

THE  
**LONDON MAGAZINE.**

No. XVI.

APRIL, 1821.

VOL. III.

CONTENTS.

<p><b>The Lion's Head.</b> 359</p> <p>All Fools' Day. By Elia..... 361</p> <p>Swimming across the Hellespont. In a Letter from Lord Byron..... 363</p> <p>Lines on the Death of the Princess Charlotte..... 365</p> <p>Sonnet, by Charles Lamb..... 367</p> <p>TABLE TALK, No. IX.</p> <p>On People of Sense..... 368</p> <p>Auto-Biography of John Huggins... 375</p> <p>Atherstone's Last Days of Hercules- neum, &amp;c..... 379</p> <p>The Confessions of R. F. V. H. De- lamore, Esq..... 383</p> <p>A Quaker's Meeting. By Elia..... 384</p> <p>Consolation..... 387</p> <p>Albion..... 388</p> <p>TRADITIONAL LITERATURE, No. V.</p> <p>Dame Eleanor Selby—with bal- lads..... 389</p> <p>Sketches on the Road..... 395</p> <p>THE COLLECTOR, No. IX.</p> <p>The late Mr. West and Napoleon 405</p> <p>William Penn's Deed from the Indians, in 1685..... 406</p> <p>Mr. Charles Lloyd's Poems..... 406</p> <p>Gleanings from Foreign Journals.... 413</p> <p>Letter from a Road..... 419</p> <p>Goethe, on Manzoni's Tragedy of Il Conte di Carmagnola..... 423</p>	<p><b>Common Conversation, No. IV.</b></p> <p>Death of Mr. John Keats..... 426</p> <p>Poems by Thomas Gent..... 427</p> <p>Southey's Vision of Judgment... 428</p> <p>Croly's Paris, Second Part—Mr. Maturin—Mr. Bowyer's Print — Robert Bloomfield — Dr. Reed on Hypochondriasis — Table Talk, by Mr. Hazlitt— Mr. Soane's Museum — The Chalcographic Exhibition 430—432</p> <p>THE DRAMA, No. XV.....</p> <p>Richard III. according to the Text of Shakspeare—The Stranger —Conscience, or the Bridal Night..... 433—437</p> <p>The British Institution..... 437</p> <p>LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC IN- TELLIGENCE..... 444</p> <p>Report of Music, No. XIV..... 448</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>Monthly Register.</b></p> <p>Abstract of Foreign and Domestic Oc- currences..... 452</p> <p>Agricultural Report..... 454</p> <p>Commercial Report..... 457</p> <p>Works preparing for Publication and lately published, Preferments, Bankruptcies, Births, Marriages, Deaths, Meteorological Register, MARKETS, STOCKS, &amp;c..... 461—472</p>
---	--

LONDON :

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

The funeral pomp is near—through the cold air  
 Waves torch and plume—and nobles' heads are bare ;  
 The moonlight mingles with the grosser flames,  
 And rustic's sobs with sighs of high born dames.  
 This regal city has flung early out  
 Her worth and beauty—not with song and shout,  
 But with a sadden'd eye that loves to seek  
 The ground, and with a paleness of the cheek.  
 Temple and tower and palace peal around  
 A holy note—a slow and solemn sound.

Far from the scene where star and torchlight show  
 Nobles in tears, and majesty in woe,  
 He—who presumes in this sad theme to fling  
 His rustic hand o'er an untutor'd string,  
 Apart and lonely as his days have flown  
 Mute and inglorious—nameless and unknown—  
 He too will wail ; and sadly will he call  
 His loved one near by his lone cottage wall—  
 No lights to lumine him—but those which cheer  
 An angel's visit—should one visit here.  
 He too will ponder on a tender theme—  
 Life's passing pageant—Hope's deceiving dream—  
 Virtue and sweetness, to our glad isle given,  
 Flown like the dew on the lark's wing to heaven.—  
 Mild maiden majesty fled like the beam  
 Of the moist star upon the troubled stream,  
 While heaven and earth give sign that God has trust  
 Of as much sweetness as death sweeps to dust.  
 Rude though his verse be—though it lacks the might  
 Of tender Campbell,—or Scott's glowing flight,—  
 Rogers's elegance,—the feeling strong  
 Of Byron's lay,—or Southey's noble song,—  
 Though he be none of these, at whose high call  
 Wealth showers her gems, and gifts of fortune fall,—  
 Who come abroad in pomp, and pall, and stand  
 With princes and the proud ones of the land :—  
 Yet he is one for this sad theme who brings  
 A grief as tender as the babe's heart-strings,—  
 Can drop as true a tear, as warmly call  
 To heaven, as can the mightiest of them all,  
 To bless his country, and her kingly line,  
 And make them like yon stars—bright, lasting, and divine.

## SONNET.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

THEY talk of time, and of time's galling yoke,  
 That like a millstone on man's mind doth press,  
 Which only works and business can redress :  
 Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,  
 Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.  
 But might I, fed with silent meditation,  
 Assoiled live from that fiend Occupation—  
*Improbis labor*, which my spirits hath broke—  
 I'd drink of time's rich cup, and never surfeit—  
 Fling in more days than went to make the gem,  
 That crowned the white top of Methusalem—  
 Yea on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,  
 Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,  
 The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity.