

THE

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AND



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(BEING THE FOURTH OF A NEW SERIES.)

PART THE SECOND.

PRODESSE ET DELECTARE.



E PLURIBUS UNUM.

By SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gent.*

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*A new Translation of VER-VERT.
Inscribed to the Lady Abbess of B——.*

CANTO I.

THOU, in whom every maiden grace allied
Shines without tinsel, triumphs without
pride; [combin'd
Whose mind, truth's lively image, has
Severest virtues with a taste refin'd,
And playful ease—since thou hast bid me
trace

A noble bird's too sorrowful disgrace,
Be thou my Muse—give life unto my lyre;
And, oh! those interesting sounds inspire,
Those tender sounds which on the lute you
sigh'd, [pride,
When your Sultane—in youth, in beauty's
And in your love, then felt her glories fade,
And sunk to regions of eternal shade.
My hero's sufferings, his illustrious woe,
Once more may ask those precious tears
to flow.

From virtues thwarted by malignant fate,
His long, long errors, and his wandering
state,

Another Odyssey a Bard might reap,
And charm the world in twenty books to
sleep;

Might goad the exhausted gods of other days
Once more to fight their battles in his lays;
With one month's actions occupy ten years,
And, in bombast that dron'd upon our ears,
With doleful measure the sad fate repeat
Which erst besel a brilliant Parroquet;
Bright as the hero of the Mantuan Bard,
Not less devout, and even yet worse starr'd:
But, ah! too true that adage of my nurse!
A lengthen'd poem is a lengthen'd curse!
Muses are like the rovers of the hive;
Their taste is fleeting, and it hates to dive,
Just sips the essence of the flower in view,
Then fickle flies away for something new.
From thee I've glean'd these maxims I
rehearse,

Oh! may thy laws be practis'd in my verse.

If in this sketch I've rudely spurn'd disguise,
And tore the veil from secret mysteries,
Monastic cunning, hypocritic flash,
The mystic trifles, and the solemn trash;
Your gay good humour will excuse the
touch; [such,

Such is your reason, and your conduct
They

They soar above deception: well you know
That God prefers the substance to the shew.
If virtue should appear to this frail race,
'Twould not be with a vizard of grimace,
Nor features harsh, unbending, and severe:— [wear,
No! she would borrow, or the form you
Or that in which the immortal Graces shine,
To merit our devotion at her shrine.

A sage hath said, that mortals more have
lost [post:—
Than gain'd who rove from pillar on to
Rarely their travels serve their life to mend:
A course erroneous will in error end,
Better to stay, possessors of a shed,
And keep our virtues in their native bed,
Free from temptation nurturing them at
home, [roam,
Than distant lands and savage scenes to
From whence the heart, of its own virtues
lack,
Brings but a load of foreign vices back.
Of this the affecting story I relate
One sad example consecrates to fate:—
If any doubt, the cloisters of Nevers
With all their echoes will attest my verse.

'Twas at Nevers, within the convent gate,
Whilome there liv'd a brilliant Parroquet,
Whose rare intelligence, whose noble
heart,

His very virtues, with his wondrous art
And playful ways, had gain'd a better fate,
If bliss attended on the good or great.
Ver-Vert (the title which my hero bore),
Transported thither from the Indian shore,
Had been while young, not knowing wire
from wood,

Confin'd in this said Convent for his good.
Beauty he had, and brilliancy, and truth,
Gaiety and grace, the ornaments of youth,
A tender heart, an interesting frame,
And, but as yet, was guiltless of the flame:
Fit bird in short for such a sainted cage;
Fit by his clack for Convents of the age.—

'Vails not to tell his share in each one's
breast;— [the rest:
Say, they were Nuns—and you will guess
And, next to her director, every dame
Lov'd nought so much;—nay, chroniclers
proclaim,

That in some breasts the bird for many a
day

E'en from the Father bore the palm away.
Perch'd on the verge of some delicious plate,
He drank of syrops, and of sweetmeats ate,
With which, provided by the Nuns well
skill'd,

His sacred paunch the ghostly father fill'd.
A lawful object of their idle flame,
Ver-Vert the soul of this abode became:
Sage some few groaning beldames of the
place,

Jealous duennas of each younger face,
Ver-Vert was dear to every recluse:
Young, he the liberty of youth might use,

Might say and do whatever cross'd his head,
Certain to please, whate'er he did or said.
Lightening the sisters' labours by his plays,
He peck'd their stomachs (some write,
their stays),

No party now was valued by a Nun,
If Ver-Vert was not there, with all his fun,
His prancings, flutterings, and his war-
blings rare; [air,
He toy'd, 'tis true; but with that modest
That air withal so prudish and so coy,
Which your young Nuns have, even while
they toy.

Incessantly though various questions ply
Around, to all he gives a just reply:
Thus would great Cæsar dictate in one while
Four different letters in four different styles.
No spot forbid him, if we trust the tale,
E'en in their hall us'd Ver-Vert to regale:
There his sweet soul might feast on every
dish;

And still, to crown each intervening wish,
His never-wearying entrails to supply,
During the time the napkin was laid by,
A thousand sugar-plums, a thousand buns,
Weigh'd down the pockets of our tender
Nuns.

Refin'd attentions and endearing cares
First grac'd, they say, the Convent of
Nevers.

This need not to our Parroquet be told,
More fondled than King Charles's was of old,
All strove which most their beauteous
guest should please;
His days flow'd on in dignity and ease.

At night the dormitory held our guest;—
There every cell invited him to rest:
And blest, too blest, the dame whose
habitation

He deign'd to honour by his commoration.
Rarely on antique matrons fell the lot:
The neat alcove, which held the simple cot
Of the young novices, he far prefer'd:
For, mark me, neat in all things was the
bird.

When the young anchoret, at evening's
close,
Had fix'd the chamber for his night's repose,
Upon the box of reliques high appear'd,
With head 'neath wing, he slept till dawn
appear'd,

Then his keen eye what dazzling beauties
met!

Attendant on the blooming Nun's toilette?
Toilette? yes, toilette, certainly I said
In a half whisper; somewhere I have read
(And let the world, or not, believe the tale)
That foreheads shaded by a sacred veil
In no less deference their mirror hold
Than foreheads bound with diamonds and
gold.

As town and country, camp and court
acquire . . .

An art, a taste for fashion and attire;
So are there likewise fashions for the veil;
'There is an art, in which "the many" fail,

By unknown turns and happy folds to crown
The simplest tresses and the coarsest gown.
Often of little playful loves a brood,
Whom not e'en Convent terrors can exclude,
A knowing air on the loose shawl bestow,
A conquering grace upon the plain band-
dean.

In fine, ere Nun to public view advance,
Her glass at least demands a second
glance.

But let this rest beneath the conscious rose.
Now to our Hero; breathing round repose,
Ver-Vert felt neither lassitude nor care;
For lord of every bosom was Ver-Vert.

Forgot was now Anne's Bulfinch in her cage,
Whilst four Canaries died for very rage,
And two vast Mastiffs, erst who rul'd the
roast,

Now pin'd away, with envy, at his post.
Ah! who, in these bliss-teeming hours,
had said,

"Sozn were his morals in a rocky bed?"
That days would come of terror and of
crime, [time,

When Ver-Vert, now the darling of their
Object of saddest horror would appear?
Stay, stay, my Muse—Oh yet restrain
the tear

Which flows in sorrow at his tale of woes:
Such bitter fruit from Nuns' kind care
arose!

(To be continued.)

A new Translation of VER-VERT.

Continued from Page 265.

CANTO II.

THAT fluent Ver-Vert, whom each tutore
teach, [speech,
Would not be wanting in the gift of

May well be guess'd—save when he drank
or ate,

Just like a Nun, he never ceas'd his chat.
True;—His was quite the essence of a mind
In language pure, in sentiments refin'd;
Resembling nought those Parrokeets, whom
gay

Coquettish pride, the folly of the day,
Puffs up; and who, by mundane bosoms
nurs'd,

In human vanities are too well vers'd:
Ver-Vert was wholly with devotion fraught,
A beauteous soul, and innocently taught:
He never harbour'd e'en a thought of wrong,
Nor word immodest ever 'scap'd his tongue:
But, on the other hand, his mind was stor'd
With dirge and canticle, a precious hoard:
No hungry monk, so fluently as he,
Could hurry o'er his Benedicite;

Nay, he would many a lady Martyr tell,
Whose virgin name should work a miracle.
All, all the aids in this so learn'd abode,
That lead to science, were on him bestow'd:
Here was full many a scientific maid,
Who held within her all-capacious head
Each Christmas carol that had e'er been
sung.

Instructed, form'd by their eternal tongue,
The pupil shortly was their equal grown;
A perfect model even to their tone;
He gave the pious drawl, the sainted sigh,
The droning whine, with the uplifted eye,
The most refin'd quintessence of the cant.
These great professors practis'd in their
chant:

Ver-Vert, in fine, here manag'd to acquire
As much as any sister of the choir.

Too much restricted in a Convent's bounds,
So great a merit far and wide resounds:
In all Nevers, from morning until night,
Nothing is heard but of the rare delight
This treasure of the happy Nuns bestow'd:
For this, from distant Moulins rush a crowd:
Ne'er from the parlour beauteous Ver-Vert
stirr'd:

Dress'd in her finest shawl, to shew the bird
Was Agnes' care—and first to public view
She pointed out the brightness of his hue,
His graceful figure, his demeanour mild;
Ver-Vert's exterior every heart beguil'd.

But all these charms that blaz'd upon the
sight

Were the least worth of our fair Neophyte.
Soon as he 'gan to breathe his eloquence,
The ravish'd ear absorb'd each other sense.
Stor'd with the prettiest canting terms in
vogue, [py rogue,

Which the young Nuns had taught the hap-
The illustrious biped open'd his oration:

At every instant apposite citation,
Wit inopinate his discourse reliev'd:
Singular praise! and scarce to be believ'd:
That one who publicly holds forth, should
reap,

None of his audience ever fell asleep!
Tell me what Orator this point can reach?
Wonder and praise attend him in his speech;

He, the while, playing to the life the game,
Conscious how little 'vails all earthly fame,
Bridled his neck (sq should a devotee),
And triumph'd with becoming modesty ;
When through his course of science he had
gone,

Mincing his beak, and lowering his tone,
With air most sanctified he lowly bow'd,
And left all edified the attentive crowd.
He nought had utter'd but politest terms,
But honey'd words, save some few scat-
ter'd germs

Of scandal, and of such like conversation,
The fairer sex's darling occupation,
Which he by chance had pick'd up at the
grates, [treats.

Or that our Nuns discuss'd in their re-
Thus, in this verily delightful cage,
Liv'd like a lord, a saint, a real sage,
Father Ver-Vert, the young Nuns' bosom
friend,

Fat as a monk, and no less reverend,
Gay as a deacon, learned as a triar,
Pamper'd and tickled to his heart's desire.
For ever lovely, as for ever lov'd ;
Happy, in fine, if he had never rov'd.

But now the time, bedew'd by Memory's
eye, [nigh.

When all his glories were eclips'd, drew
I shrink with shame and horror as I write !
'Too fatal voyage ! Would from mortal
sight, [fate !

Would we could blot it from the book of
Alas ! what perils a great name await !
Happier far they, whose streams obscurely
flow :

This one example will suffice to shew,
How oft success, combin'd with brilliant
parts, [hearts.

Corrupts our morals, and perverts our
Not to these realms alone, Ver-Vert. did
Fame [name.

Confine thy brilliant prowess and thy
Aloft she flew, extending thy renown,
And spread thy triumphs to the Nantese
town !

Fill'd was all Nantz with rumours of the
bird ;

Our sainted order, as the world has heard,
Of reverend dames possesses there a batch,
Who, as elsewhere, are not the last to catch
The floating news that trickle through the
place, [case,

And who, as well may be suppos'd the
Learnt with the first this wonderful nar-
ration, [stration.

And long'd to prove its truth by demon-
Desire of Maids is a devouring fire :

Faint, faint—that image to a Nun's desire.

Their hearts are at Nevers—their bosoms
burn ; [turn,

Straight the contents of twenty grave-heads
And for a bird. Without an hour's delay
To Nevers' Convent is dispatch'd away
A letter for the lady of the site,

Praying the bird, that fountain of delight,
May

May for a while be wafted on the Loire,
And that, conducted to the Nautese shore,
He there may bask in his own glory's beam;
And meet those breasts which panted but
for him.

Gone is the epistle—when can a reply
Be had?—Twelve days hence—What a cen-
tury!

Letter on letter; and demand renew'd;
Sleep is no more—'twill kill poor sister Jude.

Now at Nevers the letter is unseal'd:
Important matter—the grand Chapter's
held—

Burst forth at first a loud and kindling cry,
“What? lose Ver-Vert? Oh, Heavens!
sooner die!

In these sarcophagi, these lonely towers,
What shall we do, if he's no longer our's!”
These were the younger sisters of the fry,
Whose warm hearts, tir'd of idle vacancy,
Were yet alive to innocent delight;
And, faith! the thing consider'd but aright,
T'was no great boon to this poor pent-up
herd,

Who vainly too would long for other bird,
To have at least a sorry Parrokeet;
But the opinion of the dames discreet,
Presiding elders of the Parliament,
Whose wither'd hearts could love less warm-
ly, went,

The charming object of their guardian care
For twice seven lengthen'd days and nights
to spare.

Prudence of age begat a fearful knowledge,
That the refusal to their Sister College
Discord and dire disunion would create;
Thus wise decreed the' infatuated state.

Now that the Upper House have pass'd
this bill,

Tumults and discontents the Commons fill,
“Can such a barbarous sacrifice be made?
Is it then true,” says Sister Adelaide?

“What? do we live? and Ver-Vert on
the wing?” [ring;

In dame Joan's ears now hollow murmurs
Thrice she grows pale, heaves four oppres-
sive sighs, [less lies.

Weeps, shudders, faints away, and speech-
All mourn—sure some foreboding of the sky
Paints them this voyage in so dark a dye!
The night, in frightful dreams consum'd
away,

Redoubles e'en the horrors of the day.
Vain is their grief—the dreaded hour's at
hand,

All now is ready on the fated strand.
They must at length resolve to bid adieu,
And feel those pangs from absence which
ensue—

Now mourns each sister like a Cushat dove,
Sadly anticipating widow'd love.

What thousand kisses did they at the eve
Of his departure to their Ver-Vert give!
How kindled all their interesting fears,
How did they snatch and bathe him with
their tears!

GENT. MAG. October, 1811.

More nigh as draws the hour that he
departs,

More do they see of beauties and of parts :
At length, how'er, beyond the towers he
sped,— [fled.

Love from the Convent with his favourite
"Go, go, where honour calls thee from
my view,

Return enchanting, oh ! return still true.
May favouring zephyrs fan thee on thy
course, [barbarous force,

Whilst here, far from thee, chain'd by
In dull repose I languish, sunk in grief ;
No heart feels for me, none can give relief.

Go, dear Ver-Vert ; the world, where'er
you rove,

Will take you for the eldest-born of
Love.—"

*Such was the farewell of a young recluse,
Who, the sad hours of languor to amuse,
Beneath the bed-clothes oft would slyly
glean*

Her vespers and her matins from Racine ;
And who had, doubtless, in no small delight,
Far, far abroad with Ver-Vert taken flight.

'Tis o'er—the rare, the darling bird 's on
board ; [word.

The anchor 's weigh'd—they wait but for the
Till now ingenuous and pure as young,

Bashful till now and modest in his tongue :
Oh ! may his heart, through all its trying
course,

True to those souls who gave it innate force,
Return one day as virtuous as before,

Whate'er betide ! Already plies the oar ;
The parting surge emits a hollow moan :

Fair blows the gale—they 're going—they
are gone.

(To be continued.)

THE same light wandering borderer of
the shore

That on the wave our vaunted Biped bore,
Convey'd two Nymphs, three Serjeants of
dragoons,

A Nun, a Friar, a couple of Gascoons.
For one just launch'd from forth a Con-
vent's dock,

Did he not bound amid a worthy flock?
And, soothly, Ver-Vert, in their ways un-
scann'd,

Felt himself there as in a foreign land.
Novel their language, strange their edu-
cation,

Nor kenn'd he aught their ratiocination :
No more of pious conference was heard,
No, not by chance, one evangelic word :
No more of those devout ejaculations
(Pith of our soft-ton'd vestals' conver-
sations), [bawl,

But full-mouth'd terms, and utter'd with a
And not moreover quite canonical.

For the Dragoons, a race unus'd to preach,
No higher subject than their paunch could
reach,

And of that idol forming them a God,
Pour'd to it full libations on the road.

The Damsels and Gascoons a refuge sought
In Bagnio language with a Bagnio thought.
The Boatman too chim'd into the harangue
With oaths, and blasphemies, and Wap-
ping slang.

Their voice sonorous swelling on the air
Left nought to guess for the attentive ear.
Amidst this riot, not at all adept,

Ver-Vert confus'd unwil'ing silence kept :
Mournful and cow'd, his eyes were all a
blink, [think.

He knew not what to speak, or what to

But now, by way of favour they thought meet
To hear, awhile, the pensive Parroquet :

The Monk, in terms which argued not a cowl,
Bespoke the beauteous melancholy soul :
The sanctimonious bird rais'd up his eye,
Drew back his head, and heav'd a piteous
sigh ;

Then, in a methodistic tone began,
Ruffling his feathers, " Ave, sister Anna."
Judge what a laugh burst forth at such a
word ;

All, all in chorus opened on the bird.

Thus scoff'd, the troubled novice him be-
thought,

He had not said precisely what he ought;
And should not be well treated of the mo-
thers, [thers.

If he talk'd not the language of the bro-
His heart, born proud, and which till now
had fed [bed,

At Flattery's feast, repos'd on Flattery's
Could not its modest constancy retain
In this assault of levelling disdain.

Then, losing patience, and his temper crost,
Ver-Vert his primal innocency lost.

Henceforth ungrateful, in himself he curses
The Nuns, his former mistresses and nurses,
Who did not (fools!) contrive to store his
mind [fin'd.

With all the language boasts of most re-
Each nervous sound, and every nicer turn;
These now he studies, and he frets to learn;
Speaking but little, thinking but the more,
The bird was clever, as I've said before,
And saw the instant, that, to give no let
To his new learning, he must quite forget
The monkish lore which paralyz'd his soul;
Two days suffic'd him to forget the whole.
So much he found the language of the camp
Excel the oozings of the Convent lamp.

In less than no time was the fluent creature
(Prone to learn wrong, alas! is youthful
nature),

Fluent and apt the creature was, I say,
In less than no time terribly "an fait."
Too soon he learnt to curse and to blas-
pheme

Worse than a goblin in a running stream.
That celebrated maxim he belied,
Which tells there needs full many an am-
ple stride

'Twixt honesty and crime — the space he
leap'd

At once, and blaz'd a renegade adept:
Too well, alas! he manag'd to acquire
The syntax of your boatmen of the Loire:
Did one in warmth but launch out with a D—
Ver-Vert in echo straight would repartee.
Prais'd by the party as a bird of spirit,
Proud and contented with his little merit;
Nought did he peer for, but the way to win
The vain applauses of this world of sin;
Low'ring his noble organ to their strain,
Henceforth he grew an Orator profane.
Oh! that seductive patterns thus of evil
Should snatch young hearts from Heaven
to the Devil.

During these days, these melancholy feats,
What were ye doing in your drear re-
treats,

Chaste Hebes of the Convent of Nevers?
Doubtless, alas! presenting fervent prayers
For the return of the most ingrate swain,
The ficklest wretch,—unworthy of your
pain,

And who, to all his former ties untrue,
No longer car'd, or for your loves, or you,
Doubtless,

Doubtless, the while, your Nunnery's access
Was hid from view by clouds of heaviness;
Sad look'd the parlour, gloomy look'd the
grate; [seat.

Nay! Silence self had nearly gain'd a
Cease, cease those vows: Ver-Vert no more
may merit, [spirit,

Ver-Vert's no more that bird of reverend
That Parroquet, with such a gentle mind,
With heart so pure, so fervently inclin'd:
Ver-Vert is grown (I say, and blush the
while)

Arrant blasphemmer, and apostate vile.
Light airs and water-nymphs have reap'd
the fruits

Of all your vain tho' laudable pursuits.
His science infinite no longer boast:
What 'vails a Genius, if to virtue lost?
Think, think no more; the villain, dead
to shame, [his name.

Hath damn'd his heart, his talents, and
Nantz now they view—t'was there the
Nuns were pent, [ment;

Wasting their frames in ardent languish—
For their desires too slowly burst the day;
The day his course too slowly roll'd away:
During these weary hours the flatterer Hope,
Prone e'er to range beyond our reason's
scope,

Paints them a mind enrich'd by cultivation,
A Parroquet of upright education,
And tender, bashful, edifying sounds
And sentiments, and merit without bounds.
Ah! vain and false as is a summer's dream,
The thoughts they treasur'd of their dar-
ling theme.

Arrives the boat, and disembarks the crew;
An old lean Nun sat ever perk'd in view:
Since the first letter was dispatch'd, this
dame

To one snug corner every morning came;
Her eyes, which wander'd the wide pro-
spect o'er,

Seem'd to attract the vessel to the shore;
In disembarking nigh the antient queen,
The wary bird straight knew her by her mien,
And prudish eye, half open'd like an owl,
By her vast cap, and her five plaited cowl,
By her white gloves, and by her whining
drone,

But chief her tiny crucifix of stone.
He shook with horror, and (as stories go),
Soldier-like, sent her to the shades below:
Preferring far to follow some dragoon,
Of whose cant lingo he had learnt the tone,
Than go, and pore again his monkish lore
With all its maukish ceremonies o'er.

But, in his spite, it was the gay blade's lot
To be conducted to this cursed spot.

Maugre his cries, she took him off in state;
'Tis writ he bit her at a noble rate

Pending the road—some say he seiz'd her
throat, [spot,

Some say her arm—they knew not well the
Nor doth it matter—with a deal of pain
The Beldame brought him to the sainted fane,

He is announc'd.—As on dry wood the fire,
So spread the news;—the instant they
transpire, [prayer,
Rings thro' the great bell;—the Convent were at
They leave it straight—they fly on wings
of air.

“ 'Tis he, my sister—he's within the gate,”
All dart at once; all rush towards the grate:
The old, who tread with measur'd step the
stage,

Forgot the slackening burden of their age;
All, all grew young:—e'en stately mo-
ther Anne [ran.

Did, what she ne'er had done before—she
(*To be continued.*)

(Continued from Page 464.)

AT length they view, and, crowding round
 the creature, [feature :

Their eyes they feast upon each fair-form'd
 Right, well they might; the course that he
 had liv'd,

Not of one beauty had the rogue depriv'd :
 That martial look, that fashionable air,
 Gave him new charms, new merits with
 the fair :

Must then, ye Gods, upon a traitor's face
 Such beauties shine with such attractive
 grace ?

Why had not Nature set some mark upon't,
 And stamp'd the villain on each villain's
 front ?

Praising the charms to Ver-vert that belong,
 All, all the Nuns, and all at once, give
 tongue :

Hearing the swarm, thus buz about the
 wonder, [in thunder.

Scarce had you heard the voice of heaven
 But

But he, while heaven seem'd upon his head
As it would burst, in lieu of shewing dread,
Awe for the Nuns, or reverence for the
ground,

Roll'd his wild eyes most carnally around,
This was the first affront—an air so bold,
A perfect scandal to the place they hold.

Secundo, when the Lady Prioress,
With air august, befitting well her place,
Was fain t' address the Bird of infamy,
For first expressions, and for sole reply,
In careless guise, and with disdainful ways,
Thoughtless of all the horrors that he says,
This blood replies, like one of Belial's sons,
"Zounds, zounds, what cursed noddies
are the Nuns."

'Tis said, that, during the late fatal trip,
One of the company these words let slip.
At such exordium came sister Joan,
Smoothing with wrinkled hand his feathers
down,

Striving to bush this scandalising cry,
And whispering "Fye, my dearest brother,
fye."

The dearest brother, factious as before,
With vast expression aspirated "Ore."

"Heavens! he's a witch," in terror then
she said, [aid;—

And call'd whole hosts of Martyrs to her
"The foul-mouth'd rascal! And is this
the bird [heard?"

"Of whose divine demeanour we have
But Ver-vert here, in genuine Tyburn
tones,

Apostrophiz'd, with "Murrain rot your
bones!"

Each took her turn to curb the Hero's
elack,

And each one carried a full surfeit back,
Jeering and bautering the younger prude,
He lisp'd and minc'd their babbling ireful
mood,

But, more incens'd against the elder fry,
Echoed in scorn their nasal homily.

This was but trifling—This was but a joke,
To what in a banditti tone he spoke,
When weary, worn out with the insipid
choir,

Swollen with passion, foaming in his ire,
He mouthing thunder'd out each dreadful
word,

That during his whole voyage he had heard,
Cursing, blaspheming in licentious strain,
Making all Hell pass muster in his train.

While B's and F's seem'd fluttering on
his beak;— [Greek)

(The younger sisters thought him talking
"Damnation — Devil and Poke: — Blood
and Ouns"—

The whole community at these dread
sounds

Tremble with horror—the Nuns, *mute* with
fright, [flight—

Fly, and make thousand crosses in their
Sure the world's end was come, all turn
aghast, [cast,

And darting seek the cellar:—as she

Right on her nose the venerable Ruth,
Pitching, bewail'd her last, her only tooth—
Opening with tremor a sepulchral jaw,
" Oh! gracious goodness,"—whines out
sister Mau,

" Mercy! who brought us here this imp
of evil,

This worse than infidel—incarnate Devil—
Ye powers above!—What conscience can
he have,

Swearing away like Satan's veriest slave!
Is such the science, and is such the wit
Of this Ver-vert, this darling and this pet?
Banish him—send him instant on his
way"—— [May.

" Oh! God of Love," rejoins the soft-ton'd
" How shocking! can our sisters at Nevers,
Can they in such corrupted tongue
converse?

What! Is it thus the infant mind they rear?
Oh! oh! the wretch! to Heaven I bend
my prayer,

He do not enter;—If but in he steals,
The infernal host will all be at our heels."

To end my tale—poor Ver-vert in his cage
Is plac'd—'tis fix'd on by the damsels sage!
To send the scandalizing tongue away
Without one instant's dangerous delay.
Nought could have pleas'd the pilgrim
half so much!

He is proscrib'd—declar'd unfit to touch,
Abominate, accurs'd, and guilty found
Of having strove the virtuous name to
wound

Of Nevers Nuns—all, signing the decree,
Lament in tears the culprit should be.
'Twas pity, sooth 'twas pity, he 'd become
So very vile, and in life's early bloom,
And beneath plumes which sham'd the
painter's art, [part,

Hid daring words which told a Caitiff's
A Pagau's manners, and a villain's heart. }
At length the Nun conveys him to his bourn:
He did not bite her once on his return;
A tilted bark the jolly fellow bore,
Who nought regretting, leaves the dismal
shore.

Such was, alas! the Iliad of his woes;—
Judge what despair, when at his journey's
close:

In such a stream his copious powers flow'd,
Wafting such scandal to his first abode.
What will our miserable Nuns resolve?
With eyes in trembling sorrow that dissolve,
With sense that shudders all as it bewails,
In trailing cloaks, and in redoubled veils,
Nine tottering dames ascend the judg-
ment-seat:—

Think to yourself you see nine ages meet!
There without hope of favour from the laws,
Without those sisters who would plead his
cause;

Chain'd in his cage, but fix'd in open court,
Is Ver-vert, 'rest of glory and support.
The questions put—already two old jades
In blackest billets doom him to the shades,

Two more, not quite in such an idiot state,
Will, that, a victim to his adverse fate,
He be return'd to where his breath he
drew [now.

With the black proselytes of black Vish-
But the five other Nuns, with one consent,
Award the medium of his punishment.

Two months of abstinence they will'd he
bore,

Three of retirement, and of silence four :
And be the while depriv'd of every treat,
The Garden, Sweetmeats, Alcove, and
Toilette.

Nor was this all—to swell his tide of woes,
For turnkey, guard, and company they
chose

The Convent's Hecate, a serving Nun,
In second infancy, a veil'd baboon,
A walking skeleton, adapted well
To put a penitent in mind of Hell.

Though this old Cerberus ever stood at bay,
Oft would some lovely sister steal her way,
O'er him her pitying sympathy would vent,
And soothe the rigour of his banishment,
Sister Julie, from matins as she comes,
Has more than once convey'd to him some
plumbs ;

But, bound in fetters, and beneath the
lash, [are trash.

Sweetmeats are tasteless, sugar-plumbs

Sinking with shame, instructed by his fate,
Or tir'd of such a very tiresome mate,
The contrite bird felt conscious of his wrong ;
Forgot the Friars' and the Soldier's tongue,
And, once more acting in full unison,
With our dear Nuns in manner and in tone,
Became than any canon more devout.

When his conversion was beyond a doubt,
The old divan an ear to mercy lent,
And clos'd the period of his punishment.
Doubtless the happy day of his recall
Will be a day of joyfulness for all :
Love, love himself shall snatch the work
from fate,

And weave each instant of so blest a state.
What have I said ?—vain pleasures of the
day !

Mortal delights !—how swift ye fleet away !
The Hall, the Parlour, Dormitories, Cells,
Were hung with roses and with asphodels.
Coffee and cakes—the dance, the song,
the glee,

Delightful tumult, and full liberty :
The scene around inspir'd a blissful glow,
Nor aught gave sign of an approaching woe.
But, oh ! our sisters' bounteous indis-
cretion !

Ver-vert, abruptly passing in succession,
To floods of dainties from a rigid fast,
Burnt with liqueurs, and wadded up with
paste,

Upon a heap of sweetmeats sinking down,
His roseate quitted for a cypress crown.
Vain were the sisters' cares, and vain their
cry, [sigh :

To stay his wandering soul, his parting

His thread was sever'd by this sweet excess,
And, happy victim to their tenderness,
On pleasure's flattering bosom he expir'd,
His dying words were treasur'd and admir'd:
Venus herself, though veil'd to vulgar sight,
His eyelids clos'd in an eternal night:
Then in Elysium plac'd him high among
Of her Parroquets the glorious throng,
Nigh him of whom Corinna's bard of yore
Bewail'd the shade, and eterniz'd the lore.

Who, who can tell how much the illustri-
ous one,

By all was wept—the secretary Nun
Compos'd a circular which told his fate,
And thence I drew the tale which I relate.
To give his beauties to a future race,
They drew from Nature semblance of his
face, [his doom,

While love taught many a fair who wept
To bid him live in colours and the loom;
And Sorrow, mingling her sad task with theirs,
Painted, embroider'd all around her tears.
All the funereal rites to him were paid,
That Helicon bestows on feather'd shade:
A myrtle, planted near it, hides the tomb,
(A modern mausoleum) with its bloom.
There, by some tender Artemisia trac'd,
In golden letters are these rhymes im-
press'd

Upon an urn plac'd in a violet bed:

• We feel the salt tears trickling as we read.

“ Young Nuns, who here forbidden foot-
steps bend

To ease the genial current of your souls,
One instant, if you can, that joy suspend,
And hear of sorrow which all joy con-
trouls.

You cease—if such constraint must have
relief,

Talk then, but talk in woe to bear a part:
One word will tell you all our tender grief,

Here lies Ver-vert;—ah! here lies every
heart.”

'Tis said, how'er, to terminate my tale
Before all feeling and all language fail,
That the bird's shade no longer haunts the
tomb;

But, in the Nuns his spirit finding room,
From Nun to Nun the immortal Parroquet
Will, as impels Metempsychosean fate,
To ages forward, as for ages back,
Transport his soul and his eternal clack.