

' Pray now make room—I'm old and
 weak—but I
 ' Would needs crawl out, to see my
 King come by
 ' And then—I'll totter home content,
 and die.'

' Chearly old boy, cries Heart of Oak—
 that's right,
 ' Kcep it up merry heart!—we'll all drink,
 fight,
 ' Push, jostle, squeeze our souls out—any
 thing—
 ' In honour of our good and gracious King;
 ' Roar away messmates, strike up now or
 never;
 ' Long live the King, May the King live
 for ever.'

ODE TO SOCIETY.

By Mrs. Piozzi.

SOCIETY! gregarious dame!
 Who knows thy favour'd haunts to
 name?

Whether at Paris you prepare
 The supper and the chat to share,
 While fix'd in artificial row,
 Laughter displays its teeth of snow:
 Grimace with raillery rejoices,
 And song of many mingled voices,
 Till young Coquetry's artful wile
 Some foreign novice shall beguile,
 Who home return'd, still prates of thee,
 Light, flippant, French Society.

Or whether, with your zone unbound,
 You ramble gaudy Venice round,
 Resolv'd th' inviting sweets to prove,
 Of friendship warm, and willing love;
 Where softly roll the obedient seas,
 Sacred to luxury and ease,
 In coffee-house or casino gay
 Till the too quick return of day,
 Th' enchanted votary who sighs
 For sentiments without disguise,
 Clear, unaffected, fond, and free,
 In Venice finds Society.

Or if to wiser Britain led,
 Your vagrant feet desire to tread
 With measur'd step and anxious care,
 The precincts pure of Portman-square;
 While wit with elegance combin'd,
 And polish'd manners there you'll find;
 The taste correct—and fertile mind:
 Remember Vigilance lurks near,
 And Silence with unnoticed sneer,
 Who watches but to tell again
 Your foibles with to-morrow's pen;

Till titt'ring malice smiles to see
 Your wonder—grave Society.

Far from your busy crowded court,
 Tranquillity makes her report;
 Where 'mid cold Staffa's columns rude,
 Reside majestic Solitude;
 Or where in some sad Brachman's cell,
 Meek Innocence delights to dwell,
 Weeping with unexperienc'd eye,
 The death of a departed fly:
 Or in *Hesperia's* heights sublime,
 Where Science self might fear to climb,
 But that she seeks a smile from thee,
 And wooes thy praise, Society.

Thence let me view the plains below,
 From rough St. Julian's rugged brow;
 Hear the loud torrent's swift descending,
 Or mark the beautiful rainbow bending,
 Till Heaven regains its favourite hue,
 Æther divine! celestial blue!
 Then bosom'd high in myrtle bower,
 View letter'd Pisa's pendent tower;
 The sea's wide scene, the port's loud
 throng,

Of rude and gentle, right and wrong;
 A motley group which yet agree
 To call themselves Society.

Oh! thou still sought by Wealth and Fame,
 Dispenser of applause and blame,
 While Flattery ever at thy side,
 With Slander can thy smiles divide;
 Far from thy haunts, oh! let me stray,
 But grant one friend to cheer my way,
 Whose converse bland, whose muse's art
 May cheer my soul, and heal my heart:
 Let soft Content our steps pursue,
 And bliss eternal bound our view:
 Pow'r I'll resign, and pomp, and glee,
 Thy best-lov'd sweets—Society.

VERSES ON WINTER.

[From Poems, moral and entertaining. By
 Miss Lewis.]

EACH joyous season's past and fled,
 With all their varied charms,
 Their wither'd beauties now lie dead,
 In Winter's frozen arms.

II.

Declining Phœbus feeble ray,
 His faint and sickly beams,
 Scarce cheer the short and darksome day,
 With kind enlivening gleams.

III.