



SONNET ON ARBITRARY GOVERN-
MENT.

BY J ——— S ———.

BOAST not your state, slaves of despotic sway,
Where wanton Gallia, 'midst her vine-clad hills,
Her olive bowers, her myrtle-shaded rills,
Her mild air's fan, her genial sun's survey :

Nor ye, where Asia like a queen sits gay,
'Midst her rich groves where odorous balm distils,
And the charm'd eye th' Elysian landscape fills,
And hand in hand young Spring and Autumn play :

Each boon to you your haughty lords deny,
And at their will your frail lives you resign :
Behold, and 'midst your flowery scenes repine !
Under bleak Albion's cloud-envelop'd sky,
Her meanest sons secure enjoy their own,
And bow to Heaven and Liberty alone.

I N S C R I P -