

LINES ON THE LATE QUEEN.

Not the solemn tribunal of Judges and Peers,
 Nor the mask of deception that perjury wears,
 Or the crimes her traducers had heap'd on her name,
 Could mantle her cheek with the blushes of shame.
 Supported by Truth, and with Innocence arm'd,
 No falsehoods appall'd no dangers alarm'd,
 To the hearts of her subjects she made her appeal,
 Whose attachment has prov'd what the Briton can feel.
 And where will that stercor bosom be found,
 That slumbers regardless of *Calumny's* wound;
 Go! seek it where slavery forges her spell,
 For with Liberty's children it never can dwell.
 Ah! vainly did friendship essay to impart
 A cure for that sorrow, a balm for its smart,
 Too subtle the venom, too deadly the sting,
 That poison'd contentment by tainting its spring.
 Alas! royal victim! how brief was thy doom;
 How short was the passage that led to thy tomb;
 An example ye Britons behold in your Queen,
 Her conduct was upright, her death was serene,
 Tho' the victim of malice her foes she forgave,
 In the name of that Saviour who suffer'd to save.
 Oh! can ye forget when your Monarch expir'd
 The deep silent sorrow his memory inspir'd,
 The mournful procession that followed his bier,
 The heart rending sigh, and the eloquent tear.
 On your Queen the same tributes of grief were bestow'd,
 For her the same tears of affliction have flow'd,
 Tho' in far distant realms her remains shall consume
 The future historian will hallow her tomb.

E. G. B.

EPIGRAM.

'By Jove,' cried Ned, 'young Chloe glows
 'Resplendent as the *Moon*!
 'Her coral lip much beauty shews;
 'Her cheek the boasted rose o'erthrows;
 'A kiss!—a precious boon!—'
 'Good!—d,' quoth Tom apart, 'what stuff!
 'Yet rightly he divines;
 'Her lips and cheeks with paint are rough!
 'Yes—as the *Moon*—'tis plain enough!
 'In borrowed light she shines!'

LEIS.