

Page.

69

d, Esq.

71

73

ots

75

77

79

81

83

84

86

88

N O V E M B E R, 1784.

91

92

93

94

95

96

97—111

112

113

114

Now yellow autumn's leafy ruins lie
In faded splendor, on deserted plains,
Far from the madding crowd, alone I fly,
To wake in solitude the mystic strains.
On themes of high import I dare to sing,
While Fate impels my hand to strike the trem-
bling string.

Bright on my harp the meteors gleam,
As through the shades they glancing shine;
Now the winds howl, the night birds scream,
And yelling ghosts the chorus join:
Chimeras dire, from fancy's deepest hell,
Fly o'er yon hallow'd tow'r, and toll the passing
bell.

November hears the dismal sound,
 As slow advancing from the pole;
 He leads the months their wintry round;
 See black'ning clouds attendant roll,
 Where frowns a giant band, the sons of care,
 Dark thoughts, presages fell, and comfortless
 despair!

O'er Britain's isle they spread their wings,
 And shades of death dismay the land;
 November wide his mantle flings,
 And lifting high his vengeful hand,
 Hurls down the demon Spleen, with pow'r combin'd,
 To check the springs of life, and crush the en-
 feebled mind.

His drear dominion he maintains,
 Beneath a cold inclement sky;
 While noxious fogs, and drizzling rains,
 On Nature's sick'ning bosom lie.
 The op'ning rose of youth untimely fades,
 And Hope's fair friendly light beams dimly thro'
 the shades.

und,
pole;
try round;
lant roll,
he sons of care,
and comfortless

Now prowls abroad the ghastly fiend,
Fell Suicide, whom Frenzy bore;
His brows with writhing serpents twin'd,
His mantle steep'd in human gore!
The livid flames around his eye-balls play,
Stern Horror stalks before, and Death pursues
his way!

their wings,
the land;
ngs,
ul hand,
with pow'r's combin'd,
and crush the en-

Hark! is not that the fatal stroke?
See where the bleeding victim lies;
The bonds of social feeling broke,
Dismay'd the frantic spirit flies:
Creation starts, and shrunken Nature views
Appall'd the blow, which heav'n's first right sub-
dues.

Behold! the weight of woes combin'd,
A woman has the power to scorn;
Her infant race to shame consign'd,
A name disgrac'd, a fortune torn,
She meets resolv'd; and combating despair,
Supports alone the ills a coward durst not share.

ains,
ky;
zzling rains,
m lie.
ntimely fades,
t beams dimly thro'

On languid Luxury and Pride
The subtle fiend employs his spell;
Where selfish, sordid passions bide,
Where weak impatient spirits dwell;
Where thought oppressive from itself would fly,
And seeks relief from time in dark eternity.

Far from the scenes of guilt and death
My wearied spirit seeks to rest;
Why sudden stops my struggling breath,
Why heaves so strong my aching breast?
Hark! sounds of horror sweep the troubled glade!
Far on a whirlwind borne the fatal month is fled!

I watch'd his flight, and saw him bear
To Saturn's orb the sullen band;
Where winter chills the ling'ring year,
And gloom eternal shades the land.
On a lone rock, far in a stormy main,
In cheerless prison pent, I heard the ghosts complain.

Some pow'r
The hal-
Now sudd-
And Far-
While rus-
Old Hyem-

Some power unseen denies my verse
The hallow'd veil of fate to rend;
Now sudden blasts the sounds disperse,
And Fancy's inspirations end:
While rushing winds in wild discordance jar,
Old Hyem calls the storms around his icy car.

nd death
rest;
lling breath,
aching breast?
the troubled glade!
the fatal month is

him bear
band;
'ring year,
the land.
my main,
eard the ghosts com-