

"His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

He to whose designs the world was hardly a sufficient boundary, he who wished to subdue all nations, and make them bend under his despotic yoke, he who wished to be the undisputed monarch of the universe, was at last compelled to inhabit a small island of the Atlantic, and to bid adieu for ever to ambition, and dominion. He who had imposed laws, and was accustomed to place shackles upon others, could not brook to be tied down to the narrow precincts of St. Helena, he sickened, and died, and has left a name tarnished by deeds of rapine, cruelty, injustice, and oppression, with hardly one virtue, by which the future historian, may throw a shade over his many vices.

A. Z.

As the following lines have already appeared in Print in England, and related to facts well known of the printer of this Work, they need no apology for insertion here.

TO MR. CHADWELL,

Author of several popular Essays.—The opponent of Cobbett, Wooler, Sherwin, Hone, Carlile, Pain and other Jacobinical Deistical and Infidel writers of the eighteenth Century.—Late Editor of the Weekly Review.

Say shall the Lyre that Gallia's woes has sung
Be mute and raise the votive strain no more?
Say shall that faithful Lyre remain unstrung
When thou art striving on a distant Shore?

Long has my feeble Muse bestowed her aid
In truth's, in honour's, and in virtue's cause,
Low in the dust the prostrate Gorgon laid,
Foe to religion and my country's Laws.

Shall friendship then, shall kindred hope in vain
Some faithful tribute to thy mem'ry dear
And shall the Gale that waft'd thee o'er the main
No welcome tidings of remembrance bear?

Forbid it every tie that binds mankind,
Each feeling cherish'd in the human breast,
All that cements the warm congenial mind
Whose virtue's glowing image is imprest.

The task was thine to stem seditious tide
That swell'd its billows high against the State;
Thus tempest tost, Rebellion's phantoms' glide,
And foundering meet an unlamented fate.

The foe tho' strong in number and in pow'r
Thy dauntless courage still refused to yield,
Thy valour conquered in the trying hour,
And drove the vet'ran Cobbett from the field