

But why thus sing the beauties of my fair,  
 Since it but tends to aggravate despair ?  
 While she, ah, cruel maid ! beholds my grief,  
 Unheeds\* my pains—withholds the kind relief.  
 Oh ! luckless fate, and must I never hope,  
 But yield to cheerless doubts, my failing spirits up ?  
 Did the cold clod lie heavy on this breast,  
 Its pains might cease—in silence might I rest ;  
 But now, by day, what anguish heaves my soul !  
 By night, what visions thro' my fancy roll !  
 By day, I sigh, I hope, I wish, I grieve,  
 And long for gentle night, my sorrows to relieve.  
 When sleep her opiate brings, and seals mine eyes,  
 Blissful I dream— I start in fond surprise ;  
 My fondest, wildest, wishes seem fulfill'd,  
 All fears are vanish'd, and all doubts are still'd ;  
 With soul enraptured, I embrace my fair,  
 But, waking, grasp at nought, for Delia is not there.  
 In curses then the moments I devour,  
 And fruitless weeping waste the midnight hour,  
 Pour out to angry Morpheus my prayer,  
 But, ah, the sleepy god, he can not hear.  
 I sigh for morn, and when blest morn appears,  
 It chaces dreary night but to behold my tears.  
 Days weeks and months roll heavily along,  
 And linger slow my sorrows to prolong ;  
 Neglected fortune flies ; the world's gay round  
 Passes unheeded by ; inextricably bound  
 In Cupid's fetters, until Delia smiles,  
 Life's tiresome journey's lost, and inches turn to miles.  
*Castle of Adorno.* SOLOMON SNEER.

### MY ABSENT LOVE.

*In imitation of the Portuguese of Lope de Vega.†*  
 When gazing on the evening-star  
 Which doth so sweetly shine,  
 My thoughts are fix'd on one afar,  
 Whose fate is link'd to mine :

\*A word fresh from the mint ; but tho' newly coined, and not seccable, when critically examined, to any of the known rules of construction, is so happily introduced, that it carries reflection away captive, and bears down censure.  
 L. L. M.

† If there is a gentleman in Montreal or Quebec sufficiently versed in Portuguese literature, to give in that tongue, the first line of the song by De Vega, of which the above is an imitation, he will oblige the writer by making it public.  
 S.