

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot
Nay, even thus I invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well bred men—and you are all well bred
Most justly think. (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

How Right the thing, our lost, our best, our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the movement,
Which even the Rights of Kings, in low prostration,
Most humbly own—tis dear, tis dear, Admiration!
In that best sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—Immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Tis not such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so much as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments, and revolutions;
Let Majesty our first attention summon,
Ah! cease! the Majesty of Women!

Burns. Poem's.

William C. Nell of Boston.