

No step between submission and a grave !
 The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain ?
 And doth the Power that man adores ordain
 Their doom nor heed the suppliant's appeal ?
 Is all that desperate valour acts in vain ?
 And counsel sage and patriotic zeal,
 The veteran's skill, youth's fire, and man-
 hood's heart of steel ?

The time fixed was ten minutes ;
 but before that had passed, Bogert
 had composed the following :

Lovely and loved, o'er the unconquered
 brave,
 Your charms resistless, matchless girl, shall
 reign !
 Dear as the mother holds her infant's grave
 In love's own region, warm, romantic Spain !
 And should your fate to courts your steps
 ordain,
 Kings would in vain to regal pomp appeal,
 And lordly bishops kneel to you in vain,
 Nor valour's fire, nor law's power, nor
 Churchman's zeal
 Endure 'gainst love's (time's up) untarnished
 steel.

It is a common thing to string to-
 gether an almost interminable number
 of words ending in *ation*, as in the fol-
 lowing supposed epistles :

MADAM :

Most worthy of estimation, after long con-
 sideration
 And much meditation, of your great reputa-
 tion,
 You possess my admiration, and if such ob-
 lavation
 Is worthy of observation, and can obtain con-
 sideration,
 It will be aggrandization beyond all calcula-
 tion,
 To the joy and exultation
 Of yours, SANS DISSIMULATION.

SIR :

I perused your oration, with much delibera-
 tion,
 And a little consternation, at the great in-
 fatuation
 Of your weak imagination to show such ven-
 eration
 On so light a foundation ; but after examina-
 tion
 And serious contemplation, I suppose your
 animation
 Was the fruit of recreation, and had sprung
 from ostentation
 To display your education by odd enumera-
 tion,

Or rather multiplication, of words of the
 same termination,
 Though of great variation in each respective
 signification.
 Not without disputation, your laborious ap-
 plication
 To so tedious an occupation, deserves com-
 mendation,
 And thinking imitation a sufficient gratifica-
 tion,
 I am, without hesitation,
 Yours, MARY MODERATION.

Another has written a poem on
 Night, with several lines on one syl-
 lable, commencing :

Light
 Fades,
 Night
 Shades
 Appalling
 Are falling.

Southey's " Cataract of Lodore " is
 a wonder of rhyme. The original
 idea of that poem was probably taken
 from some lines in Garnett's " Tour
 of Scotland," which are stated to have
 been found in an album kept at the
 inn at Lanark, as follows :

What fools are mankind,
 And how strangely inclined
 To come from all places
 With horses and chaises,
 By day and by dark,
 To the Falls of Lanark !
 For, good people, after all,
 What is a waterfall ?

(The question might receive a
 somewhat different reply at the pre-
 sent day than the poet gives.)

It comes roaring and grumbling,
 And leaping and tumbling,
 And hopping and skipping,
 And foaming and dripping,
 And struggling and toiling,
 And bubbling and boiling,
 And beating and jumping,
 And bellowing and thumping,
 I have much more to say upon
 Both Lime and Bonniton ;
 But the trunks are tied on,
 And I must be gone.

In Rogers' " Table Talk," it is said
 that Porson was very fond of repeat-
 ing these lines. One of the most