

POLLIO: AN ELEGIAC ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR R—— CASTLE, 1762.

BY THE SAME.

*Hæc Jovem sentire, Deosque cunætos,
Spem bonam certanique domum reporto.*

HOR.

THE peaceful Evening breathes her balmy store.
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour, when, to the wife and good,
The heavenly Maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently waving boughs among,
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

c It has been often said, that Fiction is the most proper field for poetry. If it is always so, the writer of this little piece acknowledges it is a circumstance against him. The following Ode was first suggested, and the ideas contained in it raised, on revisiting the ruins and woods that had been the scene of his early amusements with a deserving brother, who died in his twenty-first year.

HOW

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
 The silver emprefs of the night appears!
 Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
 And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
 Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound;
 The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
 The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
 The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers;
 Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale;
 Dark Solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
 And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
 Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
 And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
 Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
 Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
 Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
 Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
 Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head
 A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So,

OD E.

1762.

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How

So, midst the snow of Age, a boassful air

Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends;

Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,

Tho', trembling o'er the feeble crutch, he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,

Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led;

Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,

Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our fires exulting from the fight,

Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,

Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight!

Now lost to them! and, ah how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,

The dear idea of my POLLIO bring;

So shone the moon through these soft nodding trees,

When here we wander'd in the eyes of Spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,

And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,

When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn

Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd;

So fair a blossom gentle POLLIO wore,

These were the emblems of his healthful mind;

To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,

To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd:

Him,

With the supererogatory honey.

Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied;

The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd

In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

Oh partner of my infant griefs and joys!

Big with the scenes now past my heart o'erflows,

Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,

And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,

Along the woodland have I roam'd with Thee;

Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,

When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,

Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;

But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,

And fainted well have lost their cheering powers.

For Thou art gone—My guide, my friend, oh where,

Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind!

My tenderest wish, my heart to Thee was bare,

Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph, how dark, how void,

The trackless shores that never were repast!

Dread separation! on the depth untry'd

Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes;

And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the *lifeless* glories of the skies,

And could thy bright, thy *living* soul expire?

Far be the thought—The pleasures most sublime,

The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,

The towering wish that scorns the bounds of time,

Chill'd in this vale of Death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wintery land,

The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:

Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand

With godlike strength, beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,

With patience waits the rosy opening day;

The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,

With chearful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on Life's storm-beaten ocean tost,

In mental vision view the happy shore,

Where POLLIO beckons to the peaceful coast,

Where Fate and Death divide the friends no more.

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,

Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn grove,

Would tell the awful secrets of the Dead,

And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire,
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, oh my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy.

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In antient days, the holy Seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd;

Restor'd Creation bright before them rose,
The burning defarts smil'd as Eden's plains,
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountain sang, " Messiah reigns!"

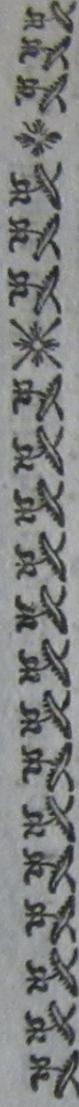
Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet, let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cros in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'er shade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And sooths me wandering o'er my kindred bones,
VOL. III.

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Let

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the burbling graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne,
Messiah's cros far blazing o'er the skies.



E P I G R A M

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE NOTE ON THE
FOLLOWING LINES OF POPE.

“ Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excel
“ Ten Metropolitans in preaching well.”

BY THE REV. MR. HENLEY.

WHILE Wisdom shines with light divine,
Whate'er SCURRILITY may say,
Good FOSTER's name shall ne'er decline:
Then cease, vain cur, the Moon to bay.