ODE TO HEALTH.

BY J. H. B. ESQ.

COME, roly Health, celestial maid,
On Zephyr's wing convey'd,
In smiles thy heavenly form and air,
All charming, whether you appear
Or her's who yonder fihnes from far,
Fair as the morning's silvery star.

With thy dear reposes in firm battalions stand, And guard with lion-ramp their native land:
Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the joyful main!
So shall bright Victory o'er thy laurel head,
Waves o'er the willing world her myrtile wand, So shall the Muses her Doric eart disdain,
And touch'd with fihore-born Rapinthe's hallow'd fire, Swell her triumphal notes, and sweep the golden lyre.

Reign ever thus, unconquer'd Britain, reign,
Whilst thy free sons in firm battalions stand,
And guard with lion-ramp their native land:
Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the joyful main!
So shall bright Victory o'er thy laurel head,
Waves o'er the willing world her myrtile wand, So shall the Muses her Doric eart disdain,
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[Note: The page is slightly damaged, and the text is partially obscured.]
In youth's soft prime and beauty's pride,
On Shannon's flower-enamelled side,
By shepherds in each amorous tale,
Ye kept the Lily of the vale.

Bright daughter of the blushing dawn,
Who flees the busy, full referrals,
Of peopled cities, reveling courts.
But, clad in ruffles, love to dwell

With Temperance in the rural cell,
Attend the shep-boy at his stand,
Or ploughman o'er the furrow'd land.
Wait at spring of fragrant morn

The opening hound, and cheering horn,
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
Hither come and chase away,
Sorrow of dejected eye.

The plaintive tear, the struggling sigh,
Disease with sickly yellow spread,
And Pain that holds the hanging head.
And in their head conduct along

Wit, of fairest correct and fine,
Follies, gay. Defies,
Hope that fans the lover's fires,
For there are thine, a sprightly train.
Without these lifeless, joyless, vain.

* Miss Fitzgerald.
"Tis you who pour o'er Beauty's face
The ardent bloom, the native grace;
You rob'd the bathful rosy red
On WALLER's cheek; 'tis you below
With quickening spirits you supply
The trembling lute of her eye.

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The swarming sun, the teeming earth,
Then, as around the Seafoes range,
And years in sweet succession change,
On Shannon's silver-flowing stream,
I'll sing, and thou shalt be my theme;
Rich in my verse, thy charms shall shine,
And Harold's beauties yield to thine.

SWEETNESS: AN ODE.

INSCRIBED TO CLEORA.

BY MR. ROBERTSON.

For sinner afflic,
Imbipe his woes are merited;
Let other poets tell;
Within the bounds of the fair
Superior beauties dwell.
There all the sprightly powers of wit
In blithe amusement play;
There every social virtue shews
Its intellectual ray.