

When oh ! with grief the Muse relates
The mournful sequel of my tale ;
Sent by an order from the fates
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd the lover cry'd, My dear,
Haste, haste away, from danger fly ;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here ;
O spare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim ;
His aim alas was all too true :
O ! had he chose some other game !
Or shot—as he was wont to do !

Divided pair ! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearse ;
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
And save the lover in my verse.



The R A K E.

By a Lady in NEW ENGLAND.

————— *Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.*

HOR.

AN open heart, a generous mind,
But passion's slave, and wild as wind :

In

In theory, a judge of right ;
 Tho' banish'd from its practice quite :
 So loose, so prostitute of soul,
 His nobler wit becomes the tool
 Of every importuning fool :
 A thousand virtues misapply'd ;
 While reason floats on passion's tide :
 The ruin of the caste and fair ;
 The parent's curse, the virgin's snare :
 Whose false example leads astray
 The young, the thoughtless, and the gay :
 Yet, left alone to cooler thought,
 He knows, he sees, he feels his fault ;
 He knows his fault, he feels, he views,
 Detesting what he most pursues :
 His judgment tells him, all his gains
 For fleeting joys, are lasting pains :
 Reason with appetite contending,
 Repenting still, and still offending :
 Abuser of the gifts of nature,
 A wretched, self-condemning creature,
 He passes o'er life's ill-trod stage ;
 And dies, in youth, the prey of age !
 The scorn, the pity of the wife,
 Who love, lament him—and despise !