

*Upon a young lady, who died on seeing her lover,¹ Mr Dawson,² fol. 407.
executed on the 30th of July 1746.*

As the fair martyr her dear lover saw
Lie the pale victim of inhuman law,
His gen'rous blood distilling all around,
And life, swift ebbing, thro' each crimson wound ;
It seem'd as if from mortal passion freed
She blest his death, for honour doom'd to bleed.
But when, high-raised, she saw the panting heart,
Now let thy handmaid, Heav'n ! she cried, depart.
Be Judge, O Thou, whose ballance sways above !
Receive our souls to pardon and to love !
At once she burst the feeble bonds of clay,
And her free soul, exulting, springs away.
To endless bliss, they issue, out of pain.
One moment separates, and joins again.

The Contrast set in its proper light. Said to be done by a lady.

Fam'd were the bards of old untainted days,
When only merit felt the breath of praise.
When Heav'n-born muses taught the tuneful lay,
The brave to honour and the good display,
Virtue's fair form, tho' hid in rags, to sing,
And loath the baneful court and sinful king.

But now (sad change !) no more the poet's theme
'Tastes thy chaste waters, Hippocrenè's stream.
His breast no more the sacred sisters urge,
Of truth the patrons and of vice the scourge.

fol. 408.

¹ Not fact, for Mr. Dawson never saw her before she had come to glut herself with the bloody scene.—F.

² James Dawson, a young Lancashire man. He was being educated at St. John's College, Cambridge ; but having misbehaved, and fearing expulsion, ran away. Dreading his father's displeasure, he, on falling in with the Manchester regiment, joined it and was taken at Carlisle. He was tried at London and executed on Kennington Common. The day before his death his father visited him, and took his farewell of him in a most pathetic scene. ['History of the Rebellion,' *Scots Magazine*, pp. 294, 297.]