

MADAM LAVALETTE.

LET Edinburgh Critics o'erwhelm with their praises
Their madame de STAEL, and their fam'd L'EPINASSE;
Like a meteor at best, proud Philosophy blazes,
And the fame of a Wit is as brittle as glass :
But cheering's the beam, and unfading the splendour
Of thy torch, Wedded Love ! and it never has yet
Shone with lustre more holy, more pure, or more tender,
Than it sheds on the name of the fair LAVALETTE.

Then fill high the wine-cup, e'en Virtue shall bless it,
And hallow the goblet which foams to her name ;
The warm lip of Beauty shall piously press it,
And HYMEN shall honour the pledge to her fame :
To the health of the Woman, who freedom and life too
Has risk'd for her Husband, we'll pay the just debt ;
And hail with applauses the Heroine and Wife too,
The constant, the noble, the fair LAVALETTE.

Her foes have awarded in impotent malice,
To their captive a doom, which all Europe abhors,
And turns from the Stairs of the Priest-haunted palace,
While those who replaced them there, blush for their
cause.

But, in ages to come, when the blood-tarnish'd glory
Of Dukes, and of Marshals, in darkness hath set,
Hearts shall throb, eyes shall glisten, at reading the story
Of the fond self-devotion of fair LAVALETTE.