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Tales
AND
P O E M S,

BY

MRS. STANLEY.



“ Mine is indeed a simple Muse ;
Her only grace, if grace it be,
That on life's wilderness she strews
Sometimes a lowly flower for me.”

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1818.

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WHOSE PATRONAGE IS ITS HIGHEST VALUE,
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THE VISIT TO MARGERY.

THE sun had just risen above the horizon, and tipped with golden lustre the surrounding hills, when, on a fine May morning, the young and blooming daughters of the good and venerable Baron de Gray issued from the castle gates, to take their usual morning ramble. Health spread her rosy mantle over the cheeks of the fair wanderers. Helen, the eldest, had lately attained her eighteenth year: benevolence beamed in her mild blue eyes, whilst dignity and grace were blended in her elegant form. Rosa, her younger by a twelve-month, was a perfect Hebe; in her sparkling black eyes you might read the playful gaiety of her heart,

and in her dimpled cheeks a thousand Cupids lurked. The beauteous sisters were dressed alike, in muslin robes, of the finest texture, and purest white: a chip hat, tied negligently on with a pale pink handkerchief, shaded their lovely features; whilst the flaxen locks of Helen, and the glossy dark chesnut tresses of her sister, waved in graceful ringlets over their foreheads, or sported in the wanton gale. Arm in arm they lightly tripped across the spacious park, and soon reached the lodge. The hoary porter, grown grey in his lord's service, flung wide the gate, bowed low, and blessed them as they passed. "Thanks, honest Peter," exclaimed the sisters.—"We are going to Margery's cottage," added Helen, "and shall not return for some hours. Retire therefore to rest again, my worthy friend: sorry are we for disturbing you thus early." The old man once more bent in lowly reverence to them: his full heart would not allow

him to speak ; but casting up his eyes to Heaven, he again implored a benediction on the beloved children of his revered lord ; then tottering to his peaceful couch, sunk for a short time into a sweet secure repose, the sure attendant of a guiltless mind. Meanwhile, Helen and Rosa pursued their way over daisy-sprinkled meadows, and at length arrived at the lane which led to Margery's humble dwelling, who had already risen, and placed her small apartment in the neatest order. Margery had formerly lived in the Baron's service, was a great favourite with the late Baroness, had nursed her in her last illness, and when death deprived her of her valued mistress, she transferred the love she bore her, to the lovely unconscious orphans, who were then too young to feel a mother's loss. From the great affection the children seemed to bear towards her, and the tender solicitude with which she watched over them, and administered to their little wants and pleasures, the

Baron de Gray retained her in the family many years after the death of his much-lamented lady; when marrying a farmer in the neighbourhood, she quitted the castle, though not without regret in leaving her young charge, who, with torrents of tears, bewailed the separation from their dear nurse, as they always called her. Margery and her husband had both passed the meridian of their days before they were united. Not long had they enjoyed the comforts of each other's society, when death snatched away her husband, whose loss she never ceased to mourn. The Baron offered to take her again into the castle, but the bustle which generally prevailed there, suited not with her declining health, and advanced age; she therefore, with humble gratitude, declined his generous offer. However, the Baron insisted on her occupying a small cottage of his, situated on the verge of his estate: this Margery could not refuse, and having

disposed of her farm, which, since the loss of her partner, had become irksome to her, she, with a young girl, whom she kept to do the more laborious part of the work, and one favourite cow, retired to the spot where she hoped, ere long, to end her days. Hither would the charming sisters often rove, and listen with delight to the aged Margery, who would tell them long stories of ancient times, and dwell particularly on the excellencies and virtues of the departed Baroness. "In you, my dear Lady Helen," she would often say, "I can trace your lovely mother: your softened smile, and the sweet harmony of your voice, recalls her to my mind, and I could almost fancy her image now before me." Thus would she oft beguile her fair auditors of their tears; and make them sigh with deep regret, that they had never known so amiable a parent. But, to return; Margery no sooner perceived them from the casement, than

she hobbled, as fast as her infirmities would admit, to the door. "Welcome, my dearest young ladies," exclaimed the venerable dame, "I need not inquire after your healths; for the charming glow on your faces, tells me you are well." "That we are, indeed, quite well, my good Margery," said the lively Rosa. "But how are you? I flatter myself, by your looks, that you will yet dance at Helen's wedding." "And why not at your's, Rosa?" asked Helen, smiling: "Oh, because that may never happen! Could I but copy your pleasing manners, my dear sister, I should have some hopes of gracing the head of my own table; but who would confine themselves to such a giddy trifle as I am?" "Flattering girl," said Helen, tapping her cheek as they passed on to the little parlour, and seated themselves in the low wicker chairs, which were placed round the room. "Now pray, my dear nurse, be seated," resumed Rosa, "or we positively

will leave you this instant. We know your enfeebled limbs require rest, and wish you to wave all useless ceremony with us." "My sweet good young ladies," replied the poor old woman, as she placed herself in the easy chair which Rosa had flung to reach her, "how kind and attentive you always are to your old servant!" "And so we ought to be, my good friend," said Helen, pressing her withered hand: "were not you so to us when we were helpless, and needed it; and ought we not to return the attention you paid us, now we are able?" "Alack! alack!" cried Margery, the tears trickling down her wrinkled cheeks, "never can I repay the goodness you heap upon me." "That you can directly," said Rosa, "by being cheerful, and giving me a small slice of your nice brown bread, with a cup of new milk, for I declare the fresh morning breeze has awakened my appetite. How is your's, Ellen?" — "Not quite so keen as your's, my dear Rosa,"

replied Helen, with a smile : “ though I confess a cup of milk would not be unacceptable. You shall not move, my good Margery, (for she was attempting to rise ;) Cicely can attend on us, and we shall enjoy it the more if we see you comfortable.” “ Dear emblems of my sainted lady !” ejaculated Margery, “ just so would she talk—just so would sweetly smile. She ever feared to give trouble, and would ask as a favour, what she might have commanded. Blessed spirit ; if it is permitted thee to view from Heaven the abode of mortals, look down, and see thy virtues reflected in thy children, and bless, oh bless them !” The pearly drops trembled in the eyes, and chased each other down the cheeks of Helen and Rosa, at this apostrophe of Margery’s to their departed parent. Cicely, just then entering with the milk and bread, gave a turn to thoughts which were becoming too painful : they struggled to recover

their serenity, and in a short time succeeded. Having finished their homely, but sweet repast, and listened awhile to Margery's simple tales, they arose to go. Margery arose likewise, and seizing a hand of each, respectfully raised them to her lips. "Heaven bless you, my dear nurse." "Farewell, my good Margery," exclaimed the fair sisters, as they stepped over the threshold, "we will very soon see you again." They then bent their steps homewards, and entered the park, just as the clock from the castle struck seven. The porter stood ready at the gate. "We have made a long stay, Peter," said Rosa, "but we generally do when we visit Margery. Good morning"—and with a condescending nod, they retraced their steps across the park, and entering the castle, met the Baron, who had just risen, in the saloon. After saluting him, they related to him their morning's excursion. The good old lord hung on

their words with fond attention, and having embraced them, led them to the breakfast room; where seated between his lovely offspring, he felt, though Heaven had deprived him of his beloved wife, he still had blessings left in his charming duteous children, in whose affectionate endearments he could pass serenely through the vale of life, and sink, without a pang, into the silent tomb.

EDWARD CADOGAN.

THE moon it beam'd palely, and dim shone the stars,
And the mist from the lake curl'd on high,
When Edward Cadogan, returned from the wars,
To the cot of his parents drew nigh.

His heart palpitated, his limbs shook with dread,
And the blood in his veins curdled cold,
“ Pray Heaven protect my dear parents,” he said,
“ For by this time they're helpless and old.”

He arriv'd at the door, and uplifted the latch;
“ Now soon shall I see them !” he cried —
“ Now soon to their bosoms their Edward they'll
snatch !”

Then a tear dimm'd his eye, and he sigh'd.

He enter'd the cottage; 'twas silent and drear,
 The embers a dying light gave;
 The sweet voice of welcome broke not on his ear,
 But all was as still as the grave.

“ Dear Father and Mother! your Edward is here;
 “ Why are ye retir'd to rest?
 “ Ye know not the Child you've long lost is so near,
 “ Ye know not your Son is your guest.

“ Sleep on, worthy pair! and serene be your dreams;
 “ May angels your pillow attend:
 “ I'll watch on this chair till the morning sun beams,
 “ For my troubles are now at an end.

“ No more will I quit ye! but labour all day,
 “ To preserve ye from hunger and cold;
 “ The cares ye bestow'd on my youth I'll repay,
 “ And comfort ye, now ye're grown old”—

He sunk on the seat, and his wearied eyes clos'd,
 For many long miles had he sped,
 Ere he reach'd the lov'd spot where his parents repos'd,
 And long had night's curtain been spread.

But hark!—there's a groan in the chamber above!
 Oh! Edward Cadogan, awake!
 Now, now! is the time your affection to prove,
 The lives of your friends are at stake!

Alas! 'tis too late! the dread business is o'er;
 The villains have stifled their cries—
 For mercy, in vain, did they feebly implore—
 Each blesses their Edward, and dies.

Still Edward slept on, though perturb'd were his
 .. dreams,
 Yet nought could his eyelids unclose;
 The loud roaring wind, or the night raven's screams,
 Disturb'd not his death-like repose.

And now the stairs creak as the ruffians descend,
And with caution the chamber look round :
On Edward, still sleeping, their scowling eyes bend,
His knapsack laid by on the ground.

“ What man have we here ?” in a whisper cries one,
“ A soldier !” the other replies,
“ ’Tis well he’s asleep or his business were done ;
“ Should he wake ere we quit him—he dies !

“ Tread soft, here’s more booty ! his knapsack
 behold,
“ On the ground it no longer shall lay :
“ ’Tis heavy !—I would it were well fill’d with gold—
“ As it is, we’ll convey it away.

“ But, lest he should think we intend him to rob,
“ When we only intend an exchange ;
“ Let’s leave him this knife, that has aided our job,
“ And if that don’t content him—’tis strange !”

Thus jeering, their way from the cottage they took,
 Each bearing the spoils of his guilt :
 They fear'd not that Being, they long had forsook,
 Nor regretted the blood they had spilt.

The day had long dawn'd when young Edward awoke,
 Unrefresh'd by the dreams of the night ;
 But scarce from his lips had his orisons broke,
 When the knife met his horror-struck sight.

What dread to his mind did this object impart !

“ What means it ?” he fearfully cried,

“ Of death 'tis the instrument ! deep in the heart

“ Of some one it has lately been dy'd.

“ Oh ! horrible thought !—sure my parents are
 well !—

“ Their helplessness none would assail—

“ Chill poverty from them each foe would repel ;

“ For her empire she holds in this vale.

“ Yet why is it here ! and why dripping with gore !

“ Ah ! dreadful the image it wakes :

“ If true my forebodings, my comfort is o’er,

“ And joy my sad bosom forsakes.”

With trembling haste up the staircase he flew,

And soon in the chamber he stood.—

Oh God ! what a sight met his agoniz’d view !

His parents lay welt’ring in blood !

“ They’re murder’d ! they’re murder’d !” he groan-
ed in despair ;

“ This night their dear spirits have fled.

“ Accurs’d be those wretches, wherever they are,

“ Who the blood of the aged have shed !

“ ’Tis I am their murd’rer !” in frenzy he rav’d,

“ Oh anguish ! why slept I so sound ?

“ While, perhaps, from th’ assassin for pity they
crav’d,

“ And for aid they in vain look’d around !”

Oh! luckless the words from poor Edward that burst!
 As he look'd on his parents' sad doom,
 At that instant a croud, striving which should be first,
 With fury rush'd into the room.

'Twas the neighbours, who wonder'd so late in the
 day,
 The cot of Cadogan was clos'd,
 Now sought out the cause of this wond'rous delay,
 And soon was the reason disclos'd.

With mutual surprise they ascended the stairs,
 For below they had sought them in vain,
 When they heard the sad voice as of one who de-
 spairs,
 It was Edward who loud did complain:

“ *'Tis I am their murd'rer !*” assail'd their shock'd
ears,

As near to the chamber they drew ;
Then onward they rush'd, each impell'd by their
fears,
And found their surmises too true.

“ Vile wretch !” they exclaim'd, as on Edward they
rush,

“ Destroyer of virtue and age !

“ Soon, soon shall the law thy impieties crush,

“ And the blood of these victims assuage.

“ By thine own words condemn'd, thou must forfeit
thy life,

“ No mercy expect to receive ;

“ From thy grasp then relinquish that blood dis-
tain'd knife ;

“ And the scene of thy guilt, with us, leave.”

All mute with despair, they convey'd him away ;
No words did his anguish express :
In prison shut out from the face of the day,
They left him to settled distress.

When brought to his trial, no word did he speak ;
All aid the poor culprit refus'd ;
Yet the faint hectic blush passed quick o'er his cheek,
When of *murder* ! the youth was accus'd.

Condemn'd, by the Judge he was sentenc'd to die ;
And when to the gibbet was led,
One sad look of anguish, one deep convuls'd sigh,
Informed them his senses were fled.

But ere round his limbs were the galling chains bound,
He was snatch'd from so dreadful a death ;
For angels of mercy encompass'd him round,
And in silence he yielded his breath.

May Edward's hard fate be a lesson to those,
Who too oft from appearance condemn ;
To let mercy with justice sometimes interpose,
As they wish to have mercy shown them.

STANZAS TO HOPE.

COME placid soother, to my breast,
And lull each anxious care to rest:
'Tis thou canst smooth grief's rugged stream,
And soften life's delusive dream.

When torturing anguish racks the soul,
And tears flow fast without controul,
Cheer'd by thy voice, and friendly rays,
We trust to thee for happier days.

The wretched culprit, doom'd to die,
When human pow'rs all aid deny,
Thou visit'st in the prison's gloom,
And bid'st him look beyond the tomb.

When stretch'd upon the bed of death,
We cling to thee with struggling breath;
And as we draw our parting sighs,
We place thee far above the skies.

THE SAILOR LAD.



'Twas a dark winter's evening, and keen blew the
blast

O'er the heath, with a deep hollow sound ;
From the piercing cold sky was the snow falling fast,
And thickly it lay on the ground ;
When Kate by the light of the embers sat sad,
And thought of the sea, and her dear Sailor Lad.

By her side there sat playing her infantile child,
Her Henry, her own darling boy ;
Whose prattle had ofttimes her sorrows beguil'd,
In his brave father's absence—her joy ;
For now the sole comfort on earth that she had,
Was plac'd in the son of her dear Sailor Lad.

As thus she sat thinking, the wind louder blew,
And rattled the casements around ;
She listened, and trembled, and pallid she grew,
And fear creeping o'er her she found :
For she dreaded the storm that now raged so sad,
Might prove fatal at sea to her dear Sailor Lad.

Young Henry looked up in his mother's wan face,
Then fondly and close to her crept ;
Down his roseate cheeks the tears trickled apace,
As he hispingly ask'd why she wept ;
“ It soon will be summer, and bring home my dad,
“ So pray do not cry,” said the poor little Lad.

Kate looked on her boy with the sweetest delight,
And press'd his dear form to her breast ;
His words cheered her heart, 'midst the gloom of
the night,
With joy she her darling carest ;

His mother's sweet smiles, made his little heart glad,
As she kiss'd him, and call'd him, her dear little Lad.

Kate's heart lighter grew, though the blast loudly
roared,

And the sleet down the chimney fast fell ;
Reflection did peace to her bosom afford,
And hope told her all would be well ;
For without God's permission she knew nothing bad
Could injure herself, or her dear Sailor Lad.

The night it grew late, and her poor wearied boy
Sunk soundly asleep on her lap ;
As she pray'd that no noise might his slumbers
destroy,

She heard at the casement a rap :
The sound drove away all the courage she had,
With a scream she awaken'd her poor little Lad.

The child began crying with terror and fright,
While to soothe him did Kate try in vain ;
Then trembling endeavoured her taper to light,
As she heard the same signal again :
She paus'd, and she colour'd, with joy was near mad,
When she heard the bold voice of her dear Sailor
Lad.

With her boy in her hand, to the door she swift flew,
And hastily open'd it wide,
When her husband's dear form met her rapturous
view,
And young Henry's, who stood at her side ;
With joy her eyes sparkled, no more was she sad,
Now pressed to the heart of her dear Sailor Lad.

E L L E N.

DEEP thunder in peals roll'd in dreadful succession,
Blue sulphurous lightning illumin'd the sky,
When Ellen, the victim of sad indiscretion,
Fled swift o'er the heath, for no covert was nigh.

Forsaking the arms of her titled seducer,
She hasten'd, yet dreaded, her parents to meet:
No danger could tempt, no persuasion induce her
To rest, till forgiveness she'd begg'd at their feet.

Alas! hapless Ellen, too late's the endeavour,
Too long you've neglected their pardon to crave;
Heart-broke by your flight, you have lost them for
ever,
Their sorrows are hush'd in the cold darksome
grave.

But who to thine ear shall unfold the sad tidings ?

What tongue, but will falter the tale to impart ?

Ah ! how wilt thou bear the rude scorn, and the
chidings

Of those who can't feel for thy deep-wounded
heart ?

May the Pow'r you've offended accept your con-
trition,

And strengthen the virtue which dawns in your
breast ;

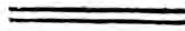
May His goodness relieve your unhappy condition,
And soon in the grave may your woes be at rest.

As despairing she wander'd alone, unprotected,

How throb'd her sad heart as she drew near their
door !

At that instant a flash, by Heav'n's mercy directed,
To earth struck her down, and she never rose more.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR BOY.



INDEED I'm a very poor boy,
And I think that my heart will soon break ;
With hunger I'm ready to cry,
And the bitter cold wind makes me shake.

Oh ! let me your bounty receive ;
It will not be bestow'd on a cheat :
Ah, how would my dear Father grieve,
Did he know that I begg'd in the street !

To fight for his country he's gone,
And knows not that mother is dead ;
That an outcast is poor little John,
Who has no where to shelter his head.

That he's lost both his mother and home ;
And dying with hunger and grief,
He is forc'd the long winter to roam,
Oft begging in vain for relief.

Then lady your bounty bestow ;
Cheer the heart of a poor little boy,
Whose Father is fighting the foe
That would gladly *your* comforts destroy.

A trifle bestow to my pray'r,
And soon from your sight I'll begone :
From hunger, and bitter despair,
It will rescue the poor little John.

THE RUSTICS.

“ Oh TELL me neighbour William, Oh tell me what
to do—

“ I love a little Maiden, I love her very true ;

“ But when I doff my cap to her, she passes with
a frown,

“ And then with Spruce, the Barber, goes flaunt-
ing through the town.”

“ I'll tell thee, simple Simon ! I'll tell thee how to act ;

“ Thou must dock thy lanky hair, man, and let
thy shoes be black'd ;

“ And wash thy face, that she may see if it be
fair or brown ;

“ For how dost think a maiden fair can love a
dirty clown ?

“ Then throw thy greasy jacket by, and get a
smart new coat,

“ And let a cleaner handkerchief be tied about thy
throat :

“ Go burn thy cap, and in its stead put on thy
Sunday hat :

“ And soon, I'll wager, that for thee, her heart
goes pit-a-pat.”

“ I thank thee, neighbour, kindly, and owe thee
much good will ;

“ Though thy advice be somewhat sharp, I do not
take it ill :

“ If doing all that thou last said, will win my
dearest Fan,

“ Adzookers, Will ! thou soon shalt see thy friend
another man.”

“ For I will be new shaven, and sport my Sunday
gear,

“ And if I meet with Spruce, oh I’ll give him such
a leer !

“ Then soon as I am wed to Fan, how happy shall
I be !

“ She’ll care no more for Barber Spruce, and only
think of me.”

THE STORM.



THE evening was dark and gloomy ; the thunder rolled sullenly at a distance, and the pale lightning gleamed faintly in the horizon. All nature seemed to pause, as if expecting the last convulsive shock. " 'Tis likely to prove a dreadful night," said Peter to his wife, as they sat with their son and daughter, fearfully watching the approach of the storm. " Hark ! how the sea-gulls scream ! see how they hover in the air ! Pray Heaven protect poor souls at sea." " Amen," said Hannah ; " how fortunate good husband you returned from fishing so soon !" " I saw the coming tempest, dear wife, and bustled myself in pushing towards the shore : but let us not

lose time in useless talk, when, perhaps, some poor shipwrecked wretches may want our assistance. Do you and Fanny fetch some faggots, and make a fire, whilst I step down with Phillip on the beach, and see if any vessels are near. If Hannah, we should, under divine Providence, be the humble means of saving *one* life this night, we shall not have lived in vain."

The thunder now burst in dreadful peals over their little hut; and the frequent vivid flashes of lightning made them tremble, as they shot their forked rays across their roof of thatch. Hannah and Fanny, with tottering steps, hastened to the wood-house for fuel; at the same time Peter, and his son, buttoned on their fisherman's coats, and each taking a lighted torch, braved the fury of the tempest as they bent their way towards the sea-

shore. Here the storm was dreadful beyond description: the sea appeared a liquid torrent of fire, as it rose to meet the blazing sky. Deep thunder reverberated through the rocks with horrid noise. The anxious and nearly appalled fishermen waved their torches on high, in hopes their friendly rays would catch the sight of any distressed vessel that might be driven towards the coast. Amid the pauses of the storm, they thought they could distinguish the cries of distress: they strained their sight across the deep, and perceived, by the incessant blaze of lightning, a ship struggling to ride out the storm: at one moment it seemed to touch the sky, then instantly was plunged into the fiery ocean. Peter and Phillip hallooed with all their might, and again waved their torches with frantic eagerness: but the thunder mocked their efforts, and roared a loud defiance to their cries. The vessel was still

in sight, and labouring to reach the spot where they were standing, when suddenly it seemed lifted in the air, and then with fury dashed into the merciless deep. A scream, a horrid scream succeeded, and all was hushed. Peter and his son gazed on each other in speechless agony; then directed their despairing looks towards the scene of terror. And now the storm, as if fully glutted with the sacrifice of the poor sinking victims of its rage, was slowly abating! Still the waves dashed with ungovernable fury, and rolling towards the shore, carried on their agitated bosom large pieces of the wreck, nearly washing them to the feet of Peter and his son, who stood rivetted to the fatal spot. "Look, Father!" exclaimed Phillip; "is not that a body floating this way? and yet it seems a strange shape." Just as he had uttered these words, a wave rolling furiously, threw the object of his observation on the sands.

Phillip flew to the spot ; and, as a second wave was preparing to return it to the treacherous element, he lifted it from the ground, and hastened, as fast as his burthen would permit, to the place he had left, as being more secure from danger. “ It is a woman,” said he to his father, “ and a sweet baby locked fast within her arms. Alas ! I fear I have snatched them from the sea too late ; life seems totally gone.” “ Bear them to our hut, my son ; and leave them to your mother’s care, whilst you run to the village for the doctor. I will stay here awhile ; perchance some other poor souls may be washed ashore ; and I cannot bear to quit the melancholy place so long as any hopes remain of being useful to my fellow creatures.” Phillip obeyed his father’s commands, and soon arrived at home with his unfortunate charge. His mother and sister were watching at the door, in anxious expectation

of their return: they assisted him to place the lady on the bed; and Hannah, with a gentle force, disengaged the infant from the tight embrace of its lovely parent, (as they imagined her to be,) and consigned it to the care of Fanny, who prest the cold and pale, but beautiful cheek of the unconscious babe to hers, and folding it to her bosom, wept o'er its early fate. With a fond mother's care, she stripped it of its sea-drenched robes, and chafed its little limbs before the fire. Soon she thought she could perceive a faint motion of its heart; and soon, with a transport of delight, she saw its sparkling black eyes unclose; and fixing on hers, with a smile it thanked her for her tender care. Worlds could not have purchased the delightful emotions that played around her heart, when she perceived the babe's returning animation: with grateful joy she raised her eyes to heaven; and wrapping the

wearied boy (who had again closed his eyes in a sweet slumber) in warm flannel, she carried him into the adjoining room, where her mother was employed in fruitless endeavours to restore the lady. Phillip, who had been some time gone for the doctor, now entered with him; and at the same instant Peter arrived, bearing on his shoulders the apparently lifeless body of a young man, whose dress bespoke him of a superior order. Phillip eased his Father of his sad load, and conveyed it to his own bed; that of his father being occupied by the lady, to whom the doctor was now introduced. Having examined the body, he declared his opinion that life was not entirely extinct; but that there was very little hope, unless they implicitly followed his directions. This they promised faithfully; and he immediately commenced his operations. For a long time they despaired of success; at length a deep drawn sigh

announced to them the joyful tidings that she yet breathed: with the most anxious solicitude they redoubled their exertions, eager to preserve her. In a short time she opened her eyes, and having looked wildly round the chamber, with another deep sigh, she closed them, as they feared, for ever. The sorrowing family were upon the point of betraying their grief by loud lamentations, when the dootor checked them. "Be silent," said he, "she is fallen into a sound sleep. Nature is exhausted, and requires rest; keep the apartment quiet. I will now attend the gentleman: good Peter, shew me where he is." They soon reached the small chamber, and found Phillip standing by the bedside, and gazing in mournful silence on the unhappy object laying before him, whose eyes were rivetted on his with a vacant stare, whilst strong convulsive sobs alone gave intimation of his ex-

istence. "How long has the gentleman been in this way my lad?" inquired the doctor. "Nearly half an hour, Sir," replied Phillip; "but I feared to call you from the lady." "You acted right, good lad; there is nothing dangerous in these symptoms; his mind suffers more than his body: some dreadful thought preys upon it, which he in vain endeavours to recollect clearly." He now approached the bed, and took the hand of the poor sufferer, who instantaneously withdrew his eyes from Phillip, and fixing them on the doctor, sighed out, "My wife! my boy!" then burst into a violent hysteric flood of tears. "This is favourable," resumed the doctor: "when he has given free vent to his grief, his mind will become calm: and I trust the sweet young creature below, and her lovely babe, will complete his recovery; for I have no doubt of their being the objects whose loss he mourns."

The violence of his grief seemed now subsiding, and with a faint voice he inquired where he was, and who had been so cruel as to snatch him from the grave, where all his fondest hopes were buried. "I hope not, your Honour," said Peter. "God be praised, you are preserved. I saw you struggling with the waves, and though somewhat old, I trusted in that Almighty Power, who has aided my honest endeavours through life, to enable me to save you: I plunged into the foaming sea, your Honour, and seized you as you were sinking. Being a tolerable swimmer, and not far from shore, I was able to support you till I reached land; and, thanks be to God, who has made me the weak instrument of your preservation." "Fatal, fatal humanity!" groaned the unhappy youth, "but for that, I had been ere now reunited to my beloved Elinor, and my cherub boy." "You must not give way to

despair," said the doctor, "it will retard your recovery: besides, it is impious to arraign the decrees of an all-wise Providence, who orders all for the best; and who can tell but that the same divine Power, whose mercy preserved you, may have extended his goodness to others, and your wife and child may yet live to bless you." "Impossible! I saw them sink: a cruel wave tore them from my arms: they sunk and rose no more. Why then should I live? it would have been mercy to have left me to my fate." Just as he was speaking, Fanny, with joy glowing on her countenance, rushed into the room. "The lady lives!" said she to the doctor, "she is awake, and wishes to see you." "What lady?" inquired the agitated stranger, starting up in the bed. "The lady and her child, that my brother saved from the wreck." "'Tis my wife, my dearest Elinor," he exclaimed, "mer-

ciful Heaven be praised! Oh God, forgive my rash murmurings, and accept my thanks. But where is my boy?" "Asleep by the side of the lady, Sir," answered Fanny, viewing him with astonishment mingled with pleasure. "Oh suffer me to see her," said he, turning to the doctor, "to clasp her and my child again to this throbbing heart, and I'll for ever bless you. Perhaps at this instant she laments my loss, not knowing that I still live to guard and protect her from every ill." "On no account," replied the doctor, "would I permit you to visit her in your present state; endeavour to calm your agitated spirits; and when I can, without danger, bring you to each other, depend upon my word I will. Try to rest: I must now attend your lady; and at my return, I hope to find you sufficiently composed, to render it unnecessary to oppose your wishes any longer." Then leaving him to the

care of Phillip, he proceeded to the lady, whom he found sensible, but very weak. She was leaning over her sleeping babe, whose beautiful face she deluged with her tears. "Poor fatherless boy!" she sadly sighed, as the doctor entered, and took her hand to judge if she was sufficiently recovered to bear the happy tidings he had to communicate. He found her more composed than he had reason to expect. In the tenderest manner he imparted to her the joyful news that her husband still survived. She heard the welcome tidings with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and entreated to see him. The doctor finding there would be no danger in acceding to her wishes, promised to grant her request; and, with pleasure beaming in his face, returned to the stranger, who had just awakened from a refreshing slumber. Having assisted him to rise, and dress himself in such apparel as the

limited wardrobe of Phillip would produce, he attended him to the apartment of the lady. At the door he again requested him to be calm, as he could not answer for the effects any sudden emotion might have on her harassed spirits. "I will, I will, indeed, be very calm; only let me see her." The doctor threw open the door, and in an instant he clasped his beloved partner to his throbbing breast. "My Elinor!" "My Henry!" was all that they could utter. The doctor withdrew for awhile, thinking his presence might be a restraint upon their feelings; and wishing to indulge his own in a way, that, to the callous mind, would appear unmanly. Having recovered himself, he re-entered the apartment, and found them tranquilly enjoying each other's society. The child too had awakened with the fervency of his delighted father's caresses, and lay smiling in his face;

whilst his little chubby hand encircled one of his fingers. "What a charming picture of wedded love!" exclaimed the doctor as he entered, "may ye long, very long, remain a blessing to each other, and to your charming boy." They thanked him for his friendly wishes, and then requested to see the worthy family, whose humanity had saved their lives. Peter, his wife, and children, gladly obeyed the pleasing summons; for it was with the greatest reluctance they had quitted the apartment previous to the interview. "In what way can we best express our gratitude to the kind preservers of our lives and happiness!" said Henry to them as they entered the room; "words can but slightly convey to you the extent of my feelings. Never shall I be able to repay your generous hospitality." "Heaven has fully repaid us, your Honour," exclaimed Peter, "in restoring yourself, your lady, and sweet

little son to our fervent prayers." "'Tis a poor recompense for your trouble and humanity," replied Henry, "you deserve a richer reward. My fortune is ample; command it to the utmost: though it is impossible for me ever to make you sufficient amends. Tell me, how can I serve you?" "Since your Honour is so good," answered Peter, bowing, "I will make free to ask one favour, which is, that if ever you should come this way again, you will not overlook our poor hut. To hear of the welfare of your lady and son, and sometimes to see you all, would be the sweetest recompense you could make us." "I should be unworthy to live, could I refuse so kind a request. Never, my worthy friend, will this hospitable roof, or its kind-hearted inhabitants be blotted from my memory. Nor shall you, good Peter, be obliged to toil from morning till night for a scanty and precarious subsistence, whilst I have it

in my power to render the remainder of your days comfortable. I will hear of no refusal: (for Peter was going to reply.) All I can do will but poorly repay the boundless obligation I feel myself under to you." Peter, then, with humble thanks withdrew, attended by his delighted family. In a few days, Elinor being recovered from her fatigue, they bade an affectionate adieu to their generous hosts, who parted from them with the truest regret; nor did they omit their warmest acknowledgements to the worthy doctor, for his kind and humane attention, promising to repay him as soon as they arrived in London; all the property they had with them being lost in the ill-fated vessel. Fanny, at parting, pressed the rosy cheek of the little Henry to her lips; the little fellow clung round her neck, as if loth to part from her. Again kissing the lovely boy, she reluctantly conveyed him to the

chaise, and gave him to his fond mother's care, who pressed him to her bosom as they drove from the door. They soon reached the metropolis, and it was not long before Peter was put in possession of a comfortable competency, which enabled him and Hannah to pass their declining years in peace and ease. Once in every year were they visited by the ever-grateful Henry, accompanied by Elinor and their son. When seated at the friendly fireside of their aged host, they talked of past events with saddened pleasure, mixed with a thankful adoration of that Divine Power, whose goodness watched over them amidst the war of elements. Nor did Peter and Phillip ever cease to bless the impulse that taught them to brave the fury of the storm, and led them to the spot where they were made the happy instruments of rescuing so much worth and beauty from an untimely grave.

HENRY'S SHADE.



Oh! heard you not that solemn sound,
Which seem'd to shake the troubled ground?
And heard you not that rustling sweep,
Which seem'd across the grass to creep?
'Tis hapless Henry's restless shade,
That nightly walks the silent glade.

Unhappy youth! a maid he lov'd
Who false to his affection prov'd;
The morn she promis'd him to wed,
That morn she with another fled:
'Twas then that Henry, on this heath,
His God forgot—and rush'd on death.

Unhallow'd here, his body's laid ;
O'er him no burial prayer was said ;
But on his grave the rank weeds grow,
And winds from every quarter blow ;
Whilst on the stake the rav'nous bird
The long drear night is screaming heard.

Soon as arrives the evening grey,
No peasant dares to pass this way ;
Yet, as they take their lengthen'd round,
They mourn his fate with sighs profound ;
Then venture up a prayer to Heaven,
That his rash crime may be forgiven.

Still o'er the wild and dreary waste,
With hurried footsteps on they haste,
Nor check their pace, till past the wood
Which leads to where his cottage stood.
For till morn dissipates their fears
Amid the gloom his shade appears.

THE ORPHAN GIRL'S TALE.

IN mercy, good people, give ear to my woes,
Too great for my mind to endure;
And list to my tale, whilst I feebly disclose
Those sorrows Heav'n only can cure.

I tell not my story, your bounty to gain,
Or to draw from your bosoms a sigh;
But it eases my heart to unburthen its pain—
Your attention then do not deny.

I'm houseless ! and friendless ! my parents I've lost,
And I've no one my youth to protect ;
In the dawn of my life is my happiness crost,
And I sigh at the world's cold neglect.

They lov'd their poor Mary: then blest was each day,
And time with us happily roll'd ;
Too soon did our comfort and peace pass away—
Ah ! would my sad story were told.

By merciless men was my father betray'd,
From his wife and his child torn away ;
To a far distant country for ever convey'd,
We beheld him no more from that day.

There mourn'd he his sorrows, and thought on past
time ;

There in silence he wept o'er his fate :
Grief at length broke his heart, and he died in his
prime,
For his suff'rings were many and great.

When the news reach'd my mother, her poor palsied
frame

Shook with anguish : no tear did she shed :
A wandering maniac my parent became ;
I beheld her, and trembled with dread !

No more to her bosom I fondly was press'd ;
No more heard her accents so mild,
As with tears all her sorrows to me she express'd,
And called me her dear lov'd child.

Now wild with despair ! she would drive me away,
And shudder whene'er I came near.
I knelt at her feet : " Oh my lov'd mother, say,
" What is't from your child that you fear ?"

“ I’ve no child” scream’d she horribly, “ none will
I have :

“ My husband and child ’s in the sky :
“ But I’ll wander about till I find out their grave,
“ Then stretch myself on it and die.”

She rush’d from her seat, and ran out at the door,
Whilst with horror I gaz’d, and despair :
Alas ! I beheld my dear mother no more ;
She fled ; I could never tell where.

Oh ! could I but learn that her troubles were o’er,
That her deep-wounded heart was at rest,
This dreadful suspense for her fate then no more
Should I feel ! for above she’d be blest.

Bereft of her presence, I wander forlorn ;
Want and sickness my footsteps attend :
I am cold, wet, and weary, my garments are torn ;
And in vain I look round for a friend !

Your bosoms are heaving ! a tear dims each eye !

Oh blest be those proofs you now give,
That my sorrows meet pity : to bear them I'll try,
And pray for you long as I live.

Oh ! father of mercies ! attend to my prayer,
Be my sins, through thy goodness forgiv'n ;
Since no longer on earth I my parents' love share,
Let me join their blest spirits in Heav'n.

ST. LEONARD'S WOOD.

“ COME on, thou coward—slave, come on ;

“ Let good or ill betide ;

“ I swear by the mass of Holy John,

“ Through Leonard's wood I'll ride.”

“ Stop, stop, Sir Knight ! good master, stay,

“ Nor rashly tempt your fate ;

“ Oh chuse some longer, safer way,

“ To reach your castle gate.

“ Avoid St. Leonard's fatal wood,

“ If e'er you wish to see

“ Your lady dear, or children good,

“ Come prattling round your knee.”

“ Beshrew me, but thou talkest well,
 “ And much thou seem’st to know ;
“ Yet, should to-morrow ring my knell,
 “ Through Leonard’s wood I’ll go.

“ Do thou return, if thou dost fear
 “ The forest wild to pass :
“ Thy way is plain, the moon shines clear
 “ Across the dewy grass.”

“ No, brave Sir Knight, since you’re resolv’d
 “ Through Leonard’s wood to ride,
“ My fate with your’s shall be involv’d,
 “ For I’ll not quit your side.”

Then on they spurr’d their coal-black steeds,
 Like lightning swift they flew,
And soon beyond the lonely meads
 The wood arose to view.

Now to the place as they drew near,
The moon was sinking fast ;
The night grew chill, the prospect drear,
And hollow sigh'd the blast.

And as they enter'd Leonard's wood,
A piercing scream was heard ;
The rugged path seem'd smear'd with blood,
And flitting forms appear'd.

But still the Knight disdain'd to turn,
Though Hubert urg'd him sore ;
For now the forest seem'd to burn,
And loud the blast did roar.

“ Oh turn, Sir Knight ! dear master, pray !
“ Nor rashly tempt your fate ;
“ But chuse some longer, safer way,
“ To reach your castle gate.”

In vain he spoke—he begg'd in vain—

The Knight rode fearless on ;

When soon they heard the screams again,

And voices howl'd, “ Begone !

“ Begone, rash Knight! thy path retrace,

“ Nor think this wood t' explore :

“ No mortal yet has passed this place—

“ Begone ! or thou 'rt no more !”

“ No fiends my purpose shall delay,

“ Or check my firm intent :

“ Through Leonard's wood I'll take my way,

“ Before the night is spent.”

Then on he push'd, for nought he fear'd,

Whilst Hubert shook with fright ;

For suddenly a gulf appear'd,

In which plung'd horse and Knight.

Shrieking he fell!—his bones did crash!

Deeply he groan'd, and died!

Whilst demons howl'd—"Turn mortal rash!

"Lest thou lie by his side."

Soon Hubert did his steps retrace,

With horror and affright,

Nor stopt till he regain'd the place

Where first he urg'd the Knight.

With hurried pace he sought his home,

No more from it to stray,

No more with daring Knights to roam,

Who madly chuse their way.

But with his wife he loves to sit,

And ponder on past days,

In fancy see the shadows flit,

The lonely forest blaze.

And oft he to his wond'ring mate
 Recounts the demons' yells ;
Tells of his master's dreadful fate,
 And shudders as he tells.

THE VILLAGE TALE.



“Do you see yon new-bricked grave, across which the moon now throws her rays? I can tell you a tale about that grave would melt a heart of adamant. Let us rest beneath this elm awhile. The air is calm and mild, and there is a solemn stillness reigning, well suited to the melancholy story. Enclosed in that small space lie the remains of two of Nature’s fairest children, as well as the most unfortunate. Poor Rose was the daughter of a farmer who died whilst she was in her infancy, and left her widowed mother with herself in embarrassed circumstances. Being unable to keep on the farm, the widow sold her stock, and retired

to a more humble dwelling. If you cast your eyes across the meadows, you will see through the opening of those trees on your right hand, a small white cottage; it was there Rose lived many years in happiness with her surviving parent. As she grew up she was the delight of every heart, both for her beauty and goodness; and her fond mother's sole comfort on earth was her duteous Rose. So much perfection remained not long unnoticed by the youths of the village, who all eagerly strove to please her; but one alone had power to touch her heart. He was a worthy youth, son of a neighbouring farmer; tall and well-formed, with manners rather above the rustics of his acquaintance. No wonder Rose listened with attention to his ardent love, and owned a reciprocal regard, as they roved together through the meadows, or sat in the little arbour at the end of her mother's small garden.

Nothing was then talked of through the village, but the approaching nuptials of Rose and William ; for they had gained the consent of their parents, and William looked forward with rapture to the day, that was to make Rose his for ever. Her mother, too, was to live with them, and many future hours of happiness had they planned—hours fated never to arrive ! They had already been twice asked in Church, and the bridal clothes were preparing, when, unfortunately, a baronet, the Lord of the Manor, came from London, with a large party of fashionables, to pass the hunting season at his seat ; the large mansion which stands at the extremity of yonder park. Fame had spread the report of Rose's artless charms, for many miles around ; no wonder it reached the ears of Sir Frederic, whose base mind was ever occupied in plotting the ruin of innocence. Soon

after his arrival, he sent for his steward, and inquired, as was his usual custom, the news of the village. The garrulous old man informed his master of the intended wedding of Rose and William, at the same time, extolling the charms of her mind and person ; for she was beloved and admired by all who knew her. Sir Frederic listened with deep attention to the intelligence of Robert, and promised to see her and William on the morrow. Unhappily for them he kept his word. The innocent charms of Rose soon made him determine on her ruin ; and he left no method untried to gain her to his wishes : but she was inflexible in her constancy to William ; all the allurements of grandeur which Sir Frederic held up to her view, and offered to her acceptance, served but to strengthen her mind more firmly in her attachment to her intended husband. Had William followed her

meritorious example, they might at this moment have been living instances of conjugal felicity, and her poor heart-broken mother the joyful witness of their happiness :—but alas ! it was otherwise. Sir Frederic finding nothing he had urged could shake the constant heart and mind of Rose, bethought him of another expedient. Among the guests at his castle, was a woman of high fashion, and not the purest principles ; one, who considered rank as a screen for every vice and folly in which she thought proper to indulge. Careless of the opinion of the world, because she could live without it, she was alike indifferent to its praise or censure. To this votary of folly and extravagance, did Sir Frederic apply to aid him in a scheme he had formed of estranging the heart of William from his Rose, hoping by those means to win her to his purpose. Lady Mary readily promised her assistance ; de-

claring she should enjoy of all things, the pleasure of gaining the heart of so fine a youth as William, whom she considered as far too good for the simple blushing little rustic allotted him. Having arranged their plans, they separated for the night. On the following morning Sir Frederic sent for his steward, and acquainted him, that he intended giving a little dance to the young people of the village, and desired he would invite them all to the castle on the next day, ordering him to provide every thing that was requisite for the occasion. Old Robert obeyed his master's orders with the greatest alacrity his age would permit. Rose and William were of course invited with the rest; and by six o'clock the next evening, the young party were assembled in the hall of the Baronet; the place doomed to be the grave of Rose's happiness. After enjoying themselves for some time, Sir Fre-

deric and his company entered the hall, and declared their intention of joining the dance. The Baronet immediately requested the hand of Rose, who with becoming modesty, and self-taught politeness, refused; expressing her intention of not dancing any more, the heat and exertion fatiguing her; for her constitution was but delicate. Sir Frederic in vain endeavoured to prevail on her to alter her resolution; she was steady in her refusal, which obliged him to relinquish his hopes of her hand, and to select another partner. Lady Mary was more fortunate in the application she made, through Sir Frederic, for the hand of William. Highly flattered to be noticed by so great a lady in preference to any other, he, with glowing cheeks and palpitating heart, led his fair partner to the top of the hall, looking round with conscious pride on his less favoured companions.

Think not, that he had forgotten his Rose at this time. No—had she not refused dancing, he would not have exchanged her for a duchess; but as that was the case, he did not conceive he was in the least injuring her, by dancing with another. Many a fond look did he cast upon her, as she sat pensively viewing the happy group. Sir Frederic had spoiled her evening's pleasure; for after refusing him, she could accept of no other partner. "Happy Lady Mary!" sighed she to herself, as she saw William leading her down the dance. After being a melancholy spectator for some hours, she beckoned William to her, whilst the dancers were resting, and begged him to see her home, as she found herself fatigued with sitting up so late. William was grieved to see her look pale and faint; but unwilling to leave the scene of gaiety, he persuaded her to take some refreshment; and

hinted, that it was a pity she had refused Sir Frederic, having deprived herself of much pleasure by so doing. Rose was astonished! she could scarcely believe she heard aright; but, willing to form the best opinion of his speech, she endeavoured to persuade herself it arose from a desire of seeing her enjoy the evening as much as he had done. Still she was uneasy, and wished to be at home; though she said no more to William: indeed he had left her, and returned to his artful partner, who had lost no opportunity of insinuating herself into his favour. The party at length broke up; and William, with the greatest reluctance, left the castle, and attended Rose to her mother's cottage. At parting, he slightly pressed her hand, and sighed deeply: but the sigh was not for her. However, she thought otherwise; and that thought gave momentary pleasure to her heart. Her mother

perceived she was not well, and regretted she had suffered her to go. "But how, my dear child," said she, "could I refuse to place you under the protection of our dear William, who will so soon take the charge for life? believe me, dearest girl, the thoughts of seeing you united to so excellent a youth, revives a spark of comfort in my woe-worn breast; and makes amends for past misfortunes. How I long to see the day which is to make my Rose happy!" "Ah! when will that day arrive!" sadly thought Rose. "Never, I fear!" A tear trickled down her cheek as she returned the affectionate salute of her fond mother; then, with a heavy heart and trembling steps, she ascended to her chamber. When in bed, busy distressing thoughts precluded sleep. Never had she been so little noticed by William, from the first of their acquaintance. How was she to account for it?

She was not conscious of any impropriety in her own conduct that could occasion it; and her pure mind had no idea of a rival, in a woman so much above her and William, as Lady Mary; nor could she for a moment think him false: she had too high an opinion of his honour. The more she pondered, the more bewildered she found herself—certain she was she had never passed so miserable an evening, and wished, sincerely wished, she had staid away from the castle. Wearied with conjecture, she addressed herself to that Power, who ever protects the innocent and virtuous; and resigning herself to his Almighty care, sunk into a short slumber. William had passed the night in the same unquiet way, though the cause was very different; his wavering heart fluttered between the ideas of the beautiful Lady Mary, and the no less beautiful Rose. “Dear Rose,” said he to himself,

“ let me not injure thy matchless image, by suffering another to supplant thee in my heart: yet Lady Mary’s charms are great; and certainly she flattered me with the strongest proofs of her regard. Surely, she cannot seriously think of one so unworthy of her, one so much beneath her as myself. I wish I knew her mind. Pardon, dearest Rose, this wandering from the thought of thee. Would the day was come that makes thee mine! Then shall I banish all but thee from my breast; but till that day arrives, it cannot surely be a crime to *think* of others.” Thus did he pass the night, and in the morning rose unrefreshed and pallid. He called on Rose, whom he found languid from her restless night. For the first time in his life he felt a restraint before her. He blushed, and his tongue faltered, as he inquired whether she had recovered her spirits and health. Rose felt the alteration in his manner:

—severely she felt it: and when she would have replied to his inquiries, her full heart stopped her utterance, and she burst into tears. This sight renewed all William's tenderness; he pressed her to his bosom with fondness, and earnestly conjured her to tell him the cause of her grief. "I fear, William, I have offended you, and am unconscious how." "Offended me, my dearest Rose! never was it in your gentle nature to offend any one. Banish such suspicions from your breast, and believe my heart to be wholly yours." This kind assurance satisfied her, and pleasure once more illumined her blue eyes. Short, very short, was her happiness; for the fickle-hearted William soon forgot his fidelity. The alluring charms of Lady Mary made him forfeit his integrity; and in a few days after their reconciliation, the heart of the wretched Rose was struck cold with the dreadful intelligence, that her beloved infatuated William

had left the village accompanied by her rival. Sir Frederic was the cruel bearer of the heart-rending tidings. An icy chill ran through her veins as he proceeded with his story ; but ere, he could finish, she dropped senseless in his arms. He loudly called for assistance, fearing his abruptness had proved fatal. Her mother, who was in an adjoining apartment, rushed out, and shrieking as she caught the miserable girl from Sir Frederic, strained her to her throbbing, distracted bosom. The sudden motion, and her mother's scream, caused the ill-fated Rose to unclose her eyes—but their lustre was gone ; the sudden shock had impaired her intellects : she knew nothing, remembered nothing. Deep convulsive sighs burst from her over-charged heart : but she was unconscious of the cause. Her mother in an agony of tears, entreated to know what had reduced her darling child to so miserable

a state. Sir Frederic in a few words told her the fatal truth. Horror-struck, she could scarcely believe her senses. Could William, the virtuous youth to whom she was going to intrust her Rose's happiness, and her own, be so base a villain? Impossible! But a few hours convinced her all was too true, and herself and child were made miserable for ever. For hours would she sit weeping over the beautiful inanimate Rose, who, with fixed eyes, and drooping head, sat a living monument of wretchedness. Such accumulated misery was more than she could bear; nature could hold out no longer; and the week after William's cruel desertion, beheld her a corpse, and Rose an orphan. The kind neighbours hastened to the fair insensible, the moment they heard of her mother's death: among the rest were William's parents, who were nearly as wretched as herself, for they fondly loved

her, and execrated the vile woman who had seduced their deluded son from his duty. Every art was tried to bring Rose to a sense of her unhappy condition, but in vain. At length it struck them, that the sight of her mother's remains might produce the wished-for effect. Taking her passive hand, William's mother led her into the room, where, shrouded in her coffin, lay the pale corpse of her departed parent. The well-known features recalled poor Rose's scattered senses: she gazed wildly round the room, then, fixing her starting eyes upon the coffin, with a heart-piercing groan sunk motionless upon the floor. When restored to animation, her agonies were dreadful beyond conception. All the fatal occurrences of the last fortnight burst at once upon her mind, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she bemoaned her wretched fate. Her unmerited sufferings drew tears from those

around her, and all wished they had permitted her to remain in the happy insensibility from which their humanely meant endeavours had roused her. William's mother continued with her till after the funeral. Rose insisted upon showing the last proof of dutiful regard to her lamented parent ; to have opposed her wishes would have been cruel ; they therefore yielded, thinking opposition would but aggravate her woes. With a firm step and tearless eye, (the effect of inward despair,) she followed her mother's corpse to the ground. When she beheld the coffin placed in the earth, she for an instant fixed her eyes upon it, then casting them up to Heaven, her lips moved as if in prayer, and with a look of pious resignation, she slowly quitted the church-yard, and proceeded, accompanied by a few kind friends, to her melancholy home. The parents of William entreated her to reside with them ; but she shud-

dered at the mention of it, and solemnly vowed never to quit the habitation of her youth and happier days. An aged servant of her mother, who had lived with her in her prosperity, and would not forsake her in less fortunate hours, continued with the forlorn girl, whose mind had from the late events been diverted from the thoughts of William's baseness. Now, left to herself, they returned with double force. For hours would she sit in the arbour, once the witness of her delights, but now of her extreme misery, and indulge the soul-harrowing thought, till her full heart almost swelled to bursting, and the silent tears traced each other down her wan and sunken cheeks. Thus would the faithful Rachel often find her when she went to remind her of the lateness of the hour, and to lead her in from the damp chill of the evening. Whilst Rose was thus suffering all the

agonies a tortured heart could inflict, William was no less miserable. Even at the moment he was forsaking her, his heart was wrung with anguish ; and it required all Lady Mary's art to prevent his return, as soon as they reached London. Judge then what were his feelings, when informed of all the sad consequences, occasioned by his conduct. With phrensy he cursed himself, and the vile unprincipled wretch, who had drawn him aside from the path of rectitude. Then rushing from her presence, he darted into the streets, where his hurried step and wild distracted look caught the attention of the passengers, who judged him to be some maniac escaped from confinement. The swiftness of his pace prevented that crowd from following him which too often attends the steps of those whose misfortunes have driven them to insanity. Having wandered the whole day without knowing whither,

his thoughts became more composed, though not less poignant. He knew not what to do ; to return to Rose, he felt would be to wound her more deeply. How could he present to her sight, the guilty wretch, whose cruelty had plunged her into the depth of woe? As his mind flew distractedly from one thought to another, a recruiting sergeant came up, and taking his arm, asked him if he was willing to serve his king and country, offering him at the same time a large bounty. He instantly, without consideration, accepted his offer ; and in an unlucky moment enlisted. Weary of life, he hoped soon to lay it down in his country's defence. The day after he had entered the ranks, an order was sent for the regiment to be embarked immediately for foreign service. The idea of quitting, perhaps for ever, his native country, without seeing Rose, and imploring her pity and forgiveness, drove him to

madness. He applied to his commander for a short leave of absence, but was refused, on account of the embarkation taking place directly. Wild with despair at being denied, he rashly resolved to desert; death was preferable to leaving his country without taking a last farewell of his beloved Rose. The morning preceding that on which the regiment was to quit England, he arose before daylight, and putting on the cloaths he wore on the fatal night he enlisted, stole privately from his quarters, and pursued his wretched way to the village, where he arrived about noon. With hasty steps he passed through it, and reaching the well-known cottage, he, with frantic eagerness lifted the latch, and burst into the room. The object he sought was not there; she had retired to her favourite seat. William saw her through the casement; he rushed into the garden, and was in an

instant at her feet. The affrighted girl, screaming, hid her face with her hands, while William clasped her knees, and in an accent of the deepest despair, besought her not to curse him. “ Dear injured Rose,” cried he, “ pardon the wretch who kneels before you for the last time : who detests himself for ever forsaking such excellence : look up, dearest Rose, bless me with one parting glance, and I will withdraw my hated form for ever from your sight.” “ Oh William ! William !” groaned the wretched girl, “ what had I done to drive you from me ?” “ Nothing, beloved Rose, I was mad ! infatuated—and dearly do I pay for my folly, my infamous perjury.” “ Cruel, cruel Lady Mary,” ejaculated Rose. “ Name her not ; she is a monster ! how could I be so blind to my own happiness—Oh that I could recall the past !” Rose burst into an agony of tears : William’s words reminded her of her mother ;

and her weak form shook with the anguish of her soul. The miserable youth read her thoughts, and shuddered at the retrospection of calamities produced by his conduct. In a short time her grief in part abated; and she held out her hand to William, who snatched it with eagerness to his lips and heart. "Do you indeed forgive me!" said he, "Oh say you do; and I will no longer intrude myself upon you. Only tell me, you forgive me, before I leave you." "Leave me! again forsake me!" said the trembling Rose, "who then shall protect me!" "I will," replied the delighted William; "if you will but say you wish it; death alone shall part us." As he was speaking, they heard a rustling behind the arbour. Rose started as she saw three soldiers getting over the hedge which separated the garden from the meadows. With pallid cheek she looked at William, and grasped

his arm. She beheld him pale and trembling: "My God! what does this mean?" she exclaimed, as the men advanced towards them. "Why it means that we are come to fetch your sweetheart, as I suppose he is," said one of them: "he has taken French leave of his commander, who intends teaching him English discipline as soon as we reach London. When soldiers run from their duty, it is fit they should be punished for their desertion." "William is not a soldier," replied Rose, trembling with terror; "are you William?" "Too sure I am, and the miserable wretch they seek. I must leave you, poor undone girl, for ever." "You shall not leave me again," screamed the frantic Rose, clinging with force round his neck. Despair lent her strength, and in vain they endeavoured to unlock her hands; they appeared rivetted. William clasped her fragile form to his

bursting heart in silent agony, while tears of anguish fell fast from his eyes upon her wan cheek. Her emotions, at last, overpowered her remaining strength, and with a deep groan she sunk, fainting on William's bosom. The unfeeling soldiers seized this opportunity of forcing her from his arms, and gently placing her on the seat, they hurried the heart-broken youth away, without suffering him to take a parting look, a last embrace, fearing she might revive before they could depart. In this situation did Rachel find her. Ignorant of the late distressing scene, from being absent at the time William entered the house, she thought her dead; and with fearful haste, lifted her from the seat, and carried her into the open air, which soon restored the wretched girl to a sense of her misery. Fixing her eyes on the servant with a vacant stare, she grasped her arm convulsively, and demanded, what she had

done with William. "The blessed Lord preserve your senses, my dear young mistress," said the astonished Rachel, "no such person has been here." "He has, he has!" returned Rose, in a voice of horror, "and the barbarians have torn him from me! Oh merciful God," added she, sinking on her knees, "grant me but strength to reach the place they have borne him to; there to breathe out my life on his dear bosom, and I shall die contented." "Whither would you go?" asked the affrighted Rachel, holding her arm, as she rose from her knees. "To my beloved William," replied Rose, as with more than human strength she disengaged herself, and darted through the house. Despair and affection gave speed to her flight, which was so hasty, that before the wonder-struck Rachel was sufficiently collected to alarm the village, she had left it far behind her. Uncertain of the road, she

wandered on, her mind solely occupied by William's danger, and the hopes she had of once more meeting him, when she was resolved nothing on earth should again separate them. Evening came on, and she found herself on an extensive common. Weary and sad; faint, too, for want of nourishment, she sat down by the side of the road, and casting her despairing eyes upon the dreary prospect, burst into tears. As she was thus indulging her grief, a miller, who was passing that way with his tilted cart, drove up close to her, and with a voice of the tenderest humanity, inquired the cause of her distress. "If thou hast lost thy way, my girl," said the honest man, "do not vex thyself about that: I will take thee any where thou likest." "Take me to my dear William," cried she, starting on her feet. "And where is he?" asked the miller. "They have taken him to

London." "To London!—why, my good girl, thou canst not reach there to night! it is full ten miles. Hast thou no friends nearer?" "None! none!" exclaimed Rose, bursting afresh into tears: "he is every thing to me; and they have torn him from my sight." "Well, well," said the humane miller, "dry up thy tears poor girl; I will take thee home to my good dame for the night; and to-morrow morning we will go to thy William." "Will you, indeed, be so kind," said the delighted Rose: her sunken eye sparkling for a moment, "Heaven repay your kindness; I never can." The good old man then helped her into his little cart, and soon conveyed her to his friendly home, which stood about a mile further on the common. He recommended her to his wife's care, who treated her with the greatest tenderness; and the Almighty will no doubt reward their unexampled kindness to the de-

parted sufferer. They made her take some nourishment, and insisted upon her retiring to rest early, being convinced she stood in need of repose, and hoping sleep would recruit her exhausted spirits. But in vain did she attempt to close her eyes: the thoughts of William, and her anxiety to again behold him, though uncertain how or where to find him, precluded sleep: the hours went wearily, and when, in the morning, she met her benevolent friends, her haggard looks bore testimony to the way in which she had passed the night. The miller wished her to postpone her journey till the next day, seeing how unfit she was to encounter the least fatigue; but she would not listen to any proposal of the kind, so anxious was she to see William. Her impatience to be gone, made every moment seem an age. As soon as breakfast was ended, the miller brought his cart to the door, and

again placing Rose in it, seated himself by her side, and set off, accompanied by the good wishes of the kind-hearted dame. During their ride, he inquired of his companion the particulars of her story, which she, with artless innocence and tearful eyes, gave, from the commencement of William's attachment, to the fatal moment of their separation in the garden. The worthy miller's heart ached for her sufferings; he already had formed a father's affection for her, and felt a lively interest in her concerns. He had no children, and he determined in his mind, to adopt the poor orphan Providence had so unexpectedly placed under his care. He had no hopes, from Rose's account, of finding William, she not knowing to what regiment he belonged, though he kept his thoughts to himself, being unwilling to add a pang to her afflicted heart. As they drew near to the metropolis, the

Miller noticed a great concourse of people on the road, but thinking there might be some fair near the place, he paid no particular attention to it, till the crowd increasing, induced him to stop his cart, and inquire the reason of so much bustle. He was answered, that a deserter was going to be flogged on a common hard by. Rose turned faint; and a sickness came over her heart: when the miller, casting his eyes forward, saw the melancholy procession approaching. Fearing and scarce doubting from Rose's story, that it was William, he turned his cart, to avoid, as he told her, being entangled with other carriages; but in reality, to save her the shock, of seeing the youth she so fondly loved in such a situation. Unfortunately, by these means he brought her to witness the scene he had so anxiously endeavoured to keep from her view; for by turning up a lane which he hoped would lead

them from the common, he entered it at the moment the wretched William, for it was him who had been brought there by a nearer way, was receiving the first cruel lash from the hands of the callous drummer. The groan of anguish which burst from the lips of the sufferer, reached the ear of Rose, who instantaneously recognized the voice of her beloved William. With a piercing scream of horror, she jumped from the cart, which was immoveable from the pressure of the crowd, and rushing towards the spot, with frantic gestures she exclaimed, "William! my dearest William!—stop, monsters!—savages, forbear!" Then sinking on the ground, with a convulsive groan she expired. All eyes were now turned from William to the breathless Rose. The pitying crowd assisted the miller, who had followed her as fast as his agitation would permit, to convey her inanimate form to the

nearest house, till the coroner had been summoned; whilst the lacerated William, after undergoing the full extent of his punishment, was conveyed to London, and the regiment proceeded to the place of their embarkation. The sorrowful miller, having seen the body of poor Rose placed decently on a bed, returned with a heavy heart to his home. His melancholy looks, and returning alone, made his wife fear some terrible accident had happened; she almost dreaded to ask after poor Rose, and when informed of all the sad circumstances, she sincerely and deeply bewailed the fate of the departed girl. The miller had promised to return and see the remains of Rose properly interred, soon as the inquest was taken; he therefore consulted with his wife what was best to be done, with respect to her funeral. Not knowing from whence she came, as Rose in her story had omitted men-

tioning the name of her native village; they had no way left of tracing out her friends, but by means of the ill-fated William. It was now no difficulty to discover him, as the town echoed with the disastrous circumstances that had so lately occurred. The miller once more set out for the metropolis, and after attending the coroner, proceeded to the unhappy William, whose wounds, from the severity of the lashes he had received, joined to his mental agonies, were pronounced mortal. His haggard look and vacant eye, when the miller entered, struck him with the truest sorrow; and he turned aside to conceal the starting tear. Dashing it away, he went to the bedside, and taking the burning hand of the dying sufferer, pronounced the name of Rose. The well-known sound roused William from his death-like stupor: he feebly pressed the hand which held his, and

fixing his eyes on the miller, asked if he might see her before he died. "Ah! well-a-day, poor youth," sighed the miller, "soon will ye meet where no hard destiny will ever part ye." "She is dead then," interrupted William, his voice growing still weaker. "Oh God! then release me from my sufferings: pardon the errors of my youth, and let me join her pure spirit in thy blessed kingdom." The exertion he had used in saying so much, produced a long fainting fit, in which all around him thought he had breathed his last. However, after a while, he recovered, and again, though with much difficulty, addressed the miller: "I know not who you are," said he, "who so kindly interest yourself in my miseries; but as you seem acquainted with my poor Rose, whose death your words inform me of—(the miller's tears confirmed the sad intelligence)—You, no doubt, are acquainted with her

misfortunes, occasioned by me.—Hear me out,” seeing the miller was about to interrupt him, “I have not long to speak. All I have to request is, that you will let us be both laid in one grave by the side of her mother, whose death I have to answer for. Oh! may the merciful Judge, to whose presence I am about to be summoned, accept my present sufferings as an atonement for my former crimes. Say,” cried he, turning his dying looks on the miller, “will you attend to my last wish?” The old man, whose full heart would not suffer him to speak, pressed his hand in token of assent. “May God reward your humanity.”—Then faintly articulating the name of Rose, the suffering victim closed his eyes for ever. The miller, finding all was over, considered how he was to find the place to which they belonged. On searching the pockets of the deceased, he found a letter addressed to

Rose, which he had written previous to his forming the fatal resolution of deserting. This letter acquainted the miller with all he wished to know. He kept the promise he had made, and in a few days had them both removed to our village. They were buried in yonder grave, and were attended to the church-yard by all the inhabitants. There was not a dry eye in the place ; and when the earth received them from their sight, the sobs and groans of those around, told how much they were beloved, how sincerely lamented. William's parents are hastening after them ; the accumulated woe that has been heaped on their aged heads within the last few months, has entirely broken their constitutions. They close their eyes in tears, and wake each morn to misery. Every hour do we expect to hear the knell for one or both of them. Sir Frederic, shocked at the dreadful

event occasioned by his plots, instantly left the castle, and is, we hear, gone to the Continent. As for the vile Lady Mary, no one here knows what is become of her; but go where she may, she will be followed by the execrations of the whole village; for, had she not assisted in the infamous contrivance, we might have rejoiced at their nuptials, instead of lamenting over their grave. But the dews of night are fast falling; and remind us that it is time to bend our steps homeward; let us therefore quit this melancholy story and the place together.

S O N G.

AH ! well-a-day ! my breaking heart,
I've lost my Love for ever,
Death aim'd too sure his fatal dart,
And I shall see him never :
Now cheerless through the meads I stray,
My brows I bind with willow ;
I'm sad and weary all the day,
And restless on my pillow.

In vain on his dear name I call,
Alas ! he cannot hear me ;
He was my joy ! my hope ! my all !
But now I've nought to cheer me.

I'll haste to where my lover lies,
 And strew his grave with flowers ;
Despairing there with tears and sighs,
 I'll pass my lonely hours.

But what avails my frantic grief,
 It cannot here recall him ;
Resign'd ! in Heaven I'll seek relief,
 Since ills no more befall him :
And when a few short years are past,
 Which will true lovers sever ;
Rejoicing I shall breathe my last,
 And be with him for ever.

The music to the above Song may be had at FALKNER'S
Opera Music Warehouse, 3, Old Bond Street.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

WITH me the dream of life is o'er,
Its varied scene can charm no more;
My ev'ry hope! my ev'ry joy,
Lies buried with my darling boy!
His loss I ever shall deplore;
With me the dream of life is o'er.

When worn with sorrow, bent by care,
And all around was dark despair,
His little presence brought relief,
And calm'd the stormy tide of grief:
For when I press'd him in my arms,
The world again for me had charms.

But no ! 'twas otherwise decreed,
Again this breast was doomed to bleed ;
Fate threw another deadlier dart,
It kill'd my child ! and pierc'd my heart.
Alas ! how short liv'd was my joy,
How transient bloom'd my darling boy.

When all around is hush'd in sleep,
My couch with briny tears I steep ;
Whilst others peaceful dreams enjoy,
I wake and think on thee my boy,
And busy fancy paints the scene
Of what *is now* and what *has been*.

But if it be th' Almighty will,
In secrecy I'll suffer still,
Nor breathe aloud the heartfelt sigh,
To draw the tear from friendship's eye ;
The ills past human aid to cure
'Tis best in silence to endure.

I'll trust in Thee ! my Saviour God !
And humbly bend beneath thy rod ;
Then when life's fretful scene is o'er,
And my worn heart shall beat no more,
In everlasting realms of joy,
I hope to meet my cherub boy.

S T A N Z A S

*Addressed to a Gentleman, whose compositions adorn
the "Lady's Monthly Museum."*

WHY, Oscar, tune thy harp to sorrow?
Why strike the strings to sounds of woe?
Thou! who from ev'ry muse can'st borrow
Each thrilling joy that mortals know.

Mourn'st thou for friends untimely taken?
Griev'st thou for moments past of ease?
Remember, Oscar, faith unshaken
God's mercy in his chast'ning sees.

Perhaps a sadden'd softness stealing
O'er thy young mind, gain'd pow'rful sway ;
And in that hour of tender feeling
Urg'd thee to pen thy plaintive lay.

'Tis so ! for ne'er can Oscar languish,
'Midst ills ! or future evils fear ;
So prone to sooth another's anguish,
So skill'd, the drooping heart to cheer.

*The two following Poems were written in the
Year 1805.*

A THOUGHT.

WHEN our Redeemer on the earth did rest,
Humility He taught those He lov'd best :
So God the vict'ry gave, which rais'd our pride ;
To check its force—He spoke—and Nelson died.

L I N E S

To the Memory of the immortal Nelson.

MOURN, mourn, Britannia! Britain's sons, lament:

Daughters of Albion, shed the anguish'd tear;
Check not your feelings, give your sorrows vent
For Nelson, laid on his untimely bier.

Belov'd, ill-fated hero! England's pride!

What can repay us for thy mournful loss?
Though vict'ry in our fleet doth proudly ride,
Yet doth thy death our great rejoicings cross.

The blaze which ought to mark old England's joy,

Each eye beheld it with a trembling tear;
And as reflection forc'd the rising sigh,
All hearts proclaim'd the vict'ry bought *too dear*.

Who can rejoice? thought great, indeed, the gain
 By thy bold arm, and dauntless mind atchiev'd ;
 Still must thy country of thy fate complain,
 For ever of thy services bereav'd.

Not unreveng'd, brave Chief, thy death will be :
 The gallant tars, who saw their *Friend* laid low,
 Have round thy ashes lowly bent the knee,
 And sworn to hurl destruction on the foe.

Oh! may their arms still conquer as before ;
 And hov'ring o'er them thy best spirit be :
 Then shall Fame's trump, proclaim from shore to
 shore,
 Britannia still reigns Mistress of the Sea.

To thy lov'd memory though the nation rears
 The sculptur'd stone, its gratitude to prove ;
 Thy best embalment is thy country's tears ;
 Thy lasting monument, thy country's love.

GRATITUDE'S TRIBUTE TO ENGLAND'S
DEPARTED HERO.

Written in the Year 1806.



THE solemn pomp, the mournful pageant's o'er,
And gallant Nelson from our sight is clos'd :
He'll for his country raise his arm no more,
In the deep silence of the tomb repos'd.

O'er his loved manes Fame's proud pinions spread,
And guardian angels round in silence wait,
Protect the ashes of the sacred dead,
Bend o'er his tomb, and weep his early fate.

Oft to the spot shall kindred souls repair,
The bold Commander, and the seaman brave ;
For his repose breathe forth the ardent pray'r,
And drop affection's tribute on his grave.

The aged Tar, in England's cause grown grey,
With trembling lips will press the marbled tomb,
Dash from his eye the scalding tear away,
And grieve he shar'd not his Commander's doom.

Thus Hope will whisper to his troubled breast,
“ Ere long, old man, shalt thou in realms above
“ Rejoin his form, in robes of brightness drest,
“ Enjoy again his smiles, and share his love.”

His name shall animate Old England's tars
To deeds of glory worthy of the brave:
Then home return'd, with conquest and with scars,
They'll haste to strew their laurels o'er his grave.

There will they tell (by fond remembrance taught,
Whilst gratitude and love their bosoms warm,)
How oft with him victoriously they've fought,
With him how oft have brav'd the angry storm.

To their sad hearts will memory declare
 With him no more the haughty foe they'll face ;
Then on his monument, in mute despair,
 They'll cast one look, and sighing quit the place.

Brave sharers of his perils and his Fame !
 The bright example which he gave, pursue ;
Surrounding nations shall your worth proclaim,
 And England's Hero still survive in you !

Illustrious Nelson ! dauntless chief ! farewell !
 Their golden harps for thee shall angels string :
Glory's bright rays around thy head shall dwell,
 And from thy tomb unfading laurels spring.

TO SIR F——— D———, ON HIS
LEAVING ENGLAND.

To thee, whose social converse cheer'd
The dreary winter's night,
Whom languor fled, as thou appear'd,
This sad adieu I write.

Farewell, my friend! if I may claim
The joy to call you so;
May happiness, great as your fame,
Attend you where you go.

And as on foreign shores you stray
With friends and kindred blest,
May one kind thought incline this way,
And on our mansion rest.

May those who now your converse share,
Whose gain is our great loss,
Permit you to my earnest prayer
Again the seas to cross.

Then soon as genial spring appears
You'll come, no more to roam ;
No more adieus will greet your ears,
But heart-felt welcomes home.

ADDRESS TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE
ON HIS CORONATION.

Written in 1804.

NAPOLEON, hail ! thou first Emperor of France !
With confidence now thy bold projects advance,
And ere thou descend'st from thy long wished for
 throne,
(Lest haply thou may'st not long call it thy own)
Rest awhile and enjoy it—think not on the past,
But exult that thy schemes have succeeded at last ;
No matter how gain'd, by foul means or by fair,
Thy crown must sit light if thy heart feels no care.
Now to greet thee their King servile Frenchmen
 advance,
For slav'ry's establish'd in Regicide France ;

Abject wretches who know not what 'tis to be free,
Fit subjects to cringe to a being like thee.

Stand back ye vile miscreants! for see to your
King

What groups seem advancing their off'rings to bring;
How solemn their pace, yet how martial their air—
Are they friends to thee, Tyrant? of such oh!
beware.

See their standard high waving, the crescent dis-
plays—

Why start? and why on them with mute horror
gaze?

From Jaffa they come—treach'rous chief! you
once knew them,

A match for your arm, and in cold blood you slew
them.

The off'rings they make, you will sure account
good—

They are daggers incrusting with prisoners' blood ;

When vanquish'd, they on thy protection relied,
But soon in their bosoms thy weapons were dy'd :
Think, homicide ! when thou wast conquer'd in turn,
Did revenge in the breast of thy vanquisher burn ?
Long ere this had'st thou ceas'd to be hated or
fear'd,

And thy throne been in regions of darkness uprear'd.
Hark ! what shrieks rend the air, mix'd with hor-
rible yells—

'Tis surely some demons performing their spells !
Oh, no ! 'tis poor Frenchmen who fought in thy cause,
Who for thee left their homes, wives, children, and
laws ;

E'en their God they forsook thy applause to obtain,
To share in thy loss, or rejoice in thy gain ;
But when sickness assail'd them on Egypt's dire
shore,

And their bodies worn out could assist thee no
more,

Oh then, humane chief! thou their service repaid
 With poisonous draughts, by thine orders convey'd,
 Which now they present thee, then refuse not the
 bowl;

At Acre it once gave delight to thy soul.

Deluded Toussaint next comes forward to greet ye,
 Nay, shrink not, as thus he advances to meet ye;
 Though he's oft made ye tremble he'll do it no
 more;

Releas'd from thy tortures, his suff'rings are o'er:
 He laughs at thy pomp, throws his chains at thy
 feet,

An appendage to make thy new station compleat.
 With dignified steps martyr'd D'Enghien appears;
 Oh Frenchmen! come wash ye his wounds with
 your tears:

Say, reptile! what caus'd thee his life to destroy?
 He never attempted thy schemes to annoy,

Or wasted one thought about what thou wert doing,
 Convinc'd that in time thou would'st work thine
 own ruin.

Yet ruthless thou wert, and resolv'd on his fall,
 His greatness, his worth, did thy senses appal ;
 Accus'd of no crime, thou half dreaded the deed,
 And thy policy doom'd him in darkness to bleed :
 But think not his death more secure makes thy
 throne,

Or that Royalty fled with his last anguish'd groan ;
 Deceive not thyself with chimeras so vain,
 Though lopp'd are the branches, the roots still
 remain,

And soon from their base may the branches fresh
 spring,

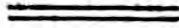
And to France restore peace, in restoring her King :
 Then thy seat gain'd by perjury, murders, and fraud,
 Shall crumble to dust with its self-titled lord ;

Then strangled Pichegru shall thy wrongs be re-
dress'd,

And George's last pray'r glow in every breast,
Whilst Moreau from his country no longer expell'd,
Those rights shall enjoy thy injustice withheld;
Then shall England and France be at variance no
more,

Fair Peace shall her blessings extend to each shore,
And Frenchmen exulting, with rapture shall sing,
Perdition to Tyrants—and God save the King.

THE FRATRICIDE.



“MERCY! mercy!” exclaimed the wretched Ferdinand, as he rushed through the castle gate. “Oh! spare me Heaven!”—then casting a despairing look behind him, he loudly, and with frantic voice, pronounced the name of “Edward,” smote upon his breast, and darted into the thickest recesses of the wood, heedless of the raging tempest, which, with increasing violence, threatened destruction to all around. But dreadful as was the war of elements, it was lost to the ear and eye of Ferdinand; the tumult of his soul was all he felt: bare headed he encountered the fury of the blast, for remorse had seized his conscience ere the guilt-

less victim of his ambition had ceased to breathe. The dying, pardoning look of the virtuous, and well prepared Edward, who faintly smiled forgiveness on his brother;—the pressure of his clammy hand which sunk nerveless in his grasp, struck to the soul of the Fratricide: kneeling beside the bleeding body, he imprinted a convulsive kiss upon the pallid lips, and pressing the dying form in a last sad embrace, rushed from the appalling sight, and with the murderous weapon clenched fast in his hand, hurried through the various passages till he reached the gate which led into the entangling mazes of the wood;—breathless and agonized, he pursued his way, till reaching an opening, he paused and gazed around with horror. At that instant the rushing wind conveyed the sound of the castle clock to his listening ear, as with solemn tone it proclaimed the hour of midnight. He started—cold damps bedewed his cheeks already

wet with the pelting rain. Scarcely had the bell ceased to vibrate, when a vivid flash of lightning glanced across his sight, followed by a peal of thunder which shook the ground beneath him. He sunk upon his knees—he essayed to raise his hands to Heaven in prayer;—his trembling lips moved, when another tremendous peal burst over his head. With terrific haste he sprung upon his feet, and clung around a rugged elm. “Oh, no!” exclaimed he wildly, “I cannot pray! I dare not ask! I dare not hope for pardon!—Heaven rejects my prayers!—Edward! my sainted brother! plead for thy murderer! if thy spotless soul hath reached thy Saviour, plead with Him now, as thou wert used to do on earth, for me, who scorned thy prayers, who daringly provoked God’s wrath, by mocking and deriding thy religious zeal. Oh Satan! wily tempter! how hast thou led me on to deeds that must for ever sink my soul into the

depths of darkness and despair!" He now dashed his head against the tree—he raved, then laughed with all the horrid energy of madness. Nature at length became exhausted—his nerveless arm could no longer grasp its support—he sunk senseless upon the wet earth, and for a time remained unconscious of his guilt and its attendant misery. After awhile his eyes unclosed, but they had lost their fierceness; he looked around him with unsteady gaze, then fixing his sight upon the elm, at the foot of which he lay, endeavoured to recall his memory to what had happened: too soon the the dreadful horrid truth burst on his tortured mind. "Oh, Edward! Edward!" groaned the wretched man, "why did the cursed love of power and riches tempt me to take a life so valuable as thine! Wretch! wretch! for ever wretched and undone! Can there be hopes of pardon through an atoning Saviour, for one who has his brother's

blood upon his head? Oh! let me strive while yet some strength remains." Raising himself upon his trembling knees, he clasped his shaking hands, and thus began:—" Oh! God of infinite compassion"—again he started upon his feet—" 'Tis all in vain," he cried, " I dare not ask a blessing with the darkened crime of murder, of fratricide, upon my soul." In a fresh agony of despair, he threw himself upon the humid ground. At that instant (the storm having subsided) the moon broke from a cloud, and threw a ray upon the murderous weapon still reeking with a brother's blood: it caught the eye of Ferdinand—eagerly snatching it up—" This," cried he, " is the only expiation I can make;" and pointed it to his breast—in a moment suicide would have been added to his guilt; but his vile intent was frustrated by the sound of voices calling him by name. The weapon fell from his hand—eagerly he listened, as the

sound advanced, his dread of detection urged him to fly, fear gave him strength, he rushed forward in wild alarm, and entering a thicket overgrown with briars, which tore his flesh at every step, soon reached the borders of the wood : faint and bleeding, he staggered a few paces, then uttering a heart-rending groan of anguish, fell senseless on the ground. In this state the domestics of his murdered brother soon discovered him ; they conveyed him to the castle, and laid him on a sofa in the chamber near the remains of their beloved and deeply lamented master. It was not love prompted their search, neither was it compassion that impelled them to convey him to the castle, for they had long ceased to respect the man they would once have died to serve. Ferdinand was not always vicious ; his early years gave promise of a better life, and the affection, which subsisted between the brothers, was so ardent, as to become

proverbial in the surrounding villages. To love like Edward and Ferdinand, was to picture the acme of fraternal regard—together they pursued their studies — together sought the abodes of pleasure and sickness—their presence was hailed with gratitude, their bounty relieved the earthly necessities of the distressed, whilst with words of kindness and instruction they gave a sacred joy and comfort to the soul. Thus they lived ! loving and beloved by all who knew them ; when in an evil hour, during the life time of their father, a party of young men came on a visit to the castle, who had made the pernicious works of Paine and Godwin their guide, and their whole study was to bring others over to their false reasonings. Ferdinand, alas ! soon was caught in the fatal snare : naturally of a sanguine disposition, and ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, he listened with avidity to these dangerous doctrines, which

soon taught him to disregard the ties of consanguinity, and weaned him from the love and duty which had formerly been his delight to feel towards his kind parent and affectionate brother. Whilst his father lived he had the art to conceal the change in his principles, thus adding hypocrisy to his guilt; but no sooner was the author of his being consigned to the tomb, and he beheld his brother invested with the family honours, than his malignant spirit burst forth; he openly avowed his detestible opinions, declaring his equal right to the possessions of the puritanical usurper, as he styled his still affectionate brother. Edward sensibly felt this unhappy alteration, and in the strongest terms of entreaty that brotherly love could suggest, strove to recal his mind to its former bent, but in vain; his heart was callous, he rejected all advice, scorned his love, and impiously cursed the prayers which Edward, in the agony of his soul, would offer up to

the Throne of Mercy for his reformation. The measure of his iniquities was at length full, for in one of the interviews which Edward sought, with the anxious hope of still restoring him to virtue, the sudden thought of the inequality of their fortunes struck to his maddened heart, and with the fury of a demon, he snatched a knife from the marble slab, and plunged it into the breast of the only friend he had. Conviction instantly followed the dreadful act;—his mind was in a moment impressed with all the horrors of his crime; pressing the bleeding form in a last strong embrace, he rushed from the scene of blood. The servants who had been roused by the groans of their master and quick retreating step of Ferdinand, hastened to the spot—where horror-struck they beheld the bleeding corpse. While some of them conveyed it to a chamber, and placed the much beloved remains upon the bed, others went in search of the mur-

derer, whom they found, and conveyed into the chamber, were lay the victim of his apostacy. Often had they dreaded this result from Ferdinand's implacable spirit, and by bringing him into the chamber of death, they hoped to wring his hardened heart; they knew not the pangs of remorse had already tortured his soul to agony, or they had spared him the appalling sight which met his languid eye, as he awoke from his death-like stupor. The pallid face and bleeding side of Edward lay fully exposed to his gaze, for they had turned the covering from off the body, that it might meet and shock his sight; it did meet it,—nature could sustain no more—with a last struggling effort he flung from the couch, staggered to the bed, and throwing himself upon the corpse, with a deep-drawn sigh expired!

Oh! ye thoughtless youth! who daringly venture from the straight path of scripture truths, into the thorny mazes of sceptical or atheistical error, be

warned in time, for be assured, however flowery and enticing they may appear, the end of these paths is death; neither venture to look into these false doctrines depending upon your own strength, and vainly say to yourselves—"Thus far will I go and no farther." The enemy who first tempts you to peruse a page, will entangle you more and more in his snares, nor leave you until he has worked the ruin of your soul. I will conclude with two admonitions from Holy Writ, which, if attended to, will keep you from presuming upon your own will. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Think of this before you open books replete with dangerous tenets. The other injunction which I wish to impress upon your memory, is this,—“Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things, beware lest ye also, being led away, with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness.” *

* 2d Epistle Peter, Chap. 3, V. 17.

*An Idea for an Inscription to be placed on the
intended Cenotaph to the Memory of the
beloved and lamented Princess Charlotte of
Saxe Cobourg.*

BEHOLD the semblance of the fairest flower
That ever blossom'd in Britannia's bower,
Lent by kind Heaven to our favour'd land,
A pattern for the old, the young, the grand !
Of Royal birth, yet humble as the poor,
Distress ne'er pass'd unheeded from her door ;
Though young she died like Abraham "full of years,"
How mourn'd her loss, is shown by England's tears.
Firm in the path of rectitude she trod,
Nor in her high estate forgot her God ;
Her Saviour's love was most her theme and pride,
In faith of Him she liv'd, in faith she died :
Then let the lesson she was sent t' impart,
Be forcibly impress'd on every heart.

'Tis this—however high may be your birth,
 Virtue alone will raise your name on earth;
 Will speak you born of God! and prove your claim,
 To that blest place from whence each virtue came.
 Retire! and ponder on this solemn truth—
 Death strikes alike the aged and the youth,
 The rich, the poor, the happy and distrest,
 The good, the vile, th' oppressor and opprest:
 Since death is then th' inevitable lot,
 Oh! may this warning never be forgot.
 Haste ye to live like her! for who can say
 They may not be as quickly call'd away.
 The ways of Providence if thus we view,
 And by its guidance Wisdom's paths pursue,
 Peace will attend us here! Heav'n be our gain,
 And our dear Princess not have died in vain.

THE END.