

Pitfirren, September —

E V E N I N G.

Begs of a Painter to do justice to the following Groupe :

—The beautiful Maria * with her two Infants, a Boy and a Girl.—One of them clinging round her Mother's neck at bed-time, near falls from her keeper's arms.

PRoud thus to wait,—each colour to prepare,

But wants the art—to paint the blooming fair.

Around her neck, in innocence she smiles,

And fondly—hides herself in infant wiles.

The maid obsequious—scarcely in her arms,

Restrains the babe—her slender hold alarms.

Choose then this groupe, dispos'd by softest shades ;

And playful win them to their evening beds.

* Lady H———tt.

But

But how the mind—the mother to express?

Who fondly folds her infant to her breast.

A vain attempt—a figure far too fine—

A Raphael's hand could scarcely trace each line:

Steal fancy lightly—scarce the curtain by,

Nor breathe while sleep—the babes in slumber lie.

To the first cause let innocence my mind.

How moves the babe?—who forms the human kind?

They wake—the light—how joyfully he gues,

While fancy hovers as the two she views.