

POETICAL ATTEMPTS.

BY "S. C. S."

"Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind."

POPE.

GREAT TOTHAM:

PRINTED (GRATUITOUSLY) FOR THE AUTHORESS,
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BY C. CLARK.

1832.

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1832

FOOTBALL AFFAIRS

BY "G. M."

There is no more, and no more we are the mind.

1902

THE NEW YORK

FOR THE AUTHOR'S

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Poetical Attempts.

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TO SOLITUDE.

WELCOME, loved maid! mild Solitude,
Thou'st found me in congenial mood—
How sweet, from care and bustle flown,
To meditate and be alone!
I hail thy hallow'd pensive worth,
Far from the noisy freaks of mirth,
All which I'll leave to dwell with thee,
Thou lonely maid of Piety.
—Quit the gay dreams of hope and joy,
Which only serve the mind to cloy,
With which in vain we hope to find
Some solid good—to reason blind.
In vain we try each passing pleasure,
And hope in vain to reach the treasure
Of Happiness—but that is found
By few who tread the mazy round;
By few whom luxury and pride
By each in turn is call'd aside.
Oh, Happiness! where dost thou dwell?
'Tis Solitude alone can tell:
She'll tell thee, oh thou child of earth,
'Tis not in laughter and in mirth—
'Tis not where Pride and Flatt'ry wait,
Nor all the empty forms of state,
But 'tis where Solitude's combined
True Happiness alone we find.*

* Written at the age of fourteen, and the first attempt of the authoress at poetical composition.

RURAL RETIREMENT.

Who'd not retire from busy scenes of strife,
 And all the vices of ambitious life!
 Who would not leave dull fashion's formal round
 To taste where happiness indeed is found;
 To view the grandeur, elegance, and grace,
 Where rural nature shows her blooming face.
 Here fields are deck'd with sweetest, gayest flowers,
 And here the leafy pine majestic towers;
 Meadows disclose their fertile lap of green,
 Where fleecy flocks with frisking lambs are seen;
 And groves of various leaf, whose rural shade
 With woodbines twined around, diffuse their aid;
 Delicious sweets perfume the passing gale,
 And music echoes through the wooded dale—
 How charming then to rove when morning dawns,
 And tread the blooming walks and flowery lawns!
 —Ye mossy couches, and ye fragrant bowers,
 Here I will spend my recreative hours;
 I'll often hail this calm, composed retreat—
 Beneath the spreading oak I'll take my seat,
 Or climb the summit of some lofty height
 And view beneath the landscape, clear and bright:
 There a cascade, high gleaming from afar,
 Still rag'd its roaring foam and endless war,
 While herds of deer surmount the little hills
 Or lightly bound across the streaming rills;
 And here and there a solitary oak
 Crowns the gay hillock or the grassy slope:
 And when the sun withdraws his scorching beams,
 Still we will wander o'er these pleasing scenes
 And view the sweets of Nature, though array'd
 In russet dress and with a softer shade,
 While the moon like a crystal lamp she shines
 Shedding her lustre o'er the forest lines—
 Gleams on the ocean and the landscape wide,
 And all things glitter with the silv'ry tide.
 Now let my thoughts resume a serious sway
 And be as tranquil as the closing day.

Written at the age of thirteen, and the first attempt of the

author to poetical composition.

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LINES ADDRESSED TO MIRIAM,
ON HER DEPARTURE FROM G——, WHO ON PART-
ING PRESENTED ME WITH SOME EVERLASTING LOVE.

Though now a distance intervenes
And social intercourse denies,
Yet memory oft recalls the scenes
Which once were open'd to our eyes.

Thy simple boon this comfort lends,
Which to us both a truth shall prove:
Though *absent* not *forgotten* friends,
But true as *Everlasting Love*.

I took the gift, but not the hint
That you required a share of mine,
Nor thought that all your love you'd sent,
Our hearts for ever to entwine.

But, dearest Miriam, me believe,
Friendship I'll cherish and revere;
Absence can't lessen, though it grieve,
My love, which time makes more sincere.

A MORNING IN MAY.

The earth was moist and Nature fresh and gay,
All flowers in concert bloom'd with lovely May—
Not let me taste the freshness of the morn,
And view the dappled aspect of the dawn,
Which gradually decays, until each flush
Reddens into one ardent, boundless blush?—
Returning morn unbars the gates of light,
Now what a prospect rushes on my sight!
How vast—how various this enlivening scene,
The laughing valleys and the meadows green!
Music awakes through wooded dale and plain,
The echoing hills return the artless strain;
Soaring through clouds, the tuneful lark on high
Pour'd its glad accents to the bending sky.
Gently the morning gale disturbs the trees,
And balmy odours waft the welcome breeze,
Whilst from each leafy spray or blade of grass
The trembling dew-drops shone like liquid glass:

But oh! how transient is the sparkling ray
 And its bright lustre, glittering so gay;
 Its short-lived glory, then, this truth would show—
 All things are frail and empty here below;
 Like fugitives, they fly before the wind,
 Nor leave one single simplest trace behind!
 —But what sweet fragrance from those flowers arise,
 It treats our senses as they charm our eyes!
 What brilliant colours, some so nobly bold,
 Rise in fair forms and countless sweets enfold!
 We view perfection stamp'd on every leaf
 In the choice garden as on yonder heath:
 Here—Nature owns her curious hand-maid Art,
 And shines in every form to charm the heart;
 There—she is drest irregular but grand—
 In careless disabille she holds the wand;
 Herbs in abundance clothe the untill'd ground,
 Though not so beauteous, still more useful found
 To allay the aching wound or furious smart,
 And new-born vigour to our lives impart.
 —Here fairest flowers in grandest order rise,
 Breathing perfume on every gale that flies;
 Some in the gayest colours take delight,
 Others step forth array'd in “virgin white;”
 Some rear their heads with majesty profound
 And, sovereign-like, o'erlook the peopled ground,
 But all these beauties which so gaily bloom,
 Consider now their fast-approaching doom!
 These flowery nations soon must all decay
 Before stern Winter and his iron sway;
 Emblem expressive of our frail estate—
 Resistless Time confirms the book of fate,
 And steals away each month and week and day,
 And though we tremble, still we must obey:
 Frail and uncertain is our fleeting breath,
 And but a step into the arms of Death!*

* ‘A Morning in May’—‘Lines addressed to Miriam’—and
 ‘Rural Retirement’—were written at the age of fifteen.

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ON RETURNING HOME AFTER A LONG
ABSENCE.

Thrice welcome, sweet home! now by absence
 endear'd,

Once more I return thy lov'd scenes to review—

Those scenes which I ever will cherish revered,
For fond mem'ry those feelings must ever endue.

Now with sweet tears of joy each kind parent em-
 bracing,

I rejoice that again I've arrived at my home;

Recollection delighted, each favourite haunt tracing,
And wondering what pleasure could tempt me to rove.

Then be grateful, my heart—reflect on each blessing

Now shower'd round thy path in the season of youth,

And remember scarce aught is worth the possessing

But the favour of God and the guidance of Truth.

For amidst this vain world there's nothing but strife,
And dangers attend us wherever we roam—

Oh, Father of Mercies! conduct me to life,

And prepare me a place at thy glorious home!

ON NIGHT.

When Night unfolds her sable vest,

 And darkness shrouds the neighbouring plains,

This thought shall cheer each faithful breast—

 In Heaven our God and Father reigns!

Oh! then 'tis sweet to rest my head,

 Trusting protection to his care;

No earthly enemy to dread—

 No chilling fear to court despair.

Sweetly wrapt in contemplation,

 Fancy unknown worlds explores:

Wondering at the vast creation—

 Fill'd with awe, my spirit soars!

Then fancy soft delusion hears

 Melodious strains from heavenly choir;

Sublimely sounding in my ears,

 With seraph touch, the golden lyre!

THE BEAUTIES OF BLUE.

Oh! how welcome and soft breathe the sweets of the
 morning,
 And pleasure, enraptured, my feelings endue,
 When young day, in the east, proclaims himself
 dawning—
 Disclosing Heaven's arch, rear'd in beauteous *Blue!*

All was tranquil and charm as a hill I ascended
 And survey'd the rich landscape outstretch'd to the
 view,
 Where Nature her varied charms had extended
 To the bosom of Distance, reclining in *Blue!*

Delighted I wander'd, with calm contemplation,
 'Midst Flora's wild off'rings, now glittering in dew,
 Yet I sought not a wreath from the beauteous ob-
 lation,
 Save the soft silken bell in mild graces of *Blue!*

Then I sought the lov'd spot where, with tears of
 regret,
 So lately I bid the sweet maiden adieu ;
 She whose image this heart ne'er can learn to forget
 While her eye beams so soft and so lovely a *Blue!*

And I thought on the beauties where Nature had
 lavish'd
 Her diversified charms in each varied hue—
 Yet nought had my fancy to extasy ravish'd,
 But when gemm'd with a tint of celestial *Blue!*

And I heard of a man who to honour's fair shrine
 Devoted his interest to feelings so true ;
 And I would that a wreath I could happily twine
 For TYRELL the brave and his banners of *Blue!*

MAY, 1831.

PROCLAMATION OF THE LADIES OF MALDON.

TO REFORM.

Beware, oh Reform! beware of the day
 When you dare to impose on the fair sex your sway;
 Disingenuous destroyer! this triumph shall stain
 And blot thy vast form with a "glory so vain."
 To think thou should'st stoop from thy towering
 height

To snatch from poor woman a much-cherish'd 'right,'
 A right long bequeath'd to their judgment and use,
 Though its merits just now I shall not introduce—
 But suffice it to say, Mr. Sweeping Reform,
 The Ladies of Maldon thy malice will storm
 With entreaties—and tears—with the vengeance
 of "vows,"

And all the artillery of undeserv'd woes,
 In discordant, unceasing revenge shall arise;
 Yes, woman—weak woman—dares this and defies
 Thy demeaning—inglorious—and dastardly aim—
 Their privileg'd rights to invade and disclaim.
 Not alone thy great self shall our vengeance attend,
 From our favour thy votaries we all will suspend—
 This a host of young maidens, both blooming and
 fair,

Undivided attest, and thus widely declare,
 That unless their just rights are quickly return'd,
 This resolve they'll confirm, and all dalliance be
 spurn'd—

They vow to Reformers their lips shall be seal'd
 In unmelting disdain—with contempt their hearts
 steel'd.

They'll renounce every feeling of pity and love,
 To those who have dared their just rights to remove.
 Emigration they'll welcome and fearlessly smile
 To transport their fair persons from Britain's lov'd
 Isle,

And leave the unmanly degenerate crew,
 Nor bid to old England one *heart-felt* adieu.
 To America's shores unrelenting they'll rove,
 Forgetful of all but their vengeance to prove!
 Yet, but one more appeal to the "lords of creation,"
 If unheard they will wait no amended oration:—

If pity nor justice can *move a division*,
 And ye make *undivided* this wicked decision,
 Which from *commoner* motives is now blazon'd forth
 As the touch-stone of wisdom, but not of their worth.
 For the dread declaration, malignant in tone,
 Has courage inspired, and "strength not our own"
 Has concerted a plan of portentous import
 As e'er wing'd revenge on the ocean of thought.
 In secret we'll act, and in silence proceed,
 Unremitting in anger, the "ruin-fraught deed"
 Shall burst with success, and explode in delight,
 Your destructive perverseness to awe and affright!

TO HAPPINESS.

Oh! thou ideal mystic fairy,
 Whence dost thou claim thy place of birth?
 Or does that region ever vary,
 To cheat the grovelling sons of earth?

Oh! thou who art for ever sought,
 And in each fancied form pursued,
 Say, with what wond'rous power thou'rt fraught
 And why thy votaries search elude.

Say not we nothing sacrifice,
 For lo! we spend our strength for nought,
 But distanced ever is the prize
 Which still directs each wish and thought!

For thee we pant—for thee we toil—
 Each seeks to be thy humblest slave,
 But still delusion stands a foil,
 While yet thy fickle smiles we crave.

Thou—the adopted child of Hope—
 Succeeds thy benefactor's reign
 To serve as momentary prop,
 And usher in the tyrant Pain.

For soon as Hope her exit's made
 Thou quickly abdicates thy throne;
 Then fades thy fancied flitting shade
 As if thy power we ne'er had known.

Thou dear illusion of the mind,
 How oft our hastening steps we've sped,
 If echo whisper'd to the wind

The way thy phantom form was fled!

Resemblance thou of maiden coy

Who silent steals her swain to view,
 While he, unknown to present joy,
 Starts when he hears her sigh "Adieu."

'Tis thus with thee—thou hover near
 And breathe on us a bliss unknown,
 When sudden comes a void so drear
 We weep to know our idol's flown!

TO FAME.

Oh! thou soul-stirring, swayless power,
 Reclining in thy laurell'd bower
 From mortals prying gaze—
 Say—what shall tempt thy trumpet's sound
 To call thee from thy rest profound,
 A votary's name to blaze?

Where breathes the man who dares essay,
 Point to thy hidden, pathless way—
 Sublime in clouds retired;
 Thy rules define with doubtless force,
 Or trace thee through thy trackless course,
 By phrensy's warmth inspired?

Who shall approach thy hallow'd fane
 And dare to whisper thee his name,
 Or snatch a laurell'd wreath?—
 Oh! thou whose voice is seldom heard,
 Say—why so oft thy notes deferred
 To swell the dirge of Death!

Oh! much I long, thou radiant queen,
 To step behind the mystic scene

That shades thy burnish'd brow—
 To view thy court's imperial height,
 And learn what offerings most delight
 Thy favours to bestow.

For who shall count the unnumber'd throng
 Who've toil'd in vain Life's paths among
 Thy unknown form to find?
 Yet, far beneath thy dazzling throne,
 Have breath'd unheard each suppliant moan
 Before Fate's adverse wind!

Oh! say what height must science gain—
 What talent shall not sigh in vain—
 Declare the accepted fee;
 Or dost thou to ill-judging chance
 Consign the mysteries that advance
 Thy candidates to thee?

Oh! thou whose loudly-blazon'd name
 For ever emulates our aim
 To join thy favour'd throng;
 Yet, rarely does that ray we crave
 Beam but to light the senseless grave,
 And wreath the funeral song!

Yet will not I thy power arraign,
 Nor of thy fickle laws complain,
 Which Justice oft denies;
 For ah! methinks it's but withheld
 That man's presumptuous hopes might build
 Their summits in the skies!

SONNET.

Sad restless tenant of my troubled breast,
 What sickening fears disturb thy sleep of peace!
 Calm thy wild tremours—let thy throbbings cease,
 Sooth'd by Hope's zephyrs to her halcyon'd zest.
 Return, coy wanderer, to thy welcom'd rest,
 And smile serene through disappointment's blast;
 By resolution's dauntless aid suppress,
 Brave Fortune's frowns nor heed the dreary past!
 Remembrance, hence!—in viewless shape retire,
 Unheeded be thy scenes! Oblivion's veil
 Shall intervene, and to her dark'ning dale
 Consign thy sorrows and its vengeful ire!
 Then, oh my heart! thy woes no more suggest—
 Forget that Fate has aught thy joy repress!

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STANZAS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A DISAPPOINTED
LOVER.

Oh, I'm a sad and solitary man!
Through Life's dull path with gloomy steps I stray;
Thoughtful and pausing, each idea I scan
Scatter'd around Hope's ever-changeful way.

Alas! that care should greet my waking eyes,
And haunt my steps through each revolving hour;
Whilst the dread spectre frowns in awful guise,
Or to despondence lends awhile her power.

And oh, how dark through Melancholy's eye
Each fancied vision of my mind is wrought!
Inward I mourn, and heave a pensive sigh,
Sear'd on the wings of all-revengeful thought.

And love—thou fatal passion of my breast—
Scourg'd 'neath thy ire and bound in beauty's snare,
Ah! who shall whisper peace and lull to rest
This heart of pain, surcharg'd with bitter care!

Oh, faithless Anna! still thy charming form
In fancy's mirror seems to hover near;
And many a sigh, with past affection warm,
Is breath'd for Anna and fond memory's tear.

Still must thy Edward mourn his truant love,
For oh! he never—never can forget:
Sad on the world's wide stage with pain I rove—
Victim of love—of Anna—and regret!

 PRAYER.

Pillar of Faith—a living light
Is Prayer, the christian's hope and joy;
Oh! it can every want indite,
And every blissful thought employ.

How blest the privilege we may claim—
How gracious is the power that's given—
What solemn joy invades our frame
While we sweet converse hold with Heaven!

Behold the Lord, supremely wise,
 Invites us to his mercy seat;
 Nor will the humblest suit despise,
 Where Faith and Zeal accordant meet.

Prayer is the christian's sword and shield
 To combat with the ills of life;
 Its power can range an ample field,
 And stem the tide of sin and strife.

Obedient to its heavenly spring,
 See flying Doubt before it course—
 And Disappointment's barbed wing
 Droops with a half-extended force.

And when Temptation's luring form
 With giant grasp our hearts defy,
 Prayer's fervent aspirations warm
 Shall bid the serpent-traitor fly.

Effectual through Life's cloudy day,
 Calmly its peaceful current flows;
 It clears the mists of Fear away,
 And round a fresh'ning fragrance throws.

When danger threatens, in aspect dread,
 With consternation's nerveless strife,
 Prayer's heavenly mission, quickly sped,
 Returns—with peace and mercy rife.

And what shall soothe the aching wound
 Which friendship false too oft bestows;
 Where shall a cordial balm be found
 To heal these heartfelt, sick'ning woes?

Prayer is the sure and only scourge
 Where we with hope may dare apply—
 'Tis there consoling winds her course
 And her's affliction's tears to dry.

Distress and suffering—pain and care—
 Melt to a softer sorrowing tone:
 Steep'd in the healing stream of Prayer,
 Comforts arise where grief was sown!

On the dark sea of trouble toss'd
 Full oft our fainting hearts are borne;
 Each hope we fondly rear'd is cross'd,
 Or by distracting cares is torn!

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The blasts of envy and ill will
 Burst o'er our path in anger spent,
 But Prayer can heavenly peace distil,
 And shed the dews of mild content.

How many trials tempt our faith,
 Length'ning Adversity's bleak day:
 Oft the bereaving hand of Death
 Sweeps half our earthly hopes away!

Oh! then more urgent is our prayer,
 Imploring mercy from above:
 Delightful thought! to cast our care
 In the vast fountain of his love!

A PICTURE OF MYSELF.

ADDRESSED TO MARY H—.

I've a moment at leisure—my pencil is here—
 What theme shall I choose to begin the new year?
 Shall Fancy employ it with gay dreams of youth,
 And Hope paint the future—or shall it be truth?
 To reflect on the past—to review and revise
 The path I'm pursuing, devoid of disguise?
 No—these I'll reject and a fresh one select,
 One that, I've no doubt, you but little expect.
 Yes, faith! I'm resolved—this same scribbling elf—
 A picture to draw—ay, a one of MYSELF!
 Well, no doubt, you will smile at the medley and
 mixture

Of contrarities join'd in this moveable fixture,
 And which prove me to be as dissenting a creature
 As e'er acquiesced to the Church's high feature.
 I'm simplicity's self—I'm Nature's own child—
 Yet in art I delight till invention runs wild;
 I am candid and honest—devoid of intrigue—
 Yet my pencil on Time forges many a league,
 And oft commits trespass on nature for ———,
 Though malice ne'er claim'd on this heart its fierce
 cite.

Deceit I detest—but Truth I adore,
 Yet I oft tempt her dictates on Fancy's gay shore.

I'm alternately sway'd by hope and despair,
 Now thoughtless and gay—now loaded with care;
 Now indifference reigns—now passion presides—
 Affection is anxious, or carelessness guides;
 Melancholy intrudes—and is welcomed a guest,
 Or cheerfulness waits to be gaily address'd;
 Silence leans on reserve—or, if converse be hit,
 There's plenty of nonsense to little of wit;
 But friendship by me is cherish'd—revered,
 For mem'ry and time have her presence endear'd.
 Yes, friendship, wild nature, my pencil, and thought,
 Share equal attention—are equally sought.
 But Love I have laid on the shelf for a season—
 Until he ask pardon and guidance of Reason!
 For reversed would the order of nature be—quite,
 If Love were to make an alliance with _____!

JANUARY, 1830.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Hail! charming minstrel of the spring,
 Arouse attention's ear;
 It waits with welcome on thy wing,
 Thy ravish'd strains to hear.

How sweetly sweeps the evening breeze,
 Wafted with gentlest force along—
 And seems to bid the murmuring trees
 List to thy mellow, plaintive song.

Then say—enchantress of the grove—
 Why haste to quit our Isle?
 Let summer, too, thy welcome prove,
 She'll greet thee with a smile.

Then here, fond bird, prolong thy stay—
 Thy power, by all confest,
 Shall sweetly wake us with the day,
 And charm the hour of rest.

DEATH

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FEBRU

ON THE
DEATH OF T. G. BRAMSTON, ESQ.
OF SKREENS.

Weep, oh my muse! begin the mournful strain—
 Reveal the cause of universal pain!
 Ask ye to whom this tribute, and for why?
 Friendship will answer with a pensive sigh;
 Virtue will mourn her brightest gem now fled,
 Whom sweet Benevolence ever smiling led.
 Whence are the widow's tears—the orphan's cry?
 Distress is Charity to make reply.
 Regret, with tearful eye and gasping breath,
 Weeps in fresh anguish when she answers—Death.
 Yes, Death, with more than usual force, has come,
 And carried Merit to his silent home:
 The tyrant came, against resistance proof,
 And snatch'd his victim from the arms of Truth;
 Scorn'd o'er disgrace his iron rod to sway,
 But Honour's fav'rite he declares his prey.
 Yes, Death has wrung the sigh from Friendship's
 breast,
 And reft a gem from Virtue's shining vest;
 Stol'n from Benevolence her fondest child,
 And Charity now weeps where once she smil'd.
 Yet, though he robs us of his presence here,
 Still must his virtues live, "to memory dear."
 "Departed worth, now thy probations cease,
 "Here (as thou liv'dst) thy relics rest in peace.
 "Oh, highly favour'd by the All-wise decree,
 "From winter's life, and cold embrace was free!"
 His spring and summer pass'd in mild array,
 Life's autumn came to summon him away.
 Scarce had his sun of life begun to fade,
 When Death consign'd him to its dreary shade:
 While his blest spirit, from incumbrance riven,
 Blooms in perfection's endless spring in Heaven!

FEBRUARY, 1831.

DEVOTION.

Heavenly messenger! heartfelt devotion,
 Breathing reliance our peace to insure—
 To thee we'll whisper each painful emotion,
 Trusting thy power shall each comfort secure.

How faithful, how swift is thy passage to Heaven!
 Returning consolement thy pinions extent;
 Then contentment and peace to our bosoms is given,
 When low in submission our spirits we bend.

Thou calmest our passions when fierceness and anger
 Discordantly rage in the turbulent breast—
 And when we implore thee in darkness and danger,
 Thou breathes to our souls the assurance of rest.

When friendship is flown and by love we're forsaken,
 How dreary the waste we in sorrow must plod!
 Then devotion has pleasures which ne'er can be
 shaken,
 Depending on mercy—a Saviour—and God!

THE END.
