

P O E T R Y.

THE FAIR THIEF.

(By the late Earl of Egremont.)

Tell with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more, that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness æther pours
On primrose buds in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles;
She stole the Graces winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient' pearl for teeth,
And stole the cowslip's sweetest breath;
The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils; a store
To which in time she added more;
At twelve, she stole from Cyprus' queen,
Her air, and love commanding mein;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.
She sung—Amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd.

She play'd—the Muses from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill:
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove her pilf'ring tricks to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And to other day she stole my heart.

Cupid! If lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy vot'ry on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms.

A B A L L A D.

(From Rannie's poems.)

THE summer night was clear and still,
The sea was smooth, the winds
were low;
And from its source the village rill
Recur'd with mournful tale and flow.

The nightingale complain'd aloud;
The forrowing dove prolong'd her
moan;
And, smiling from the snowy cloud,
The moon with soften'd lustre shone.

The lucid stars through azure skies,
All beauteous glow'd with silvery
shene;

While fair Alfrede's lovely eyes
With milder lustre grac'd the scene.
As o'er a barren rock she lean'd,
And view'd the wat'ry swell below,
She thus her pensive bosom strain'd,
With themes of recollected woe.

'When doom'd by unrelenting Fate,
'My charmer fled his native land,
'What agonies did love create,
'As blooming Damon left the strand?
'As how'ring o'er the vessel's side
'I saw the foaming billows roll,
'And strength'ning breezes lift the tide,
'A louder tempest sway'd my soul.

'I gave to grief the tender tear,
'Which melted on my Damon's heart,
'As struck on my astonish'd ear,
'The dreadful signal of 'depart.'
'Encircled in his fond embrace,
'I strove to lengthen our adieu,
'Till from the shrine of matchless grace,
'Forc'd by a rude unfeeling crew.

'And swift, unheld by love's controul,
'O'er breaking waves the vessel flew,
'I saw the day-star of my soul
'Decline from my enquiring view.
'My eyes, while fast he urg'd his flight,
'Pursu'd the object of their care;
'My tearful eyes pursu'd, till sight
'Was lost in undistinguish'd air.'

S O N N E T T O F A N C Y.

(By John Rannie.)

SWEET FANCY! Friend of Nature
and the Muse,
With heav'nly visions charm thy Poet's
eye;
Spread o'er the landscape more attractive
hues.
And paint with brighter gold the vivid sky