SION.

fondly trace
n the poet's lyre,
sacred fire,
er touching grace!
hy form avert,
r, thy struggling sigh,
assion'd eye,
ring heart;
ncy hear
the pallid look
hen hope forsook
dear!
ng, this mournful breast
uld give despair no rest.

on.

SONNET

TO LOVE.*

Ah, Love! ere yet I knew thy fatal power,
Bright glow'd the colour of my youthful days,
As on the sultry zone the torrid rays,
That paint the broad-leav'd plantain's glossy bower:
Calm was my bosom as this silent hour,
When o'er the deep, scarce heard, the zephyr strays,
'Midst the cool tamarinds indolently plays,
Nor from the orange shakes its od'rous flower:—
But ah! since Love has all my heart possest,
That desolated heart what sorrows tear!
Disturb'd, and wild as ocean's troubled breast,
When the hoarse tempest of the night is there!
Yet my complaining spirit asks no rest,
This bleeding bosom cherishes despair.

* This and the seven following Sonnets were inserted, several years ago, in a translation I made of Bernardin de Saint Pierre's novel of *Paul and Virginia*, while I was in prison during the reign of terror, and which served to cheat the days of captivity of their weary length. The translation was, I believe, never published in England, where the Sonnets are little known. They are adapted to the peculiar situations and scenery of the work.