

THE SHEFFIELD IRIS 1794-1796.

1 'Lines Addressed to the Society for a Literary Fund', *The Iris*, Issue 22, 28/11/1794

Ye friends of Genius, friends of human kind,
 Who still the throbbings of the wounded mind;
 Ye little flock, selected from the crowd,
 The stern, the vain, the thoughtless and the proud,
 To pity's humble shrine your offerings bring—
 Afflicted Genius is a sacred thing.
 You suffer with the man of studious mood
 Who starves by labours for the public good!
 Whose wisdom forms us, and whose magic pen
 Softens our hearts and tames us into men.
 Rouse, sons of wealth whom heav'n in anger sees
 Strech'd on your sofas in the pomp of ease,
 Who mark the poet's or Historian's art,
 And praise the truths that never reach your heart,
 Who read an author, as you quaff Champaigne,
 To warm the frozen blood, and fire the brain;
 And, while the flights of Genius you admire,
 View the scorn'd owner in a jail expire;
 Or, like poor Chatterton, resign his breath,
 Self-murder'd, to preclude a lingering death.
 Rouse, sons of wealth, when pity calls, and find
 How woes of sympathy exalt the mind:
 How oft, by small relief, in season given,
 We build in Sorrow's heart a little heav'n;
 And who, when such sublime effects are known,
 Who, but must feel it rising in his own.

Captain Morris

