

## P O E T R Y.

## VARIETY: A TALE.

[From the Edinburgh Magazine.]

A Gentle Maid, of rural breeding,  
By Nature first, and then by reading,  
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations  
Which we restrain in near relations,  
Lest future husbands should be jealous,  
And think their wives too fond of fellows.

The morning sun beheld her rove  
A Nymph, or Goddess of the grove !  
At eye she pac'd the dewy lawn,  
And call'd each clown she saw, a fawn !  
Then scudding homeward, lock'd her  
door,

And turn'd some copious volume o'er,  
For much she read ; and chiefly those  
Great Authors, who in verse, or prose,  
Or something betwixt both, unwind  
The secret springs which move the mind.  
These much she read, and thought she  
knew

The human heart's minutest clue ;  
Yet shrewd observers still declare,  
(To shew how shrewd observers are)  
Tho' Plays, which breath'd heroic flame,  
And Novels, in profusion, came,  
Imported fresh and fresh from France,  
She only read the heart's Romance.

The world no doubt was well enough  
To smoothe the manners of the rough ;  
Might please the giddy and the vain,  
Those tinsell'd slaves of Folly's train :  
But, for her part, the truest taste

She found was in retirement plac'd,  
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,  
On every thorn instruction grows.

Not that she wish'd to ' be alone,'  
As some affected Prudes have done ;  
She knew it was decreed on high  
We should ' increase and multiply ;'  
And therefore, if ' kind Fate would grant  
Her fondest wish, her only want,  
A cottage with the man she lov'd  
Was what her gentle heart approv'd ;  
In some delightful solitude  
Where step profane might ne'er intrude ;  
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,  
And virtuous Cupids hover round.  
Not such as flutter on a fan,  
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,  
(Who scatter myrtles, scatters roses,  
And hold their fingers to their noses,)  
But simpering, mild and innocent,  
As angels on a monument.

Fate heard her prayer: a lover came,  
Who felt like her, th' innoxious flame ;  
One who had trod, as well as she,

The flow'ry paths of Poesy ;  
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,  
Could every line of Pope repeat,  
Or chant, in Shenston's tender strains,  
' The Lover's hopes,' ' the Lover's pains.'

Attentive to the Charmer's tongue  
With him she thought no ev'ning long ;  
With him she saunter'd half the day ;  
And sometimes in a laughing way,  
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote  
Of who might marry, and who not.  
Consider, Sir, we're near relations  
' I hope so in our inclinations.'  
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent ;  
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went ;  
And every matron that was there,

With tongue so voluble and supple,  
Said, for her part, she must declare,  
She never saw a finer couple.  
O Halcyon days ! 'Twas Nature's reign  
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enima's plain  
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,  
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.  
The laughing Sun with genial beams  
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting streams ;  
And the pale Regent of the night,  
In dewy softness shed delight.

'Twas Transport not to be express'd ;  
'Twas Paradise ! — But mark the rest.

Two smiling Springs had wak'd the  
flow'rs

That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,  
(Ye Lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,  
Who count by months, and not by years,)  
Two smiling Springs had chaplets wove  
To crown their solitude and love ;  
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,  
Their walks are not so pleasant now.  
The Seasons sure were chang'd ; the place  
Had, some how, got a different face.  
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene ;  
The lawns, the woods were not so green.  
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,  
And once was liquid harmony,  
Became a sluggish, needy pool ;  
The days grew hot, the ev'ning cool.  
The Moon with all the starry reign  
Were Melancholy's silent train.  
And then the tedious winter night —  
They could not read by candle-light,  
Full-oft, unknowing why they did,  
They call'd in adventitious aid.  
A faithful favorite dog ('twas thus  
With Tobit and Telemachus)  
Amus'd their steps ; and for a while  
They view'd his gambols with a smile.  
The Kitten too was comical,  
She play'd so oddly with her tail,  
Or in the glass was pleas'd to find

Another.