

**POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS OF
MARGARET NICHOLSON: BEING POEMS
FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF THAT
NOTED FEMALE WHO ATTEMPTED THE
LIFE OF THE KING IN 1786**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649240142

Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson: Being Poems Found Amongst the Papers of that Noted female who attempted the life of the king in 1786 by John Fitzvictor & Percy B. Shelley & Thomas J. Hogg

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN FITZVICTOR & PERCY B. SHELLEY & THOMAS J. HOGG

**POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS OF
MARGARET NICHOLSON: BEING POEMS
FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF THAT
NOTED FEMALE WHO ATTEMPTED THE
LIFE OF THE KING IN 1786**

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS

OF

MARGARET NICHOLSON.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS

OF

MARGARET NICHOLSON;

BEING POEMS FOUND AMONGST THE PAPERS OF THAT
NOTED FEMALE WHO ATTEMPTED THE LIFE
OF THE KING IN 1786.

EDITED BY

JOHN FITZVICTOR.

OXFORD :

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. MUNDAY.

1810.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE energy and native genius of these Fragments, must be the only apology which the Editor can make for thus intruding them on the Public Notice. The FIRST I found with no title, and have left it so. It is intimately connected with the dearest interests of universal happiness; and much as we may deplore the fatal and enthusiastic tendency which the ideas of this poor female had acquired, we cannot fail to pay the tribute of unequivocal regret to the departed memory of genius, which, had it been rightly organized, would have made that intellect, which had since become the victim of phrenzy and despair, a most brilliant ornament to society.

In case the sale of these Fragments evinces that the Public have any curiosity to be presented with a more copious collection of my unfortunate Aunt's Poems, I have other papers in my possession, which shall, in that case, be subjected to their notice. It may be supposed they require much arrangement; but I send the following to the press in the same state in which they came into my possession.

J. F.

POSTHUMOUS FRAGMENTS.

AMBITION, power, and avarice, now have hurl'd
Death, fate, and ruin, on a bleeding world.
See ! on yon heath what countless victims lie,
Hark ! what loud shrieks ascend thro' yonder sky ;
Tell then the cause, 'tis sure the avenger's rage
Has swept these myriads from life's crowded stage :
Hark to that groan, an anguish'd hero dies,
He shudders in death's latest agonies ;
Yet does a fleeting hectic flush his cheek,
Yet does his parting breath essay to speak—

“ Oh God ! my wife, my children—Monarch thou
“ For whose support this fainting frame lies low ;

"For whose support in distant lands I bleed,
 "Let his friends' welfare be the warrior's need.
 "He hears me not—ah! no—kings cannot hear,
 "For passion's voice has dull'd their listless ear.
 "To thee, then, mighty God, I lift my moan,
 "Thou wilt not scorn a suppliant's anguish'd groan.
 "Oh! now I die—but still is death's fierce pain—
 "God hears my prayer—we meet, we meet again."
 He spake, reclin'd him on death's bloody bed,
 And with a parting groan his spirit fled.

hateful!

Oppressors of mankind to *you* we owe
 The hateful streams from whence these miseries flow ;
 For you how many a mother weeps her son,
 Snatch'd from life's course ere half his race was run !
 For you how many a widow drops a tear,
 In silent anguish, on her husband's bier !

"Is it then thine, Almighty Power," she cries,
 "Whence tears of endless sorrow dim these eyes ?
 "Is this the system which thy powerful sway,
 "Which else in shapeless chaos sleeping lay,
 "Form'd and approv'd ?—it cannot be—but oh !
 "Forgive me Heaven, my brain is warp'd by woe."

'Tis not—he never bade the war-note swell,
 He never triumph'd in the work of hell—