

TO MRS. SIDDONS.

GIFTED of Heaven! who hast, in days gone by,
 Moved every heart, delighted every eye;
 While age and youth, of high and low degree,
 In sympathy were joined, beholding thee,
 As in the Drama's ever changing scene,
 Thou held'st thy splendid state, our tragic queen!
 No barriers there thy fair domains confined,
 Thy sovereign sway was o'er the human mind;
 And, in the triumph of that witching hour,
 Thy lofty bearing well became thy power.

The impassioned changes of thy beauteous face,
 Thy stately form, and high imperial grace;
 Thine arms impetuous tossed, thy robe's wide flow,
 And the dark tempest gathered on thy brow;

What tim
 Down to
 Remorse
 The fixe
 The activ
 When pi
 They wh
 A lovely

Thy v
 Loud rag
 lo
 The bur
 And ton
 The cha
 Light or
 Distinct
 Or ming

* Those
 read, will r
 with which
 were nearl
 displayed i

What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn,
 Down to the dust thy mimic foes have borne;
 Remorseful musings, sunk to deep dejection,
 The fixed and yearning looks of strong affection;
 The active turmoil of a bosom rending,
 When pity, love, and honour, are contending:
 They who beheld all this, right well, I ween,
 A lovely, grand, and wondrous sight have seen.

Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,
 Loud rage, and fear's snatched whisper, quick and
 low;

The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,
 And tones of high command, full, solemn, brief;
 The change of voice, and emphasis that threw
 Light on obscurity, and brought to view
 Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood,*
 Or mingled humours, terse and new, elude

* Those who have been happy enough to hear Mrs. Siddons read, will readily acknowledge that the discrimination and power with which she gave effect to the comic passages of Shakspeare, were nearly as remarkable and delightful as those which she displayed in passages of a grave or tragic character. It is to be

ONS.

in days gone by,
 every eye;
 and low degree,
 olding thee,
 ing scene,
 te, our tragic queen!
 mains confined,
 the human mind;
 witching hour,
 e thy power.

f thy beauteous face,
 nperial grace;
 thy robe's wide flow,
 ed on thy brow;

Common perception, as earth's smallest things
 To size and form, the vesting hoar-frost brings,
 That seemed as if some secret voice, to clear
 The ravelled meaning, whispered in thine ear,
 And thou hadst even with him communion kept,
 Who hath so long in Stratford's chancel slept;
 Whose lines, where nature's brightest traces shine,
 Alone were worthy deemed of powers like thine:
 They who have heard all this, have proved full well
 Of soul-exciting sound, the mightiest spell.

But though time's lengthened shadows o'er thee
 glide,
 And pomp of regal state is cast aside,
 Think not the glory of thy course is spent,
 There's moonlight radiance to thy evening lent,

regretted that only those who have heard her read, are aware of the extent or variety of her genius, which has on the stage been confined almost entirely to Tragedy; partly, I believe, from a kind of bigotry on the side of the public, which inclines it to confine poet, painter, or actor, to that department of their art in which they have first been acknowledged to excel, and partly from the cast of her features, and the majesty of her figure being peculiarly suited to Tragedy.

That, t
 Till all
 Thy gr
 And w
 While
 Within
 Yea; a
 In mus
 Soothin
 With al

And
 Thy sta
 On the
 In grat
 Pleased
 Take, a
 (Where
 sta
 Among

i's smallest things
 hoar-frost brings,
 t voice, to clear
 ered in thine ear,
 m communion kept,
 d's chancel slept;
 ighest traces shine,
 f powers like thine:
 have proved full well
 ightiest spell.

ned shadows o'er thee
 st aside,
 urse is spent,
 o thy evening lent,

heard her read, are aware of
 which has on the stage been
 partly, I believe, from a
 ublic, which inclines it to
 department of their art in
 dged to excel, and partly
 majesty of her figure being

That, to the mental world can never fade,
 Till all who have seen thee, in the grave are laid.
 Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
 And what thou wert, to the lulled sleeper seems:
 While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace
 Within her curtained couch thy wondrous face.
 Yea; and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
 In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
 Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
 With all thy potent charm, thou actest still.

And now in crowded room or rich saloon,
 Thy stately presence recognized, how soon
 On thee the glance of many an eye is cast,
 In grateful memory of pleasures past!
 Pleased to behold thee, with becoming grace,
 Take, as befits thee well, an honoured place
 (Where blest by many a heart, long mayest thou
 stand)

Among the virtuous matrons of our land.