

Or the hoarse death-boding owl,  
 Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,  
 While through thy melancholy room  
 A dim lamp casts an awful gloom;  
 Thou, that on the meadow green,  
 Or daisy'd upland art not seen,  
 But wandering by the dusky nooks,  
 And the pensive-falling brooks,  
 Or near some rugged, herbless rock,  
 Where no shepherd keeps his flock!  
 Musing maid, to thee I come,  
 Hating the tradeful city's hum;  
 O let me calmly dwell with thee,  
 From noisy mirth and business free,  
 With meditation seek the skies,  
 This folly-fetter'd world despise!

H O L K H A M. A P O E M.

BY MR. POTTER.

**T**HE lofty beeches, and their sacred shade  
 O'er Penshurst's flower embroider'd vale display'd,  
 Have yet their glory: not that Sidney's hand  
 "Marshall'd in even ranks th' obsequious band;"

<sup>c</sup> A seat belonging to the earl of Leicester in the county of Norfolk.

Or his fresh garlands in these bowers entwin'd,  
 Whilst all Arcadia open'd on his mind :  
 But here sweet Waller breath'd his amorous flame,  
 And taught the groves his Sacharissa's name ;  
 Here met the Muse, " while gentle Love was by,  
 " That tun'd his lute, and wound the strings so high :"  
 Still with th' enraptur'd strains the valleys ring,  
 And the groves flourish in eternal Spring

Eternal Spring smiles in those green retreats,  
 " No more the Monarch's, still the Muse's seats,"  
 Where crown'd with towers majestic Windsor stands,  
 And the wide world beneath her feet commands :  
 Not that her regal rampires boast the fame  
 Of each great Edward's, each great Henry's name ;  
 Not that, in days of high-atchiev'd renown,  
 There Britain's Genius fix'd his awful throne,  
 Encircled with that glorious blaze that springs  
 From conquer'd nations, and from captive kings :  
 When each proud trophy moulders from the wall,  
 And e'en the imperial dome itself shall fall :  
 When those great names, the Warrior and the Sage,  
 Lie clouded in the dark historic page ;  
 Then shall the heaven-born Muse (to whom belong  
 The more than mortal-making powers of Song)  
 Thro' Time's deep shades her sacred light display,  
 And pour the beam of Fame's eternal day.

Queen of sweet numbers and melodious strains,  
 yet thou deign to visit Britain's plains ;

If yet thy hallow'd haunts partake thy love,  
 Clear spring, enamel'd vale, or bowery grove ;  
 O come, and range with me th' aspiring glades,  
 Where Leicester spreads the lawns and forms the shades,  
 On Holkham's plains bid Græcian structures rise,  
 And the tall column shoot into the skies ;  
 Beneath whose proud survey, extended wide,  
 New scenes, new beauties charm on every side :  
 Here, crown'd with woods, the shaded hills ascend,  
 In open light there the low vales extend ;  
 Here in rich harvests waves the ripen'd grain,  
 And there fresh verdure cloaths the pastur'd plain,  
 Sweetly intermix'd, and lovely to behold,  
 As the green emerald enchas'd in gold.

See where the limpid lake thro' pendant shades,  
 The hills between, her liquid treasures leads ;  
 And to the boughs, that fringe her crisped sides,  
 Holds the clear mirror of her crystal tides :  
 Her crystal tides reflect the waving scene,  
 Their silvery surface darkening into green ;  
 As on the steep banks, bending o'er the flood,  
 Grotesque and wild up springs th' o'ershadowing wood ;  
 Or the slope margent, with a softer rise,  
 Shade above shade, and rank o'er rank supplies ;  
 The verdant basis of yon' champain mound,  
 Its hallow'd head with God's own temple crown'd :  
 The home-bound mariner from far descries,  
 Emerging from the waves the tall tower rise ;

With transport bids the solemn structure hail,  
And wing'd for Britain speeds the flying fail.

In nearer view, 'midst the lawn's wide extent,  
That gently swells with an unforc'd ascent,  
In just proportion rising on the sight,  
The stately mansion lifts its towery height,  
And glitters o'er the groves. An oak beneath,  
That calls the cool gales thro' its boughs to breathe,  
Where the sun darts his fervid rays in vain,  
Like the great patriarch on Mamre's plain  
The princely Leicester sits : the pageant pride  
Of cumbrous greatness banish'd from his side,  
In these blest bowers he plans the great design ;  
With heighten'd charms bids modest nature shine ;  
Shows us magnificence allied to use ;  
Tho' rich, yet chaste ; tho' splendid, not profuse ;  
Calls forth each beauty that from order springs ;  
From its lov'd Greece each honour'd Science brings ;  
O'er Art's fair train extends his generous care ;  
And bids each polish'd Grace inhabit here.

Nor these alone : here Virtue loves to dwell,  
No cold recluse self-cavern'd in a cell ;  
Active and warm she breathes a noble part,  
Glow's in the breast, and opens all the heart ;  
To generous deeds she fires th' empassion'd mind,  
The substitute of heaven to bless mankind ;  
She thro' desponding Misery's chearless gloom  
pours joy, and gives neglected Worth to bloom ;

She

She in each bosom stills the rising sigh,  
 And wipes off every tear from every eye;  
 She to yon' alms-house, bosom'd in the grove,  
 From toil and cares bids Age and Want remove;  
 There the tir'd eve of labour'd life to rest,  
 Fed by her hand, and by her bounty blest.

These, these are rays that round true greatness shine,  
 And thine, bright Clifford! the full blaze is thine.  
 Bring the green bay, the fragrant myrtle bring,  
 The violet glowing in the lap of spring;  
 Bid the sweet vallies send each honied flower,  
 Each herb, each leaf of aromatic power;  
 The Muse's hand shall their mix'd odours spread,  
 And strew the ground where Clifford deigns to tread.

In distant prospect, sinking from the eye,  
 Low in the tufted dales the hamlets lie;  
 Where virgin Innocence, and meek-ey'd Peace,  
 With calm Content, the straw-roof'd cottage blest:  
 And strong-nerv'd Industry in purest flow  
 Spreads o'er the vermeil cheek Health's roseate glow.

More distant yet the throng'd commercial town,  
 That makes the wealth of other worlds her own,  
 Lifts her proud head, and sees with every tide  
 Rich-freighted navies croud her harbour'd side:  
 Or bids the parting vessel spread the sail  
 Loose to the wind, and catch the rising gale:  
 Whilst the vast ocean, Albion's utmost bound,  
 Rolls its broad wave, a world of waters, round.

In

In sweet astonishment th' impatient Mind  
 Bids her free powers expatiate unconfin'd ;  
 From scene to scene in rapid progress flies,  
 Glances from earth to seas, from seas to skies ;  
 Delights to feel the great ideas roll,  
 Swell on the sense, and fill up all the soul.

Not such the scene, when o'er th' uncultur'd wild  
 No harvest rose, no chearful verdure smil'd ;  
 On the bare hill no tree was seen to spread  
 The graceful foliage of its waving head ;  
 No breathing hedge-row form'd the broider'd bound,  
 Nor hawthorn blossom'd on th' unsightly ground ;  
 Joy was not here ; no bird of finer note  
 Pour'd the thick warblings of his dulcet throat ;  
 E'en Hope was fled ; and o'er the chearless plain,  
 A waste of sand, Want held her unblest'd reign.

Lo, Leicester comes ! Before his mastering hand  
 Flies the rude Genius of the savage land ;  
 The russet lawns a sudden verdure wear ;  
 Starts from the wondering fields the golden ear ;  
 Up rise the waving woods, and haste to crown  
 The hill's bare brow, and shade the sultry down :  
 The shelter'd traveller sees, with glad surprise,  
 O'er trackless wilds th' extended rows arise ;  
 And, as their hospitable branches spread,  
 Blesses the friendly hand that form'd the shade :  
 Joy blooms around, and cheers the peasant's toil,  
 As smiling plenty decks the cultur'd soil ;

The

The brightning scenes a kinder Genius own,  
And Nature finishes what Art begun.

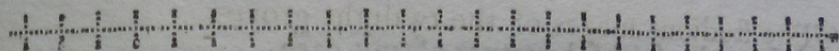
But can the verse, tho' Philomela deign  
To breathe the sweet notes thro' the warbled strain;  
Tho' every Muse and every Grace should smile,  
And raptures raise the honey-steeped style;  
Can the verse paint like Nature? Can the power  
That wakes to life free Fancy's imag'd store,  
Boast charms like her's? or the creative hand  
In blended tints such beauteous scenes command,  
Tho' learned Pouffin gives each grace to flow,  
And bright Lorrain's ethereal colours glow?  
Yet peerless is the power of sacred song,  
That bursts in transport from the Muse's tongue:  
And hark! methinks her hallow'd voice I hear,  
In notes mellifluous stealing on the ear;  
Now clearer, and yet clearer trills the strain,  
Swells thro' the grove, and melts along the plain.  
"Ye nymphs, that love to range the lillied vale,  
"Where streams the silver fount of Acidale;  
"Ye, that in Pindus' laurel'd groves abide,  
"Or haunt Cyllene's cypress-shaded side;  
"Or braid your fine wreaths in the pearly caves,  
"Where fam'd Ilissus rolls his Attic waves;  
"Whilst the barbarian's rude unletter'd race  
"Profane your grottos, and your bowers deface,  
"See Leicester courts you to th' Icenian shore,  
"Studious your long lost honours to restore!

See,

" See, the fair rival of your native seats,  
 " Aonian Holkham opens all its sweets ;  
 " Deign then, ye sacred sisters ! deign to tread  
 " The rich embroidery of yon velvet mead,  
 " As fresh, as lovely as your liliated vale,  
 " Where streams the silver fount of Acidale :  
 " If old Cyllene's cypress-shaded bower,  
 " Or Pindus' laurel'd mount delight you more ;  
 " Go, sweet enthusiasts ! softly-silent rove  
 " The studious mazes of the twilight grove ;  
 " Or, at the foot of some hoar elm reclin'd,  
 " Wake the high thought that swells the raptur'd mind ;  
 " Or pensive listen to the solemn roar  
 " Of whitening billows breaking on the shore :  
 " If the majestic domes, whose towery pride  
 " Glitter o'er fam'd Ilissus' Attic tide,  
 " Your steps detain ; yon' princely structure view,  
 " Grac'd with each finer art your Athens knew !  
 " Each finer art to just perfection brought,  
 " All that Vitruvius and Palladio thought ;  
 " The trophied arch ; the porphyry-pillar'd hall ;  
 " The sculptur'd forms that breathe along the wall ;  
 " Lyceæan Pan ; the faun's Arcadian race ;  
 " The huntress-queen's inimitable grace ;  
 " Athenian Pallas clad in radiant arms ;  
 " Heaven's empress conscious of her slighted charms ;  
 " Your own Apollo, on whose polish'd brow  
 " Youth blooms, and grace, and candor's brightning glow ;  
 " Gods,

" Gods, heroes, sages, an illustrious train,  
 " Court you to Holkham's consecrated plain.  
 " Haste then, ye sacred sisters ! haste, and bring  
 " The laurel steep'd in the Castalian spring ;  
 " On the choice bough a purer fragrance breathe,  
 " And twine for Leicester's brow th' unfading wreath."

She ceas'd the raptur'd strain ; and dear to fame,  
 Flows the proud verse inscrib'd with Leicester's name.



## THE POOR MAN'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN 1766. ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

**A** M I D S T the more important toils of state,  
 The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,  
 Tho' Europe from thy voice expect her fate,  
 And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole ;

O Chatham, nurs'd in ancient Virtue's lore,  
 To these sad strains incline a favouring ear ;  
 Think on the God, whom thou, and I adore,  
 Nor turn unpitying from the poor man's prayer.

Ah me ! how blest was once a peasant's life !  
 No lawless passion swell'd my even breast ;  
 Far from the stormy waves of civil strife,  
 Sound were my slumbers, and my heart at rest.

I ne'er