

Lives on the death of an amiable young Lady.

Ah! hark! what doleful sounds are those
That tolling come from yonder bell?—
Alas! my soul, they tell the loss
Of one whom thou hast loved so well;

Ah! me! sweet maid, and art thou gone,
Full in thy bloom of early day?
And must thy lovely form so soon
Lose all its beauty in the clay?

And have those eyes of softest blue,
Where smiling love was seen disclosed,
Those guileless lips of ruby hue,
For aye in livid silence closed?

And must that voice, whose tender tone
Could soothe my soul in saddest hour,
Now mute,—with all its sweetness gone,—
Yield me entrancing joy no more?

O, my much loved regretted maid!
And could nor youth, nor beauty save—
Nor all the tears affection shed,
Rescue thee from the gloomy grave?

Yet O, bless'd spirit of the dead!
Witness the sorrows that I feel;
These gentle tears which now I shed!
Bespeak a grief words can't reveal.

But thou shalt bloom a saint on high,
Shalt smile angelic as before;
Thither at last my soul shall fly,
And join with thine for ever more.

January 1842.

ABELARD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JEREMY TROKLER will oblige me by giving me an address to which I may direct some remarks on his last favour. MACK-BETH is under consideration: intelligence of the kind he gives should be accompanied by a key, (always under the seal of secrecy and honour,) that I may use my discretion in the publication. SENEX is requested to take this hint, some of his allusions not being understood. CHRONICUS rejected. Winter, by G. C. will, with some corrections, appear in a future No. I confess the lively HARRIET'S rebuke for not celebrating St. Valentine's day last Thursday is well deserved: her favour came too late for me to do so for the neglect this week: I will look thro' my old Valentines, and hope to find one worthy of her acceptance for my next. L. L. M.