

SONNET LVI.

The Captive escaped in the Wilds of America.

Addressed to the Honourable Mrs. O'Neill.

IF by his torturing, savage foes untrac'd,
The breathless Captive gain some trackless glade,
Yet hears the warwhoop howl along the waste,
And dreads the reptile monsters of the shade ;
The giant reeds that murmur round the flood,
Seem to conceal some hideous form beneath ;
And every hollow blast that shakes the wood,
Speaks to his trembling heart, of woe and death.
With horror fraught, and desolate dismay,
On such a wanderer falls the starless night ;
But if, far streaming, a propitious ray
Leads to some amicable fort his sight,
He hails the beam benign that guides his way,
As I, my Harriet, blest thy friendship's cheering light.
