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POEMS IN THREE PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.
The Latin Poetry of the Late Sir William Jones, with an English Version.

PART THE SECOND.
Literary Characteristicks of the Most Distinguished Members of the Asiatic Society, 1799.

PART THE THIRD.
Miscellaneous Poems Written in the East Indies.

[Image of illuminated text]

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An Arabian Ode.
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An Arabian Elegy from Eboor's Fardis.
Persian Fables.
Sir William's Farewell to the Mufti.

PART THE SECOND.

Literary Characteristics of the Most Distinguished Members of the Asiatic Society 1799.
Dedication to the President, Sir John Androcles.

PART THE THIRD.

Miscellaneous Poems written in the East Indies.
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Verita to the Memory of Sir James Macdonald.
Translation of the Memorials, dedicated to the Tomb of Mr. Irving, the famous blind School Master of Armin.
Description of the most eminent Literary Characters among our Countrymen.
Ode to the Medea Harp.
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The Battle of Bistorah.
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Amatory and Margareta, a true and affecting Love Tale.

PART THE FIRST.

THE LATIN POETRY

OF THE LATE

SIR WILLIAM JONES,

WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION.
TO LADY JONES.

My Lady,

The genius of British India had me attempt a version of the following beautiful little poems—I obey the sacred mandate!

I often stand pensively at the tomb of the inspired writer, and softly pronounce that name so dear to you, so sacred in Asia, and so exalted through the Universe!

To your Ladyship alone this offering can be made with propriety. It is a justice I owe to the memory of him, who loved me when living and whom while my heart throbs I will ever lament!

I am,

Your Ladyship's faithful Servant,

THE TRANSLATOR.

[Date: May 18, 1800]
CARMINUM LIBER.
POEMS.

I. ODE SINICA ANTIQUISSIMA.

Cetera in Confucius libro qui dictur Ta Hsi.

VIDES ut aequo dulcis gemmam lavet
Argenteus rivi lateat
Viridea ut aura frigidula modulamine
Arundines interficat!

Sic, sic, ameno cinete virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Ut maximus labere, & arte maximae,
Effugite artifex eur.
Sic ad benignitatem sinea civium
Blends figuras perfura,
Ut delicata gemmula expelit manus
Fulgore lucentem aureo,
Sic civitatem mitium guadis suam
Omnis morum lumine.

O quam verenda micat in oculis lenitas!
Minauur & rident simul.
O quanta pulchrul dignitas vultu pater,
Et quantus incisus decor!
Scillet, ameno cinete virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Annon per omne, Veris inlata, fœculum
Memoria floreti tui?
II. ODE PERSICA.

A Poeta admirabilis Hafez,

JAM rosa purpurea caput explicant Amici, amici,
Susvis voluptuosum colores:
Sic monstre floris.
Num laci dorsum at celulis lata avolar melas,
Quin sacra nox lumina mira
Strangula necharos?
Dulce gentit zephyrus: uigentem mitte quellam,
Quam mollis in amplexus tenens
Pocula lata bilam.

Tange chelim. Sedavit fortuna; st mitre queelas:
Cur non canoare barihi
Elicimus modulos?

Et flossum regina nitat rosa. Fundite vini,
Quo ad amors exinguit facem,
Nectaros iacer.

Susvis loquens Philosopha vocor: qui sit ut umbria
Teus rodamum nelidii
Necris avis) tacem?  

II.—A PERSIAN ODE,

(The Approach of Spring)

From the Celebrated Poet Dewan Hafez.

Now is the Summer, Rohi gay
Light purple-clothed'd blooms display;
When Sirey thus jovial youths invite,
To the lily gardens of delight.

Time will your sprightliness destroy,
Then glance the precious hours to stay.

Affume all!—convivial join!

The drest carpet fell for wine's sake,
And while you feel the tainting breeze,
Which whispers through the waving trees,

Pray that before you may be laid
Some playfull daughter loving maid.

And to her health and charms divine,
Quoae glassy of enchanting wine.

Is Fortune cruel?—Then go fair.

To querulous complaint, the sate;
From the touch'd strings make Music float,
On air in soft melodiouse note.
When soft you see in fragrant bowers
The Rose—replendent Queen of flowers.

Then let the golden's brimful shine,
With bright nectarious racy wine.

Wine can the tender pangs remove,
And cause forgetfulness in love.

The sweetly warbling nightingale,
With melody fills every Dale.

How can the case, sweet bird of Spring!

Mid budding Rohi perch'd, to sing?

Upon which the Mahomedan professors themselves at the time of prayers.
III. ALTERA.

AFFER scephys, & dulce rideatis meti
Purpureus latices
Effunde largius, puer.
Nam vinum amores lenit adeo centium.
Difficileque fenum
Emolit spirituines.
Solem merum emulatur, & lunam calix : 
Natura soveat
Dic luna solem amplexibus.
Flammis nitentis flargae : vini facilicet
Fervidioris aquae
Flammæ nitentis simulab:
Quoet f rofarum fragilis avolat decor,
Sparge, pur, liquidas
Vini rubifcentis rofas.

III. ANOTHER.

FROM THE SAME.

GO, Boy! and bring a copious bowl,
Whole sides are purple over
With liquor grateful to the soul,
Which plentifully pour.

Wine can th'impellent fires assuage,
Which pain in youth, yet please :
Wine can allay the griefs of age,
And even sickness eafe.

Wine emulates ye Sun of gold,
The goblet the Moon's face,
Which will the generous liquor hold,
In nectarine embrace.

But let the shining fire once go,
Then lustre-beaming wine,
An equal fervour can below,
With equal brillance shine.

When the fair season of the Ripe,
(Too short liv'd flower) his mind.
No substitute we can propose,
Excepting liquid red.

* The poet's imagery of the Persian appears very fitting to the European ear,
it is literally thus.
The Sun and the Moon are the Wine and the Cup,
bring the Sun in the centre of the Moon.
Si devium Philomela defret nemus,
Pocula lata canant
Non elaboratum melos.
Injuriosae sperne fortunate minas;
Lacteque martiritim
Depelit informem cheflis.
Sommus beatos, somnum amplexis dubit:
Da mihi dulce jersum
Sommum quod allicia fortim.
Dulce eft madere vino. Da calices novos,
Ut placida madidus
Obivione perfruar.
Scymphum affir alterum, puer, deinde alterum:
Seu vetitum fuerit,
Amice, feu liciatum, bibam.

And if the nightingale désires,
The goblet's warm and bright,
And the goblet can rejoice our hearts,
A Mufe without toil.

Fortune's harsh menses despise,
And take the tune of joy.
Sorrow before sweet Muses flies.
Let it whole hours employ.

Since by my Sleep can feal the eye,
That Power with wine allure,
In Sleep's ecstatic trance lies,
From painful thought release.

Tis pleasant to be drunk with wine,
And placid mused knows,
Then make me more cups like rubies shine,
I'll in oblivion go.

Slave! bring another cup with speed,
Then go another fill!
Or be it lawful or forbid,
Drink, O my friend! I will.
IV. ODE ARABICA.

Ad Fabullum.

In libro Hamass carmen eft latarum imaginum plenissimum, quod Hamaab collectione ibi Ode reflect with lively images, before ad Gracerum Londono videre pro simul accedit.— certis, vel parvis imitatis form, works alike represented, and aligned the poetic imagery for the English ear.


Dulci tristisiam vitreus, aut, silente luna,
Mobilis recites in rose.

Ungere blandis oculus puellas;

WHILE, all fierce, the lamp of night,
Affords a silvery trembling light,

Let us, where roves bloom, recline,
And sorrow drown in luscious wine,

And while Love's warmth the soul pervades,
Steal kites from bewitching maids.

The most famous collection of ancient Arabic Poetry, is called Hamass, and is compiled by Ayya Taman, who was an excellent poet himself, and sent to day, 1

1. The most famous collection of ancient Arabic Poetry, is called Hamass, and the most magnificent works of it, are compiled by Ayya Taman, who was an excellent poet himself, and sent to day, 1
Should one superior girl advance,
To read the laws in airy dance,
Who but must glow to see her bind,
Her flowing hair in knots behind?
While in the cooling grots the lyre
Twixt lord, and the dancing breeze confine
To call to rest—say shall we sleep,
Our temples in the dews of sleep?
Sweet are the joys you yearly bring,
O genial renovating Spring!

To frivolous youths—to damsels fall—
Be the gay Saxon free from care,
And only meriment be seen,
While Nature seems to laugh in green!
For life is short and sceptred Kings,
The sovereign Lords of earthly things,
As well as Slaves compell'd to bear,
A life of want and toil and care,
O Glee! I certainly will come,
'Tis the inevitable Tomb!

1 Consam renodar aurum.
2 Mollis cupidinis repere flammas.
3 Aut, blandas aures recreat lyra, floreo subintro
4 Ad leave zeephyrum melos
5 Rare avocetis fringier soporis.
6 Haec ver porpureum dat gradus, comis & juventas!
7 His, mife dum tempus favet,
8 Deo vacare, dumque rideat annum,
9 Quicunque aut erum domini formos, sunt graves costi
10 Curas egeias pati,
11 Debasur aperas, Fabulle, morti.
V. A D LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata fororibus,
Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi
Flœsus, vel celer unâ
Ganges sufera lavit,
Læili, ë mea fr diges quum domus).
Quid mittam adobito. Scilicet hanc mea
Servo carmina blandis
Nympharum auribus insolens,
Quarum tu potior pectora candidis
Mutes al ineuis, te potior am filtr.
Musa, ueniumque puellæ
Pulchra Æolice fides.

V.—O D E T O LÆLIUS.

LAELIUS was a friend of Sir William's who had been endeared to him
in early youth. His presenting a Chief's board and Chief's men to the fight
of his friend occasioned the following original Ode.

If in my country I acquire
That opulence which I desire:
O LAELIUS I'll prepare
Soft robes and gems from Tagus' waves,
And those gold-rolling Ganges laves.
To give your filters fair,
Where'er I touch thy silver bridges,
Sweet lyre! my art no music brings
To their nice judging ears;
More potent than the minds enrich,
With all the soothing power of speech,
Improving while it cheers.

My Muse your greater power admires,
Where'er to strike the SAPPHIRE wires,
Soft impulse makes you yield:
Then will I meditate to lay
Ivory brigades in war array,
And mark for chief the field!
Quia illis actis mistere commodus
Tornata meitor, que bicoloribus
Armis conspicibus
Bella innovia defiant:
Quae providat aquas in Lacedaemoni
Euroas gelidas, aut Tiberis vadas,
Cornucum manum plicis
Nigrum certat olorectis
Cur non sub viribus luxuriae ilicis
Umbrâ soppositâ? Dieo veniat genus
Rident Lydia pulchris,
Et fata decens Chloë?
Die reddeat mili me. Lodice, virgintis:
Me tetelicis aut Venerem modis
Dicente, aut juvenilis
Telen dulce Cupidinis.

Amusement meet!—Lo shall arise
Saturn's, clad in different dies,
Grum black, and shining white:
And chiefs of mighty power shall here
Of fair and fable men appear,
To wage innocuous fight.
Like what the footy crows we're told,
Wag'd with the silver swans of old,
And rais'd immortal jars:
To gain Euphorias' cooling wave,
Or in the Flora's hollows fair,
They fought in sottere wars.
And may not we delude the day,
With all the innocence of play,
Beneath the verdant shade?
Tell me how Lydia comes space,
Lydia sprang from a beauteous race,
A laughter-loving maid.
Or tell you Chloe see advance,
To trip the green in sottere dance,
I'll be myself again!
And while I sing the Queen of joy,
Or arrow of her blooming boy,
Sport on ye virgin train!

VI. AD LUNAM.

CCelli dulci nitens decus,
Lenta hora mans, Cynthia, corripie:
Pulchra tece peto Chloës,
Et labrum rosto acutare solius.
Non predestor ut impobus,
Per Sylvas propera, te duce, devitas;
Nec, dum lux radiat tua,
Utilecum meditor figere equitatem,
Quam tu, misit Amor, femel.
Placatum tepidâ leniteris face,
Illum defervit furo,
Et telam facilis decidit è manu.
Nec, deliciâ per et nefes
Furtiva immeritus guadia persequer;
Blanda vitæ Chloë præce
Pellum rejiciet purpureum libens.

VI.--ODE TO THE MOON.

Some lines to the Moon were written by an ingenious friend of Sir William's who was deprived of seeing them in a Greek desk of Sir William compiled with his friend's request and has given a Greek version of them in his LIMON where they also appear in Latin, as amended.

Slowly, ah slowly now be driven,
Your car of silver bright;
Cynthia, fair ornament of Heaven,
And regent of the night!

I beauteous Mary go to meet,
And fondly hope to sip;
A nectar than the rose more sweet,
The nectar of her lip.

I do not as a robber tread,
Through glooms of emblemed wood;
Nor by your beamy splendour led,
Seek a rival's blood.

The fell afflato, gentle Love!
Cannot your power withstand;
When you his soul to softness move,
The knife drops from his hand.

But I pursue not stolen bliss,
Many will hear my tale;
And to belove a gentle kiss,
Throw off her purple veil.
VII. AD VENEREM.

ORO te teneri blandis Cupidinis
Mater, carolis edita flectibus,
Quae grata fructecea scolitis Isidis,
Herbofonsque Amathuana, et viridem Cnidon,
Oro, Pyrrha, meis caelat amoribus,
Quae nunc, Terinii invictior aevi,
Murentis Licini follicitum melos
Ridet. Non liquide carmine siblis,
Non Ulyssis illaerymabilem
Pleforis dimovet, longius ur ardisum
Cervicem tepidum felicit ad orculum.

VII. ODE TO VENUS.

[Mr. William under the assumed name of Licinius, the poetic master of Cicero, has written the two following beautiful Odes.]

O' MOTHER of the God of Love,
Hear! may my prayers thy bosom move,
Thou who (springing from the azure main)
Dwell'll on Isidia's flowery plain!
In flowery Amathusa seen!
In Cydon, clad in shining green!
Goddes! let Pyrrha's breast be mild,
With tenderness to make her yield!
She now is more indecent far,
Than Teraros' dread berches are.
For her I pour a plaintive strain—
She sooths—my mufe pours in vain!
She nor my tender flute attends,
Nor at my sounding fiddele bends.
Relentless fair, whom nought can move
To give the trembling kiss of Love.
(Quantum cæ et vacuis nectar in oculis)
Quod si canuntibus minor applicet,
Aures illa mei, si (vigillum geda
Te solvente) pari me tepeat face,
Te proper liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
Ponam conspicuo marmore lucidum,
Te cantans Paphism, teque Amathestiam
Pellam gramine cum ter pepe cepitum;
Tum migranti hederæ et temporæ laureæ
Cingam, tunc hilaeres eliciam modos:
At nunc me juvenum praeterea num
Me ridet comitum cœtus ansibilis;
Et ludens purorum in plateis cohos
Ostendit digitis me, quia languor
Demissis oculis, me, quia fontia
Abrupta baud facili virgine fasciam
Monstrat, et viola pulillisur gena.

(O Heaven and what estastic bliss
What nectar in a simple kiss)
Should she grow milder—should she deign,
With tenderness to hear my strain,
And should 't thou fire her icy heart,
And equal warmth to me impart,
Then will I near a fountain raise,
A marble statue to thy praise,
And at thy dear—sacred earth
Tread through an ecstasy of rapture.
Thy fame I'll then through Paphos ring,
And o'er all Amathusa fling;
Then will I circle round thy brow,
Ivy dark-green and laurel boughs;
Then will I call thy name around,
Music's exhilarating sound!
But now my youthful friends are fair
To raise their laughter at my pain,
And even the playfull boys I meet,
Point at me in the public street,
Because I walk with downcast eyes,
For fluster from my pillow flies.
"That youth" they cry they, "who pusses there,
"Languishes for a cruel fate."
When such remarks mine ears afflic,
I turn, like violets, deadle pale.
VIII. ANOTHER ODE TO VENUS.

MITATED FROM THE CELEBRATED HYMN OF SAPPHO TO VENUS.

(When such a Muse as our Author has imitated such an exalted Poetess as Sappho, much may be expected in the following translation. If the reader is disappointed, let him recollect how difficult the task is to transcribe into English the sentiments of the melting Lyric, which was made up of Poetry and Love! and their sentiments refined by a noble and a scholar as the immortal William Jones—a man for tradition, elegance, and purity of life, equal to the Elysian Cicero!)

O Eos Ana, thine whole face
Deceivest with such beguiling grace!
O parent of the Smiles and Loves!
Supreme of Paphos' blissful groves!
Of joyous Cypus!—O appear
And graciously thy votary hear!

Leave Cures—seat of soft delight!
Hither direct thy chariot bright!
Ah let thy preference choose my house!
Hither entreated—Hither come!
With thee will hoist Thalia fair!
Thalia with lovel pantheica hair!

Thou com'st—thy blue unruffled sky
Yields where thy gentle sparrows fly,
And while on liquid air they move
Above the shining verdant grove,
Quick turning on their fluttering wings,
Their sight their charming mistress brings.

PERFIDO ridens Erycias vultu,
Seu Joci mister, tenerique Amoris,
Seu Paphi regina poetae, Cyprique
Luctior audia,
Linguex jucundam Chidon, et cornicem
Diegens currum levis hoc vocecul
Hue venit, et tecum propter soluto
Crisse Thalia.

Jam venit nubes placidi serenas
Pulchraque splendid, super albicantesc
Dum volant gyras, celereque vertant
Lenter alis.
Rufus ad celum fugiunt. Sed alná
Dulce fubridens facie, loquelaum
Melle condita liquido jacentis
Fundis in aurem.

" Qua tepes, inquit, Licini, puellâ,
Lucide vehesti aequa amans?
Cor doces mentis responare lucum,
Cure, querelas?"

"Dona & rite tua, dona mitteris,
Sive te mollis rostiter per hortos
Hinnulo visint levior, fequetur
Ipla fugacem."

Per tuos ore, dea mitis, ignes,
Pectus ingratia rigidum Corinnae
Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore
Forst Adonis.

Diminit by thee, their course is given
To thy divine abode in Hespera.
While thou, of peerless charms of face,
Laugh'd with a condescending grace—
While thou thy silver tongue affords
Melodious and consoling words.

" Licinius! say why such desire?"
" Why glow'st thou with enpassion'd fire,"
" When any spiritu'd damsel tries
" For flares, by her sparkling eyes?"
" Why tell in groves: thy tender pain
" Until they echo back the strain?"

" If first thy presents her offend,
" She afterward shall presents send;"
" If first the flies, as o'er the lawn
" Flies the young timid sportive fawn,
" The Maid in turn shall thee pursue,
" She afterward shall fairly win."

O Power ever'd by every Fair!
O gentle Goddess hear my prayer!
Ah let a portion of thy fire
Corinna's rigid breast inspire!
Then may'st thou, Queen of sovereign charms!
Melt in thy own Adonis' arms!
SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferret ad astra greffum ;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provent honores,
Et fecum in folio jactit confidere abusco,
Celato nutilani auro, infectisque pyrpos.
Magnanimum aitatus tum blandia herois loquent,
Multa super suis, super armis multa regelabat,
Jam, quantos alret tellus Hycana gigantias,
Jam, quae parta manu nova fit victoria Perfin.

EXTRAGI FROM THE HEROIC POEM
OF THE PERSIAN POET FERDUSI.

The appended Latin version, written with Virgilian elegance, is from
the Persian Nama of that celebrated Persian Poet ABDOL CAFI
MDUMIR FERDUSI. The following remarks by Mr. Hayley
will be a better introduction to it than any I can offer, "The Com-
tenance of Abythi Poetic contains a very spirited Latin version of a
passage from the Persian Epic Poem of FERDUSI, which is the poetical
Commentator described as a rival of Homer.—Nihil am ob Europeus
perpium poence, quod ad Homer: sseque et quod celeberrim, qui
prœst erat: decedat.—A large portion of FERDUSI has first appeared in
an English draft, but I fear without translating in England, either for
the Persian Homer or the English Poet his translator, the admiration
due to original genius or the just remembrance of elegant labour. Let me
add, however, that Homer's poem of the Persian Epic Poetry at-
tracted the notice and obtained the praise of learned foreigners: it is de-
scribed by the poet Todros, in his epistles and entertaining-word,
entitled Literatura Turcifin."

As soon as SAMUS, conquering Lord, return'd,
And saw the King in sovereign pomp adorn'd,
Approaching where his Imperial splendour shone,
He diceous bow'd to the regal throne;
But as he met the King in courtly state
That Chief invited to his ivy feast,
With rubies set, so exquisitely bright,
And gold enbois'd, it blaze'd upon the light.
He then the General ad in gracious words
Of his exploits and his glorious Lords;
Now in Hyrcania what barbarians dwell?
Now what new conquests Persia's glories swell?

A translation was published in Caletto, by Joseph Champion, Esq.
To whom in language meets, the patriot man,
Theys in return, his narrative began:
O mighty King, when first the foe we view'd,
We saw a people vigorous and rude.
Not lions who in lonely forests stray,
Not prowling tigers are so fierce as they:
And nothing can their power of flight exceed,
Not even of Aesop, the generous fiddler.
Of our approach when first the rumour spread,
Their howl was heard with universal dread;
In every house and tower dinfully appeared,
And only lamentable groans were heard.
At length their bands in martial order pass,
Their helmets shining with resplendent brass!
Part in a vale, part on a moast were seen,
And part were stretch'd along 'th extentive green,
With dreadful spears!—The dust that o'er them came
Observe 'd the glories of the solar beam!
So seem black ants when Crudely they fill,
With flowers of garter'd corn the sandy hill;
Or as a multitude of gnats appear
With reflexes buzzing, grating to the ear:
Burst they forward! Circulus led them on,
Grandson of Salus, he the foremost prove;
Upon the mountain height the cypress tree
Or lofty pine not taller was than he!
My Persia trembled as he came space,
A sudden paleness spread o'er every face!
This I obern'd and brandishing my lance,
*Noting my men, commanded their advance!*
My Horse flew forward, Ferdinand of the reins,
*Like a wild Elephant on Avaro's plains!*
'Twas then returning ardent for'd each soul,
*Twas then my troops rush'd on to Glory's goal!*
As seems the rising and the falling Nixie,
*Which makes the parsimonious farmer smile,*
When'er the ground the fat manure receives,
*As the flood rolls in undulating waves.*
So seem'd the cover'd far extensive plain!
That moving army seem'd a floating main!
The noise in motion of our clattering arms,
The wary ears of Cacus's soon alarms!
With clamour great he took a circling course,
Seeming toward me alone to turn his horse:
*He hop'd to load me with a captive chain,*
Or in my gore his flaming sabre stain:
*Fruitless attempt!—my bow I aiming bent,*
And many a life destroying arrow sent;
*Like fire I saw my miltie weapons fly,*
Or like the lightning lightning in the sky!
Approaching, be of our delay complains,
Menacing death or more ignoble chains,
*But like a boisterous whirlwind when we clos'd,*
*Shield was to shield and helm to helm oppos'd!*  

In the Thesias of Sestian there is a beautiful passage similar to this.
John Dryden. *Sibyl's*, unabuse repetitio umbra,
Et sine labore undis toto, pes po, et infinita vulpes.
ILLUM INSURGENTEM, DIVINEQUE INSIGRE VULNUS
Conantem, arripui, qua dicoler hias claxit
Balteus, et rotulis subnexa est abula baccis.
Strenua tunc valido molimine brachia verlina
E stratis evasit equitem qui prostrat, incermis,
Decidit, et tabido fendi coram ore moenedit;
Peitrae cui nives, effossa cupido cifras
Transfodi, madidam demexit fanguis in herbam
Purpureas, triphiqae glapha e favi sub umbrae
Hsum mora, diffugiunt hortae, deshore perempto,
Saxa per et collae; noetris victoria termis
Affilit, caelisque dolas, Hyrcania, atam.
Sic perante, quiunque tuo, rex optime, sceptro,
Qui premis imperios flellas, parere recensens?
Dixit; et heros Perfarum rector avance
Lucubrus in column tollis; jubet inde beatas
Involonari epulas, et populi dulcis ponit.
Convivum est, textaque super dilucumbit suer.

"Just as he rose to make a descant below,
I nibbly charg'd on the gigantic foe,
With skill superior gave a powerful wound,
Where studs of pearl his glittering sword doth bound,
And then exerting my collected force,
I saw the Chieftain from his foaming horse!
(Prostrate he falls—his ponderous arms refunded,
While he with madness raging bites the ground)
Then in his snowy breath my sword grasped'd,
The spewing crimson with the herbage mix'd,
I saw the last expiring gasp he made,
Glaiding, unhappy, to the sombre shade!
Their General slain, the foe without delay,
Took flight—nor rocks nor hills impede their way,
Joy for our Conquest through all Persia runs.
While sad Hyrcania mourns her slayer'd sons!
O beft of kings! whose power is firmly laid,
Who touch'd the stars with thy exalted head,
Thou shalt they fall who dare to disobey
Thy sovereign mandate and imperial sway!
He spake—the King the Chiefs with praises loads,
Which rais'd their fame to the divine abodes,
Next he direst the necst viands dree'd,
And luscious wine as a triumphal feast.
Th' assembly gather'd, pompous to behold!
On carpets glittering with resplendent gold.
Valle sub umbrosa, ubi leget amator,
Num collit affutatos molitis amica lares?
Jnnne crient ruceum praefetix tantrix murmur
Monitiones, effuic quos rigat imber aequum?
An tua, cum fundisc spirinum lux alma ruborem,
Lymphsa, Azibe, mane pellet, ut ante, sitim;
Quot mea felices vidit in gaudia, campi,
Gaudia vae! miistero non renovanda mihi?
Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut paecus Tude
Pasior amatorum specisque metaque canit?
Ecquis ait, gelidum dum valle recumbit,
"Heu! quid Cademso in monte sodali vigit?"
Num graciles vident hyemalis frigora nyrti?
Num viret in solitis lotos ansta locis?
Num vissent humiles in opisco callie myrceae?
Ne malus has occult, ne mala lassat hyems?
An mea Aleagades, dulciissima tuiba, puelle
Cursant, an Zephyris irita vota debunt?
An virtem solms, nullo ventans, per horturn
Hinnuleique citi, capricique leves?

Still does the charmer in that valley keep,
Where her dispairing swain was wont to weep?
Now does loud thunder through the mountains roar?
And look they greener from the sprinkling shower?
Ah! when, at formerly, at dwelling day,
Shall Age’s silpid stream my thirst allay?
Sweet plains which saw what bliss I could attain?
Ah! shall I ever know such bliss again?
What youths now sing the hopes and fears of love,
At Toda’s pasture ground and Naged’s grove?
Who now in Sala’s cooling shades recline’d,
Me in this dreary mountain calls to mind?
How shall I know are still the myrtles green?
Is in its usual place the lotos fens?
Spring yet the tamarisks on the sunny hill?
Do these unlucky eyes or winter kill?
Are still the sweet Alleagian dandelits kind?
Or are my vows committed to the wind?
Do now the wanton deer and skipping fawns,
Their hunter absent, scramper through the lawns?
Shall I behold the charming shades again,
Where gay Neama* leads the airy train?

Does now o'er Dareg's banks th' arbutus spread?
Spot often moisten'd by the tears I shed!

In Amnon's grove, who since my absence dwell?
Grot in the shepherdesses known to weal.

Perhaps they who to Mecca's vale return,
Have thought of Solima with soft concern!

May the time come, in which the happy night,
Shall to the whole assembly give delight,
In which the youths shall tender vows impart,
While soothing Mufe cheers each happy heart.

*Aldian writers inform us that Neama was the name of one of the daughters of

Et lares avide combibet suae modos.
A PERSIAN FABLE.

CHANDIN-quote a very beautiful Persian Fable in praise of Modesty, but I have lately read the same in that most elegant work of Sadi's which is called BUSTAN, or THE GARDEN.

POEMS. 43

RIGANTE molles inobre campos Persidas,
E nube in sequor luces pluvias gurgula cirs;
Quam, cum relaxtaba eloqui minorum puder,
"Quid hoc loci? iniquis, quid rel mixtis sim?"
"Quo me repente, ah! quo redolam senio?"
Cum se verecundans animula spernret,
Illem recepit gemmam concha in fuso;
Tendamus tenus aqua sedea est unio;
Nunc in corona levis Regis emicet.

Sibi non placere qua tenor virtus, docens,

SIR WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

FAREWELL, O Muse! sweet former of the mind,
First of Eloquence and thought refin'd!
Your pupil now deserts his lov'd pursuit,
Nor wears the laurel more, nor strikes the lute!
Supreme of the sweet desirers in Heaven!
Whether is be to your fond votary given,
To gain applause by fair Persuasion's speech,
Or should strong Eloquence his words enrich,
Receive'd in youth by you, he lives in you,
Beneath whose auspices the stripling grew.
Hence aiming at professional renown,
Let him with decency affront the Gown,
Appropriate language give him to command,
And spirit firm without a venal hand.

VALE, Camera, blandia cultrix ingruit,
Virutis aethrix, mater eloquentiae!
Lingua quaedam alumnus taurus et chelys tuo:
At tu deaum dulciscul culcissima,
Seu Suada maxis viri Pithe dicer,
A te receptus in tuk viram fide:
Nec indistenta lingua, nec turpis manus.
FULGUR an è densè vibratum nube convulcit?
An rofas modest Lelia pudica genus?
Baccefrumne celer fruitionem devorat ignis?
Sidera an Solime luminà dulce mécant?
Nardus an Hegeri, an spiant violaria Mecce,?
Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
Quam juvat al patriosis memoria tensisse recellis
Mente, per ignotas dum vagor saxd agros?

AN ARABIAN ELEGY FROM EBNOUL FAREDH.
TRANSLATED INTO LATIN AFTER THE MANNER OF OVID.
EBNOUL FAREDH, whose elegant work is prefixed in the Library at Oxford, is certainly superior to all modern Poets. One Elegy by this author, which plainly shows the pastoral life of the Arabian, I have amended.
We have endeavoured to translate this Poem into English verse, or rather to imitate it, with some sentiments a little varied and others totally rephrased. Nevertheless, it is here prefixed in such a manner as to display an Exely.

[It requires indeed a variation from the original Arabian to adopt the wild and fanciful imagery of this Elegy to the European ear.]

DOES lightening vibrate in thy aetherial space?
Or is unweild young Lelia's beauteous face?
Does fire in yonder Gadar's arbours flame?
Or is it Solima's bright eyes that beam?
Do scents on air from Mecce's violers move?
Or fragrances from Hagar's spikenard grove?
Or is it Azza comes—a lovely face?
Diffusing colours from her floating hair?
How pleasing is the retrospective view,
When Fancy images past days anew,
While I, an exile, fly through foreign fields,
And pensive, know the joys which memory yields?

A species of Lf at Tabarin, used as fire-wood by the Arabian.
Valle sub umbro, ubi luges amator,
Num colit affectos mollis amica lares?
Jamne ciet ruscam praefrafa tonitura murmur
Molestus, effusa quois rigat imber aqua?
An tus, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
Lymphae, Azida, meam pellet, ut ante, fitim?
Quot mea felices viditilla gaudia, campi,
Gaudia va! mihiro non renovanda mihi?
Equis apud Nagedi lucos aut paeonia Tudae
Pastor amatorum flepsque metueque canit?
Equis ar, gelida Salis dum valle reumbit,
"Heu! quid Cedemoro in monte sodalis agit?"
Num graciles rident hymalia frigora myrti?
Num viret in foliis lote, amata locis?
Num vernam humiles in apice colli myrtice
Ne malus has oratus, ne maia sedat hyemis?
An ina Aegiades, dulcisfins tuba, pulsae
Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?
An vicedam salut, nullo venante, per horum
Hinculeique eto, capreolique loves?

Still does the charmer in that valley keep,
Where her despairing swain was wont to weep?
Now does loud thunder through the mountains roar?
And look they greener from the sprinkling shower?
Ah! when, as formerly, at dawning day,
Shall Aga's limpid stream my thirst allay?

Sweet plains which saw what bliss I could attain?
Ah! shall I ever know such bliss again?

What youths now sing the hopes and fees of love,
At Toia's pasture ground and Nagdeo's grove?

Who now in Sala's cooling shades reclining?
Me in this dreary mountain calls to mind?

How shall I know are still the myrtles green?
Is in its usual place the lotos seen?
Spring yet the tamarisks on the sunny hill?
Do these unlucky eyes or vines kill?

Are still the sweet Aegian damsel kind?
Or are my vows committed to the wind?

Do saw the wanton deer and skipping fawns,
Their hunter absent, scamper through the lawns?
Visanne umbritos, modo dilectissimus, faltus,
Ducit ubi facilis lata Noama chorum?
Num Darei ripas patulâ tegit arbustus umbra,
Ah! quous lacrymis humida facta meis?
Grata quis ante colu nobis abhincibus, Amiri,
Antra paularum quam bene nota gregi?
Forfan amatores Meccanâ in valle reducitos,
Ahentis Solinâ commeminiisse juvat.
Tempestr æcis, levibus quo pervigilata cachinosis
Noster unanimi gaudia plena choro;
Quo dulces juvænum spirabit certus amores,
Et laetus avida combibet sumo modos.

Shall I behold the charming shade again,
Where gay Noama leads the airy train?

Does now o'er Darei's banks th' arbustus spread?
Soft often moisten'd by the tears I shed!

In Amaus' grove, who since my absence dwell?
Grot to the shepherds known so well;

Perhaps they who to Mecca's vale return,
Have thought of Solima with soft concern;

May the time come, in which the happy night,
Shall to the whole assembly give delight,
In which the youths shall tender vows impart,
While soothing Mufe cheers each happy heart.

*Arabian writers inform us that Noama was the name of one of the daughters of...
ONCE more the crowd illust'rous throngs
A funeral drop down in the Ocean deeps
When the high prince will—How his former steps
Shone in the dazzle on Kosmos's brow.

Yet the gladiator thus her sorrow tells,
"A Wreath—'tis all—Nothing in the Sun to come.

But the victor in his turn—Bald for bare
Hence forth this month—Venus heavenly fair.

Lamenting, Fading, Pale and frail,
E nudge in sequent lap, pla'en un Africa eft, Quid, man reluctant, Hoop! last fool's folly,

Quod me erumpite, ah! I will, quid et multa non? Come & recorded spiritus genuit,

Faint recuperrat nec quiendo consilia, in hati?

Nunc in concord iuxta Regis edax,

Subito placeret quama fami rara, doceo.
VALE, Camena, blandis cultinx ingeuis,
Virtutis atri, mater eloquentiae!
Linguenda alumnus est laurus et chelys tuus:
At tu deusum dulcissimi, dulcissima,
Seu Scanda mavis, sequi Pitho dicier,
A te receptus in tua viribus aiding,
Mibi sit, oro, non inutilis toga,
Nec indigerta lingue, nec turpis manus.

FAREWELL, O Muse! Sweet former of the mind!
Oraent Eloquence and thought retin'd!
Your pupil now deserts his lov'd pursuits,
Nor wears the laurel more, nor strikes the lute!
Supreme of the sweet denizens in Heaven!
Whether it be to your fond votary given,
To gain applause by fair Perfusion's speech,
Or should strong Eloquence his words enrich,
Receive'd in youth by you, he lives in you,
Beneath whose auspices the soul did grow,
Hence aiming at professional renown,
Let him with decency assume the Gown,
Appropriate language give him to command,
And spirit firm without a venal hand.
PART THE SECOND.

LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS

OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS

OF THE

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

1799.

O SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

May I be permitted to have the honour of presenting to you the following Literary Character-sticks of Men who have spent a large portion of their lives in exploring the Learning of Asia?

You, Sir, raised to an eminent situation by your acquirements and abilities can justly judge how I have accomplished what I have undertaken.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

Shill, May 10th, 1800.
LITERARY CHARACTERISTICKS
OF THE
MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS
OF THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY.

1799.

BRITANNIA'S GENIUS eager to explore
The mystic mines of ASIATIC LORE,
With smiles benign accomplish'd JONES address'd,
And bid him trace the records of the East.

He came—the heavenly GOPIA round him flew,
His presence every son of LEARNING drew:
Then first, (1) ye SCHOLARS! met at his command,
The Father of the literary band!

He came—his presence cast a blaze more bright,
Than emanations from the solar light!
For every Art and every Science known,
Were all concentrated in himself alone!

But see, too soon! his soul of merkets move,
To mix with Seraphs in the realms above!
Whene'er with centers by his sacred shrine,
At rosy dawn I pensively recline,

(1) On January the 15th, 1784, the Asiatic Society was instituted.
Where the tall column towering to the skies,
Says "Here the Sage once animated lies",
I think the Zephyr, murmuring as they blow,
Cry "What a store of Learning sleeps below."
The world admires the wondrous talents given,
To this diffidence's favourite of Heaven;
For him in Eastham's academic bowers,
Poetic sorrow tuneful Hayley pours.

And many Maurice makes the tidings flow,
Thames to thy Nymphs in elegies of we!
Ganges, for him, with drooping head appears,
For him even holy Pondsry (2) shed their tears!

Chirwa for him wail'd Matra's groves among,
And his romantic grot with cypress hung;
Above—his path sublime be trod—
Dead!—Learning bails him as her demi-god!

To Burrow gone, he everlasting fame,
With Archimedes, Muse! arrange his name;
He near the Syracuse shall be seen,
Except great Newton's self may step between.

Flora and her attendant handmaids mourn
Still o'er Immolated Kinkel's early urn! (3)

On you, O! Richardson, the Muse bowes
(Its grew near Hayth's tomb) a Sylph's robe.
As much you merit (for your well spent hours),
Of fragrant Araby the balmy flowers! (4)

TO SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

SIR,

May I be permitted to have the honour of presenting to you the following Literary Characteristics of Men who have spent a large portion of their lives in exploring the Learning of Asia?

You, Sir, raised to an eminent situation by your acquirements, and abilities can justly judge how I have accomplished what I have undertaken.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

 Asiatic, May 10th, 1806.

(1) See the Asiatic Refrains, vol. 4th, page 185.
(2) Hap's is.
(3) Mr. Kinkel was a disciple of the great Linnaeus. He died shortly after the institution of the Society, in consequence of the Hill Fever, caught when he was in pursuit of Botanical Refinements on the Coast of Commandery.
(4) The late Sir John Richardson, author of the Persian Dictionary and Arabic Grammar.
BRITANNIA'S GENIUS eager to explore
The mystic mists of ASIATIC LORE,
With smiles benign accomplish'd JONES address'd,
And bid him trace the records of the East.

He came—the heavenly GODS round him flew,
His presence every son of LEARNING drew:
Then first, (1) YE SCHOLARS! met at his command,
The Father of the literary band!

He came—his presence call a blaze more bright,
Than emanations from the solar light!
For every Art and every Science known,
Were all concentrated in himself alone!
But see, too soon! his foot of meekness move,
To mix with Seraphs in the realms above!
Where'er with centers by his sacred shrines,
At rosy dawn I pensively recline,

(1)—On January the 15th, 1784, the Asiatic Society was instituted.
Where the tall column towering to the skies,
Says "Here the Sage once animated life,
I think the Zephyrs, muttering as they blow,
Cry 'tis a store of Learning sleeps below.'
The world admires the wondrous talents given,
To this distinguished favourite of Heaven;
For him in Eartham's academic bowers,
Poetic sorrow tuneful Hayley pours;
And mostly Maurice makes the tidings flow.
Thrice! to thy Nymphae in elegies of wo!
Ganga, for him, with drooping head appears,
For him ev'ry holy Pundits (1) shed their tears!
Bhishma for him wall'd Matra's groves among,
And his romantic grot with cypress hung;
Alive!—we praise'd the path sublime he trod—
Dead!—Learning hailed him as her demi-god!

To Burrow gone, he everlasting fame,
With Archimedes, Melch! arrange his name;
He near the Syracusan shall be keen,
Except great Newton's self may step between.
Flora and her attendant handmaids mourn
Still o'er lamented Kenyon's early urn! (2)

On you, O! Richardson, the Mute behoves
(Its grave near Hafiz' tomb) SIRUZAD'S love.
As much you merit (for your well spent hours)
Of fragrant Abase the balmy flowers (3)

Though in the grave your life self's body's hid,
Poetic bouquets at your shrine be paid.
Where are they with congenial talents born,
'Twas Eurnton's splendid gift adores.
The brilliant train the name of Smolck might boast,
Were not the Scholar in the Steepleman's loft.
Now warriors burn, (4) each man of letters warms.
And as the Arts shall prosper like our Arms,
Beneath the auspice of a Chief refined
Of strong judgement and enlightened mind,
O! Morpington, may you again rehearse,
To listening India more Virgilian verse! (6)
You who are learning classical excel,
Will patronize the Arts you love so well.
They in return will flatter every power,
To crown the man and dignify him more.
To canvas Painting will your semblance give,
While'er a Muse is lov'd your prattle will live,
Fair History's pen shall faithfully display,
Th' unequal'd glory of your prosperous sway!

Flaming! (7) acknowledge'd Scholars, tell us why
Are your remarks hid from the public eye?
What in your life of science gained, impart
With such compliance as you favour Art.

(1) See The Atlantic Review, vol. xii, page 156.
(2) Dr. Kenyon was a distinguished of the great Literature. He died shortly after the induction of the Society, in consequence of the Hill Fever, caught when he was in pursuit of Botanical Researches on the Court of Contumacis.
(3) The late Sir John Radanadon, author of the Persian Dictionary and Arabic Grammar.
(4) (5) This poem was written nearly about the period of the conquest of Myflets.
(6) See his Litho's elegy, 'Lexicon Poem on the threatened invasion, with a Version of it in verse of my former Publications; also his Ode to the Ode, (translated by Mr. Hunter) which flows from his early poets a noble spirit of passionate pride.
(7) Dr. John Sommig, a Vice President of the Atlantic Society.
Come let your Modesty be now subdued;
And mental treasures ope for general good.

Come Harrison (8) and bring with you the Loves
That gently sport in Poesy's sacred groves;
Soft songs to low-alluring girls impart,
And thrill with melting exquis my heart.
The pomp of thought in modern mode rehearse,
Of Eastern bards (2) and give us all their verse,
Whose pregnant fancy thrones more pleasing
Than the mild lure of your morning star!
The British Fair shall then your praise proclaim,
And with soft gratitude pronounce your name—
By them a pleasing meed shall be prefer'd,
The beauteous Noorder—Fancy's favourite bird!
Champag., (10) with intermingled Rosés plac'd—
Harmonious Ovid of the genial East!

Come forward ye, whom rosy Floras loves,
Whose labours all that blossoming Queen approves;
See Roxburgh find the high assembly grace,
To him just judgement gives a prior place.
Roxburgh! for you the long hair'd Gopiia spread,
Ind's odorous Nard (11) to deck your honour'd head,
Go, fav'rd man, the blue-eyed Goddess greet,
Go, lay Joveeia (12) fancies before her feet.
At her command bright Butea (13) buds unfold,
Whose vivid pigment vies with burnish'd gold,

(14) Dr. James Anderson, of Madras.
(15) The Art of Malac, where it is cultivated to a great extent—the Anody of
Ghew—See A. R. vol. iv. pp. 55 and 42.—D. Hawve is a flow'r, which grows wild
in the hills and on the banks of Kedars,—the flowers are of a beautiful red colour.
(16) Gentles Tomastina, Roxa.
(17) The life very tender and affecting Poem of "The Spanish Husband."
Labour's tough sons may now with manual ease,
A mighty mass of ponderous matter raife,
Which in a dark unletter'd age would foil
The common impetus of human toil.
Th' ingenuous man in this reh'd'd purpuit
The nice Microscouter made more minoue,
Th' index turn'd to caute its fall or rise
Will take the smallest measurement precise.
His hours are now (49) to heighten Commerce high
And now (50) to trace 't caprice of Harry Fyffy

HARDWICK! to you we give a double crown,
Who made the little Milos (21) our own,
Who boldly dare d'adventourous way to go,
And cut the Boorans (23) from the mountain brow.
The renovating Queen allows your fame,
And bids LAMBELUS chronicle each name.

So great your Honour's men of kindred powers,
Who know the gaudy progeny of flowers!

Peculiar favours be to FRANKLIN paid,
Ye SHIREUZ girls fix chaplets round his head; (23)
And maids of DELHI, call to deck his brow,
The sweeteft sprigs in SHALIMAR that grow!

HISTORY, all feeling, palm crown'd Queen, commands,
This mark of Merit at your tender hands,
His faithful pen records the painful strife
Of Modern Piat's (24) vanagery life.
Uffy Mode Monarch! pre-ordain'd to feel
The dire extremities of human ill.
I read—and suffer sympathizing sighs
Compasion's pangs, 50 trembling in mine eyes;
Imperial miseries our hearts inspire.
As much as Beauty in extreme distress;
A fique) that makes the finer passions roll,
Which, while a man can feel, must touch his soul.
Succor to this confric'd to overwhelm,
This heavy remnant of his plunder'd realm.
Who, when he pays th' inevitable debt,
The Sun of Timur shall for ever set.

Merid's gold medal is to GLADWIN due,
Who gave imperial ACKEARI to our view.
His prudent laws—his sentiments on things—
This living portrait of the FIRST OF KINGS. (25)

(21) Captain Franklin has lately obliged the world, with an account of the life of the present Emperor, Shal Ali, whom I have visited the modern Piaton. I thought, when I wrote the following lines, that there was a similitude in the destiny of the Tragical Moors, and Moolan Monarch.

Where Death fails on Jumna's holy flood,
Shah Alam retreats to wounded plea—
His conqueror in kindly mercy!
Both brethren with fervent hearts, and wish to live years—
Both truly venerable with silver hairs—
Both grant'd life—Ga haram's broken seals,
Their kingdom's fall and children's end to see.

(24) The Ayem Archery, translated by Mr. Francis Gladwin. His name (109)
(25) See his account of Pegu, chap. the 8th.

(25) By this alleviation (Sayy Dha. Muros) Captain Hardwicke has certainly made a useful addition to the Asiatick Miscellany. The Moolam Coherin, ascribed by Captain H. to the Flemings, is a book, and particular the bittering quinities of the Cambadetian—-See A. R. vol. the 5th, page 231.

A large and beautifull tree discovered by this gentleman, in the mountains near Shimla.

(22) This gentleman has published a pleasing account of his Tour to Peria.
Persia! thy lore was early Gladwin's care,
The Graces saw—and bid him persevere. (25)
Gilchrist with Odes conveying tender truth,
Smoothes the rough path of Science for our youth;
India to him such commendation owes,
As on her Johnson, England now does, while
He in Asian Learning dives so deep,
Ye Scribblers of to-day, may to your wish,
Long farse your treatises neglected lie,
And ere yourselves are dead, your grammar
Unlike those works of universal praise,
Which more than memorate meridian eyes,
Stamp'd with the figure of immortal fame:
Such bear a Gilchrist's or Kisa Patriarch's name,
Or such fair Tomes as Science now demands.
From Gladwin's one, and one from Forsker's hands,
Poetic eyes with pleasure can survey,
Of the pure Hindoo tongue the rising day!
The youths assembled!—The Lyceum From
And to preside o'er these a Gilchrist man'd! (28)

(25) Mr. Gladwin projected the Asiatic Miscellany, in which many elegant little productions are prefixed from the fairest specimens of native publications. He still continues his plan on a smaller scale, under the title of the Oriental Miscellany.

(27) I have allude to Hadley and Ferguson.

(45) The point—the preferring Gilchrist, then concludes the Preface to the later edition of his Persian Miscellany. "With these improvements I propose to begin the third volume of which has been lately published.

"(The) great encouragement which Oriental literature now experiences under Mr. T. Kirkpatrick and my labours and publications on the Hindoo-Hindoo language," concludes the Preface, "bear testimony to the greatness of the subject and its importance. And we may reasonably expect not only the elucidation of many of the obscure passages in the History of Learning in this Country, but the whole of what the Asiatics accomplished in Search of their Philology, Evolution and Tales.

Patron of Asia's long neglected lore,
Like the sun in Meridian days of yore,
O Mornigton! yourself of Arts the grace,
Encourage Learning with a fond embrace,
Cherish her toil in some—a drooping train!
And call the days of Leo o'er again!
Go, be his favour, Gilchrist! your reward—
Enjoy the honours which you earned so hard,
Or when you paid in Study's orient flowers,
Or fatal pauses of the fleeting Hours. (29)

He who endeavours well deserves applause,
More if he labours in the public cause;
Balloon! obtainer brave, then come receive,
The just encomiums, which the Muses give.
Early you learnt and op'd the precious store.
Of knowledge chronicled in Persian lore. (30)
Whenever Fenner in his benevolent chase,
Shall roll the blooms on Beauty's lovely face,
He yours the bliss—O scientific sage!
To check the progr's of his savage rage—
To both the Fair—alleviate her pain—
And bring her smiles and dainties back again.
Pleasure render'd the feeling man must know.
Who cafes mortals on the bed of woe.

(29) Alluding to his paper on Horsemanship in the 4th vol. of the A. R., to which is prefixed his Indian Hieroglyphs.

(30) Dr. Francis Buller was one of the first in this country, who endeavoured to facilitate the study of the Persian language, by the publication of the eldest—Mr. Kirkpatrick—of the East of A. R. on the Introduction of Arabic into Persian, and his labours in the improvement of his own translation of Arabic into Persian, and his labours in the improvement of his own translation of Arabic into Persian, and his labours in the improvement of his own translation of Arabic into Persian.
Hear Scott in modest words the power impart,
Of Nitric Acid in the healing art.
Ye giddy youths, who spend unnatural hours,
In sensual pleasure's fascinating bowers,
Whose limbs enfeebled, fearfully can fail
Your bodies, half forsworn'd with rooted pain,
Hear Scott a salutary remedy proclaim. (31)
Then that strong mettal (32) which inspires the frame!
Rejoice, ye youths who tread in folly's round;
Ye men of wise, hear the giver found!
The Nitric Acid will your strength restore,
And kill that subtle poison's direful power.

But deep learn'd men—ye fuge Physicians say,
What can the Athenian's fanstheering pain allay?
Say, what can ease me by its might oppresse'd,
This flow consuming tyrant of my breath?
Where'er you golden Sun shall next embrace,
The Heavenly Lion in his annual race,
And watery monsoons cover every plain,
With copious torrents of destroying rain.
Faint and afflicted then, in torture dire,
I'll catch for breath and fearfully shall expire.
But shout a peeping Sun one hour make fair,
Till pant and labour then in tempest air.
Ye Sages say, when I those pangs endure,
What from the Mines or from the Fields can cure?

(31) Dr. Helvius Scott's paper on the use of the Nitric Acid, with an account of the secrets attendant on it, is to be found in the 4th vol. of Dr. Helvius's Collection of Medical Cures, and Observations on Fatalistic Arts, published at Bristol in the year 1766.

(32) Mercurey.
Your fair fam'd Aegina phœnix—&t in place
For beauteous plumes, of all the feathery race.
Then shall your Marsden realme the pen,
And charm us with expression's flow again,
In study's bow'r, the polish'd work extend,
And bring his splendid volumes to an end. (36)

See patient WIlkens the world unfold,
What'er discover'd Sanscrit relics hold; (37)
But he perform'd a yet more noble part,
He gave to Asia typographic art. (38)

The great Translator of the Hindu Laws,
Succeeded him and mighty his applause;
Iso's modern Blackstone (39) in dark Sanscrit veil'd
Just Commentator might have lain concealed,
If Coleridge's knowledge had not given such light,
As brought the venerable Code to fight;
Oblic'd no more the sacred volume lies,
Or to vernacular, or alien eyes.
Coleridge in plain English dext'r'd,
The Jurisprudence of the gentle East.

(36) This gentleman has promised the public a continuation of his most valuable History of Sumatra.
(37) See the 18th vol. A. R. — "Mr. Wilkens," says Sir William Jones, "in deciphering and explaining the old Sanscrit inscriptions lately found in the provinces he performed more than any other European has learning enough to accomplish, in that many Atarik had industry enough to understand."
(38) To this celebrated Sanscrit Scholar, Asia is indebted for the preparation of the Sanscrit Dictionary, for the Oriental Languages.
(39) Japanese's (Shinquinhino.)—This Commentator's voluminous work, has been translated by Mr. Henry T. Colebrooke, at the desire of the late Governor Genl. Sir John Shore
The Hindu and Mahometan laws are locked for the most part in two very difficult languages, Sanscrit and Arabic, which few Europeans will ever learn, because of their seeds to any advantage in worldly pursuits.”
Sir William Jones, to the Supreme Council.

Our Sires misted by prejudice or pride, (41)
Thought India's sons to Letters unall'd,
Till Jones' light, bright Sun! and beam'd such day,
And dove the superficial mist away.
Men more enlightened since can plainly trace,
Ind's old progenitors a letter'd race,
When Britons were— (now lords of science desc'd)
By Julian Rome (42) a barbarous race esteem'd,
But Britans now, monastic darkness pa'th'd,
Learning f'd polar flat shall ever fail.

And Coleridge next inspires the lays,
Whose various talents claim distinction'd praise;
Whole mental power pre-eminent appears,
Or when he studies the bejewelled spheres, (43)
Or in description's faithful words portrays,
You neighbouring Islands, people, and their ways. (44)
Now fee him to unfurl'd white impart,
The grandest views for initiatory art,
Of the nobler race for Hesper's dome expand;
Work of the pencil in his master hand!
Nature's opulente scenes he gave to fight,
Exciting awful, but extreme delight! (45)

Who'er expands the sacred Sanscrit tongue,
Which to the world has been abstruse so long,

(41) Barksheen Ganges.
(42) Julian Rome, A. R.
(43) Alluding to Captain Robert HI. Coolebrooke's Astronomical Observations in the 6th vol. A. R.
(44) See his description of Nossaery, Conmerry, and the Analam Islands—A. R.
(45) The for Inane lines allude to his views in Mythos, most of which are abstruse.
And perseveres in such industrious toil,
Of Science surely will deliver the humane.
Hindus, laborious Gilchrist has made known—
By whom can Sanscrit equally be shown?
A work immense—but if I judiciously view,
The task, O Blaqzire! is refer'd for you. (46)

PHILOLOGISTS! one language yet remains,
Bengal! the language of thy passive swans.
Hearken, O Forster! (47) and your work disjoin
And add a stir to Learning's milky way.
Your perseverance henceforth shall produce,
Some great Thesaurus for scholastic use:
Then shall your soul that conscious pleasure feel,
Which conscious merit ought not to conceal,
When fame on topaz-indur'd wings shall tower,
To found you worthy of the graces of Power.

In yonder Empire where the Bermas reign,
Lies an extensive populous domain,
On which Inquiry's dawn has seldom shone,
Their learning, language, and their ways scarce known:
Return, Buchanan! to their regions go,
Explore whatever Berma Sages know.

(46) Mr. William Caxton Blaqzire, a professed Sanscrit Scholar. He has performed
the public in the 6th vol. A. R. a translation of one of the Purans on the Sanscrit
language. From him we may hope for a Dictionary of the Sanscrit Language.

(47) Mr. Henry Peter Forster, To whom Mr. Gilchrist, in the Preface of the
Ceylon Linguist, is so John Shute, thus allude:—"The intended philosophical work
of one gentleman alone, is finish'd on the grand scale, as profuse printed of an Oriental
Talents, must prove a laudable literary monument to the honourable Company's
annals of the truth of this view.

"Vide Memores vos descens Florae Mercurii."

Mr. Forster is the supposed author of the Letters of Agrippa, which display
knowledge in the finances of this country, and his abilities as a politician.

POEMS.

Remark what minerals their country yields,
And, lovely Rudy, read their flowery fields! (48)
This page of Nature view'd with Learning's eye,
Enquires treasures—shall they hidden lie?

So long as stars shall twinkle in the night,
And favour Mortals with their flivver light,
So long, O Sublime Davis! (49) shall your name,
Rank with those men of literary fame.

Is there another spends inquiring hours,
In sacred Cax's (50) consecrated powers?
Yes—Wilham! you—your genius is purely great.

Wilham! men snatch'd from death your name repeat,
You check the progre's of envenom'd pain,
And make the poison of the adder vain! (51)

Who are you Maids array'd in heavenly white,
Whose beauteous aspect shines divinely bright?
Yes! in the lovely Virtues I behold
(I know their treachery of loofe floating gold)
In sweet embellishment pleased to proclaim,
How much they reverence their Kirkpatrick's name!

But first see Charity—that blushing fair—
The doves of Innocence for him prepare.

(48) "Botany," says the great Father of the Society, "is the loveliest and most
eminently descriptive in the History of Nature."—For this reply Dr. Francis Buchanan is
uniformly adopted as well for ability as for imitability.

(49) Mr. Samuel Davis, author of a most valuable paper on Hindu Astronomy.

(50) Cax (says Sir William Jones) of all men living is the best qualified to exhibit
vivid and accurate History of Indian Astronomy.

(51) Cax of the ancient name of Bravis.
In ready concord all the fitters join,
To celebrate the man in songs divine
Whose genius plant'd the charitable dome—
Who bad th' unguard'd houseless Orphan come. (52)
Eternal Echoes shall his name repeat,
In yon green groves round Howard's sacred seat.
O man of lenie refr'd!—how justly dear
The thanks of rising Virgins given to you!
Sweet blooming black'ry'd girls, of ephemy form'd
Whose speaking looks my melting bosom warm'd
To Virtue form'd by your paternal care,
And mostpreyerved from the Seducer's fear.
Could Mortals trace whence every matter springs,
And penetrate the secret source of things,
Or dive into Futurity's dark womb—
Or prophesy of people yet to come.
Hence, Asia's been, may rise of deathless fame,
To make States tremble at the Briton name!
Perhaps I owe from hence (in chaste embrace)
Two faithful Infants now before my face.
From lower origin and meaner birth,
Sprang the proud Romans—Rulers of the Earth!
Kirkpatrick come to climes our arms subdued, (53)
Will teach another people to be good.

(52) Colonel Kirkpatrick, was one of the most active promoters of the Bengal Ophi charitable institution. His example in India was followed by Lady Campbell, under whose patronage, the Female Asylum at Madras was erected in 1791. Poetry with her name is the in the care of that most humane and able of Women, the Lady ANNA SACK
Disambig, the Founder of the Madras Female Asylum in Delhi.

(53) When this part of the Poem was written, Colonel Kirkpatrick was one of the Commissioners for managing the affairs of MYLOR.

Then shall his God in holy radiance shed,
Perpetual jellings on his honour'd head,
Give him to number each revolving night,
Entrance'd in pleasing dreams of soft delight:
Then shall his years unknown to care be great,
In one eternal round of true content.
And when the careful messenger of death,
Shall wave the flaming sword and snatch his breath,
On five wings shall vigil angels fly,
And gently bear him to the Realms of Joy. (54)

FATHERS OF INDIA! SAVIOURS OF THE EAST!
In what exalted clack can you be plac'd?
HASTINGS! say do you now from toils of State,
Enjoy repose in your paternal seat?
Potterity your resemblance shall behold,
(Like your own footstools) in virgin gold!
The Medals mix'd with Roman coins shall lie,
Your face then shall each reaper's eye,
Who'll say (with thoughts of former times impressed)
"BEHOLD THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF THE EAST!"
But you live,—yet shall your Sovereign's say,
Embrace the eve of your declining day!
Although long since the wide Atlantic part
Your name yet trembles on each passing blast;
I hear it now,—it vibrates on my ear,
I hear it,—and I feel a pious tear—

(54) I might equally have celebrated Colonel Kirkpatrick as a great Orientalist, but chose this more splendid part of his Character.
I can no more,—ye Powers of Verse! I find,
That feelings exquisite impel my mind.

PART THE THIRD.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

WRITTEN IN

THE EAST INDIES.

Whatever fortune my unpolluted rhyme,
May meet in present or in future times,
Let the blest Art my grateful thoughts employ,
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy,
Wherein lonely Peace and social Pleasure springs,
And Friendship dearer than the smile of Kings.

HAYLEY.
TO WILLIAM HUNTER, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THE ASIATIC SOCIETY.

PERMIT me to offer you the following little Poems?—It would give me great pleasure to find them approved of by such an accomplished Scholar and Orientalist, and One who has added more Literary Laurels to the Celebrated Name of HUNTER.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Calcutta, May 1818, 1800.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS
WRITTEN IN
THE EAST INDIES.

THE PROSPECT.
WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1791.

During the former War with Tippen.

* INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

I am induced to republish the following Poem as it has proved so truly prophetic of the glorious successes in India which have lately added such unfading lustre to the British name.

FORGIVE a gentle Muse of simple power,
Perhaps intruding on your private hour;
Well pleas'd if the her hop'd reception find,
A fair approval in your liberal mind.
If while her lips with holy warmth apply'd,
Salutes the spot where gallant Moorehouse died,
She aims with zeal and feeling to relate,
Her bowing wishes for a Tyrant's fate;
Thrice pleas'd if you,—the silk no other fame,
Exeute her errors, and approve her theme.

* The gallant, the lamented Moorehouse was killed at the burning of the Palace of Bangalore, on the 7th of March 1791.
Soon in the pomp of terrible array,
Shall your vast armies move their heavy way,
Beneath Britannia's standard proud to join,
In justice' cause the deep embattled line.

From where Cambay's ever verdant side,
In gulphs the Teesta and Nabuddah's ride,
To Comorin's Cape; the men of Malabar,
In proud array move for't to seek the war,
While Coromandel's numerous foes convene,
To swell the glories of the mighty scene.

O Glorious pomp! with joy my eye surveys,
Yon columns lengthen, and yon armour blaze,
The glittering helm of India's burnish'd gold—
The polished fleet of Britain's harder mould—
The firm battalion—wide and resplendent horde,
Move on with dignity and sure imperative force.

Too long hath Tyranny, with iron hand,
Imperious rule'd the Myorean land!
Too long her Monarch, once supremely great,
In bondage held, depri'd of power and state,
In annual triumph mournfully displays,
Th' imperial pageant of three festal days.

At length on Tipoo see the Fates impend,
And all his glories fasting to an end!
That boast'd power, to long Hindostan's shame,
No longer lives in his terrible name;
While vengeful Justice lends her powerful hand,
To scourge the Tyrant and to free the land;

Her right-ful Monarch to his throne restore,
And make him great and happy as before.

Genius of Britain! thy suspicious power,
On worlds remote, on every distant shore,
Bestow the blessings of thy favoring name,
And bid the rude nations in the link of fame,
Ascend to emulate thy glori'ng strife,
Or court the arts of humanizing life.

Soon shall Oppression bend his stubborn head,
Soon shall a Tyrant number with the dead,
Soon venging War, which now ere' looks his crest,
Refiere Hindostan to primordial seat;
Then shall fair Freedom blest these happy lands,
And Science lower beneath her genial hands,
Peace know no foe, the Arts meet no control,
But British knowledge warm the Indian soul.
The sons of Brah'na then, with pious care,
Their high Pagodas shall securely rear;
By her protected and by her requir'd,
Shall Britain's name in Brah'ma's prayer be join'd; Then shall the Universe, applause'd, see,
Old Asia's Kings to England's bend the knee,
Proud of her sway—dependably all'd,
And take her delegated power with pride.

This just prediction of the Muse attend,
Britannia's glories and the Tyrant's end,
Peace and her smiling forlorn train in view,
Will form new subjects to be sung for You.
ADDRESS
TO
LORD MORNINGTON.
Written February 6th, 1800.

WHILE choral Hymns of Gratitude proclaim
Due adoration to th' Almighty Name,
With what delight our happy public view,
The plant of Olive grow, my Lord, by You;
Progressive years shall see the sprig increase
A veritable monument of lasting Peace!

Long in My Sorrows was vain despotic Pride
Made Defoliation roll a fateful tide—
And Murder arm—and iron crested War
Ravage whole regions on his fury wheel'd car,
Not England's heroes could avert th' alarms,
Nor Court, nor Meadows, Chiefs renown'd in arms,
Nor He who toil'd, in foreign lands distress'd,
To place Columbia on her parent's breast!
The Powers of Powers, my Lord, for You decreed,
To right one King and make one Tyrant bleed!
You found'd—and Asia, wondering, saw expire
The Son more hallowed than the heathen Sire!
One hour o'erturn'd his mighty projects all!
One hour beheld th' ambitious despot fall!

Long, may You long the chair of Council grace,
You great Precursor of delightful Peace!

Borne on applause this deed through worlds shall fly,
Till Tullus, Lucæ, and Cæsar die!

Sultan! Ambition's victim, may'st thou find
In death cessation for thy restless mind!
But yet the dark—the cloke concealing grave
Cannot by name from imprecation save,
Now through the Universe is loudly rings,
A dreadful leon to contentious Kings!

May You, my Lord, while in the forevaign feat,
Still be in counsel fortunate and great,
Still may such impulse fire your glowing blood,
As swells in kingly breasts for public good,
Which raised Scipio's soul to patriot fire,
And made a Chatham gloriously expire!
VENUES on the Death of Captain ROBERT DAVIES, Aid de Camp to
Right Honorable the Governor General, who fell in the late war
between the Syllile and La Forte, February 13th, 1799.

INSCRIBED TO CAPTAIN COOK.

WHILE heroes mourn, the Fair before the tear,
Of genuine sorrow, DAVIES ! o'er thy bier !
Too early doomed to sublunar life to end
Too early snatch'd from each lamenting friend !
Matter of every soul alluring power!
—it is the signal hour of
Fitted to combat in the martial strife,
Or grace the circle of convivial life !
Could I his praise in equal strains rehearse,
—TENANT!—could I emulate thy verse;
Then should his name, at which I'll ever mourn,
A watchword be for philanthropists unborn.
Not to one sphere his talents were confined,
A patriot's ardour fill'd his active mind,
A generous Chief theSoldiers can't delay,
He courts thee, Glory ! on the faithfliest stea.

—When Britain Syllile spread her flattering sails,
In naval pomp before the wanton gales,
He spurn'd the safety of the guarded port,
To curb the pride of FRANCE in her La Forte.
This towering vesel of superior size,
Appeard disconsolately to brave the skies!
Th'art of his force, and lowly to the fight,
Was it no more agaie in the hour of flight.
Both boldly dare the victor-wretch to gain,
The battle's echo vibrates o'er the main,
The night's illum'd as plays the living fire !
The conqu'rd Gauls in agony expire !
Thou saw'dst, Britains, Empress of the sea,
The flag FRANCE, before the dawn of day,
(That nation great in its own flowery style)
Strike to a champion of thy little life,
But dear earns conquest, the same breath must tell,
How COOK was wounded and how DAVIES fell !

Yet lives he in the famed rolls of fame,
For bright ey'd Poesy embalms his name,
In public and in private life approv'd,
He fell lamented as he liv'd before !
COOK, bear a pensieve muse, these lines impart,
Who loves the ardour of thy manly heart,
Wit's joys, even while she twists this cypris wreath,
Thou wear'st such laurels as he gain'd in death.

Calcutta, April 17, 1799.

The gallant COOK did not long survive his victory, he died of his wound on the 33d of the succeeding May.

* These two lines are chiefly borrowed from Tickell.
THE RIVER SIDE.

I HAVE observed that 'The River Side' has become a fashionable walk in the cool of evening and morning, for the polite gentry of Calcutta. The following lines were suggested to me by friends, it is frequented by Gentlemen and Ladies, who at the head of the walk gazed their Palfreykins to enjoy the breezes of health on this delightful spot. It has hitherto been known by the name of 'The Respondentia Walk,' but the Poets, by the power vested in us, do by our poetic licenses cancel that name. Henceforward be it known by the name of THE HYGEIAN WALK, THE WALK OF HEALTH.

Ye who for health have every method try'd,
Go court Aurora by 'The River Side'!
Thither her maidens chums your steps invite,
When her fair blushing breaks the Heavens with light!
'Tis pleasant sure upon that airy walk,
To pass the healthful hours in social talk;
And lustily sawing mid the rising trees,
To feel the fanning of the morning breeze.
You who dis tempted know, if e'er you seek,
Come here let gentle Aurora kiss your cheek.
Ye gay on all the joys of life intent,
Come here and seek her dire approach prevent.
For lovely Belles and airy Beaus now roam'd,
'The Walk Hygeian' be it henceforth nam'd.

O what an ardour feels my every vein,
Whene'er I look upon the level plain,
And fee ye proud, ye voluntary band,
In pomp of Military order blend!
They fought with pure, with patriotic zeal,
Would die or conquer for the commonweal.

* The Calcutta Militia.
She spoke—and quickly piece'd the yielding skies,
'Tis true—I saw her with poetic eyes.

I, when no anodyne can sooth my pain,
Will walk along 'The River Side' again,
Health must return and bequests shall decrease,
If here I see the relatives on Beauty's face.

_Calcutta, March the 21st, 1802._

**O DE**

**TO**

**My Infant Daughter, ELIZA HOWRAIL.**

COME Smiler! in my lap repose,
Child of the Lily and the Rose,
Come to me from thy mother's arms,
I'll gaze upon thy opening charms; 

Come, Love! and see me flowers prepare,
To tangle round thy laxed hair;
Or playful flew before thy feet,
_CHAMPA, _* the golden and the sweet,
Or if more pleasing to thy sight,
_BELA, _* the delicate and white.

COME and I'll tune a tender lay
For that, to me, suspicious day,
I got thee from _CONJURAL LOVE,
In HOWRAIL'S Whampoo-scented grove;_

"Michaelis Champaca;" "Oe Colomba Malifora."

---

**AN humble attempt to verify the LORD'S PRAYER.**

**FATHER SUPREME, who fit'rt enbro'd in Heaven,
Eternal praises to Thy Name be given!**

Thy Kingdom come—here may we _THREE_ obey
With such sincerity as Angels pay.

Let us this day our daily bread receive,
And _punish_ Lords, as we our foes forgive:
Our erring steps from self temptation lead,
And teach us how from evil to recede;

Kingdoms are _THINE_ and Glory ceasing never,

And _THINE_ all power for, ever and for ever._

**Bellow'd me near the opening glade**

_of you tall spreading almond shade,
ELIZA born—the wood nymphs smilt'd,_

_And Hourly flit'd to kiss the child._

**The VIRTues all came to behold,**

_Their ringlets those in circling gold,_

_Morning in _by blue array,_

_And INNOCENCE as fair as day!_ •

_Th' attendant girls danc'd as at the flight,_

_Apparel'd in the purest white,_

_Each silver slipper'd virgin smilt'd_

_Fing'ring kisses on the child._

_She, little Smiler, and go then,_

_To thy kind mother's arms again:_

_Go, in her bosom find repose,_

_Child of the Lily and the Rose._
ON WOMEN.

In my comparisons in this Poem, I have mentioned only the eight Winds known to the Ancients.

A CLOSE examiner perhaps may find, Women at birth are temper'd by the Wind.

Proceed the nature of each Wind to trace, And next the passions of the Female Race.

They born when Aquilia? the Heaven deforms, Are folds, and noisy like their parent storms. The more such Terminus you try to mend, More rubb'd they was, and less disposed'd to bend. Hunt! least they dash by furious passion led, Xantippa like, decamers at your head, Such Females (Males in deed) will come to blows. But one such Woman is an host of foes, Her element is everlasting strife, O save me, favouring Heaven! from such a Wife.

They born beneath the v'lt Vultusian (2) blast, Are fiercely in a sober model cast. Yet not to bad—refraining by sense of shame, They openly regard a Female Name.

1) Aquilia N. E. a persecutious walls and riotous agues. Horrifi Boreas. Quo falso Phycus Aquilla sum dotes de eos. Incomodi—

Ovid's description of Aquila or Boreas.

VI tritii molis pellam:
Vi festa concussa, nodatique rubora terra
Indurique nives et terrae quaque pellis,
(2) Vultusian S. E. a vulturis volutus passionatis inflect.
Ceter Vultusian.

Turn to the chamber; — why should I confide, What the poor husband in the chamber knows? Privy censure or — yet be with the veil Of seeming hides his real face conceals. Yes bent-neck'd husbands who lead restless lives, With pett, with formal, confessional Wives, Led round in leading things just like a child, Do not sit with September (3) more wise mild?

That Woman gifted with a warring tongue, Who prattles scandal over her Souffoge. Is brief of Libs (4) — she mostly trouble gives, Or when she pays a visit or receives. The envy found in her malignant heart, Would wound her neighbour by each little art, 'Tis not her Family this dame regards, Too fond of flappers and nocturnal cards.

When Subsolanum (5) blows, a beauteous race, Are born and known by the too tempting face. Of sof complication, excellently fair, These are the Daughters with the golden hair; Quick melting hearts! — they too complaisant prove, And eke the proper faction worship Love, Their was a hab of fond, the husband's hope destroys, Their taste for Vosus and delicious joys.

Lux.

The God of Pleasure, from their natal hour,
Nurt'd all their darlings in his rosy bower.

Cold is that woman born when CALEB (5) blows,
As cold in temper as December's snows,
Her mind will fit her for inferior life,
Or just adapt her as a farmer's wife!
SYLVIA's uncoch nor skill'd in things refin'd,
But (Heaven's best gift) she has an honest mind,
Plain'd when on her she the vital joys await,
She wants not riches which pollute the great,
For real happiness at home the sphere,
Her half clad offspring with their rosy cheeks—
Domestic work—her husband's fancy farm—
While all employment yield, can folly charm.
After a life in healthful labour spent,
This poor, this happy dame will die content.

They born where'er MARRIAGES (7) skim the plain,
Are the blest'd daughters of THE GOLDEN MEAN,
No ill in life their happy tempers break,
Calm as the surface of the silver lake!
Ye Virgins born where soft FAVOURITES (8) blow,
Accept my pBoston and believe me true!
Jully to you th'entrap't Poet pays
Homage in tender panegyric lays.
Your hearts of purity his soul approves!
Your blushing downcast modestly he loves!

(5) Caleb or Celus B. W.
(6) Syrinx, the Syrinx, frigora Cnari.
(7) Moritius B.
(8) Favourite or Zephyrus Euphoniae W,
Confidt Favoni,
Sub advenitum spirantis intra Favoni.
Their full black eyes awake each soft alarm,
We gaze, enraptured, on their native charm.

Ye alluring Ladies! bend your face appears
Spent in one narrow space your bloomy years,
Immut'd, obedient at the lordly call,
Within a loss Zemara's guarded wall,
Watch'd by Suspicion's ever glancing eye,
In soft alcoes th'imprison'd beauties lie,
And pine in pomp-light fills their limbs enfold;
For them Damascus weaves the robe in gold;
For them the camel, patient traveller, brought
Great Rustam's deeds in Perian tapestry wrought,
To them Hindostan's felicity empire pours,
From Daha's crowded gates, luxurious stores;
But ah! what pleasure can their splendour give?
They live in coldly wretchedness—They live
Like caged canaries—never to be free,
Nor never know the sweets of Liberty!

Hail to the Fair of that delightful land,
Where liberal sentiments the soul expand;
Where none his guard within the portals lie,
To watch their miseries with Suspicions eye;
Assam, thou Haggar! Jealous thou putst;
Begn of old in the milkwhite East;
Still hold thy rule to everlasting time,
Far, very far from England's happier clime!
Deep fiend of Hell, thou sear'st the human heart,
Thou wound'st an affection in the tender part,
Thou overturn'st where long form'd Concord flows,
Thou bath'st thy wicked bands in human blood,

Thou partest those long joint'd by Friendship's name,
Ev's footless Chastity thou dost'lt delude.

Ye blooming maidens of Britannia's generous land,
The fairest work of God Almighty Hand,
At your soft breath the powerful Lord's I see,
Of each more haughty empire bend the knee;
To you, nor falle my sylvan song, is given
This truest likeness of your parent Heaven.

Enjoy the blessings your mild country brings,
For Beauty's father's where your Poet sons
As funeral lamps enlighten but the tomb.
Her Beauty only shines within one dome.
Poor clowns! fools! who speak not eyes engage;
In youth they pine, and fade in early age.
Though with each grace of person form'd to move
My eafe boson to harmonious love,
They live, untaught by Reason's purer light,
In darkness deeper than monastic night.

How happy ye not born that sway beneath,
Where an imperial word gives life or death;
Where merciful slaves at the supreme command,
Oppress the poor and debilitate the land.
Barbarian masters—Tyran's black power
Have run this too unwieldy Empire o'er,
Here jarring Princes fight in dire array,
Quotidian battles for provincial sway,
And rend, Hindostan! thy dismember'd frame,
Thou, Great Moorc! haur heart's that mighty name.
All! may I live where Freedom holds her reign,
In the mild islands of the western main,
With whose applause admiring nations ring;
All may I live beneath an English King.

ODE TO BENARES.

CITY belov'd-thou to thee I freely pay,
In virtuous verse a tributary lay.
To CRISHNA, with the golden colour'd hair,
Forever will thy sacred name be dear.

The Sciences and polish'd Arts are thine,
Eternal man's of the Gopi's line.
Dearer to them than all the garish flowers,
Which eyes poetic see round Mata's bowers:

Rein'd within thy deep cathedral shades,
The reverend Pundits read the holy Brâis.
And learn man's erring race how to be good,
And ne'er pollute themselves with harmless blood,
Since Nature, firmly plac'd, requires no more,
Than the green garden's vegetable stores.

The consecrated ox's honour'd neck,
With sacred Toolses* Banish him here be'drâck,
And not a sacrilegious hand his power,
To stain the knife in his forbidden gore.
Thus once in Lârdno's primitive abode,
Divine EGYPT, APIS own'd a God.
Here please maidens, in Ganga's silver wave,
Perform the Poojâh and their bodies hâve,
And ope, where'er the rosy day's begun,
Their tender bosoms to the rising Sun.+}

* Toolses—Gyaman's Sanâam, a plant esteem'd sacred by the Hindus.
+ Abul Fadl says, the Hindus in all their prayers, implore blessings of the Sun.

When their bright eyes his radiance first behold,
They bow before the glory beaming gold.
Abduction o'er they sacred wreaths prepare
Of Bela flowers to deck their livery hair;
Bela, * whole yellow tintur'd bloome present,
Sweets to the sight and fragrance to the scent.
The dimpled Gopa beauteous flowers approve,
Emblems of Pleasure, Innocence and Love.
O Sun, for thee in modulated lays,
Here Brahma virgins pour forth hymns of praise.
Supernal majesty of beauty light.*
Whole heavenly glories give the world delight;
When they thy renovated splendours see,
They kneel to thee, and to the God of thee!
O venerable seat of Brahma's power,
Fair Sherwatt's† academic bowers,
Grateful for ever art thou to her fight,
Not even Methilla I give her more delight.
In thee may moral birds hereafter rife,
Whole towering names shall reach the lofty skies.
May they in life, to wondering worlds rehearse,
Sublime Maharâz's in epic verse.
And ne'er may thou, of Arts sh'external school,
Know the proud Mullahman's imperious rule.
Till Time expires, may Britain's suffering hand,
Exalt thy glory, and thy fame expand.
Brighter, till brighter be, beneath her power,
O splendid seat of Oriental Lore!

* Bela—of this fragrant and beautiful flower of Justinianum, the Hindus from the Maars or chapters which they ornament themselves with, at the time of bathing and devotion.
† Sherwatt—the patron of Litterature, in the Indian Minerva.
‡ Methilla—The feast of a renowned School of learned Brahmins on the borders of the Sagar Zambakâr.
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Written in dalton Stuart's History of Scotland.

LONG had the name of MARY borne the plain
Of blighting Infamy—but now convinced
By STUART’s truth searching pen, we gladly see
Th’ unmerited dishonour wip’d away.

O fairest flowerling e’er in Scotland grew!
O fair of beauty fjorden’d and refin’d
With every polish’d grace —The GRAC’E’s selves
Own’d thee their lovelier sister nor could cope
With thee, in perfect symmetry of form:
Nur’d in the soft and warmer climes of FRANCE,
Thy native elegance too easy drawn
To the rough, ruder children of the North;
For they, uncouth, thy every pleasing grace,
Branded with levy’s mistaken name.
Fair Queen, unrival’d in the rolls of beauty
Sad Queen, unparalleled in misery’s annals
Now with a double sceptre in thy hand,
The darling comfort of a powerful King—
Now in confinement’s gloom, capricious sport;
For an imperious, futile, rival Queen.
But thy exalted soul was ever confin’d,
For great ideas never felt a shacktle,
No fear can bridle them—theyudden burst,
On the quick ears of an admiring world.
MARY, by woes unmov’d, dy’d as a Queen,
Not death, impending death, in terrors clas’d
Could alter her firm face—religious smiles—

The mildst smiles—which shew contempt of death—
Religious smiles—which shew our hope in Heaven,
Still sweeter made her face—already sweet—
For Christian Charity was there portrayed,
And a forgetfulness of all her wrongs—
O you, who could’t her wrongs, dark and malignant
As different passions sway the human mind,
So different authors variously rejoin,
MARY! the story of thy hapless life.
The splendid pen of ROBERTSON milited,
By priedly bias writes a priestly tale;
But STUART, led by TRUTH’s unerring star,
Unprejudic’d in principle or errours
That shining fabric once so much admir’d.
Lo! MARY’s virtues blooming from the tomb,
Though wrap’d in slander for two hundred years!
Rejoice, ye Nymphs of SCOTLAND, let your hearts
With exultation beat, behold that Queen,
So much absur’d in life, bel’t in death,
Shine more resplendent now, from creature free’d;
Like the great Lord of DAY, who screen’d by clouds,
Seems doubly luminous, when the clouds have pass’d.
Weave with your own fair hands, Nymphs of the North!
With your own mountain flowers let it be form’d,
A wreathe of honour for thy historian’s brow,
Which while your mountains last, shall flourish green,
In the unperishable book of TIME.
Oft forms in life compel the human mind,
To pty deeds, which when the gate’s o’er-blown,

Y.
We can't believe we e'er could have perform'd—
Such was the fate of Scotland's Queen, whenever
By vaillant force to act beneath her soul.

On the Great and Beautiful Poesy has ever shone her former. Beyond all
the Muses have often touched this Lyric for this all accomplished and Lively Poesy.
The following is one remaining influence of useful homage, which I now offer
for all the poems collected which have been written on this Celebrated Lady, as well
for the few productions of her own in the genius of Poesy. They will form a
volume very appropriate to all lovers of Poesy.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE, To Queen Mary, 1561. * The Poet,
ALEXANDER SCOTT.
To Queen Mary, who first came Home.

Welcome, illustrious lady, and our Queen,
Welcome our lungs with your heavenly breath,
Welcome our valiant rubs upon the eyes:
Welcome our sons and our full glory;
Welcome our heart and all its delight;
Welcome our soul in love and friendship;
Welcome our wish and all our gladness.
God give you grace again this year NEW YEAR.

Fond to the feet for evermore Gratitude,
On William, Jacob, Peter, and Temperance,
Agreed to praise the faith, and precious!
Of serious truth, thy glory to advance:
Why jealous apes with Dillenius
To wonder that Tyne with too considerable
God give the grace again this year NEW YEAR.

Fruch, paltry, flash, fangue, flower formati;
Jest and false, of lady's lamp and fire-
Clarity made broad and wide with all of
Clicking together shining illustrative fire!
Dish! Beautiful hostages and belt begone;
To this high quality to insult their tri
So to this high quality to insult their tri,
So to this high quality to insult their tri
So to this high quality to insult their tri,
So to this high quality to insult their tri
So to this high quality to insult their tri.

A New Year's Ode without his death.
POEMS.

Although the brimontry's in the falling act,
He will the meditated knock retract,
Now, now not going— at this point so nice,
The dubious bidder makes advances of price.

Preface to the Memory of Sir JAMES MACDONALD, Translated from the Latin.

MACDONALD could a trustful muse command,
He touched'd th' harmonious strings with nicest hand.
For him the rapid torrents cease'd to flow,
For him the listening winds forgot to blow,
For him the birds flopp'd their melodious voice,
To hear a muse, sweeter than their own.
Such potent charms, his language had to move,
It hung, responded by the vocal grove:
Aha! the bard, we've oft with pleasure heard,
Within a foreign country lies inter'd.

Transliteration of the Hexameter, designed for the Tomb of Mr. IRVINE, the famous bard, school master of Ayr.

IRVINE, O learning's son! thou can'st not see! Yet may we Horace know as well as thee!
What son of Thames in this shall him outlive?
Or they, of TROUBAD, DANUBE, or the RURINE?

DESCRIPTION of the most eminent Literary Characters among our Countrymen, translated from the Latin of Lord HAMPDEN printed at PARIS.

MILTON.

GREAT MILTON, you first boldly dare unfold
Of Battles never, by the Muse told,
Though fate decreed your life of fight,
To you, eternal, you first of bard's life given,
To range in bright record the wars of Heaven!
The Serpent's wiles, told with deceiving breath,
The fated apple and succeeding death!
This have you done and well performed, the part,
With Homer's gravity and Virgil's art.

POPE.

Next, you O! Pope, fair Science bids us name,
Near your Maidsides you rank in fame.
You both of terrest, sweetest verse,
You give examples while you rules rehearse:
When you in manly strains the Muse writes,
Than playful Horace you speak more polite,
Though soft your Muse, the cuts in every part,
And probes the deep recesses of the heart.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hail you great Father of the English Stage!
Immortal grace of a chetic age!
You like a bird sang without formal rule
Unlearnd, unpractis'd in the critic school.
Nature alone was your great leading star,
You follow'd Nature, and you could err.
GARRICK.

Garrick, chief master of the mimic powers,
To fit the voice to circumstance, was yours.
You of the Drama were a judge supreme,
Your Comic writings more augment your fame.

LOCKE.

Locke boldly dived into himself to find
How poor th'ideas of the infant mind,
And whence the great Variety appears
Which fills the soul in our maturer years:
For all the Sciences, with tenfe profound,
He fixed the evidence and prefect'd the bound:
Hear him the reasoning faculty explain,
Which forms for argument a lasting chain.

FRANKLIN.

Electricity lay long conceal'd,
Franklin at length important truths reveal'd,
He taught th'external flame in Heavens profound
To pour its force, innocuous, on the ground;
He the conductor form'd to rule the fire,
And made it play along a common wire.

NEWTON.

Newton excel'd in energy of mind!
The ornament of all the human kind!
He poi'd the Sun, the parent of the day,
And his facilities in that array!
He threw each planet, course, and told us all
The regulations of this goodly ball!
The glittering pha'n laid prostrate to our sight,
Which draws all colours from the solar light,
At his great name 1 bow with reverend awe,
Whole mighty genius fix'd each op'rate law.

AD LYRAM.

SALVE quae fugis, proprium modulamine carmen:
Salve Memnonis vox imitata Lyram.
Dulce! O divinissque sons! tine polite hiero.
Dives naturae simplicius, artis imago:
Talis quae incolere dant melia labra puella,
Talis sunt faciles quae modulantur aures.

HE above verses to the Aelian Harp were given about thirty years ago by a Fellow Student of the University to Dr. Darwin. They are here translated at his desire, and inscribed to him.

HAIL Harp from which such modulation flows!
Hail Minstrel of Memnonian notes! *
Sweeter thou found'st, nor fingers aid impart,
Than rich in Nature and devoid of Art!
Sweet as of harmless maid's the hoisted words!
Sweet as the music of melodious birds!

* The last in the hand of the Muse of Memnon, would play of Idyll as Sarabid.

All it was the invention of Dr. Darwin, that his受到 the Aelian Harp and have accompanied the foregoing Ode. I have reprinted them from the Bengal Hircassam, that they will be highly acceptable to the publics, coming from such an excellent Maitre.
observations on the invention and construction of the instrument, which were meant to have accompanied the Odes, may possibly still prove acceptable to some of its readers.

The celebrated Father Kircher was trying some experiments on a Monochord, using a string and a movable bridge. He had left the instrument near a window, which was partly open, and had retired to his desk to get his observations. When all of a sudden, he was attracted by the sound of an overheard conversation. He ran downstairs to proceed with the Monochord, and the Melancolica to be no other than the wind. Taking the bridge, he constructed the felt instrument, to which he gave the name of Italian Harp. This happened at Rome, about the middle of the fourteenth century.

The Italian Harp may be of this very useful sort, in form of a small box, the sides being right angled triangles, and the strings on the bottom. The length of a half or three feet. This, however, should be determined by the length of the window, in which the instrument is to be placed. The strings should be made of any material used for other musical instruments. I have always to a small hand finisher to answer the number not exceeded, for which more than three or four strings found together, which very rarely happen, there arise a confusion of tones which bears much effect. Indeed the whole, and most delicious concords proceed from a single string.

The instrument may be made in different ways. Usually it is the best and most remarkable that though two strings should be tuned in unison, and by the same degree of wind, yet the secondary notes on the other strings of the instrument will follow with no bad harmony. The open box of a canvas or any similar canvas, or a small box, it is a very fine way to make it. The strings should be stretched with a small tension. It is a good thing to have the strings made to suit by an experienced cabinet maker. The whole length of the strings is not so much needed without effect. It is a very extraordinary fact in the science of finding a string should vibrate not only throughout its whole length, but by the same time, it should be refracted into certain align parts, producing by their vibrations, all the most perfect concords.—The Theory of the secondary notes has been sufficiently proved by the writings of modern Harmonics, D'Alembert, Euler, and many others. They have applied great researches to this investigation, without however having left any thing decisive on the subject. The most ingenious theory of secondary, as well as of symphonic and harmonic tones, was published four years ago by Dr. Mary Young, of Trinity College, Dublin. In this Week I take the liberty of referring each of your musical readers as may chuse to amuse themselves with this curious subject.

YOURs, 
J. D.

KOLKATA, 13th May, 1806.

POEMS.

MOBARUCK UL MULK,

A POEM,

Inferior to the Ladies of India.

OBSERVATION.

JOHANN KARL, the son of PHAUL KHALAR, was expelled from parental favour, on account of his enormities. The present Emperor took him under his protection, and at length created him NOOR-UL-UMAR; accepting the high obligations he owed the Mubarak, after a series of leading events, he entered the Imperial Reference in arms, cut out the King's head, and created the young Prince with the most degrading indignities. Not flogging him, he violated the forbidden receptacle of the Zeban, that highest infall to an emblazon'd Mussulman, and even permitted to intrude on the Imperial Ladies, but the ennobly MOBARUCK UL MULK, the most beautiful and accomplished of the Royal Daughters, was discovered to fall into a delusion with his will. He, driven to despair, threw a concealed pistol, and buried it in her bosom—This latter circumstance furnished the clue for the annexed Poem.

HOW many Heroes of eternal fame,
In Delhi's soil, when Delhi was a name !

O BARAR, ACHANA, mighty chiefs ! O seem
Nor be all glory to immortal Rome !

Sir, are I and glory but to man confided ?
You, surely, glory burns in woman-kind.

Young Rome may justly boast her chaste Lucraca,
And zealous Mecenas rain the name of Gargaro;

But modern men can with ancient vie,
As well in honour as in infancy,

Yours, 
J. D.
Hear me, ye Fair! for you I write the verse,
Proud—should your rosy lips my name rehearse?

WHERE the Moon's once pendent form did bend,
When ACHILLES, passing, still the flood,
His counterpart in kingly unicoyn;
Both broke with sorrow—bow'd with weight of years,
Both truly venerable, with silver hairs,
Both didst sit like Pelagon's severe decree,
Then scorched the Jill and Children's end to see.
Where Chloë, have blaz'd in deeds of blood expired,
A subtle Flateian sap'd this Sovereign's heart,
Sejanus-like, he grasp't at power too high,
Sejanus-like, beheld the victim die;
Who try to tear, may a like fate arrest!
Virtue's fair flowers from woman's lovely breast.

Hear me, ye Fair! a pleas'd attention bring,
While of a blazon'd princely maid I sing.
Hear me, ye Fair! for you I write the verse,
Proud—should your rosy lips my name rehearse?

Rats'd from a cypher by the Imperial hand,
To splendour, dignity and high command.
Was GRIOSAU HADIN—first unknown to fame,
AMEA US OMAH la—mighty name—
Yet never could one kind idea move,
His Ruben foul to humanizing love,
Nor most ties, nor duty e'er could bind,
A merciless heart, so cruelly unkind;
Yes! his accursed hands, in brutal whim,
Dar'd cut those eyes which play beam'd on him.

O Heaven! dar'd give the light-dep'ling wound,
And strike his fecking mother to the ground,
A dreadful fact (weep'd it with your tears)
A youth thus racking age of seventy years!
But more he dar'd—he gave the flameful word,
To force the soft Zenana with the sword,
Exposed the golden rooms to vulgar sight,
The fairest seats of exquisite delight.
Sacred to Love, and Love's entrancing powers,
Where the titl'd Monarch pul'dfooted haar.
From these receiv'd torn by ruffians rude,
MOBUCRESE, you a lovely victim blood,
A blood'd virgin, trembling and afraid,
In flowery robes of innocence array'd.
Of all the daughters of the Imperial race,
She far outshone in comeliness of face.
The throbbing love in her soft bosom rose'd,
And when she mov'd, the attendant Graces mov'd:
Sweet offspring of the Sun! our eyes mere
Thy various beauties, but thy virtues more.

As she was forward brought, the savage gras'd,
A form of symmetry amaz'd,
And for a moment, as he silent view'd,
Some thrills of feeling tremb'ld through his blood;
With innate rage from himself he flook
The tender thought—he scarcely soften'd look,
And dar'd to touch, with passion rudest warm,
The royal robe which virt'd her lovely form.

* Argus. Saturday 10th, 1789, the Emperor was deprived of sight.

C c
O race of Timex! how could hands profane
On your exalted percons fix a stain?
In her soft breast contending passions roll'd,
Inspiring honour made the Virgin bold,
"Soman," the cry'd "Eternal Power believes,
'll spirotel the thin e'ter polluted live;
'Soner in floods of gore, the friendly knife,
'Shall terminate my yet unblemish'd life;
"As fons would Heaven the love of right forgoe,
As I on earth the least dishonour know,"
With such innumeral sentiments impress'd,
She plumb'd the murderous poinard in her breast!
Will not the cause her name from death retrieve?
While Virtue's name's ever'd, her name shall live.

SAY, Graces and Roms, if ever ye behold,
This Maid in lofty fortitude excell'd,
Was ever one with higher glory fill'd?
Was ever one with purer thoughts infin'd?
By you, sweet Painting! be the story told,
Let us on canvas the great deed behold;
Painting! sweet Nymph, this is't thy power infuses,
The Virgin bleeding!—and the monster's looks.

JUST Heaven, or Sun, or laws, will always pour,
On man's unrighteous head destruction's shower;
Khadri at length, check'd in his black career,
Meets a sad end, yet fearedly too severe.
Behold this premier ruffian of his age,
The spott of children in an iron cage!
So was the captive Bajazet still view'd,
By the great Father of the Timex blood,
THE ART
OF
LIVING IN INDIA.

"Catch the manners living as they rise."

NO more shall tragic stories fill our rhymes,
Come turn and look at life’s loiter elims;
In Eastern India’s realm pursue the route,
Where pupils born within, and Sons without.

Ah! charming land of pageantry and pageant,
Where every luxury conspires to please;
Where every want, at Pumps’ supreme command,
Anticipation fills with fervid hand.

FROM ENGLAND now and English life afar,
Let Asian manners only be your care;
Now the fatigues of thorny seas are o’er;
And now the tedious voyage palls no more.

CALCUTTA, lo! as London o’er the Thames,
Lifts her high head above old Hookey’s dream:
There, Novice, fix your confidence, and try
To soothe the wailing fome with curious eye;
The motions make of various life detain,
And put in practice quickly what you learn.

FIRST, if you mean to gain a due respect,
(And what so terrible as cold neglect?)

Let eight trim bearers uniformly arise,
Attend your palfrey in modern state;
Fly at a call, and bring you here and there
To laugh and chatter—God knows what or where.

In vulgar eyes a palfrey has charms,
But on the shining scale emblaze your arms,
This elegant convenience first procure,
Before you thrust your nose without the door.

LET a long train, obsequious at a call,
Attend in order round your spacious hall;
At breakfast feast, let the thinning plate,
Arrang’d with splendour, indicate your state.

For sake superior, gracious Heaven invoke,
And learn that fashionable art—to smock.
The breakfast ended, on a couch recline’d,
The grateful heppu will relax the mind;”
‘Tis then the crouching flaves our orders take,
Before they know what we’re about to smoke;
But if some low born creditor should come,
Be sure give orders then, you’re not at home.

A THING more odious there can never be,
A craving creditor detest to see;
(Though horrid frights, yet fill more pleasing far
The poisonous snakes and bloody tigers are.)
Should one intrude himself before your sight,
Then make him promises, which break at night.
H owe’r unpleasing such disingenuous folk,
Yet we may deign to give them civil talk.

D d
In colder climates liquor frigidus,
But here from wine the raging furies rise.
Ah! thus the copious draught, for lo! beneath
The oft fill'd rummer, lies that robber Death.

And Bill, O Death! for you I'll tone the song,
Here let not the too worldly live too long,
Our men grown grey mid lacks exert your powers,
With your hard hammer dorn withshamen by frowns,
And were they all my very dearest friends,
I think that Colonies should fail by dozons.

Go learn,—for why should I the tale unfold
Of ways and means to store your bags with gold,
Perhaps some angry head, your friends among,
Would blame th' excessive freedom of my tongue;
Perhaps some reprehender would accuse,
'Th' informing stories of the tri-la-tale mufe.

No piercing probe can remedy impart,
Should once corruption's canker catch your heart.
If public love is lost in love of self,
You're only bias'd then by lust of pel;
On Hastiness think—th' perfected name,
Of England now the glory and the shame.
Impeach'd observe th' illustrious Statesman stand,
Even though he prov'd th' favour of the land.
He of our gratitude sad proof appears,
Purfold by Law for nine opprobrious years.
He hold the sceptre firm mid faction strife,
Seck'd us kingdoms—and we fought his life.
Columbus thus a golden world before'd,
And thus Iseria made him kiss the rod.
Thus his great name for ever must remain,
A lasting monument of fame to Spain!

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| WILL YOU | YOU IN TURN | YOUR GENEROUS HEART | EXPAND,
|       |        | FLORE HIS FAVOURS | WITH A NIGGARD HAND? |
|        |        | WITH THE PLEASURE | THE PLEASURE OF A COLD |  |
|        |        | IN WINTER | IN SUMMER |
|        |        | FOR THE FROST | FOR THE FLOWERS |
|        |        | OF THE SNOW | OF THE SUN |

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<td>EXALT YOU NEAR THE Pinnacle OF POWER;</td>
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<td>GODS' ADORER SHOULDER'ER HIS AMBITIOUS HAND,</td>
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<tr>
<td>ADVANCE YOU TO SOME LUCRATIVE COMMAND,</td>
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<tr>
<td>AH! BE NOT NIGGARD THEN, NO PURSE SPORE</td>
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<td>NOR BOARD UP TREATERS FOR A WORTHIES HEIR,</td>
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<tr>
<td>ENJOY YOURSELF, FOR FLIRTING ARE THE HOURS,</td>
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<tr>
<td>AND DEATH ARETH US OF FROM PLEASURE'S BLOWS!</td>
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<th>POEMS.</th>
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<tr>
<td>PROMOTION! SOURCE OF EVERLASTING MIRTH,</td>
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<td>BELOW BY ALL THE MEN OF ALL THE EARTH,</td>
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<tr>
<td>THE JARRING RACE OF MAN, O COURTED POWER!</td>
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<td>IN SWEETETHELM THAT NOY NAME ADORE,</td>
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<td>BEFORE THE TUNES AND PAGES BEND THE KNEE!</td>
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<td>BEFORE THE PARTIES RATIONAL HOARDS AGREE!</td>
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<td>HINDOO AND CATHOLIC WILL KISS THY THRONE!</td>
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<td>EV'N THE PROUD PROTESTANT STYLES THEE DIVINE!</td>
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<td>POWER OF POWER! MAY THY BENIGNANT FACE</td>
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<td>FOR EVER SMILE ON THE POETIC RACE!</td>
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<tr>
<td>AND AH! HEREAFTEER, MAY THEY NEVER FEEL</td>
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<td>THE PANGS OF POVERTY, FOR HOLY SEAL!</td>
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<td>ENTHUSIAST IC Men! PROTECT EACH BARD,</td>
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<tr>
<td>AND BE THY GOLDEN GIFTS THEIR BRIGHT REWARD!</td>
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<tr>
<td>PICTS THEMSELVES, IN PATRIOT SPIRIT FREE,</td>
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<tr>
<td>PICTS THEMSELVES, HAVE DESIRED TO BOW TO THEE!</td>
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<tr>
<td>WHEN YOU PROMOTION'S COUNTED SMILES HAVE WORN,</td>
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<tr>
<td>WHEN THE PRONOUNCES YOUR DARLING SON,</td>
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<tr>
<td>HER FUTURE RISING SON—WHEN COUNTELESS FLORES,</td>
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<tr>
<td>SHALL DAILY FALL TO YOU IN GOLDEN SHOWERS,</td>
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<th>POEMS.</th>
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<tr>
<td>THE EMPEROR VESPASIAN DESPIRED A GENTLEMAN OF HIS RANK, COMING INTO THE</td>
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<tr>
<td>HOUSE HIGHLY PREHABED, DECLARING HE WOULD RATHER BE A BUCK OF GALTIS,</td>
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<td>ETC.</td>
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Let the chabaras your silver disks display,
And shading naakas mitigate the day;
Let emeralds set, her fender wriths enfold,
And all her purpled veimentins shine with gold:
Let her, ah! let her thus gently ride,
While, as the comes, we (tears sneak aside).

When she's at home (how dear the thoughts of home)
Keep her secluded in a fragrant dome.
Consoled to love and thoughtful hours of joy,
Let her mid fragrant coils the noon employ;
Let her there, wrap'd in robes of costly lawn,
Enjoy the sweets of aromatic paws,
While fervile da'ees, in flowing cloth array'd,
By turns attend, and fan your charming maid.
Yes, yes, ye Gods, sure such is earthly bliss,
What would I give to be the Lord of this!

So black-eyed Houri, clad in robes of light,
Softly administer supreme delight;
So they entrance one in the blissful hour,
In the recollections of their secret bower!

Suppose I gently whisper in your ear,
(Think not the friendly monitor severe)
To keep in bounds; for, where there's many a call,
 Pretentious creditors might ruin all.

Let no bold youth, with English warmth elate,
If he deigns to flout poetic hate,
E'er by insulting words dare to debate,
What Lady Paubrey calls 'an half bred race';

Elie will th' avenging bard, their champion, rife,
And whirl him headlong to the nether skies.

Liberal man, if you my ire inflame,
Till damn'd to last eternity your name!

Know, I can trace, in long succession run,
Their high born lineage from the sacred Sun.
Oft have they charm'd me on the flowery plain,
And often may they charm mine eyes again!

Even here, where Charity has rest'd the dome,
To give ungarded Innocence a home,
Where balmy air my sickly breast inhales,
Sweet as ammonium, in these licent gates,
Perhaps our eyes some maidens might behold,
With all the virtues in their foster mould.
Perhaps some young Eliza here may lie,
With shape of symmetry and sappy eye,
Perhaps the Virgin's modest cheeks adown,
The rosy tincture forces through the brown:
If such there is, O, ye! with fortune gay,
Lead forth th' alluring Orphan into day!

My auburn beauties, let all virtues arts,
Tune the fine fibres of your tender hearts;
Let love of purity your souls inspire,
And nobler bards for you shall strike the lyre!

Ye shapeful Nymphs, who form my pleasing theme!
Ye, born where Ganga rolls her hollow stream,
Accept these numbers, written with skin free,
I love your INDIA and your INDIA me!

* Howrah, where this Poem was written.
THE BATTLE OF BEETORAH,

Inscribed to Captain Thomas Hardwicke.

III battle, in which the Robillas were defeated, was fought near Beetorah, between them, under Gholoum Mabnel, and the Company's troops, in behalf of the Visier Afiob ul Doulo, on Sunday, the 25th October, 1794.

NOT in thy realms alone, unhappy France!
Does War with singular firm advance,
Through every clime his powerful influence runs,
We see him now routs India's softer sons.

Where the Robilla race, a fertile land,
For fifteen Loffres held the chief command,
Where Daud Khan with wandering Afans came,
And form'd the State of the Robilla name,
There rul'd a warlike and adventurous power,
Strangers to fear in peril's awful hour;
Stiff tribes of Oman's sect, expert in arms,
Who drov'd the mild Himaans from their farms:
Twice have they yield'd, with inmost courage proud,
To shake the Mufud of the Prince of Oude,
How vain such hopes! th' impenetrable shield,
Hold up by Britian's arm their force repuls'd.
Earth did they bow on Cutter's purple plain,
To conquering Champion, their brave Rhamut plain;}

Daud Khan came into Hindostan about the year 1720, and from the year 1727 may find the first important establishment of the Robilla power. See Fisher and other writers on the Robillas.

Hade Rhamut, the great leader in the first Robilla war, Colonel Champion defeated beyond Cuttara, near the village of Tellmah in the decisive battle of St. 

Ff
Even now they mourn in ecstasy of grief,
Th' improbable battle and their captive Chief,
Inhuman Chief! to gain suprême command,
Fraternal blood imbod'd your impious hand;
But sovereigns Judges gave the awful word,
And rais'd aloft her interposing sword.
By furious homicides all power's defy'd,
Even Atossa's dar'd, with Bajrouts at his side!

For You, the bard will battle past rehearsal,
And form the record in histrionic verse,
That day, in arms, he trod the smoking plain,
But wept, when lay, like hecatombs, the slain!
Know, Verse and Feeling are not far apart,
There's nothing softer—but a virgin's heart.
To Love and War in every polished line,
The harp's attemper'd by the fons of rhyme.

Imagination turn your eagle eyes,
Beyond where Bajrout's fairy towers arise—
Bajrout, who heard th' alarm with pallid look,
While all her temples to their basins shook.

How loud the noisy Naggers bet to arms,
As the grim warlior tribes advance'd in swarms;
We, Bajrout, saw th' imboided horsemens join
On either bank their thick embattled line;
Ghouliahimself, interrupt Chief, appear'd,
Affuming conquest and a meet reward.
On yonder elephant he goes, behold,
Where the bright scarlet thrones emboss'd with gold!
His tiffo'd velvets gleam as he rides on!
His lofty Heads glitter in the Sun!

With confidence of victory impressed,
His enterprising bands he thus address'd:

"Let us from India yonder men efface,
Nor spare a soul of their detested race.
You alien races, which now your eyes explore,
You doubt! I laid your fathers in their smooching grave!
Once by their arms our martial bands were thin,
A feat for vultures on the reeking plain.
Let big revenge now every bolando fire,
The old who wait'd a friend, or young a sire.
The Prophet wills—I here his will impart,
I feel his holy impulse at my heart.
Regain the glory lost on Cutfara's day,
Let your avenging crowds the Bajrout fray—
Bring the different heads—there shall he told
For every head a recompense in gold.
Rohillas! think on the Rohilla name,
And raise this day a monument of fame!
They all by one contesting buzz reply,
And raise an hundred standards to the sky.

Who can forget that memorable day,
Both armies met in terrible array,
Ghoulia commiss'd the fight—his cannons roar'd—
But harm'lar's fire on our battalions pour'd.

* The Rohillas, having had an army tribute in number to that of the English, were
  then unprepared for the conflict. As an encouragement to slaugter the Europeans in particular
  General Mungom had promised two gold sovereigns for every 5 Europeans killed. This circunstance
  was afterwards confirmed to me by several Rohillas who fought on that day against the English.
  On the road to Rampur a Rohilla who died of his wounds was found under a tree
  with the heads of two Europeans held in his hands. The English put two gold sovereigns in
  his pocket for his head.
The signal given—*we must'd in first advance,*
And *dare'd* the fabric's edge and murderous lance.
*The armies clos'd*—what carnage then *was* view'd!
The field of battle soon a field of blood!
What conquer'd foes in threatening gore were laid!
How grand'd the dying and how fell the dead!
*O'erpowered* at length we saw their dire defeat—
And mark'd then seeking safety in retreat,

But fill the men of Rohlifugd may claim,
Intrepid men, the honours of a name;
None better know, from peafant to the lord,
To dart the fishing lance or wield the sword.
High beat your bosoms with courageous zeal!
High glow your passions for the commonweal!
Who fell, though conquer'd in their slow retreat,
Would have, in glory's cause, fell truly great.

HARDWICK! when war shall cease, and war's alarms,
And the contending Powers lay down their arms,
When failing Peace shall raise an olive wand,
And sign the treaty with her snowy hand,
Will you an hour from favourite fluids spare,
To think of battles past, and read of war?
To You the Muse this tuneful tribute pays,
To You the looks, ambitious of your praise.
But may the me'er intrude upon that hour,
You wish to give to philosophic lone?

Nor when the families in green have caught,
Arrang'd by SPADES, your attentive thought:
Not when the birds whole plumage beauteous shine,
Or curious foliis from the mystic mine,

O'glistening infects from the shady wood,
Or finny natives from the silver flood,
Are fast by friends to your judicious view,
As NATURE, fanning, shews her self to You,
The virtuous man to harmless finny given,

*Written in the Camp at Fattah,*
*November 26th, 1794.*

**THE VANITY OF FRIENDSHIP.**

*Written in imitation of Swift.*

"'Tis true we talk of friendship much,
But who are they who can keep touch?"
Thus sung HIRAM's patriotic Dean,
In Satire's energetic strain,
The story we have now in view,
Will prove his observation true.

Seventeen hundred pound a year,
Made Jack to all the country dear,
Of it no thing's regard'd,
His darling predecessor was,
Who left behind him what he for'd
Of gold—the God that he ador'd,
But Jack, Sir, liv'd a different way,
Amid the youthful and the gay,
He'd friends to come to him and dine—
To prodigally drink his wine—

Gg
To spend the tedious paffing hours,
In coftly pleafure's rofate bowers,
To take all from him they could get,
To make him pay their tavern debt,
To give advice in private ends,
In short—who had fo many friends?

But now, alas, the time had come,
When Jack must leave his fagacity home,
When he had run in debt to have
The expensive fuppers which he gave,
When he confum'd his whole effate,
That fame might find him goodfby great,
At length the Sheriff, keepers laid
On house, until his debts were paid.

Now let me think, fays Jack, on gentry,
Who'd give me diet and my rent free,
There is Samuel, James, and John,
Generous Conflantine and Mun,
Whofe numerous friendly admons shew'd,
Their temper's hopefully good,
Whofe soft benignity will grant,
What my neceffity may want;
With them I'll forfear from Law's turmoils,
Till fortune, more propitious, fails.

His cafe to Samuel firft he told—
Him Samuel cordially condol'd,
But coftly aid he could not give,
Yet tem'd from teeth to greatly grieve,

When Jack faw his difsembling mode,
He cur'd the gifts he ill knew'd,
And fent to James to frego ur;
But fupplication meets with form,
He reap'd at door—fent up his name,
The fervant with this answer came,
"My Mafter fays, he does not know you,
"Permit me the hall door to fhow you,
Thus baffled and abort'd by two, *
He went to John and told his war,
But John, Sir, with a bow polite,
Exclaim'd his house was rob'd last night,
And was it not for that he would
Repay the compliments he owed.

Jack fang with disappointment's pain,
At this unmerited indignation,
From thence he nearly ran'd from waft,
Cry'd, "Could I former deeds reftant,
I'd obfceu with more judicious ken,
My friends mid lefs deigning men."

Wrapp'd in fuch thoughts, which wore augment,
To generous Conflantine he went,
Who faid his wife was brought to bed,
The Doctor's fee was not yet paid,
The houfe rent was a heavy debt,
And money he could no where get.

Then quick to Mun he bent his way,
And told the Fates severe decree,
Impel’d by Law’s suffere command,
Which Poverty cannot withstand,
To quit in an inferior garb,
(Profligant’s fate and just reward)
A patrimonial pleasant fear,
His wealthy ancestor’s estate,
And O! if haply he would glad,
A bosom miserably fail,
Even with that cheering ray of hope,
Which might the present anguish stop,
He’d pray that to him should be given,
Transcendent joys—the gifts of Heaven.

Mus quick replies—"My dearest Jack,
"You know the trouble on my back,
"You know Lord Love by passion led,
"Debat’d defil’d my nuptial bed,
"But when I damages recover,
"I’ll pay your friendship doubly over."

Poon Jack when he had try’d each friend,
And found none who’d affluence lend,
Return’d with sorrow in his heart,
Which now felt Penury’s gallant fear,
Scarce was he in, so fine at door,
Made him his dreadful case deplore,
He thought ‘twas Baillifs him to take—
But O! how pleading the mighty,
A letter with the glad account,
He’d got a prize to the amount,
Of twice five thousand flering pound,
Which he might draw from Lottery fund.
ERUDITION A POEM.

ATTRACTING daughter of refined taste,
Before whose feet I bow'd my willing knee,
When scarce my prattling tongue could lift the love,
Due to my Mother's tenderness, and when
The name of child was chang'd for that of boy,
Fair ERUDITION, thy glittering charms
Awake to harmony the trembling lyre!

I now invoke the HELLENIC MAIDS,
Nor bright APOLLO to inspire my lay;
But thou whose sweet neglected charms I sing,
Say wilt thou lead my votary to thy bower?

Though nurst'd in the polished school of GREECE,
Divine thy origin, Immortal Maid!
How bright the morning of thy life appear'd
Thy Grecian offspring tells succeeding ages,
But when thy tender soul at War's alarms,
Affrighted shudder'd, to imperious Rome;
Thus fledst thou hidst thy self in MANO'S bread,
While great Augustus with a lover's love,
Woo'd thy attracting charms and in the bower
Of peaceful olive gave thee sweet repose,
Then in thy sportive HORACE didst thou please
And laugh'dst at th' AURUSIAN nation into tears;
Then easy NAXOS with melodious strains,
Charm'd the refining LOVES of GREECE to Rome,
O fest of all the humanizing arts;
Where SALLUST, LIVY and chaste PLUTARCH shine,
But when corruption foster'd ITALY,
Affrighted LEARNING droop'd her sickly head;

Al length by SCANDINAVIAN fury driven
To dull oblivion's unillum'd dome,
In a monastic gloom the lay conceal'd
Till fantastic Leo Rul'd the papal chair;
Then VITA role and on his mired head
Th' illusive MEDICI their bounty shower'd,
When ALBION's glory with fresh laurel sheen
Beneath the surplus of the maiden Queen,
Then Nature's sweetest child roud forth his verse
And WIDOW's darling son in BACON role!
But soon, with grief, in a luxurious court
We see thee laugh'd at by voluptuous CHARLES,
PARIS of LONDON, in his wanton reign
Impure obscurity was fame and wit,
Licentious ROCHFORD, in Fortune's smiles,
Propitious bark'd, while men of brilliant parts,
Enjoy'd not kindly smiles—smiles ever due
To Wit's immortal fans by mighty kings!
Did BUTLER, Humour's child fall through neglect!
Did OWEN faint with hunger's gnawing pangs?
The bard of paths be—Did he know trust?
Dost yeetful DEAFNESS merely write for bread
Who these'rd the majesty of ENGLISH verie.
O painful retrospect—such scenes no more
Shall tell a drama on a future reign.

NEXT, ERUDITION, next the happy days,
I joyous trace when purest incestus burst'd
Upon thy holy throne—Then ANNA reign'd!
A conflagration luminously bright
The golden hours with glory's rays adorn'd
Then NEWTON traversed the heavenly spheres,
And metaphysick Lock's unfolded man,
Then did chaste Addison display the charms
Of Heaven born Virtue and her white robed train
Then lived thy Swift, who show'd the wondrous power
Of innate genius to the admiring world:
Thou wert then, by thy Pope's immortal hand,
Crown'd with the laurel and the myrtle wreath,
While round thy throne a number'd votaries press'd,
(Yet no Historian in the sacred band)
To lay their splendid offerings at thy feet,
Thou smil'dst, they smil'd—each other's finis joy'd.

The Sun of Learning on the present day
Benignly smiles—Though Education mourns,
Her Johnson gone, yet Hayley's lofty page,
Inflects th' unkill'd in the finer arts,
And taught even me in thick Babylonian air,
To make a feeble step in Glory's road.

Here Failing Love inspires a grateful verse,
To a departed Father's silent shade,
Sad Recollection, weeping, strikes her harp!
Her harp—so sorrow's deepetl note attune'd!
Behold the rosy boy—the rising youth,
Enjoy his aged smiles—indulgent smiles,
While dimpled pleasure fits upon his cheek,
His wrinkled cheek and lo! his hoary locks
They shake with joy—Hear his instructive voice,
Lay down just maxims for the future man.
O dear departed Sire look down from Heaven,
And keep thy guardian fight still o'er thy son.

* This Poem was written in Ireland immediately after the death of Doctor John.
While exultation with her sacred pen,
Records your acts for ages yet unborn!

With deep concern I view thee, lovely Fair!
Fly from that verdant isle which gave me birth,
I breth a filial sigh, heart-felt and lad.
The Isle of Saints, the voice of History tells,
Thou failest! on one occasion now thy tender feet,
Canst not bear the rugged roughness of the ground,
Is there no soft alcove to rest thy limbs?
From proud Ebron's tower to Derry's spire?
A mighty spire! and not one altar thir'd,
To her who lends the morals and the mind:
There Vice and giddy Luxury prevail,
And taint the principles of rich and poor,
Here Commerce gently puffs the swelling sails,
And her Divinity's alone ador'd.

Long has Britannia been thy peaceful home,
Nor Greece nor Italy, can boast thee now,
Critics there are disdainful of thy charms,
Nor see thy majesty in British dreis,
Unless thou com'lt forth in the like array,
In which thou travellest with Mercatoria,
Or if th's Assyrian Toga covers thee,
In which thou travellest o'er Mantua's plaints—
Then only then thou beautiful appear'st,
To Partiality's short fought sons.

And who is Partiality?—A Dame,
Extremely stubborn and her neck so stiff
She cannot turn—and to her squinting eyes

A True and Affecting Love Tale.
—See Venetia corn narratur loco.
Mark, Herod, Vida.
Will fully pardon tales amid these ears,
The fate of lovers and their faithful cares.

In January, 1788, Amator was invited to spend an evening at house of a Scotch, who lived near a large town in the north of Ireland, on the same evening, a young lady, accompanied by her aunt, came to the Doctor's happy residence. The young lady's name was Margareta. After tea, cards were introduced, they played at whist, and as the young lady's face engaged Amator's attention more than cards, he lost, as may consequently be expected. He was happy to do so, for an antagonist; at the close of the evening, he left Redclyff house with sensations such as he had never before experienced.

Amator was very uneasy, and he could not tell why. The next day waited on Margareta's aunt, with whom he had been long intimate, and most studiously endeavored to ingratiate himself in the old lady's favour; he saw her lovely niece, and spoke to her with all the respect of eyes. He was timid, and feared to address Margareta herself, at length he avowed his sentiments to her aunt, who recommended him to wait on her father, and request permission to ask his daughter's hand.

He waited on her father—he found him in a village of delight, sheltered from the hurry and bustle of the tumultuous world, surrounded by three charming daughters, as beautiful as Summer! In a most elegant manner he explained his business. Mr. —— gave him all
the satisfaction which the most ardent suitor could have expected from his first interview; so far he thought himself successful.

Many days of intimate conversation elapsed, before Amator had the courage to fully explain himself to Margaretta, although she had long fainted at the idea of an exchange of affection by which he entertained her, yet she seemed not to know it; however, after deliberating, she gave boldly, in a trembling voice, a full and warm answer to her lover.

Margaretta was coldly polite; she gave him no satisfaction and—thus the conversation continued for several days.

As Amator had now become an intimate in the family, he asked her sister Fanny, if she could assign any reason for Margaretta's frequent absences from the house.

"Yes," says Fanny, "I will communicate the reason to you."

The year preceding your acquaintance with Margaretta, she was on a visit to the delightful town of Ballyhannan. It being there at the assembly rooms, the first attracted the notice of Lieutenant Power, an accomplished young gentleman of good family. Lieutenant Power made proposals of marriage to her; she equally delighted with her lover, favourably received his addresses, and the marriage was anticipated. Short after, the Regiment to which Lieutenant Power was attached was ordered to the interior of America; Margaretta could not bear to part with her lover, so as to receive his return, so for you to think any more of her, is a very cruel task.

Amator became very penitent on hearing of her pre-engagement, but his feelings were not weakened, and his next day, he had come to the knowledge of it.

"Yes," says she, "it is true; I was several times about to tell you, but I always found a repugnance to do it. However, I now declare it to you—I feel for you—I pity you—but I can never be yours;"

I will give you my sister Fanny, and she is far more beautiful than my—"

Mr. Amator heard her—he gazed at her—he was silent—for he had no power of utterance!

A letter now arrived, which brought the melancholy account of the death of Lieutenant Power; he was scalped by the American savages, and afterward put to a cruel death.

On the receipt of this letter, the news of the death of Lieutenant Power, the sight of his picture, gift of himself, which he until now had ever kept sacred in her bosom, and with streaming eyes, beseeching on it ten thousand kisses; when the news became a little calm, and the victory of her love had subsided, she kneeled, pressing the picture to her heart, as suddenly extending her hands to Heaven, she in the most solemn manner, vowed eternal Virginia for the sake of Henry Power!

Here the peroration ends! And now Amator fell into strong convulsions!

To this fatal vow does Amator owe the variation of a life which might have been spent in happy contention. To this fatal vow, he owes all the sorrows which embittered his succeeding years!

I shall here transfer from Amator's pocket book, the character of Margaretta, which he had then written, when warm in love.

The per son of Margaretta is exquisitely fine; she was cast in one of the most symmetrical forms, and a model of perfect symmetry in her bearing, and a model of perfect symmetry; and not in that fine school of elegant life, the Graces attend her command, and gay around her lovely person; she is mistress of all accomplishments, which in splendid society attract the gaze, the witty, and polite; her conversation is interesting and fascinating and they who enjoy her com-
Perhaps, Margaretta! had you ever visited, Amator would not have been India. No!—This tale of Truth would never have been told to the groves of Asia! India certainly affords a good asylum for those unfortunate young men, whom their own imprudence may have led into difficulties; to whom profligacy and inconsideration may be hurried to shame the virtuous, which only lie dormant in their hearts. Amator, born and educated in opulent splendour, and nurtured in the palace cradle of indulgence, was led thither by his own extreme fate. Perhaps a Heaven by inestimable ways, which the fickle comprehends not, fashioning a series of successive incidents to terminate future frivalities. I do not presume to justify misconduct, but when ever I deliberately reflect, I indisputably fall into a train of moral ideas.