

# **THE ADIEU AND RECAL TO LOVE**

**Hannah Cowley**

Go, idle Boy! I quit thy pow'r;  
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r;  
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,  
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien;  
The feign'd surprize, the roguish leer,  
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,  
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,  
So fare thee well, for I am free!  
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,  
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,  
Or take thy bev'rage from the rose,  
Or on *Louisa's* breast repose:  
I wish thee well for pleasures past,  
Yet bless the hour, I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day  
Scatters around a mournful ray;  
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,  
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;  
No rapture swells the linnets' voice,  
No more the vocal groves rejoice;  
And e'en thy song, *sweet Bird of Eve!*  
With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,  
Now scarce regarded meets my ear,  
Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.  
No more with devious step I choose  
To brush the mountain's morning dews;  
"To drink the spirit of the breeze,"  
Or wander midst o'er-arching trees;  
Or woo with undisturb'd delight,  
The pale-cheek'd Virgin of the Night,  
That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,  
Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.  
Alas! is all this boasted ease  
To lose each warm desire to please,  
No sweet solicitude to know,  
For others' bliss, for others' woe,  
A frozen apathy to find,  
A sad vacuity of mind?  
O hasten back, then, heavenly Boy,  
And with thine anguish bring thy joy!  
Return with all thy torments here,  
And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.  
O rend my heart with ev'ry pain!  
But let me, let me love again.

# **THE SLAVES. AN ELEGY**

**Hannah Cowley**

IF late I paus'd upon the Twilight plain  
Of FONTENOY, to weep the FREE-BORN BRAVE;  
Sure Fancy now may cross the Western Main,  
And melt in sadder pity for the SLAVE.

Lo! where to yon PLANTATION drooping goes,  
The SABLE HERD of Human Kind, while near  
Stalks a *pale* DESPOT, and around him throws  
The scourge that wakes—that punishes the Tear.

O'er the far Beach the mournful murmur strays,  
And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,  
As faint they labour in the solar blaze,  
To feed the luxury of BRITISH PRIDE!

E'en at this moment, on the burning gale  
Floats the weak wailing of the female tongue;  
And can that Sex's softness nought avail—  
Must naked WOMAN shriek amid the throng?

Are drops of blood the HORRIBLE MANURE  
That fills with luscious juice, the TEEMING CANE?  
And must our fellow creatures thus endure,  
For traffic vile, th' indignity of pain?

Yes, their keen sorrows are the sweets we blend  
With the green bev'rage of our morning meal,  
The while to love *meek Mercy* WE pretend,  
Or for *fictitious ills* affect to feel.

Yes, tis their anguish mantles in the bowl,  
Their sighs excite the Briton's drunken joy;  
*Those ign'rant suff'ers* know not of a SOUL,  
That we *enlighten'd* may its hopes destroy.

And there are MEN, who leaning on the LAWS,  
What they have purchas'd, claim a right to hold—  
Curs'd be the tenure, curs'd its cruel cause—  
FREEDOM's a dearer property than *gold!*

And there are *Men*, with shameless front have said,  
*That Nature form'd the NEGROES for Disgrace;*  
*That on their limbs subjection is display'd—*  
*The doom of slav'ry stamp't upon their face.*

Send your stern gaze from Lapland to the Line,  
And ev'ry Region's natives failly scan,  
Their forms, their force, their faculties combine,  
And own the VAST variety OF MAN!

Then why suppose *Yourselves* the chosen few,  
To deal Oppression's poison'd arrows round,  
To gall with iron bonds the weaker crew,  
Enforce the labour, and inflict the wound.

'Tis SORDID INT'REST guides you; bent on gain,  
In profit only can ye reason find;  
And pleasure too:—but urge no more in vain,  
The selfish subject, to the social mind.

Ah! how can *He* whose daily lot is grief,  
Whose mind is vilify'd beneath the Rod,  
Suppose his MAKER has for him relief,  
Can he believe the tongue that speaks of GOD!

For when he sees the Female of his Heart,  
And his lov'd daughters torn by Lust away,  
His sons, the poor inheritors of smart—  
—HAD HE RELIGION, THINK YE HE COULD PRAY?

Alas! He steals him from the loathsome shed,  
What time moist Midnight blows her venom'd breath,  
And Musing, how he long has toil'd and bled,  
DRINKS THE DIRE BALSAM OF CONSOLING DEATH!

Haste, haste, ye Winds, on swiftest pinions fly,  
Ere from this World of Misery he go,  
Tell him his wrongs bedew a NATION'S EYE,  
Tell him, BRITANNIA *blushes for his Woe!*

Say that in future, NEGROES SHALL BE BLEST,  
Rank'd e'en as Men, and Men's just rights enjoy;  
No more be either Purchas'd, or Oppress'd—  
No griefs shall wither, and no stripes destroy!

Say, that fair Freedom bends her Holy Flight  
To cheer the Infant, and console the Sire;  
So shall *He*, wond'ring, prove at last, delight,  
And in a throb of ecstasy expire.

Then shall proud ALBION'S CROWN, where Laurels twine,  
Torn from the bosom of the raging sea,  
Boast 'midst the glorious leaves, a Gem divine,  
The radiant Gem of PURE HUMANITY!

**TO A—E B—N**

**Hannah Cowley**

THINK not, TRANSCENDENT MAID! my woe  
Shall ever trouble thy repose;  
The mind no lasting pang can know,  
Which lets the tongue that pang disclose.  
Sorrow is *sacred* when 'tis *true*,  
In deep concealment proudly dwells,  
And seems its passion to subdue,  
When most th' impulsive throb compels.  
For HE who dares *assert* his grief,  
Who boasts the anguish he may prove,  
Obtains, perhaps, the wish'd relief,  
BUT O! THE TRAITOR DOES NOT LOVE,  
The LOVER is a *Man afraid*,  
Has neither grace, nor ease, nor art,  
Embarras'd, comfortless dimay'd,  
He sinks the VICTIM OF HIS HEART.  
He feels his own demerits most,  
When he should most *aspire* to gain,  
And is at length completely *lost*,  
Because he cannot *urge* his pain.

But tho' he be so much subdu'd,  
And ev'ry scene of spirit leave  
As if he mourn'd for all he view'd,  
As if he only *liv'd to grieve*.  
Yet let his FAIR-ONE's wrongs be told,  
Sudden he rushes forth to save,  
The Forest's King is not so bold!  
O! IF HE LOVES HE MUST BE BRAVE.  
And if, alas! her hand should bless  
Some more attractive youth than HE;  
HE never would adore the less,  
But glory in his agony.  
He'd see her to the altar led,  
And still command his struggling sigh,  
Nor would he let one tear be shed,  
He'd triumph then;—FOR THEN HE'D DIE.\*

**TO ANNA MATILDA**

**Hannah Cowley**



—At her footstool stands  
An altar burning with eternal fire,  
Unsullied, unconsumed.

Akenside.  
HEAVEN OF MY HEART! again I hear  
Thy long-lost voice, but ah! the tear  
Steals from my lids, and deadly pain  
Creeps in cold langour thro' each gasping vein.  
And can that mind I love so well,  
Thy Soul's deep tone, thy Thought's high swell,  
The proud poetic fervour, known  
But in thy breast's prolific zone,  
Can these combine to curse me? can that gaze,  
In whose rich orb the FAIRY FANCY plays,  
Thro' which, the charms that ART and NATURE show,  
Spring to the judgment, and there brighter glow;  
Can *that* be chang'd to anger? canst thou doom  
My future wish to dwell upon the tomb?  
Canst thou, SO KEEN OF FEELING! urge my fate  
And bid me mourn thee, yes, and MOURN TOO LATE?  
O rash severe decree! my madd'ning brain  
Cannot the pond'rous agony sustain,  
But forth I rush, as varying Frenzy leads,  
To cavern'd lakes, or to the diamond meads,  
O'er which the sultry noon-beams wide dissuse,  
And slake their eager thirst with lingering dews;  
Or to yon sullen slope that shuns the light,  
Where the black forest weaves meridian night,  
Disorder'd, lost, from hill to plain I run,  
And with my Mind's thick gloom obscure the Sun!  
For naught to me, alas! can now avail  
The fresh'ning vapours of the perfum'd dale,  
The distant sea-waves' variegated green  
Or the soft anguish of Night's eye serene,  
They cannot yield *me* comfort, tho' the Spring  
Should shake spontaneous beauty from her wing,  
Or guide my footsteps to th' enchanted lawn,  
Where blushing pleasure hymns the birth of dawn,  
Still would I pause to weep, still would I turn  
From scenes like these, to th' neglected Urn  
That mid some grove in solemn ruin lies,  
And tells, how th' forsaken Lover dies!  
There would I fondly clasp the broken stone,  
And whisper ev'ry mental pang I've known,  
Repeat the dread inexorable word,

That stern MATILDA spoke—MATILDA! most ador'd!

When at the last year's close of May,  
From thy sweet chains I burst away,  
And dash'd my woe-worn Harp upon the ground,  
Still in my flight Love's rapt'rous hope was found.  
But now all soothing Hope is past; in vain  
I check'd my progress on the midland main,  
In vain to EUROPE'S CONTINENT I came,  
Lur'd by the light of thy poetic flame,  
In vain I bade my wandering toil be o'er,  
And on MATILDA call'd with trembling tongue ONCE MORE.

And think'st thou, ANNA! that *my* love,  
Like *thine*, could ever faithless prove,  
That in some female REUBEN's praise,  
*I* the impassion'd verse could raise;  
That *I* so quickly led astray,  
Could wake the warm inconstant lay?  
No—*tho' conceal'd*, I struck my lyre,  
When by dull EVENING's fading fire  
Pale ECHO sat; who as she caught the sound,  
Gave the weak murmur to the woods around;  
Yet, 'twas *thy Image* fill'd my mind—  
I heard a tuneful Phantom in the wind,  
I saw it watch the rising Moon afar,  
Wet with the weepings of the twilight Star,  
Assiduous Zephyr told me it was thou,  
And wond'ring, NOT DECEIV'D, I breath'd the friendly vow.

If I have wrong'd thee, my hot tears  
Shall melt thy rage, or flow for years;  
For oh! till then my days shall go  
In deep regret, unalter'd woe,  
In mute reflection, heavy care,  
And SOLITUDE's supreme despair!  
But still for thee my breast shall beat  
With the most faithful honest heat;  
Then save me, save me, let thy radiant smile  
Again restore me, or again beguile;  
With melting music calm my bosom's groan,  
O deign to pity him, who loves but thee alone!  
And whither shall I turn from thee?  
For in thy absense all things fade;  
FRIENDSHIP, I know, is but a glitt'ring shade,  
A sweet deception—strange uncertainty!  
Nor could AMBITION's busy rage

An anguish such as mine assuage,  
Vain must the world's best glories prove,  
To fill the vacuum in the heart of love.

How *brightly* spreads the op'ning flow'r!  
What *beauteous life* informs the bow'r!  
How *fair* the streams of curling silver glide!  
How *rich* the harvest waves its golden pride!  
'Tis LIGHT's creation all—when *that* retires,  
The pictures perish, and the charm expires.  
So the faint colours of my mimic lays,  
Drew their false lustre from MATILDA's blaze;  
But soon the tints shall vanish—'tis decreed,  
And endless darkness come, if SHE recede.

THEN HEAR MY WORD, by that fierce Orb,  
Whose flame scarce all the skies absorb,  
By ev'ry winged blast that goes  
To its full banquet on the Rose;  
By truth, eternal, undefil'd,  
By gentlest Sorrow's warblings wild;  
By the gay tresses of the morn;  
By Earth, and Sea, and Heaven, 'tis sworn,  
That ne'er again this hand shall fling  
Its feeble tremors to the string,  
Till thou, MATILDA! bidst the measure pour,  
Till then, THY DELLA CRUSCA WRITES no MORE.

**TO ANNA MATILDA**

**Hannah Cowley**

NOR will I more of Fate complain;  
For I have liv'd to feel thy strain;  
To feel its sun-like force divine,  
Swift darting through the clouds of woe,  
Shoot to my soul a sainted glow.  
Yet, yet MATILDA, spare to shin!  
One moment be the blaze suppress!  
Lest from this clod my spirit spring,  
And borne by Zephyrs' trembling wing,  
Seek a new Heaven upon thy BREAST.  
But say, does calm INDIFFERENCE dwell  
On the low •...ead or mountain swell,  
Or at grey Evening's solemn gloom,  
Bend her bosom to the tomb?  
Or when the weak dawn's orient rose,  
In silv'ry foliage deck'd, appears;  
Tell me, if perchance she goes  
To the fresh garden's proud array,  
Where, doubtful of the coming day,  
Each drooping flow'ret sheds translucent tears.  
Ah! tell me, tell me where,  
For thou shalt find me there,  
Like her own son, investment pure,  
With deep disguise of smile secure:  
So shall I once thy form descry,  
For once, hold converse with thine eye.  
Vain is the thought, for at thy sight,  
Soon as thy potent voice were found,  
Could I conceal the vast delight,  
Could I be tranquil at the sound,  
Could I repress quick Rapture's start,  
Or hide the bursting of my heart?  
Let but thy lyre impatient seize,  
Departing Twilight's filmy breeze,  
That winds th' enchanted chords among,  
In ling'ring labyrinth of song:  
Anon, the amorous Bird of Woe,  
Shall steal the tones that quiv'ring flow,  
And with them sooth the sighing woods,  
And with them charm the flumb'ring floods;  
Till, all exhausted by the lathe  
He hang in silence on the spray,  
Drop to his idol flow'r beneath,  
And, 'midst her blushes, cease to breathe.  
Warn'd by his Fate, 'twere surely well,  
To shun the fascinating spell;

Nor still, presumptuous, dare to fling  
My rude hand o'er the sounding string;  
As though I fondly would aspire,  
To match MATILDA's heavenly fire.  
Yet may I sometimes, far remote,  
Hear the lov'd cadence of her note,  
And though the Laurel I resign,  
O may the bliss of TASTE be mine!

**TO ANNA MATILDA**

**Hannah Cowley**

Age, jam meorum,  
Finis amorum.

AND have I strove in vain to move  
Thy Heart, fair Phantom of my Love?  
And cou'dst thou think 'twas my design,  
Calmly to list thy Notes Divine,  
That I responsive Lays might send,  
To gain a cold Platonic Friend?  
Far other hopes thy Verse inspir'd,  
And all my breast with passion fir'd.  
For Fancy to my mind had given  
Thy form, as of the forms of Heaven—  
Had bath'd thy lips with vermil dew;  
Had touch'd thy cheek with morning's hue!  
And down thy neck had sweetly roll'd  
Luxuriant locks of mazy gold.  
Page 90 Yes I had hopes, at last to press,  
And lure thee to the chaste caress:  
Catch from thy breath the quiv'ring sigh,  
And meet the murder of thine eye.  
Ah! when I deem'd such joys at hand,  
Remorseless comes the stern command,  
Nor calls my wand'ring footsteps home;  
But far, and farther bids me roam;  
And then thy vestal notes dispense  
The meed of COLD INDIFFERENCE!  
Curs'd Power! that to myself unknown,  
Still turns the heart I love, to stone!  
Dwells with the Fair, whom most I prize,  
And scorns my tears, and mocks my sighs.  
Yes ANNA! I will hasten forth  
To the bleak regions of the North,  
Where Erickson, immortal Lord!  
Pour'd on the Dane his vengeful sword;  
Or where wide o'er the barb'rous plain,  
Fierce Rurick held his ancient reign.  
Then once more will I trace the Rhine,  
And mark the Rhone's swift billows shine;  
Once more on VIRGIL's tomb I'll muse,  
And Laura's, gemm'd with evening dews?  
Once more ROME's Via Sacra tread,  
And ponder on the mighty dead.  
Page 91 More Eastward then direct my way,  
To thirsty Egypt's deserts stray,  
Fix in wonder, to behold  
The Pyramids renown'd of old;



Fallen near one of which, I ween,  
The Hieroglyphic Sphinx is seen!  
The\* Lion Virgin Sphinx, that shows  
What time the rich Nile overflows,  
Then will I sail th' Egean tide,  
Or seek Scamander's tuneful side;  
Wander the sacred groves among,  
Where HOMER wak'd th' immortal song:  
Traverse the Nemaean wood,  
Mark the spot where Sparta stood;  
Or at humbled Athens see  
Its still remaining Majesty!—  
Yet to Indiff'rence e'er a foe,  
May Beauty other joys bestow;  
Her rapt'rous Science I'll pursue,  
The Science NEWTON never knew.  
Now blows the wind with melancholy force,  
And o'er the Baltic points my weary course;  
Loud shout the Mariners, the white sails swell—  
ANNA MATILDA! fare thee, fare thee well!  
Farewel whoe'er thou art, and mayst thou find  
Health and repose, and lasting peace of mind;  
Still pour the various Verse with fancy clear,  
To thrill the pulse, and charm th' attentive ear;  
Nor may relentless Care thy days destroy,  
But ev'ry hope be ripen'd into joy!  
And O! farewel to distant Britain's shore,  
Which I perhaps are doom'd to see no more;  
Where Valour, Wisdom, Taste, and Virtue dwell,  
Dear Land of Liberty, alas! farewel!—  
Yet oft, e'en there, by wild Ambition tost,  
The Soul's best season settles in a frost.  
Yet even there, desponding, late I knew,  
That Friendship foreign-form'd, is rarely true.  
For they, whom most I lov'd, whose kindness sav'd  
My shatter'd Bark when erst the tempest rav'd:  
At Home, e'en with the common herd could fly,  
Gaze on the wounded Deer, and pass him by!  
Nor yet can Pride subdue my pangs severe,  
But Scorn itself evap'rates in a Tear.  
Thou too, delusive Maid! whose winning charms  
Seduc'd me first from slow Wealth's beck'ning arms;  
Sweet POETRY! my earliest, falsest Friend,  
Here shall my frantic adoration end.  
Take back the simple flute thy treach'ry gave,  
Take back, and plunge it in Oblivion's wave,

So shall its sad notes hence no malice raise—  
The Bard unknown—forgotten be the Lays.  
But should with ANNA's Verse, his hapless Rhime,  
In future meet th' impartial eye of Time,  
Say, that thy wretched victim long endur'd  
Pains, which are seldom felt, and never cur'd!  
Say 'midst the lassitude of hopes o'erthrown,  
MATILDA's strain could comfort him alone.  
Yet was the veil mysterious ne'er remov'd,  
From him th' admiring, and from her the lov'd.  
And no kind intercourse the song repaid,  
But each to each remain'd—a Shadow and a Shade.

**ELEGY, Written on the PLAIN OF  
FONTENOY**

**Hannah Cowley**

CHILL blows the blast, and Twilight's dewy hand  
Draws in the West her dusky veil away;  
A deeper shadow steals along the land,  
And NATURE muses at the DEATH OF DAY!

Near this bleak Waste no friendly mansion rears  
Its walls, where Mirth, and social joys resound,  
But each dim object melts the soul to tears,  
While Horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

As thus, alone and comfortless I roam,  
Wet with the driz'ling show'r; I sigh sincere,  
I cast a fond look tow'rds my native home,  
And think what valiant BRITONS perish'd here.

Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,  
When carnage here her crimson toil began;  
When Nations' Standards wav'd in threat'ning state,  
And Man the murd'rer, met the murd'rer Man.

For WAR is MURDER, tho' the voice of Kings  
Has styl'd it Justice, styl'd it Glory too!  
Yet from worst motives, fierce Ambition springs,  
And there, fix'd prejudice is all we view.

But sure, 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,  
For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;  
Some NAT'RAL CAUSE prevails, we cannot see,  
And that is FATE, which we *Ambition* call.

O let th' aspiring warrior think with grief,  
That as produc'd by CHYMIC art refin'd;  
So glitt'ring CONQUEST, from the *laurel-leaf*  
Extracts a GEN'RAL POISON for Mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,  
These morbid rains, these gelid gales to meet;  
And mourn like me, the ravages of Pow'r!  
And feel like me, that vict'ry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell  
My feeble verse with many a sounding Name;  
Of such, the mercenary Bard may tell,  
And call such dreary desolation, Fame.

The genuine Muse removes the thin disguise,  
That cheats the World, whene'er she deigns to sing;  
And full as meritorious to her eyes  
Seems the Poor Soldier, as the Mighty king!

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,  
How BRITAIN more than triumph'd, tho' she fled,  
Where *LOUIS* stood, where stalk'd the column slow;  
I turn from these, and DWELL UPON THE DEAD.

Yet much my beating breast respects the brave;  
Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate,  
Why should they seek for greatness in the Grave?  
Their hearts are noble—and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in war the Brave excel,—  
TO VALOUR EV'RY VIRTUE IS ALLIED!  
Here faithful Friendship 'mid the Battle fell,  
And Love, true Love, in bitter anguish died.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,  
That checks life's current circling thro' my veins;  
Bath'd in moist sorrow, many a beauteous face;  
And gave a grief, perhaps that still remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen  
Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues;  
Hard were that heart which here could beat serene,  
Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

But lo! thro' yonder op'ning clouds afar  
Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray  
That bears thy name, FICTITIOUS LORD OF WAR!  
And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

Then FONTENOY, farewell! Yet much I fear,  
(Wherever chance my course compels) to find  
Discord and blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,  
"The noise of battle hurtles in the wind."

From barb'rous *Turkey* to *Britannia's* shore,  
Opposing int'rests into rage increase:  
Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,  
Ah! where shall hapless man repose in peace!

**THE SCOTTISH VILLAGE: OR,  
PITCAIRNE GREEN.**

**Hannah Cowley**

WHY weeps the Genius of the arid waste,  
Bending thus pensive from her fulgent sky?  
Can beings pure like thee of sorrow taste—  
Those next to Angel ever breathe a sigh!

Sage, yet unlearn'd! 'tis now thy hour to know  
That the dear privilege to feel—to sigh—  
To bid the tear from sacred pity flow,  
Is not alone for man, or earth-form'd eye.  
Where the pre-eminence that Angels boast,  
If coldly conscious, in eternal rest  
They form a bright, insensate, vap'ry host  
By Heav'n's most precious gift to FEEL unblest?  
The keenest feelings of the human mind  
Exist more keenly in the angelic frame,  
More elevated, poignant, and refin'd—  
As earth's more sordid than ethereal flame.

Wonder not therefore that an Angel's brows  
Thus drooping, should no cheering lustre shed;  
But give attention—so thy fate allows!  
Whilst I record the woes for which it fled.  
Behold this plain, stretch'd by Creation's hand,  
When each chaotic element arous'd  
Sprung forth elastic at the dread command—  
Fled to its home, and there obedient hous'd.  
Since that first instant of the young-born time,  
Guiltless the moments of this plain have run;  
Each closing year, and summer's happy prime,  
In sweet simplicity its hours have spun.  
The yellow broom that gilds its farthest bounds,  
And verdant carpet softly spread between,  
Mark, where light fairies nightly trip their rounds,  
Happy to gambol secret and unseen.  
Here calmest zephires waft their airy wings,  
And birds of solitude flit musing by,  
And sometimes too the bird that sweetly sings,  
Chants forth its pleasures to the lucid sky;—  
Whilst in the blushing chambers of the west,  
A thousand tender dyes their tints prepare,  
Which rapidly th' horizon round invest,  
Streaming prismatic glories thro' the air!

That russet mountain, on whose farthest side  
The modest beams of morn first ever play,  
Till from its top the ardent sun looks down,  
And gilds the valley with a bolder ray—  
Owns in its riven base a cavern dank,  
Where oozing, filter'd drops of doubtful green,  
Harden'd, suspended, hang like willows lank,  
A sparkling, jewell'd, vegetative scene!

In that resplendent grove a hermit read  
Mysterious nature's laws that never swerve,  
His life, the virtues and religion led  
To sanctify the space you now observe.  
Here, rapt in SECOND SIGHT he frequent saw  
The future scene appear, and fade away;  
His country groan beneath the feudal law,  
Or glut with power, the tyrant of the day:  
Its neighbour England with irruptive bands  
Watching each turn, and shadings of its fate,  
To bind with manacles its warlike hands,  
And make it feudal to her haughtier state.  
At length with pride he saw his Scotland give  
Monarchs, to wear its rival's splendid crown;  
Blest in THE UNION, saw each kingdom live—  
Bound in one Empire—tasting one Renown!  
Sacred, to visions grand like these, was kept  
The varied circle this horizon bounds,  
And when with Seers long past, the Hermit slept,  
Still shadowy visitants breath'd heav'nly sounds.

'Twas thus when feuds unfilial tore the land,  
And horrid war her crimson flag unfurl'd,  
And dread rebellion, with its sanguine hand,  
Midst peaceful swains its sharpest mis'ries hurl'd—  
'Twas thus this hallow'd spot misfortune spar'd,  
Nor war nor mis'ry in its precincts dwelt,  
No cry of woe its peaceful bound'ries scar'd,  
No mother by her bleeding offspring knelt.  
Did turbid clans e'er press this mossy heath,  
Have rival Thanes here proudly clash'd the shield?  
'Twas not with hostile thoughts, nor vows of death,  
They came not here to conquer, but to yield.



Here hath the oath of mutual peace been bound,  
Here melting Chiefs their melting foes embrace,  
And all the sounds that martial joy breathes round,  
Erst, have reach'd Heaven, from this selected place.  
But rolling years have drawn their veil between,  
Nay ages, born of ages, past away,  
Since the soft calm which blest this modest green,  
Knew the loud clamours of a martial day:  
Repose and peace have hover'd near,  
Whilst vice and shame their haunts at distance keep;  
Unknown alike to violence, and fear,  
Here terrors shrink not, and no sorrows weep.

But now approacheth fast the hour of change;  
E'en whilst I speak, the scene I vaunt is past;  
Here shall no more the feath'ry fairies range—  
The late nocturnal revel, was their last!  
See, quick advance the num'rous motley croud,  
Mechanics, Pedants, Traders pour along;  
Their joy breaks forth in carols rude and loud,  
And beauty's presence animates the song.  
The verdant face of this once happy plain,  
The sharp-tooth'd mattock shall deform and tear,  
That evil first, and then an endless train,  
Follow the footsteps of yon graceful Fair!  
They bid!  
The future Town, submissive to their will,  
Rises from Earth, and spreads its skirts around—  
Oh! that the marble, in its quarry still,  
Unhewn, unform'd, had kept its rest profound!  
With it, the social evils all rush in,  
Th' opposing passions that distract mankind,  
The blazon'd crime, the sly, well-cover'd sin,  
Nor will one petty vice remain behind.  
Slander, and avarice, and pen'ry scant,  
The proud man's scorn, the rich man's sturdy mien,  
Wide-squand'ring luxury, and pallid want,  
All haste to form the varied, wretched scene.

And shall the mighty woes of hapless love  
Be here unfelt; the heart not here be torn?  
Oh no! in all their violence they'll rove—

Swains shall betray, and maidens *feel* their scorn.  
Already sure, the dismal sounds I hear,  
The broken vow accus'd, the rending sigh—  
Ah see! the love-lorn stretch'd upon her bier,  
Rent from all joy, she only knew to die!  
False friendship too, spreads out its close-wove net,  
And stabs the trusting with a barbed spear;  
Its arrows, black ingratitude has set—  
Yonder a robber skulks; a murd'rer here!  
Ah, canst thou wonder, Sage! I mourn the hour?  
Thou'st heard the cause that swell'd my starting tear;  
Haste and reflect within thy secret bower—  
Ponder the change, and be thy grief sincere!

Here paus'd the Genius! Age bent low its head,  
Its hoary tresses floating on the wind;  
Oh bright Intelligence! then firmly said,  
Permit a mortal to unveil his mind.  
Sad is your prophecy, and oh too sure  
Fate will its utmost latitude fill up;  
Each promis'd ill 'tis fix'd we must endure,  
And drink from sorrow's still replenish'd cup;—  
But not unmix'd the bitter draught shall flow,  
Not unallay'd the hov'ring mis'ries sting,  
Felicities shall blunt the sense of woe,  
And o'er it, joys their downy mantle fling.  
If social evils overspread thy plain,  
The social blessings too will haste along,  
And on the spot where vice shall lead its train,  
Illustrious virtues eagerly shall throng.

Yonder rude circuit, where th' obtrusive fern  
In "sullen vegetation" chills the glance,  
A few revolving halcyon months shall turn  
To an all-cheering, lucid, gay expanse.  
SCOTLAND's GRAND STAPLE there shall glad the sight,  
Courting the blanching beams of day's bright orb,  
Who'll give enduring lustre to its white,  
And ev'ry slight impurity absorb:  
There from the loom the costly web be brought,  
By Pallas taught in soft festoons to rise;  
Which late from Belgia, distant kingdoms sought,

But now 'tis Caledonia grants the prize!  
There the rich damask spread its fruit and flowers,  
For royal tables, and for halls of state:  
There the transparent lawn display its powers,  
To soften beauty, and new charms create.  
Proud Manchester will here her fame divide,  
Her varied works, her fashion, and her taste;  
This, bind in snowy vest Horatio's side,  
That, flow in graceful folds from Chloe's waist.  
The stripe so well dispos'd, the glowing bloom  
Which overspreads the whole, shall here be seen:  
Go MANCHESTER, and weep thy slighted loom—  
Its arts are cherish'd now on PITCAIRNE GREEN!  
For these, whilst Labour chants her jocund song,  
Shall foreign prows be pointed to our shores;  
Each rival port our ample harbours throng,  
Pouring its tribute, for our native stores.  
Thus blest, this village shall some unborn age  
Behold a city, grac'd with many a dome;  
Of note in commerce, and of arts the stage,  
Where taste industrious, ne'er shall want a home.  
If here the craving miser heaps his gold,  
And frowns upon the shiv'ring needy wretch;  
Here shall benevolence her charger hold,  
And pity, wide her fost'ring arms outstretch.

Soft elegance shall bid around us rise  
The spell all feel, but never can describe,  
Scarce tangible by thought, the pen it flies,  
Pride cannot catch it, nor importance bribe;—  
Not sense, not loveliness, nor wealth, nor wit,  
But form'd of all, the charming phantom rose,  
Adorns each time and place with graces fit,  
But in domestic hours supremely glows!  
And who like Scotland's daughters so prepar'd  
To spread the fascinating sweet around?  
When thro' the Sex, great Nature beauty shar'd,  
Who knows not, here the richest gift was found?  
Thus, tho' disast'rous love should find a grave,  
Or mourn the violated vow of bliss,  
Yet here shall faithful Love the maiden save,  
And parents cheer her with the nuptial kiss.

The song of rapture shall the bridegroom pour,  
As oft he wanders thro' the sunny glades,  
And brides shall bless the sacred binding hour;  
Whisp'ring their transports in the secret shades;  
For shades SHALL be, where now the thistle red  
Spreads o'er the heath its slender prickly stalks;  
And where the tangley furze conceals its bed,  
There shall the grove divide its tepid \* walks.  
For Nature's self to Commerce ever yields,  
Commerce, whose power each hemisphere adorns—  
Which bids the dunny heath bloom forth in fields,  
And in the Desert pours the Naiades' urns.  
Yes, that blest power will here exert her force,  
And wooing sterile nature to its arms,  
Bid stranger riv'lets wind their silv'ry course,  
And native moors conceal with foreign charms.

But happier still! LEARNING shall raise the pile  
Design'd the fret of ages to withstand;  
Within, the classic scholar form his stile,  
And pour instruction thro' the list'ning land.  
Ah! from its walls some future sage may burst  
To charm or awe the centuries to come;  
A THOMSON in its cells be haply nurs'd,  
A BLAIR shed splendor o'er the chosen dome.  
The Lawgiver from thence shall draw the seeds  
Of growing honour, dignity, and fame,  
Here shall ensure the future splendid meeds,  
That crown his labours, and extend his name.  
A MANSFIELD, ERSKINE, LOUGHBOROUGH shall rise,  
The boast of genius in untasted times,  
Spreading our glory round the distant skies,  
And mark us ENVIED by more happy climes.

Philosophy's profound disciples too,  
Shall in its ayles a new Lyceum find;  
Platonic ethics, system plain, and true,  
Shall there be honour'd in the tutor'd mind.  
A HUME!—a second HUME from thence may shine,  
In lustre like the first, but oh his heart  
Shall humbly melt before Religion's shrine,  
And prompt his talents to a better part!

A ROBERTSON shall bid the copious stream  
Of long-collected knowledge fill his page;  
Dark ages make with light reverted gleam,  
And bright-stept freedom trace from stage to stage.  
So a vast reservoir's compacted flood  
To bless a famish'd people spends its wealth,  
Pours out itself to renovate their blood—  
By Heaven supplied with future stores of health.  
A polish'd STUART too will then be known,  
To scatter roses o'er the slander'd Fair;  
To bind the cypress round the riven crown,  
And steal our tears, for miseries so rare!  
His name shall ever tender Beauty prize  
First, in the climax of the literate few,  
Who from the mold of time still bright arise,  
And ev'ry rapid cent'ry keep in view.

And ah! whilst future *Bayes* luxuriant spread,  
Shall not the *Myrtle* in our gardens glow?  
Yes; whilst the laurel crowns the manly head,  
The blossoms for the fair shall gladlier blow.  
A Scottish SEWARD shall demand the prize—  
She from whose pensive and mellifluous throat,  
Where e'er misfortune scowls her cheerless eyes,  
Is pour'd the pitying, melancholy note!  
Thus the sad Nightingale throughout the night  
Her fond complaint rings thro' the leafy grove;  
And so endears the scene, we dread the light—  
Detest the sprightlier note, and sorrow love.

For glowing BARBAULD shall another Isle  
Be found, amidst some distant frozen waves,  
Which deck'd in all the fervors of her stile,  
Shall bloom like that \*, she from oblivion saves.  
Perchance that Isle, convulsive nature tore  
Wrathful! from sad Messina's once-fam'd port,  
When the proud marbles which adorn'd its shore,  
Were dash'd on rocks, and made the billows' sport.  
When the mad mother, and the swallow'd child,  
The tott'ring palace, and the tower prone,  
Gave at one view, ruin so vast and wild,  
As chills the quicken'd flesh almost to stone.

Then! in that lab'ring moment of the earth,  
Midst the Norwegian seas an island sprung—  
Let Barbauld celebrate the wond'rous birth,  
And all its grandeur by her muse be sung!  
She'll lift the veil of time, and shew us how,  
The climate works upon the cind'ry \* mass;—  
What, the vast prospects of the unborn NOW  
And all its figures, in her magic glass.  
She'll shew that land which when beneath the skies  
Of soft Italia, bloom'd in scented flowers,  
Painted its surface with the richest dyes,  
And burst in hills, and gave its shade in bowers;—  
She'll shew it then, divest of ev'ry sweet  
That once endear'd it to the eye of taste;  
No flowers, no rills, the wand'ring eye shall meet—  
No soft embroid'ry o'er the snowy waste.  
But tho' not sweet, the scen'ry will be grand!  
Not rills but torrents, will her muse display;  
That *roar* when rigid winds become more bland—  
Grow *dumb* and stiffen, in the wint'ry ray.  
No gentle hill, but mountains vast she'll shew,  
Whose cracking pines confess strong Boreas' arm,  
Where wild volcanoes from their summits glow,  
And give the plains beneath an awful charm.  
Arcades and temples, perhaps her muse will sing,  
But not of marble form'd, nor part for part—  
O no!  
Nature will here the noble sculpture bring  
Wildly magnificent, not cramp'd by art.  
Th' arrested cataract a dome will form,  
And rapid torrents bound, in pillars rise,  
Their capitals be sculptur'd from a storm—  
Snatch'd, as 'tis rushing from the Zemblian skies;  
On these the polar sun will pour its beams,  
Tinting the glacid scene with shifting hues,  
Now strong, now fading into fainter gleams—  
And then at once, a ruddy blaze infuse.  
These are but outlines—an unskilful sketch;  
A powerful Barbauld must the shadings give—  
No colder genius on its utmost stretch,  
Can bid the frigid, cheerless landschape live.

Attention tired with fancied scenes like these,  
Recoils, and wishes for familiar hours;  
Pants for the pillow'd chair, the robe of ease,  
And gladly yields to common life, its powers.  
What pen but BURNEY's then, can sooth the breast?  
Who draw from nature with a skill so true?  
In ev'ry varying mode it stands confest,  
When brought by her before th' enquirer's view.  
A power *peculiar*, all her portraits fill.  
When lines are bold and strong, a vulgar pen  
May take the sketch; it asks no mighty skill  
Misers to paint, or mad, or wayward men.  
But human nature in its *faintest* dye  
Burney detects; drags it to open day—  
Makes evident what slip'd the unmarking eye,  
And bids it glare, with truth's pervading ray.  
The huddled beings of the common mass,  
Who to themselves appear of equal sort,  
Must not in unawaken'd error pass—  
And sure 'tis this, is keen-ey'd Burney's fort!  
Touch'd by her spear, they sudden spring to sight,  
But not new form'd—she shews them as they are;  
She *molds* no character, but gives the light  
Which makes them clear, as Herschel sees a star!

Yes, such as these, thy plain may one day boast:  
Prize!—sweet INTELLIGENCE, oh prize the change!  
Laurels will then surround our letter'd coast,  
And here, the muses from Parnassus range.  
This vacant wild, till now expanse unblest!  
Unknown, and useless in the general scale,  
Slumb'ring its ages in ignoble rest,  
Scorn'd, or unheeded in th' historic tale,  
Shall hence assume a rank, confess a name—  
Nor hid a barren disregarded spot,  
But living in the breath of future fame,  
Shall bless its happy, tho' its late-drawn lot.

Thus stopt the Sage;—the Genius paus'd awhile,  
As tho' his honied words revolving o'er;  
First rais'd her eye with a celestial smile,  
Which seem'd to promise she would mourn no more,

Then in sweet tone—Oh man of snowy years!  
'Tis truth inspires thee, and her force I own;  
'Tis she hath chid away the falling tears,  
And bad my fading joys again be blown.  
Yes! the GREAT GUARDIAN of the gen'ral weal  
Ne'er gives a mis'ry, but he sends a cure;  
As herbs, their antidotes will e'er reveal,  
In the same fields which pois'nous herbs endure.

To thee I leave the bliss which just men know,  
Felicities which pious acts attend—  
O'er thy white tresses they shall ever flow,  
And cheer the anxious moments of thy end!  
Then darting upwards as the Sage ador'd,  
Her golden pinions clave the liquid way,  
A blushing radiance mark'd the path she soar'd,  
Till lost amidst the blaze of azure day!

THE END.



# **ODE TO DELLA CRUSCA**

**Hannah Cowley**

O THOU!

Who from "*a wilderness of Suns*"  
Canst stoop to where the low brook runs!  
Thro' space with rapid comets glow;  
Or mark where, soft, the snow-drops grow!

O THOU!

Whose burning Pen now rapture paints!  
Then moralizes, cold, with Saints!  
Now trembling ardors can infuse—  
Then, seems as dipp'd in cloister'd dews—  
O say! thy BEING quick declare?  
Art thou a Son of Earth, or Air?  
Celestial Bard! though thy sweet song  
Might to a Seraph's strains belong,  
Its wondrous beauty, and its art  
Can only *touch*, not *change*, my heart.  
So Heaven-sent light'ning *powerless* plays,  
And wanton, throws its purple rays;  
It leaps thro' Night's scarce pervious gloom  
Attracted by the Rose's bloom,  
Th' illumin'd shrub then quiv'ring round,  
It seems each scented bud to wound:  
Morn shakes her locks, and see the Rose  
In renovated beauty blows!  
Smiles at the dart which past away,  
And flings her perfume on the day.

Thy light'ning Pen 'tis thus I greet,  
Fearless its subtile point I meet;  
Ne'er shall its spells my sad heart move,  
From the calm state it vows to love.  
All other bliss I've prov'd is vain—  
All other bliss is dash'd with pain.  
My waist with myrtles has been bound,  
MY BROW WITH LAURELS HAS BEEN CROWN'D;  
LOVE, has sigh'd hopeless at my feet,  
LOVE, on my couch, has pour'd each sweet;  
All these I've known, and now I sly  
With thee, INDIFFERENCE, to die!  
Nor is thy gift "*dull torpid ease*,"  
The Mind's quick powers thou dost not freeze:  
No! blest by *Thee*, the soul expands,  
And darts o'er new-created lands;

Springs from the confines of the earth  
To where new systems struggle into birth;

The germ of future Worlds beholds,  
The secrets of dark space unfolds;  
Can watch how far th' ERRATIC runs,  
And gaze on DELLA CRUSCA's Suns;  
In some new orb can meet !"*his starry mail,*"  
And him, on earth unknown, in Heaven with transport hail!

**TO DELLA CRUSCA**

**Hannah Cowley**

YES, on the mountain's haughty swell,  
And in the prostrate dell,  
And where the Dryades fling their shades—  
There may'st thou meet the Maid serene,  
Or trace her on the zephyr'd green,  
Whilst Day's carnation gently fades.  
Doth Nature make the prospect *vast*,  
With rocks o'erhang, and rivers cast,  
Tumbling headlong to their base?  
Do seas stretch out their foamy plains,  
Compelling with their chrystal chains  
Wide Continents t' embrace?  
*All these* attract the smooth brow'd fair;  
Or where can Art evince her powers,  
Where Science strew immortal flowers,  
And gay Indifference—haste not there?  
Whilst PASSION narrows up the heart,  
TASTE can no ray of bliss impart,

One strong idea grasps the mind,  
Extends itself thro' all the soul,  
Thro' ev'ry vein its furies roll,  
And tears with fangs unkind.  
When NEWTON trod the starry roads,  
And view'd the dwellings of the Gods,  
And measur'd every Orb—  
Did *silly Love* his steps attend,  
His mighty purposes suspend,  
Or his grand mind absorb?  
When intellectual LOCKE explor'd  
The Soul's sad vacuum, where no hoard  
Of budding young ideas lay—  
Oh tell, thus rob'd in Wisdom's stole,  
Did Love's coarse torch his view control,  
Or light him in the darksome way?  
Ha! DELLA CRUSCA, cease to feign,  
Thy cheek with red repentance stain,  
For having feign'd so long;  
Quick seize thy Lyre, sweep each bold string,  
O'er every chord thy music fling—  
To calm INDIFFERENCE raise the Song!  
Propitiate first, then with her haste  
O'er the Globe's peopled, motley waste;  
*Watch* CHARACTER where-e'er it runs;  
Drink newer air, see fiercer suns:

Seek the bland realms where first the Morn  
Pours dawn-light from her beamy horn;  
Pours scent and colours o'er the vale,  
And wakes its song, and wakes its tale.  
Mark how CONFUCIUS' feeble race,  
(Whose records *vast* fail not to trace)  
To Imitation still confine  
Their powers, nor deviate from its line.  
Their fourteen thousand glowing springs  
Passing thro' their yearly rings,  
Not one Suggestion left behind,  
No Art, nor Virtue more refin'd;  
Philosophy no inroads made,  
But mute, within its awful shade,  
Its thoughts occult arrang'd—  
Whilst Learning, blindfold in its pen,  
This costly precept gave to men—  
"BE WISE, *but be unchang'd.*"  
Haste!—leave th' insipid herd—away!  
Where EGYPT's *sons imbrown the day*,  
For there primeval Wisdom form'd her wreath,  
And Science first was taught to breathe.  
O linger here! the Classic clime  
Demands, and will reward thy time.  
Here shalt thou seek th' immortal Dome  
Where *Pleasure* triumph'd over ROME;  
And tread where CLEOPATRA trod,  
And moisten with thy tear the sod  
Where Taste and Love their banners wav'd,  
Snatching from the grave Old Time—  
Whose life fast-fading, Rapture sav'd,  
And Phoenix-like renew'd its prime.  
Then find the myrtled tomb,  
The now unenvied Lover's home;  
But, lest thy pensive steps should stray,  
To guide thee in the unknown way,  
The Moon her bright locks quick unshrouds,  
Her veil of gossamour, thin clouds,  
Dissolves to air, and her soft eye  
Thro' the Palm Grove's haughty shade,  
And the lofty Aloed glade  
Shall guide thee where thy long-ow'd sigh  
Breath'd o'er the mingling Lover's dust,  
Shall gratify their hov'ring souls  
Beyond *an EMPIRE's votive Bust*.  
Is a soft willow bending near,

Whose drooping leaves speak grief sincere?  
Its drooping leaves, ah! instant seize,  
The happy violence will please—  
Bend its tender flaccid boughs  
(Murm'ring soft mysterious vows)  
Into garlands—leave them there  
OFFERINGS to the love-lost pair!  
These duties paid, with ling'ring look,  
With heart by silent Sorrow shook,  
The marbled desert next explore  
Where Beauty's glance, and Learning's lore,  
Ages long past the soul beguil'd—  
Oh think! in that unletter'd wild  
LONGINUS wrote, ZENOBIA smil'd!  
Where now a humbled column lies,  
Stream'd radiance from impassion'd eyes;  
The roof where odious Night Birds rest,  
Once shelter'd Wit, once echo'd Jest;  
Where Peasants' cumbrous oxenstall,  
THERPSICHORE swam through the ball;  
Serpents convolve, where Music trill'd,  
And lost *Palmyra's* fate's fulfill'd.  
Doth splendid scenes thy light heart prize?  
Fly to Italia's downy skies!  
Where Fancy's richest strokes abound,  
Where Nature's happiest points are found;  
The pleasures here—a rosy band!  
Link'd to her car with flow'ry chains,  
Bear their rapt Goddess o'er the plains  
And strew their glories o'er her land.  
The dulcet groves, burst with rich notes,  
Caught by a thousand trembling throats,  
The wavey rivers as they fly—  
Their soft embroider'd bounds between,  
Whose glowing tints be-gem the green,  
Bear on their curls th' extatic sigh;—  
The breeze detain'd rests its pure wing,  
To hear blest Love its triumphs sing.  
And ah! be Italy ne'er nam'd  
Without a pause to those so fam'd—  
The glorious MEDICIS!  
Oh SCULPTURE! lift thy pillar high,  
And grave the name amidst the sky!  
Its base, let marble sorrows tend,  
And chisel'd woes in high relief,  
Look their unutterable grief,

And mute Despair its tresses rend!  
Blest POETRY! compel thy lyre  
To sound the loud immortal praise  
Of those who cherish'd thy proud bays,  
And fed thy near extinguish'd fire!  
Thy pencil, PAINTING! dip in shades  
To last till Europe's Glory fades—  
Thy trophy'd canvas shall be Fame  
To those who nurs'd thy infant Art.  
And bear to mightier shores the Name!  
Swiftly, my DELLA CRUSCA, turn,  
To where the Medicean Urn,  
The once proud City hallows still,  
There thy fine taste may drink its fill.  
To FLORENCE fly—  
O, no! forever shun her tempting skies,  
For there, if right I ween, the Maid INDIF|FERENCE dies!



***Free***editorial 