

Since men who judge the female race,
Think *ignorance* their sweetest grace,
And love the silly, not the wise.

THE TOMBS.

(From the French of Mons. Le Franc.)

THE other day 'unneedful wand'ring,
To a solitude I stray'd,
Where the lucid stream meand'ring,
Curling, with sweet zephyr play'd :

Cool'd by the wave, the gentle breezes
With refreshing softness blow ;
And all around the prospect pleases,
Hills, and woods, and meadows glow.

Onward I stray'd, the scene enjoying,
When to a ruin'd pile I came,
Which, the rude tooth of time destroy-
ing,
Scarce deserv'd an Abbey's name.

Where once had shone the spiry towers
In the golden eye of day,
Now the lone screech-owl nightly scowls
Undistinguish'd mortals lay—

Save those whose monumental glory
Rose the ruin'd arch above ;
Who with an epitaph or story
'Gainst annihilation strove.

The Conqueror's first, rever'd in battle,
Monarch of a vast domain ;
His high delight the cannon's rattle,
On the blood imbrued plain.

Round the tomb were spears and lances,
Tales of thirty battles won,
Whilst by the sculptor's living fancies
Kings and princes are undone.

Beneath a cypress branch luxurious
Was of marble white a tomb ;
Its ornaments attract the curious,
Who from distant cities come.

There were the rose and lily twining,
Flowers bloom, and lambskins breathe ;
The lute, the lyre, the trumpet shi-
ning,
Hung around with laurel wreath.

Who then can such a tomb inherit ?
Who but the Poet, king of days,
He was ; and round the world his merit
Swept with inexpressive praise.

Ne'er this, with nought of decoration,
Save an humble net entwin'd,
Appear'd a tomb of lowly station—
Here the Fisherman reclin'd.

' Ah me ! ' said I, ' this wretched neigh-
bour,
' Knew of nought but care and strife ;
' Endless his hardships, toils and labour,
' His I ween, was not a life.'

' And why,' replied a passing stranger,
' Call it not a life, I pray ?
' Say, does the field of death and danger
' Give a nobler form of clay ?

' Each of those men in life's short minute
' Sought his final end of bliss ;
' The world's expanse and all within it
' Teach the moralist but this :

' The end attain'd by Fisher, Poet,
' Hero, all the sons of men,
' Differs but in the means which shew it
' Whether the Net, the Sword, or Pen.'

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

In Imitation of the 22d Ode of the 3d Book of
CASSIMIR'S LYRICS.

BE not, my friend, by youth deceiv'd,
Nor let the siren be believ'd,
Though smooth and soft her strain :
Away on whirling wheels she flies,
Swift as the gust that rides the skies,
Without or yoke or rein.

Youth must resign its blooming charms
To age, whose cold and shiv'ring arms
Will wither ev'ry joy :
'Tis brittle glass, 'tis rapid stream,
'Tis melting wax, 'tis air-dress'd dream,
That time will soon destroy.

So smiles at morn the dewy rose,
And to the genial breezes blows,
'Evolving odours round ;
But, crush'd by ev'ning's rushing rains,
It droops, it sinks upon the plains,
Down trodden with the ground.

Hours, days, months, years, impetuous fly
Like meteors darting thro' the sky,
And must return no more.
Know, my young friend, that moments
Are moments ever, ever dead,
And cancell'd from thy score.