

STANZAS

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

HUSH'D, be each ruder note!—soft silence spread,
With ermine hand, thy cobweb robe around;
Attention! pillow my reclining head,
Whilst eagerly I catch the golden sound.

Ha! What a tone was that, which floating near,
Seem'd Harmony's full soul—*whose* is the lyre?
Which seizing thus on my enraptur'd ear,
Chills with its force, yet melts me with its fire.

Ah dull of heart! thy Minstrel's touch not know,
What Bard but DELLA CRUSCA boasts such skill?
From him alone, those melting notes can flow—
He, only knows adroitly thus to trill.

Well have I left the Groves, which sighing wave
Amidst November's blast their naked arms,
Whilst their red leaves fall flutt'ring to their grave,
And give again to dust May's vernal charms.

Well have I left the air-embosom'd hills,
Where sprightly Health in verdant buskin plays;
Forsaken fallow meads, and circling mills, [strays.
And thyme-dress'd heaths, where the soft flock yet

Obscuring smoak, and air impure I greet,
With the coarse din that Trade and Folly form,
For here the Muse's Son again I meet——
I catch *his* notes amidst the vulgar storm.

His notes now bear me, pensive, to the Plain,
Cloth'd by a verdure drawn from Britain's heart;
Whose heroes bled superior to their pain,
Sunk, crown'd with glory, and contemn'd the smart.

Soft, as he leads me round th' ensanguin'd fields,
The laurel'd shades forsake their grassy tomb,
The bursting sod its palid inmate yields,
And o'er th' immortal waste their spirits roam.

Obedient to the Muse the acts revive
Which Time long past had veil'd from mortal ken,
Embattled squadrons rush, as when alive,
And *shadowy* falchions gleam o'er *shadowy* men.

Ah, who art thou, who thus with frantic air
 Fly'st fearless to support that bleeding youth;
 Binds his deep gashes with thy glowing hair,
 And diest beside him, to attest thy truth?

“His Sister I; an orphan'd pair, we griev'd
 “For Parents long at rest within the grave,
 “By a false Guardian of our wealth bereav'd——
 “The little ALL parental care could save.

“Chill look'd the world, and chilly grew our hearts,
 “Oh! where shall Poverty expect a smile?
 “Gross, lawless Love, assumed its ready arts,
 “And all beset was I, with Fraud and Guile.

“My Henry sought the war, and drop'd the tears
 “Of love fraternal as he bade farewell;
 “But fear, soon made me rise *above* my fears——
 “I follow'd——and Fate tolls our mutual knell.”

Chaste Maiden rest; and brighter spring the green
 That decorates the turf thy bloom will feed!
 And oh, in softest mercy 'twas I ween,
 To worth like thine, a Brother's grave's decreed.

The dreadful shriek of Death now darts around,
 The hollow winds repeat each tortur'd sigh,
 Deep bitter groans, still deeper groans resound,
 Whilst Fathers, Brothers, Lovers, Husbands die!

Turn from this spot, blest Bard! thy mental eye;
 To hamlets, cities, empires bend its beam!
 'Twill there such multiplying deaths descry,
 That all before thee'll but an abstract seem.

Why waste thy tears o'er this contracted Plain?
 The sky which canopies the sons of breath,
 Sees the whole Earth one scene of mortal pain,
 The vast, the universal **BED OF DEATH!**

Where, do not Husbands, Fathers, dying moan?
Where, do not Mothers, Sisters, Orphans weep?
Where, is not heard the last expiring groan,
 Or the deep throttle of the deathful Sleep!

If, as Philosophy doth often muse,
A state of war, is natural state to man,
 Battle's the **SICKNESS** bravery would choose——
 Noblest **DISEASE** in Nature's various plan!

Let vulgar souls stoop to the fever's rage,
 Or slow, beneath pale atrophy depart,
 With Gout and Scrophula *weak* variance wage,
 Or sink, with sorrow cank'ring at the heart;

These, be to common Minds, th' unwish'd decree !
The FIRM select an illness more sublime ;

By languid pains, scorn their high souls to free,
But seek the Sword's swift edge, and spurn at Time.

ANNA MATILDA.
