

WATER-PARTY ON BEAULIEU RIVER, IN
THE NEW FOREST.

I THOUGHT 'twas a toy of the fancy, a dream
That leads with illusion the senses astray,
And I sighed with delight as we stole down the stream,
While the sun, as he smiled on our sail, seemed to say,
Rejoice in my light, ere it fade fast away!

We left the loud rocking of ocean behind,
And stealing along the clear current serene,
The Phædria¹ spread her white sails to the wind,
And they who divided had many a day been,
Gazed with added delight on the charms of the scene.

Each bosom one spirit of peace seemed to feel ;
We heard not the tossing, the stir, and the roar
Of the ocean without ; we heard only the keel,
The keel that went whispering along the green shore,
And the stroke, as it dipped, of the feathering oar.

Beneath the dark woods now, as winding we go,
What sounds of rich harmony burst on the ear !
Hark, cheer'ly the loud-swelling clarionets blow ;
Now the tones gently die, now more mellow we hear
The horns through the high forest echoing clear !

They cease ; and no longer the echoes prolong
The swell of the concert ; in silence we float—
In silence ! Oh, listen ! 'tis woman's² sweet song—
The bends of the river reply to each note,
And the oar is held dripping and still from the boat.

¹ Cutter belonging to Nathaniel Ogle, Esq. — ² Mrs Sheridan.

Mark the sun that descends o'er the curve of the flood !
 Seize, Wilmot,¹ the pencil, and instant convey
 To the tablet the water, the banks, and the wood,
 That their colours may live without change or decay,
 When these beautiful tints die in darkness away.

So when we are parted, and tossed on the deep,
 And no longer the light on our prospect shall gleam,
 The semblance of one lovely scene we may keep,
 And remember the day, and the hour, like a dream,
 When we sighed with delight as we stole down the stream !

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF DR WARTON.

OH ! I should ill thy generous cares requite
 Thou who didst first inspire my timid Muse,
 Could I one tuneful tear to thee refuse,
 Now that thine aged eyes are closed in night,
 Kind Warton ! Thou hast stroked my stripling head,
 And sometimes, mingling soft reproof with praise,
 My path hast best directed through the maze
 Of thorny life : by thee my steps were led
 To that romantic valley, high o'erhung
 With sable woods, where many a minstrel rung 10
 His bold harp to the sweeping waterfall ;
 Whilst Fancy loved around each form to call
 That fill the poet's dream : to this retreat
 Of Fancy, (won by whose enticing lay
 I have forgot how sunk the summer's day),
 Thou first did guide my not unwilling feet ;
 Meantime inspiring the gay breast of youth
 With love of taste, of science, and of truth.

¹ Mrs Wilmot, well known for her great talents in drawing, *et cet.*