

**POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS  
OF THE ATHENAEUM  
GALLERY OF PAINTINGS**

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Poetical Illustrations of the Athenaeum Gallery of Paintings by William George Crosby

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**WILLIAM GEORGE CROSBY**

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GALLERY OF PAINTINGS**



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**POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS**

THE

OF THE

*1827*

**-ATHENÆUM GALLERY**

**OF PAINTINGS.**

*W. G. Gresham.*

PUBLISHED BY

1827

W. G. Corbidge

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## PREFACE.

An apology seldom falls with much grace from the lips of one who has *voluntarily* committed an offence, and, therefore, the author of the following *Illustrations* will offer none, for thus rashly venturing upon *holy ground*, and intruding upon the public his crude and unfinished effusions. But it is too late to recant, if he would:—they have already escaped from the press and are only waiting for the sanction of a *preface*, to be “cast upon the waters.” Should they meet only with sunshine, and the favouring breeze, they may be followed by a second number, at the opening of the GALLERY, the ensuing season. If not, why then they will but share the fate of many worthier offerings at the shrine of the muses, and fill a nook within the *wallet*,

“Which time hath ever at his back,  
Wherein he puts aims for oblivion.”

Boston May 22, 1827.



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## WASHINGTON.

BY PEALE.

Hail to thee, monarch of a people's love !  
Imperial regent of the heart, all hail !  
How doth the regal coronet grow pale,  
Before the wreath, which Freedom's hand hath wove  
Around thy brow !—Each flower that blossoms there,  
Was nurtured in the soil of liberty—  
Each leaf was gathered from the sacred tree,  
And blessed, and hallowed by a nation's prayer.  
Thine is the throne imperishable—thine  
The crown, whose lustre time can never dim :  
Thine is the priceless offering, the hymn  
Poured forth by gratitude at virtue's shrine.  
Millions are worshipping on bended knee,  
Once more they bid thee, hail, sole monarch of the free !

## SAUL AND THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY W. ALLSTON.

What daring footsteps come, to break  
 The silence of the darkened wood,  
 And thus at midnight's hour awake  
 This sleeping solitude ?

Some wanderer with the burning trace  
 Of guilt and sin upon his brow,  
 Seeks out the prophet's resting-place ;—  
 But wherefore comes he now ?

That form—it cannot be forgot !  
 'Tis he—'tis valour's proudest son—  
 And she who guides him to the spot,  
 Is Endor's fearful one !

What deed of darkness e'er could send  
 Such wanderers to the place of prayer ?  
 Oh ! would the stubborn knee might bend,  
 The dark soul worship there !

Her hand has traced the magic sign,  
 Her lips the unholy spell have said :  
 Can *they* death's frozen clasp untwine,  
 Will the grave yield its dead ?