

The gaunt Bebrycian brethren, at the sound,  
With long lank hair, come flocking to the shade  
Of that vast plain.

Then Castor hied, and called  
The hero chiefs from the Magnesian<sup>1</sup> ship.

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SKETCHES IN THE EXHIBITION, 1805.

WHAT various objects strike with various force,  
Achilles, Hebe, and Sir Watkin's horse !  
Here summer scenes, there Pentland's stormy ridge,  
Lords, ladies, Noah's ark, and Cranford bridge !  
Some that display the elegant design,  
The lucid colours, and the flowing line ;  
Some that might make, alas ! Walsh Porter<sup>2</sup> stare,  
And wonder how the devil they got there !

LADY M——VE.

How clear a strife of light and shade is spread !  
The face how touched with nature's loveliest red !  
The eye, how eloquent, and yet how meek !  
The glow subdued, yet mantling on thy cheek !  
M——ve ! I mark alone thy beauteous face,  
But all is nature, dignity, and grace !

HON. MISS MERCER.—HOPNER.

Oh ! hide those tempting eyes, that faultless form,  
Those looks with feeling and with nature warm ;  
The neck, the softly-swelling bosom hide,  
Nor, wanton gales, blow the light vest aside ;

<sup>1</sup> So called, from the country where it was built. — <sup>2</sup> A gentleman well known for his taste and fine collection.

For who, when beauties more than life excite  
 Silent applause, can gaze without delight !  
 But innocence, enchanting maid, is thine ;  
 Thine eyes in liquid light unconscious shine ;  
 And may thy breast no other feelings prove,  
 Than those of sympathy and mutual love !

### EXHIBITION, 1807.

#### BLIND FIDDLER.—WILKIE.

With mirth unfeigned the cottage chimney rings,  
 Though only vocal with four fiddle-strings :  
 And see, the poor blind fiddler draws his bow,  
 And lifts intent his time-denoting toe ;  
 While yonder maid, as blythe as birds in June,  
 You almost hear her whistle to the tune !  
 Hard by, a lad, in imitative guise,  
 Fixed, fiddle-like, the broken bellows plies ;  
 Before the hearth, with looks of honest joy,  
 The father chirrup to the chattering boy,  
 And snaps his lifted thumbs with mimic glee,  
 To the glad urchin on his mother's knee !

#### MORNING.—TURNER.

Up ! for the morning shines with welcome ray,  
 And to the sunny seabeach let us stray.  
 What orient hues proclaim the master's hand !  
 How light the wave upon the half-wet sand !  
 How beautiful the sun, as still we gaze,  
 Streams all diffusive through the opening haze !  
 Artist—when to the thunder's pealing sound,  
 Fire mixed with hailstones ran upon the ground,  
 When partial darkness the dread prospect hid,  
 And sole aspired the aged pyramid—