

7.—TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night !
 Mother of wildly-working visions ! hail !
 I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
 Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil ;
 And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud 5
 Behind the gathering blackness lost on high ;
 And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
 Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
 Ah such is Hope ! as changeful and as fair !
 Now dimly peering on the wistful sight ; 10
 Now hid behind the dragon-winged Despair :
 But soon emerging in her radiant might
 She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
 Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

—S. T. Coleridge.

8.—LA FAYETTE

As when far off the warbled strains are heard
 That soar on Morning's wing the vales among :
 Within his cage the imprisoned matin bird
 Swells the full chorus with a generous song :
 He bathes no pinion in the dewy light, 5
 No Father's joy, no Lover's bliss he shares,
 Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—
 His fellows' freedom soothes the captives cares !
 Thou, FAYETTE ! who didst wake with startling voice
 Life's better sun from that long wintry night, 10
 Thus in thy Country's triumph shall rejoice
 And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might.
 For lo ! the morning struggles into day,
 And Slavery's spectres shriek and vanish from the ray !

—S. T. Coleridge.