

POETRY.

THE ORPHANS.

My chaise the village Inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipt with resplendent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That mould'ring round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave shew'd
Where want and pain and toil did rest;
And many a flatt'ring stone I view'd,
O'er those who once had wealth possess'd.

A faded beach its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept:
On which, tho' scarce with grass o'er grown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seem'd inclined to take;
And yet they look'd so much a prey,
To want, it made my heart to ache.

My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear;
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a heart would cheer.

The little boy, in accents sweet,
Replied, whilst tears each other chas'd,
"Lady, we've not enough to eat,
' And if we had, we would not waste."

"But sister Mary's naughty grown,
' And will not eat what'er I say,
' Though sure I am the bread's her own,
' And she has tasted none to day."

"Indeed (the wan starv'd Mary said)
' Till Henry eats I'll eat no more;
' For yesterday I got some bread;
' He's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as tho' deprived of speech—
Isilent sat upon the grave,
And press'd a clay-clod hand of each.

With looks that told a tale of woe,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shiv'ring boy did nearer draw,
And thus their tale of woe impart.—

"Before my father went away,
' Entic'd by bad men o'er the sea,
' Sister and I did nought but play—
' We liv'd beside yon great ash tree."

"And then poor mother did so cry,
' And look'd so chang'd, I cannot tell,
' She told us that she soon should die,
' And bad us love each other well."

"She said that when the war is o'er,
' Perhaps we might our father see;
' But if we never saw him more,
' That God our father then would be."

"She kiss'd us both, and then she died,
' And we no more a mother have—

' Here many a day we sat and cried
' Together on poor mother's grave.

' But when our father came not here,
' I thought if we could find the sea,
' We should be sure to meet him there,
' And once again might happy be.

' We hand and hand went many a mile,
' And ask'd our way of all we met,
' And some did sigh, and some did smile,
' And we of some did victuals get.

' But when we reach'd the sea, and found,
' 'Twas one great water round us spread,
' We thought that father must be drown'd,
' And cried and wish'd us both were dead.

' So we return'd to mother's grave,
' And only long with her to be!

' For Goody, when this bread she gave,
' Said father died beyond the sea.

' Then since no parents have we here,
' We'll go and seek for God around,
' Lady, pray can you tell us where
' That God, our father, may be found.

' He lives in Heaven, mother said,
' And Goody says that mother's there;
' So if she thinks we want his aid,
' I think, perhaps, she'll send him here."

I clasp'd the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, come both and live with me—
I'll clothe ye, feed ye, give ye rest,
And will a second mother be.

And God will be your father still.
'Twas he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer.

VARIETIES.

HONOUR.

At Madrid, Signor, Alvarez and Don Lopez, two Spanish gentlemen, happened in a public place to enter into a warm dispute; one hot word produced a hotter, and contradictions begot one another like Jews. Signor A., finding his blood grow hot, thought the readiest way to cool it was to let out some of Don Lopez's; accordingly he caught up something and broke his head. On this the debate ended; and instead of urging his argument any farther, drew his sword, which example was followed by the whole company. The two disputants put themselves into a posture of defence, and began a treaty sword in hand. On this their friends found, that on a proper mediation a peace might be concluded, if they could hit on an expedient to adjust some punctilios of honor. They disarmed the two antagonists, and leaving them under the care of two or three friends, the rest retired to argue the point. Many salvos and punctilios were found out, yet none satisfactory in the judgment of their mutual friends; this would too much derogate from the honour of Alvarez, that was not equivalent to the affront Don Lopez had received;

at last Signor Carmillo told the company, that a short memory was no more a reflection on a man of honor than a man of wit; therefore, if their two friends would forget all that was past, the thing was at once adjusted. The proposal was universally applauded, and two persons despatched to whisper it separately to the parties concerned, which they immediately came into; upon this, Lopez and Alvarez were sent for in, and they entered hand in hand, smiling on each other. Alvarez, addressing himself to Camillo, said it had been reported he had struck Don Lopez on the head; but he came there to do himself and the brave Don, justice, declaring upon his honor he remembered no such accident. "And you may depend on it," cried Lopez, "if I had remembered any such thing, which, if true, I could never have forgot, I would have righted myself before now with the blood of my adversary; but Signor Alvarez is my very worthy friend and a man of honor." By this punctilio their lives were saved, and their courage and memory set on an equality.

NINE PINS.—The Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine members every Parliament, who were facetiously called, "Lord Lonsdale's nine pins." One of the members thus designated having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House long and continued cheers. Mr. Fox entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering? "O, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked down one of Lonsdale's nine pins."

DRUNKENNESS.—What is it that saps the morals of youth, kills the germ of generous ambition—desolates the domestic hearth—renders families fatherless—dishonoured graves? Drunkenness. What makes a man shunned by the relatives who loved him—contemned by the contemporaries who outstripped him—reviled by the very wretches who betrayed him? Drunkenness. What fills asylums with lunatics—crowds ponds and rivers with suicides—our jails with thieves and murderers?—The same destructive vice. He who by precept, whether oral or written, shall succeed in rendering drunkenness detestable, and sobriety an unviolated virtue throughout the land, will confer on the humbler classes of society a boon beyond all price.

Let not adversity tear off the wings of hope, neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

Printed every Friday, by James Bowes, Merchant's Lane.