

Enamoured of the sympathetic clod,
 Leaps the red bridegroom to the labourer's hod,
 And up the ladder bears the workman taught
 To think he bears the bricks—mistaken thought !
 A proof behold—If near the top they find
 The nymphs or broken-cornered or unkind,
 Back to the bottom, leaping with a bound,
 They bear their bleeding carriers to the ground.
 So legends tell, along the lofty hill
 Paced the twin heroes, gallant Jack and Jill ;
 On trudged the Gemini to reach the rail
 That shields the well's top from the expectant pail,
 When ! Jack falls ; and rolling in the rear,
 Jill succumbs to the attraction of his kindred sphere ;
 Head over heels begins his toppling track,
 Throws sympathetic somersets with Jack,
 And at the mountain's base bobs plump against him, whack !

Ye living atoms, who unconscious sit,
 Jumbled by chance in gallery, box and pit,
 For you no Peter opes the fabled door,
 No churlish Charon plies the shadowy oar.
 Breathe but a space, and Boreas' casual sweep
 Shall beat your scattered corpses o'er the deep
 To gorge the greedy elements and mix
 With water, marl and clay, and stones and sticks ;
 While charged with fancied souls, sticks, stones, and clay
 Shall wake your seats, and hiss or clap the play.

Oh happy age ! when convert Christians read
 No sacred writings but the Pagan creed ;
 O happy age ! when, spurning Newton's dreams,
 Our poet's sons recite Lucretian themes,
 Abjure the idle systems of their youth,
 And turn again to atoms and to truth.
 O happier still when England's dauntless dames,
 Aw'd by no chaste alarms, no latent shames,
 The bard's fourth book unblushingly peruse,
 And learn the rampant lesson of the stews !