

For  
The Honorable Douglas Kimball  
from his sincere, obliged friend  
The Author.

LESSONS FOR LOVERS.

LESSONS FOR LOVERS,

IN

SEVERAL POEMS.

BY

A HYPOCHONDRIAC, AN UNHAPPY YOUNG LADY,

AND

AN ELDERLY GENTLEWOMAN

Of considerable Experience.

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THE LIFE AND CONFESSIONS

OF

A Hypochondriac.

A POEM, IN SIX BOOKS.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

“ J'ai vu mes tristes journées  
Decliner vers leur penchant ;  
Au midi de mes années,  
Je touchais à mon couchant :  
La Mort deployant ses ailes,  
Couvraient d'ombres éternelles  
La clarté dont je jouis ;  
Et dans cette nuit funeste  
Je cherchais en vain la reste  
De mes jours évanouis.”—*J. B. Rousseau.*

## FRAGMENTS,

FOUND IN THE PORTFOLIO OF

## A YOUNG LADY,

WHOSE BODY WAS DISCOVERED AT THE FOOT OF ONE OF THE  
LOFTIEST CRAGS IN CUMBERLAND.\*

O now, I love, how much, how well,  
Few save myself can ever tell !  
For men themselves must limners be,  
The thorough worth of art, to see ;  
Nor can the common breasts of steel,  
Imagine bliss, they ne'er can feel.—

\* In the following Fragments, the reader must not expect to find a *Story* ;—if they possess any interest, it is derived from their unreserved display of the influence of love, on the mind, and actions, of an enthusiastic and impassioned female.

EDITOR.

Thou source, and end of all my fears,  
Of all my joys, and all my tears,  
For thee, to meet both wo, and shame,  
To me, is glory, bliss, and fame!  
The world below, the world above,  
I deem no sacrifice to love,  
But wish my loss could greater be,  
That I might lose e'en more for thee!

\* \* \* \*

*Malvern.*

No sensual beings who delight,  
To glut a vicious appetite ;  
No wretches overlaid with wealth,  
With spirits broken as their health ;  
No pamper'd citizen who drowns,  
All feeling in the whirl of towns,  
Can feel the passion deep, and true,  
That those who live 'midst nature do.



And when he thinks I've dar'd to prove  
This suff'ring to regain his love,

O then he will relent?—

Oh no, oh no, he is not one,  
Who can with monster feelings, shun  
The wretch he has himself undone—

He will, he will repent!

And when in rapturous embrace,  
I press on his, my marble face,  
Bedew him even with my tears,  
And tell him all my hopes, and fears,  
He'll melt before a love so true,  
Unless his heart be marble too!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* "By all my days, and nights of wo,  
By all thy pleasures here below,

\* This, and the remaining Fragments, denoting too plainly the insane state of the writer, were found written on her tablets, on the summit of the rock, from which the unfortunate precipitated herself.—EDITOR.