

**IL PASTORE INCANTATO; OR,
THE ENCHANTED SHEPHERD,
A DRAMA; POMPEII, AND
OTHER POEMS**

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Il Pastore Incantato; Or, the Enchanted Shepherd, a Drama; Pompeii, and Other Poems by A Student of the Temple

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A STUDENT OF THE TEMPLE

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IL PASTORE INCANTATO;

OR,

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A Drama:

POMPEII,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY A STUDENT OF THE TEMPLE,

ETC. ETC.



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TO

J. H. WIFFEN, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have looked around the circle of my acquaintance to find a Patron for this little volume, and I perceive no one upon whom the choice falls more naturally, or more decidedly, than upon yourself; whether amiableness of disposition, or superiority of talent, be admitted as the test of my election. Allow me, then, the pleasure of presenting you with this slight testimonial of my affectionate esteem, under a conviction that the demerits of the performance will not diminish with you the cordiality of its reception.

To apologise to you for the immaturity and imperfection of these verses, might be

regarded as a needless ceremony, since you already know both the age when most of them were written, and the adverse event that has led to their publication. Accept, my dear Sir, the sincere assurances of my real regard; and believe me to be, *usque ad urnam*,

Your devoted Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE following immature Productions are presented to the public with no view to emolument, and still less with any claim to superior merit. They are sent into the world merely to gratify — it may be the simple, but certainly the very natural desire of leaving something, however trivial, behind me, which may prolong my memory among those whom I have valued upon earth: and I have rather chosen to construct this little funeral pile with my own hands, composed as it has been out of a larger collection of juvenile and long neglected materials, than to leave the care of them to any individual, whose partiality might have made him less sparing in the selection.

Much of what is now committed to the press was written at an early age, but some few trifles of a later date have been added, in order to complete the drama and the volume.

The critics will not be likely to consider these youthful productions as falling within their province. Should they deign, however, to notice me, I would simply request them to recollect the golden rule, and to deal fairly: their sentence, in all probability, will never reach my ears: they may be assured, however, that these bagatelles would not have met their eye, but for a misfortune which seems likely to close upon me, at once, the doors both of life and of fame.

I had hoped for much more lasting reputation, but should have chosen for my pedestal a loftier elevation than poetry presents. I should rather have aspired to those glorious attainments in philosophy, which raise the soul above its present condition, and place it, as it were, upon a level with the beings of eternity, from the heights of whose sublimity, all that is done in this vain world appears as nothing.

But I have learned to submit. Go forth, then, flowers of my youth, and outlive, if ye may, the period allotted to your parent's existence. Your faded relics will at least furnish a chaplet for my tomb.

April, 1823.