

Minions of power, and worshippers of gain,
To save from bigotry its destin'd prey,
And shield three nations from tyrannic
 sway."

The fond affection which was
cherished between Lord and Lady
Russel, is highly characterized in the
parting address to her Ladyship.

"O! my lov'd Rachel! all accomplish'd
 fair!

Source of my joy, and soother of my care!
Whose heavenly virtues and unfading
 charms,

Have bless'd, through happy years, my
 peaceful arms!

Parting with thee, into my cup was thrown
Its harshest dregs, else had not forc'd a
 groan!

But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd
 their last—

And now—the bitterness of death is past."

There were several other pieces
of considerable merit by Mr. Can-
ning. He was a gentleman of talent,
and no doubt would have distinguish-
ed himself as such; but he died soon
after he was called to the bar, and
before an opportunity was afforded.
His remains were interred in Mary-
le-Bone new burying ground; and
the following inscription written by
his accomplished widow, is engraved
on his tomb:—

"Thy virtue and my woe no words can
 tell!

Therefore a little while, my George, fare-
 well!

For faith and love like ours, Heaven has
 in store

Its last, best gift—to meet and part no
 more."

The Right Honourable George
Canning who was born a short
time previous to the death of
his father, was put under the pro-
tection of an uncle, a respectable
merchant in London. He was sent
to Eton School, where he speedily
distinguished himself, and continuing
to improve by such rapid and brilliant
successes, that at the age of fifteen he
was one of the senior scholars.

A work supported chiefly by the
scholars was published in weekly
numbers, and entitled "*The Micro-
cosm*;" the first number of which
was issued from the press on the 6th
November, 1786. The second num-
ber contained twelve articles all writ-
ten by Mr. Canning, then only fifteen
years of age. He was at that early
period of his life, much attached to
the cause of the Greeks; which at-
tachment is forcibly and beautifully
characterized in the following poem,
on

THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

Unrivall'd Greece! thou ever honour'd name,
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
Though now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown,
Yet still shall memory with reverted eye
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.

Thee freedom cherish'd once with fostering hand,
And breath'd undaunted valour through the land,
Here the stern spirit of the Spartan soil,
The child of poverty, inur'd to toil.

Here lov'd by Pallas and the sacred nine,
Once did fair Athens' tow'ring glories shine.
To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield,
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,

The conqu'ring standard's glitt'ring glories near,
And join the mad'ning battle's loud career.

How skill'd the Greeks; confess what Persians slain
Were strew'd on Marathon's ensanguin'd plain;
When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.

What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
And sealed the Grecian freedom with his blood.

Witness Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod,
How spoke a Hero, and how mov'd a God!
The rush of nations could alone sustain,