

M'animent, donnent à mes sens  
 Le pouvoir de former les plus tendres accens ;  
 S..... et C..... ; font la métamorphose  
 Dirai-je par quel art ; c'est pour moi lettre close,  
 Je les vois et je les entends,  
 Parcourant quelquefois des sentiers différens,  
 De l'amitié chanter les charmes,  
 Avec tant de grâces et des sons si touchans,  
 Que je crois que l'Amour a de moins faibles armes  
 Pour s'emparer des cœurs des rebelles Amans.  
 L'amitié peut donc seule animer mon argile,  
 A croire un tel prodige on sera difficile ;  
 Mais s'il fut autrefois opéré par l'Amour  
 Sachez, mes chers amis, qu'en cet heureux séjour,  
 A l'amitié tout miracle est facile.

[Communicated for insertion by a Subscriber.]

The two following appeared in the Star, in 1795, and were said to be taken from a collection of pieces, in Prose and Verse, (by Shakspeare, Anna Hathaway, &c.) discovered about that time in Wales.

TO THE YERLESS ANNA THE MAGNET OF MY AFFECTIONS.

Not that my native fields I leave,  
 Swells in mine eye the anguish'd tear,  
 Or bids with sighs my sorrow heave ;  
 A wife man's country's every where.

Not that I thus am rudely torn,  
 Far from the Muses haunt I love ;  
 With manly mind this might be borne ;  
 Elsewhere the Muse might friendly prove.

Bur ah ! with thine my vital thread  
 So close is twisted, that to part  
 From thee, or 'er the bridal bed,  
 Was scarcely ta'sted, breaks my heart.

Oh ! would the fatal sifter's steel,  
 Be stretched to cut her work in twain,  
 Witheld ; which defines me to feel,  
 That life thus lengthened is but pain.

But yet awhile her fears be laid,  
 For dying, I would fain recline  
 On Anna's breast, and there be laid,  
 Where Anna's dust might bed with mine.

VERSES TO ANNA HATHAWAY.

Is there in Heaven aught more rare  
 Than, thou, sweet nymph of Avon, fair,  
 Is there on Earth a man more true  
 Than Willy Shakspeare is to you !

Tho' sickle fortune prove unkind,  
 Still doth she leave her wealth behind,  
 She ne'er the heart can form anew,  
 Nor make thy Willy's heart untrue.

Tho' age with wither'd hand doth strike  
 The form inoft fair, the face most bright,  
 Still doth she leave untouched and true,  
 Thy Willy's love and friendship too.

Tho' death, with never failing blow,  
 Doth man and babe alike bring low,  
 Yet doth he take nought but his due,  
 And strikes not Willy's heart still true.

Since then, nor Fortune, Death, nor Age,  
 Can faithful Willy's love assuage,  
 Then do I live and die for you  
 Your Willy sincere and most true.

EPIGRAMS.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a present of Books to Cambridge, by King George the First. 1715.

BY DR. TRAPP.

The King observing, with judicious eyes,  
 The state of both his Universities,  
 To one he sent a regiment ; for why ?  
 That learned body wanted loyalty ;  
 To th' other he sent books, as well discerning  
 How much that loyal bo'ly wanted learning\*.

\* These lines were once repeated to Sir William Browne, who, with extraordinary quickness, answered,

The King to Oxford sent his troop of horse,  
 For Tories own no argument but force.  
 With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,  
 For Whigs allow no force but argument.

EPIGRAMME.

CERTAIN ivrogne, après maint long repas,  
 Tomba malade. Un docteur galénique  
 Fut appelé. Je trouve ici deux cas,  
 Fièvre assurante, et soif plus que cynique.  
 Or Hippocras, tient pour méthode unique  
 Qu'il faut guérir la soif premierement.  
 Lors le sieveux lui dit: Maître Clément,  
 Ce premier point n'est le plus nécessaire :  
 Guérissez moi ma fièvre seulement ;  
 Et pour ma soif, ce fera mon affaire.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, APRIL 1803.

Days.	M's Age.	Weather.	Wds	Barometer.		Thermo.	
				Inches.		Degrees.	
				M.	A.	M.	A.
10		fine		29.6	29.6	31	45
11		hazy		29.3	29.3	42	53
12		fine		29.5	29.5	35	47
13		rain		29.4	29.4	41	40
14	E	fine		29.6	29.6	42	44
15		snow	E	29.7	29.7	30	33
16		bleak	E	29.3	29.7	31	35

☉ N. Moon. ☽ 1st. ♀ 2nd. ☉ P. Moon. ☾ 1st 2.