

MONODY ON HENRY HEADLEY.

To every gentle Muse in vain allied,
 In youth's full early morning HEADLEY died !
 Too long had sickness left her pining trace,
 With slow, still touch, on each decaying grace :
 Untimely sorrow marked his thoughtful mien !
 Despair upon his languid smile was seen !
 Yet Resignation, musing on the grave,
 (When now no hope could cheer, no pity save),
 And Virtue, that scarce felt its fate severe,
 And pale Affection, dropping soft a tear 10
 For friends beloved, from whom she soon must part,
 Breathed a sad solace on his aching heart.
 Nor ceased he yet to stray, where, winding wild,
 The Muse's path his drooping steps beguiled,
 Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
 Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time ;
 And cull each scattered sweet, that seemed to smile
 Like flowers upon some long-forsaken pile.¹

Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he sought
 Each charm congenial to his saddened thought. 20
 When the gray morn illumed the mountain's side,
 To hear the sweet birds' earliest song he hied ;
 When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell
 Listened, and bade the woods and vales farewell,
 Musing in tearful mood, he oft was seen
 The last that lingered on the fading green.

The waving wood high o'er the cliff reclined,
 The murmuring waterfall, the winter's wind,

¹ Alluding to the *Beauties of Ancient Poetry*, published by Mr Headley, a short time before his death. He was also the author of some pleasing original poetry.

His temper's trembling texture seemed to suit ; 29
As airs of sadness the responsive lute.

Yet deem not hence the social spirit dead,
Though from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled :
Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,
And warm as Pity's his unheeded tear,
That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,
By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.

Farewell ! yet be this humble tribute paid
To all his virtues, from that social shade
Where once we sojourned.¹ I, alas ! remain
To mourn the hours of youth, yet mourn in vain, 40
That fled neglected. Wisely thou hast trod
The better path ; and that High Meed, which God
Ordained for Virtue towering from the dust,
Shall bless thy labours, spirit pure and just !

ON MR HOWARD'S ACCOUNT OF LAZARETTOS.

MORTAL ! who, armed with holy fortitude,
The path of good right onward hast pursued ;
May HE, to whose eternal throne on high
The sufferers of the earth with anguish cry,
Be thy protector ! On that dreary road
That leads thee patient to the last abode
Of wretchedness, in peril and in pain,
May HE thy steps direct, thy heart sustain !

¹ Trinity College, Oxford. Among my contemporaries were several young men of literary taste and talent, Headley, Kett, Benwell, Dallaway, Richards, and Dornford ; Thomas Warton was one of the Senior Fellows.