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For still the public must be soothed by song,
However weak or foolish, right or wrong.

PETER PINDAR.

Et Venus in sylvis jungat corporis amantum. LUCRETIUS.

'Twas thus in woods and wilds the lovers met.

Tunc dolor et cura rugaque frontis abest.

OVID.

Let wrinkled care begone, to us belong,
Youth, beauty, music, wine, and dance and song:

Non exornatores rerum, sed tantummodo narratores fuerunt.

CICERO.

Here whilst all sorts of matters we narrate,
Nought we extenuate or exaggerate.

Being in arrear with some of my poetical friends, I begin with their verses. The first that I lay my hands on, is contained in the following letter.

MR. MACCULLOH,

As you goodnaturedly enough favoured my second attempt towards immortalizing the girl of my heart, I immediately bestirred myself to make a third trial. So away I went to my scribbling materials, and began again

TO MISS B***—

Propitious muse, since thou hast once been kind,
O, ease again my sad love-burden'd mind!
And may thy numbers yet more sweetly flow,
To tell my love the cause of all my woe.—

Thus far I had got along tolerably well, when I was interrupted by a black-eyed young lass, who