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One in a p
Her temple
The lilly w
Her tender
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The other,
With all t
White was
Meek her



And each in youth and beauty glow to me:

Yet two more more resplendent than the rest.

THE VISION.

One in a p
Her temple
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Tript' ligh
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White was
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AS lately musing in a lonely shade,
For meditation and contentment made,

The murr'ring streams reecho'd thro' the trees,

And verdant poplars, fan'd the gentle breeze,

All dwelt serene within my tranquil breast,

And sweet retirement, lull'd my soul to rest:

Delightful fancy lent her potent aid,

And scenes of wonder, to my sense convey'd,

Transported to a verdant blooming green,

Where all was calm, and nature shone serene:

The

The daisy painted ground, perfum'd the air,
 And sweet contentment, seem'd to banish care,
 A group of lovely damsels caught my eye,
 And each in youth and beauty strove to vie;
 Yet two shone more resplendent than the rest,
 One in a purple, airy, flowing vest;
 Her temples bound with flow'rs of diff'rent hue,
 The lilly white, the violet azure blue,
 Her tender feet with glitt'ring sandals bound,
 Tript lightly o'er the flow'ry painted ground.
 Her golden locks flow'd careless in the wind,
 And her whole dress was loose and unconfin'd,
 The other, clad in purity, and truth,
 With all the blooming, radiant charms of youth,
 White was her robe, bright auborn was her hair,
 Meek her deportment, and serene her air;

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The

Her looks outvied the pure and unfun'd snow,
 And wreaths of laurel, bound her sacred brow,
 Her friend was wisdom, who with heav'nly song,
 With caution lead her mistress thro' the throng.
 Her breath with ambient sweets perfum'd the ground,
 And calm serenity shone all around;
 Each strove by turns to sooth the giddy croud,
 Courted the humble, and implor'd the proud.
 The first was pleasure (soft alluring name,)
 The other virtue, surest guide to fame.

Struck with astonishment I gaz'd around,
 When suddenly I heard a heav'nly sound,
 A sound more sweet than the soft breath of love,
 Harmonious as the songsters of the grove;
 Melodious as the pipe upon the plains,
 The tuneful lyre, or Philomela's strains.

'Twas

'Twas virtue
 In tender
 " Ah! f
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 "'Tis there
 " A homely
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 " By me be
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'Twas virtue's voice, the pure seraphic maid,

In tender numbers these soft accents said,

" Ah! follow me, fair nymph, to my pure cell,

" 'Tis there content, and peace alone can dwell;

" 'Tis there true happiness and joy you'll find,

" A homely fair, but a reception kind:

" Where innocence and love, delight to reign,

" Free from dissimulation, care, and pain.

" There peace resides, there honor keeps her court,

" There pity dwells, the muses there resort.

" Beware of vice, her pleasures soon will cloy,

" And keen repentance, follow guilty joy?

" Forfake the giddy, gay, unthinking croud, and

" Forfake the covetous, the vain, and proud; and

" By me be guided, I will lead the way,

" To blissful paths of everlasting day.

" In

“ In this precarious life I'll be thy friend, and of

“ And celebrate thy name, e'en to time's end.”

“ Take my advice, 'tis I alone can prove,

“ The heart-felt happiness of virtuous love.”

“ The real pleasures of an honest mind,

“ In all my footsteps you will surely find.

Thus spoke the nymph, — to heav'n the music

floats,

And angels echo back the tuneful notes.

Transported, and amaz'd, I trembling cry'd,

“ In thee alone I trust to be my guide!”

The goddess smil'd, and kindly press'd my hand,

When I obedient to her wise command

Followed her footsteps, to that blissful seat,

Where peace, humility, and love do meet:

To

To that pure cell where every earthly joy,
Reigns uncontroul'd, unmixt, without a cloy.

The journey long, the fare was mean and coarse,
The road was rugged, and the task was worse;
Our gentle guides were Patience, Hope, and Truth,
(The best supporters of each virtuous youth)

Each friend, by turns, sooth'd my advent'rous heart,
And tales of truth, and honor did impart.

When, on a sudden, horrors spread around,
And echo'd thro' the grove an hollow sound;
The clouds grew black, all nature seem'd to fade,
And sicken o'er the solemn lonely glades;
Naught could be heard but silver falling floods,
And woe fraught murmurs reign'd throughout the

Confusion

Confusion struck my frame, when Patience cry'd, ah!

“ Fear not, fair nymph, in me alone confide; but

“ In a short time these dreadful storms shall cease, and

“ And I will crown your toil, with joy, and peace. I

“ E'er you arrive where blifs eternal reigns, and

“ You first must learn to scorn such trifling pains; and

“ The pure seraphic mind which virtue warms, and

“ Must bare serenely these tempestuous storms; and

“ The feeling heart must many crosses know, and

“ In virtue's cause, — where fortune proves a foe; and

“ Let not these trifles your soft breast alarm, and

“ Patience will guide you free from every harm.” and

Here ceas'd the virgin, the prophetic sound, and

And gleams of heavenly light shone all around; and

The clouds dispers'd, the storm and tempest ceas'd, and

And every visionary care decreas'd, and

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Fair honor
Each heavn

The flowers recover'd their delightful hue,
 And nature shone in all her bloom anew;
 No scent more fragrant does the rose exhale,
 Than those which fan'd the sweet ambrosial gale,
 At a small distance flood the peaceful cell,
 Where innocence and harmony do dwell;
 No pompous grandeur there adorns the grove,
 No spiery turrets rear their heads above;
 No gilded columns, no gay temples rise,
 There no luxurious dome invades the skies;
 Alone for peace the humble cell was made,
 And sweet contentment, reigns within the shade:
 A purling stream in soft meanders glide,
 The violet sweet, and daizy blooms beside:
 Fair honor reigns supreme and void of care,
 Each heavenly blessing does inhabit there.

With

With meek humility, with truth divine,
 And ev'ry virtue bows before the shrine.
 Love, the soft moulder of the pliant soul,
 (Whose power our wishes and our minds control;
 Within these sacred shades serenely mov'd,
 By virtue guided, and by heav'n approv'd.
 Enraptur'd I beheld those regions bright,
 And scenes of wonder beam'd upon the sight;
 Harmonious songsters I distinctly heard,
 And soft musicians in the grove appear'd:
 While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
 A damsel's voice address'd my pensive ear.
 " Like you a stranger to distress and woe,
 " Possess'd of all the gifts the gods bestow,
 " Of all the real blessings heaven can give,
 " Still my fond soul for other joys did grieve!

“ Confusions ”

“ Once ”

“ Once on a time ”
 “ For idle pleasure ”
 “ No well-taught ”
 “ But pleasure ”
 “ That sure ”
 “ To her mind ”
 “ Long time ”
 “ Which ever ”
 “ But ah! for ”
 “ Where but ”
 “ Such idle ”
 “ Where ver ”
 “ Short was ”
 “ But endless ”
 “ No time ”
 “ Where'er ”

“ Once ”

- " Once on a time by giddy fancy taught,
 " For idle pleasures earnestly I sought;
 " No well-taught council could my feet restrain,
 " But pleasures lur'd me to the flow'ry plain;
 " That sure destruction to the youthful mind,
 " To her my frail, my willing heart inclin'd,
 " Long time I revel'd in luxurious joys,
 " Which ev'ry gen'rous sentiment destroys.
 " But ah! fair nymph, each pleasure quickly dies,
 " Where blacken'd vice, fair virtue's place supplies.
 " Such idle joys last but a fleeting day,
 " Where vice triumphant reigns with potent sway;
 " Short was the time these scenes my soul possess'd,
 " But endless are the pangs within my breast.
 " No time the stings of conscience can subdue,
 " Where'er I fly fresh grief my steps pursue;

" Once " Conscious

" Conscious of past offence, my erring breast,
 " Is torn with sad remorse, and rob'd of rest,
 " I feel, I feel, the heaving sigh renew'd,
 " And sad remembrance on my soul intrude;
 " Still must my mind with heart felt grief abound,
 " Till virtue's hand shall heal reflection's wound.
 " Too late my blinded eyes perceiv'd the road,
 " Which lead to this celestial, blest'd abode;
 " Happy are you, whose youthful breast aspires,
 " With genial warmth, to burn with purer fires.
 " Who in the tender, early days of youth,
 " Trod the unsullied paths of sacred truth.
 " Then hail, fair nymph, hail sweet humility,
 " Each vot'ry of our shade, shall honor thee.
 " Enjoy, nenceforth, each blessing of the blest'd,
 " May all thy future days be crown'd with rest."

" Farewell"

" Farewell
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"Farewell," she cry'd, — then join'd the happy
throng,

Who to my list'ning ear address'd their song.

"Welcome, welcome, to our cell,

"Here content, and peace do dwell;

"Every joy to charm the heart,

"All that wisdom can impart,

"All that can the bosom fire,

"All that virtue can desire ;

"Every blessing from above,

"Ease and plenty, joy and love;

"Meek humility and rest,

"All the transports of the blest'd ;

"Join with us in sprightly song,

"Dance among the happy throng ;

"Tune

K

Farewell"

“ Tune the cymbal, and the lyre,

“ Virtue does our souls inspire;

“ Prudence, is our matron wife,

“ Ev’ry folly we despise;

“ Here the graces keep their court,

“ Here the muses all resort;

“ Welcome to this happy cell,

“ Here content and peace doth dwell.

Here ceas’d the tender, soft, alluring throng,

Their artless, sweet, prophetic, warbling song;

And I awoke, alas! too soon to find,

’Twas only fancy that deceiv’d my mind;

But what a change from scenes of tranquil joy,

To momentary pleasures born to cloy.

To