

What matters it, if Virtue droop her head,
From what contagion the dire sickness spread ;
Whether from Pride the malady first sprung,
Or round Humility the languor clung !

For me, may fate, propitious to my prayer,
Still give a friend to see things as they are,
To chide my errors, and my worth approve,
With all th' encouragement of partial love ;

So shall this wish rise warmest in my breast,—
To bless another as myself am blest,—
To please—to serve—to animate, and cheer,
And prove that Praise can turn reformer here !

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THE BOWER OF ELEGANCE.

ADDRESSED TO A VERY ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN.

The sultry Sun had spread along the sky,  
Then bade the gales his sacred presence fly,  
Descend to earth, and wander by the stream,  
Till they should mark his last departing beam ;

Or till some fleecy or benignant shower  
Dropp'd a fresh essence on the thirsty flower,  
Moisten'd the eye of every opening bud,  
And let them see their image in the flood ;

Then dip their wings, and through the soften'd air  
Waft the fresh sweet, and every perfume bear.

Such heat oppressive sicken'd through the sky,  
That panting flocks beneath the hedges lie;  
The milky thorn, white as their coats, was seen,  
Tufted with top-knots of eye-loving green ;  
The sun behind the fragrant hedge retir'd,  
And lent that coolness all so much desir'd ;  
The shady walk tempts on my wandering feet  
To a close grove, impervious to the heat,  
Where every tree could wave a leafy fan,  
And breathe refreshment on exhausted man.  
The poplar tall o'er many a head would rise,  
Resolv'd to meet the ardour of the skies ;  
The trembling asp a whispering breeze would hear,  
And shake its every leaf with needless fear ;  
The sheltering limes their spreading arms extend,  
Born to protect, and happy to defend ;  
The stately oak look'd on, and firmly stood  
The noble patron of the growing wood ;  
The growing wood in spiry shrubs arose,  
There clings the woodbine, there the sweetbriar blows,  
There melts the frutex, there the barberry reigns—  
The red tide glowing through transparent veins ;  
With mountain-ash, to which the blackbird flies,  
And his red harvest for the winter eyes,  
Then perching on the dear providing spray,  
Whistles his mate, and carols through the day.  
Where softest moss her various kinds had brought,  
And to cling closely to a rock had taugh't ;  
Where many a shrub that Taste had train'd to grow,  
From her fair hand all careless seem'd to throw ;

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POETICAL WORKS.

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And, bending o'er the love-wrought mossy seat,  
Lilacs and roses fondly made to meet ;  
The modest jess'mine, too, embrac'd the bower,  
Fearful to show the world too gay a flower ;  
Th' enamour'd egantine her sweets defends,  
And warrior spears from every arm extends ;  
The prickly spears the rifling fingers feel  
No less acute than those of pointed steel ;  
The myrtle to this guardian friend applied,  
Clung to his arm, fast rooted by his side.  
At a small distance ran a tinkling rill,  
That made sad murmurs to the rocky hill,  
On which this happy bower so sweet was plac'd,  
This bower so cultur'd by the hand of Taste.  
No wonder Taste bestow'd her tenderest care,  
And taught the vine to curl around yon chair ;  
For here a nymph at sultry noon would come,  
And call this bower her flowery dressing room.  
The darling nymph from whom soft arts have sprung,  
The name that softens on the roughen'd tongue ;  
The winning form where grace and ease agree  
To smooth the manners, and yet leave them free ;  
Where every polish that the mind e'er takes  
Shines in the eye, and the soft accent wakes ;  
Where sweetest thoughts their own pure course pursue,  
Vary the old, and ornament the new ;  
While all the winning ways that sense can lend,  
Melt in the looks, and with the manners blend ;  
A form as gentle as if sweetness strove  
To see how far she could succeed with love—

To see how far the lily could prevail  
To gain the heart, when gayer roses fail !

This lovely form on the soft couch reclin'd,  
Screen'd from the sun, and shelter'd from the wind ;  
Save where the breeze a load of sweets would bring,  
And gently move the jess'mine's fragrant wing.  
A silken loom o'erhung with lilac stands,  
And often courts her fair creative hands.  
Distracted Dido o'er the canvas bends,  
Hastes to the pile, nor heeds her weeping friends ;  
Her searching eye the lessening vessel sees,  
Swift as the gale, fly o'er the rolling seas ;  
But when her straining eye no speck can find,  
No sail stream out—though lengthen'd by the wind,  
Her sword she grasps—her Anna rends her hair,  
Looks, sobs, and tears prevent, yet form a prayer.  
When gazing long, you think at last you hear  
These moving accents murmur in your ear—  
“ Was all this pomp, this sacrifice I see,  
All only to deceive unhappy me !  
Which is the worst ? didst thou in death pretend  
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend ?  
Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come,  
One sword had serv'd us both—one common tomb !”  
A soft-breath'd lyre now died along the glade,  
Amidst its strings the wandering fingers stray'd ;  
The wandering fingers melody had found,  
And with a gentle touch wak'd every chord around.

Some crayon pencils Art had taught to vie  
With the meek lustre of the living eye ;

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POETICAL WORKS.

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The living eye her forming hand could show,  
And sense and feeling in its pupil throw ;  
An easy figure from her fingers stray'd,  
And the heart languish'd for the mimic shade,  
But not the shade when Elegance was by,—

Nought else could win, nought else could keep the eye !

Her sister Taste some flow'rets taught to grow,  
Some hide their heads, and 'mong the dark grass blow ;  
Some taller seem, and stalk with greater state,  
And look like porters at the flowery gate ;  
While some to meek simplicity incline,  
And such, sweet Lily of the Vale, is thine ;  
Thine is the lot, the happy lot to know,  
And on the breast of Elegance to blow ;  
Taste plac'd thee there, thy back ground dark and high  
Forms a sweet arbour for the resting eye ;  
The resting eye thy purity can see,  
And think how much my L—— resembles thee.

Yet all things suited to the soften'd mind,  
Require a scene we may not hope to find ;  
If, when high polish'd, fewer things delight,  
Does then refinement with our good unite ?  
When the bright diamond throws a sunlike glare,  
And every colour of the prism's there,  
The lapidary's eye in rapturous gaze  
Marks the bright rainbow in its hundred rays ;  
The humble peasant sees its radiance stream,  
And much admires the variegated beam,  
But thinks his glassy beads as full of light,  
As finely varied, and as precious quite.

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Have you not seen Refinement sicken o'er  
The languid heart that erst was gay before?  
How happy they when every day can roll  
A tide of pleasure to the very soul!  
Who seek not by Refinement's small spun thread  
The mazy labyrinths of life to tread.  
That slender guide should a rude breath destroy,  
The wanderer's lost, though in the court of joy;  
Though Innocence herself should lead the train,  
Silent she'd sit, and Wit might flash in vain.  
How blessed are they whom Elegance has brought  
To the true standard of reflecting thought!  
Whose mind is still unfetter'd to enjoy,  
With whom nougnt can the common charms destroy;  
The wish to please their handmaid still retain,  
Nor see one wish to please solicit them in vain.  
Now the bright sun slid down the sloping sky,  
And slow-pac'd Evening gain'd upon the eye.  
The fragrant breezes wav'd along the mead,  
Whisper'd the grass, and tapp'd the floweret's head;  
The flocks and herds now low'd along the plain,  
And the shrill pipe employ'd the leisure swain;  
The weary cart-horse stalk'd with equal pace,  
And o'er the ground dragg'd on the loosen'd trace;  
The joyful cur ran forth to meet his friend,  
And yelp'd and leap'd delighted to attend;  
The little children hasten to beg a ride,  
Fearful, yet pleas'd, hang on, whilst daddy walks beside.  
Sweet Elegance arose and left her bower,  
Warn'd by the dewdrop on each nodding flower;

Homewards she bends, and Taste that home had made  
 As sweet a dwelling as the jess'mine shade.  
 Myrtles and oranges bold lights oppose,  
 And thus the staircase in soft twilight glows ;  
 The playful sun looks artfully between,  
 But soon despairs to blindfold strong-eyed green.  
 In this blest window two sweet cherubs play'd,  
 And many a feast and many a cap were made ;  
 At social life you see the darlings aim,  
 And all their fondness their dear children claim.  
 Now soft indulgence the kind mother shows,  
 Now from her arm the naughty baby throws ;  
 The birchen rod, though but of two twigs made,  
 Makes both the mother and the child afraid.  
 A christening dinner now prepares with haste,  
 Here bits of cake must turn again to paste ;  
 A harden'd crust a round of beef must prove,  
 And that bit cheese may serve as a remove ;  
 While apples sliced a dumpling well may seem,  
 Yon peach be curds, and yon drop water cream ;  
 The brimful glasses on the salver stand,  
 And the fair waiter helps with cautious hand ;  
 With steady step, and serious, smileless face,  
 She gives to each with modest maiden grace.  
 And now to school the fancied children go,  
 Miss Kitty learns to read, Miss Jean to sow.  
 That pocket-handkerchief is neatly done,  
 For that a prize of sweet, sweet figs was won.  
 The dame is good, but then she will insist  
 That shirt shall be unpicked about the wrist ;  
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With every stitch ta'en back a tear descends,  
And slaps are given for leaving long thread-ends.  
Yon garter, too, had once three loops to show,  
And now you see the needle holds but two !  
For shame, Miss Doll ! go, in yon corner stand,  
Or else the rod shall smart that dirty hand ;  
A naughty thing ! I know you can do better ;  
And you Miss Pert, what sets you in that titter ?  
Do mind your work, and let your sampler show  
How learning from the needle's point may grow.  
Now the tea kettle dangles o'er the fire,  
And acorn cups as china we admire ;  
In due precedence round the dolls are set,  
This drinks tea now, that must not have it yet.  
Order presides—Mamma is copied still,  
Is the guide now, as ever more she will.  
Ye happy parents, here observe your power,  
See how your precepts regulate the hour ;  
See how your manners round these cherubs cling,  
Your air, your words, your looks, your every thing.  
Mamma said so, is echoed all around,  
Mamma did so, is breathed in every sound,  
Mamma bade me, and so I need not fear,  
And thus mamma's the worshipp'd idol here !  
Mark well this lesson, since your forming hand  
Moulds the soft mind, and can its powers command,  
Since now your actions are not yours alone,  
But every word is copied one by one ;  
Think to what consequence each thought may rise,  
Your every word the vacant mind supplies ;

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E'en in their play the useful dictate give,  
For e'en in play they may be taught to live,  
May learn strict justice 'mongst their dolls to deal,  
May learn forbearance, and may learn to feel,  
May learn to share their little precious store,  
And know no grudge though lesser ones get more.  
O ! may no voice in false persuasion's tone  
Bid them snatch all for fear it should be gone,  
And every part of narrow manners teach  
That little jealousy and self can reach !  
There's not one virtue future life shall bless,  
But this faint shadow may some way express,  
May prove the practice through the mimic scene,  
And be in life what here the child has been.

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## THE ADIEU AND RECALL TO LOVE.

Go, idle boy, I quit thy power,  
Thy couch of many a thorn and flower,  
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,  
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien ;  
The feign'd surprise, the roguish leer,  
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,  
Have now no pangs—no joys for me,  
So, fare thee well, for I am free !  
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,  
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,