
The following was not composed, from an idea that enough had not been said on the subject of INDIFFERENCE,----it was hastily written, merely to let DELLA CRUSCA know that he was GUESS'D AT;----but the line which would to him have particularly pointed that out, was, when given in *The WORLD*, alter'd---it is now printed as originally written. For its many careless passages ANNA MATILDA begs this apology may be accepted, that she wrote it literally whilst sitting for her portrait;----and whilst the sublimity of Egyptian groves, Zenobia's desart, Confucious, Marc Antony, &c. &c. had their ideas continually broken in upon, with "SMILE A LITTLE;"--"MORE TO THE RIGHT;" "NOW LOOK UP," and so forth. Both the poetry and the painting have suffer'd for this----the one has been less happy, the other less correct.

*"-----Does calm Indifference dwell,
" On the low mead, or mountain swell?
" Ob tell me where,
" For thou shalt find me there!"*

To DELLA CRUSCA.

YES, on the mountain's haughty swell,
And in the prostrate dell,
And where the Dryades fling their shades-----
There may'st thou meet the Maid serene,
Or trace her on the zephyr'd green
Whilst Day's carnation gently fades.
Doth Nature make the prospect *vast*,
With rocks o'erhang, and rivers cast
Tumbling headlong to their base?

Do seas stretch out their foamy plains,
Compelling with their chrystal chains
Wide Continents t' embrace?
All these attract the smooth-brow'd fair;—
Or where can Art evince her powers,
Where, Science strew immortal flowers,
And gay Indifference—haste not there?
Whilst PASSION narrows up the heart,
TASTE can no ray of bliss impart,
One strong idea grasps the mind—
Extends itself thro' all the soul,
Thro' ev'ry vein its furies roll,
And tears with fangs unkind.

When NEWTON trod the starry roads,
And view'd the dwellings of the Gods,
And measur'd every Orb—
Did *silly Love* his steps attend,
His mighty purposes suspend,
Or his grand mind absorb?
When intellectual LOCKE explor'd
The Soul's sad vacuum, where no hoard
Of budding young ideas lay—
Oh tell, thus rob'd in Wisdom's stole,
Did Love's coarse torch his view control,
Or light him in the darksome way?
Ha! DELLA CRUSCA, cease to feign,
Thy cheek with red repentance stain,

For having feign'd so long;
Quick seize thy Lyre, sweep each bold string,
O'er every chord thy music fling——
To calm **INDIFFERENCE** raise the Song!

Propitiate first, then with her haste
O'er the Globe's peopled, motley waste;
Watch **CHARACTER** where'er it runs;
Drink newer air, see fiercer suns:
Seek the bland realms where first the Morn
Pours dawn-light from her beamy horn;——
Pours scent and colours o'er the vale,
And wakes its song, and wakes its tale.
Mark how **CONFUCIUS'** feeble race,
(Whose records *vast* fail not to trace)
To Imitation still confine
Their powers, nor deviate from its line.
Their fourteen thousand glowing springs
Passing thro' their yearly rings,
Not one suggestion left behind,
No Art, nor Virtue more refin'd;
Philosophy no inroads made,
But mute, within its awful shade
Its thoughts occult arrang'd——
Whilst Learning, blindfold in its pen,
This costly precept gave to men——
“**BE WISE, but be unchang'd.**”

Haste !—leave th' insipid herd—away !
Where EGYPT's *sons imbrown the day*,
For their primeval Wisdom form'd her wreath,
And Science first was taught to breathe.
Oh linger here ! the Classic clime
Demands, and will reward thy time.
Here shalt thou seek th' immortal Dome
Where *Pleasure* triumph'd over ROME ;
And tread were CLEOPATRA trod,
And moisten with thy tear the sod
Where Taste and Love their banners wav'd,
Snatching from the grave Old Time——
Whose life fast-fading Rapture, sav'd,
And Phœnix-like renew'd its prime.

Then find the myrtled tomb,
The now unenvied Lover's home ;
But, lest thy pensive steps should stray,
To guide thee in th' unknown way,
The Moon her bright locks quick unshrouds ;
Her veil of gossamour thin clouds,
Dissolves to air, and her soft eye
Through the palm grove's haughty shade,
And the lofty aloed glade,
Shall guide thee where thy long-ow'd sigh
Breath'd o'er the mingling Lover's dust,
Shall gratify their hov'ring souls
Beyond *an EMPIRE's votive Bust*.

Is a soft willow bending near,
 Whose drooping leaves speak grief sincere?
 Its drooping leaves, ah! instant seize,
 The happy violence will please——
 Bend its tender flaccid boughs
 (Murm'ring soft mysterious vows)
 Into garlands—leave them there,
OFFERINGS to the love-lost pair!

These duties paid, with ling'ring look,
 With heart by silent sorrow shook,
 The marbled desert next explore
 Where Beauty's glance, and Learning's lore,
 Ages long past the soul beguil'd——
 Oh think! in that unletter'd wild
LONGINUS wrote, **ZENOBI**A smil'd!
 Where now a humbled column lies
 Stream'd radiance from impassion'd eyes;
 The roof where odious Night Birds rest,
 Once shelter'd Wit, once echo'd Jest;
 Where Peasants cumbrous oxen stall,
THERPSICHORE swam through the ball;
 Serpents convolve, where music trill'd,
 And lost *Palmyra's* fate's fulfill'd.

Doth splendid scenes thy light heart prize?
 Fly to Italia's downy skies!
 Where Fancy's richest strokes abound,
 Where **NATURE's** happiest points are found;

The pleasures here—a rosy band !
 Link'd to her car with flow'ry chains,
 Bear their rapt Goddess o'er the plains,
 And strew their glories o'er her land.
 The dulcet groves, burst with rich notes,
 Flung from a thousand trembling throats,
 The glossy rivers as they fly——
 Their curv'd embroider'd bounds between,
 Whose glowing tints be-gem the green,
 Bear on their curls th' ecstatic sigh ;——
 The breeze detain'd rests its pure wing,
 To hear blest Love its triumphs sing.
 And ah ! be Italy ne'er nam'd,
 Without a pause to those so fam'd——
 The glorious MEDICIS !

Oh SCULPTURE ! lift thy pillar high,
 And grave the name amidst the sky !
 Its base, let *marble sorrows* tend,
 And *chissel'd woes* in high relief,
 Look their unutterable grief,
 And mute Despair its tresses rend !
 Blest POETRY ! compel thy lyre
 To sound the loud immortal praise
 Of those who cherish'd thy proud bays,
 And fed thy near extinguish'd fire !
 Thy pencil, PAINTING ! dip in shades !
 To last till Europe's Glory fades——

Thy trophy'd canvas shall be Fame
To those who nurs'd thy infant Art,
And bear to mightier shores the Name !
Swiftly, my DELLA CRUSCA, turn
To where the Medicean Urn,
The once proud City hallows still,
There thy fine taste may drink its fill.—
To FLORENCE fly—
O, no ! for ever shun her tempting skies,
For there, if right I ween, the Maid INDIFFE-
RENCE dies !

ANNA MATILDA.
