

actuels continuent leur protection, l'avantage d'une circulation étendue.

Les Messieurs qui ont déjà communiqué au Public, par la voie de ce papier, le fruit de leurs études, ou des papiers intéressants, sont très respectueusement et instamment priés de continuer leurs travaux utiles.

L'Index et la page du Titre du présent volume, seront délivrés sous peu aux Souscripteurs.

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POETRY.

ODE TO FOLLY.

Hail, Goddess of the vacant eye !
To whom my earliest vows were paid,
Whose prattling hush'd my infant cry,
As on thy lap supinely laid
I saw thee shake in sportive mood
Thy tinkling bells and antick hood,
Source of the sweets that never cloy,
Folly, indulgent Parent, hail !
Thine are the charming draughts of joy
That childhood's ruby lips regale :
Thy hands with flowers the goblet crown,
And pour th' ingredients all thy own.
No fiery spirits enter there
To rouse the tingling nerves to pain,
Thy belmy cups, unbought with care,
Swim lightly o'er the tender brain ;
Bland as the milky streams they flow,
Nor leave the pungent dregs of woe.
Gay partner of the school boy band,
Who cha.m'd the starting tear away,
What tho' beneath the pedant's hand
My flaxen head devoted lay,
Oft were my truant footsteps seen
In thy brisk gambols on the green.
Too soon those moments danced away ;
My years to manhood onward drew,
And as my heart began to play,
My listless limbs more languid grew :
For now a thorn disturb'd my rest,
The wish for something unpossessed.
At length with wonted pallimes tired,
Aside the boyish gawd I threw,
But when with expectations fired

I to the world's wide circle flew,
I look'd around with simple stare,
And found thee in broad features there :
There saw thee high in regal seat,
Thy crowded, clamorous orgies hold,
With bounding hands thy cymbals beat,
And wide thy tawdry flag unfold ;
Whilt' thy gay motley liveries shone,
On myriads that begirt thy throne.
The devious path sweet pow'r I join'd,
Thro' fancied fields of bliss we stray'd,
A thousand wonders we design'd,
A thousand idle pranks we play'd ;
Now grasp'd at glory's quivering ray,
And now in Chioe's chains we lay.
But Folly why prolong my verse
To sing the laughter-loving age,
Or what avails it to rehearse
Thy triumphs on the youthful Stage,
Where Wisdom, if she claims a place,
Sits ever with an awkward grace ?
For now, e'en now, in riper years,
Smit with thy many-coloured vest,
Oft I renounce my cautious fears,
And clasp thee to my thoughtless breast ;
Enough that in *Presumption's* mien
Beneath my roof thou ne'er art seen.
That as my harmless course I run,
The world thro' candid lights I view,
And still with generous Pity I hun
The moody, moping, serious crew ;
Since what they fondly, vainly prize,
Is ever, ever to be Wise.

MARCHE'S.

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Beuf en quartier	4d	Pain Blanc de 5d lbs.	6d
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METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, JUNE 1803.

Days.	M's Age.	Weather.	Wds	Barometer.		Thermo.	
				Inches.	Degrees.	M.	A.
26)	cloudy		29.5	29.5	60	75
27		fine		29.3	29.3	66	76
28		thun. sh.w		29.3	29.3	66	76
29		fine		29.4	29.4	61	82
30		fine		29.4	29.4	78	86
1		showers	E	29.3	29.3	67	55
2		fine		29.4		60	

☉ N. Moon. ☽ 1st. Quar. ☉ F. Moon. ☾ last Q.