

	Page.
To a Friend on New Year's Day	69
Elegy to the Memory of William Seward, Esq.	71
Epitaph for my Father	73
The Lamentation of Mary Queen of Scots	75
The Song of the Wandering Lady	77
The Death Song	79
William and Nancy	81
Lelia, or the Maniac's Song	83
The Genius of the Mountains of Balagata	84
A Ballad of the Eighteenth Century	86
Elegy	91
The Dirge of Amoret	92
Song	93
Song	94
The Farewell	95
Remembrance	96
Songs	97—111
The Roundelay	112
May Day	113
The Song at Maria's Grave	114

NOV

In f

Far fr

To

On th

Whil

Brigh

As t

Now t

And

Chime

Fly o'

As through the deep uncertain gloom
 I watch the ruins of the past,
 Search the pale records of the tomb,
 And mark faint traces while they last;
 In pensive musing oft I stray,
 When ev'ning spreads her mantle gray,
 And floating in her train appear
 The shades of many a long departed year.

 Methinks I pass the foaming deep,
 Where Victus rears his verdant ^a head;
 Be still, ye winds, ye waters, sleep,
 Again those favour'd shores I tread,
 Again his fertile fields behold,
 Waving in vegetable gold;
 Again my eager steps are bent
 To view the ruin'd tow'r and mould'ring
 battlement.

 Nor shall thy charms my thoughts detain,
 Medina, on thy tufted ^b side,
 Thou green-hair'd daughter of the main,
 Whose urn receives the rushing tide;

O'er heath and
 I seek the stre
 Where o'er th
 Lone Carisbro
 tower
 Slow up the h
 The peacefu
 While on the
 Still faintly
 Methinks I p
 Howls in the
 And fearful I
 Till nightfall'
 achin
 Beneath the r
 Hark, melo
 While distan
 And darkn
 Now in the p
 Where fancy
 Till forms un
 And ages long

certain gloom
he past,
of the tomb,
while they last;
stray,
er mantle gray,
appear
ng departed year.

ing deep,
s verdant ^a head;
ters, sleep,
hores I tread,
hold,
l;
bent
r and mould'ring

thoughts detain,
^bside,
ter of the main,
e rushing tide:

O'er heath and hill, through winding dale,
I seek the stream, I seek the vale,
Where o'er the hamlet's humble bowers,
Lone Carisbrook, appear thy long-unguarded
towers.^c

Slow up the hill, my footsteps trace
The peaceful bastion's silent way,
While on the ruin's awful face
Still faintly gleams departing day.
Methinks I pause, a secret dread
Howls in the blast around my head,
And fearful I my path pursue,
Till nightfall's gloomy shade obscures my
aching view.

Beneath the ramparts broken side,
Hark, melancholy night-birds call!
While distant echoes faintly chide,
And darkness drops her sable pall.
Now in the portal way I stand,
Where fancy waves her potent wand,
Till forms unknown, unnumber'd rise,
And ages long forgotten swim before my eyes.

Hark! sure I heard the loud rebound

As open flew the iron gate,

Yon towers return the sullen sound,

Where high they frown in idle state;

Behold with haughty mien advance,

High waves his plume, bright beams his lance,

An armed knight, of royal race,

From Withgar's ancient line the genius of
the place.^d

Through his dim form yon trembling star

Gleams, as I see the spectre stand;

Pale shadow of the sons of war,

Why dost thou wave thy nerveless hand?

Again he beckons; I obey,

And follow where he leads the way;

Up time-worn steps with briars o'ergrown,

I mount the lofty keep with force till now
unknown.

“ Behold (he cried) those rising forms

Of Britain's ancient sons appear,

'Mid ages rude, and threat'ning storms,

They rais'd a savage bulwark here,

When I
The Ro
And fr
A light

“ 'Tis
The
Behol
His
A roy
And g
Vain
His to

“ A s
Ne
Earl I
A f
Whil
And

d rebound

e,

n sound,

n idle state;

advance,

t beams his lance,
race,

ne the genius of

trembling star

tre stand;

war,

nerveless hand?

the way;

riors o'ergrown,

n force till now

ising forms

appear,

ning storms,

ark here,

When bold to wage unequal war,^c
The Roman eagle came from far,
And from his piercing eye-ball throws
A light before unknown amidst his vanquish'd
foes.

“ 'Tis past with time, new powers prevail,
The walls in form embattled rise;

Behold the Saxon cas'd in mail,^f

His sinewy arm, his giant size;

A royal chief, he pants for fame,

And gives the fort his mighty name.

Vain was the warrior's haughty boast,

His towers are fall'n to dust, and e'en their
name is lost.

“ A sudden radiance beams around,

New works arise 'midst war's alarms,

Earl Baldwin bravely keeps his ground,^g

A female cause his courage arms;

While hope remains he courts the fight,

And proves a bold and loyal knight;

The tyrant's power at length prevails,
 Nor Maud's imperial rights, nor valour aught
 avails.

“ No more the pond'rous feudal yoke
 The crouching vassal shall sustain;
 Now and for ever crush'd and broke
 The petty tyrant's galling chain;
 But ere the sun of freedom's day
 Darts forth its bright meridian ray,
 Dark storms his genial powers controul,
 And willingly I close the deep ensanguin'd
 scroll.

“ Years follow years, slow rolling on,
 Like fleecy clouds before the wind,
 No daring deeds of valour done,
 No record meets the searching mind,
 Till on this spot a monarch's fate^h
 Stain'd with disgrace Britannia's state;
 When civil discord shakes her brand
 Dark treason wields the ax, and faction fires
 the land.

“ Unha
 Wha
 The vi
 Wor
 But by
 Thy fa
 And fo
 Of sad

“ Wh
 Wh
 Hypoc
 Good
 Yet stil
 Whose
 But fat
 And le

“ Here
 And
 To give
 That

“ Unhappy man, ill-fated prince!
 What star malignant mark'd thy birth?

The virtues of thy soul evince
 Worth to improve and grace the earth;
 But by mistaken maxims led,
 Thy faults were of opinion bred,
 And form'd by links unseen the chain
 Of sad disastrous chance that clos'd in blood
 thy reign.

“ Why didst thou seek this luckless strand,
 Where for thy life the toils were spread?

Hypocrisy rul'd o'er the land,
 Good faith and gratitude were fled;
 Yet still a loyal few remain'd,ⁱ
 Whose hearts allegiance true maintain'd:
 But fate forbad their hope to save,
 And led thee through a maze of sorrow to
 the grave.

“ Here melancholy mark'd the day,^k
 And solitude with care combin'd,
 To give each sad reflection way
 That preys upon a feeling mind:

Flattery no more, in courtly guise,
 Bade vain self-love's illusions rise,
 Known to himself, the man remain'd,
 Religious hope alone his sinking soul sus-
 tain'd.^l

“ When the fell ruffian band appear'd,
 To bear him o'er the briny wave,
 Alas! no tempest interfer'd,
 No pitying power arose to save;
 But yet he felt the kindly power^m
 Of friendship in that trying hour;
 And with a faithful subject left
 A pledge of gratitude, of all things else bereft.

“ Within these walls hard-hearted pride
 Spurn'd at the monarch's fallen state,
 And tyranny the shaft would guide,
 That aggravates the ills of fate.
 A princess, in life's early bloom,ⁿ
 Descends a captive to the tomb;
 With thorns her couch of death is strewn,
 Denied a parent's care, unpitied, and alone.

Sure dastard fear must have suppress
 The groan which heav'd a nation's breast:
 'Tis ours in happier times to prove
 The monarch's safety in his people's love.^a

^a *Where*

"VICTUS, a word signifies a projecting rocks in many places is noted in Sir Richard Wight.

^b *M*

"Medina, the island, rising at runs northward, between East and

^c *Lone, Carisbrook*

"Carisbrook tre of the Isle of as far as I have been an ancient word, the brook which ruined tower, which called Cairn-bré, &c. have all the

^d *From Withgar's ancient line, the genius of the place.*

“ In the year 495 Cerdic, a Saxon chief, with his son Henric, invaded Britain, and, after various successes, established the kingdom of West-Sex. He also conquered the Isle of Wight, and slew most of the inhabitants; these he replaced with a great number of Tutes and Saxons, whom he invited over, bestowing the island on his two nephews, Stuff and Withgar.”—
Vide Saxon Chronicle (Brompton's).

^e *When bold to wage unequal war.*

“ The Isle of Wight, according to Suetonius, was first conquered by the Romans during the reign of the Emperor Claudius, about the year of our Lord 43; when Vespasian, his general, in the course of that expedition, fought thirty pitched battles, subdued two very powerful nations, and took more than twenty towns. It seems as if the Romans were not under any great apprehensions from the islanders, or else that they staid here but a short time, and then resided chiefly in the towns, since there are not the least traces of any of their fortifications to be found in the island, which is the more wonderful, as it is well known to have been a general maxim with that people to fortify their camps, though formed but for one night.”—Vide Sir R. W.

line, the genius of the place.

ic, a Saxon chief, with his
n, and, after various suc-
dom of West-Sex. He also
t, and slew most of the in-
ed with a great number of
he invited over, bestowing
ws, Stuff and Withgar."—
mpton's).

age unequal war.

According to Suetonius, was
ans during the reign of the
the year of our Lord 43;
ll, in the course of that ex-
ched battles, subdued two
ad took more than twenty
Romans were not under any
the islanders, or else that
ort time, and then resided
there are not the least traces
ns to be found in the island,
rful, as it is well known to
with that people to fortify
I but for one night."—Vide

Behold the Saxon cas'd in mail.

"Withgar, one of the nephews of Cerdic (before mentioned). He is said to have rebuilt the fortress, and to have given it the name of Withgara-burg."—Vide Brompton's Chron. 798.

Earl Baldwin bravely keeps his ground.

"Baldwin the First, earl of Devon, and lord of the Isle of Wight, who in the contest for the throne was a zealous partizan for the Empress Maud, and fortified his castle, and also the Isle of Wight, both which were taken by Stephen, whereupon Baldwin fled out of the kingdom."—Vide Sir R. W.

Till on this spot a monarch's fate.

"Colonel Robert Hammond was governor of the island when King Charles the First took refuge there, and had the custody of that unfortunate prince, who was induced to hope for protection from him on account of his being nephew to his chaplain, Dr. Henry Hammond: but his connexions with, and expectations from, the other party, gave him an insuperable bias in their favour: he was entirely dependant on Cromwell, through whose interest he had married the daughter of the famous Hambden, and had also lately obtained the government of the Isle of Wight."—Vide Sir R. W.

i *Yet still a loyal few remain'd.*

“ Messrs. Firebrace, Worsley, Osborne, and Newland. Two letters to Mr. Worsley are still extant from the King, the one written in a small neat hand, the other in cypher. They had planned his escape, but the design miscarried.” — Vide Sir R. W.

k *Here melancholy mark'd the day.*

“ So solitary were his hours during a great part of his confinement, that, as he was one day standing near the gate of the castle with sir Philip Warwick, he pointed to an old decrepit man walking across one of the courts, and said, ‘ That man is sent every morning to light my fire, and is the best companion I have had for many months.’” — Vide Gilpin’s Tour.

l *Religious hope alone his sinking soul sustain'd.*

“ Devotion, meditation, and reading the scriptures, were his great consolation. The few books he had brought with him into the castle were chiefly on religious subjects, or of a serious cast.” — Vide Gilpin.

m *But yet he felt the kindly power
Of friendship, in that trying hour, &c.*

“ After the treaty of Newport, Charles was seized by the army, and carried a prisoner to Hurst Castle: in his

way th
gentle
intend
hand v
of his
gratitu
the fa
form,
the m
wound

“ (C
son fo
beth;
church
and ne
marke
in whi
vault,
coffin i
lowing

Th
month
Castle

way thither he met Mr. Worsley, of Chale (one of the gentlemen who risked his life for him at the time of his intended escape from Carisbrook); Charles wrung his hand with affection, and hastily taking his watch out of his pocket, gave it to him, saying, 'That is all my gratitude has to give.' This watch is still preserved in the family; it is of silver, large and clumsy in its form, the case neatly ornamented with filligree, but the movements of very ordinary workmanship, and wound up with catgut."—Vide Gilpin.

n A Princess in life's early bloom.

"On the King's death Carisbrook was made a prison for his children, wherein died the Princess Elizabeth; she was buried at Newport, privately in the church. In 1793 an arched vault was discovered there, and near it a stone with the initials E. S. upon it, which marked the place of her interment. The leaden coffin in which her remains were deposited was found in the vault, which was perfectly dry when opened, and the coffin in a state of perfect preservation, with the following inscription on the lid:

" ELIZABETH,

" Second Daughter of the late King Charles,

" Deceased Sept. the 8th,

" M. DCL."

Vide Albin.

The Princess Elizabeth lived a prisoner twenty months after the death of her father in Carisbrook Castle: she was 16 when she died.

tain'd.

borne, and New-
re still extant from
all neat hand, the
ed his escape, but
. W.

the day.

ing a great part of
e day standing near
hilip Warwick, he
lking across one of
sent every morning
mpanion I have had
Tour.

ing soul sustain'd.

reading the scriptures,
e few books he had
e were chiefly on reli-
t."—Vide Gilpin.

dly power
trying hour, &c.

, Charles was seized by
o Hurst Castle: in his

° *Death sav'd thee from more foul disgrace.*

“ It was the intention of the levelling rulers of the time, had she lived, to have bound her apprentice to some low mechanic employment.”

P *Thy last hour*

Was peace and heav'n to his who thus abus'd his pow'r.

“ If we may credit history, the last moments of the usurper were such as might be pitied even by those who held his cruelty, ambition, and hypocrisy in the greatest abhorrence.”

¶ *The Monarch's safety in his people's love.*

Witness the associations and volunteer corps who have, in the moment of danger, rallied round the throne of George the Third, and vied with the regular troops in discipline and good order, in fidelity and affection.

A
STILL a
With lir
Bleak Fe
And cro
For me l
And still
Are not
To check
Must me
And ting
Must wo
And clou
Such is o
Our thre