

The lingering hours prolong the night,
 Usurping darkness shares the day;
 Her mists restrain the force of light,
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-top'd cot, the frozen rill,

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd impetuous showers descend;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouze, rouze, the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
 Nor music charm tho' Stella sings;
 Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short summer—man a flower,
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

MENTAL BEAUTY.

By FITZGERALD.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
 From faces heav'nly fair,
 We to the lily and the rose
 With semblance apt compare:

With semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
 How soon they all decay!
 The lily drops, the rose is gone,
 And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines, confess,
 With sweet discretion join'd;
 When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
 And wisdom guides the mind;

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire

Thy person to approve,
 They kindle generous chaste desire,
 And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
 These graces shall endure;
 Still, like the passion they create,
 Eternal, constant, pure.

THE WISE MAN'S WISH.

BY THE SAME.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me:
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent
 I'll justly and gratefully prize,
 Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Unenvy'd, I'll challenge my part;
 For every fair object my eye can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife

The many their labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

V E R S E S.

Sent by a Gentleman to his Lady with a
 Present of a Knife.

A Knife, dear girl, cuts love, they say;
 Mere modish love, perhaps, it may:
 For any tool of any kind,
 Can separate what was never join'd.
 The knife that cuts our love in two
 Will have much tougher work to do

Must