

See how the globes, that sail the heav'n,
Around in rapid eddies driven,
Are hast'ning to their doom;
Time rushes to Eternity,
Eager in his embrace to die,
His parent and his tomb.

Though we in these low vales were born,
Yet these low vales our souls should scorn,
And to the heav'n's should rise;
So the larks, hatch'd on clods of earth,
Disdain their mean inglorious birth,
And tow'r unto the skies,

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

DOWN to the vale of life I tend,
Where hoary age creeps slowly on:
And with the burd'ning thought I bend,
That youth and all its joys are gone!

Successive years have roll'd away
In fancied views of future bliss:
But—'twere the phantoms of a day—
And all *that* future dies in *this*.

Now with a retrospective eye,
I look far back to early life,
When Hymen promis'd to supply
My highest wishes in—a wife.

I waited, hop'd, and trusted still
That time would bring th' expected
day:
But never happily to my will,
Did fortune throw it in my way.

Too nice, too wise, too proud was I,
To wed as taught by nature's rule;
The world was still to chuse for me—
And I—the condescending fool.

Hence are my days a barren round
Of trifling hopes, and idle fears:
For life, true life, is only found
In social joys, and social tears.

Let moping monks, and rambling rakes,
The joys of wedded love deride:
Their manners rise from gross mistakes,
Unbridled lust, or gloomy pride.

Thy sacred sweets, connubial love,
Flow from affection more refin'd;
Affections sacred to the dove,
Heroic, constant, warm and kind.

Hail, holy flame! hail, sacred eye!
That binds two gentle souls in one!—

On equal wings their troubles fly,
In equal streams their pleasures run.

Their duties still their pleasures bring;
Hence joys in swift succession come;
A queen is she, and he's a king,
And their dominion is—their home.

Happy the youth who finds a bride
In sprightly days of health and ease:
Whose temper to his own allied,
No knowledge seeks but how to please.

A thousand sweets their days attend!
A thousand comforts rise around!
Here husband, parent, wife, and friend,
In every dearest sense is found.

Yet think not, man, 'midst scenes so gay,
That clouds and storms will never rise;
A cloud may dim the brightest day,
And storms disturb the calmest skies.

But still their bliss shall stand its ground;
Nor shall their comforts hence remove:
Bitters are oft salubrious sound,
And lovers quarrels heighten love.

The lights, and shades, and goods, and
ills,
Thus finely blended in their fate,
To sweet submission bow their wills,
And make them happy in their state.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION,

A FABLE.

REPULSION to Attraction cry'd,
'Why do you draw me thus aside?'
Attraction answered in a crack,
'If I pull this way, you pull back;
Both are endued with equal might,
To keep the equilibrio right.
Shou'd you Repulsion, push too hard,
The universe would soon be marr'd;
And I, to quit my destin'd law,
Shou'd soon the world to ruin draw;
Then ne'er to join in friendship chase,
'Tis opposition keeps us safe.'
Thus in a nation parties view,
Some *this*, and others *that* pursue;
The quarrel has a good effect,
For it *these* cheat us, *those* detect;
But should they leagues of friendship
strike,

Why then they'd all be rogues alike.