

great debt we owe,
God has lent,
canst not show,
ne heart is rent,
bosom glow,
OUR, I REPENT!" (1)

ory of the Gypsy Convict, is very
wonderfully represented. It is written
, and shows Mr. Crabbe to have
pity and horror." — JEFFREY.]

W O M A N !

MR. LEDYARD, AS QUOTED BY MUNGO PARKE IN HIS TRAVELS
INTO AFRICA —

" To a Woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and
" friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was
" hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like Men, to
" perform a generous action : in so free and kind a manner did they
" contribute to my relief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught ;
" and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white :
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal :
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow ;
From all her stores, she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope re-flow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

“ What though so pale his haggard face,
 “ So sunk and sad his looks,”—she cries ;
 “ And far unlike our nobler race,
 “ With crisp'd locks and rolling eyes ;
 “ Yet misery marks him of our kind .
 “ We see him lost, alone, afraid ;
 “ And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
 “ Pronounce him man, and ask our aid

“ Perhaps in some far-distant shore,
 “ There are who in these forms delight ;
 “ Whose milky features please them more,
 “ Than ours of jet thus burnish'd bright ;
 “ Of such may be his weeping wife,
 “ Such children for their sire may call,
 “ And if we spare his ebbing life,
 “ Our kindness may preserve them all.”

Thus her compassion Woman shows,
 Beneath the line her acts are these ;
 Nor the wide waste of Lapland-snows
 Can her warm flow of pity freeze :—
 “ From some sad land the stranger comes,
 “ Where joys like ours are never found ;
 “ Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
 “ Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

“ 'T is good the fainting soul to cheer,
 “ To see the famish'd stranger fed ;
 “ To milk for him the mother-deer,
 “ To smooth for him the furry bed.

⁽¹⁾ [In Mr. C.
“ Woman,” the

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n for their sire may call,
e his ebbing life,
, may preserve them all."

" The powers above our Lapland bless
" With good no other people know;
" T' enlarge the joys that we possess,
" By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In Woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;

'T is hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear:
To Woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe, and age they cheer.(1)

Woman shows,
Her acts are these;
• Lapland-snows
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(1) [In Mr. Crabbe's note-book, which contains the original draught. "Woman," there occur also the following stanzas: —

A weary Traveller walk'd his way,
With grief and want and pain oppress'd:
His looks were sad, his locks were grey:
He sought for food, he sigh'd for rest.
A wealthy grazier pass'd — " Attend,"
The sufferer cried — " some aid allow: " —
" Thou art not of my parish, Friend;
Nor am I in mine office now."