

Seizes his fated prey with horrid grin,
 And whistles while his knife he plunges
 in.
 Nell, who the scene beheld, with piteous
 look
 And shrugg'd up shoulders, thus her feel-
 ings spoke:
 'The barbarous wretch, thus unprovok'd,
 to spill
 The blood of a poor lamb that ne'er did
 ill.
 See how the little creature pants for life,
 The murderer's jaws clasping the reeking
 knife.
 To do a deed like this, were I to gain
 The universe—ev'n such a bribe were
 vain.
 Thus Nell, with tenderness, exclaims and
 feels,
 While all the time, good soul, she skins live
 eels.

DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

[From the World.]

O Fortune! how strangely thy gifts are
 awarded!
 How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is
 recorded,
 Since the wise, great, and good, of thy
 frowns seldom 'scape any,
 Witness poor Belisarius, who begg'd for
 a ha'penny.

Date obolum, Date obolum,
 Date obolum Belisario.

He, whose fame for true valour was spread
 far and wide, Sir,
 And whom none, but his country, true
 praise e'er deny'd, Sir;
 By his poor faithful dog, was thro' Rome's
 city led, Sir,
 With one foot in the grave, was forc'd to
 beg for his bread, Sir.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

As a young Roman Knight was by chance
 passing by, Sir,
 The old Soldier's appearance, at once
 caught his eye, Sir,
 And his purse, in his helmet, he dropt
 with a tear, Sir,
 While the veteran's sad story attracted his
 ear, Sir.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'I have fought, I have bled, I have con-
 quer'd for Rome, Sir,
 I have crown'd her with laurels, which
 for ages will bloom, Sir:

From her foes harsh dominion, I have
 rais'd to her to power;
 I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my
 dower.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'I no soldiers e'er risqu'd, by attacking at
 random,
 Or victory insured with a '*nil desperan-
 dum*;
 But whenever I fought, I made both friend
 and foe know,
 That all my design was, '*pro publico bene.*'
 Date obolum, &c. &c.

'I no colonies lost, by attempts to en-
 slave 'em,
 Or of Romans' free rights, ever strove to
 bereave 'em;
 Or to bow down their necks, to my pride
 or my pleasure,
 Have an empire divided, or wasted its
 treasure.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'Nor yet to enrich or ennoble myself, Sir,
 Has my glory been tarnish'd by base views
 of self, Sir;
 For such sordid designs I've so far been
 from carving,
 Blind and old, I've no chance, but of beg-
 ging or starving.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'Now if Hero, or Statesman, should hear
 this relation,
 Whose deeds have still been for the good
 of his nation;
 Who, tho' feeble and blind, should like
 me grope his way, Sir,
 The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn
 night to day, Sir.

Date obolum, &c. &c.

'But if wanting that light, at the close of
 of life's spark, Sir,
 He at length comes to take the great leap
 in the dark, Sir;
 He may wish, while his friends wring their
 hands round his bed, Sir,
 That, like poor Belisarius, he'd begg'd for
 his bread, Sir.

Date obolum Belisario.

A BALLAD.

TO please me the more, and to change
 the dull scene,
 My swain took me oft to the sports on the
 green;

And