

Around our table smiles, and drives far off  
Brutal ebriety; profusion yields  
The place to neatness; and th' internal  
sense

Is caterer to th' external. Thus upraised  
By slow degrees from barbarism obscure  
Man gains his elevation. Oh! how blest,  
Could ever-roving fancy be content!  
But always on the wing she strains her  
flight  
In quest of novelty. Hence every thread  
Fine stretch'd before, must still be finer  
drawn.

Our polisht manners turn to frivolous;  
The soul of art neglected, we behold  
The outward shew; unskill'd to compre-  
hend

The large design; on parts minute, on  
toys,

And splendid colourings we doat; reject-  
The strain emphatic, curious of the phrase  
Uncommon, or sonorous period round;  
And music must surprize, not charm the  
heart.

To elegance succeeds the spurlous brood;  
Of soft voluptuousness. Love; holy love,  
The fairest flower life's garden e'er can  
boast,

Falls to the ground, and changeful wan-  
tonness

Rank particolour'd weed springs forth,  
sure bane.

To every virtue. Pity dwindles down  
To mean self love; and seeming generous  
We're but the slaves of vanity. We seek,  
We covet the protracted meal, and still  
Goad, as it palls, our jagged appetite  
With new incentives.

## THE SOLDIER AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

[From 'Subjects for Painters.' By Peter Pindar.]

A SOLDIER at Loretto's wond'rous  
chapel,

To parry from his soul the wrath divine,  
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky ap-  
ple,

Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine;  
Who every day is gorgeously deck'd out,  
In silks or velvets, jewels, great and  
small,

Just like a fine young lady for a rout,  
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the soldier at a distance kept,  
Begging her vote and interest in hea-  
ven—

With seeming bitterness the sinner wept;

Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be  
forgiv'n;

Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary sum-  
mery;

Declar'd what miracles the dame could  
do,

Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her  
shoe,

And such like wonder-working mummery.  
What answer Mary gave the wheedling  
sinner,

Who, nearly, and more nearly, mov'd to  
win her,

The mouth of hist'ry doth not mention,  
And therefore I can't tell but by inven-  
tion.

One day as he was making love and pray-  
ing,

And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,  
And sins so manifold confessing;

He drew, as if to whisper, very near,  
And twitch'd a pretty diamond from her  
ear,

Instead of taking the good lady's  
blessing.

Then off he sat, with nimble shanks,  
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks;

A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,  
Who, to his cost, soon understood

That he was not beyond the claw  
Of that same long-arm'd giant christen'd  
Law.

With horror did his Judges quake—  
As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,

They doom'd him quickly to the stake,  
Such was their devilish pious fury.

However, after calling him hard names,  
They ask'd if ought he had in vindica-  
tion,

To save his wretched body from the flames;  
And sinful soul from terrible damna-  
tion.

The soldier answer'd them with much  
sang-froid,

Which show'd, of sin, a conscience void,  
That if they meant to kill him, they  
might kill;

As for the diamond, which they found a-  
bout him,

He hop'd they would by no means doubt  
him,

That Madam gave it him from pure  
good will.

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury  
pale:

The punishment was for a time defer'd,  
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,

And his infallibility be heard.