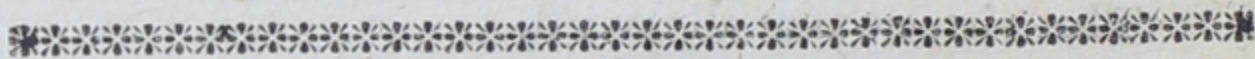


Yet this is all that virtue brags,
 At best 'tis only worth in rags.
 Such whims my very heart derides,
 Indeed you make me burst my fides.
 Trust me Miss Bee—to speak the truth,
 I've copyed men from earliest youth;
 The same our taste, the same our school,
 Passion and appetite our rule.
 And call me bird, or call me sinner,
 I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
 And wide expands her amber eyes:
 Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
 She wags her tail, protends her paws;
 Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
 She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus in her cruelty and pride,
 The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.



O D E on a S T O R M.

WITH gallant pomp, and beauteous pride
 The floating pile in harbour rode,
 Proud of her freight, the swelling tide
 Reluctant left the vessel's side,
 And rais'd it as she flow'd.

The

The waves with Eastern breezes curl'd,
 Had silver'd half the liquid plain ;
 The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,
 Serenely mov'd the wooden world,
 And stretch'd along the main.

The scaly natives of the deep
 Prefs to admire the vast machine,
 In sporting gambols round it leap,
 Or swimming low, due distance keep,
 In homage to their queen.

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale
 Pretended friendship waits on pow'r,
 But early quits the borrow'd veil
 When adverse Fortune shifts the fail,
 And hastens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,
 Danger can multiply its form ;
 Expos'd we fly like Jonas still,
 And heaven, when 'tis heaven's will,
 O'ertakes us in a storm.

The distant surges foamy white
 Foretel the furious blast ;
 Dreadful, tho' distant was the sight,
 Confed'rate winds and waves unite,
 And menace ev'ry mast.

Winds whistling thro' the shrouds, proclaim
 A fatal harvest on the deck,
 Quick in pursuit as active flame,
 Too soon the rolling ruin came,
 And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus, Adam smil'd with new-born grace,
 Life's flame inspir'd by heav'nly breath;
 Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,
 Disorders Nature's beauteous face,
 And spreads disease and death.

Stripp'd of her pride the vessel rolls,
 And as by sympathy she knew
 The secret anguish of our souls,
 With inward deeper groans condoles
 The danger of her crew.

Now what avails it to be brave,
 On liquid precipices hung?
 Suspended on a breaking wave,
 Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,
 And silenc'd ev'ry tongue.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,
 And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,
 Stunn'd she forgot awhile to reel,
 And felt almost, or seem'd to feel
 A momentary lull.

Thus

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,
 Nor light, nor comfort found us there,
 Lost in the gulph and floods of spray
 No sun to chear us, nor a ray
 Of hope, but all despair.

The nearer shore, the more despair,
 While certain ruin waits on land ;
 Should we pursue our wishes there,
 Soon we recant the fatal pray'r,
 And strive to shun the strand.

At length, the Being whose behest
 Reduc'd this Chaos into form,
 His goodness and his pow'r express'd,
 He spoke — and, as a God, suppress'd
 Our troubles, and the storm.



I S A I A H XXXIV.

COME near, ye nations! and give ear, O earth!
 Ye distant isles, and continents remote,
 Where-e'er dispers'd beneath the vast expanse
 Of heav'n's high roof, attend! Attend, and hear
 Your doom tremendous ratify'd above,
 Sad retribution of enormous guilt,