

Maternal Tenderness.

WHAT with such Power the heart can
move

As a young, doting Mother's Love!
While gazing on her infant Care,
The Passion of her Soul is there.
When the Babe hangs upon the Breast
With what a rapture He's carest!
If, in that inexpressive Hour,
The Master of Imperial Power
Should through each tempting region range,
And offer all for the Exchange,
Her eyes she'd rivet on his charms,
And clasp him closer in her arms.
—The Mother's fondness for her child
Is Nature pure and undefil'd;



ANCE OF DEATH.

(Tenderness.

such Power the heart

g Mother's Love!

her infant Care,

er Soul is there.

hangs upon the Breast

re He's caress!

essive Hour,

perial Power

ach tempting region in

he Exchange,

vet on his charms,

oser in her arms.

fondness for her child

nd undefil'd;



Thus it appears a pond of Water
May prove an Instrument of Slaughter.

Nor mix'd as of
 With Fancy's g
 Has Joys to Mo
 And is, in truth,
 When the sweet
 Deskins the tend
 And as strength g
 New Joys and oth
 Learning now poin
 And lights him wi
 At length its warn
 The bloom of futur
 Then Reason will l
 The embryo seeds e
 And the foud paren
 The virtues of the f
 -Next, boyish feat
 And new varieties t
 From strict restrain
 He dares to climb t

Nor mix'd as other passions are
With Fancy's glow or sordid care ;
Has Joys to Mothers only known,
And is, in truth, itself alone.
When the sweet Boy, with growing charm,
Disdains the tender Nurse's arm,
And as strength guides his better speed,
New Joys and other cares succeed.
Learning now points the glimm'ring way,
And lights him with its feeble ray :
At length its warmer beams express
The bloom of future fruitfulness.
Then Reason will begin to stir
The embryo seeds of Character,
And the fond parent looks to scan
The virtues of the future man.
—Next, boyish feats and active strife
Add new varieties to life.
From strict restraint and thralldom free,
He dares to climb the branchy tree ;

Oe'r many an headland course to run,
 Nor fears the heats of sultry sun :
 Or, on the frozen surface bold,
 Breasts the keen Winter's piercing cold :
 O'er thorny hedge is seen to bound
 And light on the uncertain ground ;
 Or yet, untaught by due controul,
 Drives the rough poney to the Goal ;
 Seeks the dark mazes of the wood,
 Or plunges in the running flood.
 Thus playing with a Mother's fear,
 Thus calling forth the secret tear,
 And often smiling at the pain
 That fond Affection cannot feign.

The fair Matilda married young,
 And, while the song of Joy she sung,
 While 'twas her envied Lot to prove
 The sweetest bliss of wedded Love,
 Relentless Death prepared his dart,
 And pierc'd the faithful Husband's heart :

But though a widow thus bereft,
 Indulgent Heaven one comfort left,
 To help her the sad Loss to bear,
 And save her sorrow from despair.
 A Babe in Beauty's infant grace,
 The Father smiling in his face,
 Would check the tear that strove to flow
 And be the solace of her woe,
 Would her pale, saddened face beguile
 And 'midst its gloom awake a smile.
 When fond remembrance feign would dwell
 On that dear form she lov'd so well :
 She in th' unconscious Babe could view
 The Offspring and the Father too.

The widow and the mother prov'd
 With what a constancy she lov'd ;
 Resolv'd to dedicate her days,
 Not to the idle, empty praise
 Of the gay world's incessant prate,
 Or pleasures that on Fortune wait,

But her maternal cares to ply,
 Departed Love's sad Legacy ;
 She hop'd to rear a solid fame
 On Duties which her child would claim.

Beauty was her's, and ev'ry charm
 That doth the tender bosom warm :
 And though her Lilies grew more pale,
 And though her roseate blushes fail,
 Yet Youth and Time were waiting there,
 Grief's early inroads to repair.
 The winning Look, the graceful mien
 Were still with Admiration seen ;
 Still did th' harmonious voice impart
 The blended sense of mind and heart :
 Of riches she was left a store,
 Her purse was full, nay, running o'er,—
 Nor did her bounteous hand refrain,
 Nor could a chilling thought restrain
 The gift that goodness loves to grant,
 To all who weep and all who want.

This none wh
 And some the
 —But when sh
 When Cupid v
 When Lovers I
 She pointed to
 Your suits are al
 No Eloquence w
 My purpose now
 The little, playf
 Is Cupid, Hyme
 Their Altar I she
 Till Heaven, my
 Gives me to view
 My only hope, my
 There, bound by I
 To one who think
 —Twas thus she
 To all his Mother
 But still the dange
 The passage of L

Thus none who knew her but approv'd,
And some the widow'd charmer lov'd.
—But when she heard of Hymen's name,
When Cupid wav'd the proffer'd flame;
When Lovers hop'd she would be won,
She pointed to her Darling Son:
Your suits are all in vain, she said;
No Eloquence will e'er dissuade
My purpose now so firmly made. }
The little, playful Boy you see,
Is Cupid, Hymen, all to me.
Their Altar I shall ne'er attend,
Till Heaven, my wishes to befriend,
Gives me to view my EDWARD there,
My only hope, my darling care;
There, bound by Hymen's chaste decree,
To one who thinks and loves like me.
—'Twas thus she liv'd, while EDWARD grew
To all his Mother's wishes true.
But still the dangers that betray
The passage of Life's early day;

Would often cause her eyes to weep,
 And discompose the hours of sleep;
 While many a fearful omen crept
 Across her Fancy when she slept.

EDWARD, a noble Boy, had gain'd
 Full fourteen years, which, when obtain'd,
 The parent weighs, with equal scales,
 His future fate,—and Hope prevails.
 —'Twas when, in Summer's sultry hour,
 Fierce *Sirius* gleam'd with ardent power,
 That the Youth sought the cooling flood
 Beside the verdure of a wood;
 But, while he cleav'd the liquid way,
 His limbs no longer would obey.
 He shriek'd, the woodman sought the wave,
 And plung'd, the sinking form to save,
 From what appear'd a watry grave. }
 His voice alarm'd the peasants near,
 And, hast'ning on the wings of fear
 They reach the stately Hall, nor wait
 To ask admission at the gate;

While cries th
 " Our young, c
 The Servants
 The tidings rea
 She starts,—then
 Aghast, upon th
 While from the p
 Her senseless Edw
 She sinks, weigh't
 And Death receiv
 —The unconsciou
 The Sox survives,

While cries throughout the walls resound,
“ Our young, our darling Master’s drown’d.”
The Servants fly they scarce know where;
The tidings reach MATILDA’s ear :
She starts,—then hurries to the wood—
Aghast, upon the bank she stood,
While from the pool, with looks forlorn,
Her senseless EDWARD’s form is borne.
She sinks, weigh’d down by her alarms;
And Death receives her in his arms.
—The unconscious YOUTH now opes his eyes.—
The SON survives,—the MOTHER dies.—