

Coulez désormais, ô beaux jours,
 Coulez dans cette azile que j'habite!
 Que tout retrace à mon âme séduite,
 Un nom si cher à mes amours!
 Que je le baise encore, que je le life
 Au moment de fermer les yeux!
 Et pour dernier bienfait, pour ses derniers adieux,
 Sur mon bûcher que l'amour le redise!

SELECTED:

*Bonheur attaché à la culture d'un Jardin
 champêtre.*

Aux lieux où le Gâlèse en plaines fécondes
 Parmi les blonds épis roule ses noires ondes,
 J'ai vu, je m'en souviens, un vieillard fortuné,
 Possesseur d'un terrain long-temps abandonné.
 C'étoit un sol ingrat, rebelle à la culture,
 Qui n'offroit aux troupeaux qu'une aride verdure,
 Ennemi des raisins et funelle aux moissons:
 Toutefois en ces lieux hérissés de buissons,
 Un parterre de fleurs, quelques plantes heureuses
 Qu'élevaient avec soin ses mains laborieuses,
 Un jardin, un verger dociles à ses loix,
 Lui donnoient le bonheur qui s'enfuit lo'n des rois.
 Le soir des simples mets que ce lieu voyoit naître
 Ses mains chargeoient sans frais une table champêtre:
 Il cueilloit le premier les roses du printemps,
 Le premier de l'automne amassoit les présens;
 Et lorsqu'autour de lui, déchainé sur la terre,
 L'hiver impérieux brisoit encor la pierre,
 D'un frein de glace encore enchaînoit les ruisseaux,
 Lui déjà de l'acante émondoit les rameaux;
 Et du printemps tardif, accusant la paiselle,
 Prévenoit les zéphirs, et hâtoit sa richesse.
 Chez lui le vent tilleul tempéroit les chaleurs,
 Le sapin pour l'Abeille y distilloit ses pleurs:
 Aussi dès le printemps, toujours prompts à renaître,
 D'innocebrables essaims enrichissoient leur maître;
 Il pressoit le premier ses rayons toujours pleins,
 Et le miel le plus pur écumoit sous ses mains.
 Jamais Flore chez lui n'osa tromper Pomone;
 Chaque fleur du printemps étoit un fruit d'automne;
 Il savoit aligner, pour le plaisir des yeux
 Des poitiers déjà forts, des ormes déjà vieux,
 Et des pignons greffés, et des platanes sombres,
 Qui déjà recevoient le buveur sous ses ombres;
 Mais d'autres chanteront les trésors des jardins,
 Le temps fuit: je revole aux travaux des essaims.

L'ABBÉ' DE LILLE, *T. des Geog.*

THE RHYMING APOTHECARY;

A Tale by George Colman, Esq.

A MAN, in many a country town we know,
 Professing openly with death to wreathe;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

-Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are;
 But meet, just like prize-fighters, in a fair:
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy kno'cks,
 Wic'it the love and kindness of a brother:
 So (many a suffering patient faith)
 Though the apothecary fights with death,
 Still they're *lovin' friends* to one another.

A member of this Esculapian line,
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne;
 No man could be better giv'd a pill;
 Or mix'd a Bill;
 Or mix'd a draught, or bleed, or blister;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head;
 Or chatter tea-nut by your bed;
 Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:
 Yet still he thought the bit not long enough;
 And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
 This balanc'd things:—for it he hurl'd
 A few scarce mortals from the world,
 He made amends by bringin' others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran,
 In short, in reputation he was solus:
 All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
 (Which oftentimes with genius fetter)
 Read works of fancy it is said;
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisick?
 Of poetry though patron God,
 Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse; and took so much delight in't,
 That his preferitions he resolv'd to write in't.
 No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions on his labels,
 In dapper couplet-like Gay's fables;
 Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecaries rhyme! and where's the treason?
 'Tis simply honest dealing—not a fault.
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 Is it not fair to give a little bait?

He had a patient lying at death's door, [four;
 Some three miles from the town—it might be
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
 In Pharmacy, that's called cathartical.
 And, on the label of the stuff,
 He wrote this verse;

Which one would think was clear enough,
 And terse:—
 "When taken,"
 "To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
 And to the patient's house he goes;—
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
 It was indeed a very sorry hack;—
 But that's of course:
 For what's expected from a horse,
 With an apothecary on his back?