

Lebitia Loring returns M. B. Barton  
his MS. of The Triumphs of the Orwell which she  
is happy to find ~~now~~ is likely to be published though  
to a very limited extent - with regard to the few  
graceful and accomplished ladies demanded,  
she is sorry she cannot furnish. M. B. with  
names that exactly merit such epithets - she  
has however subjoined a few names by whom  
the Stanzas would be read with interest and  
accepted with thanks - Should M. B. still wish  
to pay L. S. the high compliment of a dedicatory  
Sonnet (she hopes to be excused for versatilitie)  
when she says he is at full liberty to do so.

Verdes,

First

Written in the first leaf of a small  
Volume entitled "Cooper's Rural Walks."

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'Tis not the Graver's power to please  
That here attracts the eye;  
For prouder works of Art than these  
Are pass'd regardless by.

Nor here magnificently grand  
Are Nature's beauties seen;  
On Ouse's banks her bounteous hand  
Bestows a softer mien.

Why, then, are these same Landscapes fraught  
With charms— whose weak appeal  
To Sensibility and Thought  
My heart is prompt to feel?

Cooper! thy Muse's magic skill  
Hath made them classic ground;  
Thy gentle Memory haunts them still,  
And casts its spell around.

The Hoary Oak, the Peasant's Nest,  
The Rustic-bridge, the Grove,  
The turf thy feet so oft have prest,  
The Temple, and Alcove; —

The Shrubbery - Moss-house - simple Wood,  
The Elm, the Lodge, the Hall; -  
Each is thy witness in its turn,  
Thy Voice the charm of all!  
Thy Voice - not left to Nature true,  
Than to Religion dear,  
O'er every object sheds a hue  
That long must linger here.  
Amid these scenes these hours were spent  
Of which we reap the fruit;  
And each is now thy Monument,  
Since that sweet Lyre is mute.  
"Here, like the Nightingale's, were pour'd  
Thy solitary Lay's,  
Which sought the glory of the Wood,  
Nor ask'd for human praise."  
Here, beneath clouds of darkest gloom,  
Thy cup of woe was drain'd;  
And here, immortally to bloom,  
Thy stainless wreath was gain'd: -  
Not given thee by the fated Nine,  
But Virtue's just reward,  
And such as Angels might entwine  
To crown a Christian Bard!

BB

On a Picture of a Sleeping Infant. *Sight*

by M. B. B. B.

How beautiful is Sleep!  
The Peasants-boy who, folded in his plaid,  
Kept watch beside his sheep, -  
Seems lovelier in its silent beauty dead.  
The Warrior in his tent,  
From fancied glory, by its spell beguil'd,  
Looks calmly, innocent,  
As when he was the happy, gentle Child.  
The brow of hoary Age,  
Pain's pallid cheek, and sorrow's sunken eye,  
Dear the world's lips of Age  
Confess by turns its magic mastery.  
But softest falls its dew  
On Childhood's brow and cheek; whether they wear  
The rose's healthier hue,  
Or early sickness plants the lily there.  
How beautiful is Sleep!  
But if its loveliest beauty thou wouldst feel,  
On Childhood's slumber creep,  
And bid thy heart confess its mute appeal.  
Or to this Picture turn  
But for a moment thy attentive eye,  
And let thy spirit hear  
The pleading charms of slumbering Infancy.

In breathless silence stand,  
As by the timid Turtle's downy nest :-  
See! on its tiny hands  
Its little cheeks in placid stillness prest!

Mark, what a helpless charm  
Is shed o'er every feature, every limb!  
Behold that lovely arm!  
That smiling mouth; - and if those eyes be dim,  
Quenching their brighter flashes  
Beneath those veiny lids, - a softer spell  
Upon their silken lashes  
In quiet innocence appears to dwell!

Yet Sleep is awful, too;  
So like to Death's its features it can dress:  
Nooks Slumber! while I view  
Thine own, I deeply feel its awfulness.

But unappalling seems  
Even the awfulness of sleep like thine;  
As fraught with heavenly dreams,  
And images less earthly than divine.

Or dost thou now partake  
That dreamless trance, in love and mercy given,  
With sweet surprise to wake  
A bright and blissful denizens of Heaven?