

ap Howell, ap Meredith, ap Einion, ap Gwgan, ap Meredith Goch, ap Cothwyn, ap Tangno, called Sir Howell y Fywall, or Sir Howell Pole-axe, from his constant fighting with that warlike instrument. It is said he dismounted the French king, cutting off his horse's head at one blow with his battle-axe, and took him prisoner; as a trophy of which victory, it is said, that he bore the arms of France, with a battle-axe in bend sinister, argent.

It is also recorded, that as a memorial of this gallant action, he received in gift, from the Black Prince, the constableness of Criketh castle, and other things in North Wales, also the rent of Dee-mills, in Chester; and besides these, a mess of meat to be served before his battie-axe or partisan for ever, in perpetual memory of his good service. This mess was afterwards carried down to be given to the poor, and had eight yeomen attendants found at the king's charge, which were afterwards called yeomen of the crown, who had eight pence per day, and lasted till the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign.

*The following account of the retirement of Charles, V. in the monastery of St. Juste, given by one of the monks, may serve as a curious contrast to the high wrought description of the Scotch historian.*

There is the melancholy solitude where that monarch became imbecile and devout, passed his days in winding up clocks, in teizing the friars, in giving himself the discipline, in daubing the walls of his cell with scraps on predestination and grace, in stunning himself with reflecting on the abandon-

ment of all his crowns, and in repenting. There he performed the farce of his own burial, put himself in a coffin, rung for himself the *de profundis* and shewed all the follies of a distempered brain. One day when he went in his turn to wake the novices, at the hour of matins, one of them whom he shook too violently cried out, "Hast thou not troubled the repose of the world long enough, without coming to disturb that of peaceable men who have forsaken it."

#### GANGANELLI.

This prelate, after he was elected to the popedom, used to retire with an old convent friend of his, Father Francis, into a bower sequestered from the eye of curiosity; here the cloister anecdotes amused them, and they seemed in a state of perfect equality. One day the Pope viewing him, repeated twice these words, "He has kept his garb and is happier than I who wear the tiara. It was decreed I should be a Pope, and I much fear"....here he paused,...."however we must submit to the will of God."

#### NEW DUTIES FOR OLD OFFICERS.

When Gabrielli, the celebrated singer, was at Milan, the Empress of Germany wished to engage her to sing in her court. The salary she demanded was 7000 rubles, (about 1500*l.*) a year, besides a house and carriage; nor would she relax the least article of the sum. They remonstrated with her on the unreasonableness of so enormous a salary, and to induce her to diminish it, informed her that a field-marshal had no more. "If that be the case," said she, "I would advise her majesty to make one of her field-marshals sing."

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

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### INSCRIPTION

FOR AN INTENDED MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY  
OF J. CAMPBELL, OF BELFAST, MERCHANT...  
DIED 1804, AGED 73.

'TIS not the heap of dust this tomb contains,  
This wreck of nature forms not—his remains,  
But truth, and worth, plain, simple and sincere,

By friends long felt, now hallowed by their  
tear:

And manners mild, affectionate, and kind,  
A faithful mirror of the candid mind.  
Temperate and prudent, regular and just;  
His guardian care still active to its trust,  
Sparing in words, and speaking in the deed,  
No narrow sect pal'd in his christian creed.  
Deed without show, his evangelic plan,  
He worshipp'd God, by doing good to man,

In peace, he pass'd his rev'rend length of  
 days,  
 Nor courted, nor contemn'd the public  
 praise:  
 But memory, careful of the good man's  
 fame,  
 A civic wreath here twines around his name,  
 And still, in death, that fond affection  
 bears,  
 Which grac'd his life, and crown'd his  
 silver hairs  
 THESE, the remains that burst the narrow  
 room,  
 LIVE, and come forth, from Campbell's  
 humble tomb. X.

THE POET'S COPPLAINT.

THOU lazy Limmer ca'd the Muse,  
 Why thus thy helpin' han' refuse;  
 I've mind thee surely to abuse,  
 For causin me sic thinkin'.  
 When thou couldst a' my passions rouse,  
 And gie me verses clinkin'.  
 I've studied now this hour, and mair,  
 Till baith my een, and head are sair,  
 For twa three lines, wi' a' my lair,  
 Backet wi' a' my trouble;  
 When thou couldst gie us many mair,  
 Tho' three times three were double.  
 Your favourite Burns long sine is dead,  
 And laid aside his oaten reed:  
 Come then and raise me in his stead,  
 For great is my ambition  
 To rhyme as sweet to a' wha read,  
 As Robin's good edition.  
 Gin thee wouldst tak me for thy son,  
 I'd gie the lads and lassies fun,  
 And gar them laugh, as sure's a gun,  
 Come try, you'll see me show it,  
 But I maun quit whar I begun;  
 A broken hearted Poet.

LA NYMPHE SOLITAIRE.

ZEPHYR'S TALE TO FLORA.

'T WAS in a wild sequester'd glade,  
 Where human footsteps never trod,  
 A wimpling brook in murmurs stray'd,  
 Soft winding o'er the grassy sod.  
 Beneath its bank a Nymph fair  
 Had fram'd with curious art a bower,  
 Had gemm'd it round with crystals rare,  
 And deck'd it o'er with many a flower.  
 Hers was the task, with gentle care  
 To raise each drooping flowret's head,  
 Or fan with dew, the scorching air,  
 That hover'd round her parent bed.  
 Or when the last red tinge of light  
 Still linger'd on the western sky,  
 To tune her shell, she'd oft del'ght,  
 In tones of sweetest melody.

That potent shell, so sweet, so clear,  
 Has often stopp'd my devious flight,  
 Has drawn the lovely spirit near,  
 And charm'd the shadowy train of night.  
 But tangled brake, nor silent grove,  
 Nor distant dell, nor hidden bower,  
 Evade the piercing glance of Love,  
 All, all, confess his subtle power.  
 'Twas on a sultry summer's day,  
 When scarce a murmur fill'd the gale,  
 Save where from some lone, shady spray,  
 The linnet told her plaintive tale.  
 A mountain god, all faint with heat,  
 Had wander'd to the streamlet's side,  
 And charmed with the cool retreat,  
 Had stopp'd to bathe beneath its tide.  
 Each youthful grace adorn'd his mien,  
 Flush'd in his cheek and fill'd his eye,  
 And many an Oread nymph, in vain  
 For him had breath'd a tender sigh.  
 His amber locks in curling rings,  
 Around his graceful shoulders hung,  
 Light danc'd his starry-spangled wings,  
 And thousand odours round them flung.  
 Aside he throws his air-wove vest,  
 When straight the Nymph rose to view,  
 Soft glittering on whose snowy breast  
 Shone trembling drops of pearly dew.  
 Just then my foe\*, the tyrant love,  
 Came, on a sun-beam, flutt'ring by,  
 Trembling I sought the distant grove,  
 Nor longer dar'd to hover nigh.

L.

\* Vide Alpheri's "quarrel of Zephyr and Love."

CANZONET.

ONE summer's even as Fancy sat,  
 In Tempé's sunny vale,  
 The wood nymphs gather'd round her seat,  
 To hear her witching tale.  
 Such soul-entrancing words she spoke,  
 That love stole softly nigh,  
 And pity peep'd from forth an oak,  
 And grief forgot to sigh.  
 The timid Nymphs cluster'd round,  
 And Hope, delusive maid,  
 With opening dewy rose-buds crown'd,  
 Sat smiling in the shade.  
 Love wond'ring, heard the magic strain,  
 And threw his arrows down,  
 To thee, he cried, I owe my reign,  
 From thee I hold my crown.

L.

THE SECOND IDYLLION OF BION,

IMITATED.

A SPORTIVE boy one morning stray'd,  
 With bow in hand across the glade,