

# **DEVON, A POEM**

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Devon, a poem by J. Gompertz

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**J. GOMPERTZ**

# **DEVON, A POEM**



# DEVON.

A

Poem.

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BY J. GOMPERTZ, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "TIME OR LIGHT AND SHADE," AND "THE  
MODERN ANTIQUE, OR THE MUSE IN THE COSTUME  
OF QUEEN ANNE"

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1825.

## P R E F A C E.



**WHEN** a man has received indubitable marks of approbation from the more enlightened part of the community, however the tide of popular favor, to which all must bow with silent submission, or the spirit of party interest—(which will be intelligible where intended to apply)—may have temporarily precluded his works from general reception and the consequent participation

of the more solid advantages of Literature;— still it is not surprising that he should, altho' after a lapse of nearly ten years interval, again obtrude himself on their attention, but this will in all probability be the Author's last appeal to public notice, or rather to the favorable auspices of the Literature of his country—For while such numbers of frivolous and pernicious works, have by the Guardians of the Press, within late years been reviewed and forced on the public, till it has been gorged to repletion, still—'*Time* or *Light*, and *Shade*'—(admitting all its defects, of which no one is more sensible, than the Author)—has not even to this day, after a ten years' publication, attracted the notice of a solitary *regular Review*, with the

## PREFACE.

v.

exception of one complimentary allusion in the *Antijacobin*, in a critique on the '*Modern Antiquæ*' of the Author, tho' many Periodicals and standard Works of celebrity have honored it with distinguished praise but circumstances may have changed ;—

Tho' Euphues has had foes, shall Euphues fall—

No, Euphues will be righted after all.—

Having said thus much, it will only be necessary further to add of the small Poem which follows—that it was written on a melancholy occasion, in one of the finest Counties of England, so calculated to inspire Poetical ardor—and if in the course of its progress it should be discovered, that so powerful a cause, has had



the influence of producing any of the happy effects, it will be all, to which the hopes of the Author can aspire, and the only apology necessary for its publication. If some little asperity has been excited in the course of the Poem, let the Gentle reader rest persuaded that the cause has not been less than adequate to the effect.

Πατήρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε,  
Σελήρην δ' ἐβρόντησε ἢ ὄβριμόν· ἄμφι δέ γαῖα  
Ἐμμερδαλέον κονάτησε, ἢ ἕρανδε ἔυρνε ὑπερθεν,  
Πόντος τ' ἤλιεσσθ' τε βροαί, ἢ γάρφαρα γαίης.

**HESIODI. Θεογ.**

## DEVON.

Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,  
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,  
Since nature's storms are shut with cruel hand,  
And each aggrieves his brother ;

Dryden.

**W**HILE o'er the borders of the fluent Teign  
And Ocean wide in retrospect expands,  
Thro' Devon's undulating sylvan haunts  
To upland scenes of wood and water borne,  
O strike the Lyre once more, tho' sad the strain,  
While dusky Dartmoor rises in the van, (1)  
Where the dark forests of Damnonium low'r'd, (2)  
And sanguine Druids horrid rites perform'd ; (3)  
Beneath whose sullen Brow a Landscape smiles,  
(Grateful vicissitude of light and shade)