

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Str.—The subject which suggested the beautiful Sonnet, in a late number, signed "Girastes," produced also the enclosed from another pen, which, if you deem it worthy insertion, is at your service.

H. S.

OZYMANDIAS.

In Egypt's sandy silence, all alone,
 Stands a gigantic Leg, which far off throws
 The only shadow that the Desert knows:—
 "I am great OZYMANDIAS," saith the stone,
 "The King of Kings; this mighty City shows
 The wonders of my hand."—The City's gone,—
 Nought but the Leg remaining to disclose
 The site of this forgotten Babylon.

We wonder,—and some Hunter may express
 Wonder like ours, when thro' the wilderness
 Where London stood, hold'ing the Wolf in chace,
 He meets some fragment huge, and stops to guess
 What powerful but unrecorded race
 Once dwelt in that annihilated place.