Till, in the peaceful shade of this lone bower,
 Or near ye shattered tower in silence laid,
 The orient orb, that watch’d my natal hour,
 Had brightly glitter’d o’er my mouldering head.

TO SICKNESS.

ELEGY II.

How blith the flowery graces of the Spring:
From nature’s wardrobe come: and hark how gay
Each glittering insect, hovering on the wing,
Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May.

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o’er;
They suck the sweet breath of the blushing rose;
Sport in the gale, or sip the rainbow shower;
Their life’s short day no pause of pleasure knows.

Like their’s, dread power, my cheerful morn display’d
The flattering promise of a golden noon,
Till each gay cloud, that sportive nature spread,
Died in the gloom of thy discontent’d frown.

Yes, ere I told my two and twentieth year,
Swift from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmless it past ’mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.
Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
I saw them rove thro' pleasure's flowery field;
I saw health paint them with her rosy hand,
Eager to burst my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet while this mortal cot of mouldering clay
Shakes at the stroke of thy tremendous power,
Ah must the transient tenant of a day
Bear the rough blast of each tempestuous hour!

Say, shall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
Too rigid queen! unnerve the soul's bright powers,
Till with a joyless smile the eye beholds
Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers.

No, let me follow still, those bowers among,
Her flowery footsteps, as the goddess goes;
Let me, just lifted 'bove th'unletter'd throng,
Read the few books the learned few compose:

And suffer, when thy awful pleasure calls
The soul to share her frail companion's smart,
Yet suffer me to taste the balm that falls,
From friendship's tongue, so sweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confesses thy frown,
Ev'n till this anxious being shall become
But a brief name upon a little stone,
Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For
For many a virtue, shelter’d from mankind,
    Lives calm with thee, and lord o’er each desire; 
or thou
And many a feeble frame, whose mighty mind
    Each muse has touch’d with her immortal fire.

Even he, sole terror of a venal age,
    The tuneful bard, whose philosophic soul,
With such bright radiance glow’d on virtue’s page,
    Learned many a lesson from thy moral school.

He, too, who "mounts and keeps his distant way,"
    His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper’d with a melancholy ray,
    And taught to warble ’mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddess, to thy temple’s deep recess
    I come; and lay for ever at its door
The siren throng of follies numberless,
    Nor with their flattering songs should soothe me more.

Thy decent garb shall o’er my limbs be spread,
    Thy hand shall lead me to thy sober train,
Who here retir’d, with pensive pleasure tread
    The silent windings of thy dark domain.

*Mr. Pope*; his humanity all shin’d like
To dark recesses, Mr. Gray, the new delight unmix’d
    Nor shall yet in kindred light
Thy happy name and genius shine, as publicly Hither
Hither the cherub Charity shall fly
From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For misery raise a sympathizing sigh,
Pardon for foes, and love for humankind.

Then while Ambition's trump, from age to age
Its slaughter'd millions boasts; while Fame shall rear
Her deathless trophies o'er the bard and sage,
Be mine the widow's sigh, the orphan's prayer.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY MR. HUDSON.

The fable queen of shades retires,
Encircled with her fading fires;
Yok'd to her iron car, the dragons fly,
With slow wing blackening many a league of sky.

Go, melancholy goddess, go,
Nurse of despondency and woe.
'Tis time: the cock's shrill clarion calls
The dawn, and strikes the prowling wolf with fear;
And bids the phantoms disappear,
That glimmer 'midst yon mouldering walls:
They startle at the sound,
And gliding o'er the trackless ground,

Loth,