LODON

AND

MIRANDA.

BY

ROMAINE JOSEPH THORN.

In happiness they live,
On earth excell'd not; rearing with fond love
And pious care, a blooming offspring, fraught
With every virtue.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE "POOR BOY,"

A TALE.

BRISTOL:
PRINTED BY BIGGS & COTTLE, FOR T. N. LONGMAN
AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
LONDON.
1799.

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To Mr. JOHN CHUBB,

BRIDGWATER,

THIS

P O E M

IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ROMAINE JOSEPH THORN.

BRISTOL, MAY 1, 1799.

PREFACE.

I AM not without apprehension that in this Poem, there are (as GOLDSMITH expresses in his preface to his inimitable tale the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD) "*an hundred faults.*" To plead as an apology for these faults that the work was written in less than *four months*, during only the few leisure hours my business afforded, will, probably, in the judgment of the severe critic, avail but little. It is now given to the Public nearly as the ideas first occurred to me: very little time and labor have been bestowed in correction; it is "a plain, un-"varnished tale," throughout the whole of which,

I have endeavored to portray *nature*, and, as nearly as I could, adopt a style of language approximating to simplicity, though I trust, not so much as to render it *contemptible:* I have not vanity enough to imagine I can attain the *summit* of PARNASSUS; but must acknowledge, I shall ever feel happy in being permitted to rove round its base.

Of *Religion* and *Politics*, I have but very briefly spoken, and am well assured there are many even amongst those who have honored me with their names as Subscribers, whose ideas on these topics, do not accord with mine: We do not all, perhaps, exactly agree in opinion on any subject whatever, and I trust, no one will totally condemn the Poem as a whole (if there be any small degree of merit in it) merely because the sentiments respecting *Religion* and *Politics* are not altogether congruous with his own: such a decision would betray not only a premature judgment, but very great illiberality.

I anticipate a remark likely to be made by some, which is, that the regard LODON and MIRANDA feel for each other, commences too hastily, as LODON is not in the Cottage at most but an hour or two before he and MIRANDA betray marks of mutual affection; but, have we not read, or been told, of a reciprocal passion taking place between a swain and his fair charmer at *first sight?* if so, and which I believe cannot be denied, I stand fully excused on that head.

I beg leave likewise to observe, in many places I have made use of *adjectives* where, I am convinced, *adverbs* would have been more consistent with the rules of grammar; but, when I see some of the first poets of the age (in comparison of whom, if I may be allowed the use of a common expression, I shrink into nothing) introduce them unsparingly in their effusions, I apprehend, I shall stand exonerated from censure on that account also.

If this Poem meet with but a tolerable share of

countenance from the Public, it will afford me encouragement to proceed in the prosecution of one of much greater magnitude.

I subscribe myself with the greatest deference,

The Public's most obedient Servant,

ROMAINE JOSEPH THORN.

Bristol, May, 1st. 1799.

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THE TAMIL VERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

LODON

AND

MIRANDA.

WHILE thousands, thirsting after vain parade,
Or eager bent t' increase their golden stores
That soon will vanish like an airy dream,
Promiscuous mingle with the city's throng,
Where tumult dwells; and each revolving day
Their fleeting hours exhaust, in uproar huge
And varied care; be mine the pleasing task
My tranquil closet's lov'd recess to seek,
And there, sequester'd from the din of men,
Pour forth the warm effusions of the muse,

Who fain would celebrate, in humble verse,
The worth and beauty of a rustic Maid,
MIRANDA call'd; and bid the song record
Her love for LODON, and her LODON's love.

Now had stern WINTER from the world withdrawn
His humid mists, his cheerless flakes of ice,
His driving snows, and boisterous blasts that shake
The mountain's base; and, to his murky reign,
Straightway succeeded all-reviving SPRING,
In countless charms. Bedeck'd were hills and plains
With living green, and trees, and budding flowers,
In rich luxuriance, lovely to the sight!
Exhal'd a grateful fragrancy around;
Echo'd the woodlands with the Cuckoo's voice,
While o'er the surface of the greensward earth
The playful swallow urg'd her mazy course
With rapid flight; now, too, the feather'd race,
'Mid the thick grove or bushy copse conceal'd,
Their wild-notes pouring, dealt such dulcet strains

As fail'd not yielding to the listening ears
Of those who happ'd the rural walk pursue,
Delight extreme!

Radiant the morning shone,
When gentle LODON left his downy couch
At early hour: frequent he wont to seek
The healthful fields; to breathe the balmy air;
To rove alone, and meditate on GOD.
A Youth he was with manly beauty grac'd,
Nor nineteen years had scarcely from his birth
Perform'd their rounds. Tall was his form and strait;
His limbs a perfect symmetry could boast;
And much his full and piercing eyes declar'd,
He own'd a *mind* that infinitely high
Above the vulgar's soar'd; his light brown hair
In flowing ringlets down his shoulders hung
Most gracefully; and, or to morning gale,
Or softer zephyr of the sober noon,
Wantonly way'd. Of riches, he had store,

Yet look'd he scornful on the mean pursuits
Of PLEASURE's sons; glow'd, too, his generous breast
With all the noble feelings which exalt
The soul of man; and, suppliant at his door,
If chance the child of misery implor'd
For kind relief, his willing hands bestow'd
The ready mite; and oft his heart would bleed
At thought of those who trod life's rugged path,
To all the woes of penury and want
Expos'd *unfriended*. Oft he sorely wept
To see the slaves of LUXURY and PRIDE,
On whom its gifts indulgent Heaven had shower'd,
In *idle toys* and *dissipation* waste
That, which conferr'd upon the needy poor,
Would, while they sojourn'd in this "vale of tears,"
Have eas'd their pangs of poverty severe,
And fill'd with gratitude and boundless joy
Their woe-worn breasts.

Now went the Youth abroad:

And, as he stray'd along the pleasant fields,
The breeze inhaling of the early morn,
So much his soul with contemplation burn'd,
And so with smiling Nature was he charm'd,
That thus, transported, to himself he spake.

" Behold! swift bursting through yon eastern clouds,
" Array'd in splendor, dazzling to the eye,
" The Sun appears; far o'er th' horizon vast,
" His kindly beams emit their radiant light,
" To cheer the world; meanwhile, at his approach,
" The opaque mists, as conscious of his power,
" Quick as idea, or the lightning's flash,
" Disperse around. How great that awful GOD
" Whose potent fiat could, from chaos rude,
" His orb produce; this globe on which we dwell,
" With all the millions of refulgent stars,
" That the wide regions of ethereal space,
" When o'er creation Night her rule resumes,
" Bespangle, beauteous to the gazer's view!

" Who form'd the huge, unfathomable main,
" Whose raging billows frequent menace Heaven
" With dreadful roar, and at the word alone
" Of whose Almighty Sovereign they subside,
" And ripple harmless as the river's flood,
" Or purling waters of the silver brook!
" How great that Being, who from dust of earth
" Created MAN, and "in his nostrils breath'd
" The breath of life!" How great his *goodness* too,
" Who furnish'd Nature with such various charms,
" To glad his heart; who made the lowing kine,
" That graze the plains; the fleecy flocks, which skip
" Along the sides of yonder lofty hills,
" Their verdure cropping, thoughtless that their blood
" So soon must flow—for MAN—much favor'd MAN!
" Shall *He*, then, live ungrateful to his God
" For gifts like these? *He*, who with Reason bless'd,
" Superior far to all that move beside,
" In every herb and simple flower may trace
" The works mirac'lous of the HAND DIVINE:—
" Shall *He* ungrateful live?"

With such high thoughts,
So fervent burn'd the youthful LODON's mind,
And so fair Nature pleas'd his every sense,
That on he walk'd (the page instructive, too,
He oft enraptur'd from his pocket took,
And earnest read) till e'en the noon-tide hour
Began its reign. Through vales and smiling meads,
Where yellow gold-cups and sweet daisies join'd
To spread their beauties lavish to his eye,
And springing herbs, with pleasing scent replete,
The ambient air with balmy odour fill'd;
Through winding paths unfrequented and lone,
Whose sides the primrose and the violet deck'd
Profusely gay,—unheedfully he stray'd:
Nor e'er before had Meditation caus'd
His feet to travel such a journey long;
For he was wont to seek alone the fields
That lay adjacent to NUMANTON, where
He dwelt, enriching his enlighten'd mind
With those choice treasures that from STUDY spring,

At ease, secluded from the world's loud noise,
Meanwhile in ether, Phœbus riding high,
His beams resplendent on the steaming world
(For kindly rains had bless'd the previous night)
Intensely pour'd; and, from their secret haunts,
Unnumber'd tribes of insect flies emerg'd,
Who, gaily sporting in his genial warmth,
Humm'd pleasingly; nor scarcely were beheld
To move the leaves that cloth'd the sturdy oak
Or branching elm, for not a zephyr now
Vouchsaf'd to wanton or through shady grove
Or copse embowering. Still, in musing mood,
And all enchanted with the beauteous scene,
The youthful LODON urged his devious course;
Nor check'd his wanderings 'till a Common wide,
With bushy fern and spreading weeds o'ergrown,
His steps oppos'd: at once he gaz'd around,
And woke from thought, as one upon his bed,
Who, having slumber'd all the live-long night,
Awakes at morn. On every side he look'd,

If chance a public road or beaten path
Adjacent lay, and straightway on he sped,
(Yet, widely roving from his distant home)
With anxious bosom, through enamell'd plain
And valley smooth; but path nor public road
The youth discover'd he suppos'd would lead
His feet unerring to his own abode:
So, in the far-fam'd Labyrinth of Crete,
Haply great THESEUS, anxious for the weal
Of ATHENS' sons, had wander'd long forlorn,
If, by the force of conquering LOVE impell'd,
(Who now, as shortly shall the song make known,
No less the friend of youthful LODON stood),
His ARIADNE had not kindly given
Her needful clue, that fail'd not guiding safe
The mighty Hero through the wonderous maze.
But mourns the Muse to think th' enamour'd nymph
For all the favors she her THESEUS shew'd,
Should basely by him in far NAXOS' isle

Be lonely left :* Emblem too just of those
Who even now, in our enlighten'd days,
First by false vows and blandishments obtain
The soft affections of the tender Fair,
Then cruel leave them to lament—and die!

Elaps'd had noon; and LODON, faint with heat,
Fatigued with toil, and parch'd with thirst extreme,
Still erring walk'd, until a silver brook,
That softly murmuring, in meanders smooth
Laved the fair bosom of a verdant mead,
Before him ran; so clear its gentle flood,
That in it plainly to his view appear'd
The little minnow, traversing around
In wanton play. O'er its translucent stream
He forthwith stoop'd: so erst NARCISSUS wont

* She was pregnant by him when he deserted her, and some authors say, at length hung herself in despair.

O'er fount renown'd, wherein, old legends tell,
His charming image he enraptur'd saw,
And which he deeming a most beauteous nymph,
For fond love pin'd :—He gladly of it quaff'd,
Nor Jove's own nectar to th' immortal Gods,
E'er prov'd more grateful than to LODON, then,
The humble wave. From hence mankind may learn
How soon the wants of Nature are suffic'd,
And bring afresh to mind th' historic page,
Which much informs us that in days of yore
(Ere baleful LUXURY the world enflav'd)
Man from the various wild-fruits of the wood,
The simple herbage of the fertile field,
And chrystal water of the bubbling spring,
Subsistence gain'd ; while toil, and rosy health,
The father made him of a race robuft.

His thirst allay'd, upon the grassy bank
Young LODON sat ; but fill'd with anguish sore,
For that his eyes no welcome road beheld,

Or haunt of man. At length, with fervent heat
And toil o'ercome, on Nature's balmy lap
He ſleep indulg'd; meantime the radiant day
Declin'd apace; and, when again he woke,
Gaz'd he around, but could not ween the spot
(Or what its distance from his own abode)
Where then he was: sharp hunger, too, he felt;
For nought of diet since the eve before
His lips had touch'd. As thus, in doleful plight,
Alone he sat upon the velvet ground,
By hap he look'd to where at distance small
Of towering elms and sturdy oaks a row
Stood rang'd in order, such as plainly told
The youth admiring, no inferior taste
The planter own'd: again, with anxious heart,
He eager gaz'd, and through the foliage thick,
Saw slowly rising in the tranquil air,
A cloud of smoke that from a COTTAGE came,
As yet unseen. Leap'd LODON now for joy;
And fast he pac'd the little vista through

Of elms and oaks; when quick a scene appear'd,
The most romantic his enchanted eyes
Had e'er beheld: for, down a winding path
That favor'd much an easy hill's descent,
Within a small but level lawn immur'd,
Where blooming Spring in richest beauty reign'd,
And where the bright-sun seem'd his cheering beams
(As though enraptur'd with the blest recess),
With more than usual lustre, through the wide
And lofty branches of the verdant trees,
To sportive pour—the humble Cottage stood!
Scarcely Thessalian TEMPE's vale surpass'd
The charming place; for there the tuneful birds,
Amid the shelter of the spreading boughs,
Their throats expanding, such sweet music dealt,
As fill'd with transport, more than words can tell,
Young LODON's soul! Smooth was its grassy bed,
Nor down more soft, and o'er enamell'd, too,
With various flowrets which delight the eye,
And please the smell; through it meandring ran

A limpid stream, that, during sultry hours,
Cool'd the soft zephyrs, who in wanton play,
Its verdure kiss'd. The view was lovely all!
And much the wondering LODON might have ween'd
(If aught such were but in the fertile brain),
The spot ELYSIUM, where the Poets feign
Immortals dwell, or the belov'd retreat
Of some light-tripping, sportive Fairy-Queen,
Who, with her tiny subjects, nightly there,
By friendly aid of silver Cynthia's light,
Their gambols urge. Small was the rural cot;
Nor scarcely rose its well-thatch'd roof above
The trees of myrtle, that in pride of bloom
Around it grew, and 'gainst its humble base
Lean'd their soft limbs; its beauteous garden, too,
Was amply stock'd with flowers of various kinds;
'Mongst which the lily rear'd its lovely head,
And gaudy tulip of unnumber'd tints;
And polyanthus, pleasing to the sight,
Its borders grac'd. Now hasten'd LODON on

And reached the cot; when at the door he saw
An aged man, who in his hands sustain'd
Some roots of trees, and implement of toil
A mattock call'd; His hoary locks were long,
And o'er his forehead neatly parted lay,
And by his features seem'd he as he'd liv'd
Some three-score twelve months, and had once enjoy'd,
If not great riches, yet far better days.
A coat much patch'd the ancient rustic wore,
Of sable hue, and on his head a hat,
Whose colour told it many years had stood
Embrowning suns. Him LODON anxious ey'd:
And with respectful air and kindly speech,
Thus quickly spake.

"Hail, venerable man!
"To thee I come a suppliant, who fain
"Within thy dwelling would a while repose
"My weary feet, and taste reviving food;
"For from the hour when morn to day began

" To shed its opening beauties on the world,
" Till now I've rov'd, nor since partaken aught
" Of needful diet, Nature to support,
" And cheer my heart; this fair retirement's name,
" Or what its distance from mine own abode,
" I cannot guess; and gladly would I crave
" Thy guiding hand to point to me the path
" That leads"—

When straight the venerable Man,
Benign compassion beaming in his eyes,
The plaintive narrative of LODON stopp'd,
And thus reply'd.

" Thrice welcome, gentle Youth!
" Whatever sustenance this Cot affords
" Is freely thine; no luxuries I have,
" But homely fare I trust enough to raise
" Thy fainting heart, and Nature's wearied frame
" Again recruit; then deign within my walls

" To rest awhile thy limbs fatigued, I pray,
" And food partake."

This said, with kindly arm,
The generous Rustic 'neath his lowly roof
Young LODON led: the table soon he plac'd;
And on it laid the decent cloth, as white
As mountain snow; forth from the cupboard, then,
He drew the remnant of a porker's chine;
The brown loaf, too, from oven lately brought,
And new-made cheese upon the board he put;
And, with a glance that spake the joy sincere
Which took possession of his aged breast,
Bade LODON eat: then from the cleanly shelf,
That nearly round the little Cottage rang'd,
A bulky glass as chrystal clear he fetch'd,
And instant sped to where adjoining lay
A cellar small, from whence he bore it full
Of cyder, grateful to the parched lips,
And sparkling also, as to view appears

Old stingo strong, nine mellowing summers stor'd,
Or cheering produce of the blushing grape:
So once did BAUCIS and PHILEMON kind,
Beneath the shelter of their humble Cot,
Great JOVE and HERMES (as old Ovid tells)
What time the regions of the sky they left,
And deign'd to journey 'mid the haunts of Man,
With care assiduous from their toil restore;
Repress with hospitable hearts their thirst,
And quell the cravings of their hunger keen.
Meanwhile young LODON, much delighted, look'd
With smile approving all the Cottage o'er;
Its decent order also he admir'd,
And pans of brass that 'neath the dresser stood,
For milk design'd, and which so brightly shone
That in them clearly he his image fair,
Reflected, saw: clean swept was all the floor,
Of mortar, clay, and gravel-stones compos'd;
And on the hearth a blazing log of wood
The dwelling warm'd; for now almost had eve

Began to steal upon creation's face,
And sinking Phœbus, to the distant West
His beams resigning, all th' horizon ting'd
With varied hues, when enter'd in the Cot
A Matron grave, who, with benignant eye
(But full of wonder who the guest could be)
Young LODON view'd, and, with respectful air,
The curtsie dropp'd; to which the gentle Youth
Paid manners due. Much did her face inform
She sixty twelve-months, likewise, had respir'd
The breath of life; an apron she had on
Of striped blue, a linsey-woolsey call'd;
A small close-cap upon her head she wore;
And all her form bespake she once had shar'd
Of beauty's charms: slender she was, and tall,
And in her apron she a burthen bore
Of faggots dry, that on the decent hearth
She straightway laid; when, anxious to be told
The name and business of the guest unknown,
She thus her venerable helpmate spake.

" Whom, husband, have we that so friendly deigns
" To grace our house, and of our food partake,
" For ne'er before I recollect mine eyes
" His face discern'd; but, by his mien, I judge
" The Youth unus'd to such a Cot as this,
" Or homely fare."

To which the man rejoin'd:
" The stranger's name I know not, or from whence
" He hither came; suffice it to declare,
" But now with vagrant footsteps he approach'd
" Our humble door; weary and faint he was,
" And ask'd he of me in our Cot awhile
" To rest his limbs, and crav'd a little food,
" For he forlorn has travell'd from the hour
" When first to day the crimson morning dealt
" Her radiant blushes on the gladsome world,
" Nor aught of needful sustenance receiv'd
" Till now, to cheer him, and his strength renew;
" And well thou knowest, MARY, that my soul

" Rejoices much to aid my fellow-man,
" And pour the balm of comfort in the breast
" That feels distress:—but, gentle stranger, tell"
(Immediate turning to young LODON near)
" Thy name, and whence thou camest, that my hand,
" When thy tir'd feet are from fatigue restor'd,
" The way may point thee to thy distant home."

To whom the Youth, his hunger now appeas'd,
And thirst allay'd—thus, gratefully, reply'd:

" My name is LODON; and my dwelling place
" Which far I deem not from this lovely spot,
" NUMANTON call'd. Oft am I wont to rove,
" Soon as AURORA wide expands the gates
" Of smiling day, to breathe the healthful gale;
" To read, in quiet, the instructive page,
" And muse alone: and much I pity those,
" Who, losing all the rosy hours in sleep,
" Their minds enervate, and their healths impair.

" It chanc'd, as usual, early I arose;
" And, being much in contemplative mood,
" A favorite volume in my hand I took;
" Forthwith I hasten'd to the fragrant fields,
" When—so with Nature's beauties was I charm'd,
" And so my bosom burn'd with thought profound,
" That fast I wander'd, quite unheedful where,
" Until a Common, spacious to the view,
" With bushy fern and spreading weeds o'ergrown,
" My steps oppos'd; at once I gaz'd around,
" But neither beaten path or public road
" Appear'd at hand; confus'd again I sped
" Through fields unknown; at length I reach'd a brook,
" Whose mazy stream in softest murmurs flow'd,
" Laving the verdure of a meadow fair;
" Fainting with thirst, and wearied out with heat,
" I instant, gladly, of its lucid wave
" Drank copious draughts. As there I lonely sat,
" And much distress'd because no friendly track
" Mine eyes perceiv'd, that probably would guide

" Me back with certainty to where I dwell,
" Or aught of human to enquiry make,
" By chance I look'd to where a stately row
" Of elms and oaks, in pleasing order rang'd,
" Their branches spread; again, with anxious heart,
" I kenn'd the scene, and much was I o'erjoy'd
" For that a cloud of curling smoke I saw
" Arise in air. I hasten'd to the spot
" From whence, within this Paradise enclos'd,
" Thy Cot appear'd; adown a winding way,
" That help'd beguile a little hill's descent,
" With speed I journey'd, and thy door approach'd;
" Nor knew I where to have repose obtain'd,
" Or food procur'd, if, haply I had 'scap'd
" Thy welcome dwelling, and thine aid humane.
" And now, my hunger and my thirst repress'd,
" Of thee I fain the nearest road would know
" That leads direct to where NUMANTON lies;
" Its distance also from this place, pray speak;
" For greatly I my late faint spirits feel

" Cheer'd by thy kindness, and my feet restor'd
" Again to strength, I gladly would pursue
" My destin'd course, as sober evening's shades
" Will o'er the tranquil world resume e'er long
" Their wonted reign; but much should I rejoice
" If, generous Man, I just return could make
" For favors shewn; accept then, I entreat,
" A present small, as pledge of mine esteem:"
So saying, forth a piece of gold he drew
From silken purse, and bade, with urgent speech,
His ancient Host the shining charm receive;
When instant thus the good old Man rejoin'd.

" Thanks to thee, LONDON, for the proof thou giv'st
" Of will to serve me by thy proffer'd gold,
" Which if I take, ah, how within my breast
" Will Conscience stern declare in time of need,
" *Devoid of Interest*, I the hungry fed,
" And, *unrewarded*, eas'd the traveller's toil?
" If, gentle Youth, thy money I accept,

" By me no act of kindness will be shewn,
" But rather will it tell I own a soul
" Quite *callous* to my fellow-man's distress,
" And *selfish* too; who dar'd not comfort yield
" To one fatigu'd, and wandering from his way,
" *Unrecompens'd*: put then within thy purse
" The boon design'd, for great are mine amends,
" That I an humble instrument have been
" To give thee help;—but (rising from his chair,
" As though afraid the goodness of the Youth
" Again would tempt him to renewal make
" Of proffer'd gift) from hence, if right I guess,
" Thy dwelling place, NUMANTON, lies at least
" Some dozen miles; approach with me, I pray:"
This said, he led him to the Cottage door,
And, with his finger pointing to the right,
To him thus spake:

" See'st thou yon lofty hill,
" Whose summit broad with towering firs is crown'd,

" That pierce the clouds? adjoining is a road
" Discover'd plainly by thy youthful eyes,
" But not by mine, now almost dim with age,
" Which far the nearest to NUMANTON leads;
" But as thou, LODON, much to-day hast walk'd,
" I wish thee tarry in my Cot to-night;
" Soon, as thou said'st, still evening will extend
" Her mantle grey, when cheerless thou wouldst tread
" The way alone :—I pray thee, therefore, stay;
" And if thou choose, at morrow's earliest dawn
" To take thy journey, willingly I'll rise,
" And with thee travel 'till thy feet have gain'd
" The path unerring to thy distant home."

When LODON thus; " I thank thee, generous Man,
" Thine offer is most opportunely made,
" And fain within thy quiet Cot till morn
" I'd rest my head; for yon late beauteous sky,
" Sudden in gathering, gloomy mists, obscur'd,
" Portends much rain; and joyless should I walk

" Some dozen miles, where ne'er I was before,
" In beating showers: though, gladly I ere dark
" Would reach NUMANTON, as may hap return
" From neighbouring town, where yestermorn he went,
" My Father; than whom never yet liv'd one
" More tender, who, not knowing where I am,
" May sorely grieve that tidings of his son
" He cannot hear; and *bad that child must be,*
" *Who, maugre all a doating parent's love,*
" *Or by indifference cold, or purpos'd act,*
" *Would dare distress the feelings of his soul.*"

Reply'd the Rustic: " Joyful I perceive
" Thy virtuous bosom to thy parent fraught
" With due affection; and that he should mourn
" In tears the absence of a son like thee,
" I wonder not; I love thee, noble youth!
" *And Heaven will love thee*; and when hoary age
" Shall on thee creep, and on thy polish'd brow,

" Where not a wrinkle can the eye discern,
" Plant his deep furrows, and make grey thy locks,
" As these that scanty on my head appear,
" My boding spirit tells me thou shalt have
" From thine own offspring all th' obedience paid,
" And fond attention, thou thyself art wont
" To render constant to thy parent blest;
" Thy filial duty wins my gladden'd heart;
" And I could throw these arms around thy neck,
" And, hanging o'er thee, press thee to my breast,
" Weeping for joy. Come in, thou shalt not go!
" For I will travel, feeble as I am,
" Forthwith to where NUMANTON village lies,
" And ease thy Father of his sad suspense
" (If thou surmise he is at home return'd)
" Rather than thou, beloved youth! afresh
" Shalt tire, at such a dreary hour of eve,
" Thy feet, yet scarcely from fatigue restor'd."

This having said, he once more LODON led

Beneath his roof, and to the social fire
Him bade draw near; meanwhile the Matron grave,
With quicken'd step, and countenance that told
The joy she felt to view her guest again
Within her humble dwelling-place return,
The cloven brand and bundled faggots pil'd
High on the hearth; for hasty from the sky,
That still more pregnant look'd with lowering clouds,
The cold-breeze sprang. Long had not LODON sat,
When, as he happ'd to ken the lattice through,
He, full of wonder, at short distance, saw
A female figure, busily employ'd
The cowslips culling, and the flowerets wild,
That near the Cottage in profusion vast
The lawn bedeck'd, and with their odour rich
Loaded the pinions of the zephyrs mild,
That or the radiance bless'd of opening morn,
Or sable aspect of the closing eve:
Forth she had wander'd to the neighbouring fields,
And posies gather'd to adorn her Cot

In rural pride; from whence, returning home,
She just had stoop'd to pick a fragrant knot,
Whose ample blossoms to her lovely eyes
Look'd temptingly, when LODON her beheld,
And, fir'd with transport at the pleasing sight
(For powerful NATURE, spite of Stoic faith,
Or *sovereign grace*, which canting bigots boast,
Herself will shew in every age and clime)
He, anxious, thus the Matron grave bespake:

" Oh, say what Nymph who culls on yonder bank
" Its flowerets fair? for ne'er have I before
" So vast a blaze of blooming beauty seen;
" And if her *Mind* be perfect as her form,
" How blest that Youth whom Providence shall make
" Her wedded Mate! Say, venerable Dame,
" The Virgin who, and where the happy house
" In which she dwells?"

To whom the Matron, thus:

" The Maid thou speak'st of is MIRANDA nam'd;
" And with us lives: a worthy Girl she is;
" Nor are the graces, LODON, thou art pleas'd
" To say so brightly all her person deck,
" Her chiefest boast; far richer is her soul
" With *Virtue* stock'd, than are with Beauty's charms
" Her face and shape; but, see, she hither comes,
" With store of cowslips laden to array
" Our little Cot, and ween I much the Maid
" Will wonder who thou, gentle LODON, art,
" That thus vouchsaf'st within these walls to rest
" To-night thine head."

Enter'd MIRANDA now—
When LODON rose, and, with a courteous air,
Obeisance made; which instant she return'd,
With artless manners, and a glance that told
Her great surprize; nor can the muse declare
The varied passions that young LODON's breast
Pervaded swift: trembled his frame so much,

That e'en his knees against each other smote;
And fix'd he on her such a tender smile,
As ting'd all o'er the peerless beauty's cheeks
With deeper tints than e'er were wont to grace
Fam'd SHARON'S rose,* of all the flowery tribe
By far the sweetest bounteous Nature yields!
The Maiden's stature was of middle size;
And blest HYGEIA, in her angel face,
Conspicuous sat; together where combin'd
The blushing crimson's and the lily's hue;
Like polish'd ivory her neck appear'd;
In whiteness too, her full, round bosom, far
The snows exceeded that on Alpine hills
Eternal lie; and at each ardent look
Bestow'd by LODON, with resistless force

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* *Fam'd Sharon's rose*:—I have seen a remark made by some author (whom I cannot at present recollect) that the Roses of Sharon were not only famous for their exceeding sweetness of smell, but for the peculiar beauty of their tints.

It heav'd amain in palpitations wild
The envied kerchief, modestly which veil'd
Its fragrant beauties; while her fine blue eyes
Such piercing rays of radiant luſtre shot
As fill'd the smitten Youth's faſt throbbing heart
With quenchless love. Plain was the Virgin's dress;
Yet look'd she fairer, in her simple garb,
Than e'er, in guilt's most splendid trappings deck'd,
Did THAIS fam'd,* whose potent charms subdu'd
That mighty Monarch, who, with vengeful sword,
Slew half Mankind, and soak'd this goodly world
With human gore.

And now the Matron grave
Of LODON's visit to MIRANDA quick

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* *Did Thais fam'd:* Thais was a famous courtezan of Athens, who accompanied Alexander in his Aſiatic conqueſts, and gained ſuch an aſcendancy over him, that she caused him to burn the Royal Palace of Persepolis.

The cause declar'd; when, thus, the peerless Maid
(Her cheeks still dy'd in blushes like the morn
At LODON's glance, that oft the feelings spake
Which rul'd his soul) the tender Youth address'd:

"Happy I am for that thy feet fatigu'd
"A place of ease have, gentle Stranger, found
"Within our Cot; simple, indeed, it is;
"But where *Contentment* blest and *Peace* reside,
"To us far dearer than are halls of State,
"Where restless strife and giddy tumult rule
"The live-long hours; and much of joy sincere
"I know my Guardians in their bosoms feel
"(*I call them Parents,* though I not from them
"My being drew, for, with paternal care
"And love unbounded, me their guiding hands
"Have ever nurtur'd from the earliest dawn
"Of helpless infancy to years mature)
"That they the humble instruments have been
"Of yielding sustenance and needful aid

" To one, who faint, and wandering from his home,
" Relief requir'd :—when, straightway, LODON, thus.

" Fair Maid! with *gratitude* my soul o'erflows
" To all who 'neath this hospitable roof
" So friendly deign such favor to confer
" On me, unknown; if, in this lov'd abode,
" Ye kindly for me had not shelter found,
" I haply might, amid the rattling storm"
(For now swift rain in copious torrents fell,
And frequent claps of awful thunder shook
Heaven's wide expanse, while the dread lightning's blaze,
Tremendous darting through the air opaque,
The whole of Nature's late enchanting face,
In one terrific scene of gloom deform'd)
" Have wandering been; nor never, lovely Maid! 635
" While breath I draw, shall I unmindful be
" Of this thy grace; and, though to distant climes,
" Business of import will compel me soon
" To bend my course, yet, to this happy Cot

" With fond reflection will my mind revert,
" And oft a tear will roll adown my cheeks
" At thought how far I shall be sunder'd then
" From where thou dwell'st; but, gladly would I hear
(His earnest speech, with complaisant address,
Directing forthwith to the aged Man)
" Since stay I 'neath thy welcome roof to night,
" Thy lips th' adventures of thy life declare,
" And what induc'd thee in this tranquil spot
" To fix thy home; for, if I guess aright,
" Thou once hast mingled with the world, and seen
" Of Mankind much;—thy narrative, my Host,
" Will fail not gaining mine attentive ear."

To whom the Rustic, kindly, thus reply'd:

" With heartfelt pleasure, LONDON, will I speak
" The tale requir'd: and though I fear th' account
" Of trials grievous, and a brother's faults,
" Will yield thee pain: yet, joyful, I presume,

" Feels thy young bosom that my lips declare
" From all the cares and troubles of the world
" (For so hath order'd Providence divine)
" A lov'd asylum, I, at length, have found
" In this recess.

" SEBASTIAN I am call'd,
" And LONDON is the place where first I drew
" The vital air; a city, whose great name,
" Distinguish'd highly, FAME's loud trump resounds
" From pole to pole; whose throng'd and numerous streets,
" Old CAIRO's equal; and, where hell-bred VICE,
" Big with ten thousand captivating arts,
" And heaven-born VIRTUE blushing like the rose,
" Or fair AURORA, goddess of the morn,
" To view her rival spread her guileful snares,
" Their thrones maintain. From thence my Father us'd
" Frequent to send full many a gallant ship
" To where, beyond the vast atlantic flood,
" COLUMBIA lies. Three sons my Parents had;

" The second I ; and o'er the mighty deep
" Was sent the eldest, in his eighteenth year,
" To urge the settlement of ample sums,
" A long time due : my tender Mother sunk
" In Death's cold arms, 'ere I had barely seen
" Ten fleeting twelve-months o'er my head revolve ;
" And my fond Father for her heavy loss
" From morn to night the lonely hours bewail'd,
" And sorely pin'd. At length, across the main
" *He* also sped, my Brother to assist,
" Leaving his youngest (EDWARD) and myself
" In school immur'd. A short time only he
" Had safe been landed on COLUMBIA's shore,
" When found he the full confidence he'd plac'd
" In some, who ow'd him to a vast amount,
" And who by letter frequently were wont,
" Before embark'd he from his native land,
" To own the warmest wishes for his weal,
" And much of poverty extreme complain,
" Was vision all : for they, replete with guile,

" Evaded payment, and in splendor liv'd;
" Whilst he, poor Man! their villainy deplor'd,
" Which, added to my late dear Mother's death,
" So much upon his wounded spirits press'd,
" That soon within the narrow tomb he fell
" A prey to grief; and all th' effects he had
" Were quick dispos'd of to discharge the claims
" In England made. Mine eldest Brother still
" Remain'd abroad, and, in a Merchant's store,
" Got settled well; when shortly from him reach'd
" My hands a letter, in kind language couch'd,
" Me strongly urging speedy to embark,
" On board some vessel for NEW YORK design'd,
" And enter on employment for me found
" By that same Merchant whom his lot 'twas then
" To serve himself. Prepar'd I now to go,
" But first (as much my Brother had desir'd)
" I took a journey to a town in Kent,
" To place young EDWARD with mine Uncle, who
" (Far in the vale of waning life advanc'd)

" Resided there. A bachelor he was ;
" And me he lov'd with as sincere a love
" As ever yet a tender Father's heart,
" Or softer bosom of a Mother warm'd :
" Well I remember, in mine infant years,
" He oft would take me to the neighbouring fields,
" And cull me flowers, or seek the verdant hedge,
" And, cautious climbing up its easy side,
" From the wide spreading elder-tree procure
" Its pithy limb ; and, pleas'd, upon the grafs,
" Himself sit down, whilst near him I would press,
" And, much impatient, watch him carve me neat
" The sounding pop-gun, or the whistle shrill :
" A small estate the good old Man possess'd,
" That brought him nearly fifty pounds a year,
" And which he us'd t'assure me should be mine,
" And only mine whenever grisly Death
" Should in the narrow and the silent grave
" His body lay ; but then, although a child,
" In tears I oft lamented when he told

" The mournful story that the time would come
" When he must die—he was so very kind!
" And now my younger Brother with him plac'd,
" I took my leave, with such an aching heart
" As all the power of language would in vain
" Attempt to tell; and such a scene occurr'd
" As never will my memory escape,
" Though I of fam'd METHUSELAH were doom'd
" To live the age: his arms around my neck,
" My poor old Uncle in distraction threw,
" While down his cheeks a copious stream evinc'd
" The poignant pangs of anguish that oppress'd
" His tender soul." " Ah" then, aloud he cry'd,
" No more, my dear SEBASTIAN, shall I see
" Thy face belov'd! thou, whom so oft I've borne,
" When in thy childhood, to yon pleasant fields,
" And whom so frequently with careful hand
" (Whilst tripp'd thy young feet o'er the gravell'd walks
" To thee well-known, that round the garden range)
" I've fondly led—no more shall I behold!

" Haply before COLUMBIA's distant land
" Thine eyes descry, shall my weak, tottering frame,
" In dust be laid; for nearly threescore years
" Have I already, my SEBASTIAN, breath'd
" The breath of life; therefore, what hope remains
" That e'er again within my warm embrace
" Shall I, with rapture, to my panting heart
" Thee closely clasp? All, my SEBASTIAN, all
" On earth I boast, is thine, and thine alone;
" It is the last fond token I can yield
" To prove how dear, SEBASTIAN, to my soul
" Thou e'er hast been since first thy little tongue
" Its accents lisp'd; and, oh my darling Boy!
" May righteous Heaven abundant on thy head
" Its blessings shower—adieu—my Child, adieu!
" Like this he sorrow'd; whilst with grief o'ercome,
" I almost, LODON, like a statue stood,
" And drown'd in tears. My younger Brother then
" Some feeling had, for, likewise, down his cheeks
" Conspicuous, fast, the briny torrent ran;

" And much he mourn'd because he could not sail
" With me abroad. Would GOD that he had gone!
" How many a heart-ache sore on his account
" Should I have 'scap'd!

" A gallant ship there was,
" The Thetis nam'd, in which my Father oft
" Had sent large cargoes, to a vast amount,
" Of sundry wares: her Captain knew me well,
" And press'd me strongly for NEW YORK t'embark
" With him on board; my passage he affirm'd
" Should nothing cost, because so much he priz'd
" My late dear Sire. Full twenty guns she had
" (For though a *trading Ship* she plow'd the deep,
" She thus was arm'd, in case occasion call'd,
" To check the foe, as Spain with England then
" Had lately quarrell'd, and a War commenc'd)
" And forty tars, as valiant as e'er dar'd
" The wide sea brave. From Thames's stream, renown'd,
" One charming day our warlike vessel sail'd—

" (I then had enter'd on my sixteenth year)
" And favoring winds our spreading canvass stretch'd
" The channel down; but, when Britannia's cliffs
" Receded swiftly from my lingering sight,
" I felt a something all my bosom move
" Most feelingly; and, too, my mind conceiv'd
" How many dangers I might undergo,
" And how uncertain much the time again
" Mine eager eyes transported should behold
" My Brother—Uncle—and my native shore.
" Sped we our course until a headland high,
" Well known to seamen, and " Cape-Clear" yclepp'd
" Bold to our view from off the deck appear'd,
" At distance short; when quickly we observ'd
" By dint of glass, away to westward far,
" A lofty ship, that strait toward us steer'd
" With crowded sails; so wide were we apart,
" That not a man of all our nimble crew,
" Who up the shrouds and towering topmasts climb'd
" To gain a sight, could aught perceive whereby

" To form opinion what the force she bore,
" Or whence she came. Nearer she now approach'd,
" And nearer still; when, waving to the gale,
" Our Captain, fraught with boundless joy descry'd
" The flag of Spain! Instant were order'd all
" Our daring tars to fit their gallant ship
" For dreadful fight; confusion great prevail'd;
" And dire the noise of cannon, that on board
" Tremendous roll'd. Now drew the foe so near,
" That plainly we, with naked eye, discern'd
" At least she forty ponderous guns sustain'd;
" Thick crowded, too, her every part was seen
" With hapless mortals then on Death's dread brink,
" Who hung impending; soon their bodies doom'd,
" In slaughter'd heaps, to load th' ensanguin'd decks,
" And sink, uncoffin'd, in the briny wave!

" And now had met within a furlong's space
" The hostile ships; when instantly our crew,
" With shouts tremendous, loudly made resound

" Heaven's concave high, and to the bloody work,
" Like hungry lions, who in Libyan wilds
" Terrific combat o'er their hapless prey,
" Or savage tygers, that amid the woods
" Of distant India for their female, war,
" Fell furiously. Oh, ne'er shall I forget
" The horrid carnage of that fatal day!
" Nor how our Captain pac'd the quarter-deck
" With cutlass drawn, the while his wrathful eyes,
" And brow contracted, told what anger rul'd
" His fearless soul. Methinks I see him now
" Stalk dreadful, and, regardless of the balls
" That round about us and above our heads
" (As sped they viewless through the yielding air)
" Whistled aloud! methinks I hear him, too,
" With voice Stentorian, frequently command
" (His speech with many an execration fraught)
" His hardy seamen ply their deathful guns,
" And pour incessant on th' opposing foe
" Their thunder dire! What mighty tremors seiz'd

" Mine every nerve ! my very blood ran cold,
" At thought how nearly on the verge of Death
" I border'd ; for within a cable's length
" Now rag'd the fight ; and, when the MURDERING TUBES
" I saw propell'd from out the Spaniard's side,
" That in a line direct to us appear'd,
" I deem'd my fainting spirit would have left
" Its earthly clod. The Captain saw my fear
" (For hitherto, by his stern order, I
" Above remain'd to help the vessel clear)
" And with an oath, and rigid frown, me bade
" Attend his side, declaring I with him
" Should never dare betray a coward soul,
" For that he knew my late lost Father well,
" And lov'd him much ; and, as the valu'd son
" Of one for whom he harbor'd such esteem,
" With him the post of *honor* I should share,
" And *danger* too. Then, near to where he stood,
" To all the thunder of the fight expos'd,
" I took my place, and what support I could

" Reluctant gave, amid one hideous roar
" Of huge artillery, that assail'd mine ears
" With deafening noise ; and frequently I saw
" (For we the windward of the foe had gain'd)
" Full many a sever'd limb and mangled corpse
" From off the Spaniard's wide ensanguin'd decks
" Toss'd to the main ; and greatly was I griev'd
" To hear the bosom-rending groans arise
" Of such poor seamen as around me lay
" Sore wounded, and in piteous plaints implor'd
" Some hand humane to deal the welcome blow,
" And quickly rid them of their piercing pangs !
" Oh, then, in bitterness of soul, I curs'd,
" As I all trembling view'd the reeking ship,
" Those *fiends of darkness* who, with wanton power,
" For *merest trifles*, bring upon Mankind
" Destructive War ! but, if a GOD there be,
" His awful vengeance, though it slumber long,
" Will one day rouse, and on their guilty heads,
" *With thrice ten thousand hottest thunders, arm'd,*
" Its fury hurl !

" Within the cabin deep,
" Amongst the passengers, who crowded there
" To seek a place of safety from the fight,
" A lovely female in distraction fled;
" Her shape was all that beauty's self can boast,
" And in her arms an infant she embrac'd,
" Who never yet eight changing moons had seen;
" Eager she press'd it to her throbbing breast,
" And o'er it fondly hung with streaming eyes,
" And fearful look; trembling she gaz'd around,
" And as the warlike ship, at each discharge
" Of thundering cannon, shiver'd to the roar,
" She shriek'd amain, and nearer to her heart
" Her baby claps'd; but, ah, not long she shriek'd!
" For, big with slaughter, and horrific crash,
" Through the tall vessel's side of solid oak,
" As swift as e'er the vivid lightning shot
" Athwart the boundless regions of the sky,
" The huge ball flew, and all her angel form
" Mangled terrific, and in gore embrued!

" Dropp'd the sweet infant from her loosen'd grasp
" At once, unhurt, but with its Parent's blood
" Hideous besmear'd! Ah, how my bosom vex'd
" On recollection of its hapless fate;
" For no fond Mother now remain'd to kiss
" Its little lips; to dandle it on knee,
" And rear its youth! Its tender Father, too,
" Who two years scarcely with his blooming bride
" Had known the transports of connubial love,
" And who, four months before us, the wide main
" Had cross'd, to get in decent order plac'd
" Their happy home; who waited her approach
" With all th' impatience that a lover warm
" To view the mistress of his soul can feel;
" No more was destin'd to behold again
" Her charming face; to hang upon her neck
" Dissolv'd in rapture, and, upon her lips,
" That or the rose or coral's hue surpass'd,
" Impress the frequent and impassion'd kiss!
" No, wretched Husband! WAR, destructive WAR!

" Then cruel robb'd thee of thy chiefest joy,
" And, in the stead of sharing thy caress,
" Deep in the bosom of the sea ingulph'd
" Thy partner sunk, thee leaving long to mourn,
" In poignant anguish, her untimely fall !"

Whilst thus the venerable Rustic spake,
Fast trickled down MIRANDA's lovely cheeks
The chrystal tears; when the good Matron rose,
And sorely pain'd to see her darling grieve,
(Herself unable to repress the drop
That glistening trembled in her aged eye)
On her sweet mouth such warm salutes bestow'd
As fill'd with envy (if of envy aught
Could dare within its mansion pure obtrude)
Young LODON's breast; and, if or INDIA's wealth,
Or the more boundless riches of PERU,
His own had been, all would he, gladly, then
Have instant yielded to imprint one half
The tender kisses on her ruby lips

The Matron did. Again, the Maid she kiss'd;
And with most kindly words, and civil air,
Conjur'd her cheer her wounded spirits up,
Nor tears indulge; but (turning to her seat)
Attend the story. Oft the Maid had heard
The tale recited; and, as often, too,
Her beating breast, of Sympathy compos'd,
Dissolv'd in grief. LODON her case beheld,
When, swift as thought, the soft infection seiz'd
His bosom all. Pity subdu'd them both;
And, in her apron, straight the weeping Maid,
To hide her feelings, low her head reclin'd,
And veil'd her face; nor utterance awhile
Could either find. At length, distress'd to view
The peerless beauty so in sorrow drown'd,
And quite unable longer to resist
The potent impulse of his stifled love,
Her hand he grasp'd—(oh, then, how thrill'd his frame,
Whilst in his own her taper fingers he
With ardor held!) and, with a faultering tongue,
And throbbing heart, her quickly thus address'd:

" Cease, fair MIRANDA ! cease these falling tears,
" That wound my soul ; nor longer will I urge
" The good SEBASTIAN to pursue the tale
" With woe replete ; and, tho' I much desir'd,
" The while I tarry'd 'neath this peaceful roof,
" To hear, obligingly, his lips declare
" His chequer'd life, yet fain would I forego
" The favor ask'd, if thou, beloved Maid !
" Feel at the narrative thy tender breast
" So sorely grieve ; for joyless proves to me
" What hurts thy peace."

When thus the artless fair,
Withdrawing gently from his earnest hold
Her trembling hand ; and quick unveiling, too,
Her radiant eyes, that with as chaste a look
As e'er PENELOPE renown'd bestow'd,
When rival suitors fir'd with passion vied
Each day by prayers importunate to win
Her plighted favor from her absent lord,

Or fam'd LUCRETIA, pride of ancient ROME
(That once great mistress of the subject world!)
Who, deeming her existence of no worth
After the wrongs by SEXTUS' lust receiv'd,
Deep in her breast the fatal dagger plung'd,
On LODON fix'd—the generous Youth bespake:

"I thank thee, LODON, for th' attention kind
"Thou pay'st my tears; but so the Mother's death,
"The wretched Father's and dear Infant's loss,
"Oppress my soul (though oft the sad account
"Mine ears have heard) that I, methinks, could weep
"Until the fountains of mine eyes no more
"Produce t' alleviate my grief acute
"One briny drop. Oh, why, in bloody WARS
"Will *Men*, possess'd of sacred *Reason's* gift,
"Engage with *Men?* Their *native lands*, alone,
"Afford far more than Nature's wants demand;
"And yet, to gain, perchance, some distant isle
"Whose produce only serves to heap the board

" Of pampering LUXURY's devoted sons,
" And which, attain'd, the healths of thousands blasts,
" They rush to WAR, and leave their happy homes,
" And all the comforts that domestic life
" Supremely yields! For this, the tender bride
" Laments the absence of her wedded love
" From morn till night, from lonely night till morn,
" Whilst busy Fancy to her mind portrays
" In frightful colours him to view expos'd,
" (By pseudo's *honor's* baseless charms allur'd)
" Terrific, plunging through th' ensanguin'd field
" O'er heaps of carnage, reckless of the deaths
" That round him thunder in a thousand forms.
" Oh, speed the day, Almighty Father, speed!
" When to the ploughshare shall the bloody sword,
" And deadly spears to pruning-hooks be turn'd;
" When horrid WAR shall cease its baneful reign,
" And *Love* and *Friendship* link a happy world!
" But now, my Parent, (turning to him quick)
" I pray thee speak the sequel of the tale,

" For much I wish to hear it once again,
" And think I that my feelings will no more
" Its course impede, as is already told
" What most to anguish moves the breast humane."

To which request the venerable Man,
With kindly speech entreating first the Maid
(As just before had done the Matron grave)
To check her grief and wipe her falling tears,
Compliant, thus, his narrative resum'd.

" Two hours had now the dreadful strife prevail'd,
" When, bursting from the sky, the driving gale
" O'er the vast bosom of the mighty deep
" Impetuous swept, which seasonable aid,
" Seiz'd the glad Spaniards; for, with canvass strain'd,
" Fled they before us, leaving far behind
" Our crippled ship. Enrag'd our Captain stamp'd
" The quarter-deck, and swore no harder luck
" Had e'er to lot of British seaman fallen,
" For that he judg'd, as certain as his eyes

" Around him view'd the watry billows roll,
" The foe his own, and that in triumph he
" Should back have tow'd her to old England's shore,
" His trophy proud. The chace he would have urg'd;
" But so our mainmast, sails, and lofty yards,
" And running rigging, by the Spanish balls
" Were cut and torn, that plainly he perceiv'd
" The hope was vain of bringing to fresh fight
" The flying bark: nor trifling was our loss;
" For six brave fellows, all in manhood's prime,
" Just as the thunder of the War commenc'd,
" Fell instant slain, and sorely wounded eight
" Below were taken to the Surgeon's care,
" Groaning aloud, of whom the icy hand
" Of Death, that awful " King of Terrors,' clos'd,
" Ere the next morning dawn'd upon the world,
" The eyes of five, who, like the former six,
" The earliest victims to the direful fray,
" We straightway, with most melancholy hearts,
" In hammocks wrapp'd, to which we shot affix'd,

" And, weeping, plung'd amid the vast abyss.

" On these the last kind offices conferr'd,
" A period we upon the salt-waves lay,
" To mend the rigging, and the sails repair,
" Which last appear'd surpassing all belief,
" With bullets pierc'd; for lofty fir'd the foe,
" Or worse by far Destruction must have rag'd
" Amongst our crew; but, during all the fight,
" Our daring Captain strictly charg'd his tars
" To point their thunder at the Spaniard's decks,
" Where stalk'd, in all his mightiest terrors clad,
" Insatiate Death! Well I remember once
" Had we our enemy so near approach'd,
" That down his scuppers clearly I observ'd
" The warm-blood run: Oh, how I shudder'd then!
" But Providence through all the murdering work,
" With watchful eye, and guiding hand preserv'd
" My person safe; for which, while breath is mine,
" My grateful heart shall fail not to betsow
" Unfeigned thanks.

" Refitted now our ship,
" Swiftly before the favoring breeze we sped,
" And oft our Captain of the recent strife
" Would much discourse, and, with tremendous oaths,
" The adverse fortune of the day deplore,
" Because the Spaniard, aided by the gale,
" His reach escap'd. One morn to me he came,
" As o'er our gallant vessel's side I lean'd,
" Alone there musing on the luckless fate
" Of those so lately to the deep consign'd,
" And of me in a merry mood enquir'd
" How the soft music of the guns I lik'd,
" And smell of powder,"—saying, " that as long
" As I the genial breath of life should draw
" To him I much indebted must remain,
" For that he made me on the quarter-deck
" My station take, and bear with him a part
" In all the glory of the dreadful fight;
" And that I had it in my power to boast
" Whene'er in cheerful company I mix'd,

" And felt the action to relate dispos'd,
" That in its thickest thunder, all the time,
" I bravely stood, nor trembling skulk'd below,
" As did the rest of passengers, through fear,
" Who with us sail'd,"—" To which, remembrance tells,
" Although so young, I readily reply'd,
" That if *renown* or *glory* be attain'd
" By acts like these, of *neither* would I wish
" Again to share, and rather would I far
" (Were I of *influence* and *wealth* possess'd)
" In some lone corner meditate how best
" *To ease the various miseries of Man,*
" Than live the greatest Hero that e'er yet
" Deriv'd his *honors* from his thousands slain
" In horrid WAR; or reign the scepter'd Lord,
" Or trophied Conqueror, of a bleeding world.

" Still plow'd our tall-bark through th' Atlantic flood
" With favoring winds, nor aught of import happ'd
" The worth relating, LODON, to thine ears,

" Until we near COLUMBIA's coast approach'd;
" When, on a morn, about the hour of nine,
" Big to our view the wide horizon round,
" Look'd with black gloom. Our Captain shorten'd sail,
" For much he deem'd the lowering clouds surcharg'd
" With tempest dire; more lurid still they grew;
" At length, loud whistling o'er the watry world,
" The fierce gale burst, and hurl'd the tortur'd waves
" Rapid across our gallant vessel's decks,
" In whiten'd mountains, dreadful to behold!
" Never before observ'd mine eyes the main
" So awful rise, nor ever had mine ears
" Heard the conflicting elements resound
" Such uproar huge! Far would the frothy flood
" Terrific mount above our lofty masts,
" Our tall-bark leaving in th' abyss below
" Profoundly sunk; and oft I shook amain
" To view them, foaming, high amid the air,
" Above each other roll with frightful noise,
" And seem as, in their hideous fury, they

" Would instant, downward falling on our heads,
" Within old Ocean's briny bed our ship
" Plunge deep ingulph'd. Amain increas'd the gale,
" And drove we swiftly toward a rocky point
" A few leagues distant, whose fell crags scarce lay
" But two short fathom (as the chart inform'd)
" From sight conceal'd. Trembled our Captain, then,
" Far more than when the recent conflict rag'd,
" To all its horrors, on the quarter-deck,
" He stood expos'd. Confusion great prevail'd
" Again on board; and straight the crew prepar'd
" (The more to buoyant make the laboring ship)
" With aching bosoms, through the spacious ports,
" The ponderous cannon in the deep to throw
" (*Would that all instruments of War were there!**)
" That fell loud thundering, and the billows salt

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* In this sentiment I have too much reason to fear there are thousands who will not concur with me: but I hope *every good man will.*

" Around wide dash'd. This needful task perform'd,
" Our Captain bade the towering masts be cut
" Close by the deck, affirming this resource
" The last, unhappy, which remain'd to save
" A little longer from the jaws of death
" Our hapless lives; and recommending, too,
" That we should offer our petitions up,
" In this our jeopardy, and beg of GOD
" To grant his mercy. Then, what fears engross'd
" My youthful breast! and hard I thought my fate
" That I the bloody conflict had surviv'd,
" And, when so near our destin'd port approach'd,
" To perish thus! Whilst lost to every hope,
" *Destruction* plainly to us all appear'd
" (So kindly will'd Omnipotence divine!)
" Sudden the sky a brighter hue assum'd,
" And the dire gale, that erst so furious rag'd,
" Subsided fast; while Ocean, lately vex'd,
" And piled in foaming mountains to the clouds,
" Roll'd gentle, as is seen in Summer hours

" The placid streamlet, that, or through the mead
" Or marshy low-lands, takes it wonted course.

" New York, at length, our gallant vessel reach'd,
" Nor words the happiness can speak I felt,
" When to my mind the frequent thought occurr'd
" That I no longer reason had to dread
" The various dangers my foreboding heart
" Had oft, in melancholy mood, conceiv'd
" Attended those who o'er the mighty main
" Their journey take. Close to the wharf arriv'd,
" In transport lost, from off the ship's-side I
" Immediate sprang; and scarcely had my feet
" Once more on welcome terra-firma trod,
" When, my lov'd brother (who, for many a day,
" Had wont to walk along the river's bank,
" With anxious breast, and eager eyes, to view
" If from Britannia aught of bark approach'd,
" For by a packet which a month or more
" Before us sail'd, a letter had I sent,

" Him telling, that to plow th' Atlantic flood,
" On board the THETIS, ere another moon
" Should cease to shed her lustre on the world,
" I fully purpos'd) in his circling arms
" Me closely press'd, and, drown'd in tears of joy,
" My safe arrival at COLUMBIA's shore
" Sincerely hail'd! A tender soul he had,
" And doated he upon me from the hour
" We first together in our childhood days
" Pursu'd our sports; nor loving JOSEPH wept
" More fondly when his BENJAMIN he kiss'd,
" What time in Egypt over all he rul'd
" (Excepted PHARAOH's royal self alone)
" The Lord supreme, than wept upon my neck
" My Brother now! Much of young EDWARD he
" In ENGLAND left, most anxiously enquir'd,
" And wish'd *he* also with me had arriv'd,
" Because, he said, it would have joy'd him more
" Than mind can think, to have beneath his eye
" His brothers both, and, with fraternal care,

" To guard, as much as in his power might lie,
" Their rising youth from all th' alluring snares
" That lurk around; but, when to me he told
" How my late Father on the bed of pain
" Would often talk about his youngest son,
" And me, then far away on BRITAIN's shore,
" I thought my very heart-strings would have burst!
" And griev'd I sorely that relentless Death
" So soon had on him laid his icy hand,
" Nor suffer'd once more, ere he bade adieu,
" A long adieu, to all on earth he lov'd,
" Mine eyes to see him, and mine ears to hear
" A blessing on me by his lips pronounc'd!

" Now with the Merchant whom my Brother serv'd,
" Employ I gain'd; nor was my peace disturb'd,
" Save when, at times, a kind idea rush'd
" Within my breast of those to me so dear,
" Mine aged Uncle, and my Brother young:
" And, when my mind upon the distance vast

" And world of waters that between us lay
" Awhile did ponder, down my youthful cheeks
" The pearly tear of Sympathy extreme
" Would trickle fast. Much the good Merchant priz'd
" My Brother's service; he no *Son* could boast,
" To bless his age; a *Daughter* was his all,
" Whose beauty and accomplishments were such
" As scarce were equall'd; she GUSTAVUS lov'd
" (For that the name mine eldest Brother bore)
" Who, with a pure, disinterested soul,
" Her flame return'd. Gladly the Father saw
" Their fond attachment, and (in years advanc'd)
" Retir'd from business; when, in little space,
" My happy Brother to the altar led
" The beauteous Maid! Ere long the Merchant dy'd,
" GUSTAVUS leaving heir alone to all
" That he, industriously, for numerous years,
" By trade acquir'd. But short, alas, the joy
" GUSTAVUS shar'd! for not five twelve-months he
" Had known the raptures of a wedded life,

" When, through a cold, one fatal evening caught
" While home returning from a private ball,
" His blooming Consort in the arms of Death
" Untimely fell! nor e'er would he again
" Consent to take in sacred Hymen's bands
" A partner fair; for he was wont to think
" No other female could his love attract,
" So tenderly he doated on his dear,
" His late lost bride!

About this period 'twas
" That news unwelcome from our native land,
" My Brother's bosom and mine own distress'd;
" And, though it be not grateful to reveal
" The story sad, yet, as fair TRUTH requires
" The same be told—the same will I disclose.

" Well thou remember'st, LODON, has been said,
" I with my Uncle had behind in KENT
" Young EDWARD left. Sore griev'd my soul to hear,

" But shortly after I NEW-YORK had reach'd,
" That he a temper quite untoward shew'd ;
" And that he, too, continually, his time
" Most idly spent. A pretty lad he was,
" Of manners mild, and dutiful withal,
" Ag'd fourteen only, when of him I took
" The long farewell : but, now, my Uncle wrote
" Th' unhappy tidings, that his purse he oft
" Impoverish'd much ; and his declining days,
" By sad behaviour, with vexation fill'd ;
" And that, the nearer he approach'd to man,
" The more of wickedness his conduct spake,
" For he would frequent from his drawers purloin
" What little money he had there in store,
" And, with the same, immediately repair
" To LONDON, where, in indolence and vice,
" He lavish'd all ; nor scrupled he to waste
" His time and vigour in the wanton arms
" Of those frail fair ones who in brothels dwell,
" Until, poor Youth ! disease so on him prey'd,

" That from a ruddy stripling, in whose face
" Long life appear'd, when o'er the wave I went,
" He so was alter'd, that like one he look'd
" Who, by consumption, to the gaping grave
" Was dropping fast! This was the mournful tale
" My Uncle penn'd; nor this was all my grief!
" For sicken'd now apace GUSTAVUS, too,
" Who, from his infancy, had never much
" Of health enjoy'd. Pallid and weak he was,
" And follow'd shortly to an unknown world
" His tender bride, leaving divided what
" Of *ready money* he possess'd betwixt
" Myself and EDWARD, who alone surviv'd
" Our Parent's loss. I now was doing well;
" For mine was all the business that of late
" (And which he solely had to me bequeath'd)
" GUSTAVUS with most promising success
" Himself pursu'd; but what my peace destroy'd
" The recollection was of EDWARD's faults;
" And nearly had a twelve-month's space elaps'd

" Since from my loving Uncle I receiv'd
" Epistle kind. At length, from EDWARD came
" One, speaking much contrition for his deeds,
" And saying, that his Uncle him desir'd,
" Hence forward, to address me in his stead;
" As he was then so far in years advanc'd
" That fail'd his eye-sight, and he too was grown
" So very weak, that scarcely could he guide
" The feeble pen. I oft my Uncle wrote,
" Since that sad narrative of his I gain'd,
" In which so much of EDWARD he complain'd;
" But ne'er another, written by himself,
" Came afterward; I therefore deem'd as true
" What EDWARD said, concerning the decay
" His age produc'd; and frequent I inclin'd
" To hasten forthwith to my native shore,
" And try if strong entreaty would avail
" To cause my Brother to amend his life
" (For though of late he had to me declar'd
" He wail'd most bitterly his actions past,

" Yet of its truth I much in doubt remain'd)
" I purpos'd also, if it prudent seem'd,
" To pay him what GUSTAVUS had by will
" His portion made; or of it so dispose
" As that, in case advice he would not heed,
" He should, when sorry for the life he'd liv'd
" (For that I trusted one day would occur)
" Command a pittance which might help preserve
" From cheerless penury and want, his age.
" Howe'er, I deem'd it preferable far
" To write him what in person I at first
" Design'd to mention. Soon to me he sent,
" Me earnestly requesting to remit
" His lawful share; and promising that he
" The welcome sum would speedily employ
" Either in business or some other way
" As him should profit, and that I should find
" His future conduct full atonement make
" For failings past. His Uncle, he affirm'd
" As much of health enjoy'd as could be judg'd

" Of one so old, and kindly to me gave
" His love most tender. Raptur'd at the thought
" He now would all his wicked ways forego,
" (For so his vows induc'd me to believe)
" Nor deeming falsehood what beside he wrote,
" I shipp'd him, too precipitate perhaps,
" His rightful due; *five thousand pounds* it was;
" But from that moment, LONDON, not a line
" Receiv'd I from him, though I never fail'd
" When opportunity presented fit,
" To earnest pray some faithful friends exert
" Their utmost efforts, nor expence withhold
" T' enquire him out. At length, a vessel came
" Which me the tidings most distressing brought,
" That in the narrow and the silent grave
" My poor old Uncle months ago had dropp'd,
" Whose house immediately my brother made
" His own abode, and with some female liv'd,
" Who pass'd his Wife; but having found her false,
" She forthwith left him, taking with her all

" He had of money; then *he* disappear'd;
" And fruitless quite had each endeavour prov'd
" To gain a knowledge what he did for bread,
" Or where he wander'd; nor, as thou shalt hear
" Till long time after was I told his fate!

" And now, good LONDON, will thy bosom mourn
" To hear the sequel of my chequer'd life;
" And little thinkest thou that one possess'd
" Of such an ample competence should feel
" Want's chilling hand; but 'twas the will of GOD!
" And what he orders meekly we should bear.

" For fifteen years had I my business known
" To prosper well; when, having frugal liv'd,
" I found myself worth full *twelve thousand pounds*,
" (All debts discharg'd) and which consisted then
" Of costly wares that in my warehouse lay.
" About this period cherish'd I a wish
" To take a Wife, as more had I attain'd

" Than half the age by all-wise Heaven assign'd
" To mankind's lot. Chance threw me in the way
" To form acquaintance with the woman now
" Thou, LODON, view'st: we lov'd, and marry'd soon;
" And, oh, that every husband on his heart
" Could place his hand, affirming he can boast
" A mate so good! My business still increas'd;
" And three years almost in the nuptial state
" We both in highest happiness had liv'd,
" When little I or my dear MARY thought
" So near a trying circumstance approach'd
" That, from the topmost pinnacle of ease,
" Would plunge us, wretched, in the fangs of want
" And poignant woe! 'Twas on one fatal night,
" When drowsy SOMNUS had on mortals' eyes
" His dull-wand fix'd, and in his deepest gloom
" Reign'd WINTER stern, our dwelling-house and store
" In one huge mass of spreading flame appear'd!
" Rag'd, too, the wind with fury greater far
" Than e'er it had for many a month before;

" And which (oh how I tremble at the thought!)
" Swell'd the fierce blaze, and lifted high in air
" Its column vast, whose cracklings, even now
" Methinks I hear! Distraction seiz'd my soul!
" But, thanks to GOD! amid my deep despair,
" I snatch'd my MARY from the burning pile,
" And gain'd the street, where, dreadful to relate!
" Maugre the efforts of the crowd humane,
" Who what most timely aid they could bestow'd,
" I saw mine all beneath the ruthless fire
" In ruin sink, and which had only then
" A transient fortnight uninsur'd remain'd,
" Which short space during (for the first time, too,)
" Had I neglected, LONDON, to preserve
" From loss the value of what goods I had;
" A warning this to those in trade engag'd
" Not to omit insuring what of stock
" Their stores contain, as know not mortal men
" What dire misfortune e'en an hour may bring
" When most their property they think secure.

" A dear companion of my tender Wife
" Then with us dwelt: a widow she was left,
" And in her pregnancy so far advanc'd
" That every day suppos'd we would produce
" Th' expected birth: with wild confusion fill'd,
" She fled within a neighbour's house to find
" A place of refuge from the raging flames;
" And the next morning early to the world
" Came the sweet babe; but, with the fright o'ercome
" The parent dy'd, nor to lament her loss
" Not one or of her husband or herself
" Relation liv'd. My MARY priz'd her much;
" Nay, lov'd her with a tender sister's love;
" For they each other had a long time known,
" Nor e'er were sunder'd, save for little space,
" Since the pure fire within their faithful breasts
" Of sacred *friendſhip* first to glow began.
" Her name MIRANDA; and the child was nurs'd
" Without to us or trouble or expence,
" By one, who knew we with the fondest care

" It always cherish'd; and to it we gave
" The valu'd appellation which before
" Her Mother's was. The Maid thou now behold'st;
" And dearer to me is she, LODON, far
" Than or the tender apple of mine eye
" Or the warm life-drops of my throbbing heart!

" Thus, all the wealth I'd once to boast destroy'd,
" Nor having house which I could call mine own,
" Or aught of bed whereon to lay my head,
" My spirits fell. Awhile some pitying friends
" A welcome habitation for us found;
" And soon a contribution was begun
" By those whose souls *humanity* possess'd,
" That help'd us much, and oft illum'd the gloom
" 'Neath which we groan'd. Employment now I sought,
" And, after numerous struggles to procure
" Some occupation whereby to support
" Myself and MARY, I a pittance small
" (And *small indeed*, GOD knows at most it was!)

" Obtain'd by writing in the books of some
" With whom, before misfortune on me fell,
" I dealt in trade. So trivial were my gains
" That scarcely I in decent garb could keep
" Myself array'd; and often have I gone
" At least a week without my pocket bless'd
" With e'en a mite! My life was painful now
" Beyond expression; and I griev'd the more
" Because that MARY my beloved bride,
" So much lamented our unhappy state,
" That look'd she wan and meagre as a ghost
" From tomb arisen. In this my deep distress
" (The thought *necessity* alone produc'd)
" My mind conceiv'd it prudent to apply
" To one who then in PHILADELPHIA dwelt,
" And who with me, when better days I knew,
" A shopman liv'd: I took him when a boy,
" And friendless quite: his clothes were nought but rags,
" Nor had he bread to satisfy the calls
" Of craving hunger, for throughout the town,

" By want compell'd, from morn to night, he begg'd;
" But such a handsome person ne'er before
" Mine eyes beheld! with me the Youth remain'd,
" Until he'd just his twentieth year commenc'd,
" During which period I to him behav'd
" More like a *parent* fond than one who bore
" A master's rule; for never, LODON, I
" With conduct harsh, or words austere, could treat
" Those whom Almighty Providence had plac'd
" Beneath my care.

It chanc'd upon a day
" (If me aright my recollection serve,
" 'Twas when the smiling month of May prevail'd)
" A charming female visited our store,
" Attended by a person who her friend
" Or brother seem'd, and who to pay a sum
" For goods deliver'd him on purpose came.
" The Youth was there; and much the Lady look'd,
" And much she blush'd; nor scarcely from him kept

" Her eyes a moment. Soon the store she left;
" But not without bestowing a fond gaze
" On him who all her bosom, at first sight,
" Inflam'd with love. An heiress rich she was;
" And, though it rather wonderful be thought,
" That she, of such great affluence possess'd,
" Should deign to cherish in her heart regard
" For one quite destitute of wealth or rank,
" Yet, ere two hours their fleeting rounds had ran,
" A tender billet-doux from her he got,
" Her person offering and her riches all,
" And saying, the displeasure of her friends
" And grand acquaintance, she as naught would deem
" If he would grant her but his love unfeign'd,
" And, at the sacred altar, condescend
" To make her instantly his wedded Wife:
" The place of meeting, too, the letter told,
"Where the glad Youth, replete with rapture, flew,
" And, long before a transient week had pass'd,
" The Maid enamour'd in his arms he clasp'd,

" And thus as much of blooming beauty gain'd
" As HELEN own'd, and gold enough to sate
" The cravings even of a Miser's soul!
" To him I went, by need alone compell'd,
" And told him all my narrative of woe,
" His friendly offices imploring much
" To gain me some employment that might keep
" From the bleak hand of poverty myself
" And mourning Wife. He *promis'd* me his aid;
" And, while he seem'd to sorrow at my tale,
" Assur'd me, ere a fortnight should elapse,
" He would transmit me at NEW YORK the news
" Of place procur'd, or send me such a sum
" As might sufficient competency prove
" Till better days; when straightway I return'd,
" (As much o'erjoy'd as he who having long,
" In tiny boat, the boisterous rage endur'd
" Of winds and waves, sudden by some good ship
" Pick'd up at sea, is from his perils all
" Immediate taken to his native home,

" And dearest friends)—and quick to MARY spake
" The whole he'd said. The fortnight now had pass'd,
" And every day in such a state I liv'd
" Of keen anxiety as none can tell,
" Save those who hourly pine beneath the pangs
" Of piercing *want*—alternate *hope* and *fear*:
" So much it prey'd upon my doubtful soul
" (For knew I well how false were often found
" The specious promises of those who roll
" In wealth, and have it in their power to serve*)
" That life itself a heavy burthen seem'd;

* I cannot refrain observing, that, like SEBASTIAN in the Poem, I know by experience how false are the friendly professions of the great. The following copy of a letter (the original of which is in my possession) written me by the Brother of a Noble Earl, will sufficiently corroborate my assertion.—The names mentioned in the letter I think proper, *at present*, to keep secret

" London, May 13th, 1797.

" Sir,

" By Lady T——'s desire, I write to you to say, " that, on her recommendation, *I shall, with great pleasure, make an application for you*, to procure some appointment

" And, willing to perceive at once my fate
" (As now a month and upwards had expir'd) 1565

" which may better, in some degree, your circumstances,
" and pecuniary situation. I fear at this moment, when all
" descriptions of people are applying, that we must not expect
" any thing considerable. I would wish, however, that you
" would inform me, specifically, by *return of post*, what you
" wish for: Is it a place in the Customs? or a Clerkship in
" the Offices? or what else? and I shall then know what to do.
" Is there any thing at BRISTOL, in the department of the Cus-
" toms? " I am, Sir,

" Direct to me, &c. &c. &c. " Yours, &c."

I immediately transmitted a line to the Honourable Gentleman, expressive of the very great obligations I felt myself under for his kindness; but from that hour to this, notwithstanding I have often humbly reminded him of the readiness he once professed to serve me, and a friend of mine, a gentleman of respectability in this city, waited on him in London, on my behalf, not a single syllable have I been honored with from his hands, or heard any thing further on the business! I mention the above for no other reason, than as an irrefragable proof, how little to be depended on are the PROMISES of GREAT MEN!!

" Again I journey'd, with a breaking heart,
" To PHILADELPHIA, all the way on foot;
" And at the splendid mansion of the man
" (Oh how it cut me to the very soul!)
" Whom, when a boy, with pity touch'd, I snatch'd
" From abject indigence, and cloath'd, and fed,
" I trembling knock'd! Admittance I procur'd;
" And soon was usher'd by a servant, clad
" In costly livery, to a parlor, where
" Dwelt LUXURY's self. Toward him I approach'd
" (Sat at his ease upon a sofa gay,
" His bride beside him, who to view appear'd
" As VENUS fair, in richest dress array'd,
" And who immediately th' apartment left,
" A look bestowing on me that declar'd
" She more of tender sympathy could boast
" Than him, whom all-wise Providence had made
" Her wedded Lord)—and, with a suppliant air,
" Most humbly ask'd, if yet on my behalf
" Success had crown'd the efforts he of late

" Had kindly promis'd ? Coolly me he eyed,
" And said his *time* had been so much engag'd
" That I his memory had quite escap'd,
" And that, at present, he no prospect saw
" Of gaining for me of employment aught
" Whatever; but, that earnest he'd advise
" Me back to hasten to NEW YORK again,
" And try, if there, amongst the friends I knew,
" I could not get some settlement whereby
" To find me bread. I wonder'd at the brute !
" (Nor ween'd I he so black a soul possess'd)
" And anger fir'd me at the speech he made,
" Yet, almost driven to despair's fell pit,
" I ask'd him if a trifle he would please
" Confer upon me, saying, when the hand
" Of keen adversity, that o'er me hung,
" Should once remove, I, gladly, would repay,
" With lasting gratitude, the sum receiv'd.
" My lips no sooner had these words pronounc'd
" Than, with forbidding aspect, he reply'd,

" He could not grant the favor I requir'd,
" As he so much already had bestow'd
" On numbers—who continual, at his door,
" For help implor'd; and that 'twas wrong to give
" The mite at all, for many who apply'd
" Were *unfit objects*; and that also he
" Had late, a rule established, which was,
" *To give no more!*"* " Him earnestly I view'd,
" And, with a sigh that scap'd mine anguish'd breast,
" Then instant left. Thus, was I, LODON, serv'd
" By one, whom, like a tender parent, I
" For years had nurtur'd, nor my soul suppos'd
" Such curs'd *ingratitude* could e'er have dwelt
" In heart of man!

" Again I travell'd home,
" Oppress'd with woe, and, one day in the street,

* Alas, how often, in *our day*, is this *paltry* excuse made use of by many RICH-ONES, to cover the base *avariciousness* of their hearts!

" As walk'd I slowly, musing on my fate,
" And plodding how from poverty severe
" The wretched remnant of my life to screen,
" Mine eyes beheld a crippled Soldier stop,
" Near where I dwelt. Enquiry oft he made
" For one yclep'd SEBASTIAN, who he said
" In NEW YORK liv'd. Much I the man observ'd,
" And once more heard his lips SEBASTIAN speak;
" It rais'd my wonder,—when I instant went
" And ask'd him if of me he wanted aught;
" The same time telling him my name was such
" As he'd pronounc'd; a look on me he fix'd,
" Which plainly told he'd something to disclose
" Of import great, and straightway thus began:

" Had'st thou a Brother once, and say, was he
" Not EDWARD call'd?—trembling, I answer'd—yes.
" Then give me house-room for a little time,
" He quick reply'd: for I've a tale to tell
" That much concerns thee, and by which thou'lt find

" That no unwelcome visitor I am."
" This said, I pray'd him follow me within,
" And sit him down; which done, he instant thus:"

" From fam'd QUEBEC I yesterday arriv'd;
" Thy brother there I knew; his comrade, I;
" Nor were there two of all the veteran troops
" Who, 'neath the banner of immortal WOLFE,
" Dar'd the fierce fight, who e'er more friendly liv'd
" Than he and I. With EDWARD was I us'd
" To pass what scanty hours of leisure fall
" To Soldier's lot: his chiefest friend, I was,
" And he was mine; and oft, with streaming eyes,
" Would he in secret bitterly bewail
" His former life; and always he appear'd
" So low in spirits, that I frequent thought
" He would the act of *suicide* commit:
" Touch'd with his misery, of him I ask'd,
" The night before our veteran army won
" QUEBEC from France, the cause of his distress;

" To which, he sighing, thus to me declar'd:

" Well know'st thou, comrade, I from England came,
" Where, from my youth, in indolence and vice
" My time I spent. Mine eldest Brother left
" His native country for NEW YORK, when young;
" My Father follow'd, but in little space,
" Oppress'd by trouble, mingled with the dust.
" Across the flood my second Brother went,
" And, with mine Uncle, in a town in Kent,
" Me left behind. I blush to tell my crimes,
" And could I call ten thousand worlds mine own,
" I'd give them all to banish from my breast
" The stings of Conscience that for ever there
" My peace disturb: with harlots was I wont
" To make abode, although mine Uncle oft
" In tears would much intreat me to amend
" My wicked ways, nor grieve his aged soul,
" And by debauchery my health destroy,
" The which so wasted was by sore disease,

" That look'd I hanging o'er the very brink
" Of Death's dread pit. At length, my health return'd,
" When dy'd mine Uncle, leaving in my reach
" His will and testament, the last he sign'd,
" Which made SEBASTIAN heir alone to all
" He had on earth. A small estate it was,
" And worth about some fifty pounds a year;
" Howe'er, just after he resign'd his breath,
" I form'd acquaintance with a female frail,
" And so was I bewitched by her charms,
" That, to secure her person to myself,
" I scrupled not her curs'd advice to take,
" Which was, to spread report that dy'd abroad
" My second Brother, and that I alone
" Was legal heir to what mine Uncle left.
" Myself I now in mourning raiment clad,
" And, having to the narrow tomb consign'd
" My poor old Uncle, in his house I dwelt,
" And with me kept the woman who so much
" My soul ador'd. We pass'd as man and Wife;

" And shortly after, from SEBASTIAN came
" (The only relative I'd now on earth)
" A kindly letter, saying that no more
" Mine eldest Brother drew the vital air,
" And, that the portion he to me had given
" Amounted fully to five thousand pounds.
" I wrote SEBASTIAN, praying him remit
" My lawful share, and also him assur'd
" That living was mine Uncle and in health,
" Who much for him his warmest love express'd.
" Soon from SEBASTIAN I my due receiv'd,
" With earnest prayers to vest it in some way
" That me should profit.—Ne'er I wrote him more,
" (Such base ingratitude my breast possess'd !)
" Nor had I long time with the woman dwelt
" Whom many then suppos'd my wedded mate,
" Before I found that not to me alone
" Her charms she yielded ; for, one evening, I,
" Returning home more early than I us'd,
" In wanton dalliance with a man her caught,

" With whom I've reason to suspect she oft
" Connection held. I tax'd her with her crime,
" When words ensu'd, and, on the self-same night,
" My house she left, purloining what remain'd
" (Twelve hundred guineas) of the ample sum
" My Brother sent me from beyond the flood,
" And with her taking my late Uncle's will
" That prov'd him heir, and solely heir to all
" He once enjoy'd. This cut me to the soul;
" And fain would I to trace her have essay'd,
" And, if I could, have punish'd her by law;
" But so was I afraid to do the same,
" Well knowing thereby would the world be made
" Acquainted fully with mine own deep guilt,
" That, in despair, I sold off what I had
" Of household goods, and straight to LONDON went,
" Where, in an alehouse I for years had known,
" I got acquainted with some score of thieves,
" Who on the road their depredations made:
" With them I long remain'd, so plung'd in vice,

" That scarcely e'er across my bosom rush'd
" A thought of him, SEBASTIAN, who so oft
" By letters kind had pray'd me to amend
" My wretched life! For ever, comrade, I,
" Save "*when on duty*" with the lawless gang
" (For that the term for *robbery* they us'd)
" Was lost in drunkenness, and, on an eve,
" As through the streets, in liquor drown'd, I reel'd,
" A Serjeant met me who recruiting came,
" To fill a marching regiment, which soon
" T'embark was destin'd for COLUMBIA's shore,
" QUEBEC the place: enlisted I with him;
" But just before I sail'd, was I inform'd
" That MARIANNE (for that the name she bore,
" Who seal'd my ruin) near St. GILES's liv'd.
" I here arriv'd; the rest, thou, comrade, know'st;
" And I intreat thee, if it be thy lot
" T' outlive the horrors of the pending fight,
" And once again, as often thou hast wish'd,
" To view NEW YORK, thy native place, where dwell

" Thy Wife and friends, thou kindly wilt enquire
" My Brother out, if then he be alive;
" And, oh! inform him sorely I lament
" My former ways, and that I much have felt
" Inclin'd to let him my repentance know,
" By letter oft, (and oft have I, indeed,
" The page began) but that the poignant thought
" Of mine *ingratitude* to one so good,
" Whose fond epistles never fail'd t' implore
" I all my wicked actions would forego,
" So much oppress'd me, that my trembling hand
" Refus'd its office, and in vain I strove
" To urge the task: Oh, tell him, comrade, too,
" That near St. GILES's dwells the female false
" Who bears my name, and who the will retains
" Him clearly proving heir to the estate
" Mine Uncle left: I pray thee, this perform,
" Or else in ignorance will he abide
" Of my sad lot, nor ever will receive
" A mite in value of his rightful due!

" Ah, ne'er again shall I his face behold!
" For, oh! my comrade, I had such a dream
" The short time during I repos'd last night,
" As me convinces in the field of WAR
" I fall to morrow! 'Twas a dreadful dream!
" Methought I sat upon a cold, damp stone,
" Fix'd in the centre of a dreary cave,
" Where stood full many a just expiring lamp,
" Whose feeble twinklings serv'd alone t' increase
" The frightful gloom. Around me bodies lay,
" In numerous heaps; and mangled limbs I view'd,
" With life then quivering; whilst so fast the blood
" Ooz'd from their vessels, that on every hand
" The earth beneath me with the reeking stream
" Seem'd clotted thick! As there, with heart appall'd,
" Amid the horrid carnage I remain'd,
" Methought a phantom from the ground arose,
" And reach'd a pale lamp, that suspended hung
" Adown the wall. This done, with footsteps slow,
" And steady pace, tremendously it stalk'd

" To where I sat, and instant to my face
" The dim light held. All trembling, on the form
" My gaze I fix'd, when, comrade, I perceiv'd
" Mine aged Uncle, who, in hollow voice,
" Address'd me thus: " EDWARD, from out the tomb,
" I rise (a friendly monitor) to say,
" That ere to morrow's radiant sun shall gild
" The lucid bosom of the western wave,
" Wilt thou, with me, amongst the numerous dead
" In silence lie: *Prepare to meet thy fate!*"
" This said, he left me, when, in clay-cold sweat
" My frame absorb'd, and all my hair erect
" With chilling dread—I suddenly awoke!"

" Thus, EDWARD spake: nor after had elaps'd
" But few short hours, when up the craggy heights
" We climb'd of ABRA'M; and upon the plains
" Saw, proudly marshall'd, GALLIA's warlike host,
" By MONTCALM led. Gleam'd the bright arms around,
" While o'er the fields the birds of carnage wav'd

" Their sable wings, and, with portentous screams,
" Claim'd their dire meal. Led on by gallant WOLFE,
" The foe we reached; then, bade a fond farewell,
" Shook hands, and mingled in the dreadful War.
" Rag'd now the fight, and I a wound receiv'd,
" Which, though not fatal, me a cripple makes
" While life remains: I fell upon the ground,
" When, lo! thy Brother, at the self same time
" Dropp'd by my side! Him had a bullet pierc'd
" Just 'neath the spot where quivers in the breast
" The throbbing heart: around a glance he threw
" That caught mine own; and, " comrade, oh!" he cry'd—
" Inform my Brother"—" when he spake no more!"

" Here ceas'd the Soldier, and the tale he'd told
" So sorely my perturbed spirits pain'd,
" That swiftly from the fountains of mine eyes
" Gush'd the salt tears; eager his hand I grasp'd,
" Him thanking for the tidings he had brought,
" Which, though distressing, greatly me reliev'd

" From doubts unnumber'd I had harbor'd long
" Of EDWARD's fate.—His hand I loosen'd now;
" When the maim'd warrior to depart arose,
" But which I not permitted 'till his lips
" Had freely tasted of my humble food,
" And faithful promis'd oft beneath my roof
" He me would visit. Then to mind afresh
" Recurr'd the happiness which once was mine,
" In days of childhood, when together we
" (Myself and EDWARD) with our Parents dwelt,
" And shar'd their love; or, with a master plac'd,
" Abroad at school, our vacant moments spent
" In rural walks, or, with the noisy crowd
" Of busy fellows, who with blithsome hearts
" Their sports diverting on the play-ground urg'd.
" And, as I mus'd upon those vanish'd joys
" (Those guiltless joys, no more to be renew'd!)
" Again the pearly torrents down my cheeks
" Trickled amain! oh, how it wrung my soul
" To think a Brother I so dearly priz'd

" Should stray so widely in the paths of VICE;
" Expend his substance for the poison'd charms
" Of harlots lewd, within whose bosoms ne'er
" Fair *honor*, *sentiment*, or *pity* soft,
" Their dwelling make! to think he, too, should fall
" Far from his country and his friends away,
" And die extended on the bloody field,
" A wretched victim to the dreadful scourge
" Of horrid WAR, when, in some calm retreat,
" With such a competence as once he own'd,
" Enough and more to keep him from the frowns
" Of cheerless Want, he might at ease have dwelt,
" And, haply, in his clasping arms embrac'd
" A wedded partner, of engaging form,
" And mind enlighten'd, whilst in turn he gain'd
" Her warmest friendship, her endearing smiles,
" And all the raptures that alone proceed
" From hearts cemented by Almighty LOVE!
" A duteous offspring, too, he might have rear'd
" To joy him through the thorny road of life,

" And when at length had age upon him crept,
" And prostrate laid him on the bed of Death,
" His children round him might have throng'd to cheer
" Their poor old Father, whilst, expiring, he
" (The passage smoothing to the gloomy grave)
" A thousand blessings on their heads implor'd!

" And now so ardently I, LONDON, wish'd
" Again to visit mine own native shore,
" As would the man who long time having groan'd
" In fell ALGIERS 'neath Slavery's tyrant fangs,
" To view a loving Wife with beauty grac'd,
" And prattling Infants, as his life-blood dear,
" From him far sunder'd; and at night, when sleep
" Mine eye-lids loaded with his torpid wand,
" Frequent I thought across th' Atlantic wave
" In some fleet vessel, bless'd with favoring winds,
" My course I bent. Oh, how I, LONDON, priz'd
" The fond illusion! but, when I awoke,
" And found it nothing save an airy dream,

" I deem'd indeed mine anguish'd heart would break,
" So much I griev'd! Felt I the more inclin'd
" To speed to BRITAIN, as the Soldier's words
" With hope impress'd me, that once there arriv'd,
" I hap might trace the faithless harlot out,
" And from her gain the needful will which prov'd
" Me solely heir to what effects my late
" Fond Uncle left. Determin'd I to go,
" If I but wherewith could obtain to buy
" My passage home; and much I trusted, too,
" In PROVIDENCE, who thought I ne'er would leave
" Me friendless quite amid the land where first
" My breath I drew, after such signal grace
" It lavish'd on me, when a stripling I
" Throughout the dreadful battle on the deck
" Unhurt remain'd, and when the tempest rag'd
" (As near approach'd I to COLUMBIA's coast)
" The which on foaming mountains to the clouds
" The vessel lifted, and that pregnant seem'd
" With instant fate to hurl me deep ingulph'd
" Mid the fierce waves.

As thus I hourly pin'd
" Again to visit ENGLAND's happy shore,
" It chanc'd the neighbour, who, with soul humane,
" Myself and Wife a welcome home procur'd,
" What time the ruthless flames in ruin sunk
" The all I own'd—a noble bark possess'd,
" (For likewise he a merchant's trade pursu'd)
" And which was destin'd soon the deep to plow,
" For LONDON bound. My poverty he knew,
" And what the expectations I indulg'd,
" Could I but once more reach the distant spot
" That gave me birth. Touch'd with my piercing grief,
" And wishing much my welfare to promote,
" He waited on me scarce a transient week
" Ere was his ship intended to commence
" Her purpos'd course, and when I little ween'd
" On *my account* within his generous breast
" Idea reign'd. Proposal kind he made
" Across the flood to send myself and Wife
" Without expence; accepted, LODON, I

" His friendly offer, and embark'd we both
" O'erwhelm'd with transport; nor behind us left
" The child MIRANDA, then but one year old:
" And, as we homeward sped before the gale,
" Oft would the thought afresh to mind recur
" What woes assail'd me when a Youth I dar'd
" The raging waves. Soon ALBION's cliffs we saw,
" For nearly all the passage we were bless'd
" With winds propitious; but what tongue can speak
" The boundless rapture that my soul absorb'd,
" When on the bosom of old father Thames
" Our tall bark floated, and mine anxious eyes
" Once more the spires of mighty LONDON view'd
" Majestic rise, high towering to the sky!

" Arriv'd, I instant hasten'd to the man
" In KENT, who occupied my Uncle's farm,
" And him requested to inform me where
" The woman dwelt to whom his rent he paid;
" (For she, soon after had my Brother sold

" His household goods, and to the cursed gang
" Of thieves resorted, was the tidings told,
" That he, for robbing on the King's highway,
" A wretched victim to his country's laws
" Had lately fallen; on which, believing none
" Then liv'd to hinder, the estate she let)
" When straight he answer'd, me " he could not tell,
" As every six months at his house arriv'd,
" Some coxcomb gay, and who receipt produc'd
" For sum discharg'd." I back to LONDON went,
" And near a week to find the harlot lewd
" My hours employ'd. The Soldier me had given
" Description ample of her shape and air;
" And, too, inform'd me, on her left cheek grew
" A mole, which much to those who it perceiv'd
" Unsightly look'd. One evening as I stray'd
" About the parish of St. GILES, as wont,
" Descry'd I toward me hastily advance
" A female tall; most gaudy was she dress'd;
" And walk'd she in a manner which bespake

" Her life impure : so near me now she drew,
" That plainly I perceiv'd her wanton drop
" The smile alluring to some youngsters, who
" Chanc'd pass beside her : quick my mind conceiv'd
" The person this whom I, for six long days,
" Most anxiously through LONDON's streets had sought,
" With fruitless toil. Now close to me she came ;
" I eyed her strictly, and with transport saw
" On her left cheek conspicuously appear
" The mole describ'd ! Pac'd I behind her then,
" And watch'd her enter in a brothel fam'd,
" Near COVENT GARDEN. Swift I travell'd back
" To where I dwelt ; and soon again return'd,
" Attended by an officer, and one
" With whom I lodg'd. Approach'd we to the door,
" When forth a couple of gay lasses came,
" Unkerchief'd quite, and, with enticing smiles,
" Us welcom'd in. The parlor now we gain'd,
" Where sat the lady I so wish'd to find,
" With cheeks unblushing, on a stripling's knee,

" Who her saluted, whilst she frequent gave
" (Her wanton arms his neck encircling round)
" The mutual kiss: stopp'd we the loving scene,
" For instant I the officer enjoin'd
" To do his duty. Look'd the woman then
" As wild as one who, at the solemn hour
" When flitting spectres from their hollow tombs,
" Awful, to visit their lov'd haunts, arise,
" Sees apparition to her bedside stalk,
" And on her gaze. Trembling, she ey'd me o'er,
" A shrill shriek utttering that through all the house
" Resounded loud; for EDWARD she believ'd
" Had long been dead; nor ever were there two
" Whose growth and features so alike appear'd
" As his and mine. My business with her then
" Declar'd I quick, demanding stern the will
" Mine Uncle made, and telling her if she
" To me deliver'd it without demur,
" With what of money she remaining had,
" From EDWARD taken when his home she left,

" That I her past offences would forgive,
" And harmless save her; but if she refus'd
" The same restoring, she should forthwith go
" To dreary prison, nor should pity move
" My soul determin'd from its gloomy walls
" To set her free. This said, she mercy crav'd,
" And vow'd compliance. To a closet, then,
" Nimbly she hasten'd, and the door unlock'd,
" From whence a little leathern trunk she took,
" And which no sooner had mine eyes observ'd
" Than memory faithful told it was the same
" My Brother us'd, together when at school
" We both were plac'd! The trunk she open'd now,
" And from it drew (in pocket-book inclos'd)
" Mine Uncle's will; this quickly me she gave,
" With sixty guineas, which she loudly swore
" Were all she had of what from EDWARD she
" Had long since stolen. Enquir'd I of her next,
" The rents and profits the estate produc'd,
" And which, she, having pass'd as EDWARD's wife,

" Had oft receiv'd. Her ready answer was,
" *The whole was spent.*"—A look on her I fix'd,
" Expressive of my pity and contempt,
" And left the house; but not without advice
" Bestowing on her to amend her ways,
" And beg of GOD forgiveness for the crimes
" By her committed, which good counsel she
" I heard repay, as to the street I sped,
" In muttering voice with many a word obscene,
" Opprobrious name, and execration fraught.

" Thus, having, LODON, gain'd the needful will,
" I felt desire to pass from business free
" My future days. Ingratitude so much
" Of man I'd known, and so averse I grew
" To busy life, its troubles, and its noise,
" That long'd I more than can my tongue express
" T' enjoy the pittance late mine own become
" In rural ease. My family was small,
" Myself and MARY, and our tender charge,

" The child MIRANDA, form'd the happy group;
" And thought I that the income of my farm
" Amounting annual to full fifty pounds,
" Would more than satisfy mine every want,
" If in the country I could once obtain
" Some little Cot. It chanc'd of this I heard,
" Where, in contentment perfect, I have dwelt
" Full twenty years: the rent of mine estate
" Is punctual paid me, and I wish no more;
" Nor would I, gentle LODON, now forego
" My humble dwelling, and my life obscure,
" To gain a splendid palace, and be deem'd
" The mightiest monarch who a crown e'er wore."

SEBASTIAN ended: and young LODON sat
Awhile absorb'd in wonder at the tale
His ears had heard: at length, he silence broke,
And thus the venerable man bespake.

" Much, good SEBASTIAN, much, indeed thou'st seen

" Of chequer'd life; but felt my bosom more
" Of poignant anguish than thy mind can judge,
" When the sad narrative thy lips declar'd
" Of him, unthankful, whom thy fostering care
" From abject poverty and varied woe,
" To affluence rais'd. To me, no crime appears
" So fraught with villainy, so big with hell,
" As dire *ingratitude*. E'en murderers hate
" The wretch who bears it, and would rather far
" My soul him pardon who my purse purloin'd
" On public road, or even him who dar'd
" Attempt my life, than one upon whose head
" Had I accustom'd been with liberal hand
" To lavish bounties; who, when hard the storm
" Of bleak adversity upon me fell,
" Possess'd a heart so base as to refuse
" The needful mite; though such would I forgive,
" Nor injur'd wish; for to *our God* belongs,
" And *him alone*, the right—to vengeance wreak:
" But, say, SEBASTIAN, did'st thou ever hear

" Since home return'dst thou from COLUMBIA's shore,
" Aught of the man so vilely who repaid
" Thy favors kind?

To whom the Rustic, thus:

" Since first within this lov'd retreat I came,
" At least twelve years their fleeting rounds had ran,
" When, homeward coming from a trip to KENT,
" Where I had travell'd some affairs t' adjust
" My farm respecting, and that much requir'd
" My close attention, 'mongst the five at most
" Who in the stage with me their journey took,
" A certain Captain of a ship there was:
" A civil man he seem'd; and by his talk
" Discover'd I he PHILADELPHIA knew,
" From whence he had but recently arriv'd,
" And, for which place intended he again
" Soon to depart. Of him enquir'd I then
" If knowledge he of this said person had,
" My former shopman? " Yes," he answer'd, " much",

And that " he lately had for debt elop'd
" A prey to indigence and want become,
" For he had liv'd in so superb a stile
" As twice the ample income he possess'd,
" Would fail support;" but, pitied he the most
His blooming Wife; who, said he was reduc'd
" So very low, that to procure her bread
" She must have begg'd through PHILADELPHIA streets,
" From door to door, had not some friends humane
" Have paid regard to her unhappy case,
" And on her kindly fix'd a sum to keep
" From the mean insults that too often fall
" To lot of those to misery sunk down,
" And cheerless poverty—her future days:
" To her the vilest ingrate he had prov'd,
" For notwithstanding she his arms had bless'd
" With beauty, such as scarcely could be match'd,
" And master made him of a store of gold
" That well might constitute the copious dower
" Of the great daughter of some potent King,

" He, of a temper furious and morose,
" Would, shame confound him! frequent on her look
" With cold indifference, and with language harsh,
" And most unmanly contumely, her life
" Uneasy make." I sorrow'd at the news,
For, though to me he'd so ungrateful prov'd
For all the favors lavish'd on his head,
Yet, ever griev'd I for my fellow-kind
'Neath want's chill hand: His bride I much bewail'd;
And who a striking lesson was I deem'd
To young and tender females not to risk
Their lovely selves and property with those
Who meet their fancy, 'till they first have gain'd
Sufficient knowledge whether *outside shew*
Be all the shining *excellence* they boast.

When LODON, thus: " I wonder not, my friend,
" That righteous Providence on one so bad,
" Inflicted woe; for, when thy tongue reveal'd
" His act ungrateful, much my soul divin'd

" Th' all-just Creator surely had reserv'd
" In store some dire calamity to scourge
" A man so base. This thought alone induc'd
" My lips to ask, if tidings of him since
" Thine ears had heard. But boundless is my joy
" That thou, escap'd from all the noise and care
" Which wait on those who mingle with the world,
" Now find'st in this thy little, lov'd abode,
" What wealth—what fame—what titles cannot yield,
" The priceless jewel—a *contented mind!*"

Rejoin'd SEBASTIAN: " Blest CONTENT is more
" In reach of men than millions may suppose;
" For, if but they their REASON would consult
" (That friendly beacon by th' Almighty given
" To guide them safely over error's sands)
" Instead of giving to their PASSIONS way,
" They would avoid those actions which so much
" The mind disturb. An axiom this that holds
" Not only good respecting *private life*,

" But *public* also—let who will deny :
" And, if the MINISTERS of mighty realms
" (Suppose, for instance, ENGLAND's were adduc'd)
" Would only *think* before they levy War
" On half the miseries which attend the same, *
" How many widows for their husbands slain
" The scanty remnant of their lives eke out
" In woe enough to move a NERO's breast ;
" How many Infants who were wont at eve
" When came their Fathers from their daily toil,
" And sat them cheerful by their humble hearths,

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* It appears to me that in but a very few instances can WAR be justifiable. If a set of men, with a view of destroying all order and good government, rear the standard of *rebellion* ; or a monarch endeavour to subvert the laws he has sworn to protect, and act the *tyrant* ; or a foreign enemy, bent on plunder and destruction, *invade* a Nation ; then, so far from deeming it criminal to wield the sword, however painful it be to humanity, I deem that man totally undeserving of existence, who would not bravely stand forth, and risk every danger in defence of the liberties of his country.—See Mr. JOHN ROSE's very valuable publication, entitled "*The Conftitutional Catechifm.*"

" With prattling tongues to leap upon their knees
" And share the kiss, by *War accurs'd* are forc'd
" Together with their mothers through the land
" To beg their bread; they would awhile forbear
" To mix in quarrels, nor, for *merest toys*,
" Their countrys' wealth so lavishly exhaust;
" Their fellow-subjects blood so wanton spill,
" And all their rights and dearest interests risk."

When quickly, LODON: " How shall stand excus'd
" A head-strong MINISTER whose common sense
" Informs him oft the measures he adopts
" Injurious prove? A Man there is whose deeds
" Shall ne'er by millions yet unborn be scann'd
" Without a blush: so obstinate his PRIDE
" That though he knows his conduct to the brink
" Of utter ruin has a nation brought,
" Yet, rather than his mad career restrain,
" And yield the sway to such as would redress
" The people's wrongs and bless with *peace* the land,

" He still proceeds—trusting to *Chance*, forsooth!
" To extricate his country from the woes
" Himself has caus'd! His " brazen cheeks, O *shame*
" To cinders burn!"*

Instant MIRANDA, thus:
" I hate all Wars; 'twas ne'er by Heaven design'd
" That MAN should mix in bloody feuds with MAN:
" He is a social Being and should strive
" To ease his fellows' miseries and cares:
" But much am I astonish'd when I hear
" Of many, who in *priestly garb* array'd
" Maintain that WAR is *necessary—just*,
" And that a nation's *honor* must be lost,

* Methinks I already hear a thousand voices vociferating against me, and loading me with the opprobrious names of *violent Republican—Jacobin*—and *Democrat*, for this speech of LODON, wherein, in my humble opinion, he very justly declaims against the MINISTER who *wantonly* plunges his Country in

" If by the *sword* the contest be not urg'd
" With utmost vengeance!* Know these *pious* men 2210

the miseries of WAR. I beg leave to observe to those who may prove so uncharitable as to brand me with such titles, that there is not any man who more sincerely loves his King and Country; who prizes more the *invaluable* and *unrivalled* CONSTITUTION we enjoy; or who, in case of necessity (which God forbid ever should happen) would more readily take up arms and die in defence of his King and Country, either against open and avowed, or internal enemies, than myself; but, if I turn to the page of History and read of a man, or am told of one, who in direct opposition to the *reason* Heaven hath allotted him; in opposition to the prayers of the warmest Patriots of the Nation to which he belongs; thoughtless as a " *mad War-Horse*," plunges that Nation into every paltry dispute—I feel hurt, and so must every one who has the interest of his Country sincerely at heart.

* Not two years ago (If I recollect aright it was on a Fast-Day) I heard a sermon on the occasion preached by a certain distinguished Divine. This *Shepherd of the Flock of Christ*, not only vehemently endeavoured to maintain in his *political* discourse the absolute *necessity* of the present War in which we are unhappily engaged—but, amongst other invectives equally as severe, loaded the people of a neighbouring Nation with the epithets of *Savages*, *Robbers*, and *Ravishers*. Was language like this becoming one who professes himself a *Minister of the Gospel*?

" That *He,* whose shepherds they themselves profess,
" Has said that *vengeance* to *himself* belongs ?
" And know they not that whilst he here abode
" He preach'd " *glad tidings—peace— good-will*" to man,
" And bade him e'en his *enemies* revere ?
" But say, good LODON, whether thou art bound,
" For lately I observ'd thy lips declare
" To distant climes thou shortly must depart,
" By business call'd ?

To whom the gentle Youth :

" Fair Maid ! I purpose, if my life be spar'd,
" Before two months shall have their rounds perform'd,
" T' embark for INDIA. There, my father holds
" Possessions large, and his concerns there much
" Require me hasten. O that I had been,
" And were in safety back to ENGLAND come !
" For this long voyage I so sorely mourn
" As tongue can't tell ; but hope I to behold
" My native country and my sire again

" Within the space of two revolving years,
" From when I sail."

SEBASTIAN then reply'd—
" Kind Heaven preserve thee! and may'st thou ne'er know
" Aught of the perils I encounter'd when
" O'er the vast world of mighty waters first
" I bent my journey. Safe may'st thou return
" To crown with bliss a tender Parent's soul,
" And all thy friends, to whom, beloved Youth!
" One richly fraught with *innate worth* like thee—
" Must prove so dear!"

A sigh MIRANDA heav'd,
And shot on LODON so benign a glance
As with o'erwhelming floods of transport drown'd
His throbbing heart. Then first a ray of hope
He fondly cherish'd the beloved Maid
Within her bosom of himself indulg'd
A tender thought; then, too, the gentle Youth

Afresh conceiv'd what raptures would be his,
If once in Hymen's sacred bands were made
The fair his own! So much was he absorb'd
In pleasing fancy, that awhile he sat
Of speech depriv'd; at length, he thus rejoin'd.

"I thank thee, good SEBASTIAN, for the grace
"Thou bearest toward me; and assur'd remain,
"Whene'er from distant INDIA I arrive,
"I not the smallest share of rest shall know
"Until mine eyes behold thy Cot again;
"Until I tell thee how in absence glow'd
"With true esteem and gratitude my breast
"For favors past; and, oh, may Heaven's best gifts
"(His face averting from the aged man,
"And straightway upward fixing his full gaze,
"Whilst sudden trickled down his cheek a tear)
"Be shower'd on all who 'neath this happy roof
"Their dwelling make; nor may one envious cloud
"Of adverse fortune gather o'er their heads
"To blast their comfort and destroy their peace!"

As thus, together, round the blazing hearth
In friendly talk unheedfully the time
They cheerful pass'd, proclaim'd the Cottage clock
The hour eleven; when straight the matron rose,
Surpriz'd, the night declaring farther spent
Than she had ween'd. Quickly the board she put
For supper purpos'd; and upon it plac'd
The decent cloth which had before been spread
By old SEBASTIAN, when young LODON first
Enter'd the Cottage: on it, nimbly, too,
The simple residue of chine she fix'd,
And homely loaf, with what else humble food
The house afforded. To the cellar, then,
MIRANDA sped, from whence she brought the glass
Replete with cyder; and the ancient man
The Youth most kindly to the table led,
Him urging unreserv'dly to partake
Of what was there. The charming Maiden sat
Beside him close, and, with her own fair hands,
For him obligingly his viands carv'd;

Him likewise much entreating of their fare,
To freely eat. What transport seiz'd his soul!
To sit so near the blooming Nymph he lov'd,
In whose soft bosom every virtue shone
With tenfold lustre; in whose radiant eyes
A thousand little laughing cupids bask'd;
Whose finish'd form was all that could attract
The heart of man! Felt happier he by far
Than would he if some monarch had vouchsaf'd
To place him kindly by his royal side
At his own table, where in plenty reign'd
Each costly luxury that eastern shores
Or western lands, or southern climes, produce.
A tender smile conferr'd he on her oft,
Expressive of the feelings he endur'd;
And if by hap his hand the Maiden's touch'd,
His smitten heart with ecstacy so throbb'd
As none can tell, excepting those who feel
The powerful impulse of resistless Love!

Now, whilst they supp'd, much converse they maintain'd
On various topics; one RELIGION was
(Or rather what by many so was call'd)
And which SEBASTIAN mention'd to him seem'd
" So deeply veil'd in mystery and doubt,
" That scarce he knew in *what* to place belief;
" *Unnumber'd* also were th' opinions form'd
" Respecting it, and which he thought most strange;
" For, if or *this* or that *sect's rules* were such
" As *Heaven ordain'd* to point mankind the path
" That leads to bliss, they surely would have been
" Deliver'd to us by the great All-wise
" As *clearly* as our mortal eyes perceive
" The noon-day sun; and much he pitied those
" *Self-righteous* ones, illiberally who brand
" With name of *infidel* the man who dares,
" Enabled by the *reason* GOD hath given,
" Reject the tenets they themselves embrace,
" With sullen pride, as *orthodox* alone:
" That man pronounc'd he *truly good* whose life

" Is *strictly moral*, let him *Pagan* be,
" *Mahometan* or *Catholic* or *Jew*;
" And, if he live but faithful to his creed,
" Is fully as acceptable to GOD
" As stern Enthusiast who considers doom'd
" To endless ages of extreme despair
" All those who cannot like himself, believe
" In every idle tale tradition tells
" Or bigots preach."*

" Aye," LONDON, quick reply'd:

* For what I have said in the above nine or ten lines, I am not without an idea I shall by many be called a " *Free-thinker*;" nor do I imagine I shall escape much *censure* on account of it from the *illiberal*. What I have written, I firmly believe in; if I am wrong, I sincerely pray I may be convinced of it, before too late. I give not my sentiments obstinately against reason; therefore, if the Almighty be of that infinite mercy we are told he is (and which I am perfectly assured of) I have not the least doubt *(provided even my opinion be erroneous)* as I so earnestly wish to be set right, that he will, in his own good time, make me so.

" A *truly good man* will for ever feel
" His bosom fraught with *gratitude* to God
" For e'en the smallest blessing he enjoys;
" A *truly good man*, too, will pity those
" Who groan beneath the rigid hand of want,
" Or mourn the deep wounds of oppression's rod;
" Nor only *pity*, but what help he can
" Will gladly render to assuage their woe;
" Considering but a short time we shall tread
" This world's wide stage, and that, while here we dwell,
" To aid each other is a task no more
" Than duty bids: His breast will always glow
" With love unfeigned to his fellow man,
" Nor will he any harm by word or deed
" Because he differently from him may think
" Respecting *politics* or aught beside:
" He lives uprightly, nor will suffer e'er
" His conscience tell him his most secret acts
" Disgrace the faith he glories to profess:
" A man like this may fearless meet the shaft

" Of grisly Death; he does his *duty* here,*
" And God—the All-wise God, *requires no more!*"

Thus commun'd they, until the hour of twelve
Had well-nigh come, when all for rest prepar'd;
Nor scorn'd Sebastian, on his bended knees,
T' implore protection of the " King of Kings"
Throughout the night; which done, young Lodon, thus

" Well know'st thou, good Sebastian, I remain
" Replete with thankfulness for favors great

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* *He does his duty here.* This assertion I imagine will by many be strongly reprobated. I have often heard it said (and which I make no doubt will again be maintained in opposition) that the *best of men do not their duty*. This appears to me a paradox; for if it be true, what hope is there that any one will be saved? he who does not his duty, certainly abides not by the injunction of his Maker; and, if I recollect aright, there is a passage in Scripture which says, " *he that sinneth shall die*"—now he who abides not by the command of his Maker, *commits sin*, and can such enter the Kingdom of Heaven?

" On me conferr'd ; one more of thee, I crave,
" Which is, that at the early dawn of day
" Thou kindly wilt, as late thou profferd'st, leave
" Thy grateful pillow, and me onward guide
" Until my footsteps reach the public road,
" Which leads, unerring, to my Father's house."

Reply'd the man : " As soon as o'er the sky
" AURORA bright her crimson blushes spreads,
" Will I arise, beloved Youth ! and bear
" Thee gladly on, until thy feet have gain'd
" The way requir'd : MIRANDA, too, will rise,
" And my dear MARY ; for it needful is
" Thou shouldest somewhat to aid Nature eat
" Before thou goest ; and may the LORD thee guard,
" And grant, throughout nocturnal hours be thine,
" The choicest blessings balmy sleep can yield !"

Together now the Cottage-stairs they mount,
And having reach'd its little, low ascent,

The Matron LODON to the chamber led,
For him design'd; attended her the Maid,
Whose humid eyes told something on her heart
Lay heavily, for look'd they to the view
Red with deep woe. The blooming Damsel now
(Severely wounded by the dart of LOVE)
Lamented sore so rapidly approach'd
The dreaded time when he for whom she pined
Would leave her, haply, ne'er again to joy
Her eager sight! LODON, her grief observ'd;
And, though it cost him many a falling tear
To see such peerless beauty in distress,
Yet felt he much enraptur'd at the thought
On *his account* his gentle charmer then
Anguish endur'd. The Matron and the Maid
Now bade young LODON heartily good night,
Leaving the room; when on MIRANDA he
A lingering, longing, tender look, bestow'd;
And, urg'd by LOVE, as slowly to the door
She, weeping, pac'd the Matron grave behind,

Her hand quick snatch'd, and eager on it dealt
A kiss (the first he yet had dar'd attempt)
To him as dear as to the Miser proves
The glittering gold his numerous bags contain ;

And now, as LODON lay upon his couch
With fond reflection ponder'd he on all
His ears had heard since enter'd he beneath
The rural roof ; and wonder'd, too, the Youth
That in a Cot so far away retir'd
From where the wealthy and the gay resort,
Such charms should flourish ; nor could he but think
Himself by smiling fortune favor'd much,
In that he happen'd wander from his way,
And find so welcome a retreat to rest
His wearied limbs ! Oh, how o'erjoy'd he bless'd
The hour he first the humble dwelling saw ;
And bless'd he, too, the gathering, murky clouds,
Which him prevented from returning home
At eve's approach ! yet, 'mid his musings, oft

(For Love a thousand doubts and fears invents)
To damp his rapture would unwelcome rush
The dread idea in his mind perturb'd,
Whether may not some young and tender swain
The soft affections of his fair-one own,
His dear Miranda; for unlikely he
Conceiv'd it such surpassing beauty shone
Unnotic'd by the villagers, who chanc'd
Reside adjacent; with disquiet this
His bosom fill'd; and glad he would have given
Ten thousand worlds, if had he them to boast,
To know she'd plighted not to any Youth
Her vows sincere. His Father, too, he fear'd
(Although no fonder ever own'd a child)
His free consent would scruple to bestow
That he a simple country Maid should wed,
Of wealth devoid. A thin partition stood
Betwixt him and the chamber where reclin'd
His blooming virgin; Love him prompted oft
To leave his pillow, and some cranny seek,

Through which (as erst did PYRAMUS renown'd,
When he his soft tale to his THISBE told)
To speak his passion; but as oft he check'd
The potent impulse, fearing to offend
The Maid, whose every glance and gesture look'd
As DIAN's chaste. Whilst thus he anxious mus'd,
Refreshing sleep MIRANDA likewise fled;
For her soft bosom with affection burn'd
To LODON's equal; nor a Youth had e'er
Appear'd so pleasing in her lovely eyes
As he, who panting for her heaven of charms,
So near her lay! Admired the raptured Nymph
Not more the manly beauty of his face
Than the demeanour modest he evinc'd,
Or when his lips to utter speech prepar'd;
Or when he mov'd; but vanish'd all her hopes
Of ever having for her wedded mate
The gentle LODON, when her mind conceiv'd
How far superior to herself he was,
And how improbable it seem'd that he,

Commanding such an ample store of gold,
Should deign accept as partner of his life
A Maid of neither affluence possess'd,
Or rank, or friends. His purpos'd voyage, too,
With woe oppress'd her, for she dreaded much
The varied dangers which await on those
Who plow the billows; and she also thought
Some foreign female might his love attract;
Or, that his Father might compel him have
Some wealthy Maiden, more consistent far
With his high birth. Thus, on their pillows, they
Their fears indulg'd, and wept most bitterly,
Lamenting obstacles, and forming doubts,
Unreal all! At length, worn out with care,
To SOMNUS they their wearied frames resign'd,
Who, kindly o'er their closing eye-lids drew
His leaden wand, and lull'd them to repose.

Scarce had begun her matin song the lark,
When rose SEBASTIAN and the Matron grave;

The fair MIRANDA, too, her bed forsook,
On which she charming e'en as VENUS lay,
When in Idalian bowers, with laughing loves
Around her rang'd, the Goddess bright reclin'd;
And all immediate busily prepar'd
The fire to kindle, and get ready what
Of nourishment their careful bosoms deem'd
For LODON fit. This done, SEBASTIAN went
Quick to the chamber where his young guest slept,
And him awoke. Himself he instant clad;
And, at the bottom of the stairs arriv'd,
His dear MIRANDA suddenly he met,
Who, veil'd in blushes, with benignant smile,
Him, most obligingly, good morning wish'd,
And hop'd he much had through the nightly hours
Of rest enjoy'd. To her the ardent Youth
(His hand applying forthwith to his breast,
Whilst fast the big-tear trickled down his face)
Reply scarce made; so much Almighty LOVE
His faultering tongue and every sense o'ercame,
But "*sigh'd and look'd unutterable things!*"

Now, having needful sustenance receiv'd,
With heavy heart, the rural Cot he left;
The Maid, SEBASTIAN, and his Wife belov'd,
His steps attended. The ag'd pair before
Trudg'd slowly on, together fondly link'd;
Follow'd them LODON, and MIRANDA close,
Whose frequent sighs and looks dejected shew'd
The anguish keen the thought of parting gave
Each other's soul. His arm the civil Youth
Tender'd the Maid, who modestly declin'd
The friendly offer, 'till the Matron turn'd,
And gently check'd her for refusing what
Assistance he so kindly had vouchaf'd
On her bestow. Blushing, the beauty, then,
By LODON held, who, with his other hand,
In boundless ecstasy her fingers press'd;
And whose soft touch with added transport thrill'd
His every nerve. Thus, as they pac'd along,
A thousand times the youthful LODON strove
To whisper softly in MIRANDA's ear

The tale of love; but, when his tongue essay'd
The same to tell, deserted him his speech,
And shiver'd he as he would then have fallen
Low on the ground. Reach'd they the lofty mount,
Under whose foot the public road appear'd,
Which old SEBASTIAN pointed to the Youth
The evening past; and straight they each prepar'd
With tearful eyes, and agonized breasts,
To bid farewell:—when thus, the ancient man.

"Beloved LODON! now hast thou attain'd
"The road that nearest and most certain leads
"To where thou dwell'st; the way thou can'st not miss,
"If thou thy purpos'd journey but pursue
"Of this regardful,—not aside to turn
"To path or road which may itself present
"To right or left:—straight forward keep thy course,
"And, in the space of three revolving hours,
"Although thou travel at an easy rate,
"Wilt thou again NUMANTON village reach,

" Thy happy home; for from this place I judge,
" Scarce nine short miles its distance at the most;
" And, oh! as never may these eyes again
" Thee, Youth, behold, for downward to the grave
" Increasing age with warning voice proclaims
" I fast approach, my blessing now receive,
" The earnest wishes of a heart sincere;
" May that great Power, whose kindly hand hath led
" Thee up from infancy to manhood's years,
" Be still thy *guide*—thy *guardian*, and thy *God!*
" And thee enable, whilst the thorny path
" Of life thou rov'st, in every trying scene
" To look for succour to Himself alone:
" He will protect thee, Youth; be still as now,
" To him obedient, so thy future days
" Shall yield thee comfort, and thy death bed-peace."

Thus spake SEBASTIAN, and upon his neck
Fell drown'd in tears: the Matron on him, too,
Hung tender, dealing on his youthful cheek

The warm salute with true affection big;
LODON the while returning them afresh
His thanks for favors from their hands receiv'd,
But poor MIRANDA like a statue stood!
The pearly torrents from her radiant orbs
Trickling apace! so throbb'd her gentle heart
As it would then the mansion pure have burst
Wherein it dwelt; her eyes upon the Youth
She fondly fix'd, who by strong passion urg'd,
Her quickly in his circling arms embrac'd,
Impressing eager on her lips a kiss
Of warmest ardor, at the self-same time
Pronouncing softly in her raptur'd ear
These gentle words—"Oh, love me beauteous Maid!
"*I die without thee!* soon, my soul forebodes
"Will come the day, the wish'd-for, happy day,
"When I, mine angel, shall again thy face
"Behold transported, from its peerless charms
"To part no more!" to which the blushing fair
(Nor let the squeamish supercilious prude

Pretending love to VIRTUE's cause, condemn
The fond confession) all dissolv'd in bliss,
In a faint whisper to the ravish'd Youth,
With frame fast trembling, this brief answer made;
" I prize thee, LODON; modesty forbids
" I more acknowledge, save that rest assur'd
" My warmest wishes for thy weal are thine."
They sunder'd now; and as they both began
To travel homeward, mutually exchang'd
The glance expressive; still the gentle Youth
Eyed his MIRANDA, who, the aged pair
With slow space follow'd, and unceasing gave,
As farther he receded from her sight,
The nod to LODON; he the token kind
Return'd most punctual: onward yet they went;
At length, in vain they anxiously essay'd
To view each other, when the blooming Maid
And too, her LODON, instant on the ground
Their bright eyes fixing, silently their grief
In copious floods of pearly tears indulg'd.

Walk'd LODON on as destitute of joy
For that he now was sever'd from his love,
As erst was ORPHEUS, when through Thracian wilds,
And Hell's dark realms EURIDICE he sought,
His absent bride. Again he fondly paus'd
On all that pass'd within the humble Cot,
Whilst with the sovereign mistress of his soul
He there remain'd: thus, he his destin'd course
Mourning pursu'd, 'till fair to sight expos'd,
His weeping Father's noble house at hand
Before him stood; reach'd the fond Youth the door,
Yet, ere he enter'd, look'd he fondly back
(His tears still trickling swiftly down his cheeks)
With gaze long lingering toward th' Elysian where
His charmer dwelt; then, heaving a deep sigh,
Immediate hasten'd in his own abode,
Where sat his sire in piercing woe o'erwhelm'd,
Because his utmost fancy could not ween
What urg'd his LODON from himself and home
So long to tarry: Him the Parent saw

As near th' apartment drew the gentle Youth,
Alone in silence where his grief he pour'd,
And, swift as lightning, in his close embrace
Eagerly clasping, instantly thus spake :

" Where hast thou, LODON, ever since began
" The dawn of yesterday, thy footsteps bent ?
" Thou wert not wont to give my bosom pain
" By deeds like this ; thee always have I found
" To me most duteous ; therefore some event
" Most strange has happen'd to induce thee stay
" So long abroad ; oh, knew'st thou how my soul
" Has wail'd thine absence, every lonely hour
" Since I last evening from my journey came,
" Thou would'st, although my son belov'd ! were made
" Of even hardest adamant thy heart,
" In pity melt ! Reveal to me, my child,
" Where, since the dawn of yesterday thou'st been,
" And what the reason ? for in vain have search'd
" Our servants in the villages around,

"To find thee out."

When thus, the filial Youth:
"My honor'd Parent! sorely I lament
"That thou, on my account, of pain should'st know
"The smallest share; but, when my lips pronounce
"What from our dwelling me so long detain'd,
"I trust, although so very strange appears
"To thee my conduct, clearly I shall stand
"From blame excus'd."

This LODON having said,
His anxious Father forthwith he inform'd
How, lost in thought, he wander'd from his way,
And how the Cottage he, at length, beheld,
And what reception welcome he receiv'd
From those within, of every one of whom,
Of her especially his heart so lov'd,
He spake most highly; then, he told him, too,
How evening, sudden veil'd in lurid clouds,

Portended rain, which soon in torrents fell,
Whilst frequent claps of awful thunder roar'd,
And vivid lightning, darting through the sky,
The horror swell'd. Concluded he the tale
By speaking the uneasiness he'd felt
At thought how much his bosom would endure
For this his absence; but, that what he'd said,
He hop'd would forthwith banish from his breast
Whate'er unfavorable thoughts might there
Of him have enter'd.

So spake young LODON;
And thus his Father instantly reply'd:

" My darling Son! attentive have mine ears
" Thy story heard; and very friendly 'twas
" Of those good Cottagers beneath their roof,
" Thy limbs to shelter, and so liberal give
" Thee food to renovate thy wearied frame;
" But much should I regret if I suppos'd

" Thou hadst such hospitable Rustics left
" Without first yielding them some ready mite
" As token of thy gratitude sincere
" For help receiv'd; declare to me, my son,
" Whether or not thou fail'dst on them confer
" The boon deserv'd; as, if it 'scap'd thy mind
" The same to do, I speedily will make
" The kindly peasants adequate reward
" For this their grace."

Answer'd the gentle Youth.
" My craving hunger, and my thirst repress'd,
" And from their toil my weary feet restor'd,
" I rose, intending for my distant home
" To forthwith hasten; but, before I dar'd
" Advance one step e'en toward the Cottage door,
" A piece of gold I tender'd to the man,
" And urg'd him take it, him in vain I urg'd;
" For, looking on me with a steadfast eye,
" That much convinc'd me inwardly he felt

" Displeas'd I should imagine he desir'd
" Return for necessary aid bestow'd
" On lonely stranger—thus, to me he said.

" Thanks to thee, LODON, for the proof thou giv'st
" Of will to serve me by thy proffer'd gold,
" Which if I take, ah, how within my breast
" Will conscience stern, declare in time of need,
" *Devoid of interest*, I the hungry fed,
" And, *unrewarded*, eas'd the traveller's toil?
" If, gentle Youth, thy money I accept,
" By me no act of kindness will be shewn,
" But rather will it tell I own a soul
" Quite *callous* to my fellow-man's distress,
" And *selfish* too; who dar'd not comfort yield
" To one fatigu'd, and wandering from his way
" *Unrecompens'd*: put then within thy purse
" The boon design'd, for great are mine amends
" That I an humble instrument have been
" To give thee help."

Exclaim'd the Father, then;
" Oh, worthy Rustic! how unlike art thou
" To many *rich-ones*, whose inhuman souls
" By *interest* govern'd, not the smallest share
" Of aid contribute to their fellow-men,
" Unless thereby some *profit* to themselves
" Clearly they see. Thousands, alas! there are,
" Rolling in *pomp*, in *luxury*, and *ease*,
" Who can, unpitying, on the mother's breast
" View the poor infant languiſhing for food,
" Expos'd unclothed, to the wintry blast!
" Who hear unmoved, the starving widow's prayers,
" And orphan's cries! A pattern thou for such!
" And I will see thou full reward receive
" For thy great goodness, as shall shortly be
" To thee some gift so secretly convey'd,
" That vain shall all thine efforts prove to trace
" From whence it came."

From LODON's eyes the tears

Of joy swift started; dropp'd he on his knees;
And fast his Father clasping by the hand,
Him thus, in suppliant attitude address'd:

"My honor'd Parent! boundless is the bliss
"I now experience that thy tender soul
"Burns with such friendship for the man humane,
"Who me, when tir'd and roving from my home,
"When faint with heat, and craving hunger's pangs,
"So greatly serv'd; already hast thou heard
"My lips much utter in MIRANDA's praise,
"The peerless beauty whom the Rustics prize
"As their own offspring; nor her person fair
"Is all her boast, for oh, believe me, sire!
"Within an angel's fascinating form*

* This and the following line (with a small alteration only) I quote from the little tale of CLORINDA and HORATIO, in a Poem of mine published about three years since, entitled "CHRISTMAS:" they appear to me so very appropriate to the subject, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of introducing them here also.

" The blooming Maid an angel's *virtue* bears !
" Thee, always have I found a Parent fond,
" And ever studious to promote how best
" My happiness ; I therefore, pray thee yield
" Consent that I the blooming Virgin make,
" Whene'er from INDIA I shall back return,
" My wedded mate, nor let her lowly lot
" An hindrance prove to what can solely give
" My bosom peace. So much I love the Maid,
" That life without her will produce me naught
" Save lasting pain ; and cause have I to hope
" On my account within her breast she holds
" A thought most kind ; again, then I entreat,
" And too, by all the dear and sacred ties
" Which link a Father and his only child,
" Thou me withhold not thy consent I wed
" The Maid MIRANDA ; as, on that alone
" My future comfort or my woe depends."

Look'd the fond Parent on his suppliant son

With tearful eyes, and, falling on his neck,
Most eager strain'd him to his panting heart,
And thus rejoin'd.

" LODON, thou knowest well,
" That I have always with the utmost care,
" Thee tender nurtur'd from thine infant days
" To manhood's years; thou knowest in thyself
" Rests all my joy; can, then, thy soul suppose
" I now so far embruted am become,
" As to refuse what chiefly will produce
" Thee happiness the short space gracious Heaven
" May spare thy life? if so, should I evince
" *Paternal* love? ah, no! my LODON, no!
" Mine eyes would rather see thee wed the Maid
" Thou mak'st thy choice, though she were of the poor
" By far the poorest, if her breast possess
" The germs of *virtue*, than the titled fair,
" Or e'en the princely daughter of a king,
" Whose only *excellence* her *beauty* is,

" And whom thou could'st not in thine arms embrace
" With love unfeign'd; then dry thy falling tears,
" And I to morrow with thee to the Cot
" Will early journey, and behold the nymph
" Who so with passion soft thy young heart fills;
" And, if I find a mutual flame subsists
" 'Twixt thee and her, and that her bosom glows
" So much with *virtue* as thy lips affirm,
" I will most readily consent bestow
" Thou take her, LODON, as thy mate for life,
" Soon as kind Providence shall thee return,
" To crown with boundless ecstasy my soul,
" From INDIA home."

Here ceas'd he, when o'erjoy'd,
More eager LODON press'd his Father's hand,
Him thanking for the willingness he'd shewn
To make him blest; nor his MIRANDA ween'd
So quick again her ravish'd eyes would view
The charming Youth, whose dearest image all

Her breast disturb'd; and, though at parting he
Had whisper'd, ere long ardently he hop'd
To see her once more, yet remain'd in doubt
The Maid, if by that welcome speech he meant
Before across the mighty waves he bent
His course for INDIA, or from thence when he
Should home return. In sad suspense she now
Was plung'd so deeply, that her spirits late
As cheerful even as the blithesome lark's,
Or tuneful linnet's, quite depress'd became;
And through the whole of the revolving day
And following night, did nought the beauteous Maid,
Save weep amain; but, 'twas by LOVE ordain'd,
(Almighty LOVE who o'er his votary watch'd
With careful eye, and pitied her distress)
She should not long her LODON's absence mourn,
As soon the muse's humble lay shall speak.

AURORA rose, in richest radiance dress'd,
As though rejoic'd so rapidly approach'd

The happy moment when the gentle Youth
And his MIRANDA, mutual would exchange
Their faithful vows. The Father and his son,
Soon as their morning morsel they had ta'en,
Cross'd their fleet horses, and with nimble trot,
Sped for the Cottage; but, impell'd by love,
Young LODON far before his Parent rode,
Oft halting, much impatient to behold
His pace so tardy; then, what transport seiz'd
The Youth's fond bosom at the frequent thought
That every step his willing steed advanc'd,
Convey'd him nearer to the charming Maid
His soul ador'd! not so when home he walk'd
The yesterday; for often then, would he,
Reverting back with long and eager look,
Gaze toward the quarter where MIRANDA dwelt,
And gaze and sigh, and sigh and gaze again,
As though his tender heart with piercing grief
Would forthwith burst! And now the gate they reach'd
The lawn that bounded where the Cottage stood,

When, lost in transport, loud the Youth exclaim'd,
The self-same moment pointing to the place,
" Behold, my Father! there the humble house
" Within whose walls the fairest female lives
" Who breath e'er drew; and who to day, I trust,
" Will share thy blessing, and by thee be deem'd
" Thy future child! On yonder little hill
" It was I first this dear elysian spy'd;
" And blessed be the hour I wandering stray'd
" So far from home; and Providence be thank'd,
" That me conducted hungry and fatigu'd,
" To where such innocence and charms reside."

Smiling, the Father view'd him, and rejoin'd;
" It is indeed, my son, a lovely spot!
" So lovely, that its equal I ne'er saw;
" It looks to me a situation fit
" For more than mortals, nor would wonder much,
" Pervade my bosom were I there to find
" Some angel form, whose beauty and whose worth

" Are fully adequate, my child, to all
" Thy lavish'd praises, since thou home return'dst
" Have with such fervency to me express'd."
This said, their steeds they safely to the gate
Immediate fasten'd, and across the lawn
Together walk'd; the humble Cot they reach'd,
Whose little door upon the latch they found;
They knock'd; when old SEBASTIAN to them came,
And fixing first upon the Youth his eye,
His arms around him all enraptur'd threw,
Again him welcoming beneath his roof,
Nor scarcely could from bursting tears refrain
The wondering Father, when the ancient man
He saw so warmly fold in his embrace
His darling son! So much his friendship fill'd
With melting tenderness the Parent's soul,
That, though he had not yet the Maiden seen,
Determin'd he relationship to form
With one so good. They enter'd now the Cot,
When down the lowly stairs with nimble step,

And smiling face, the friendly Matron came,
Expressing what great happiness she felt
Because so soon her gentle guest renew'd
His welcome visit. LODON, to them then,
Made known his Father, frequently the while
(His bosom throbbing with excess of joy)
Casting his sharp glance all the Cottage o'er
In quest of her whom all his soul ador'd,
The lovely Maid. His thanks the Parent fond
Sincerely with most unassuming speech
Bestow'd for favors on his son conferr'd,
Declaring 'twas his pleasure they would take
Some recompence; to which objected they
Submissively, affirming they had done
No more than what in their opinion seem'd
Their bounden duty. Still the talk encreas'd;
When the fond LODON so impatient grew
To view MIRANDA, that the converse he
(First pardon craving for the freedom) stopp'd,
By eager making for the Maid he lov'd,
Enquiry kind; when thus the Matron spake.

" Scarcely we yesterday had home return'd
" From thee conducting to the road which leads
" To where thou dwell'st, when suddenly unwell
" The Maid became; so very faint she was
" As she would die; and ever since that time
" If we have chanc'd our talk to her address,
" She quite regardless of the same has been,
" Seeming like one in thought profound absorb'd,
" And too, most heartless. Oft, have we perceiv'd
" A lucid tear roll down her youthful cheek,
" And much are we persuaded there abides
" A certain something heavy at her heart;
" And, if she question'd be to tell the cause,
" She looks most piteously, entreating we
" Awhile would leave her, saying she shall soon
" Recover fast; would GOD, it may not be
" What most we fear!—if so, poor, wretched Maid!
" Her case is hopeless, and her cherub face
" Which now so richly shews the roseate bloom
" Of smiling health, will cankering sorrow turn

" To pallid hue, and, like a tender flower
" Cut off by rude winds from its parent stock,
" She soon will drop within the dreary grave
" An untim'd victim; for of softest kind
" Has Nature form'd her, to endure unfit
" The knawing pangs of melancholy black,
" Or care corroding: all the live-long night
" (So says the Maiden) she of needful rest
" The least enjoy'd not, and a transient hour
" I ween has hardly o'er our heads revolv'd
" Since she to lay her on the bed retir'd,
" Where balmy sleep, we trust, will help restore
" Her tender frame exanimate become
" By woe, deep rankling in her breast, that late
" Contentment calm, her happy mansion made."

Thus spake the Matron, and young LODON's eye
Glisten'd with transport, but encreas'd his bliss
Beyond conception's utmost stretch by far,
On hearing sudden o'er his head the sound

As of one walking; still the sound prevail'd,
It was MIRANDA! she, enamour'd Maid!
By chance, that moment from unquiet rest
Her fair orbs open'd, when the hum of those
Below surpriz'd her; leap'd the Virgin then,
Swift from her couch, and listening to the talk,
Imagin'd plainly she her LODON heard;
Again she listen'd, trembling all the time
'Twixt hope and fear; soon his beloved voice
Her ears distinguish'd, and o'erwhelm'd with joy,
T' adjust her raiment to her glass she sprang,
Not knowing scarcely whether what occurr'd
Was real all, or only the effect
Produc'd by vision of her anxious brain
Through love disorder'd. Down the Cottage stairs
She forthwith hurried, but what great surprise
Possess'd her breast; what blushes o'er her cheeks
Rush'd their deep crimson when she there beheld
Not LODON only, but a stranger, she
At the first glance immediately suppos'd

His honor'd sire! quickly to each she dropp'd
The decent curtsie, when the Youth arose,
And hastening to her, anxious, for her health,
Made tender question; rose the Father, too,
Who, full of wonder at such peerless charms,
Awhile stood gazing; nor a time his speech
Found utt'erance; at length, her hand he took,
(The modest Virgin on the ground her eyes
Low casting) and on LODON looking full,
(The aged couple standing by replete
With deep amazement at the strange event)
To him, transported, instant thus began.

" Is this the Maid of whom so highly thou
" In praise hast spoken? she is lovelier far
" Than e'er my utmost fancy could have thought,
" And, if thou could'st upon such beauty, son,
" Have gaz'd indifferent, thee, should I have deem'd
" Or fair superior to, or less than man:
" Oh, the vast bliss that favor'd Youth will own

" Whom Heaven shall destine to possess so rich,
" So fair a jewel! for her blooming face,
" Where spotless innocence so brightly reigns,
" To me most strikingly declares her *mind*
" Not less engaging than the charms which deck
" Her faultless form. I wonder, LODON, not
" Thy tender heart so fervently adores
" The gentle Maid, but" (to SEBASTIAN, then,
And the grave Matron, who beside him sat,
Immediate turning, at the self-same time
Giving a nod significant which told
He something had of import to disclose)
" If it may meet, good Rustics, your consent,
" I earnest would advise MIRANDA walk
" An hour abroad, for now the whispering gale
" Salubrious blows, and haply may conduce
" Much toward restoring to their wonted state
" Again her spirits. LODON will, no doubt,
" Experience happiness extreme to bear
" Her company;"—to which the ancient man,

And the good Matron courteously bestow'd
Their voice assenting. Stood the Youth and Maid
Confus'd and trembling with excess of joy,
(Nor less with wonder were the ag'd pair struck
To hear the Father such proposal make)
Oft on each other darting the warm glance
Of love expressive; when the Matron kind,
Seeing the soft disorder they endur'd,
(For now began she rightly to divine
The reason LODON to the Cot so soon
Renew'd his visit; why the Father, too,
Express'd a warm wish that together they
Abroad should wander) to the Maiden, thus
Her tender talk immediately address'd.

" My dear MIRANDA! thee, I fain would urge
" Either to walk awhile our fragrant lawn,
" Or, if thou like, the fair enamell'd fields
" That lie around; for, as just now thou heard'st
" Our condescending visitor remark,

" The air blows cheering, and may haply, child,
" Help to restore unto its wonted state,
" Thy valu'd health; thee, kindly will attend
" The generous LODON, whose demeanour mild,
" And shining virtues cannot fail, we ween
" To prove most pleasing, as they must to all
" Who have to boast of having with him form'd
" Esteem'd acquaintance."

" Aye, SEBASTIAN cry'd,
" My darling, go thou to the fields an hour,
" 'Twill do thee good—but longer do not stay,
" As by that time will dinner be prepar'd,
" And it is proper thou should'st somewhat eat
" To nourish Nature, for of aught to day
" Thy lips have touch'd not; go, MIRANDA, then,
" And Heaven a blessing on thy walk confer!"
This said, the Matron, with preventive care
Sped to her chamber, and from thence brought down
MIRANDA's cloak, the which young LODON took

(With boundless transport trembling all his frame)
And instant o'er her well-form'd shoulders threw,
Thinking himself more honor'd than if he
Had then enrob'd for coronation grand,
Some mighty king. Forth from the Cottage, now
The soft pair went; o'er the smooth lawn they pac'd
(The fair MIRANDA in her LODON's arm
Her own entwining) where the humble muse
A transient season leaves them to record
The pleasing converse that within the Cot
'Twixt LODON's Father and the Rustics pass'd.

Scarcely MIRANDA and the Youth had gain'd
The little stile at bottom of the lawn,
When the fond Parent, anxious to disclose
His laboring thoughts, the aged pair thus spake.

" Good Rustics! somewhat would I wish to say
" That much concerns the happiness of one
" To me more dear than is the flowing blood

" Within my veins. My darling son adores
" The fair MIRANDA, nor her wonderous charms
" Alone the shining excellence compose
" His soul admires. The beauties of her *mind*,
" Although no longer he has known the Maid,
" To him so eminently bright appear,
" That life without her (so to me he said)
" Is of no moment. She, he fondly hopes,
" Of him indulges in her gentle breast
" A thought most tender; therefore, I beseech
" You, kindly will your free compliance grant
" That he henceforward to the Virgin pay
" His soft addresses if no other Youth
" A prior claim to her regard possess,
" And it be prov'd she cherishes for him
" A love as strong. Of wealth enough I boast,
" And more than will his utmost wants supply;
" Mine only child he is, and much I wish
" Before I drop into the quiet grave,
" To see him take in wedlock's sacred bands

" Some worthy Maid. I prize MIRANDA more
" Than any female yet mine eyes have seen,
" And, for the special purpose they disclose
" To each their passion, ere now I propos'd
" (Which liberty you pardon will I trust)
" That both together in the neighboring fields
" Awhile should wander; LODON, as you know,
" Shortly intends for INDIA to depart
" (Where urgent business his attention claims)
" From whence, I ween within two rolling years
" He back will journey, when, if ye approve
" (To which I hope objection ye have none,
" As well I know upon the charming Maid
" So dotes his fond heart, that depriv'd of her
" Existence to him will produce but woe)
" He shall immediately MIRANDA make
" His wedded mate; your answer, then, good folk,
" I now solicit, and your free consent
" That he the lovely Maiden shall espouse
" Soon as from INDIA he may back return,

" Will much rejoice me, and with transport crown
" Beyond all thought, the remnant of my days."

To whom SEBASTIAN.—" More, my worthy guest
" Than has my tongue of language to declare,
" We honor'd feel that thus thy son vouchsafes
" T' indulge so tender a regard for one
" To us so dear. Doubtless thou knowest well,
" She neither boasts of affluence or rank;
" An honest, artless country Maid, is she,
" Whose *riches* only in her *mind* consist;
" A *mind* where *peace* and sacred *virtue* hold
" Their constant reign. Oft on our bended knees
" Have my dear MARY and myself implor'd
" The great Almighty that before we go
" To death's dark shades (and almost now is run
" Our scanty glass) some partner he'd provide
" Of gentle manners and enlighten'd soul,
" With just sufficient competence endow'd,
" To bless MIRANDA; she upon our thoughts

" Has long lain heavy, and so dearly we
" The Maiden love, that deem we in our tombs
" We rest should know not, did we not believe
" She, after we are to the dust gone down
" Would be so well dispos'd of as to 'scape
" The frowns of want; for oh, my worthy friend!
" The world is wide, and rough, and dreary, too,
" And life's most pleasing paths with many a thorn
" Are frequent strew'd; and hard would be the lot
" Of such an innocent and tender Maid,
" To rove amid this " vale of tears" unbless'd
" By sacred friendship! but, our GOD be prais'd!
" Who, in his favoring Providence hath given
" A son like thine with helping hand to lead
" Her safely on; to be her bosom friend;
" A friend, to whom she fearless may disclose
" Her every sorrow, and from whom receive
" The kindest solace and the warmest love.
" We, therefore, trust MIRANDA will return
" The generous LODON of affection soft

" An equal share : nor doubt we that her heart
" Will e'er with deepest gratitude o'erflow
" For this such special favor on her head,
" By him conferr'd."

" Yes, the good Matron said,
" I am most sure MIRANDA loves the Youth ;
" For, as just now I pass'd her chamber through,
" Where she had then to lay her down retir'd,
" I saw her sudden on her pillow start,
" In sleep unsound ; again I watch'd the Maid,
" When (so I fancy'd) much her action spake
" Her mind disturb'd ; and soon, with ardor she
" Her hands join'd closely, whilst these tender words,
" Oh, my dear LODON ! LODON ! my belov'd !"
" In a most piteous and pathetic tone,
" Her lips pronounc'd. I quickly left the room,
" Distress'd to think should cherish her fond breast
" A thought of one by Providence whose lot
" In life was plac'd so high above the sphere

" Wherein she mov'd; but much do I rejoice,
" That thou, good sir, unlike the *venal* tribe,
" Far more consult'st the priceless *peace of mind*
" Of him, thine offspring, than to gain how best
" By dint of marriage (where should ever reign
" Alone predominant almighty LOVE),
" Still added riches to the ample store,
" Already, thou mays't in thy wisdom fix
" As his own portion."

Said the Father, then.
" Detest I those, whose mean and callous souls,
" Alone intent the *fortunes* to increase
" Of their dear issue, force them marry such
" Their *hearts* approve not; those I can't but deem
" Their childrens' murderers; as a proof of which,
" A well-known fact, which but a short time since
" I heard related, will my lips declare.—

" ALPHONSO was a man of parents born,

" Most affluent; they died when barely he
" The ripening age of twenty-two had gain'd:
" Their only one he was, and all their wealth,
" The which amounted to th' enormous sum
" Of ninety thousand pounds in shining gold,
" And thirty thousand more a year in lands,
" To him devolv'd. He, when a boy at school
" Was much penurious, and a spirit shew'd
" Most niggardly, and from his fellows us'd
" To covet what of money they possess'd,
" Or whate'er little eatables their friends
" Perchance convey'd them, but would never once
" The smallest favor in return bestow;
" For when his parents, as they oft were wont,
" Or store of sweetmeats sent him, or what else
" They proper thought, he, despicable wretch!
" Immediately would some lone corner seek,
" Far from the notice of his schoolmates all,
" And there so gorge, until that he became
" By gorging sick; and, if it happ'd 'twere known

" He had such dainties, and his mates implor'd
" Of him a morsel, he (although before
" He of their bounty frequent had enjoy'd
" When they like him had little presents sent)
" Would most ill-naturedly deny the same,
" Declaring he remaining had no more
" Than what he wanted for his own dear self;
" Thus, e'en at school the selfish wretch behav'd;
" Where constant liv'd he of his fellows all
" The *scorn* and *outcast*; and upon him they
" Were wont, deservingly, to free confer
" The period during with them he remain'd,
" The nickname *Hunks*, and which, report so says,
" Sustain'd he even till the hour he dy'd!

" It chanc'd, when he to manhood's years arriv'd,
" He took in marriage one of lofty rank,
" Whose ample fortune was superior far,
" E'en to his own. One only child he had,
" (For righteous Heaven ne'er bequeath'd him more)

" A blooming daughter, with a store of charms
" Almost unmatch'd. A tender Maid she was,
" And too, most duteous; she her Mother lost
" In infancy, and with her Father pass'd
" Her youthful days. Reach'd she her eighteenth year,
" When, being at her parent's country seat,
" ('Twas when the fair and sultry summer reign'd)
" That lay contiguous to a public road
" In NORFOLK county, she, by hap one morn
" Stood at her window, and at distance far,
" Descry'd a horseman like the lightning swift
" Toward her coming, still rapidly the steed
" His course pursued! at length, she plainly saw
" The rider's efforts prov'd in vain to check
" His mad beast's fury; nearer yet he drew,
" And, when just opposite her door arriv'd,
" His horse, ungovernable, tripp'd and fell,
" Him instant darting with tremendous force
" Some dozen yards, and where, the hapless youth
" Lay stretch'd and bleeding on the ground like one

" Of life depriv'd, while the fair female's screams
" Alarm'd her servants, who around her throng'd,
" All fill'd with wild amazement, what so much
" Their mistress ail'd; she pointed to the road,
" Unable quite herself to speak the cause;
" Forthwith the menials to the house convey'd
" The bleeding stranger, who with sweat and dust
" Was so disguis'd that hardly could be seen
" A single feature; him they kindly now
" With cleansing water from pollution freed,
" When, as the Virgin chanc'd upon his face
" To fix her gaze, another scream she gave,
" And fainting, straightway on the carpet sunk
" As breathless quite; meanwhile the stranger much
" His hurt recover'd, and in turn began
" To yield the beauty what assistance small
" His strength afforded; but, what words can paint
" His looks, or utter how his fond heart throbb'd,
" When, in the person of the charming fair,
" He saw the Maid for whom his youthful soul

" First cherish'd love! awak'd SOPHRONIO, now,
" (For that the name the beauteous Virgin bore)
" And quickly fixing once more on the Youth
" Her eager eye, in ecstasy exclaim'd,
" Oh CHARLES! my faithful CHARLES! do I behold
" Thy face again; or paints my fancy fond
" Alone, what most mine anxious soul adores,
" Thy form belov'd?" He fell upon her neck,
" Regardless of the wounds which just before
" His fall occasion'd. Long these two had lov'd—
" But her stern Father his consent deny'd
" That they should marry (for of *fortune* CHARLES
" Possess'd scarce any) and the sordid brute
" His blooming daughter frequent had confin'd
" In lonely chamber, lest the panting Youth
" Should ever kind admittance to her find;
" And now, their fervent and undying flame
" Regain'd fresh ardor, and again their vows
" Renew'd they mutual; whilst together thus
" They spake their soft tale, came the Father in,

" Who, seeing CHARLES (although to him was told
" The sad mishap that brought him in his house)
" Fell much in passion, and with hand unkind,
" And bitter oaths, him rudely thrusted out
" In open road, when fasten'd he the door,
" And quick returning to the weeping Maid,
" Was so with boisterous anger overcome,
" That scarce prevent him could the servants all
" Inflicting on her many a blow replete
" With savage fury; her, the wretch compell'd
" Before a fortnight barely had elaps'd,
" To wed some monster to himself alike,
" Whose soul, like his, no sympathy possess'd,
" But whose unbounded riches him allur'd
" With charms resistless. Soon the mourning fair,
" Of late so beauteous, to a shadow pined,
" Nor longer able to sustain the grief
" That rack'd her bosom, on one fatal night
" With sorrow frantic to a fish-pond flew,
" And headlong plunging, clos'd a life replete
" With all the tortures of despairing LOVE."

" Oh shame!" indignantly SEBASTIAN cried,
" That there are PARENTS so athirst for *gold*,
" As, for its transitory joys to dare
" Base acts, like this! Know not those human brutes
" That but a transient season at the most,
" On earth we tarry? why, embitter, then,
" The scanty portion of their children's days,
" And haply urge them to commit some deed
" In early youth, with desperation fraught,
" (And all to gain a little more of wealth,
" Which wealth their common reason plainly tells
" They cannot carry with them to the grave)
" By cruelly compelling them to wed
" With those they love not. What, to them, the world,
" With all its *riches*, *honors*, *pomp* and *show*,
" If blest *contentment* make not in their breasts
" Her lasting home? Such Parents who would thus
" Their own dear offspring's happiness destroy,
" The very vilest of the vile I deem;
" Such, every night with tenfold horror big

" May furies haunt; around their bedsides stalk,
" And, gazing on them, with unceasing roar
" Resound their dire yells in their guilty ears!"

Thus, in the Cottage, they; Meanwhile the Youth,
And his MIRANDA, o'er the fragrant fields
Pursu'd their walk. At first their fond hearts both,
With LOVE's delicious raptures so fast throbb'd,
That for a period to each other they
A word address'd not; kept they on their course,
The charming Maid oft fixing on the ground
Her brilliant eyes, and, as in LODON's arm
Her own she held, she trembled like the leaf
Of some tall poplar when autumnal winds
Rage through the woodlands; or, if hap her glance
Met her dear lover's, instantly her face,
Her angel face in crimson hue was veil'd,
Of deepest dye. At length, the generous Youth
No longer able to refrain his speech,
With palpitating breast and faultering tongue,
Gaz'd on the beauty,—and address'd her thus.

" My dear MIRANDA! listen while I tell
" The faithful passion which for thee pervades
" Mine ardent soul; 'tis true, I thee have known
" A short space only, but, enchanting Maid!
" So much thine *innate goodness* and the charms
" Of thy fair person have my heart engross'd,
" That, unpossess'd of thy returning love,
" Soon shall I fall within the darksome tomb,
" An early victim to the pangs acute
" Of cankering woe. I will not—cannot live,
" My fair, without thee; thou, when silent night
" Her opaque umbrage spreads upon the world,
" Liv'st in my dreams, and while the day prevails,
" Rul'st all my thoughts; without thee, the green lap
" Of smiling Nature to my view appears
" A waste unjoyous—I beseech thee, then,
" Declare if breathe there any Youth who owns
" That envied bliss, that priceless pearl—thy *love!*
" My tender Father has of riches more
" Than all the wants which life creates, demand,

" And to behold thee, to thy peaceful Cot
" To day came with me. Him have I inform'd
" For thee the quenchless passion I endure;
" And well am I persuaded he would feel
" More heartfelt rapture than thy mind can think
" To hear thy lips, angelic Maid! declare
" Thou lov'st but me, so earnestly who now
" Implores thy favor. He my fair! is one
" Who studies more my HAPPINESS, than how
" By some alliance to procure me more
" Of sordid lucre that will vanish all
" Ere long, like clouds of rising smoke in air,
" Or midnight visions of the fruitful brain.
" His only child I am, and well I ween
" He prizes thee, MIRANDA, or he not
" Would have so readily propos'd that we
" Together o'er these sweetly smiling meads
" Like this should wander. I entreat thee, then,
" My dear MIRANDA, ease my sad suspense;
" Oh tell me quick, no Youth save me enjoys

" Thy soft affections; tell me that when Heaven
" Shall back return me from beyond the flood
" To this my country—to my friends—and thee,
" In holy wedlock, at the altar, thou
" Wilt forthwith join me, then, to part no more,
" Till DEATH shall part us; speak, I pray thee, speak!
" Or, so MIRANDA will distress unman
" My burthen'd soul."——

Here ceas'd the weeping Youth,
(His streaming tears preventing farther speech)
When thus, the beauteous Maid, her bright eyes still
Fix'd on the ground. Her answer to him made,

" LODON! I know thy *worth*; and, did my lips
" Declare I love thee not, my conscious heart
" Would shame the falsehood; but admired Youth!
" How much of *gratitude* ought I to feel,
" That thus, so kindly, thou to cherish deign'st
" A tender passion for a simple Maid,

" Like me, of *family* or *wealth* devoid,
" When, with the ample fortune thou command'st,
" Thou, doubtless from the circles of the great
" Might'st gain a partner far more fit for one
" Of thy high rank .There is no crime, I ween
" In *honest love*; if, therefore, aught of joy
" The frank acknowledgement of *mine* will yield
" Thy generous soul, then, will I dare pronounce
" (Nor, trust I, by so doing I offend
" Against the rules of modesty divine)
" I love thee, LODON, more than I can speak;
" *Alone* thou hold'st possession of my heart,
" And heighten'd for thee much is mine esteem
" On recollection that no *sordid* end
" Can'st thou indulge by speaking thus for me
" A fond attachment; nor, I anxious hope,
" Aught of idea in thy breast obtrudes
" That I for thee profess a mutual flame
" Only to better in the world my lot:
" Ah, no, my LODON! such a motive mean

" My soul ne'er nurtur'd, and if I suppos'd
" Thou thought'st so of me, never should I feel
" The least of comfort; for, believe me, Youth!
" Wert thou as poor as he who yonder culls
" From out the hedge-row, sticks to dress his meal,
" Or he who keeps upon yon hill the sheep
" From morning sun to setting of the same;
" Still, if possess'd of such a *mind* as now
" Illumes thy bosom—thee, I'd ever love,
" And *only thee*; but, though, thou'rt dearer far
" To me, good LODON, than all else beside,
" Yet, would it pain me frequent to receive
" Thy honor'd visits, and indulge thy suit,
" Unless they meet the approbation free
" Of my kind guardians who have rear'd me up
" With fondest care from when I first drew breath
" To these my years; for ne'er can I submit
" To do an act that may *their* peace disturb,
" Whose only study always was to make
" My hours roll cheerful; and I trust, if thou,

" Dear Youth! within thy bosom for me bear
" Regard so fervent, thou wilt speak the same
" To these my guardians, which if they approve,
" (As doubt I not they will most readily)
" And too, the pleasure of thy sire it meet,
" Then, will I, LODON, soon as thou shalt home
" Return from INDIA, yield to thee my hand,
" And with that hand, the only *wealth* I boast,
" A *heart* with boundless *gratitude* replete
" And pregnant ever with unchanging *love*."

The Maiden ceas'd; and, blushing on the Youth
Glanc'd her bright eyes; then, quick upon the ground
Their lustre darted, when, with bliss o'erwhelm'd,
The ravish'd LODON thus to her rejoin'd.

" Oh fair, and sovereign empress of my soul!
" And am I then so happy as to know
" I own th' affections of a Maid like thee?
" Were I become sole master of the globe;

" At my command were all its latent stores
" Of shining gold, its pearls and richest gems;
" Low at my feet did subject monarchs kneel
" And court my favor; yet would all bestow
" To me not half the *thousandth* part of joy
" I feel on hearing thee, my life, declare
" For me thy love! oh, listen, gracious Heaven!
" The whilst I swear no other will I make
" My wedded mate; and thus, I seal my vow."

So saying, LODON, on her ruby lips
The warm kiss printed, nor MIRANDA, then,
Shunn'd the soft transport; 'twas a sacred kiss;
The kiss of chastity—the pledge of LOVE!
And listening angels through the yielding clouds
Look'd down delighted, and approv'd the same!

Thus to each other, mutual they exchang'd
Their faithful vows; through many a field they rov'd,
With smiling Nature's most engaging charms

Abundant crown'd; no envious tongue at hand
To wound their peace. Would Heaven, that every Youth
And every Maiden, loving and belov'd,
Like them, in secret, could retire and pour
Th' impassion'd tale; but, ah! how many pine
From those far sunder'd, to their souls more dear
Than their heart's blood! how many hourly mourn
The will tyrannic of relations stern,
Forbidding them to commune with or see
Those, who alone the chiefest bliss compose
They crave on earth! and what, alas, is life
Devoid of love? without a female friend
I ween it would an irksome load become;
Oh, it is charming solace each long night,
While loud without the wintry tempest howls,
And hurls its rattling thunder on our roof,
With a fair partner of enlighten'd mind
To sit safe shelter'd by the social fire,
And share the transport of her converse sweet,
Or, with her, by the taper's light peruse

The page of history, or HOMER, thou,
The boast unrivall'd of renowned GREECE;
Of ARIOSTO—TASSO—or the muse
(By all respected and by all admir'd)
Who sung ENEAS that with pious care
His aged Father on his shoulders bore,
The fam'd ANCHISES, through the flames of TROY;
Who sung the glories of immortal ROME,
And great AUGUSTUS; to enjoy the lay,
The pleasing lay of thou, our modern bard,
Beloved SOUTHEY, who in deathless strains
Hast sweet recorded JOAN's eternal praise,
And how her hand the dreadful vengeance pour'd
On fierce invaders that t' enslave essay'd
Her native country; and who soon, we trust,
Wilt give thy charming MADOC* to the world,

* Mr. SOUTHEY is engaged in writing an epic Poem, the subject of which is, the discovery of America, by MADOC, a Welch Prince.

The which shall fail not new admirers gain,
And, trust the muse, around thy brows entwine
Fresh wreaths unfading. To the Cottage now
The young pair hasten'd, floods of highest joy
Their souls o'erflowing; nor of illness she,
The fair MIRANDA, then again complain'd;
For her dear LODON had dispell'd the grief
She late endur'd; and, in her piercing eyes,
Conspicuous now the "purple light of love"
Shone radiantly; arriv'd they in the Cot,
When quick for dinner the good Matron plac'd
The humble board, round which they forthwith sat,
And of the homely viands it sustain'd
Cheerful partook. Ended their simple meal,
Young LODON's Father to the Maiden thus
(Her hand again close pressing in his own)
His speech address'd.

"MIRANDA! charming Maid!
"With boundless bliss I view the fervent love

" That burns for thee within my LODON's breast;
" Then spare thy blushes, if, to what I ask,
" Thy candid answer I immediate crave;
" And which, dear Maiden! I sincerely hope
" May prove propitious, as thy guardians kind
" (Provided thou object not to the same)
" Would gladly hear thee give consent to what
" So much my child's and mine own soul desire.

" Say, is for LODON thy regard so great,
" As to induce thee to accept the Youth
" When he from INDIA shall arrive at home,
" At Hymen's altar, as thy better half?
" Or, does some other hold a prior claim
" To thine affection? speak, beloved Maid!
" For whilst ye both were wandering in the fields,
" Thy guardians kind have willingly agreed
" Thou wed my son, if, haply thine esteem
" May so dispose thee; rests it then with thee,
" And only thee, to make my LODON blest."

MIRANDA blushing, on her lover glanc'd
Her piercing eyes; then, to his father thus.

"Good sir, fair candor urges me avow
"I have already to thy son reveal'd
"(In answer to the passion he profess'd
"The while just now we rov'd the verdant fields),
"The love unfeign'd which all my heart pervades
"For him alone. Him also, have I told
"How very great the *gratitude* I feel,
"For that so kindly he vouchsafes to fix
"On *me*, possessing neither wealth or rank,
"His warm regard; nor am I to thyself
"Indebted less, because, so freely thou
"Consent'st t'approve the humble choice he's made,
"And great the bliss I ween my guardians know,
"At thought that I should happen place my love
"On one, not only so exalted far
"Above the sphere obscure wherein I move,
"But upon one whose manners can't but win

" Th' esteem of all whose fortune 'tis to share
" His pleasing company, and converse wise:
" I therefore scruple not, good sir, again
" To say *no other* has my virgin heart
" Than thy dear son; and should it ever prove
" My lot to be by Providence so bless'd
" As him to join in holy wedlock's state,
" I trust I never shall in duty's path
" Be found deficient, nor unmindful live
" How great the dignity on me conferr'd."

Here ceas'd the Maiden; and so vast the joy,
Young LODON felt, that scarce could he refrain
From instant falling on his bended knees,
Her thanking that again she had declar'd
For him her love. Swift from his seat he sprang,
And her embracing, on her balmy lips
Dealt the fond kiss. The ancient couple eyed
The tender scene, and down their cheeks flow'd fast
The tear of transport; wept the Father too,

Who quickly taking LODON by the hand,
And placing in it the beloved Maid's,
Enraptur'd, thus his benediction gave.

" Heaven bless you both! nor e'er may adverse fate
" Disturb your peace; thee, from this happy hour,
" (His talk addressing to MIRANDA, who
" Then blushing stood with ecstasy o'ercome)
" I deem my child. Oft will my darling son
" Fly from NUMANTON on affection's wings
" To this thy Cot, and with thee pass what time
" He has to spare, until for INDIA he
" Plow the salt waves; continue then, dear Maid!
" To love thy LODON; soon the day will come,
" When he, impatient to behold again
" Th' unrivall'd beauties of thy cherub face,
" And joyful clasp thee in his eager arms,
" Shall home return; then, shall ye both unite
" In sacred marriage, nor experience more
" The poignant tortures, that, to souls like yours
" Each lingering moment cruel absence yields."

And now the Father and the gentle Youth,
Prepar'd to travel to NUMANTON back,
The aged Rustics, and their darling Maid,
When left their guests the little, peaceful Cot,
Their steps attended, as they did before
The Youth's, what time with melancholy heart
He journey'd homeward, leaving far behind
His dear MIRANDA. O'er the lovely lawn
They walk'd together 'till the stile they reach'd,
When, by the hand, the Father and his son
The good SEBASTIAN and the Matron shook
Awhile most friendly, bidding them farewell;
But, ere again, their gallant steeds they cross'd,
Each on the Maiden tenderly bestow'd
The warm salute; the same, the Rustics kind
Conferr'd on LODON, who his love assur'd
Within a few revolving hours at most
He her would visit. Felt the Youth and Maid
As now they sunder'd, none of the keen pangs
They erst experienc'd, as had both reveal'd

Their ardent passion, nor a doubt remain'd
On either side that would the ancient pair,
Or LODON's Father, free consent deny
That for each other in their bosoms they
Regard should hold. Hope's brightest prospects then,
And all the transports mutual love bestows
(Save when the thought of parting interven'd)
Entire possession of their breasts maintain'd.

Now, scarce a morning dawn'd upon the world
But LODON journey'd to the Cot where dwelt
His charming Maid, and oft with her he rov'd
The balmy fields; and, by some purling stream,
Or on some bank with springing flowerets deck'd,
(She, like a goddess, seated by his side)
Retir'd he raptur'd; (so, in ancient days
Old poets tell, ARCADIAN swains were wont
To sit, and pour their warm impassion'd tale)
And there again his earnest vows renew'd
Of lasting love; and oft, together they,

Or on the lawn, or more extended walk,
Perus'd the page which fail'd not to illume
Their minds with wisdom; but a pearly drop
At times would trickle down MIRANDA's cheeks,
And much with grief her snowy bosom heav'd
On recollection how apace drew on
The hour when LODON for a distant land
Must dare the waves. Embitter'd this her joy,
Nor less the Youth deplor'd he was so soon
To leave behind, of all he priz'd on earth,
What most he priz'd. The day at length arriv'd!
The long expected, and the dreaded day,
By will of all-wise Providence ordain'd,
To tear the fairest couple who e'er yet
A mutual flame of love unfeign'd indulg'd,
Absorb'd in anguish from each other's arms!

To bid MIRANDA, now, a long adieu,
With heavy heart, young LODON to the Cot
His course pursu'd. His Father with him went;

The blooming Maid, dissolv'd in woe they found!
'Twas then a lamentable sight to view
The gentle lovers on each other's neck
Amain hang weeping, while the aged pair,
And tender Parent with their streaming tears,
Mingled their own! and, " oh," MIRANDA cried,
" My dear, dear LODON! while at home I stay,
" Safe 'neath the shelter of our quiet roof,
" Wilt thou, to all the dangers of the deep,
" Expos'd remain; and, though mine anxious soul
" Will fail not mourn through each revolving day
" Thy lingering absence, yet would be my pain
" Much lessen'd were I certain thou would'st 'scape
" The sea's dire perils."—When the Youth reply'd;
(His fond heart nearly bursting at the time)
" Fairest of females! why, indulge thy grief
" For woes *unreal?* Know'st thou not, my love!
" That He, that Being who hath me preserv'd
" On *land* unhurt, can, on the *briny waves*
" Preserve me also? trust thou, then, in him,

" He will, before two twelve-months shall have run
" Their rounds, return me to thine arms again;
" And, to beguile of *absence* the sharp pangs,
" I thee, my dear MIRANDA, recommend
" Good store of books; for, oh, beloved Maid!
" I have most grateful comfort from them found
" When in my breast hath melancholy held
" Her gloomy reign." With cheering speech like this,
Awhile he strove t'alleviate the grief
That rul'd her soul. At length, his time elaps'd,
A parting kiss upon her lips he dealt,
When the good Rustics, who a word could scarce
Through sorrow utter, on his head bestow'd
A farewell blessing. He, no longer then
Enabled to endure the Maid's distress,
In wild distraction from her fond embrace
Rush'd eager, and across the lovely lawn
Hasten'd his progress, whilst his beating heart,
Bled with sore anguish, and the big drops swift
Adown his cheeks in ample torrents roll'd.

Forthwith the Father and his darling son,
To LONDON sped, from whence, to GRAVESEND, they
(Where lay the ship in which the gentle Youth
For INDIA's coast was destin'd to depart)
On the fair bosom of majestic THAMES
Immediate went. Her hardy crew they found
Busy unfurling to the favoring gale
Her spacious sails, and lifting from the deep
Her anchor huge. Instant the Youth embark'd;
And the same eve, a long adieu he bade
His weeping sire. Propitious breezes blest
His gallant vessel, nor to him occurr'd
Aught worth disclosing, save that ever he
When on the vessel's spacious deck he trod
Would look toward ENGLAND, and with many a sigh,
Call on MIRANDA; frequent, too, would he,
Like this, his warm impassion'd feelings pour,
As o'er the stern upon the flood he gaz'd
With tearful eye,—" oh, speed that welcome hour,
" When, to behold again my beauteous Maid

" I, back shall hasten; true, each moment, now,
" Serves to convey me from her radiant charms
" A greater distance; but, how throbbs my breast
" With boundless transport at the pleasing thought,
" That pass a few revolving months at most,
" And I, for all the anguish I endure,
" Infolded closely in her clasping arms
" Shall taste of Heaven! Perchance upon the lawn,
" Or o'er the meadows where so oft we've stray'd
" She roves unhappy; much her anxious mind
" On me reflecting, whilst her rising fears
" Dreadful portray me to the tempest's rage
" And all the horrors of the furious main,
" Trembling expos'd! Oh, could my feeble hands
" In their fleet course the whispering gales arrest,
" Back would I send them to the charming Maid
" Fraught with the tidings that no dangerous seas
" Or storms assail me, but, that my fond soul
" Alone laments the absence I endure,
" And, from her sunder'd, deems each lonely hour

"An age of pain." Thus, on the wide deep, he
His feelings spake; at length, her destin'd port
His gallant ship in perfect safety reach'd.

But, to the fair MIRANDA now my muse,
Awhile return. She, lovely Maiden! pass'd
The hours in sorrow, and her dreams by night,
Or shew'd her lover's tall bark to the skies
By fierce waves toss'd; or, mid the vast abyss
Profoundly plung'd; yet would she fail not find
A little respite from the heavy gloom
That sway'd her bosom when she fondly sought
The page instructive. LODON'S Father, too,
Would often kindly to the humble Cot
To cheer her travel, and would much discourse
Of his dear son, and say that fast approach'd
The time when he to ENGLAND would return
To bless her sight; from converse such as this,
The charming Maiden frequent pleasure found,
And ever her good guardians would essay

By words the most endearing to dispel
Her secret grief. Full fifteen months had she
Mourn'd LODON's absence, when upon a morn
As she was standing at her Cottage door,
Fast toward her hastening o'er the lawn she saw
Her future Father; on his face he wore
A smile most cheerful, which she thought foretold
Some grateful tidings. Enter'd he the house,
And taking instant by her hand the Maid,
With kindly words and countenance benign,
To her he thus his earnest speech address'd:

"I have a present for thee, child, I ween
"Will prove most pleasing; can thy heart devise
"Of what its nature? if the same thou speak,
"Thou quickly shalt possession of it have."

Trembling with joy, the charming Maid reply'd.

"It is a letter from my love I ween,

" Thy darling son! far dearer this to me
" Than all the presents earth beside can yield;
This said, a paper in her hand he put,
It was from LONDON! tears from out her eyes
Then flowed impetuous; she retired and read,
But oh, how fails the humble muse to tell
The bliss she felt, when, in the page, she found
He had in safety reach'd his destin'd port;
That he afresh his solemn vows renew'd
Of lasting love, and that he trusted much
Within the space of three or four short months,
He should his passage in the GRANVILLE take
For EUROPE bound. His Father, too, he wrote
The same glad news, affirming were in train
Of speedy settlement th' affairs that there
Claim'd his attention, and that him detain'd
From all he lov'd. The ancient Rustics felt
Their poor old hearts within their mansions throb
With joy excessive, and t' increase that joy,
Two other letters in a short time came

(The Maiden one, and one the Father gain'd)
Confirming, what he written had before,
That he his passage in the ship should take
(In four months space, for mighty LONDON bound)
The GRANVILLE nam'd.

And now the months roll'd on.
The fair MIRANDA counting the long hours
That interven'd betwixt the period when
Her ardent soul the cheering hope indulg'd
Of seeing LODON; came the time at length,
When the fond Father his beloved son
Expected daily. Anxious to infold
The Youth with love paternal to his heart,
He sped to LONDON; there a week he'd been,
When, as one day upon the change he walk'd,
Sudden amongst the congregated throng
Was humm'd the rumour that the goodly ship
The GRANVILLE call'd, in which his LODON wrote
He'd sail for ENGLAND, near "GOOD HOPE's fam'd Cape

By winds tempestuous on a rock had struck,
Nor one of all her numerous crew escap'd
A watry death! and, that in fragments huge
Were seen her timbers on the furious waves,
Around wide floating, amongst which was found
Her long-boat's stern, where legibly appear'd
The name she bore. All pale the Father turn'd,
And he had sunk in fits upon the ground
Had not some neighboring friends with helping arms
His fall prevented. He reviv'd at length;
But who the tortures can declare that wrung
His anguish'd bosom? nor amid his woe,
Forgot he what MIRANDA would endure
When, to her ears the lamentable news
Should be related. Of her lover's fate
He deem'd it wrong in ignorance to keep
The hapless Maiden; to inform her, he
Had scarce enough of resolution left,
Fearing the dreadful narrative, a prey
To poignant sorrow, in the gloomy grave

Would send her speedy. Long what step to take
His soul conceiv'd not, and so much he pined,
That life grew irksome; he resolv'd howe'er,
To tell MIRANDA of the sad event,
Considering wisely she or soon or late
The same must hear of. To the country, then,
Sped the sad Father, and, oppress'd with grief,
To all his servants, told th' unhappy news
His child had suffer'd; thence, with breaking heart,
And tardy pace, reluctant he his course
Bent toward the cottage, where unbounded joy
Prevail'd, because so near the time drew on
When gentle LODON would return and wed
The Maid he lov'd. But ah! the aged folk
Then little thought how swift to mar the peace
That now pervaded each their happy breasts.
And promis'd fair to bless their future days,
Sad tidings hasten'd! nor MIRANDA, too,
So soon suppos'd to hear that in the deep
Expos'd to hungry monsters who therein

Seek for their prey, her faithful lover sunk
A breathless corse! And now the Father reach'd
With trembling steps the little Cottage door,
When old SEBASTIAN, and the Matron grave,
And fair MIRANDA, rising from their seats
Of him most anxiously enquir'd if aught
He'd heard of LODON? on the ground his eyes
He straightway fix'd, then rising them again
(A look most piteous giving the fond Maid
Whose heaving breast with boding horrors beat,
And now the Rustics) with a doleful sigh,
MIRANDA's hand fast holding in his own,
He thus address'd her.

"My dear MIRANDA!
"Full well thou knowest on this mortal stage
"Our lot is woe, and that when oft appears
"Within our grasp some circumstance we judge
"With comfort pregnant, *disappointment* comes,
"And blasts that happiness we fondly deem'd

" Already ours; prepare then, hapless Maid!
" To hear a tale as will thy bosom wound
" With keenest torture, and what racks beyond
" All power of thought a tender Father's soul
" Thee to inform. Report is spread abroad
" (May Heaven indulgent grant it but report!)
" That the good ship in which mine only son,
" Thy faithful LODON, to his native land
" Was homeward sailing, on a rock has struck,
" And not a soul of all her numerous crew
" 'Scap'd the fierce waves!"—no farther could he say;
Tears stopp'd his utterance, when the wretched Maid
Her head reclining, in his trembling arms
Immediate sunk, as though of life bereft.
So the fair rose or tender lily droops,
When o'er creation's lately smiling face
The tempest howling with resistless force
Spreads its dire fury! From SEBASTIAN'S eyes,
And the good Matron's, fast the chrystal drops
Abundant pour'd; oh, 'twas a dismal sight

To view their sorrow, and most cutting, too,
To frequent hear the Maid in piercing shrieks
Call on her LODON! nor did PRIAM'S house
Of poignant anguish e'er experience more,
When their brave HECTOR round the walls of Troy,
Bor'd in the ancles, by ACHILLES stern,
Was cruel drawn! In agony extreme
Two months they pass'd, young LODON'S Father oft
Most kindly journeying to their little Cot,
There much as would his wounded soul permit
MIRANDA cheering, saying he would prove
Long as he liv'd, for her beloved's sake,
A Parent to her, and, that when he dy'd,
All that he had of affluence to boast
Should she inherit; when upon a day
E'en just as at his own door he prepar'd
To cross his steed that ready there remain'd
To bear him onward to the Cot as wont,
His LODON sudden in his fond embrace
Him eager clasp'd, o'erjoy'd exclaiming loud

" My dear, dear Father!" What the Parent felt,
Judge ye who know what 'tis to own a child,
When, hanging round him, he beheld a son
So long he had lamented as gone down
To Death's dark realms! All wild, a time he look'd;
Nor scarcely could his tottering limbs support
His sinking frame; at length, with faultering voice,
And throbbing heart, he, eager, thus inquir'd.

" Art thou, indeed, my LODON, or his shade
" From tomb arisen? say, in the briny deep
" Did'st thou not perish with the GRANVILLE's crew?
" This mourning garb thou seest me wear, bespeaks
" I thought thee lost!"

To whom the filial Youth.

" I am thy son, my dear, my honor'd sire!
" I am thy LODON! let us haste within,
" And I the circumstance to thee will speak,
" How, by the Providence of GOD, I 'scap'd

" The dreadful fate those hapless mortals met,
" Who, bound for ENGLAND in the GRANVILLE sail'd:
" But say, does yet my dear MIRANDA live?
" And the good Rustics, do they also breathe
" The breath of life? declare to me, I pray."

Round LODON's neck, his arms the Father threw,
And, weeping, kiss'd him; " Yes, my son," he cried,
" MIRANDA lives, but thinking thee ingulph'd
" In ocean's bosom, life to her but proves
" A load most grievous; the kind Rustics, too,
" Lament thee sorely." Then, again the Youth
He clasp'd most eager, and with nimble steps
Enter'd his mansion where the menials all
In wonder lost to see before them stand
Their dear, young master, whom they likewise deem'd
Far in the regions of the main entomb'd,
Around close crowded; when the Youth thus spake.

" Doubtless, my Father, thou hast long since had

" My letters, saying in the GRANVILLE, I
" Should take my passage. When I wrote thee, thus,
" I so determin'd, but I chanc'd fall sick
" About a fortnight ere for EUROPE she
" Her course began. Increas'd so my complaint
" That I, at length was to my bed confin'd,
" On which I scarce had strength enough to write
" A short epistle, which for thee I sent
" On board the GRANVILLE, telling I'd embark
" (Provided I my wonted health regain'd)
" Within a month for ENGLAND in a ship
" By name the LARK. Meantime the GRANVILLE went,
" And, thanks to God! recover'd I again
" Most rapidly; and much the hand I see
" Of Providence in that I could not sail
" On board the GRANVILLE, whose unhappy fate
" I knew not of until within the Downs
" To guide our ship the welcome pilot came;
" But oh, what tortures since have I sustain'd
" When I have thought how much must thou lament,

" And my MIRANDA, deeming me deep sunk
" 'Mid the salt billows ! nor of comfort more
" Shall I the smallest interval enjoy
" Until again I travel to the Cot,
" And, by my presence ease my lovely Maid,
" The good SEBASTIAN, and the Matron grave
" Of their sore anguish ; therefore I entreat
" That we, immediately, my Father, there
" Our journey bend."

To whom the Parent fond.
(Expressing first his gratitude to GOD
For that so graciously his child he'd sav'd)
" My son belov'd ! when at the door just now,
" Appear'dst thou sudden to my wondering sight
" Was I preparing forthwith for the Cot
" To take departure ; thither we will go ;
" But much I deem it prudent to advise
" That thou, my LODON, to behold thy love

" Be not too hasty, as perchance may so
" Thine unexpected presence her alarm
(Thee thinking long since number'd with the dead)
That she in sore and grievous fits may fall,
As well thou knowest she's of tender mould;
But I will first by previous talk essay
To urge her think a glimmering hope remains
Thou yet art living; this, the Youth observ'd
Was wisely spoken, as his soul would grieve
Beyond all thought to see in such state one
He priz'd so dearly. For the Cottage now,
Together, side by side, in loving mood,
They speedy travell'd; oft the Father fond
With boundless transport lifting up his eyes,
And thanking GOD for that he had restor'd
Again his son. The lowly Cot at length
Appear'd in view; so trembled LODON, then
With joy excessive, that he scarcely sat
His horse in safety. Soon the stile they gain'd,
When quick unlighting, fasten'd they their steeds,

And o'er the lawn with hasty footsteps both
Commenc'd their journey for the lowly house.

Close to the Cot a woodbine arbor stood;
MIRANDA planted in her earlier years
Its tender twigs; and now so high 'twas grown,
So thick its shoots were also intertwin'd,
That much it yielded from the beams of Sol
Convenient shelter. Here the Maid was wont
Oft with her LODON ere the main he cross'd,
To hie delighted 'mid the sultry hours,
And or the page of history or song
Enjoy retir'd; and here by chance she, now,
Array'd most decently in mourning garb,
Was lonely sat. Upon one hand her head
Reclin'd incumbent, whilst adown her cheeks
Flow'd the big tears; her other hand sustain'd
The last fond letter her dear LODON sent,
And o'er and o'er was she with bursting heart
Reading the same. It happen'd toward the stile

She glanc'd her bright eyes just when on the lawn
The Youth and Father to the humble house
Their course pursu'd. Again the Virgin gaz'd,
And instant uttering a most piercing shriek,
Sunk to the ground! The noise the Matron drew
From out the Cottage to divine the cause
Most anxious; when, with countenance that told
Her deep amazement, in young LODON's arms
The Maid she view'd, the Father by her close
Essaying all that lay within his power
To help restore to happiness and joy
Again her life! Recover'd she at length;
Nor for a time as *real* she believ'd
What then she saw; but, when the beauty found
It was no vision, and had LODON heard
Declare how he the dreadful fate escap'd
Of those who homeward in the GRANVILLE sail'd,
Oh, then, transported on his neck she hung,
In boundless ecstasy, exclaiming loud,
"It is my LODON! 'tis indeed himself!

" 'Tis no chimera! feel I not 'gainst mine,
" His fond heart beat, and fast adown my cheeks
" Feel I not also mingled with mine own
" His warm tears trickle?" Thus, the raptur'd Maid;
Whilst LODON kiss'd from off her angel face
The trickling drops, declaring he again
Would not forsake her. Wept with joy extreme,
The tender Father, and the Matron, who
Immediate falling on her knees, return'd
For this his goodness, to the LORD her thanks;
But poor SEBASTIAN of the general bliss
The least partook not; he, by hoary age
Was grown so feeble that his lamp of life
Gleam'd in faint twinklings, and the late bad news
Respecting LODON, on his soul so prey'd,
That ten long days and upward on his bed
Had he lain pining. There he now reclin'd,
Unconscious the beloved Youth yet liv'd
To bless MIRANDA, much less that below
He stood impatient to his beating heart

To clasp him fond. And now within the Cot
The young pair came; the Maid on him she lov'd
Her arm soft leaning, when the Matron sped
With nimble footsteps up the Cottage stairs,
And almost breathless with excess of joy,
Inform'd the good SEBASTIAN that alive
Was still young LODON, and how 'twas from Death
That GOD had sav'd him. "Let me see him then!"
(The same time lifting up his hands and eyes
Toward Heaven indulgent, for such signal grace)
Exclaim'd he eager "ere from hence I go;
"Now shall I die in peace!" Quick to his bed
The Son, the Father, and the Maiden went,
When old SEBASTIAN on the gentle Youth
His full gaze fixing, in his wither'd arms
Him close infolded; down his wrinkled cheeks
The tears of transport from his sunk dim eyes
Flowing in floods; young LODON at the time
A word scarce speaking, so was he o'erwhelm'd
With sympathy! Great was the joy that now

Reign'd in each breast, nor aught that joy disturb'd,
Save the sad thought that to the gloomy tomb
SEBASTIAN sped; still worse and worse he grew;
Nor had young LODON been a week return'd
When the good Rustic feeling the cold grasp
Of Death arrest him, in his hands one eve,
His dear MIRANDA's and her lover's took
(The aged Matron and the Father close
Beside them weeping) and, with feeble voice,
And eyes fix'd upward, earnestly pronounc'd
This his last blessing—" Oh, may gracious Heaven
" Preserve you both. Live, my dear children, long
" Each bless'd with each!—I shall not see you wed;
" But, thanks to GOD! before that low is laid
" My poor old body in the quiet grave,
" I view a friend his Providence hath given
" To guide MIRANDA with a watchful care
" Thro' life's rough road; farewell, my dears, farewell!"
Thus old SEBASTIAN, when upon the bed
His head back leaning—ne'er again he breath'd.

A lucid tear from every eye around
Now pendent hung; the Matron sorely sobb'd,
And fair MIRANDA. She, beloved Maid!
In mind to all the tenderness recurr'd
SEBASTIAN bore her; "Oh," she cry'd—"He's gone!
"He, who so early in mine infant days,
"When no fond Parent I had left to cheer
"My future years, me from the ruthless hand
"Of keen want rescu'd; He, who oft was us'd,
"As sat I pleas'd and prattling on his knee,
"To tell me many a long or pretty tale
"Of or the children in the forest lost;
"Or giant's castle, and who, too, when I
"Advanc'd had farther toward maturer years
"E'er lov'd t' instil at all times in my breast
"Fair *virtue's* rules; whose bosom always burn'd
"T' advance my welfare, and who oft would say
"He only wish'd before he dropp'd to dust
"To see *me* happy; he, alas! is gone!
"Nor I again shall share his pleasing talk,

" Or tender smile; no! there upon the bed,
" He lies a breathless and a clay-cold corpse!"

Thus wept the Maiden; and the aged Dame,
Young LODON's Father, and the Youth himself
Join'd in her grief. The day at length arriv'd,
When old SEBASTIAN to the house of Death
Consign'd they weeping; at NUMANTON they
His body buried. LODON and his sire,
The mourning MARY, and MIRANDA fair,
(In sable garb each decently array'd)
Follow'd the bier; nor for a long time they
Ceas'd to expatiate on his virtues bright,
Or shed a warm tear to his memory lov'd.

Three rolling months had nearly now expir'd
Since old SEBASTIAN to the grisly king
His breath resign'd; when LODON earnest urg'd
His tender Father and the widow'd Dame

T' appoint the time, the happy time, when he
Should wed the Maid; well pleas'd, the happy morn
They fix'd immediate; and, but one short week
(MIRANDA also yielding her consent
Like crimson blushing) was the period all
Propos'd t' elapse before the raptur'd Youth
Would make the fairest female who e'er liv'd,
His own for life! yet, the fond LODON deem'd
(Although no longer than a week was given)
That week an age! The wish'd for morning came!
When, like a VENUS, robed in purest white,
The lovely Maiden at NUMANTON church
(The joyous Father and the aged Dame
Their steps attending) was by holy Priest
To LODON join'd.——In happiness they live
(Retir'd in solitude and rural ease,
At pleasing distance from the great and gay,
And "all the busy turmoil of the world"*)

* SOUTHEY'S Joan of Arc.

On earth excell'd not; rearing with fond love
And pious care, a blooming offspring, fraught
With every virtue; nor can LODON e'er
Devoid of transport in his mind recur
To that blest hour, when wandering from his home
His eyes the little, lovely lawn beheld;
And that blest day, when he enraptur'd took
The blushing beauty to the nuptial bed!

THE

POOR BOY.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

The following little Tale was written nearly two years ago, and notwithstanding the simplicity of its language, has been more cordially received by the public than I could have expected. It first appeared in the STAR; afterward in one of the Bristol papers. A tolerably large impression of it was sold last summer; and I am credibly informed, it has given so much satisfaction as to cause it to be adopted in one or two schools in this City, and in one at Shaftesbury, as a lesson for children to recite. I insert it at the end of this volume with the hope that some of my readers may feel a pleasure in perusing it.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

POOR BOY.

SCARCELY the day had usher'd on mankind
Its earliest dawn, when from my bed I rose,
What time DECEMBER, big with murky clouds,
And piercing winds, maintain'd her cheerless reign:
Bleak was the morning; and beneath my feet,
As fast I travell'd on the hard, dry road,
The flakes of ice, transparent to the sight,
Lay numberless; thick were the hedges hung
With frozen dew-drops; whilst the speckled thrush,
And gayer fieldfare, by the season tam'd,
Came hovering near, and from the hawthorn bush,
Of me regardless, pick'd their scanty food.

Not far I journey'd, when before mine eyes
A BOY appear'd; ragged he was, and thin,
And he had on a pair of tatter'd shoes,
Through which his feet benumb'd with cold I saw,
Devoid of hose, in contact with the ground!
Clasp'd were his arms around him, and he walk'd
Shivering amain: My very bowels yearn'd
To view the wretched object so expos'd
To all the rigour of th' inclement morn.
I hasten'd on, and straightway of him ask'd
To what unkindly circumstance he owed
His wretchedness? Adown his pallid cheeks
The tears of sorrow at the question flow'd;
And, fixing on me such a piteous look
As fill'd my soul with sympathy extreme,
He, thus, his narrative of woes declar'd.

"Hard by this place my honor'd parents dwelt,
"In humble state, within a cottage small,
"To which the woodbine and the ivy clung,

" And richly beautify'd its rural front ;
" Of *Fortune's* favors, never they possess'd
" An *ample* share : CONTENTMENT was their own ;
" And, by them, I was wont to be belov'd
" With all the tenderness a father's soul,
" And mother's bosom, for a child can feel.
" Not fourteen years this world of woe I've known ;
" And, when I barely had the *ninth* attain'd,
" My loving mother to the dust return'd,
" And left my father, at the awful stroke,
" Bereft of joy. It was the will of Heaven
" Not only thus my father to afflict ;
" For having borrowed of a certain man
" Some eighty pounds, the creditor severe
" Exacted payment long before the time
" He first propos'd : sold was my father's *all*,
" To stop the threatenings of the cruel wretch ;
" And, from his little cottage, where before
" His years so full of happiness elaps'd,
" Expell'd he was ; when straight corroding grief

" From morn to night upon his spirits seiz'd ;
" He *dy'd beneath it !*—and my hapless lot
" Is now to bear a savage master's sway,
" And keep, in yonder fields, devouring birds
" From seed, new sown. Thither I daily go,
" And there remain until the sullen eve
" Extends her sable mantle o'er the world :
" My woes then end not ; for, at home return'd,
" My callous master hurries me to bed
" With words austere, and bids me with the dawn,
" The *earliest dawn*, resume my wonted task !
" Coarse too, and scanty is the food I eat,
" And e'en my master's dog is better fed
" Than luckless me : for oft with liberal hand,
" The savory bone to Jowler is bestow'd,
" That gladly I would pick. Hard is my bed,
" And in a high and wretched garret plac'd,
" Whose fissur'd roof admits the beating rain,
" The piercing winds, the gelid flakes of snow,
" And all the tempest of the wintry night !

" Oh, when I think upon my former years,
" And how my parents frequently would joy
" To take, and give me, in their outstretch'd arms,
" The fond embrace,—my very heart weeps blood!
" Nor less it grieves me when I those behold,
" Who (ere *distress* upon my parents seiz'd)
" Would often to our humble cottage come,
" And with us, welcome, share the homely meal,
" Unkindly pass, nor once vouchsafe to yield
" The least assistance, or inquire my fate.
" Indeed, good sir, my sorrows are so keen,
" That I do pray—indeed I do,—TO DIE!"

Here ceas'd the Boy. Indignant I reply'd,
" And are there wretches in the form of *man*,
" Who thus can see a fellow-creature pine
" Beneath the hand of *tyranny* and *want*,
" Regardless of his lot? Oh, gracious Heaven!
" Permit awhile the " *cruel to endure*
" *The pangs they give!*" Receive this mite, poor Boy!

" 'Tis all my steril pocket can afford :
" But had I *riches*, I would take thee home,
" And feed thee well, and joy to keep thee clad
" In garments suited to the winter's cold :
" Thou wilt not suffer long such varied pain,
" For GOD *will take thee !* Full on me he gaz'd,
Whilst tears of gratitude his cheeks bedew'd :
I left him then, tormented to the soul
To view the savage cruelty of man.—
Soon I revisited the self-same spot,
When pleas'd was I to hear the hapless Boy
Had found, but just before, from every woe,
A place of refuge—IN A BETTER WORLD !

END.

ERRATA.

Page line

5, 76, for opaque mists, read mists opaque.
57, 1065, for who, read whom.
65, 1209, for doated, read doted.
68, 1268, for doated, read doted.
77, 1455, for who read whom.
91, 1696, for who, read whom.
187, 3480, for thou read thee.
215, 4021, for cctasy, read ecstasy.
Some omissions of inverted commas, the reader will correct as they occur.

Published by the same Author.

CLITO AND DELIA, a Poem.

MAD GALLOP, or TRIP TO DEVIZES. Second Edition.

RETIREMENT.

BRISTOLIA.

HOWE TRIUMPHANT, or THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.

CHRISTMAS.

FILIAL PIETY, a Tale.