

Oh God ! who knows 'mid all my woe,  
 My bursting sighs, my tears that flow,  
 Oh God ! Oh God ! who, who can tell,  
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell ?

Think what a cherish'd foe to rest  
 Is Rosa's memory in my breast ;  
 Think, that though every hope is gone,  
 I cling to ruin and—love on !  
 Think, life of this afflicted heart !  
 What anguish wrung my soul to part.  
 Think ! Think !—Oh Heaven ! but who can tell  
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell ?

#### STANZAS, WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS,

(By the Author of "Astarte," &c.)

I've plunged in every wild extreme,  
 That youth, and youthful folly knows ;  
 I've tasted deeply of the stream  
 That round the shrine of pleasure flows ;—  
 And like the Bce, from flower to flower,  
 Sipping each sweet, I've wandered free ;  
 Yet never found I earthly power,  
 Domestic Love ! compared to thee !

Sweeter than Passion's fever'd sigh,  
 Dearer than Pleasure's fairy dream ;  
 Before Thee all life's sorrows fly,  
 Like mists before the morning beam !  
 Thou only canst the roses fling  
 That make life's rugged pathway blest ;  
 And scatter from thy downy wing  
 That peace which heals the wounded breast !

It is not in the revel loud,—  
 At Mirth, or Fashion's midnight shrine,  
 Where rival beauties thronging crowd,  
 That Love asserts its power divine ;—  
 'Tis when the tortured frame is torn  
 By all the pangs Disease can give ;  
 'Mid anguish, scarcely to be borne,  
 Its smile can bid the sufferer live !

Domestic Love !—thy hand can shed  
 Soft opiates o'er the burning brow ;—  
 And round the couch of sickness spread  
 Those soothing hopes that cheer me now !—  
 Yes !—let the libertine deride  
 As priestcraft, wedlock's silken chain,—  
 But tell me, has he ever tried  
 Its power, in sorrow, or in pain ?

And Thou, who in life's summer hour,  
 Taught my young bosom to believe  
 Marriage, an arbitrary power,  
 Invented only to deceive ;