
[In the following Correspondence, which has occasioned much notice, it has been suggested that there has been some collusion;---ANNA MATILDA, therefore, declares that tho' she has lately guessed at DELLA CRUSCA, she is yet uncertain as to his name and rank, and she is persuaded that he cannot have the most distant idea of her's.

The beautiful lines of the ADIEU AND RECALL struck her so forcibly, that without rising from the table at which she read, she answered them. DELLA CRUSCA's elegant Reply surprised her into another, and thus the Correspondence most unexpectedly became settled. ANNA MATILDA's share in it has little to boast; but she has one claim of which she is proud---That of having been the first to point out the excellence of Della Crusca; if there can be merit in discerning what is so very obvious.]

THE
ADIEU AND RECALL

TO
LOVE.

Go, idle Boy! I quit thy pow'r;
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r;
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien;
The feign'd surprize, the roguish leer,
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,
So fare thee well, for I am free!

Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,
Or take thy bev'rage from the rose,
Or on *Louisa's* breast repose :
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
Yet bless the hour, I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray;
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;
No rapture swells the linnets' voice,
No more the vocal groves rejoice ;
And e'en thy song, *sweet Bird of Eve!*
With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
Now scarce regarded meets my ear,
Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.
No more with devious step I choose
To brush the mountain's morning dews ;
To drink the spirit of the breeze,
Or wander midst o'er-arching trees ;
Or woo with undisturb'd delight,
The pale-cheek'd Virgin of the Night,
That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,
Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.
Alas! is all this boasted ease,
To lose each warm desire to please,
No sweet solicitude to know
For others bliss, for others woe,

A frozen apathy to find,
A sad vacuity of mind ?
O hasten back, then, idle Boy,
And with thine anguish bring thy joy !
Return with all thy torments here,
And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.
O rend my heart with ev'ry pain !
But let me, let me love again.

DELLA CRUSCA.
