

Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain ! 57
 Upon his father did he call in vain !
 Have pitiless and bloody tribes defiled
 The cold limbs of my brave, my beauteous child !
 Oh ! I shall never, never hear his voice ;
 The spring-time shall return, the isles rejoice,
 But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,
 And 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn !
 The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud,
 O'er all the beach now stream the busy crowd ;
 Fresh breezes stir the waving plantain grove ;
 The fisher carols in the winding cove ;
 And light canoes along the lucid tide
 With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide. 70
 I linger on the desert rock alone,
 Heartless, and cry for thee, my son, my son.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

SMOOTH went our boat upon the summer seas,
 Leaving, for so it seemed, the world behind,
 Its sounds of mingled uproar: we, reclined
 Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
 That o'er us whispering passed, or idly played
 With the lithe flag aloft. A woodland scene
 On either side drew its slope line of green,
 And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
 Above the woods, Netley ! thy ruins pale
 Peered as we passed ; and Vecta's¹ azure hue 10
 Beyond the misty castle² met our view ;
 Where in mid channel hung the scarce seen sail.

¹ Isle of Wight. — ² Kelshot Castle.

So all was calm and sunshine as we went 18
 Cheerily o'er the briny element.
 Oh! were this little boat to us the world,
 As thus we wandered far from sounds of care,
 Circled by friends and gentle maidens fair,
 Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curled ;
 How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
 We gained that haven still, where all things cease ! 20

THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.¹

INSCRIBED TO THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

WHEN Want, with wasted mien and haggard eye,
 Retires in silence to her cell to die ;
 When o'er her child she hangs with speechless dread,
 Faint and despairing of to-morrow's bread ;
 Who shall approach to bid the conflict cease,
 And to her parting spirit whisper peace !
 Who thee, poor infant, that with aspect bland
 Dost stretch forth innocent thy helpless hand,
 Shall pitying then protect, when thou art thrown
 On the world's waste, unfriended and alone ! 10

O hapless Infancy ! if aught could move
 The hardest heart to pity and to love
 'Twere surely found in thee : dim passions mark
 Stern manhood's brow, where age impresses dark
 The stealing line of sorrow ; but thine eye
 Wears not distrust, or grief, or perfidy.

¹ The Philanthropic Society was instituted in September 1788, for the prevention of crimes, by seeking out and training up to virtue and industry the children of the most abject and criminal among the vagrant and profligate poor ; by these means more effectually to alleviate human misery, and to oppose the progress of vice.