

Go, the triumphal ornaments display;
 Ye sacred Salii lead the way:
 Next led the order of Patrician blood,
 In awful march a numerous train compose,
 And follow'd by the jubilating crowd;
 As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,
 Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd:
 A hundred gods her gorgeous car surround,
 A thousand tongues acclaim; the clanging cymbals found.

ODE TO CONCORD.

BY THE SAME.

SOUL of the world, first mover, say,
 From thee what glorious being came,
 Powerful to raise this universal frame?
 Who taught the ponderous wheels to play?
 Gave beauty to look forth with radiant eyes,
 And cloath'd with ambient day the chrystal skies?
 'Twas Concord, who enthron'd above,
 With sevenfold adamant chains
 The path of wandering orbs restrains,
 Kindles the genial fire of love,
 And walks the courts of genuine light,
 (While all heaven hails the wonders of her sight)

Where

Where Blis has banish'd Chance, and fore Annoy,
And Goodness fills the cup of general joy.

Nor is she to the heavens confin'd;

Forth on the morning's wings she rides,
She skims the glowing evening's purple tides,
And leaves the setting sun behind.

Where doves sit cooing at the noon-tide hour,
And linnets warble in the woodbine bower;

Where the pale moon her lustre spreads,
The love-lorn bird divides her song,
The soft flute sooths the rural throng,
And dew drops load the flowrets' heads;

Where the ingenuous chorus sings,
The delicate touch flies o'er the trembling strings,
From the gilt roof the symphony rebounds;
Thine, goddess, are the charms, and thine the silver sounds.

The buxom air, the saphire main,
All height and depth confess thy gracious reign;

But chief is thy delight to dwell
Lodg'd in the human breast, thy dearest cell.

Favour and friendship meet thee there,
And tender transport with the gushing tear:

There wedlock at thy altar bends,

There halcyon peace securely broods,

And meek tranquillity attends

To quell unruly rage, and sooth the swelling floods.

Now

Now by the magic of thy tongue,
 That call'd up first the rolling spheres;
 Thro' the gay circle of revolving years,
 With rapturous sounds of mystic song,
 Attun'd in heavenly harmony to run :
 And by the virtue of th' enchanting zone;
 Which when the fair Idalian queen
 Accepts, with universal sway,
 The smiles and winning passions play
 In her resistless look and mien;
 The loves thy heavenly gift admire,
 And tip their little darts with lambent fire ;
 Fresh wreaths the graces bring, and form the round,
 Where rising daisies mark the measur'd ground.

Now by the rosy mildness sweet,
 Of which when youthful spring awakes,
 From thy abundance amply she partakes,
 What time the silk-plum'd zephyrs meet
 In Saba's groves, to kiss the bending blooms
 With balmy lips, and wanton in perfumes :
 And by the ripened, redolent grace,
 When summer in the Persian fields
 To sober-seeming Autumn yields
 Her treasures on the loaded sprays,
 The sky-rob'd plum, the purple vine,
 The velvet peach, and damask nectarine ;
 While Plenty, waving her Hesperian bough,
 Gladdens Pomona with the golden show.

Great

Great goddess! with the words of peace
 Bid this wild uproar of contention cease;
 Bid Amity, with gentle ray,
 The woes that lowr on faction's brow display.
 Shall Rome to thee a rebel prove?
 For hellish hate abandon heavenly love?
 Here, gentle Concord, on each breast
 Let thy spring-sweetness bland distil,
 Here thy ambrosial fragrance rest,
 And all mankind obey thy sovereign will.



A F R A G M E N T.

BY MR. MALLETT.

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FAIR morn ascends: soft zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring:
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
 Of balmy smell, of healing power,
 Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in every gale.
 Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns;
 And there at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky;
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rolls with sounding sweep,