POEMS.

The beart fruck marbie, in delpair,

But, like folt rains 'midft fummer fun,

When eve defeends with fable wing,

At length, in moving firmins, but mild,

Her tears in mild con

POEMS.

ON THE FATE

From either beaming eye;

So heaved her bolom figh.

CAPTAIN G****

SAD on the margin of the deep,

I saw a lady sit and weep,

Array'd in robes of white;

Below she mark'd the billows rise,

Above the dark unsettled skies,

Nor shiver'd at the sight.

No terror in her looks I trac'd,

While lightnings gleam wild o'er the waste,

And hideous thunders roar.

A

For

For O! the mind o'ercharg'd with care,
The heart-struck marble, in despair,
Alas! can feel no more.

But, like soft rains 'midst summer sun, Her tears in mild composure run

From either beaming eye;
And as the gentle gales of spring,

When eve descends with sable wing,

So heav'd her bosom-sigh.

At length, in moving strains, but mild,
Through hollow rocks, in echoes wild,

These words assail'd mine ear:

"Ye raving winds! thou rolling fea!

"Your boist'rous rage is lost on me,
"I have no more to fear.

"Thou treach'rous overswelling main,

"O! couldst thou give my love again

and hit teggs than ere rear

To my fad widow'd fight;

Although

- " Although his eyes be funk in death,
- "His icy lips be void of breath,
 "I'd kiss them with delight.
- " What's this I fee! my fancy raves!
- "Three lovely forms stretch'd on the waves,
 "And floating to the shore.
- "O my lost children! is it you?"

 They answer not—" Adieu, adieu!"

 She sigh'd, and said no more.

O britler pigean! fays the tane,

The comy room, wi' campet laid.

To fifty thing, the laborate

circle graining remper it define

As weel as inky;

They are the court

And northing feature.

i cuir a'ctivations of men-