  
In vain the garden all its sweets bestows,  
The snowy lily, and ambrosial rose.  
In vain the gaudy tulip courts my eye,  
And pinks diffuse their spicy fragraney ;  
In vain their umbrage the fair fruit-trees spread,  
Or bending willows lend their cooler shade,  
The woodbine vainly 'twines in am'rous wreaths,  
And all the balmy breath of summer breathes ;  
Still the *sick mind* no consolation knows,  
But nourishes in secret, cureless woes.

So when th' unhappy parents of mankind,  
By bold transgression lost sweet peace of mind,  
Each whisp'ring zephyr fill'd them with alarms,  
And paradise itself lost all its charms ;  
Till heav'n, in pity, doom'd them each to toil  
In rougher regions, and a fitter soil.

## THE EPISODE OF

## Lamderg &amp; Gealchossa,

*From the Vth. Book of OSSIAN'S FINGAL.*

**W**HOSE fame (began the king of gen'rous shells)  
 In that dark, solitary mansion dwells?  
 Four stones, with moss o'ergrown, stand on the heath,  
 And mark the lonely, narrow house of death.  
 Near the sad dwelling be my Ryno laid,  
 Silent companion of the mighty dead!  
 Some chief, perhaps, the dark pavillion shrouds,  
 Prepar'd to fly with him aloft on clouds.  
 O Ullin, raise thy soul-exalting lays,  
 And sing the mighty chiefs of other days!  
 If in the field of glory, in full bloom,  
 Ne'er fled th' illustrious tenants of the tomb,  
 With them my son shall rest, bewail'd no more,  
 Far from his parent, friends, and native shore.  
 Here rest (said Ullin, oracle of song)  
 The best, and bravest of the warrior-throng.

Whose martial deeds each raptur'd bard records,  
 Lamderg, stern chief ! and Ullin, king of swords !  
 And who, soft-smiling, from her cloudy hills,  
 Bright with cœlestial grace, her form reveals ?  
 Ah, why so pale, thou first on Cromla's heath ?  
 With foes in battle didst thou yield thy breath ?  
 Hail, Gealchossa ! snowy-bosom'd fair !  
 The noble Tuathal's all-transcending heir !  
 Adoring thousands for thy beauties strove,  
 But Lamderg, Lamderg, only was thy love.  
 To Selma's mossy tow'rs his way he took,  
 And striking his dark buckler, thus he spoke.

Where is my Gealchossa ? heav'nly maid ;  
 Oh, where has Tuathal's matchless daughter stray'd ?  
 In Selma's echoing halls I left the fair,  
 All bath'd in tears, resign'd to keen despair,  
 When grim Ulfadha, by fierce lust impell'd,  
 With savage fury brav'd me on the field.  
 Return (she said ) O Lamderg, mighty man !  
 Return victorious from the deathful plain,  
 And soothe my anxious heart, and calm each pain !  
 But now no more that form divine appears,  
 No more that voice, like music, charms my ears.

Sad is the hall where mirth and joy were found,  
 No tuneful voice is heard, no harp's soft sound,  
 Nor love's sweet transports, nor the sprightly flow ;  
 'Tis all blank sadness ! all one scene of woe !

Ev'n Bran, depress'd with sorrow, learns to mourn,  
 Nor shakes his chains, joy'd at his lord's return.

Where is my Gealchossa ? heav'nly maid !

Oh, where has Tuathal's matchless daughter stray'd ?

Lamderg (said Fircnios, Afdon's mighty heir)

She with her maids may chase the tim'rous deer.

Fircnios ! no sound from Lena's wood ensues,

No deer bound by ; no panting dog pursues.

Nor does the glorious nymph herself appear,

Fair as night's empress, sparkling from her sphere,

When in full glory, dazzling all the sight,

O'er Cromla's tow'ry hill she pours her sacred light.

Go, Fircnios, to great Allad instant speed,

And learn of him the fortune of the maid ;

Within yon cavern'd rock the prophet dwells,

Where circling stone the dark recess conceals,

From eldest times the sage has there remain'd,

And myst'ries deep, and darkest truths explain'd.

To him the spirit of a seer is giv'n,

Unerring, ancient oracle of heav'n !

Thrill'd with deep awe, he sought the hallow'd rock,  
And prostrate thus the ear of age bespoke.

O thou, who tremblest here alone, whose eye  
Pervades the scenes of dark futurity !

All-knowing prophet ! deep-discerning sage !  
What saw, O reverend sire, thine eyes of age ?

I saw (said Allad) tow'ring o'er the plain,  
Ullin, stern Cairbar's offspring, dreadful man !

Dark as a wintry cloud, with fury stung,  
Down Cromla's steep, he madly rush'd along,

And breathing vengeance, humm'd a surly song.  
To Selma's halls the raging warrior drove,

Where Gealchossa mourn'd her absent love.

Lamderg (he cries) tremendous chief ! prepare  
On Cromla's hill to meet this arm in war.

Rapacious Ullin ! (the warm maid replies,  
Keen anger kindling in her lovely eyes)

Lamderg is far from Selma, mighty man !

Ulfadha braves him on the distant plain,

But Lamderg never flies : he'll meet thy spear,

And soon that vengeful heart will learn to fear.

Soon will he force that stubborn soul to yield,

And send thee scourg'd and howling from the field.

For who can equal Lamderg ? or withstand

Th' avenging fury of that dreadful hand ?



Lovely thy wrath ! (th' admiring hero said)  
 To Cairbar's hall must Gealchossa speed.  
 The valiant only can deserve thy love,  
 And who is valiant, let the conflict prove.  
 From lofty Cromla's emulating height,  
 Three days I call stern Lamderg to the fight.  
 If on the fourth, the warrior falls or flies,  
 The contest ends, and Ullin claims the prize.

So spake the hoary prophet—Lamderg heard,  
 Then thus, impatient, this short pray'r preferr'd :  
 O Allad, live forever ! heav'n-taught sage !  
 Peace to thy dreams, and vigor bless thine age !  
 Now, Firchios ! wide thro' Cromla's utmost bound,  
 Pour the loud challenge till the heav'ns resound,  
 Let the shrill horn's redoubling clangors rise,  
 And rend the brazen concave of the skies.  
 Stern Ullin's self shall tremble at th' alarm,  
 And meet reluctant this avenging arm.

As rous'd by whirlwinds, the mad deeps arise,  
 Foam o'er the rocks, and tempest all the skies ;  
 So Lamderg rush'd with unresisted sway,  
 Nor streams, nor torrents, stop his rapid way ;  
 In vain oppos'd, the craggy mountain stood,  
 The rushing deluge, or o'erwhelming flood.

No stop, no check, his boundless rage can rein,  
 And mountains rise, and rivers roar in vain.  
 Shook by his strides, th' affrighted mountain reels,  
 And rocks fly back beneath his furious heels.  
 His arms, his buckler rung ! wide thro' the shore,  
 He humm'd a song loud as the torrent's roar.  
 Dark as a cloud, all grim, and terrible,  
 The wrathful warrior tow'r'd above the hill.  
 His burnish'd arms like meteors blaze afar,  
 Or the red terrors of th' autumnal star.  
 He roll'd a rock from Cromla, war's grim call !  
 Stern Ullin heard in Cairbar's distant hall.

With joy he hail'd the signal of the war,  
 And fierce for vengeance, took his father's spear :  
 On his dark cheek a smile indignant play'd,  
 While at his side he plac'd the dazzling blade,  
 Grasp'd in his hand, the glitt'ring lance he held,  
 And careless whistling, strode along the field.

Gloomy and silent, as the misty-wreath  
 Which o'er the hill ascending, clouds the heath,  
 The warrior, Gealchossa soon survey'd,  
 And all her conscious bosom shook with dread :  
 Her snowy breast in agony she beat,  
 And silent ! tearful ! fear'd her Lamdurg's fate.

O Cairbar, hoary, venerable man !

(The virgin of the tender hand began)

Too long a captive in your halls detain'd,

Permit me, sire, a moment unrestrain'd,

On Cromla's hill to bend the sounding bow,

And pierce the dark-brown hinds, the leaping roe.

With falt'ring steps she climb'd the hill : in vain !

A purple deluge floated all the plain !

The gloomy chiefs had fought ! (O Comhal's son,

How wrathful heroes fight to thee is known !)

Beneath stern Lamderg's unresisted steel

Cover'd with wounds, rapacious Ullin fell.

Pale, faint, and weary, with the toils of war,

Young Lamderg sought the trembling, anxious fair,

What blood is this ? (the tender virgin cry'd)

What stream O Lamderg gushes from thy side ?

'Tis Ullin's blood—thou fairer than the snow

That spotless shines on Cromla's shady brow !

Here, Gealchossa let thy chief repose,

And in thy lov'd embrace forget his woes.

He spake—while silent ebbing from his side,

Life's purple current flow'd—The mighty Lamderg dy'

And sleep'st thou then so soon on earth (she said)

O chief of shady Cromla ?—(wretched maid !

ever—ah, never will thy griefs remove ! )  
n the cold earth three days she mourn'd her love.  
he hunters found her dead ! with pious care,  
bove the three, this monument they rear.  
hy son, O king of Morven ! here may rest  
Fith heroes—ev'n in death supremely blest.



See the plains of Columbia with banners o'erspread !

Hark ! the roar of the battle's begun !

Like a son of the skies, when proud rebels arise,  
He drives the dire hurricane on.

Him terrors, nor treasons, nor dangers shall daunt,  
Till his country, from bondage restor'd,  
INDEPENDENT and FREE, all her greatness shall see  
Due alone to his conquering sword.

When the thunder is o'er, and fair PEACE spreads her wing,  
The CHIEF still refulgent shall beam,  
Presiding at helm, framing laws for the realm,  
In peace, as in war, still SUPREME !

Then the bright golden age shall triumphant return,  
Millenium's new paradise bloom :  
While from earth's distant end, their high state to attend,  
All nations with transport shall come !

Hail AMERICA, hail ! the glory of lands !  
To thee those high honors are giv'n.  
Thy STARS still shall blaze till the moon veil her rays,  
And the sun lose his path-way in heav'n !



ON THE DEATH OF TWO TWIN-SISTERS. 149

Farewell, sweet heav'nly plant ! ah, say  
How will thy partner mourn ?  
Snatch'd from her lov'd embrace away,  
Ah, never to return !

But see ! the tender sympathy  
Pervades the widow'd flow'r !  
The lonely mourner left by thee,  
Pants for the final hour.

It comes ! adieu, sweet flow'rs adieu !  
Forgive these streaming eyes.  
I see you rapt from mortal view,  
Now blooming in the skies !



*Written on PRESIDENT WASHINGTON's dignified refusal of the request made by the HOUSE of REPRESENTATIVES for the papers relative to the BRITISH TREATY of 1795.*



**C**OLUMBIA exult ! thy DELIV'RER still reigns !  
 That hero who freed thee from servitude's chains !  
 He reigns in the HEART of each patriot-son,  
 And justice and judgment establish his throne.  
 No clouds of detraction such glory can screen ;  
 Like the sun in the heav'ns bright, constant, serene,  
 Tho' they roll in huge volumes to darken his rays,  
 They dissolve into air, and are lost in the blaze.

Immaculate statesman ! invincible chief !  
 Thy breth'ren, like JOSEPH's, shall bow to thy sheaf.  
 Nor by this age alone shall thy worth be confest,  
 Three ages unborn shall rise up, and call blest.  
 Nor alone to thy Country, thy fame be confin'd,  
 But diffus'd thro' the globe co-extend with mankind.  
 All nations and ages, with rapture exclaim  
 " *Twas WASHINGTON led us to FREEDOM and FAME !*"

How splendid HIS glory ! how deathless HIS praise !  
 Whom VIRTUE'S foes hate for pursuing her ways !  
 To the MAN of the PEOPLE this honor is giv'n,  
 His foes are the foes of mankind, and of heav'n.  
 And hence will be seen, spite of each stale device,  
 The rooted aversion 'twixt VIRTUE and VICE ;  
 While folly can blunder, ambition aspire,  
 While envy can blacken, or jealousy fire.

Ye miscreants ! who now the whole state would unhinge,  
 Scarce a year has revolv'd since with bow, fawn, and cringe,  
 Ye servilely worship'd whom now ye revile,  
 In impudence ARNOLDS ! ISCARIOTS in guile !  
 Who courts the mob's grace is unwise in extreme,  
 'Tis lighter than vapour, more vain than a dream.  
 Far nobler incentives have Washington sway'd,  
 A CONSCIENCE approving, a CROWN that CAN'T FADE !

Thou demon INGRATITUDE ! first born of hell !  
 How dur'st thou obtrude where the virtues should dwell ?  
 And you, brave COLUMBIANS ! in one honest breast,  
 How could you admit so infernal a guest ?  
 To blast with reproaches so sacred a name,  
 And pollute with *her* breath those bright laurels of fame !  
 Oh, cast out the fury ! such madness restrain !  
 And scourge the black monster to hell back again.

Say, did we not hail him in council, and field,  
 Our Oracle, Champion, Bulwark, and Shield?  
 Sent down like an angel by HEAVEN'S dread SIRF,  
 To protect, to avenge us, encourage and fire.  
 Like ISRAEL'S, our camp was illum'd by His light :  
 By day a thick cloud, a bright pillar by night.  
 Between both the hosts, stood this greater than MARS,  
 A SUN to our legions, a terror to *theirs*.

Did not, when abandon'd and left by his train,  
 By the States, and by Congress, He singly sustain  
 Columbia's vast weight, by true patriotism fir'd,  
 As ALCIDES the heav'ns, when strong Atlas grew tir'd ?  
 Like SAMSON the Danite, beleaguer'd by foes,  
 Unappal'd, undiscourag'd, victorious he rose ;  
 Pluckt the laurels which BRITAIN had gather'd in vain,  
 And gave us fair freedom, and safety again !

To recount all the PLANS, by his wisdom contriv'd,  
 Or the DEEDS by his conduct, and valour atchiev'd,  
 Were to number the gems that heav'ns concave adorn,  
 The sands on the shore, or the dew-drops of morn.  
 Till success all his labors abundantly crown'd,  
 And the Olive succeeded the Trumpet's shrill sound.  
 Then with glory replete, honor'd, lov'd, and admir'd,  
 His sword he resign'd, and in silence retir'd.

Call'd again by his COUNTRY, from VERNON'S sweet shade  
 To preside o'er her councils ; he chearful obey'd.  
 In framing our present WISE GOVERNMENT shone,  
 The wonder of nations, and boast of our own :  
 Over which both by duty, and interest led,  
 With ONE VOICE the WHOLE PEOPLE elected him head.  
 And still Heaven lends him to watch o'er the state,  
 An example of all that is WISE, GOOD, and GREAT

His wisdom (unruffled by intestine jar)  
 More than once has averted the horrors of war.  
 Under his able conduct, we now rest in peace,  
 Manufactures, and Trade, Arts, and Science, increase.  
 Crops luxuriant our fields and our pastures enrobe,  
 Our Commerce is bounded alone by the globe ;  
 While beneath our own fig-tree, and vine, we obtain  
 And enjoy all the fruit of our labor and pain.

What madness then Citizens, prompts you to range,  
 Or to risque for such bliss, so uncertain a change ?  
 The treaty with Britain can be but pretence :  
 On its side rests the weight of skill, numbers, and sense.  
 Besides, be the TREATY or censur'd, or prais'd,  
 We made it OURSELVES when the FABRIC we rais'd :  
 How dare then our SERVANTS, for faction, or gain,  
 Infinge that wise system they've sworn to maintain ?

Tho' Genet's hopeful pupils the treaty deride,  
 Town-meetings reject it, and Cassius take side  
 With Jacobin-clubs, who all order condemn,  
 Tho' shoals who can't read it, most sagely condemn ;  
 Of you, LEGISLATORS ! we hop'd better things,  
 Or we ne'er had put trust in the shade of your wings.  
 We'll remember, howe'er, when we make the next *choice*,  
 Ev'ry member who gave for the PAPERS his voice.

And could you expect, by such flimsy pretence,  
 To stir from its centre, our ROCK of DEFENCE ?  
 That *number* would awe him, his steadfastness shake,  
 • Or the dread of *impeachment* make WASHINGTON quake ?  
 You try'd it and found, with confusion of face,  
 Th' attempt cloth'd *your party*, not HIM, with disgrace.  
 Superior, undaunted ! yet gentle, and mild,  
 The SIRE of his COUNTRY repuls'd you—and smil'd.

So the high-tow'ring ANDES, majestic, sublime !  
 Capacious and ample, EMBRACING EACH CLIME ;  
 Tho' round its broad base, the hoarse torrent may roar,  
 The loud surges dash, and huge cataracts pour ;  
 On its sides, as in league, tho' fierce lightnings may form :  
 Its strength still derides the bolt, billow, and storm.  
 On its sky-helmed front not a cloud can be seen,  
 But all is calm SUN-SHINE, mild, pure, and serene.

## O D E

FOR THE

*Celebration of the PRESIDENT'S BIRTH DAY.*

## I

TO the gods who preside o'er the nations below,  
 On Olympus' high summit conven'd in full session,  
 AMERICA'S GENIUS with laurel-wreath'd brow,  
 For his noble constituents prefer'd this petition.

“ Let COLUMBIA be free !

To confirm this decree,

Be their charter of Freedom entrusted to me.”

*CH. Still combine in firm union the EAGLE AND DOVE,  
 The trident of Neptune and thunder of Jove.*

## II.

Jove nodded assent, the just suit Juno mov'd,  
 Minerva, gay Phœbus, and Neptune consented,  
 Feather'd Hermes, Latona, and Dian approv'd,  
 But Mars, merry Momus, and Venus dissented.

Then commenc'd the debate,

Each with triumph elate,

And AMERICA'S GENIUS grew pale for her fate.

*Lest the gods should discover the EAGLE AND DOVE,  
 The trident of Neptune and thunder of Jove.*

## A SONG.

## III.

*Mars* bluster'd and swore, if the decree issu'd forth,  
 It would give great offence to the "terrible nation,"  
 That none but Columbia's brave sons upon earth,  
 Could curb *Sans Culottes* and arrest devastation.  
 Then adieu to all wars,  
 Blood, rapine, and scars,  
 While *France* bows her neck to the standard of Stars.

*Displaying in triumph the EAGLE AND DOVE,*  
*The trident of Neptune, and thunder of Jove.*

## IV.

Next *Momus* his visage screw'd up to a sneer,  
 Protested Columbians were sworn foes to laughter,  
 While Frenchmen so merry, so witty, and queer,  
 Could laugh, sing, and caper, midst oceans of slaughter.  
 Then these vot'ries of mine,  
 Who light skip round my shrine,  
 Will never more offer me incense divine,

*If your fist unites the bold EAGLE AND DOVE,*  
*The trident of Neptune, and thunder of Jove.*

## V.

Next *Venus* arising—What madness (she cry'd)

Tempts the gods to take part in Columbia's dire quarrels ?

France triumphs with *Venus* and *Mars* on her side,

With rapes almost surfeit ! o'erloaded with laurels !

Minerva, so stout,

With *Diana* may pout,

But I'll die, ere to them I surrender my vote ;

*Or consent in uniting the EAGLE AND DOVE,*

*The trident of Neptune, and thunder of Jove.*

## VI.

*Ocean's God* then exclaim'd—'Tis in vain to pretend

That Columbia can prosper, her birds torn asunder ;

Then appeal'd to *experience*, truth's voucher and friend,

If his trident e'er rul'd unprotected dy thunder ?

Call'd *Venus* a drab,

Merry *Momus* vile blab,

And gave bully *Mars*, what he wanted—a dab.

*Then swore he'd ne'er sever the EAGLE AND DOVE,*

*His trident of peace, from the thunder of Jove.*



## A SONG.

## VII.

Stern *Pallas* then rising, her *Ægis* on flame !  
 The cause of *Columbia* with eloquence pleaded:  
 I gave her true wisdom, and valor, and fame,  
 Long ere *Adams* the sage *Vernon's* hero succeeded.  
 He dauntless of soul !  
 Proud *France* shall control,  
 And bears *Freedom's* flag from the line to each pole.  
  
*Till the nations receive the bold EAGLE AND DOVE.*  
*The trident of Neptune, and thunder of Jove.*

## VIII.

Then *Jove*, in the name of the gods, thus decree'd.  
 The petition prevails—my sons are victorious ;  
 'Gainst treason, and *Gallia*, they still shall succeed;  
 And rise on her ruins, triumphant and glorious.  
 Their thunder shall roar  
 Round each ocean and shore,  
 Till haughty *France* humbled, too late shall deplore.  
  
*The day that cemented the EAGLE AND DOVE.*  
*The trident of Neptune, and thunder of Jove.*

## PARODY

OF

## Marseilles-Hymn,

1799.

I.

**C**OLUMBIA's sons, arouse to glory !  
 Hark ! the loud trumpet sounds alarms !  
 Her tow'ring EAGLE flies before ye,  
 Her glitt'ring STANDARD calls to arms !  
 Shall *France* on rapine still subsisting,  
 With daring menace, vain and base,  
 That glorious Standard ere disgrace,  
 One STAR on its broad field existing ?

*To arms ! to arms ! ye brave,  
 Tb' avenging sword unsheath !  
 March on ! march on ! all hearts resolv'd  
 On victory, or death !*

II.

On justice, morals, law, they trample,  
 The right's of men, and nations spurn ;  
 Mankind deplore the dire example,  
 And with vindictive vengeance burn !

COLUMBIANS! ere too late, take warning!

Detest th' insidious, sly embrace,  
 And hold no commerce with the race!  
 False as th' infernal "*son of morning!*"

*To arms! &c.*

III.

Say wretched *Venice!* gull'd *Batavia!*  
 What's *French* protection? *Gallic* arts?  
 Ask *Switzerland*, ask bleeding *Suabia*,  
 They'll ring a peal to rive your hearts!  
 With victory, and pride inflated,  
 Where'er unbridled lust can pierce,  
 They lord it oe'r the Universe,  
 Their savage thirst still unabated!

*To arms! &c.*

IV.

Dire *Cannibals!* detested nation!  
 Insatiate still, tho' drunk with blood!  
 You war 'gainst MAN, against CREATION,  
 And *Fiend-like*, make mankind your food!  
 And shall we basely see the ruin  
 Which ghastly EUROPE holds to view,  
 And court the gen'ral ruin too,  
 Our hands in our own blood embruing?

*To arms! &c.*

## V.

O LIBERTY! thy lov'd embraces  
 We'll cherish with our latest breath!  
 Nor *force*, nor *threats*, nor *vile grimaces*,  
 Shall wrest THEE from our grasp till death!  
 While VERNON's HERO, great and glorious!  
 Inspiring, rules the martial band,  
 And ADAMS, bulwark of our land,  
 Still guides the helm of State victorious!  
*To arms! &c.*

## VI.

Our wives, our children, grandsires hoary,  
 United, call us to the field!  
 Awake! AMERICANS, to glory!  
 Gird on your swords, and grasp the shield!  
 Against these MONSTERS of creation,  
 Be all your bolts of vengeance hurl'd,  
 Burst their strong chains, set free a world;  
 And be oppress'd mankind's salvation!  
*To arms! to arms! ye brave,*  
*Tb' avenging sword unsheathe!*  
*March on! march on! all hearts resolv'd*  
*On victory, or death!*

## Eulogy on Laughing,

*Delivered at an exhibition by a YOUNG LADY.*

**L**IKE merry Momus, while the Gods were quaffing,  
 I come—to give an eulogy on laughing !  
 True, courtly Chesterfield, with critic zeal,  
 Asserts that laughing's vastly ungentle !  
 The boist'rous shake, he says, distorts fine faces,  
 And robs each pretty feature of the graces !  
 But yet this paragon of perfect taste,  
 On other topics was not *over-chaste* ;  
 He like the Pharisees in this appears,  
 They ruin'd widows, but they made long pray'rs.  
 Tithe, anise, mint, they zealously affected :  
 But the law's weightier matters lay neglected ;  
 And while an insect strains their squeamish caul,  
 Down goes a monstrous camel—bunch and all !  
 Yet others, quite as sage, with warmth dispute  
 Man's risibles distinguish him from brute ;  
 While instinct, reason, both in common own,  
*To laugh is man's prerogative alone !*

Hail, rosy laughter ! thou deserv'st the bays ! }  
 Come, with thy dimples, animate these lays,  
 Whilst universal peals attest thy praise. }  
 Daughter of Joy ! thro' thee we health attain,  
 When Esculapian recipes are vain.

Let sentimentalists ring in our ears  
 The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears—  
 Heraclitus may whine—and oh ! and ah !—  
 I like an honest, hearty, ha, hah, hah !  
 It makes the wheels of nature gliblier play ;  
 Dull care suppresses ; smooths life's thorny way ;  
 Propels the dancing current thro each vein ;  
 Braces the nerves ; corroborates the brain ;  
 Shakes ev'ry muscle, and throws off the spleen. }

Old Homer makes yon tenants of the skies,  
 His Gods, love laughing as they did their eyes !  
 It kept them in good humor, hush'd their squabbles,  
 As froward children are appeas'd by baubles ;  
 Ev'n Jove, the thund'rer, dearly lov'd a laugh,  
 When, of fine nectar, he had taken a quaff !  
 It helps digestion when the feast runs high,  
 And dissipates the fumes of potent Burgundy.

But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,  
 It is not ev'ry kind of laugh I love ;

For many laughs e'en candor must condemn !  
 Some are too full of acid, some of phlegm ;  
 The loud horse-laugh (improperly so stil'd,  
 The idiot simper, like the slumb'ring child,  
 Th' affected laugh, to shew a dimpled chin,  
 The sneer contemptuous, and broad vacant grin,  
 Are despicable all, as Strephon's smile,  
 To shew his ivory legions, rank and file.

The honest laugh, unstudied, unacquir'd,  
 By nature prompted, and true wit inspir'd,  
 Such as Quin felt, and Falstaff knew before,  
 When humor set the table on a roar ;  
 Alone deserves th' applauding muse's grace  
 The rest—is all contortion and grimace.  
 But you exclaim, " Your Eulogy's too dry ;  
 " Leave dissertation and *exemplify* !  
 " Prove, by experiment, your maxims true ;  
 " And, what you *praise* so highly, make *use*."

In troth I hop'd this was already done,  
 And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won !  
 Like honest Hodge, unhappy should I fail,  
 Who to a crowded audience told his tale,  
 And laugh'd and snigger'd all the while himself  
 To *grace* the story, as he thought, poor elf !

- But not a single soul his suffrage gave—  
 While each long phiz was serious as the grave !  
     Laugh ! laugh ! cries Hodge, laugh loud ? (*no halting*).  
 I thought you all, e'er this, would die with laughing !  
 This did the feat ; for, tickled at the whim,  
 A burst of laughter, like the electric beam, }  
 Shook all the audience—but it was at *him* ! }  
 Like Hodge, should ev'ry stratagem and wile  
 Thro' my long story, not excite a smile,  
 I'll bear it with becoming modesty ; }  
 But should my feeble efforts move your glee, }  
 Laugh, if you *fairly* can—but not at ME ! }



## S O N G

FOR

## Washington's Birth-Day :

FEBRUARY 1799.



**F**ROM Helicon's embow'ring shades,  
 Descend each muse, on rapture's wings ;  
 Apollo, join th' inspiring maids,  
 And sweep the loud-resounding strings !  
 While ans'ring echoes hail the morn  
 When Thou, Great WASHINGTON ! was't born !  
 Thy martial deeds, all tongues employ,  
 From GEORGIA, to HANTONIA's bounds,  
 While shouts of universal joy  
 Th' extended Continent resounds !  
 " This day (re-echoing skies return)  
 " *Illustrious WASHINGTON was born !*"

He leaves the sweet abodes of peace,  
And mounts BELLONA's iron car,  
Ensur'd, by *destiny*, success,  
He rules the thund'ring tide of war !  
Till vanquish'd Vet'rans curse the morn  
Victorious WASHINGTON was born !

His Country freed; he sheathes the sword,  
Untainted by ambition's fires,  
And joy'd to see her rights restor'd,  
In silent majesty retires.  
His brows, eternal wreaths adorn !  
This day, Great WASHINGTON was born.

Our GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION owes  
To HIM its beauty, strength and grace,  
Who with com-patriot peers arose,  
And FREEDOM built on LAW's firm base.  
Then hail the Patriot, by whose aid,  
The glorious corner-stone was laid !

The Fabric built, his Country claim'd  
Her Great Defender for its head,  
He took the helm, with zeal inflam'd,  
While all the Statesman shone display'd :  
Columbia's traitors rue the morn,  
Their great Antagonist was born.

To ADAMS then he gave the helm,  
Well skill'd the glorious bark to guide,  
Seas, shelves, and storms, he makes her stem,  
And proudly brave th' opposing tide.  
His brows with laurels then entwine,  
And blend Great WASHINGTON! with thine.  
But bark! his Country calls! again  
Behold the godlike Chief advance;  
He grasps the sword! resumes the plain!  
To curb the arrogance of France.  
Applauding millions hail the morn  
Their Bulwark of defence was born!  
While the warm blood bedews our veins  
This annual tribute we will pay,  
And war, plague, famine, waste our plains  
To France, and pestilence a prey,  
If e'er our sons forget the morn  
When thou, Great WASHINGTON wa'st born.

## Festival SONG.



**L**A TE Joye and blue Neptune in conference met,  
 On Ida's high summit reclin'd ;  
 The theme was COLUMBIA ! her fame and her fate  
 Engross'd each Cœlestial's high mind.  
 First Neptune began—" Scarce three ages have past,  
 Since the land we adopt for our own,  
 Haunt of savage, and brute, was a rude howling waste  
 Undiscover'd, unpeopled, unknown.

COLUMBUS with noble ambition I fir'd,  
 To explore the vast region unkown,  
 His zeal I encourag'd, his sails I inspir'd  
 And wafted him safe o'er my throne.  
 When the fiend *Persecution* in Britain fierce sway'd,  
 The *Oppress'd* on my bosom I bore,  
 Call'd the winds to assist them—the wild winds's obey'd,  
 And wing'd them with speed to the shore.

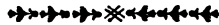
Each toil they encounter'd, all hardships sustain'd,  
 Till the desert a paradise grew ;            [obtain'd,  
 Wholesome laws they ordain'd, chartered rights soon  
 From the Monarch and realm whence they flew.  
 For RELIGION and FREEDOM, they brav'd ev'ry foe,  
 Intrepid, invincible, strove ;  
 Resolv'd the rich blessings to taste here *below*,  
 Or enjoy, unmolested, *above* !

COLUMBIA, increas'd in fame, numbers, and wealth,  
 Dire envy inflam'd her old foe ;  
 Who with taxes devis'd to enslave her by stealth,  
 But FATE and the GODS will'd not so.  
 Her foes she engag'd—while my waves rose to check  
 The POWER who rules ocean with me ;  
 The chains of *Dependance* she tore from her neck,  
 Now reigns INDEPENDENT and FREE !”

“ And still shall she reign” ! (Jove with transport reply'd)  
 “ Of all nations the envy, and dread ;  
 Nor France, with the furies and fraud on her side,  
 Shall tear the rich crown from her head !  
 All the Gods, in her cause, would arise in their wrath,  
 Old VULCAN her thunder-bolts forge,  
 Her Cannon, dire Powder, and Weapons of death ;  
 And teach the dread tubes to disgorge.

Stern PHOEBUS his arrows, fierce hissing, should send,  
My Ægis MINERVA should wield,  
While MARS who once dar'd Gallia's cause to defend,  
Would load with her corsers the field.  
EGEON, the monster, who durst Jove defy,  
With NEPTUNE, should furious advance,  
His hundred hands brandish—while fierce from the sky,  
I launch'd my red lightning on FRANCE.  
But the aid of the Gods, COLUMBIA declines,  
Tho' assail'd from *within*, and *abroad*,  
Her Arms and her Counsels shall blast their designs,  
And rebels subdue with her rod.  
Her *Tars* are all TRUXTONS, her *Soldiers* ne'er fly,  
Her *Fleets* shall invincible prove ;  
Sage ADAMS for wisdom, with PALLAS may vie,  
And WASHINGTON equals a JOVE !"

## ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.



HEAV'N and the fates this day decreed  
Our happy country should be freed!

COLUMBIANS rise! from shore to shore,

Let joy resound! loud cannons roar!

And while we hail the glorious morn,

Let *France* recline her head, and mourn,

While PATRIOTS with the dawn awake,

Let inbred *Traitors* fear, and quake,

Whilst *Demo's* shun the joyous throng,

This be the burthen of the song—

CHORUS.

“COLUMBIA rise! be firm, be free!

“The friends of *France* are foes to *Thee*.

“Detest the tools of *Talleyrand*,

“And spurn each *Traitor* from the land!”

Shall we to *Gallia* bow the knee?

COLUMBIA tributary be?

Her insults bear without a groan?

And pay her *plunders* by a loan?

Yes—we'll pay *tribute*—with a *Fleet*,

And *Powder* shall the loan complete.

Nor force, nor guile, nor *traitor-fiend*,  
 Our stedfast GOVERNMENT shall bend,  
 Like ATLAS firm, or ANDES' pride,  
 With ev'ry PATRIOT on her side.

*Columbia, &c.*

Our native Oaks—(majestic Wood !)  
 Start from their roots, and plough the flood,  
 Where winds can waft, or billows flow,  
 To hurl their thunder on the foe.

'Gainst rebels to our Country's cause,  
 We've *Alien*, and *Sedition-Laws*.

We've upright Judges, Patriots true,  
 With juries, fines, chains, prisons, too,  
 So close the prison, strong the chain,  
 To burst—a LYON'S strength were vain.

*Columbia, &c.*

Let none dare think these Laws severe—  
 How did the wrath of Heav'n appear,  
 When rebel-angels brav'd His throne?  
 He hurl'd the daring traitors down  
 To realms of punishment, and woe—  
 Where ev'ry rebel ought to go.



## AN ODE.

Beware, then, Traitors! ere too late,  
 Nor brave the vengeance of the State!  
 Lest what you now so *cruel* deem,  
 Should then seem *Mercy* in the extreme!

*Columbia, &c.*

Now to the *Fair* a noble toast—

“Still may you reign COLUMBIA’S boast!

Nor wheedling *Frenchmen* e’er beguile,

Nor *Democrat* obtain one smile.”

But while *they* feel thi’ indignant frown;

Let *smiles* each FEDERAL HERO crown

So LOVE and GLORY they’ll pursue,

And ’midst the battle, think on you.

All chains but yours, they dare despise,

And dread no lightning, but your eyes.

*exokos.*

“COLUMBIA rise! be firm, be free,

“The friends of *France*, are foes to *Thee*!

“Detest the tools of *Talleyrand*,

“And spurn each *Traitor* from the Land!”

## SONG FOR

## President ADAMS' Birth-Day.



## I.

AMERICA shout ! thy own ADAMS still lives !  
 The terror of Traitors, and pride of our nation !  
 'Mid clouds of detraction, still glorious survives,  
 Sedition's dread scourge, and his Country's salvation.  
 Let his fame then rebound  
 The wide universe round,  
 'Till Heav'n's starry-arch the loud chorus rebound !  
*Such honors, pure worth must from gratitude claim,  
 Till the Sun is is extinct, and the Globe all on flame !*

## II.

As bright Sol, whom the planets exulting obey,  
 Darts thro' clouds those glad beams that enliven creation,  
 So ADAMS, 'midst tempests and storms, with mild sway,  
 Of our system, the centre and soul ! holds his station.  
 Tho' dire comets may rise,  
 Let them meet but his eyes,  
 And in tangents, they whirl and retreat thro' the skies.  
*Our Sun, Regent, Centre ! then ever extol,  
 Till your Orb cease to shine, and those Planets to roll.*

## III.

As gold try'd by fire, leaves the dross all behind,  
 So, slander'd by *Jacobin* sons of sedition,  
**ADAMS** bursts forth refulgent as Saints are refin'd  
 From the furnace of Satan, that son of perdition !

Then let Adams be sung  
 By each Patriot tongue,  
 And **COLUMBIA**'s loud lyre be to exstacy strung !

*These honors such worth must from gratitude claim,  
 Till the sun is extinct, and the Heaven's are on flame !*

## IV.

On *Neptune's* vast kingdom, where oceans can flow;  
 Display'd is our *Standard* our *Eagle* respected,  
 This change to great **ADAMS** and **WISDOM** we owe—  
 Now our *Commerce* rides safe, by our *Cannon* protected.

Then— *three cheers* to our Fleet !

May they never retreat, . . .

But with *prize* after *prize*, their lov'd **PRESIDENT** greet !

*And ne'er may COLUMBIAN's grow cold in his praise,  
 Till the sun is extinct and the Universe blaze !*

## V.

But while our young *Navy* such rapture excites,  
 Our Heroes by *Land* claim our warm admiration,  
 With manhood and youth, e'ven the *infant* unites,  
 Sons of Heroes ! boast, pride, and defence of our Nation !

Such a spirit's gone forth  
 Of true valor and worth,  
 'Twould be arduous to tame it; all pow'rs upon earth !  
 'Twas *ADAMS* inspir'd it—to him be the praise,  
 Long as *Cynthia* shall shine, or the *Sun* dart his rays !

## VI.

But turn us to Europe—how fares it with *France* ?  
 What ! confounded ! amaz'd ! such astonishment ne'er  
 [rose !  
 From the North bursts *SUWARROW* ! I see him advance !  
 That Victor of victors ! that Hero of heroes !  
 Hardy Russian ! *Mon-Dieu* !  
 If this course you pursue,  
 You will leave *MIGHTY WASHINGTON* nothing to do.  
 At that name the *Muse* kindles, and twining fresh bays,  
 Blends with *ADAMS*'s glory, great *WASHINGTON*'s praise !

## VII.

Not a Nation on earth, would we fear with such aid,  
(Heav'n save us alone from *internal* commotion !  
Not *Britain, France, Europe*—COLUMBIA would dread,  
Their *Forces* by *Land*—their proud *Fleets* on the *Ocean*,  
Our Heroes prepar'd,  
Would their progress retard,  
Sage ADAMS to guide, and Great WASHINGTON guard.  
*Their Glory increasing as Nature decays,*  
*In Eternity's Temple resplendent shall blaze !*

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FINGAL, BOOK I.

*AN EPIC POEM,*

From Ossian.

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## A R G U M E N T.

Cuchullin, General of the Irish tribes in the minority of Cormac, king of Ireland sitting alone beneath a tree, at the gate of Tura, a castle of Ulster (the other chiefs having gone on a hunting party to Cromla, a neighboring hill) is informed of the landing of Swaran, king of Locklin, by Moran, the son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs; a council is held, and disputes ran high about giving battle to the enemy. Connal, the petty king of Torgoma, and an intimate friend of Cuchullin, was for retreating till Fingal king of those Gledonians, who inhabited the northwest coast of Scotland, whose aid had been previously solicited, should arrive. But Calmar, the son of Matha, lord of Lara, a country in Connaught, was for engaging the enemy immediately. Cuchullin of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar. Marching towards the enemy, he missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Duchomar, and Cathbat. Fergus arriving, tells Cuchullin of the death of the two other chiefs, which introduces the affecting episode of Morna the daughter of Cormac. The army of Cuchullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle. The son of Arno returning to Swaran describes to him Cuchullin's chariot, and the terrible appearance of that hero. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuchullin, according to the hospitality of the times, sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast, by his bard Carril the son of Kinfera. Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuchullin the story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy; which closes the action of the first day.

## F I N G A L,

## BOOK I.

## FROM OSSIAN.

NEAR Tura's wall Cuchullin, mighty chief,  
 Sat by the lonely tree of rustling leaf.  
 A mossy rock his glitt'ring spear upheld,  
 Beside him, careless lay his pond'rous shield.  
 His busy thoughts present a deathful scene,  
 The foe defeated, and proud Cairbar slain,  
 When, from his scout return'd, Moran appears,  
 And to the warlike chief these tidings bears.

Rise, rise, Cuchullin ! arm thee for the fight !  
 Lo, Swaran's Mighty fleet appears in sight.  
 The num'rous heroes swell the sable tide,  
 And o'er the rolling waves insulting ride.

O Fithil's son ! (Cuchullin made reply)  
 Thy fears th' uncertain danger magnify.  
 Perhaps great Fingal's fleet the ocean fills,  
 And the stern monarch of the lonely hills



Our brave ally, impatient, ploughs the main,  
In haste to aid me on green Ullin's plain.

I saw their leader, (Fithil's son replies)  
Tall as a rock of ice in wintry skies.  
His spear, in size, yon blasted fir excell'd,  
And like the rising moon appear'd his shield.  
On the bleak shore which stormy waves surround,  
He sat, his chiefs like gloomy clouds around.  
Awhile an awful horror chill'd my breast ;  
Then thus the dreadful hero I address.

“ O chief of men ! thy furious wrath compose,  
“ Great is our leader, num'rous are thy foes.  
“ Tho' matchless strength be thine, yet thou may'st fall,  
“ For mighty men are seen from Tura's wall.”

Like a hoarse wave the gloomy chief reply'd,  
While his swoln bosom glow'd with horrid pride.

Throughout this spacious land what hero dare,  
With the wide Ocean's furious chief compare ?  
The fiercest warriors fall beneath my hand,  
And none but Fingal can my rage withstand.  
Fingal—who oft the war's whole shock sustains,  
And o'er the stormy hills unrivall'd reigns.

In wrestling once we prov'd our matchless might,  
Whilst lofty Malmor trembled at the sight.

Rocks lay o'erturn'd, the forest bow'd its head,  
 And rivers, murm'ring from the contest fled.  
 Three days the furious conflict we renew'd,  
 Whilst mightiest heroes distant, trembling, stood ;  
 The fourth—proud Fingal says he won the prize,  
 But ocean's prouder monarch this denies.  
 Let dark Cuchullin yield to him whose might  
 Exceeds the raging storms on Malmor's rocky height.

No (said the blue-ey'd chief) I ne'er will fly,  
 The dark Cuchullin shall be great—ór die.  
 Go, son of Fithil, my strong dagger wield,  
 And strike the warlike Caibat's sounding shield.

At Tara's gate the bossy Orb is found,  
 Its horrid clank betrays no peaceful sound,  
 Each gen'rous hero shall the signal hear,  
 And on proud Cromla's hill expect the war.

He struck the shield—rocks, hills, and woods resound,  
 The nimbly-bounding Deer all start around,  
 And list'ning heroes hail the welcome sound.

Upstart'd Curach, fierce, untaught to fear,  
 Then furious Connal of the bloody spear ;  
 Next Favi's son forsakes the drak-brown Roe,  
 And Crugal's hardy breast demands the foe.

Hark! Runar cries, the shield of war I hear,  
 Fierce Lugar hails the great Cuchullin's spear,  
 And ev'ry ardent bosom beats for war.

Arm son of Ocean! desolation deal!  
 And thou great Calmar, lift thy sounding steel!  
 Rise, Puno, horrid chief, in all thy might,  
 Cairbar, forsake thy woods, and swell the fight.  
 O Eth, from Lena's sacred stream descend,  
 And, Caolt, thy strong arm our cause defend,  
 Whose sides are like the briny foam that roars  
 Against the murm'ring cliffs of Cuthon's trembling shores.

Now the bold chiefs in warlike pride I view,  
 Whilst martial sounds their former deeds renew;  
 Each horrid battle rushes on their soul,  
 Their flaming eyes with sparkling fury roll,  
 They grasp their mighty swords, each eye-brow lours,  
 And from their sides the ruddy lightning pours.  
 Like mountain-streams they rush from Cromla's hill,  
 And roaring, thund'ring, all the valley fill.  
 Their sires' bright armour sheds a beamy light,  
 Fires ev'ry breast, and urges on the fight.  
 Their heroes follow, gloomy as the sky,  
 When thro' the darken'd air red meteors fly;

The grey-dogs' howl ascends with clashing arms,  
And all is fury, terror, and alarms !  
The song of battle bursts tempestuous round,  
And rocking Cromla echoes to the sound.

On Lena's dusky heath the warriors stood,  
Dark as the horrors of the gloomy wood,  
When thickest mist the hills of autumn shrouds,  
And lifts its tow'ring summit to the clouds.

With joy Cuchullin view'd the martial train,  
He shook his massy spear, and thus began.

All hail ye heroes of the narrow vale !  
No more shall hunting your gay hours regale.  
A nobler sport now claims each heart and hand ;  
War like a tempest bursts upon our land.  
Say shall we fight ? ye terrors of the field !  
Or verdant Inisfail to Locklin yield ?  
Speak, Connal, mighty chief, our friend and guide,  
Thou oft hast Locklin's boundless fury try'd.  
Wilt thou once more thy pow'rful aid afford,  
And for thy country lift thy father's sword ?

Then calmly thus the chief, Cuchullin hear  
A faithful friend who knows nor art, nor fear,  
To battle bred, I love the martial field,  
When the thick thunder rattles on my shield,

Oft have these hands in slaughter been embru'd,  
 And my keen spear delights to mix in blood.  
 But did great Fingal's soul this breast incite,  
 I'd shun the foe, nor risque unequal fight.  
 View Swaran's fleet ! thou first on Cormac's plain,  
 The sable squadron blackens half the main.  
 Like forests cover'd with thick mists they seem,  
 His masts exceed the reeds in Lego's stream !  
 Confiding in their strength his heroes rage,  
 And only wait the signal to engage.  
 Then be advis'd : let grim contention cease,  
 Own their superior force, and sue for peace.  
 Ev'n Fingal's self this battle would forbear,  
 Fingal, the foremost in the ranks of war !  
 Who, like fierce storms, and torrents on the heath,  
 When cloud-top't Cona feels the tempest's breath  
 Resistless rages round, and scatters death.

Fly Connal peaceful chief ! (said Matha's son)  
 Fly where the spear of battle never shone.  
 On Cromla's hills pursue the dark-brown deer,  
 And teach the trembling hart thy wrath to fear.  
 But thou Cuchullin, lead the warlike band,  
 And make proud Swaran own thy mighty hand ;  
 Let Locklin's haughty sons thy fury feel,  
*Through all their ranks fierce desolation deal,*

Nor let one ship from Starno's icy shore,  
Bound on the rolling waves of Inistore.  
Ye winds of Erin, rise ! ye whirlwinds fly !  
And in the madd'ning tempest let me die ;  
Let angry ghosts this mangled body tear,  
And my vile carcass feast the fowls of air,  
If e'er the chace could Calmar pastime yield,  
When war's grim summons call'd him to the field !

To whom (while valour swell'd his dauntless mind)  
With accent mild the noble chief rejoin'd.

I never fled, O Matha's valiant heir !  
Nor e'er was slow the toils of war to share.  
But heroes boast not, small is Connals' fame,  
The day was won—and valor overcame.  
But thou Cuchullin calmly hear thy friend,  
Whom fears, nor warm reproaches e'er can bend.  
Let Cormac's ancient throne thy care engage,  
And for thy Country's good suppress thy rage.  
Give wealth and half the land, nor tempt our doom,  
Till mighty Fingal to the battle come.  
But if thy choice be war, I lift the spear,  
And teach their mightiest chiefs thy wrath to fear,  
This dauntless breast shall stand their fiercest might,  
And my soul brighten in the gloom of fight.

Then thus the chief. To me the noise of arms  
 Is sweet—the horn and all the war's alarms ;  
 Sweet as the thunder's voice, when vernal show'rs  
 Revive the fields, and cheer the op'ning flow'rs.  
 But let the warlike tribes thus arm'd for fight,  
 In martial order move before my sight ;  
 Bright as the sun ere black'ning storms impend,  
 And Morven's echoing woods beneath their fury bend.

But where are my companions in the war,  
 Who toss'd the lance, or rul'd the thund'ring car ?  
 Thou Cathbat, fairer than the queen of night,  
 And tow'rlike Duchomar, that cloud in fight ?  
 Ev'n thou O Fergus, joy of ev'ry feast,  
 Hast left thy friend with num'rous ills oppress'd.  
 In vain I seek great Rossa's warlike son,  
 Who like a meteor in the battle shone.  
 But see ! he comes to bless my longing view,  
 Swift as the nimble Roe when dogs pursue.  
 Hail, mighty hero ! unappal'd declare  
 What shades great Rossa's offspring ? soul of war !

Four stones, reply'd the chief, now dreary rise  
 O'er Cathbat's grave ; on earth Duchomar lies,  
 Untimely slain ! Oh, Cathbat, mighty man !  
 Thou, like a sun-beam, shon'st on Malmor's plain.

And fierce Duchomar, matchless chief ! appear'd  
 Like the black mist on marshy Lano fear'd,  
 When o'er th' autumnal plains in gloomy wrath  
 It sails—and spreads diseases, plagues, and death.  
 O Morna, heav'nly maid ! sweet is thy sleep,  
 Whil'st o'er thy cave each hero loves to weep.  
 Too soon that tender frame expir'd in death,  
 Like a bright star that shoots athwart the heath,  
 When the lone tray'ler eyes the kindly gleam,  
 Then silent ! tearful ! mourns she transient beam.

To whom the son of Semo, brief relate  
 What caus'd these mighty heroes' early fate.  
 By Locklin's sons in battle did they fall ?  
 Or what confines the chiefs to the dark, narrow hall ?

Then thus the hero. Cathbat met his fate  
 From fierce Duchomar—I'll the tale relate.

To Tura's gloomy cave Duchomar came,  
 Where Morna sat, and fed a secret flame.  
 The beauteous Cathbat was her early care,  
 She fear'd his fate ! she dropt the tender tear !  
 Her anxious bosom heav'd with many a sigh,  
 When to the drear abode the chief drew nigh.  
 With kind concern, her sorrow he survey'd,  
 And in soft accents, thus address'd the maid.



Hail, lovely Morna ! fairest of thy sex !  
 Oh say what cares that tender bosom vex ?  
 Why in the lonely cave sitt'st thou forlorn,  
 From social joys, from friends and kindred torn ?  
 No more thy presence cheers each drooping swain,  
 Those smiling eyes no longer light the plain.  
 Around thee noisome damps their venom shed,  
 And howling tempests whistle o'er thy head.  
 Each murm'ring stream to thy soft woe replies,  
 And hollow caverns echo back thy sighs.  
 The forest groans ; amidst fierce whirlwinds fly,  
 And dark the clouds that shade the gloomy sky ;  
 But thou art fairer than the fleecy snow  
 That shines unspotted on the mountain's brow !  
 Thy panting breasts luxuriant rise, and seem  
 Like two smooth marbles seen from Brannio's stream.  
 Thy hair the mist of Cromla far outvies,  
 When on the rocks the curling vapors rise,  
 And with reflected splendor gild the skies.  
 Thine arms like pillars shine supporting fair  
 The lofty palace of great Comhal's \*heir !  
 From whence ? thou gloomy man ! (the maid repli  
 Dark is thy brow, and terrible thine eyes !

\* Fingal.

Does Swaran's fleet on the high waves appear ?

What of the foe, Duchomar, quick declare ?

From Malmor's heath (the chief reply'd) I roam,  
 Three stately hinds lie by these shafts o'ercome,  
 And three, from my fierce dogs have met their doom. }  
 I've slain one deer for thee, O lovely maid,  
 Swift were his feet, and high his branchy head.

To whom with scorn the nymph—thy gifts are vain,  
 Nor shalt thou, gloomy man ! one smile obtain.

Dark is thy soul, by rage and lust possest,

And savage fury steels that flinty breast !

But thou dear Cathbat, Torman's mighty heir !

Thee, thee I love ! and thou alone shalt share

My last affection as my early care !

But tell me, warrior, I conjure thee tell,

When saw'st thou Cathbat, beauteous on the hill ?

For here alone the absent youth I mourn,

And pensive, wav'ring, wait his dear return.

And long shall Morna wait ! the purple tide

Yet stains my reeking blade ! (Duchomar cry'd)

At Branno's stream all-furious we engag'd,

And long, with equal strength, the combat rag'd ;

At length superior valor won the strife,

And the stern foe resign'd his rage and life.

Yet for thy sake the warrior's tomb I'll raise,  
 And distant ages shall resound his praise.  
 But ah, forget his fate, my flame approve,  
 And to the victor-chief transfer thy love.  
 Oh give Duchomar all thy heart!—his arm  
 Is train'd to war, and stronger than a storm.

And art thou fallen on thy echoing heath?  
 Does Torman's offspring feel the dart of death?  
 Lamented youth! and does my hero bleed?  
 O fatal tidings! and O wretched maid!  
 Ah, what avail thy charms by all confess,  
 Those blooming features, and that snowy breast?  
 Thy gen'rous, manly soul, by all belov'd,  
 Thy dauntless spirit, oft in battle prov'd?  
 Still foremost in the chace thou did'st appear,  
 Our joy in peace, our strong defence in war.  
 Thy suff'ring country oft thy aid implor'd,  
 And ocean's strangers trembled at thy sword!  
 Cruel Duchomar! thou art dark indeed,  
 For at each wound does my torn bosom bleed.  
 But yield thy weapon, thus in gore embru'd,  
 'Twill sooth my griefs—I love ev'n Cathbat's blood.  
 Won by her tears he gave to her request  
 The fatal sword. She pierc'd his manly breast!

Like some proud bank by mountain streams o'erturn'd  
The warrior fell, and thus in anguish mourn'd.

Daughter of Cormac-Cairbar, thou hast slain  
Thy Cathbat's foe ! and all my hopes are vain.  
Cold is the steel ! it chills the vital tide,  
Thy wrath is sated, gratify'd thy pride,  
Nor unreveng'd has thy lov'd Cathbat dy'd. }

Give me to Moina, tender, slighted fair,  
Duchomar was her dream, her only care.  
Just to my men'ry, she a tomb will raise,  
And hunters as they pass, shall learn my praise.  
But draw the sword, assuage the racking pain,  
That tears my breast, and freezes ev'ry vein.

She drew the weapon from the gaping wound ;  
He pierc'd her snowy side, and spread her locks around.  
Life's sanguine current, bursting from each vein,  
Stain'd her white arm, and crimson'd all the plain.  
Rolling in death, the lovely virgin lies,  
And Tura's caverns echo'd with her cries. •

Peace (said Cuchullin) to the heroes' shades !  
Their souls were mighty, terrible their deeds !  
Let them, high-borne on clouds, surround my car,  
Shew their grim features, and inspire the war.

Then shall my soul be strong, by fury driv'n,  
My arm like the dread thund'ring peal of heav'n.

But thou O Morna, in mild peace array'd,  
Cheer my sad spirit thro' night's gloomy shade ;  
When slaughter'd heroes, friends, and kindred join'd,  
Rise, in dire prospect, to my tortur'd mind.  
O then, all-pitying, from thy clouds repair,  
From my rack'd bosom force each gloomy care,  
On a bright moon-beam near my window rest,  
With balmy comforts soothe my troubled breast,  
Bid the dire din of war and slaughter cease,  
And soften ev'ry rugged thought to peace.

But this in time. Now let contention reign,  
And war's whole fury burst upon the plain.  
Arm, all my heroes ! rush to Erin's field !  
Let valor be your helm, and fierce revenge your shield  
Attend my chariot, glory in my course,  
Pour on the foe with unresisted force,  
Follow my bounding steeds, wake all your might,  
Think 'tis Cuchullin leads you on to fight ;  
So shall my soul exult, nor terror feel,  
When the war darkens round my beaming steel,  
As rushes from dark Cromla's steepy grove  
A stream of foam, while thunder roars above,

And half the cloud-topt hill is lost in night ;  
So fierce, so vast, so terrible to fight,  
Rush'd Erin's sons ! but far before the rest,  
Their dauntless leader furious, onward preat.  
So the huge Whale, stern tyrant of the sea,  
Ploughs thro' the briny deeeps his desp'rate way,  
Where'er he moves the raging billows croud,  
The boiling ocean foams, and roars aloud,  
Swift to their beds, the finny race repair,  
And all the wat'ry region quakes with fear.

The sons of Locklin heard the gath'ring noise,  
Loud as the torrent's roar, or thunder's voice.  
Swaran, impatient, struck his bossy shield,  
And summon'd all his heroes to the field.  
First Arno's-son appear'd : to whom the chief,  
What deaf'ning murmur rolls along the heath  
Like ev'ning swarms ? do Erin's sons descend,  
Or driving winds the distant forests rend ?  
Such prelude, Gormaal sends ere storms arise,  
And mount my-whit'ning billows to the skies.  
Ascend the hill, and view the face of war.

He went, and trembling swift return'd : pale fear  
Siez'd all his frame ! the blood his cheeks forsook,  
Wild roll'd his eyes ! his heart with horror shook,  
And broken accents falter'd as he spoke—

Rise, chief of dark-brown shields ! rise, Ocean's son,  
 I see the mountain-stream of war roll on !  
 I see wide stretch'd, and dark'ning all the coast,  
 The firm, deep-moving strength of Erin's host.  
 The car of battle thunders o'er the plains,  
 Cuchullin's flaming car ! he holds the reins,  
 With rage divine the furious steeds impels,  
 And, cloth'd in terror, guides the rapid wheels.

As bends before a rock, the yielding wave,  
 As mists which Starno's cloudy summit lave,  
 So bends the stately car, as o'er the heath  
 It drives impetuous, and denounces death.  
 Its sides, emboss'd with stones, shed beamy light,  
 Sparkling like ocean round "the boat of night."  
 Yew is its beam, the seat of smoothest bone,  
 Its floor the footstool of war's stormy son.  
 Unnumber'd spears gleam dreadful round the car,  
 And add new horrors to the impending war.

On the right side is seen, unmatched in speed,  
 'The high-man'd, broad-trunk'd, proud, high-leaping steed  
 Loudly resounds his hoof, his spreading mane  
 Curls like a wreath of smoke that clouds the plain,  
 Bright are his polish'd sides, his spirits flame,  
 And Sullin is the fiery courser's name.

Fix'd on the left, Dusronnal hurls the car;  
 The dark-man'd, strong-hoof'd, fleet, high-bounding  
 [steed of war.

The sons of battle own his strength unquell'd,  
 Swift on the hill, tremendous in the field.  
 A thousand thongs support the car on high,  
 And the wheels kindle as the coursers fly.  
 Hard, polish'd bits shine in a wreath of foam,  
 Clouds of thick vapor from their nostrils come;  
 Thongs, deck'd with pearls, their stately necks infold,  
 And steeds and chariot flame with gems and gold.  
 Like wreaths of mist they wing their rapid way,  
 Strong as the eagle darting on her prey,  
 And the swift deer is far less swift than they.  
 Their noise is like the wintry whirlwind's might,  
 That roars o'er snow-crown'd Gormal's tow'ry height.

Within the car, high-eminent, is seen  
 Semo's unconquer'd offspring, first of men!  
 His red cheek flames with wrath, rage fills his soul,  
 Beneath dark-louring brows his furious eye-balls roll.  
 Loose o'er his shoulders waves his flaming hair,  
 Eager for fight, he chides the ling'ring war,  
 And in proud triumph shakes his threat'ning spear.  
 Fly, king of Ocean! seek thy native land,  
 Nor tempt the fury of that dreadful hand.



When did the king of Locklin ever fly ?

Thou trembling dastard ! dost thou fear to die ?

The brave by valor oft prolong their breath,

Whilst flying cowards meet untempted death.

When Gormal's thousand billows round me rav'd,

Unaw'd, the raging element I brav'd.

And shall I now the glorious battle shun ?

Fly the dire wrath of Semo's feeble son ?

Shall he who dauntless met the storms of heav'n,

By a mere hero's mortal arm be driv'n ?

Were Morven's king my foe, his rage I'd dare,

And meet ev'n Fingal's self, that cloud in war.

Rise, rise, my thousands ! pour upon the plain !

Rush on to slaughter like the roaring main !

In horrid pomp your fearless chief surround,

Strong as my rocks when whirlwinds roar around,

Joyous they meet the tempest from on high,

And glorying in their strength, the warring winds def

As from two hills swell'd by autumnal rains,

Two echoing torrents rush, and drench the plains,

Or as from two high rocks with dreadful sweep,

A rushing deluge thunders o'er each steep,

Then with impetuous rage descends amain,

And boils, and foams, and roars along the plain ;

So met the heroes, such the loud alarms,  
When Innisfail and Locklin rush to arms ;  
Chief mix'd his strokes with chief, and man with man,  
Steel clash'd on steel, cleft helmets strew'd the plain,  
Death, rage, and fury, all their horrors yield,  
And copious slaughter dy'd the smoking field.  
Swords gleam, bows twang, darts, lances, arrows fly,  
And shouts, and dying clamors, rend the sky !  
Thick spears flame dreadful like the meteor's light,  
That glares tremendous thro' the storms of night.  
As roars the deep when all its billows rise,  
As the last peal that rends th' affrighted skies,  
Such horrid tumult, such conflicting sound,  
Fills all the air, and echoes wide around.  
Tho' Cormac's hundred bards should all unite  
To raise the song, and paint the dreadful fight,  
Yet vain would be their ardor, faint their songs,  
Feeble the efforts of a hundred tongues,  
To draw the horrid scene, or give to fame  
The deaths of heroes, and their deeds proclaim.

Ye sons of song, Sithallin's fate bewail ;  
And thou Fiona, let thy sighs prevail  
For thy lost Ardan ; till his heaths around,  
In plaintive echoes, render back the sound.

Like two young hinds they fell, untimely slain  
 By gloomy Swaran, when thro' all the plain  
 He roar'd terrific 'midst his thousand bands,  
 Like the shrill spirit who the storm commands,  
 When he bestrides the clouds, in horrid state,  
 And, pleas'd, enjoys the hapless sailor's fate.

Nor by thy side, unactive, slept thy hand,  
 Thou son of Semo ! scourge of Locklin's band.  
 It rag'd resistless thro' their ranks of pride,  
 Shook all their strength, and spread the slaughter wide.  
 His sword was like th' all-piercing beam of heav'n,  
 When to its wasting rage whole tribes are giv'n ;  
 With trembling horror seiz'd, they stand aghast,  
 And nations die beneath the scorching blast.  
 With shrieks, and mingled cries, the heav'ns resound,  
 And hills, and woods, and mountains blaze around !  
 O'er the dead chiefs Dusronnal snorting tore,  
 And furious Sullin bath'd his hoofs in gore.  
 Behind them lay the war, confusion vast !  
 Like groves o'erturn'd on Cromla's dreary waste,  
 When the dire tempest desolation brings,  
 And ghosts ride furious on its angry wings.  
 Weep on the rocks O maid of Inistore,  
 While winds inclement round thy temples roar !

O'er the wild waves recline thy drooping head,  
And in th' increasing stream thy sorrows shed:  
Yet sighs are vain, in vain thy tears distil,  
Thou fairer than the spirit of the hill  
When on a sun-beam, in mid-day serene,  
It glides in silence o'er the dewy green !  
For Trenar, thy lov'd Trenar, is no more,  
Nor can thy tears his fleeting breath restore.  
All pale beneath Cuchullin's lance he lies,  
While the stern victor glories in the prize.

O early lost ! ere victory had shed  
Her flatt'ring glories round thy laurel'd head !  
In the full tide of youthful ardor slain !  
Vain thy ambition, and thy valor vain !  
No more that arm the glitt'ring steel shall wield,  
Nor thy keen jav'lin lighten thro' the field !  
For thee, the Bard no more shall sweep the strings,  
Nor valor raise thy soul to match with kings !  
Thy grey-dogs, conscious, mourn their master lost,  
With piteous howl ; they see thy passing ghost !  
The sprightly harp lies in thy hall unstrung,  
Aloft, thy beamy arms, now useless hung,  
No more that formidable port adorn :  
And joy's forever from thy dwelling torn !

As, swell'd by storms, a thousand waves rush down  
 On some tall rock ; so Swaran's host came on.  
 As meets the rock a thousand rushing waves,  
 So Innisfail the furious Swaran braves.  
 Death raises all his voices high around,  
 And with the din of armor blends the sound.  
 Gloomy and fierce the wrathful heroes stood,  
 Their thirsty falchions bath'd in mutual blood.  
 A pillar of thick darkness each appear'd ;  
 His sword, a beam of fire, terrific glar'd ;  
 Which shew'd the dying chiefs, the deathful plain,  
 And crown'd the horrors of the dreadful scene !  
 From wing to wing the mingled clamor flies,  
 As when, by turns, a hundred hammers rise  
 On the red son of fire—the vaults rebound,  
 And earth and heav'n return the deafning sound.

But who are these on Lena's dusky plain,  
 So gloomy and so dark ? what mighty men  
 Like two black clouds, tremendous lour afar,  
 Their swords, like lightning, flashing thro' the war ?  
 The little hills are troubled and o'eraw'd,  
 And the rocks tremble, and the mountains nod.  
 Who—but great Ocean's all-subduing heir,  
 And Erin's car-borne hero, thunderbolt of war !

Breathing revenge, they wave their swords around,  
 Swords edg'd with death, that give no second wound.  
 The adverse legions, fill'd with terror, wait  
 The dire event ; and dread their Leader's fate.

Now night, in sable clouds, conceals from sight  
 The gloomy chiefs, and ends the dreadful fight.

To Cromla's shaggy sides the chiefs repair,  
 To taste the warm repast ; for Dorglas there  
 Had left the early fortune of the chace,  
 Before the warriors issu'd from the place.  
 A hundred youths collect the heath, to raise  
 The crackling flame ; ten heroes fan the blaze ;  
 To chuse the polish'd stones, three hundred haste,  
 And wide around them smokes the gen'rous feast.

Sedate, collected, on his spear reclin'd,  
 Erin's great chief resum'd his mighty mind,  
 And thus old Carril, tuneful Bard, address'd—  
 (Carril of ancient times, with wisdom blest,  
 Kinfenna's hoary sage, prophetic son)  
 Is the rich feast thus spread for me alone ?  
 Shall Erin's sons the selfish meal devour,  
 And Locklin's monarch on a foreign shore,  
 Far from his sounding halls, and fertile hills,  
 His native desarts, and his feasts of shells ?

Rise, Carril, to fierce Swaran instant go,  
 And hear this message to my warlike foe.  
 Tell him who comes from roaring waves afar,  
 Cuchullin gives the feast, and bids him there.  
 For cold and bleak, the wild winds roar aloud,  
 Howl o'er his decks, and sing thro' ev'ry shroud.  
 Here let him listen to my sounding grove,  
 Secure, tho' tempests thunder from above.  
 Here let him learn with gen'rous warmth to glow,  
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe ;  
 Here safe from danger, let the warrior rest,  
 And praise the trembling harp, and share the genial feast.

Charg'd with the mandate, Carril instant sped,  
 And mildly thus to Locklin's monarch said.

Rise, king of groves ! thy vengeance be suppress,  
 Rise from thy skins, Cuchullin gives the feast,  
 Suspends the rage of war, and claims thee for a guest. }

Like Cromla's sullen roar ere tempests rise,  
 The gloomy chief disdainfully replies.

Tho' all thy daughters, Innisfail, should bend  
 Low at my feet ; their snowy arms extend ;  
 Raise high their heaving breasts with melting sighs,  
 And softly roll their love-enticing eyes,

Tho' the whole race with all their arts should meet,  
 And prostrate Erin bleed beneath my feet ;  
 Yet fix'd as Locklin's thousand rocks I'd stand,  
 Nor hear of peace, nor leave my faithful hand,  
 Till morn (o'er all the east her radiance pour'd)  
 Shall light me to the death of Erin's haughty lord.  
 Let coward-souls at perils stand aghast,  
 And Semo's offspring dread the wintry blast ;  
 To me 'tis grateful as the vernal breeze,  
 It swells my sails, and rushes o'er my seas,  
 Aloft in all my shrouds plays unconfin'd,  
 And brings my desarts, and fair groves to mind :  
 The groves of Gormal, which, with echoing roar,  
 Resounded as we chae'd the tusky boar,  
 And my red spear was drunk with savage gore. }  
 Let dark Cuchullin, dreadful in the field,  
 The ancient throne of Cormac recreant yield,  
 Or Erin's hills shall pour a purple flood,  
 And all her num'rous torrents foam with blood ;  
 Till ocean, redd'ning with the sanguine stream, }  
 To Gormal's shores the slaughter shall proclaim,  
 And distant regions tremble at our name ! }  
 Sad is the voice of Swaran, king of pride !  
 Sad to himself alone (the blue-ey'd chief reply'd)



But raise thy voice on high, melodious bard !  
 And let the deeds of other times be heard.  
 Let softest subjects tune the trembling lay,  
 And send, in songs of grief, the night away.  
 For many a nymph and warrior o'er thy plains,  
 Have mov'd, O Erin, held in am'rous chains.  
 And lovely, Carril, are the tales of woe  
 That high on Albion's cliffs resounding flow,  
 When o'er the heath the hunter's clamors die,  
 And Cona's echoing streams to Ossians voice reply.

In other days (began the sacred Bard)  
 The sons of ocean on proud Erin warr'd.  
 A thousand vessels bounded o'er the main  
 To Ullin's shores : to meet the hostile train,  
 Erin's stern offspring rose : above the rest,  
 Cairbar, dread Chief ! and Grudar shone confest.  
 Long had the warriors strove in arms, to gain  
 The spotted Bull that low'd on Golbun's plain ;  
 Each claim'd the stately prize with fiercest zeal,  
 And death oft shudder'd at their pointed steel.  
 But now, by mutual dangers close ally'd,  
 They join'd their arms, and battled side by side.  
 Th' invaders fled—what prowess can withstand  
 Firm UNION's strong, indissoluble band ?

Thro' Erin's wide extent, what fairer name,  
Or who stood higher in the rank of fame,  
Than Cairbar, glorious chief, his country's shield,  
And mighty Grudar, matchless in the field ?  
But ah ! Why did these chiefs resume their wrath ?  
Why ever low'd the Bull on Golbun's heath ?  
They saw him leaping, and their rage return'd ;  
With pride, and hate, and added wrath they burn'd.  
On Lubar's grassy banks they fought again,  
And Grudar, like a sun-beam, prest the plain.  
Hot from the slaughter, touch'd with conscious shame,  
To Tura's echoing vale the victor came.  
His fairest sister Brassolis, was here,  
Here rais'd the song of grief, and dropt the frequent tear.  
Grudar she sang, his constancy, his truth,  
And all the actions of the lovely youth.  
Already in her fears, she view'd him slain,  
And pale in death stretch'd breathless on the plain !  
Yet still a secret hope would sometimes rise,  
That the dear youth would once more bless her eyes.  
Thro' her thin robe, her snowy breast is seen,  
As from o'ershadowing clouds night's radiant Queen.  
Her voice was sweeter than the harp to move  
The soul to grief, or soften it to love.

She hung enamour'd o'er the darling theme,  
 Her latest accents breath'd her Grudar's name.  
 The tender movement melted o'er the plain,  
 And echo render'd back the plaintive strain.

When, terrible in arms, shalt thou appear,  
 (Thus flow'd the strain) thou mighty in the war?

Take (said the hero, gazing on her charms)  
 Take, Brassolis, this shield, these bloody arms,  
 And safe within my hall the spoils bestow,  
 Sacred to Grudar—Grudar was my foe.

Wild with despair, no answer did she deign,  
 But pale, distracted, sought the fatal plain.  
 On Cromla's dreary heath, the youth she found,  
 Life's purple stream yet gushing from the wound.  
 Awhile with eager gaze her eyes she fed  
 On the pale corse, and bath'd in tears the dead.  
 Then horror-struck ! fell prostrate by his side,  
 Embrac'd him in her arms, and on his bosom dy'd.

Here rests their dust ; and these two lovely yews  
 Sprung from their tombs, still fondly 'twine their boughs  
 Unrivall'd o'er the plain the virgin shone,  
 And 'midst his thousands, Grudar stood alone.  
 Long shall the pitying bard their fate bewail,  
 O'er time itself their mem'ry shall prevail,  
 And future ages learn the tender tale.

Sweet is thy voice, O Carril, heav'n-taught Scer !  
 To soothe the warrior's rage, and calm despair.  
 The deeds of other times thou sing'st with fire,  
 They warm, they soften, ravish, and inspire.  
 Like flowing music charm the raptur'd ear,  
 Or the calm show'r that crowns the vernal year,  
 When Sol's bright glories the gay fields adorn,  
 And o'er th' aspiring hills light clouds are borne.  
 Oh, strike the harp ! thy softest skill approve,  
 And warm each kindling passion into love.  
 Let Dunscaich's lonely sunbeam grace thy lays,  
 And teach the glowing instrument her praise.  
 The praise of Brag'la, whom I left forlorn,  
 On Erin's misty isle my loss to mourn.  
 Left her all joyless, desolate, alone,  
 The tender, weeping spouse of Semo's son !  
 Dost thou, my lov'd-one, from the lonely rock,  
 Raise thy fair face, with eager fondness look,  
 To find Cuchullin's sails ? alas, in vain,  
 For distant far rolls the resounding main  
 That bears thy hero to green Ullin's vales ;  
 And its white foam shall cheat thee for my sails.  
 Retire, for night's cold dews descend, my fair !  
 And the dark winds sigh mournful in thy hair.

To the gay hall repair, and chearful feast,  
 Forget the present woes, and think on pleasures past  
 For till the rage of slaughter cease to spread,  
 Till the whole hated race of Locklin bleed,  
 And Erin's purple fields are heap'd with dead ;  
 Thy chief will ne'er return thy truth to prove,  
 Nor stain his glory to indulge his love !  
 O speak of arms ! of hosts in battle join'd !  
 And chase her tender image from my mind—  
 For lovely, Connal, with her raven-hair,  
 Is Sorglan's daughter, snowy-bosom'd Fair ?

To whom the warrior, slow to speak, reply'd—  
 Watch the dire offspring of the rolling-tide,  
 Guard well each avenue, stop ev'ry pass,  
 And dread the vengeance of the lawless race.  
 Send forth thy scouts with circumspective care,  
 T' observe their motions, all their counsels share—  
 O mighty chief ! my voice is still for peace,  
 Till to our aid appear the desert-race.  
 Till Fingal come, that breaker of the shields !  
 And, like the sun, beam glorious on our fields.  
 The watchful hero struck his brazen arms ;  
 Slow move the warriors to the loud alarms.

The rest, dispers'd, lay on the heath reclin'd,  
And slept securely 'midst the stormy wind.  
The ghosts of those that lately sunk in fight,  
Were near—and swam on clouds reveal'd to sight.  
And distant far o'er Lena's silence spread,  
Are heard the feeble voices of the dead.

## P A R A P H R A S E

*On the 1st Chapter of the Epistle to the HEBREWS*

---

**G**OD, who at sundry times, and divers ways,  
 Spake to the Patriarchs in ancient days,  
 By chosen prophets; hath his will made known  
 In these last ages, by his only SON,  
 Th' appointed HEIR of all! ev'n JESUS CHRIST,  
 By whose creating-word all worlds exist.  
 Who be'ng the image of his SIRE most high,  
 Effulgence of PATERNAL DEITY!  
 Upholding all things by his pow'ful word,  
 When by HIMSELF, he had all things restor'd,  
 And for our sins aton'd! sat down on high,  
 At the right hand of sov'reign MAJESTY.  
 Be'ng made far better than th' Angelic-race,  
 As by inheritance he doth surpass  
 Those princely Hierarchs! and hath gain'd a name  
 Far more illustrious in the sphere of fame.  
 For unto which blest seraph neat the throne,  
 Said he, at any time, "Thou art my SON!"

This day have I begotten thee ?” again,  
“ His everlasting empire I’ll maintain,  
And be (till all his Deity shall own)  
To him a FATHER ! he to me a SON !”  
Again—when in imperial pomp array’d,  
He brings his FIRST BEGOTTEN from the dead,  
He, saith “ Let heav’n revere his sov’rign pow’r,  
And thrones, dominions, worship, and adore !  
While each acclaiming Seraph loud accords,  
And hails him KING of Kings and LORD of Lords !”  
Of these he saith, “ who makes th’ angelic choir  
Spirits ! his ministers a flaming fire !”  
But to the Son, thus saith the LORD most high,  
“ Thy throne, O God is to eternity !  
Thy sceptre rules in righteousness alone,  
And everlasting truth supports thy throne !  
Because thou did’st her sacred laws obey,  
Nor from eternal rectitude would’st stray,  
Tho’ deck’d in fulgent robes of Deity,  
Thou meekly laid’st thy regal glories by.  
And for LOST MAN, did’st bear Almighty wrath,  
To save a ruin’d world from endless death !



Therefore hath God, thy God, profusely shed  
 The oil of gladness on thy honor'd head,  
 And far above adoring angels round,  
 Thee, with unrivall'd Majesty hath crown'd !  
 Thy word omnific gave creation birth,  
 And fix'd the firm foundations of the earth,  
 Thro' boundless æther roll'd unnumber'd stars,  
 And on their centre hung the pond'rous spheres !  
 Heav'n, and the heav'n of heav'ns, thy skill proclaim !  
 They shall wax old ! but *thou* remain'st the same !  
 They like a moth-worn garment, shall decay,  
 And like a folded vesture fade away.

No trace of all their glory shall remain ;  
 But **THOU** shalt still survive, **ETERNITY** thy reign !”

To which of all the arch-angelic band,  
 Did he e'er say “ Sit thou at my right hand,  
 And thron'd in state th' imperial sceptre take,  
 Till I thy num'rous foes thy footstool make ?”

Are they not min'st'ring spirits, morning stars,  
 Celestial **HIERARCHS** from th' empyrean spheres,  
 Sent forth to minister unto Salvations heirs ?



'Tis ours undaunted to defend  
 The dear-bought, rich inheritance ;  
 And spite of ev'ry hostile hand,  
 We'll fight, bleed, die ! in its defence.  
 Pursue our Fathers' path to fame,  
 And emulate their glorious flame.  
 As Jove's high plant inglorious stands,  
 Till storms and thunders root it fast,  
 So stood our new unpractic'd bands,  
 Till Britain roar'd her stormy blast.  
 Her soon they vanquish'd, fierce led on  
 By FREEDOM, and great WASHINGTON.  
 Hail, godlike hero ! born to save !  
 Ne'er shall thy deathless laurels fade.  
 But on that brow eternal wave,  
 And consecrate blest VERNON's shade.  
 Thy spreading glories still increase,  
 Till earth, and time, and nature cease.  
 Oh, may that spirit on thee shed,  
 Columbia's truest, noblest friend !  
 On thy SUCCESSOR's honor'd head  
 In copious, double show'rs descend !  
 This charge to ADAMS be consign'd  
 "Be thou the second of mankind!"

So when ELIJAH, call'd to heav'n,

Up in the flaming chariot rode ;

ELISHA took the mantle giv'n,

And rose a prophet, or a god.

Then shout great ADAMS ! Freedom's son !

Immortal heir of WASHINGTON !

# An ancient FABLE.

MODERNIZED.

---

ONCE on a time (as ancient poets sing)  
 The Trees went forth in state t' anoint a king.  
 First to the *Olive-Tree* they thus began ;  
 Come thou, and o'er thy subject forests reign.  
 Shall I (he answer'd) leave my native soil,  
 My genial fatness, and ambrosial oil,  
 With which they honor God and MAN, and go  
 To be promoted o'er the forests? No.  
 Then to the *Fig-Tree* humbly thus they su'd,  
 Come thou and reign sole monarch of the wood.  
 With me (he answer'd) royalties ill suit,  
 I'll not forsake my sweetness, and my fruit.  
 My rural innocence, and native ease,  
 And go to be promoted o'er the trees.  
 The noble, gen'rous *Vine*, they next implor'd,  
 Come thou, and reign the grove's majestic lord.

D'ye think me mad ? (retorts th' indignant vine)  
 Shall I forsake my soul-inspiring wine,  
 Whose flavor cheers the heart of GOD and MAN,  
 To reign o'er barren trees ? I will not reign.  
 Last to the *Bramble*, all united said  
 Come thou, and o'er us reign, our sov'reign dread.  
 If ye, indeed (he cry'd) anoint me king,  
 Trust wholly in the shadow of my wing.  
 If not—let fire from out the bramble pour,  
 And all thy cedars Lebanon devour !

Thus noblest minds all pageant pomp disdain,  
 While ev'ry bramble would a monarch reign.

Thy groves, COLUMBIA ! happier fate have found,  
 For their wise rulers fam'd the nations round:  
 In goldlike WASHINGTON and ADAMS join  
 The *Olive*, *Fig-Tree*, and the clust'ring *Vine* !  
 Their fertile branches spread thro' ev'ry grove,  
 And call'd the dews of Hermon from above.  
 Thy happy forests flourish'd while they sway'd,  
 And grew and prosper'd, in their fost'ring shade.  
 Where thorns, and weeds, and briars, promiscuous clung,  
 The healing fir-tree, and sweet myrtle sprung.  
 Thy fragrant hills did balmier sweets disclose,  
 And thy vast deserts blossom'd as the rose.

Thy stately *Pines* a loftier height assum'd,  
 Thy *Oaks* spread broader, and thy *Laurels* bloom'd,  
 With ev'ry bliss thy peaceful shores were crown'd,  
 And universal nature smil'd around !

May their Successor merit equal praise,  
 And wear with them the *laurel* and the *bays*,  
 In like perfection, the same *fruit* produce,  
 The *Olive*, *Fig*, and *Vine's* nectareous juice.  
 (Emblems of *peace*, of *plenty*, and of *joy* !)  
 And no curst *bramble* our fair groves destroy.

Then shall the trees in ev'ry wood rejoice,  
 In grateful strains, resound COLUMBIA'S voice.  
 Her spreading glories reach remotest lands,  
 And all her thousand forests clap their hands.

# Song,

COMPOSED FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE

4th JULY.

---

**LET** wreaths of triumph twine your brows!

Loud pæans wake the joyful morn :

This day, a mighty Empire rose !

A NATION in a day was born !”

Hail INDEPENDENCE ! shout the day

COLUMBIA rose to sov'reign sway !

While EUROPE thunders with alarms •

While war's terrific clarion roars,

Where half the nations rush to arms,

PEACE, heav'nly goddess, crowns *our* shores !

No desolation wastes our plains,

Here glorious INDEPENDENCE reigns !



Sage ADAMS guides the helm of State,  
 Our SENATORS are wise and true,  
 More skill in counsel and debate  
 Greece, Rome, or Albion, never knew.  
 Still INDEPENDENCE they'll maintain,  
 Tho' EUROPE bleed at ev'ry vein !

With such illustrious Patriots blest,  
 We'll bid defiance to a world !  
 While on each Spoiler's tow'ring crest,  
 COLUMBIA's thund'ring arms are hurl'd.  
 Hail INDEPENDENCE UNION hail !  
 Your empire shall o'er time prevail !

Party and Faction, taught at last,  
 Shall guard the government they chose,  
 In tears deplore their errors past,  
 And hurl just vengeance on its foes.  
 Blest INDEPENDENCE warm all hearts,  
 In spite of Diplomatic arts !  
 Each clime where Union's flag displays,  
 Shall our victorious Eagle own !  
 Our splendid stars with Freedom's rays,  
 Illume both poles, and ev'ry zone.

Blest INDEPENDENCE we'll proclaim,  
While earth reveres the heav'n-born Dame.

Our gallant youth with martial skill,  
Shall ev'ry danger fearless brave ;  
Their country's foes resistless quell,  
And guard the soil their fathers gave.

Till Despots tremble, at their frown,  
And INDEPENDENCE wear the crown.

While the rapt bard this glorious scene  
Surveys, with keen prophetic eye,  
May no dark tempests intervene,

To cloud COLUMBIA'S morning sky !  
Thus GREAT, thus HAPPY, may we be,  
And ev'ry Nation blest as we !

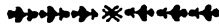
THE LAST CHAPTER OF PROVERBS,  
PARAPHRASED.

**W**OULD you fair VIRTUE'S heav'nly path pursue,  
 And with your knowledge, gain blest WISDOM too?  
 Attend the words of LEMUEL the king,  
 And quaff divine instruction from the SPRING.  
 Be sober, just, and temp'rate in your prime,  
 Nor waste, in dissipation, PRECIOUS TIME!  
 Lest eager thirst for pleasure you enslave,  
 Pervert your judgment, and your heart-deprave.  
 To tender pity ever be inclin'd,  
 And let the poor in you, a patron find.  
 To want, and mis'ry, lend a willing ear,  
 And soothe distress, and dry the orphan's tear.  
 By deeds of charity ensure applause,  
 And plead with eloquence the widow's cause.  
 Pursuits far diff'rent, win the female mind,  
 For ah, a VIRTUOUS WOMAN, who can find?  
 She boasts unrivall'd excellence on earth,  
 And mines of rubies are beneath her worth.

In virtue such as hers, her husband's heart  
Will trust—nor from its confidence depart.  
She'll do him good, not evil, all his days,  
His happiness enhance ten thousand ways.  
Her unremitting labors never cease,  
She winds the silken flax, and twists the snowy fleece.  
And like the merchant-ships that distant roam,  
Seeks food of other climates, and brings home.  
Ere yet 'tis light, she riseth to prepare  
Meat for her household, and prevent their care.  
T' ensue a permanent inheritance,  
A field she buyeth, and a vineyard plants.  
To healthful exercise accustom'd long,  
Her loins are girded, and her arms are strong.  
In traffic, nought deceives her judging sight;  
Her lamp refulgent goes not out by night.  
She holds the distaff with her graceful hand,  
And the swift spindle flies at her command.  
To poverty her lib'ral hands impart,  
And want and famine praise her bounteous heart.  
She is not of the wintry snows afraid,  
For all her household are in scarlet clad.  
Her robes of richest tapestry, she makes,  
And silk, and purple, for her vestment takes.

Her husband, in the gates is known and prais'd,  
 Above the nobles eminently rais'd.  
 Fine linen by her skilful hands is wrought,  
 And curious girdles, by the merchant bought.  
 Her robes are strength, and honor, and her name  
 Shall shine unrivall'd in the rolls of fame.  
 Her mouth in wisdom opens, and her tongue  
 Is with sweet kindness, and persuasion hung.  
 Still to her household with unwearied pains  
 She looks, and bread of idleness disdains,  
 Her husband, children, weary heaven to shed  
 Perpetual blessings on her honor'd head.  
 Though many daughters have before done well,  
 Yet this, in VIRTUE, does them all excel.  
 While favor is deceitful, beauty vain,  
 A VIRTUOUS WOMAN lasting praise shall gain.  
 The fruit of her own hands her fame shall raise,  
 Her pattern animate succeeding days,  
 And her own actions best record her PRAISE.

# The Transfiguration.



**T**HEN took he with him Peter, James, and John,  
 (His three disciples) to a mount alone.  
 And suddenly, ere they distinctly knew,  
 He stood transfigur'd to their wond'ring view.  
 His face was radiant as the mid-day sun,  
 And whiter than the light, his lucid raiment shone.  
 Lo, MOSES, and ELIAS too, reveal'd,  
 Cœstrial colouquy with JESUS held.  
 The wond'ring three, lost in th' effulgence bright,  
 Stood gazing with ineffable delight.  
 Till Peter, ever zealous 'bove the rest,  
 His lord and master ardent thus address'd :

" 'Tis good for thy disciples to be here !  
 Let us three Tabernacles instant rear,  
 And each a solemn sanctuary be  
 For MOSES, and ELIAS, and for **THEE !**"

While thus he spake (scarce knowing what he said)  
 A bright o'ershadowing cloud the mount o'erspread.

## TRANSFIGURATION.

And from amidst the brightness that appear'd,  
These solemn accents audibly were heard.

“ This is my SON BELOV'D ! in whom alone  
“ I am well-pleas'd—hear HIM, and rev'rent own.

A secret terror thro' each bosom spread,  
And all fell prostrate, wrapt in holy dread !  
Till JESUS, with compassion mov'd, drew near,  
And touching, rais'd them, and dispell'd each fear  
Forbidding them the vision to disclose  
Till from the dead the SON OF MAN arose.

But we've a surer word of Prophecy,  
Which we do well to mark with heedful eye,  
As a cœlestial, all-disclosing light,  
Refulgent beaming thro' the shades of night.  
Till in each heart, this DAY-STAR of the skies,  
With inextinguishable splendor rise.

For PROPHECY came not of old by man,  
(Whate'er blaspheming *infidels* maintain)  
But godly men for sanctity approv'd,  
Spake, as the HOLY GHOST impulsive mov'd.  
Th' irrevocable word no pow'r reveals,

Unerring *Wisdom* stamps, *Omniscience* seals, }  
And uncontroll'd *OMNIPOTENCE* fulfils.

To MRS. L——— on the sudden death of  
her *INFANT*.

---

THO' dark the ways of heav'n, yet still we view  
Enough t' assure us they're all just, and true.  
Those dispensations which to mortal eyes  
Seem ills, are only " blessings in disguise."  
And what we fancy oft with bliss replete,  
Ends in vexation, sorrow, and regret.

Had heav'n prolong'd thy lovely infant's date,  
Who knows the perils of its riper state?  
What ills might vex it, and what woes await !  
Heav'n saw thro' all, and with the lightning's speed,  
Sent the kind mandate, and the pris'ner freed.

As some blest swain, to whom his sov'reign yields  
His blooming gardens, groves, and flow'ry fields,  
To nurse the plants, to graft th' inserted fruit,  
And teach th' obedient branches how to shoot ;  
If while he blissful roams, some lovelier bloom  
Of richer foliage, texture, and perfume,

T



Attract his eye—anxious lest some rude blast  
Should nip the tender blossom, and lay waste,  
He hasty plucks it, young and immatur'd,  
And bears the grateful present to his lord.  
So when the guardian-angel of thy race  
Saw this sweet flow'r, adorn'd with blooming grace.  
Fearful of future harms, and heavier fate,  
By heav'n's permission, circumscrib'd its date.  
And pleas'd above th' ambrosial gift to bring,  
The garden enter'd with impatient wing,  
And cropt, and bore it to th' eternal king. }

EPITAPH

ON MRS. J—— G——D,

*Of Portsmouth, who died October 1790.*



**C**OULD ev'ry excellence avert thy doom,  
 The tear of sorrow had not bath'd thy tomb.  
 Still had'st thou liv'd t' adorn and sweeten life,  
 The tender mother, daughter, sister, wife.  
 But with thy lovely infant, now at rest,  
 Thou triumph'st o'er the grave, supremely blest.  
 Thy life, may all with emulation eye,  
 And taught by thy example learn to die !

EPITAPH, ON JOHN HALE, Esq.

*Who died July 13th, 1791—aged 33 years.*

---

**H**ERE sleeps the form so lov'd, which once enshrin'd  
 The noblest image of its Maker's mind !  
 Those seeds of virtue, thick by nature sown,  
 By habit cherish'd, doubly were his own.  
 And these improv'd from science' lib'ral store,  
 A glorious harvest gave, yet promis'd more.  
 In private life by all rever'd and lov'd,  
 In public universally approv'd.  
 For bounteous heav'n had in this fav'rite join'd  
 The brightest talents to the purest mind.  
 Those pungent sorrows, parents, kindred, feel,  
 Their sighs, their tears, alas ! but feebly tell.  
 Long shall his country, oft by faction torn,  
 Their faithful patriot, promis'd father mourn ;  
 Nor to their splendid roll of worthies fail  
 To add with undissembled boast, a **HALE**.

## TO MRS. E. W.

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON, WHO DIED ABROAD.



THIS world's a scene of woe, ordain'd by fate  
 A stormy passage to a better state.  
 Nor need we fear the billows will o'erwhelm,  
 While our almighty pilot sits at helm.  
 He can, as when on earth, nay surely will  
 Rebuke th' audacious waves with "Peace ! be still."  
 And guide our trembling barque (hope's anchor cast  
 Within the veil) to the wish'd port at last.

As the best gold by fire is purify'd,  
 So heav'n's first fav'rites are by tortures try'd.  
 Not purest saints on earth are free from dross ;  
 But in the furnace GOLD sustains no loss.  
 While *hay, wood, stubble*, the fierce heat devours,  
 And the sad owner certain loss deplores.  
 Yet he himself (so good our heav'nly sire !)  
 Is sav'd at last, tho' 'tis, as 'twere, by fire.

Those whom AFFLICTION (kind physician ! ) shuns,  
 Are base, degen'rate offspring, not true sons.  
 'Tis by chastisement heav'n our virtue proves,  
 " And most he chastens those whom most he loves."

Then deeply humble, at his footstool fall,  
 And say with pious Job, bereft of ALL,  
 " He who bestows, resumes, is still the Lord,  
 " And be his venerable name ador'd !"

What tho' thy offspring in a foreign clime,  
 Far, far from kindred ! sunk in early prime.  
 What tho' no sister smooth'd the bed of death,  
 And wrung with anguish, caught his parting breath.  
 Tho' no fond parent clos'd his dying eyes,  
 Or weeping brother breath'd fraternal sighs.  
 Yet touch'd by heav'n, soft pity strangers shew'd,  
 And guardian-angels round his pillow stood.  
 Sooth'd ev'ry pang, wip'd ev'ry tear away,  
 And bore him to the realms of endless day.

Afflictions spring not from the dust ! they're sent  
 To wean us from this world ; to teach content,  
 And meek submission to whate'er HE doth,  
 Who wounds with *one* hand, while he heals with *both*.  
 To shew we've here no long-protracted space,  
 " Continuing city, or abiding place."

And therefore that we set our ardent love,  
 "Not on the things below, but those above,"  
 Where HE who once endur'd affliction's rod,  
 "Exalted sits at the right-hand of GOD.  
 To reign till ev'ry rebel is subdu'd,  
 Till the whole RANSOM'D NATURE is renew'd:  
 Till death his regal trophies cease to boast,  
 In glorious vict'ry, swallow'd up, and lost.  
 Till ev'ry knee at JESUS NAME ador'd,  
 Shall bow ! and ev'ry tongue confess him LORD.  
 In joyful anthems, never to expire,  
 To th' endless glory of th' ETERNAL SIRE !"

There may you feast on bliss that never cloy,  
 There, in his presence, quaff perpetual joys !  
 There, the lov'd partner of your bosom greet,  
 There, ne'er to part again ! your children meet,  
 There, ev'ry gracious deed find full reward  
 In the rich bounty of your glorious Lord !

## TO A YOUNG LADY.



**C**AN youth, health, beauty, fortune, talents save,  
 A moment respite from th' insatiate grave ?  
 Relentless death makes all alike his prey ;  
 Old Homer, Shakespeare, Newton, where are they ?  
 Let the sick miser, groaning midst his wealth,  
 Inform the rich, if Mammon can give health.  
 Nor can yon angel-form, by ev'ry art,  
 Escape the fever that consumes her heart.  
 See that sweet youth ! health triumphs in his eyes !  
 Take your last leave—he languishes ! he dies !  
 Observe yon grave-yard ! who possess the place ?  
 Resolve me ; is't the old, the poor, the base ?  
 Each age, sex, rank, and order, there we find,  
 Receptacle for all, great prison of mankind !  
 Since then we all must die, none know *how soon*,  
 Ev'n while I write, death's mandate may be *shewn*.  
 We'll live as we shall wish we had at *last*,  
 And wait the summons without dread or *haste*.  
 Lay down our wearied bodies in the tomb,  
 Lost in the glories of a life to come.

## TO MISS M. R.

*On her shewing me her PROFILE cut out in paper.*

---

**T**HE charms of that expressive face,  
 Th' unmeaning shadow ill pourtrays.  
 Such beauty, harmony, and grace  
 Demand the pencil's magic rays.  
 The eye, complexion, spirit, air,  
 In that dull profile all are lost.  
 Each erring trait belies the fair ;  
 'Tis not MARIA, but her ghost !  
 Oh did Apelles' genius warm,  
 Or had I Titian's skill divine ;  
 Their brightest works should cease to charm,  
 And Venus' portrait yield to thine.  
 They drew a nymph they never saw,  
 Then call'd her love's bright deity.  
 My Goddess from the life I'd draw,  
 And to paint Venus, copy thee.



Vermillion, and the blushing rose,  
Should blended with the lily, vie,  
And colors dipt in heav'n disclose  
The mild, blue lustre of thine eye.

The loves, and graces, round should stand,  
Or lightly hov'ring o'er my head,  
With gentlest impulse prompt my hand,  
And sweetly mingle light, and shade.

Yet as mere *picture* ne'er could shew  
The beauties latent in thy mind,  
The heav'n-born *muse* should this pursue,  
The *pen* be with the *pencil* join'd.

The loveliest form, the fairest face,  
The brightest eye, the gentlest mind,  
And ev'ry virtue, charm, and grace,  
Should be to endless fame consign'd,

Posterity thus blest by thee,  
Should gaze, admire, and gaze again,  
For that dim shade, an angel see,  
And read for this, a seraph's strain.

TO THREE YOUNG LADIES,  
 WHO CHARGED ME WITH FLATTERY.

---

**N**OTHING good minds more amiably displays  
 Than strong susceptibility of praise.  
 Without ambition, virtue can't aspire,  
 And praise is fuel to ambition's fire.  
 Th' aspiring who applause have earn'd before,  
 Will still be emulous to merit more.

Why so suspicious then of honest praise ?  
 So nicely jealous of what justice pays ?  
 Is it lest flatt'ry, artful, and refin'd,  
 Should with delicious poison taint your mind ?  
 Tho' praise may be extravagant, unjust,  
 Does't follow then all commendation must ?  
 That flatt'ry's most pernicious is allow'd ;  
 But praise is wholesome, salutary food.  
 And 'tis as wise to starve lest poison slay,  
 As to shun praise, lest flattery betray.

When gay ELIZA tunes her warbling throat,  
 Who can unmov'd attend the heav'nly note ?  
 'Tis sinful not to glow with extasy,  
 And *moderation* is impiety.

When her fair SISTER, lovely syren ! deigns  
 To warble forth her sympathetic strains.  
 Touch'd with the tender, melancholly air,  
 My blood creeps cold, erect I feel each hair,  
 And I'm all transport, extasy, and ecstacy.

Last when EMILIA, gay without offence,  
 All placid gentleness and innocence  
 Sits smiling by, attentive to the strain,  
 Nor hears a sister's praise with jealous pain.  
 Averse her own sweet melodies to roll,  
 With the whole scale of music in her soul.  
 Such graceful modesty with warmth I praise,  
 My heart impels me, and my tongue obeys.

Such my sensations, could I (Muses tell !)  
 With cold indifference, barely say—" 'tis *well* ?"  
 Such luke-warm praise a hermit may become,  
 But I must praise in earnest, or be dumb.

Then cease with flattery to tax me now,  
 But strive to earn the praise which all bestow,  
 Nor blush sometimes to hear your foibles too.

### THREE YOUNG LADIES.

241

The best have foibles ! and 'tis virtue's end  
To know, confess them, and with joy amend.  
Do this—and jointly claim HIS high regard,  
Who flatters none, whose service is not hard,  
And who'll at last transcendently reward.

}

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### LEVI TIES.

*The following Speech, for substance, was actually made by a noted gamester in N. H. on obtaining a verdict against the unanimous opinion of the Judges, by tampering with the Jury.*

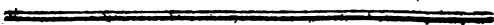
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WE cut and shuffled, stirr'd oar stumps,  
But z—ds ! they put us to our trumps.  
They held court-cards, led suit beside,  
With all four honors on their side  
They play'd the deuce ! but we more brave,  
Finest'd on hearts, and play'd the knave.  
We better knew the pack to fix,  
And won the game at last by tricks !

*Sir W. Raleigh laid a wager of Queen E. that he would tell the precise weight of the smoke of his pipe, which he won by first weighing the tobacco, and then the remaining ashes after he had smoked—on which she pleasantly said:*



**T**HAT secret chymists vainly sought,  
 You cunningly unfold.  
*Their gold oft vanish'd into smoke,  
 You turn ev'n smoke to gold.*



## EPIYAPH

## ON A PETTIFOGGER.



**T**'ELUDE the bailiff, Quibble vainly tries,  
 Death serv'd the Writ, and here tongue-ty'd he LIES.  
 When summon'd to the bar with trumpet shrill,  
 What will the lying varlet do? LIE still.

## LORD COWPER'S NAME AND PEDIGREE,

*Clearly deduced from King PEPIN, of France.*

COWPER is COWAPER mis-spelt,  
 Which we from DIAPER deduce,  
 From NAPKIN, DIAPER arose,  
 Inverted by alternate use.

From NIPKIN, NAPKIN is deriv'd,  
 How errors gradually advance !  
 NIPKIN from PIPKIN takes its name,  
 And that from PEPIN, king of France.

Thus, with precision, from a throne  
 Lord COWPER'S pedigree we bring,  
 And clearly prove this British peer,  
 Great, great, great grandson to a King !

## E P I T A P H

*On a QUACK who died of an ASTHMA.*

HERE lies death's caterer, breathless with the phthisic,  
 Who liv'd by what kill'd all his patients—PHYSIC.

## EPIGRAMS.



THE famous PETER PORCUPINE

Who lov'd a joke full well,

In merry humor advertis'd

“ *Porcupine's quills* to sell.”

One who the advertisement read,

Sent quick, and bought a score.

On viewing them, his choler rose,

He rav'd, he stamp'd, he swore !

Away to COBBET's shop he hies,

And damn'd him for a rogue.

“ These are not what you advertis'd,

You lying, cheating, dog !”

I lie not, cheat not, Peter cry'd,

With grave and solemn tone ;

When *mine*, these quills *were* PORCUPINE's,

They're GOOSE-QUILLS *now*, I own.





## EPIGRAMS.

*On a CLERGYMAN's advising a LADY to wash  
a wound in lye to prevent a locked jaw.*



A REV'REND Priest for pious ends,  
Thus scripture twists awry,  
For BEAUTY, *ashes* recommends,  
Instead of truth, a LYE !



*On a LADY who made artificial golden eggs to  
decorate a plumb--cake.*



SOME people's geese are swans (so says  
The proverb trite and old)  
Your labors merit nobler praise,  
Your very *eggs* are gold.

## PARAPHRASE

*On the LAST CHAPTER of ECCLESIASTES.*



**W**HILE life's warm current revels in each vein,  
 And youth, health, joy, uninterrupted reign ;  
 Attend the dictates of cœlestial truth,  
 Remember thy CREATOR in thy youth !  
 Before the evil days come hast'ning on,  
 When thou shalt say—" My ev'ry joy is flown."  
 Ere day's bright orb, and milder queen of night,  
 With ev'ry twinkling star withhold their light,  
 When azure skies no more succeed the rain,  
 But clouds, involving clouds, return again.  
 When palsies sieze the trembling limbs, and make  
 The strong men bow ! the palace-keepers quake !  
 The less'ning grinders from their office fail,  
 While darkness round the windows spreads her veil.  
 In ev'ry street the sullen portals close,  
 And the cock's clarion interrupts repose.  
 Imaginary snares the way beset,  
 The tumbling ruin, and deep-yawning pit.



From the Ox what rich blessings our species derives !  
 The defence of our limbs, and support of our lives.  
 His labor procures us the corn and full sheafe,  
 We're indebted to him for our pudding and beef,  
 (Such life-giving food dress'd in true British stile,  
 Gave Nelson the day on the streams of the Nile.)  
 And ne'er while Columbians can banquet on those,  
 Will they heed the proud vaunts of their frog-eating foes.  
 Be dismay'd by their threats, or cajol'd by their lies,  
 Till the croaking race swell to the Ox's vast size.  
 Till our pastures prove barren, our meadows a bog,  
 Or the noble beast shrink to the size of a frog.

The Ox's rich wardrobe from wet, cold, and heat,  
 When useless to him, cloaths our legs and our feet.  
 And long as this cov'ring we freely may use,  
 We'll support Crispin's sons, and despise wooden shoes.

Has the creature no faults ? (female envy will say)  
 Does he honor our sex ? nature's charter obey ?  
 Yes, he honors the sex for his mother's dear sake,  
 But that he ne'er weds, his apology take.  
 He to *perfect maturity* never arrives,  
 But how many, his betters, are calves all their lives ?  
 Yet his merits secure him while time's circle runs,  
 A name far superior to daughters or sons.

How majestic his forehead ! what prowess adorns !  
 He glories in what c——lds blush at—his horns.  
 Those emblems of strength, which with death warriors fill,  
 To America's foes irresistible still.

But horns are so dang'rous, my own in I'll pull,  
 Lest in praising the Ox I should chance make a BULL.

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### EPITAPH

*On DR. HALL JACKSON, who died Sept. 28th 1797.*

**T**O heal disease, to calm the widow's sigh,  
 And wipe the tear from poverty's swol'n eye  
 Was thine ! but ah ! that skill on others shown,  
 Tho' life to them, could not preserve thy own.  
 Yet still thou liv'st in many a grateful breast,  
 And deeds like thine, enthrone thee with the blest.

---

## COMAL &amp; GALVINA.

AN EPISODE

FROM THE II. BOOK OF FINGAL.



**L**ORD of a thousand hills, great Comal shone,  
 The boast of heroes, and fair Albion's son.  
 A thousand gushing streams his Deer supply'd.  
 And to his Dogs a thousand rocks reply'd.  
 His face, the mildness of the spring appear'd ;  
 His matchless hand the mightiest heroes fear'd.  
 One was his love, and beauteous was the fair,  
 The mighty Conloch's only hope, and heir.  
 Thro' all the isle, the blooming maid was known,  
 And, like a sun-beam, 'midst the virgins shone.  
 Black as the Raven's wing her tresses grew,  
 Train'd to the chace, her dogs no rival knew,  
 Her bow-string sounded, and her arrows flew, }

Comal she lov'd ; his soul was fix'd on her,  
 And mutual glances spoke the flame sincere.  
 Where'er he went, there too the virgin came,  
 The same their pleasures, and their course the same.  
 When the chace wearied, the cool grove they chose,  
 And there, in secret, breath'd their am'rous vows.

But Grumal, gloomy chief, by love betray'd,  
 And foe to Comal, eager watch'd the maid.

One day, tir'd of the chace, when mists had veil'd  
 The face of nature, and their friends conceal'd.  
 At Rona's cave the faithful lovers met,  
 The wonted haunt of Comal, sure retreat.  
 Within its sides were hung, in order bright  
 The arms of Comal glitt'ring to the sight.  
 A hundred shields, as many helmets, blaze,  
 And light the cavern with their blended rays.

Rest here, Galvina, sun-beam of the plain !  
 Where thou appear'st all other light is vain.  
 On Mora's top, I see the dark-brown Roe—  
 Ah, stay (she cries) dark Grumal, gloomy foe,  
 Infests the cave. I fear that heart of Pride,  
 But oh, be speedy, stay not from my side,  
 Meanwhile, impatient, 'midst these arms I'll hide—

He sought the hill : the jealous maid would prove  
Her hero's valor, or betray his love.

In radiant armor clad, with heart elate,  
Forth strode the nymph, scarce tott'ring with the weight  
Deceiv'd, the warrior thought it was his foe ;  
Eager, with beating heart, he drew the bow,  
Swift flew the shaft, her side the weapon found,  
And the fair spirit issu'd at the wound.

Fear in his heart, and horror in his eye,  
He ran—he flew—he call'd with falt'ring cry,  
The maid : no answer issu'd from the cave.  
He call'd again—the maid no answer gave.  
At length, too late, he saw her heaving heart  
With many a throb, beat round the feather'd dart.  
Oh Conloch's daughter is it thou ? (he said)  
Then sunk upon the bosom of the maid.  
The hunters found the pair—in silent grief,  
Around her tomb, long wail'd the mournful chief:  
The fleet of Ocean came : fierce on the plain .  
He fought : they fled : he search'd for death—in vain  
What chief the mighty Conloch could subdue ?  
Resolv'd on death, his shield away he threw .



An arrow found his breast ; serene he sleeps  
 With his Galvina, where resound the deeps.  
 The distant mariners their tomb survey,  
 When the tall ship bounds o'er the rolling sea,  
 Hail the known signal, and pursue their way.

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### EPITAPH

*On Mr. JOSEPH SHERBURNE HILL, who died*

*May 24th 1798. Aged 18 years.*

**T**HOSE promis'd joys parental love computes  
 This humble stone, all eloquent ! confutes.  
 Their darling son, now mould'ring into earth,  
 In calm repose here waits a nobler birth.

---

THE following sketches, or as I rather chuse to term them, profiles, of eminent men, &c. were produced while the Author was confined by sickness, laboring in the worst of maladies, nervous affections. As his physician prescribed the task, to divert his attention, himself. And to overcome indolence, he contrived to render it difficult, and even servile, by confining himself to the terms of the respective names, while at the same time wished to preserve the spirit and likeness of the original characters. How far he has been successful, others may judge. But the prescription succeeded with himself. It alleviated his pain, and diverted his melancholly. . . . though painters are not always the best judges of their performances, he flatters himself that in some instances likeness will be discovered by others between the picture and the original.

B A C O N.

**B**LEST SUN ! whose beam, light, knowledge, truth,  
 [dispense,

**A**LL INZUITION, and INTELLIGENCE !

Chain'd down in Gothic darkness science lay  
 Oppress'd and smother'd ! at thy piercing ray,  
 Night fled—and all was INTELLECTUAL DAY !

L O C K E.

LET sage anatomists, with skill refin'd,  
 Our bodies ransack—LOCKE dissects the MIND !  
 Clears the dark films that cloud our mental view,  
 Keeps stedfast to his system, proves it true,  
 Explodes OLD doctrines, and demonstrates NEW.

N E W T O N.

NATURE to thy keen glance stood all unveil'd,  
 Each maze unravell'd, and each law reveal'd.  
 Wond'rous that mind, whose piercing ken survey'd  
 The plan by which the universe was made.  
 Open'd creation's book, and read aloud  
 NATURE, in ev'ry page, and nature's GOD !

## H O M E R.

HIGH as the heav'ns, sublimely tow'rs thy muse,  
 O'er earth expatiates, and all nature views !  
 Men, heroes, monarchs, gods, thy spirit warms,  
 Earth shakes ! seas roar ! heav'n trembles ! nature art  
 Reverse thy awful nod, and thunder with alarms !

## V I R G I L.

VERSE sweet as thine, Apollo's self might own :  
 In majesty sublime 'tis *thine* alone.  
 Rous'd TURNUS lives again ! fair Dido mourns !  
 GREECE triumphs ! PRIAM bleeds ! and ILION burns  
 In war the LATIANS plunge ! I fight, fly, yield,  
 Lost in the battle's roar, and tumult of the field !

## P I N D A R.

PROUD of his swans, see PINDAR from afar  
 In pomp terrific drive his blazing car !  
 Neptune and Jove his rapid course survey :  
 Dauntless thro' rival throngs he wins his way.  
 All eager for the prize, still presses on,  
 Reaches the distant goal, and gains th' immortal crown

H O R A C E.

HAIL happy bard ! replete with sterling sense,  
 O'erflowing wit, and graceful negligence !  
 Rever'd thy precepts, by experience prov'd;  
 AUGUSTUS own'd them, and Mæcenas lov'd.  
 Courtly thine odes : thy wit so pure, so chaste,  
 Each critic may extol, but few can taste.

J U V E N A L.

JUST, tho' severe, thy dread satiric page !  
 Unblushing vice and folly feel thy rage.  
 Villains and fools, the rabble, and the great,  
 Each pimp of pleasure, and each knave of state,  
 Noble, and vulgar, share one common fate. }  
 Arm'd but for VIRTUE, this dread champion rose,  
 Launch'd the red bolt, and hurl'd it on her foes.

O V I D.

O'ER fancy's fairy fields thou lov'st to range,  
 Vast thy invention ! wond'rous ev'ry change !  
 In Love's soft school, unrival'd skill inspires,  
 Dame VENUS prompts thee, and young CURIUS fires !

## V I D A.

V I D A in rich, but imitative lays,  
 Inspir'd, from H O M E R cull'd each flow'r and grace.  
 Divinely sweet, did M A R O's charms dispense,  
 And taught the " sound to echo to the sense."

## A R I O S T O.

A S T O N I S H I N G invention, bard ! is thine ;  
 Resistless magic charms in ev'ry line.  
 Imagination fertile as thy clime,  
 On ev'ry scene is stamp'd, and soars sublime.  
 See the mad H E R O death's grim terrors brave !  
 The furies o'er his head blue torches wave,  
 O R L A N D O rages ! and the M U S E S rave !

## T A S S O.

T A S S O did H O M E R's mighty genius scan.  
 And from th' immortal I L I A D form'd his plan,  
 See G O D F R E Y and R I N A L D O strive, then own  
 So strove A T R I D E S and great P E L E U S' SON ;  
 One muse both bards inspir'd, then be their glory one.

CHAU CER.

CHAUCER, thou merriest bard of antient time !  
 How hum'rous all thy tales in prose, and rhyme ?  
 A fund of genuine satire thro' thy page  
 Unbounded flows, thou laughter-loving sage !  
 Cull'd from the laurels that adorn thy hearse,  
 Each pilf'ring bard in *theirs* thy lays rehearse,  
 Repleasish'd from thy spring, thou sire of BRITISH verse.

S P E N S E R.

SPENSER with pleasing allegory charms,  
 Profuse of Giants, Dwarfs, and Steeds, and arms.  
 Enchanters, wizards, damsels in sore plight,  
 Not to be freed, but by some courteous knight.  
 Such artful tales amuse an early age,  
 Excite to manly deeds, heroic rage,  
 Refine the manners, and all hearts engage.

## SHAKESPEARE.

SWEET Bard of fancy ! nature's darling child !  
 His native wood-notes ~~how~~ he warbles wild !  
 Aw'd by his nod, elves, witches, ghosts, obey,  
 Kneel to his pow'r, and own his magic-sway.  
 Excursive o'er creation's bounds he flies,  
 Strikes his all-potent wand, and bids *new* worlds arise.  
 Pleas'd with th' ideal scenes, we range alone,  
 Explore each part, and think 'tis nature's own.  
 Adieu blest bard ! thy works shall never die !  
 Rehears'd on earth, re-acted in the sky,  
 Enhancing human bliss thro' all eternity !

## MILTON.

MUSE of this favor'd bard, inspire my lays !  
 Immortal as his numbers be his praise.  
 LOST BLISS he sang, of ANGEL, and of MAN,  
 The SAVIOUR's triumphs, and REDEMPTION's plan.  
 On themes so wond'rous, feast th' angelic-throng,  
 Nor seraphs blush to chaunt th' immortal song !



W A L L E R.

WHEN WALLER sings, the tuneful muses throng,  
 All emulous to lead th' impassion'd song.  
 Lur'd by fair SACCARISSA's heav'nly charms,  
 LOVE joins the sacred band, and lends his potent arms.  
 Enrich'd with all that genius can bestow,  
 Resistless flow thy strains, and shall forever flow.

C O W L E Y.

COWLEY's rich strains the SOURCE of WIT inspir'd,  
 Of all Apollo's sons, once most admir'd.  
 With sparkling points luxuriant teems the lay,  
 Like the bright confluence of the milky-way.  
 Exub'rant shafts of wit successful prove,  
 Yet never fail to pierce when tipped with LOVE.

D E N H A M.

DENHAM, like his own Thames, majestic flows,  
 Enriching, wid'ning, deep'ning, as he goes.  
 Ne'er shall his laurels fade, while COOPER'S-MOUNT  
 High as Olympus, rears its tow'ring front.  
 ALBION'S fam'd RIVER from his muse receives  
 More tribute than all IND or ORMUS gives.

## ROSCOMMON.

ROSCOMMON claims my song ! the standard he  
Of "comprehensive, english energy."

Strong in the vigor of his native isle  
Condens'd his thoughts, robust his nervous style.

On themes sublime, when he essays to write,  
MILTON's strong wing supports his daring flight.

MARO and HORACE lend by turns their lyre,  
O'er the full chords he runs, as they inspire,

Nor deems it theft to steal celestial fire.

}

## DRYDEN.

DIVINEST bard ! whose energetic mind  
Reform'd our language, and our taste refin'd.

YOUNG, PRIOR, POPE, by thy example fir'd,  
Delighted follow'd as thy verse inspir'd.

Each critic in *their* lays must DRYDEN see,  
Nor fail to give their glory half to THEE !

P O P E.

PURE bard ! of verse the pattern, and the test !  
 Oe'r all thy rivals, conqueror confest,  
 Proud bards, and critics, once thy foes, now see  
 Ease, sweetness, strength, and beauty, all in thee.

A D D I S O N.

A CONSTELLATION Addison appears,  
 Distinguish'd beaming 'midst a host of stars.  
 Dispers the gloom of intellectual night,  
 Inform'd with native, and unborrow'd light.  
 So the sweet PLEIADES with mildest sway,  
 O'er heav'n's blue vault their genial beams display,  
 Night, sable queen ! exults, and 'hails th' all cheating ray.

J O H N S O N.

JUST, yet despotic, deck'd with awful rays,  
 O'er the vast realm of wit proud JOHNSON sways,  
 His *will* the *law*, his dictates *absolute*,  
 Nor dares the haughtiest slave his nod dispute.  
 Stern monarch ! tho' thy greatness all revere,  
 Old time, at last, shall pluck thee from thy sphere,  
 No throne can e'er be stable, built on fear.

## P R I O R.

PRIDE of each muse ! by turns they all inspire,  
 Rule in thy breast, and tune thy various lyre,  
 In SOLOMON, in EMMA, they combine ;  
 On ALMA stamp their signature divine,  
 Replete with sterling wit, and breathing all the nine !

## S W I F T.

SATIRE's keen shafts blend with true humor's vein ;  
 We smile, yet tremble, at thy dreadful pen !  
 In prose, invention's utmost stretch is thine ;  
 First in that walk, thy GULLIVER shall shine ;  
 Thy VERSE is attic, but thy PROSE divine !

## Y O U N G.

YOUNG tow'rs sublime ! ye bards, your homage pay !  
 O'er night's dark gloom, he darts a flashing ray,  
 Unveils her thickest shades, and pours celestial day !  
 NATURE, and TIME, and DEATH, await his nod,  
 Grace triumphs ! trembles vice ! and Atheists own a God !

G A Y.

GAY like thy name, thy wit our fancy feasts,  
 And thy wise FABLES fraught with birds, men, beasts,  
 Yield more instruction than ten thousand priests.\* }

T H O M S O N.

THE bard of NATURE comes! and nicely true,  
 Holds up her portrait to th' admiring view.  
 On ev'ry feature stamp'd, such lustre beams,  
 More lovely than th' ORIGINAL it seems.  
 Pleas'd with her image, deck'd in brighter rays,  
 She in the flatt'ring mirror-love's to gaze.  
 One flame, at last, shall both united fire,  
 Nor till HER seasons cease, shall THINE expire!

W A T T S.

WITH pious rapture, glow thy strains divine,  
 And warbling seraphs breathe in ev'ry line.  
 The CHURCH triumphant, militant, conspire  
 To chaunt thy numbers; and as they inspire,  
 Shout the REDEEMER'S praise to thine exalted lyre! }

\* Popish ones.

## COLLINS.

CALL'D by thy muse, the PASSIONS round thee throng,  
Obey the high behest, and fire thy song.

Like AMMON'S SON, when great TIMOTHEUS strove,  
Lost and o'erpow'r'd ! HOPE, FEAR, GRIEF, JOY, WE PROVE,  
Inflam'd with HATE, DESPAIR, REVENGE, and LOVE. }

Now melt ! now burn ! as rolls the tide along,  
Such PASSIONS madd'ning sway, and such the pow'r of song !

## CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL, dire scourge of poets, players, peers,  
His vast Herculean stature high uprears.

Unbought, unbrib'd, with savage fury warm,

Rough as a satyr ! raging as a storm !

Collected in HIMSELF, he tow'rs along,

Heroic champion of satiric song !

In height of blood, his fiery courser flies ;

Like furious JEHU the smart lash he plies,

Leaps hedges, ditches, bars ; and seizes on the prize ! }

GRAY.

GRAY courts the shade, yet tow'rs on eagle's wings—  
 Replenish'd from Castalia's purest springs,  
 Art's proudest monuments in ruins lie,  
 Yet HIS IMMORTAL WORKS shall never die.

S H E N S T O N E.

SWEET flow thy rural strains! the Past'ral muse  
 Her bard be-sprinkles with Arcadian dews!  
 Enamour'd swains, and love-sick nymphs, agree  
 No bard the TENDER PASSION paints like thee.  
 SPENSER's soft reed, and HAMMOND's lute, are thine,  
 TIBULLUS' sweetness, SAPPHO's glowing line,  
 OVID's gay harp, and MARO's warmth divine!  
 No passion of the soul, but thou can'st move,  
 Each rules by turns, yet centre all in Love!

## C E R V A N T E S.

COULD my faint voice augment thy challeng'd  
 Each musé should tune, thy spirit fire, my lays.  
 Romance, in thee, points satire's keenest dart,  
 Vers'd in each winding of the human heart.  
 Against mad CHIVALRY thy shafts were drawn,  
 Nor fail'd to wound each vot'ry thro' thy DON.  
 The fable, moral, humor, with nice art,  
 Expung'd KNIGHT-ERRANTRY from REASON'S chart  
 Struck at the root, and stabb'd it to the heart.

## F I E L D I N G.

FIR'D by CERVANTES, his rich genius shines  
 In thee! pure gold from his exhaustless mines,  
 Each rival else to thee must yield the bays,  
 Lost in th' effulgence of thy brighter rays.  
 Drawn from the life, each character's pourtray'd,  
 In contrast, JONES and BLIFIL stand display'd.  
 Nature, and art, and grace, in SOPHIA join,  
 Great ALLWORTHY'S thine own, pure, perfect, and d



L E . S A G E .

LE SAGE from nature drew; in ev'ry line,  
 Exub'rant wit, and boundless fancy shine.  
 Spain, and its manners, customs, habits, all  
 Are here—but BLAS is an original.  
 Genius and humor beam in ev'ry page,  
 Enchanting novelist ! instructor SAGE !

R I C H A R D S O N .

REplete with GENIUS, shine thy works confess !  
 In GRANDISON it soars, the last, and best.  
 CLARISSA'S suff'rings harrow up the soul,  
 Humble PAMELA'S a vain, whimpring, fool.  
 Above proud BYRON, CLEMENTINA tow'rs,  
 Resistless wit, gay CHARLOTTE ceaseless pours.  
 Divine SIR CHARLES, from ev'ry foible free,  
 Soars above nature, and humanity.  
 One blemish more—thou'rt tedious, honest friend !  
 Nor seems th' eternal tale as if 'twould ever end !

## O S S I A N.

O BARD divine! to thee each grace was giv'n,  
 Self-taught, or like great HOMER, taught by heav'n,  
 Sublimely tow'ring, soars thy lofty song,  
 Impassion'd, tender, nervous, bold, and strong.  
 Applauding bards shall deify thy lays,  
 Nor fail to crown thee with eternal praise.

## F I N G A L.

FRAUGHT with celestial splendors beams thy star  
 In peace thy country's SUN, her SHIELD in war.  
 No ancient hero may with thee compare,  
 Greece, Carthage, Rome, to rival thee despair,  
 AMERICA, this honor's kept for thee!  
 Like FINGAL one is thine, and WASHINGTON is HE!

## H A N D E L.

HAIL, heav'nly minstrel! nature stamp'd thy worth  
 And songs of Angels usher'd in thy birth!  
 No strains, like thine, e'er ravish'd mortal ears,  
 Delightful as the music of the spheres.  
 Enraptur'd seraphs, hymning in full choir,  
 Lay by their golden harps to listen to thy lyre!

## THE SEASONS.

**SWEET** are the changes of the rolling year,  
 Eternal wisdom, love, in all appear.  
**AUTUMN**'s rich treasures, **WINTER**'s nurt'ring snows,  
**SPRING**'s fragrant blooms, and **SUMMER**'s blushing rose!  
 On all inscrib'd paternal care we prove,  
 Nor fail the sweet vicissitudes to move  
 Sublimest adoration, praise, and love.

### S P R I N G.

**SOFT** gales to Winter's chilling blasts succeed,  
 Perfum'd with odours, blooms the enamel'd mead,  
 Re-echoing music fills the vocal grove,  
 Inspiring ev'ry sense with joy and love.  
 Nature to its great Author homage pays,  
 Glowing with rapture, gratitude, and praise.

### S U M M E R.

**SEE** glowing ether sheds one boundless blaze!  
 Unclouded Phœbus darts intense his rays.  
 Mercy! not one kind breeze? ye clouds arise,  
 Melt in soft showers, and mitigate the skies.  
 Enough! I hear the distant thunder's voice,  
 Rejoice! it pours amain, ye grateful fields rejoice!

## A U T U M N.

ADIEU, ye vernal fields ! now Autumn reigns,  
 Unloads her gifts ; rewards the peasant's pains.  
 Then while your crowded barns scarce hold the grain,  
 Unask'd, like Boaz, let the stranger glean.  
 More plenteous crops shall crown each fertile vale,  
 Nor your rich pond'rous harvests ever fail.

## W I N T E R.

WINTER, dread winter reigns ! each joy o'er cast  
 Involv'd in tempests, arm'd with piercing blasts !  
 Nature's lock'd up ! whole rivers as they run,  
 To flint converted, mock the feeble sun.  
 Enrob'd in fleecy garb, the fields are bright,  
 Revealing to the eye one boundless shining white.

## T H E R O S E.

RED, white, pink, damask, thy chaste liv'ry paint,  
 Of loveliest foliage, and ambrosial scent.  
 Such fragrance the pleas'd sense almost devours,  
 Essence of all that's sweet, and queen of flow'rs !

## L I L Y.

LIKE purest snow, thy lucid robes divine  
 In virgin modesty unsullied shine.  
 Lowly and meek, thou court'st the humble dale,  
 Yet shin'st the loveliest flow'ret of the vale.

## L I L Y.

LOW to this beauteous offspring of the field,  
 all his glory SOLCMON must yield.  
 t queens in all their birth-day splendors shine,  
 t own their brightest charms eclips'd by thine.

## P I N K.

PERFUM'D Arabia ne'er was half so sweet !  
 hue how lovely ? elegance how neat ?  
 › flow'r more fragrant Eden's bow'rs disclose,  
 › pt for delight, fair rival of the rose.

## P I A N E Y.\*

POIGNANT with flavor, which the sense alarms,  
 ›pride this flow'r puts forth a blaze of charms,  
 rural lass thus blooms with cheeks full blown,  
 at, round, and ruddy, like the full-orb'd moon,  
 'n so this flow'r her crimson beauties shows,  
 t-serves to foil the lily, pink, and rose.

PLANT.

## THE PARTERRE,

## T U L I P.

THE gayest, richest flow'r that decks the green !  
 Unrival'd in imperial beauty seen !  
 Like some gay princess, proud of robes so fine,  
 In variegated charms thou lov'st to shine,  
 Pride of the garden ! gandy, yet divine !

## SENSITIVE - P L A N T.

SWEET PLANT ! with feelings exquisitely fine  
 Emblem of female purity divine.  
 Nor boasts th' enamel'd mead, or gay parterre,  
 So delicate a pattern for the fair.  
 In vain with trembling caution we approach,  
 The modest flow'r shrinks from the slightest touch.  
 In vain the hand that sunk, would raise again !  
 Virtue insulted spurns th' offending swain,  
 Expiring like Lucretia with disdain.  
 Pure, like this flow'r, and tremblingly alive,  
 Let each gay nymph instruction hence derive.  
 Avoid the open rake, th' insidious foe,  
 Nor touch profane of impious hands allow,  
 To chastity devote, and pure as virgin-snow.

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F I N G A L ;

*BOOK III.*

A P O E M.

*FROM OSSIAN.*

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## ARGUMENT.

CUCHULLIN, pleased with the story of Carril, insists with that bard for more of his songs. He relates the actions of Fingal in Loeklin, and death of Agandecca the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished, when Calmar, the son of Matha, who had advised the first battle, came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprize the remains of the Irish army. He himself proposes singly to withstand the whole force of the enemy, in a narrow pass, till the Irish should make good their retreat. Cuchullin, touched with the gallant proposal of Calmar, resolves to accompany him, and orders Carril to carry off the few that remained of the Irish. Morning comes, Calmar dies of his wounds; and the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives over the pursuit of the Irish, and returns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuchullin, ashamed, after his defeat, to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Turz. Fingal engages the enemy, puts them to flight; but night coming on makes the victory not decisive. The king, who had observed the gallant behavior of his grandson Oscar, gives him his advice concerning his conduct in peace and war. He recommends to him to place the example of his fathers before his eyes, as the best model of his conduct; which introduces the episode of Rainasollis, the daughter of the king of Craca, whom Fingal had taken under his protection in his youth. Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night; Gaul the son of Morni desires the command of the army in the next battle; which Fingal promises to give him. Some general reflections of the poet close the third day.



## F I N G A L ;

## BOOK III.

*FROM OSSIAN.*

**T**HUS sang the tuneful sage, and ceas'd his song,  
 While softest music melted from his tongue.  
 In sweet suspension held, Cuchullin heard,  
 Then thus in extasy address'd the bard.

Pleasant the words of song, thy voice, thy lays,  
 And lovely are the tales of other days !  
 Sweet to the soul as balmy morning dews,  
 Gently distilling on the hill of Roes,  
 When on its side the sun but faintly gleams,  
 And the blue lake reflects its early beams.

O Carril, raise thy tuneful voice again,  
 And let the song of Tura grace the strain !  
 Which in my halls of joy melodious flow'd,  
 When Fingal's presence cheer'd the gay abode ;

And while his great forefathers were the theme,  
Glow'd at their mighty deeds, and hop'd an equal fame.

Fingal, thou king of shields ! (the song begun)  
In arms full early was thy prowess shewn.  
How did proud Locklin in thy wrath consume,  
When thou in all the pride of youthful bloom,  
With the gay nymphs in am'rous dalliance strove,  
And (sweet compulsion !) bent them to thy love ?  
They smil'd when they his manly charms beheld,  
But death stalk'd with him, grizzly, to the field.  
Strong as dark Lora's thund'ring waves he stood,  
Fierce as a thousand streams his chiefs pursu'd.  
They fought ; they conquer'd. Locklin's savage lord  
They took—but gen'rous to his ships restor'd.  
Shame, pride, and vengeance, in his bosom roll,  
And blood alone can glut his wrathful soul.  
Fingal must die ; for none of meaner fame,  
The strength of mighty Starno e'er o'ercame.

Sullen, and dark, shrin'd in his hall of shells  
(Where nodding forests wave on Locklin's hills)  
He sat, revolving or by force, or guile,  
His rage to satiate, and the monarch kill ;  
The *last* best pleas'd him, for his foe he fear'd,  
Then call'd to grey-hair'd Snivan, gloomy bard !

Who oft when foes oppress'd, or terrors aw'd,  
Invok'd with pray'r the Scandinavian god.  
At Odin's shrine the harp harmonious strung,  
And round his circle pour'd the mystic song.  
Till sooth'd by sound, and prevalence of pray'r,  
The stone of pow'r propitious bent his ear.  
Inspir'd the weak to conquer thro' his might,  
Wither'd the foe, and turn'd the scale of fight.

To whom the king. Go, Snivan, hoary seer,  
To Ardven's sea-surrounded rocks repair.  
There tell to Fingal, chief of mighty men,  
He that is fairest of his num'rous train,  
Conspicuous o'er them all for manly charms  
Tell him I give my daughter to his arms.  
A maid with ev'ry blooming beauty blest,  
The loveliest far that e'er heav'd snowy breast.  
White as my foamy waves her arms appear,  
Her soul is gen'rous, gentle, and sincere.  
Hither, with bravest heroes let him speed,  
And in her secret hall the virgin wed.

To Albion's windy hills the sage repairs,  
And greets the monarch, and his message bears:  
The fair-hair'd Fingal eagerly obeys,  
Summons his bravest chiefs, and ploughs the seas;

Swift flies the vessel tow'rd the promis'd shore,  
His soul, and swifter wishes fly before.

Welcome (said Starno, smiles his purpose veil)  
And thou great king of rocky Morven, hail !  
With ye his heroes, sons of deathless fame,  
Who all the lonely isle's proud empire claim.  
Within my halls, three days partake the feast,  
And three, pursue my boars thro' Gormal's waste.  
So shalt your fame, before you, find access,  
Pervade the secret mansion's last recess,  
Please the soft virgin, and ensure success.

The king of snow thus artfully delay'd  
His purpos'd vengeance, and the banquet spread.  
But Fingal cautious, scorning all surprize,  
His foe suspected thro' the dark disguise ;  
Kept on his arms, attentive ey'd each guest,  
And graspt his jav'lin, and refus'd the feast.  
His brows grew dark, his eye balls terror shed ;  
The sons of death beheld, they fear'd, and fled.

Then mirth arose : the hall with music rung,  
Around, the trembling harps of joy are strung ;  
Bards sing, as warm or gentler raptures move,  
The rage of battles, and the joys of love.

Ullin, high-eminent above the train,  
 The bard of Fingal, pour'd the melting strain.  
 Sweet voice of Cona! at whose gentler lays,  
 Bards drop their harps, and list'ning, wond'ring, gaze.  
 Daughter of snow! 'twas thine to fire the song,  
 Thy matchless praise the heav'nly minstrel sung,  
 And all thy beauties warbled on his tongue.  
 Nor was forgot the high-descended king  
 Of Morven—Fingal thrill'd on ev'ry string;  
 The maid and glorious chief possess'd him all,  
 And their joint praises fill'd the echoing hall.

The virgin heard in secret—forth she pac'd,  
 With blooming innocence divinely grac'd.  
 Her glowing beauties negligently shone,  
 As from an eastern cloud the radiant moon.  
 From her mild eye unnumber'd glories stream'd,  
 And loveliness, as light, around her beam'd.  
 Her steps to music's softest measures move,  
 And all her air was harmony and love.  
 She saw the beauteous youth, nor saw unmov'd,  
 Soft sighs steal out, she trembled, gaz'd, and lov'd.  
 On Fingal her blue eyes in secret roll,  
 She blest the chief, and gave him all her soul.

Now the third morn in all its splendor shone :  
 The dark-brow'd Starno to the heath mov'd on,  
 With Morven's king : till noon they chace the boar,  
 And Fingal's spear, unerring, reeks with gore.

Then Starno's lovely daughter came and spake ;  
 Her voice breath'd love; tears copious bath'd her cheek  
 O Fingal, Morven's high-descended chief !  
 Regard thy safety, and forgive my grief.  
 Trust not my father's pride ; within that wood,  
 Couch'd in dire ambush, wait the sons of blood.  
 For thee they wait—beware the wood of death,  
 And ah, remember me ! from Starno's wrath  
 Protect me helpless ! oh, divinely brave,  
 Thyself, thy chiefs, thy Agandecca save !

Calm, and unmov'd, his heroes by his side,  
 The youth strode on : th' assassins fled or dy'd.  
 Unwonted slaughter dy'd the reeking ground,  
 And Gormal's rocky summits echo'd round.

At Starno's halls convene the sons of chace :  
 The king grew dark, his eyes like meteors blaze.  
 Yet still dissembling—"hither warrior's bring  
 My Agandecca to her lovely king.  
 Pierc'd by his hand, the sons of death lie slain,  
 Nor was her friendly warning heard in vain."

In all her tears forth came the hapless fair,  
 Lovely in grief! loose flows her raven-hair,  
 Her bosom, whiter than the curling waves  
 Of streamy Lubar, in soft anguish heaves.  
 And all her trembling limbs her fears reveal:  
 Starvo, unpitying, pierc'd her side with steel.

As when the woods scarce feel the breathing gale,  
 While echo, falt'ring deepens in the vale,  
 Some snowy wreath from Ronan's harden'd sides,  
 Touch'd by too warm a ray, dissolving glides;  
 So fell the maid beneath *his* cruel wrath  
 Who gave her being! fainting on the heath,  
 In a soft balmy sigh, resign'd her breath.

Then Fingal eye'd his chiefs, nor vainly ey'd;  
 They arm—they rush—and Locklin fled or dy'd.  
 Pale, in his bounding ship, he bore the maid,  
 With virgin honors sooth'd her pensive shade,  
 And rais'd a tomb, memorial of the dead.  
 High Ardven's shores her sacred dust inhume,  
 And the sea roars round Agandecca's tomb.

Blest be her soul! and blest thy heav'nly voice!  
 (Cuchullin thus, dissolv'd in rapt'rous joys)  
 Strong was the youth of Fingal, strong his age,  
 Unrival'd shines the hero, and the sage.

Soon shall th' astonish'd foe his vengeance feel,  
 And melt before the lightning of his steel.  
 Moon, burst thro' clouds, and with thy silver light  
 His sails illumine on the wave of night.  
 Ye stars that spangle heav'n, for him arise !  
 And oh, if one strong spirit of the skies,  
 Sits on that low-hung cloud; protect from harm  
 His ships, his host, himself, thou rider of the storm !

Thus spake Cuchullin at the mountain-stream,  
 When Calmar, wounded from the battle came.  
 Matha's brave son ! who scorn'd base flight or fear,  
 Fac'd the proud foe, and singly stem'd a war.  
 Slow up the hill, his fainting course he bore,  
 Propt on his bending spear, distilling gore.  
 Feeble that arm of battle, wont to rule  
 The war's whole rage ; but strong the hero's soul.

Welcome, brave son of Matha ! (Connal cries)  
 Welcome to all thy friends ! why bursts those sighs  
 Unwilling forth ? why streams the purple show'r  
 From his firm breast who never fear'd before ?

Nor will he fear, strong chief of pointed steel !  
 Tho' death his gloomiest terrors round me deal.  
 My soul, inur'd to battles, prompt to dare,  
 Brightens in danger, and exults in war.



Of steel I am ; fear is not of our frame,  
 My hardy ancestors scarce knew the name.  
 Bold Cormar was the eldest of our race ;  
 He sported oft on Ocean's angry face,  
 His black skiff bounded o'er the wat'ry vast,  
 Impetuous trav'ling on the winged blast.  
 An angry spirit once the night embroil'd ;  
 Seas swell, rocks roar, clouds fly on tempests wild :  
 On wings of fire the forky lightnings flame !  
 He fear'd, and came to land—then blush'd with shame—  
 To find the stormy pow'r, he tempts the tide  
 Again : three youths the bounding vessel guide.  
 His sword unsheath'd, the low-hung vapor pass'd ;  
 Seiz'd by the curling head its womb he trac'd  
 With his keen steel ; the gloomy spirit fear'd,  
 And left the air : the moon and stars appear'd.

Such was our race, undaunted so they shone,  
 Nor from his sires degenerates their son.

Calmar is like them : from th' uplifted spear  
 All danger flies : they best succeed who dare.

But now, for once, desert the bloody heath,  
 Sons of green Erin ! leave the field of death.  
 Collect our scatter'd friends, promiscuous pour'd,  
 (The war's sad remnant) and join Fingal's sword.

Already now th'advancing foe I hear,  
 And Locklin's thund'ring clamors stun the ear:  
 But Calmar, fix'd to what he first decreed,  
 Shall mix in battle, nor one step recede;  
 Alone rush on with the same dauntless mind,  
 As if assisting thousands rag'd behind.  
 Nor Connal, shall the gen'rous toil be vain;  
 For soon as Fingal has consum'd the plain,  
 My lifeless corse shall be Cuchullin's care,  
 He'er my dust a monument shall rear;  
 That distant ages may my deeds' proclaim,  
 Fight o'er my battles, and resound my fame.  
 And my soft parents, bending o'er her son,  
 With tears of tender joy bedew my stone,  
 Her grief all lost in Calmar's high renown. }  
 And shall I leave thee, Matha's noble heir?  
 My soul, like thine, joys in th' unequal war,  
 (Cuchullin cries) and danger but inspires  
 More hardy actions, and diviner fires.  
 Thou Connal, and the sage of years, unite  
 To bear our scatter'd forces from the fight.  
 The battle o'er, that oak shall mark the place  
 Where lies each corse; for in this narrow pass,

Resolv'd we stand; nor ev'n in thought recede,  
 Though round us slaught'ring Locklin heaps the dead,  
 And war's-whole tide bursts thund'ring on our head. }

Moran! with feet of wind o'er Lena-speed,  
 Tell Fingal, Locklin triumphs and we bleed.  
 Oh, bid him haste, our light, shield, guardian, friend,  
 Like day's refulgent orb, when storms descend.

Now morn is grey on Cromla, and displays  
 The proud rapacious offspring of the-seas.  
 Calmar beheld; fierce pangs the warrior tear,  
 And all his kindling bosom burns for war.  
 Too lavish! brave in vain! o'erspent at length,  
 Thy quenchless spirit far outwent thy strength.  
 All impotent the dying warrior seems,  
 His father's spear supports his tott'ring limbs!  
 (From Lara's hall he brought the shining steel  
 When his sad mother bade the last farewell)  
 As the firm oak in Cona's lofty woods,  
 Long beat by raging storms, and rushing floods,  
 Braves each repeated shock, still rooted fast,  
 Till by the fury of some mightier blast, }  
 It bends reluctant, nods, and sinks at last;  
 So worn with toil, and wounds, and tort'ring pain,  
 The pride of Erin falls majestic on the plain.

Forlorn, deserted, dark Cuchullin stands,  
 Like some tall rock, which half o'erwhelm'd in sands,  
 Still braves undaunted on its harden'd sides,  
 The raging tempests, and the roaring tides.  
 Bury'd in foam, its ample head is lost,  
 And the roar echoes to the distant coast.

Now thro' the mist of ocean, in proud might,  
 The white-sail'd ships of Fingal tow'r to sight,  
 High groves of masts on wat'ry mountains heave,  
 Alternate nodding on the rolling wave.

Swaran beheld them whit'ning all the coast,  
 Then from the hill impetuous sought his host.  
 As thro' the hundred isles of Inistore,  
 Ebbs the resounding sea with thund'ring roar,  
 So back to Fingal, arm'd with all his crew,  
 Precipitate the fierce destroyer flew.

But bending, weeping, trailing his long spear,  
 In all the agony of keen despair,  
 Cuchullin sunk in Cromla, fill'd with shame,  
 And mourn'd his humble pride, his ruin'd name,  
 His slaughter'd heroes, and departed fame,  
 But most he dreaded Fingal's angry frown,  
 So went to greet him cover'd with renown.

How many of my bravest chiefs lie slain ?  
 Alas ! half Erin bleeds on yonder plain !  
 Of late how chearful, innocent, and blest,  
 When in my halls they shar'd the social feast,  
 Tun'd the soft harp, and woo'd the list'ning fair,  
 Or thro' my forests drove the flying deer.  
 No more thro' heaths shall I their footsteps trace,  
 Or hear their voices animate the chace.  
 Pale ! silent ! low ! on bloody beds outspread,  
 Their names forgotten ! all their glories fled !  
 Illustrious spirits, recent yet in death !  
 Oh meet Cuchullin on his lonely heath !  
 Where Tura's cave resounds the rustling grove,  
 Thither on some light blast auspicious rove.  
 With gentle converse all his griefs control,  
 And pour the balm of comfort on his soul.  
 There far remote, this wretched load I'll bear,  
 No friend to pity, and no spouse to chear.  
 In death, no bard to raise the song of grief,  
 No stone to tell where lies sad Erin's chief.  
 Mourn me among the dead, unhappy dame !  
 Oh Bragela ! departed is my fame !

Such were thy words, O most renown'd in war !  
 Whilst lonely Cromla echo'd thy despair.

Tall in his ship, stern Fingal swept the seas ;  
Before him flam'd his lance, terrific blaze !  
Like the green meteor, setting on the heath  
Of stormy Malmor, big with various death.

When the pale trav'ler o'er the desert hies,  
And the broad moon is darken'd in the skies.

The field with tears of anguish he survey'd,  
Thick sighs succeeded, and the monarch said.

'Tis o'er ; they bleed ! our aid, alas is vain,  
A purple inundation floats the plain !

Sad, Cromla's oaks ! and mournful Lena's heath !

In youthful pride, her hunters groan in death.

Ah, Semo's gen'rous offspring is no more !

Haste, Ryno, Fillan, mount the rocky shore,  
With breath alternate thro' the trembling air,

Urge, loudly urge the horn of Fingal's war.

At Lamderg's grave let the dread blast expire,

And call forth all the foe to meet your sire.

With rage like his, be each strong voice impell'd,

When in his strength your father takes the field.

I wait, I wait, for the dark, mighty man,

Terrific Swaran ! here on Lena's plain,

With all his sea-born legions let him speed,

For strong in war th' avengers of the dead

Light as the lightning glimpse fair Ryno speeds,  
 Like autumn's shades dark Fillan swift succeeds.  
 High o'er the heath, with strong, collected zeal  
 They sound: far-distant shores the impulse feel,  
 And nations tremble at the dreadful peal. }

As in the realm of snows, with desp'rate sway,  
 Whirls round some rocky point the eddyng sea:  
 The ice of fifty winters furious borne,  
 By whirlwinds from the promontory torn.  
 So furious, sudden, down the craggy shore,  
 Locklin's dark tribes precipitately pour.  
 In dismal pride of arms, their haughty lord  
 Tow'rs in the front, and waves his flaming sword,  
 His dark-brown visage glows with horrid ire,  
 And from his eyes flash streams of sanguine fire.

Fingal beheld him, dreadful as he shin'd,  
 And all his Agandecca rush'd to mind.  
 For Starnao's son, in youthful bloom elate,  
 Had wept his lovely sister's hapless fate.  
 This, Fingal cherish'd in his grateful breast,  
 And sent his bard to bid him to the feast.  
 For pleasant on his soul, her image came,  
 And the sweet mem'ry of his youthful flame.

Ullin, with steps of age, the word conveys,  
And mildly greets the ruler of the seas.

O thou who dwell'st on ocean's utmost verge,  
Round whose rough shores resounds the roaring surge,  
And hills of ice, and snow, and solid stone,  
Impenetrable bulwarks ! gird thy throne.  
To day our chief the joyous feast intends,  
Invites thy presence, and the war suspends.  
To-morrow, king, we break the echoing shield,  
Then Fingal rages, and consumes the field.

To day we break the shields—to-morrow feast,  
(Retorted Swaran with indignant breast)  
Ere that, shall Fingal prostrate bite the ground,  
And for me only the repast be crown'd.

Then be the churlish feast to-morrow spread,  
If such his pleasure (Fingal smiling said)  
To day my sons then, break the echoing shield,  
And be his gloomy purpose all fulfill'd.  
Rouse then, ye warriors, and for fight prepare ;  
Ossian, stand near my arm, and guide the war.  
On high, O Gaul, thy sword fierce-blazing wield,  
Strong Fergus, force thy crooked yew to yield.  
Thro' heav'n brave Fillan, send thy flaming lance,  
Let not one hissing jav'lin vainly glance,



Be each bright spear a meteor in the field,  
 And like the darken'd moon, stretch ev'ry shield.  
 Follow my path to battle, glory claim,  
 Let my example ev'ry breast inflame,  
 And each brave chief transcend his leader's fame.

As rush a hundred winds thro' Morven's woods,  
 As from their summits pour a hundred floods.  
 As clouds successive all the heav'ns o'er cast,  
 Or as the boiling deeps foam o'er the barren waste.  
 So loud, vast, roaring ! terrible as death,  
 Mix the contending hosts on Lena's echoing heath.  
 The groan of death spread o'er the mountain's height  
 Dreadful as thunder in some gloomy night,  
 When the cloud bursts on Cona, and conjoin'd,  
 A thousand ghosts shriek on the hollow wind.

Fingal rush'd on, impetuous, undismay'd,  
 As, wrapt in whirlwinds, Trenmor's mighty shade  
 Majestic comes to see proud Morven's race :  
 Loud crash the oaks ! hills tremble to their base,  
 And rocks bow down before his awful face !  
 Bloody my father's hand, when from his spear  
 He whirl'd red lightning thro' the ranks of war.  
 His youthful battles give him tenfold force,  
 And the wide field is wasted in his course.

Fierce as some fiery meteor, Ryno shone;  
 With brows dark-frowning, furious Gaul rush'd on ;  
 Inpetuous Fergus flew on feet of wind ;  
 Like mountain-mists, dark Fillan roll'd behind.  
 Myself, a rock, came thund'ring to the fight,  
 Young, and exulting in my father's might.  
 Many the chiefs this vig'rous arm o'erpower'd,  
 And dismal was the gleaming of my sword !  
 Time had not palsied then these hands, nor years  
 Furrow'd this face, and blanch'd these silver hairs ;  
 These eyes in dreary darkness were not veil'd,  
 Nor in the race had my fleet vigor fail'd !

And now in all its strength the battle burns :  
 Direful reverse ! now Locklin bleeds and mourns.

Who can describe the slaughter ? who relate  
 The deeds of heroes, and a nation's fate,  
 When Fingal, red in wrath, on Locklin burst ;  
 Consum'd her sons, and humbled to the dust  
 Her tow'ring pride ? echoing from hill to hill,  
 Groans swell on groans, and all the region fill.  
 Till night o'er all her sable mantle throws.  
 Pale, staring ! like a herd of tim'rous roes,  
 On Lena's heath convene the trembling foes.

We, victors of the day, at Lubar's stream  
Exulting sat : around, the bards of fame  
Pour the loud strain. Fingal was next the foe,  
And listen'd as the tuneful numbers flow.  
To the harp's cadence, bards responsive sing,  
And soothe with airs divine the venerable king.  
Of other times the sweet musicians sung,  
And Fingal's godlike race inspir'd each tongue.  
Attentive, musing, on his shield reclin'd,  
His aged locks loose-flowing with the wind,  
The monarch sat : past scenes his soul oppress,  
And the soft tear steals down his manly face.  
Sad, pleasing retrospect ! instructive page !  
Youth's soothing rapture, and the balm of age !  
Near him, with bended spear, my pride, my boast,  
My Oscar stood ; in admiration lost.  
No vacant thoughts ! his grandsire fill'd the whole,  
And his high deeds are swelling in his soul.

Son of my son, O Oscar, warlike boy !  
I saw (thus Fingal) with paternal joy,  
Your gleaming steel ; and gloried in my race.  
Go on brave youth, your fathers' footsteps trace,  
Like them be valiant, cherish godlike Gæes,  
Pursue their path, and emulate your sires.

When Trathal, sire of heroes, fill'd the scene,  
 And awful Trenmor, first of mortal men ;  
 They warr'd in youth like thee, now dead they claim  
 The bards' high song, and share eternal fame.  
 Young warrior, bend the strong, but spare the weak,  
 The lofty humble, and exalt the meek :  
 Be thou a stream of many tides to those  
 Who are thy country's, thine, and virtue's foes ;  
 But like the gale that gently waves the green,  
 To those that sue : so Trenmor liv'd serene,  
 Such Trathal was, and such has Fingal been. }  
 To me did helpless innocence resort,  
 In this strong arm the injur'd found support ;  
 And the weak rested, freed from ev'ry fear,  
 Safe in the lightning of my outstretch'd spear.

Oscar, my son, I once was young like you,  
 When lovely Fanaisollis met my view.  
 By all admir'd ; what eye could but approve  
 That youthful sun-beam ? that mild light of love ?  
 Daughter of Craca's king. From Lena's plain  
 One day returning, few my scatter'd train,  
 A white-sail'd boat, far distant, we descri'd,  
 Like a light mist suspended o'er the tide.

It soon approach'd, and to our view display'd  
The lovely freight—a blooming, beauteous maid !  
In all the charms of soft distress—her eyes  
Were swoln with grief ; her breast with constant sighs,  
The breeze light wav'd her loose, disshevel'd hair,  
And down her rosy cheek distill'd the pearly tear.  
Daughter of beauty (calm I said) what sigh  
Thy bosom rends ? why swims in tears thine eye ?  
Young as I am, can I, bright innocence !  
Redress thy sufferings ? rise in thy defence ?  
Oh, tell thy sorrows, here thy guardian find,  
Whate'er can soothe a discontented mind,  
Think done already ; tho' this arm and spear  
Are not unmatch'd, my heart is void of fear.

To thee I fly. O chief of shells ! (thus she)  
To whom but Fingal should the injur'd flee ?  
From Craca's isle forlorn I seek your shore,  
That aid, so nobly proffer'd, to implore.  
Its king, my sire, in me plac'd all his peace,  
And own'd me for the sun-beam of his race.  
Oft did Comala's conscious hills reply  
To the soft murmur, and the gentle sigh  
Of am'rous rival chiefs who sought my love,  
And Fanaisollis fill'd each echoing grove.

Among the rest, the chief of Sora vy'd ;  
 The sword beams graceful by the warrior's side,  
 But storms his soul, and horrors cloud his brows,  
 On seas I shun him, but he still pursues.

Mild beam of light ! ( I said ) thy sorrows cease,  
 Behind this shield, uninjur'd, rest in peace.  
 Soon shall the invader vanish like a scroll,  
 If Fingal's arm obeys his prompting soul.  
 In some lone cave I might thee safe conceal;  
 That Sora's chief with unavailing zeal  
 Would search : but Trenmor's race disdains to fly,  
 Storms, perils, deaths, contribute to his joy.

While thus I speak, the trickling currents roll,  
 Adown her cheeks ; compassion touch'd my soul.

Now like a dreadful billow, o'er the tide  
 Proud Borbar's bounding galley we descry'd,  
 Scarce seen at first, but gaining on the sight,  
 Till the proud vessel tow'r'd in open-light.  
 His masts high-bended o'er the seas—around  
 Hang sheets of snow—encircling waves surround,  
 Loud groans the fabric, and the deeps resound. }

Come from thy ocean (mildly thus I said)  
 Rider of storms ! behold my feast is spread :

Within my halls, the stranger's sure retreat,  
 Repose in safety, and partake the treat.

All pale beside me, stood the trembling maid :  
 He drew the bow, unheeding all I said,  
 And deaf to pity, by stern rage impell'd,  
 Pierc'd (ere this interposing arm could shield)  
 The tender maid. Base wretch ! (enrag'd I cry'd)  
 What mean revenge ? is thus thy valor try'd  
 On a defenceless maid ? rouse, rouse thy pow'rs,  
 Thou'st prov'd a woman's prowess, now prove ours.

We fought ; nor weak the strife : beneath my steel  
 Gasping in death, the proud invader fell.  
 Thus in one day the flow'r of beauty dy'd,  
 And all the insolence of martial pride ;  
 Two stony tombs their sep'rate dust contain,  
 And peaceful rest the slayer, and the slain.

Such have I been in youth : be thou, my son,  
 Like Fingal's age : nor seek the war, nor shun.  
 Repulse, shame, death, attend intemp'rate heat,  
 And scorn and infamy the dastard wait.

Fillan, and Oscar, of the dark-brown hair,  
 Renown'd for swiftness, and unmatch'd in war.  
 Fly o'er the heath of roaring winds and view  
 The sons of Locklin, chase, o'ertake, subdue.

Far off resounds their noise which terror forms,  
 Like thund'ring Cona shook by bellowing storms.  
 Haste, intercept them e'er their slips they gain, }  
 Mock our just rage, our fury render vain, }  
 Safe hid, and shelter'd in the roaring main.  
 For many valiant chiefs-yon champain press,  
 War's stormy offspring, Cromla's battling race.  
 For this, vindictive justice loud demands  
 Their lives, red victims to our slaught'ring hands.

Like two dark clouds, they thunder tow'rd the hosts  
 Two clouds—the chariots of revengeful ghosts !  
 When air's dark children, wrapt in hideous gloom,  
 To frighten hapless men terrific come.

'Twas then fierce Gaul in native greatness shew'd,  
 Like some tall rock, sublime the hero stood.  
 (Which in the night, beneath o'erhangs the floods,  
 Wide, ample round ! above o'ertops the clouds)  
 His spear, yet reeking with the fate of wars,  
 Beams o'er the host, and glitters to the stars.  
 His voice of many waters shakes the field—  
 How long (he cries) by lust of fame impell'd,  
 Shall Fingal rule the war ? eclipse our deeds,  
 And snatch each laurel ere it reach our heads ?  
 Forbear, great king of shells, thy labours cease,  
 Let bards melodious soothe thy soul to peace ;



And Erin's sons with thee, retire from fight—  
 One gleam of glory grant to gild our night.  
 Lost in thy dazzling beams, we claim no praise,  
 Our glory withers, and our fame decays ;  
 For well thou know'st thy deeds no rival bear ;  
 Where'er thy helmet tow'rs, or flames thy spear, }  
 There slaughter groans, there rages all the war. }  
 When o'er the mountains, morn her radiance sheds,  
 Do thou, supine at distance, view our deeds.  
 Let Locklin feel my fury, mine alone ;  
 'Then future bards shall sing of Morni's son.  
 So were thy fathers wont, in former fields,  
 And such thy early conduct, king of shields !  
     O son of Morni, glorious is thy flame !  
 Go—lead the battle—darken all our fame,  
 With thy great acts : passive I'll stand, but near,  
 To aid, should dangers press thee, with my spear.  
 Raise, raise the song, ye bards ! and lull my mind  
 To pleasing rest ; here on the heath reclin'd,  
 While storms and nightly spirits from above  
 Descend ; I'll lie—and oh, my fair, my love,  
 If thou my Agandecca ! near dost stand,  
 Among the favor'd heroes of thy land.  
 If on some blast sublime thou tak'st thy seat  
 On the high-shrouded masts of Locklin's fleet,

Come to my dreams, all-radiant thro' the gloom,  
Blaze on my view in all thy heav'nly bloom,  
And feast my raptur'd soul on extacies to come. }

Then many a harp, and many a tuneful tongue  
Arose : of Fingal's noble deeds they sung,  
And his illustrious race ; alternate sounds  
Each hero's praise : the echoing dome rebounds.  
And oft, in tuneful strain, amid the crowd,  
The name of the now mournful Ossian 'flow'd.

Oft have I fought and won, and many a scar  
Has mark'd this breast ; the hardy deeds of war  
Were early my delight—alas, in vain !  
Now blind, forlorn, I walk with little men.  
O Fingal, with thy host, no more we hear  
The shout triumphant, the loud din of war.  
The wild roes feed (when heav'n unbinds the spring)  
On the green tomb of Morven's mighty king.

Blest be thy soul, thou king of swords ! in worth  
Thou most renown'd among the sons of earth !











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