

memory of General Agnew," and those "on the British navy," with the little Ode "on finding her bower covered with worms," are the best. Some of the scenes and events are depicted with a vividness of colouring that the reader will be inclined to think the writer has been a sharer in them; these are of course the best written, for the feelings of the heart and the pen moved in unison: and the verses seem to flow from a well-informed, and well regulated mind. The following stanzas "on visiting the grave of her daughter for the last time," afford a fair specimen of this:—

'Tis the pale moon of midnight my sad spirit hails,  
I see its dim gleams through the tall waving trees :—  
Earth slumbers,—solemnity's silence prevails  
I alone break the swell of the wide-sweeping breeze.

It is not the moon in the pride of her power,  
Nor the soothing relief of the calm midnight shade,  
That leads me to wander alone at this hour,—  
'Tis the moon-lighted hill where my daughter is laid.

There—there is my heart.—'Midst the forest's wild gloom,  
Sleeps the babe that once smiling I fondly caress'd :—  
How I watch'd o'er its beauties and mark'd its young bloom;  
Oh! yet the remembrance is dear to my breast.

This lonely retreat doth the moaning-dove choose  
To pour forth her melting funeral dole ;  
While list'ning her notes oft my footstep I lose,  
As for thee pours her dirge, it is sweet to my soul.

And yet happier for thee, that so soon thou hast fled  
From the tempest of passion, the trials of life,  
Than live through the mazes of love to be led,  
And like me feel the pangs of maternity's strife.

Years have past away since, but I cannot forget thee,  
Sweet germ of my hopes, tho' thy sorrows are o'er;  
Thou art happy, my daughter!—why should I regret thee?  
Tho' thy mother must weep,—thou wilt never weep more!

Thy spirit escap'd ere thou knewest to frame  
One thought or one wish that could mem'ry load;  
Ere the dawns of reason or sentiment came,—  
While existence was fresh from the hand of its God.—page 36.

The idea of these poems being founded on reality, is farther confirmed from the subjects she has selected for her verse; there is nothing of what is termed the machinery of poetry; nothing but real occurrences or tangible objects; none of your imaginary beings from fairy land—nothing of ghosts or spirits introduced.

The variety of subjects which this little volume embraces has afforded a display of the versatility of talents the author possesses. Her muse is capable of an expansive flight. Some of the pieces are grave, some gay, and when we read "The Desert Isle," we could not help thinking she had "a little turn for satire." The Jackall President borders on the ridiculous; and all her descriptions indicate an attentive observant "of men and manners."