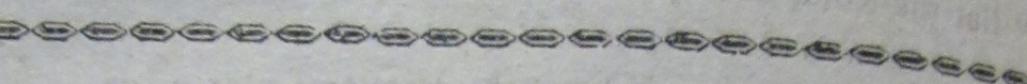


Place that home's glories : while thy sister Love
 Charms us the while, the weary journey through ;
 And, when it ends, receive us from the arms
 Of Faith and thee ; to take up our abode
 In realms, where God and Love are all in all.



V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY A PRESENT OF A MOSS ROSE-BUD, FROM
 MISS JACKSON OF SOUTHGATE.

BY THE SAME.

THE flightest of favours bestow'd by the fair
 With rapture we take, and with transport we wear;
 But a MOSS-WOVEN ROSE-BUD, Eliza, from thee,
 A well-pleasing gift to a monarch would be :
 —Ah ! that illness, too cruel, forbidding should stand,
 And refuse me the gift from thine own lovely hand !

With joy I receive it, with pleasure will view,
 Reminded of thee by its odour and hue ;
 " Sweet rose ! let me tell thee, tho' charming thy bloom,
 " Tho' thy fragrance exceeds Saba's richest perfume ;
 " Thy breath to Eliza's hath no fragrance in't ;
 " And thy bloom is but dull to her cheeks blushing tint,

" Yet

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 Inhaling
 On Right
 Much did
 The name

" Yet alas! my fair flower, that bloom will decay,
 " And all thy fine beauties soon wither away;
 " Tho' pluck'd by her hand, to whose touch thou must own
 " Harsh and rough is the cygnet's most delicate down:
 " Thou too, snowy hand;—nay, I mean not to preach;
 " But the Rose, lovely moralist! suffer to teach."

" Extol not, fond maiden, thy beauties o'er mine,
 " They too are short-liv'd, and they too must decline;
 " And small in conclusion, the difference appears
 " In the bloom of few days, or the bloom of few years!
 " But remember a virtue the Rose hath to boast,
 " —Its Fragrance remains, when its Beauties are lost."

S

BUD, FROM
SCOTTING

THE EQUALITY OF MANKIND.

BY MR. WOODHULL.

THERE was a time when from those hapless schools,
 Where Science droops, and pension'd Litchfield rules,
 Inhaling faction, with the Tory race
 On Right Divine, Hereditary Grace,
 Much did I waver, much did I unite
 The names of Patriot, and of Jacobite;

P 4
ANSWERING THANKS