

Beauties of the Muses.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION,

DANÆ

TO HER BABE PERSEUS,

AND

LINES

ON A MALEFACTOR UNDER CONDEMNATION.



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THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him
 your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shorter
 span,
Oh ! give relief ! and Heaven will bless
 your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd
 years ;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.



Yon house, erected on the rising ground
With tempting aspect drew me from my
road ;

For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread.
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome ;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the
cold !

Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind
relief,

And tears of Pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes ; why should
we repine ?

'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state
you see ;

And your condition may be soon like mine
The child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the
morn,

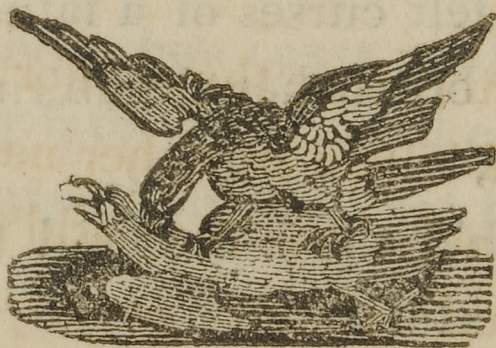
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn

My daughter, once the comfort of my age
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree
Fell,—lingering fell, a victim to despair
And left the world to wretchedness and me



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DANÆ,

TO HER BABE PERSEUS.

BLEAK roar'd the blast and horror's giant
form,

Stalk'd in the tumult of the midnight storm
'Twas uproar wild, when by the tempest
shock'd,

High on the tumbling surge the vessel
rock'd

Then hapless Danæ mourn'd her bitter fate
The heart-felt curses of a father's hate.
Soft on her breast her slumb'ring babe she
laid,

Down gush'd the big round tear as thus
she said :

- ‘ How fierce that foaming billow past,
- ‘ And ope'd a watry grave ;
- ‘ Death seems to yell in every blast,
- ‘ And frown in every wave ;



' Yet here with nought of care oppress'd,
 ' My thoughtless Perseus lies,
 ' Sweet are the dreams that bless his rest,
 ' The sleep that seals his eyes ;

' Else would these hapless tears be felt,
 ' These wretched sighs would move ;
 ' And teach his little heart to melt,
 ' In tenderness and love.'

Loud roar'd the storm with ruthless force ;
 ' That storm thou canst not hear ;
 ' Dire is my father's wrathful curse,
 ' That curse thou canst not fear.

' Thy looks are joy, the heart that's glad,
 ' The downy smile is thine,
 ' My lot is grief—the soul that's sad
 ' The bitterest pang is mine.

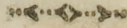


‘ To sleep in joy, thy ravish’d sense
 ‘ Ne’er may bright fancy cease ;
 ‘ For all thy thoughts are innocence,
 ‘ And all thy dreams are peace.

‘ Yes—sleep for thou canst sleep, and warm
 ‘ In rosy slumbers glow,
 ‘ And with thee sleep that bitter storm,
 ‘ And with thee sleep my woe.

‘ O Jove bestow one pitying ray,
 ‘ To cheer his future hour,
 ‘ And far from perseus turn away,
 ‘ Suspicion’s baleful power.

‘ Nor vain that prayer for well I know,
 ‘ The fated hour will come ;
 ‘ To end a hapless mother’s woe,
 ‘ To seal a tyrant’s doom.’



LINES

ON VISITING A

MALEFACTOR UNDER CONDEMNATION.



How sunk is man, by conscious guilt
opprest,

By pangs of dying virtue robb'd of rest!
No solace soothes the tumult of his soul,
Wild with despair his fiery eye-balls roll;
Black retrospection poisons every scene,
And hope, which smiles on all's deny'd to
him,

In this sad state, the culprit Bell, I found,
He started at my sight, his vacant eyes
flew round,



Sigh'd, shock his head, then fix'd them
on the ground.

‘ Here see,’ in a mournful, solemn tone,
he said,

As on my knee his trembling hand he laid,

‘ Herè see the state to which I’m sunk by
vice,

‘ The sad effects of company and dice;

‘ Small thefts at first, then greater ones
succeed,

‘ Till urged at length, I did this horrid deed

‘ Yes, soon this breath the fatal cord must
stop,

‘ These arms convulsed, motionless must
drop;

‘ These eyes, ere twelve revolving hours
are o’er,

‘ Must close in shame, and never open more

‘ The idea’s horrid—in the prime of life,

‘ Torn from my friends, my children, and
my wife;

‘Perhaps some foe, malignantly may
dwell,

‘Smile on my fate, and say, “ See, there
hangs Bell.”

‘There’s madness in the thought, my
brain’s on fire,

‘Why was I born?—God grant I now
expire.’—

Vainly I strove to calm his troubled mind,
‘Twould been as easy to subdue the
wind;

Reluctantly I left him to his fate,
And sigh’d to think to what a wretched
state

A man seduced from rectitude may fall,
Whilst conscience for reform may loudly
call.

‘O may mankind from Bell’s sad fate
beware,

‘And shun those paths which lure but to
ensnare ;

‘Fly Folly’s creed and walk in virtue’s
steps,

Revere the laws and act as Heaven
directs;

‘So shall your lives serenely glide away,

‘And Hope point smiling to the realms of
‘day’

