

SONG AT THE SYMPOSIUM ON MAGA.

AIR—*The Arethusa.*

COME, all good friends who stretch so free
 Your legs beneath our Ebony,
 In loving lays along with me,
 Proclaim the praise of Maga.
 She is a creature not too good
 For human nature's daily food :
 And her men are stanch to their favourite haunch,
 On which they fall like an avalanche,
 And fairly floor it, root and branch,
 In the name of mighty Maga.

'Tis sweet to see, when hard at work,
 These heroes armed with knife and fork,
 While flashes far the frequent cork
 To refresh the thirst of Maga.
 Some dozen dishes swept away
 Are but the prologue to our play :

If a haunch can't be found upon English ground,
Then the best of blackfaced, duly browned,
Or the faultless form of a well-fed round,
Must sustain the strength of Maga.

Our banquet, lately spread to view,
Appears to me an emblem true
Of that served up in season due
To the monthly guests of Maga.
No rival feast can e'er compare
With Maga's mental bill of fare,
While her table is gay with a French fricassée,
A currie, casserole, or a cabriolet,*
Yet solid substance still bears sway
In the rich repasts of Maga.

How many myriad mouths attend
Till Maga's hand their meat shall send!
What scholars, poets, patriots, bend
Their eager eyes on Maga!
The knock that speaks a Number come,
Stirs the soldier's heart like the sound of a drum:
While with pallid cheer, between hope and fear,
Fair maidens ask, "Pray, does there appear

* A convenient name for any dish that has no other name.

Any more this month of Ten Thousand a-Year,
In the pleasing page of Maga?"

What fleets of Granton steamers sail,
Each laden with our monthly bale,
Besides that part that goes by rail,
Of the wondrous works of Maga !
O'er all the earth, what scene or soil
Is not found full of Maga's toil ?

Every varying breeze wafts her over the seas,
While insurance at Lloyd's is done with ease
At nothing per cent, or what you please,
On the craft that carries Maga.

Survey mankind with careful view,
From Cochin-China to Peru,
And take a transverse section too ;
All read and reverence Maga.
Around the poles, beneath the line,
She rules and reigns by right divine ;
She is thought no sin by Commissioner Lin ;
And, waiving at once the point of Pin,
The Celestial Empire all take in
The barbarian Mouth of Maga.

But most her page can joy impart
To many a home-sick Scottish heart,
That owns afar the potent art
 Possessed by mighty Maga.
The exile sees, at her command,
His native mountains round him stand ;
 In vision clear his home is near,
 And a murmuring streamlet fills his ear ;
 Till now the fast o'erflowing tear
 Dissolves the spell of Maga.

But next let North inspire the strain :
Ye Muses, ope your richest vein !
Though flattery goes against the grain
 With the master-mind of Maga.
Without him all to wreck would run :
A system then without a sun !
 For his eye and soul, with strong control,
 Enlighten all that round him roll,
 And gild and guide the mighty whole,
 That bears the name of Maga.

Then, now before we bid adieu,
We wish, while yet the year is new,

Succeeding seasons, not a few,
 To the noble North and Maga.
May life's best gifts their progress bless !
May their lights—and their shadows—never be less !
 May they lengthen their lease with an endless increase !
 Or only then depart in peace,
When frauds shall fail and follies cease,
 Subdued by North and Maga.

February 1841.