

To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,  
 And Edward, stern in fable mail,  
 Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,  
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome;

O ever to sweet poesie,

Let me live true votary!

She shall lead me by the hand,

Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!

She from her precious stores shall shed

Ambrosial flowrets o'er my head:

She, from my tender youthful cheek

Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,

The secret and unpitied tear,

Which still I drop in darkness drear.

She shall be my blooming bride,

With her, as years successive glide,

I'll hold divinest dalliance,

For ever held in holy trance.



# TRUE BEAUTY.

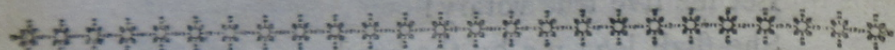
BY DR. FORDYCE.

**T**HE diamond's and the ruby's blaze  
 Disputes the palm with Beauty's queen:  
 Not Beauty's queen commands such praise,  
 Devoid of virtue if she's seen.

But



But the soft tear in Pity's eye  
 Outshines the diamond's brightest beams;  
 But the sweet blush of Modesty  
 More beauteous than the ruby seems.



## ARISTOTLE'S PÆAN TO VIRTUE IMITATED.

BY MR. SHEPHERD.

**V**IRTUE, stern Tutress, hail!  
 Hail thou, whose guidance trains  
 In life's rough paths the delegated youth;  
 Each thought, each enterprising deed arraigns  
 At the tribunal of impartial Truth:  
 What charms attractive grace thy modest mien,  
 Or in Religion's snow-white veil,  
 Or unstain'd robes of Honour drest;  
 Thy eye how bold, yet mild; how rigid, yet serene!  
 Thine, virgin, was the genial fire  
 That glow'd in each heroic breast;  
 And prompted to aspire,  
 On Merit's field to win an honour'd name  
 In the bright annals of distinguish'd fame:

Bade