

POETRY.

WE ARE SEVEN.

[The following verses have already appeared in several periodical publications. They are written in the manner of the ancient English Ballad, and we think they are, both with regard to the language and the subject, a wonderful instance of the power which genuine simplicity has over the mind, even when unaccompanied with any circumstance uncommonly affecting.]

A SIMPLE child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws it's breath,
And feels it's life in every limb,
What should it know of death.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said,
Her hair was thick with many a curl,
That cluster'd round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
"How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
And wond'ring look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answer'd, "Seven are we,
"And two of us, at Conway dwell,
"And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the Church yard lie,
"My sister, and my brother.
"And in the church-yard cottage, I
"Dwell near them with my mother.

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
"And two are gone to sea,
"Yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
"Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven girls and boys are we;
"Two of us in the church yard lie
"Beneath the church yard tree.

"You run about, my little maid,
"Your limbs they are alive;
"If two are in the church yard laid,
"Then ye are only five.

"Their graves are green, they may be seen."
"The little maid repli'd,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door
"And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
"My kerchiefs there I hem;
"And there upon the ground I sit—
"I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sun-set, Sir,
"When it is light and fair,
"I take my little porringer,
"And eat my supper there:

"The first that died was little Jane,
"In bed the mourning lay,
"Till God releas'd her of her pain,
"And then she went away.

"So in the church yard she was laid,
"And all the summer dry
"Together round her grave we play'd,
"My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow;
"And I could run and slide,
"My brother John was forc'd to go,
"And helies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"I they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
"Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay we are seven!"

EPIGRAMME.

Quel est ce monstre que voit à
Parmi ces jolis enfans là ?
Hélas, Madamé, c'est ma Fille.
Ah ! vraiment elle est bien gentille.

ENIGME.

Pour tourmenter d'innocentes victimes,
Dont la bonté fait seule tous les crimes,
J'unis au supplice du feu,
Et la chaîne, et le feu, et la corde et la roue.
Avec des morts en tournant je me joue ;
Sans honte et sans remords je te fais cet aveu.
Quel monstre, diras-tu, quelle affreuse peinture !
Reviens, lecteur, de ton injuste effroi ;
Je ne travaille que pour toi :
Un art ingénieux préside à ma structure,
A tes besoins, à ton plaisir,
Ma seule affaire est de servir ;
Je marche avec poids et mesure,
Et tous mes pas sont tirés au cordeau.
Sous les rustiques toits d'un champêtre hameau,
Où suivant les desseins de la simple nature,
La frugalité seule apprête les repas ;
De moi l'on seroit peu de cas.
Enfin divine aussi ma compagne fidèle,
Lecteur, pour me connoître mieux.
Elle a besoin de moi ; je ne puis rien sans elle ;
Le sort barbare et rigoureux
Par des liens de feu ensemble nous en chaîne ;
Un mouvement commun tous les deux nous entraîne ;
Je reste cependant toujours au même lieu ;
Et nous marchons beaucoup, pour avancer fort-peu.