

THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS. MOORE

PARIS: PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE,

COMPREHENDING

ALL HIS MELODIES, BALLADS, ETC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING MUSIC.



VOL. II.



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EPISTLES, ODES,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

TANTI NON ES, AIS. SAPIs, LUPERCE.

MARTIAL, *Lib. i. Epig. 118.*

ΠΕΡΙΠΛΕΥΣΑΙ ΜΕΝ ΠΟΛΛΑΣ ΠΟΛΕΙΣ ΚΑΛΟΝ,
ΕΝΟΙΚΗΣΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΗ ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΗ ΧΡΗΣΙΜΟΝ.

PLUTARCH. *περι παιδων αγωγης.*

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL
OF THE ORDNANCE, CONSTABLE OF
THE TOWER, ETC.

MY LORD,

IT is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of

your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall therefore be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present.

I am,

MY LORD,

With every feeling of attachment and respect,

Your Lordship's very devoted servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

27, *Bury Street, St. James's,*
April 10, 1806.

PREFACE.

THE principal poems in the following Collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the

city of Washington and Lake Erie.* How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined

* Epistles VI. VII. and VIII.

to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "*intentata nites.*" Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at ma-