

*To Correspondents.*

If *Asmodeus* would correct the last verses of his "*Ode*" it may appear, with credit to himself. The last verse "*Ma muse e'tant interrompu*" must strike him as perfectly prosaic. Indeed all the concluding verses induce us to believe that his interruption was rather real than poetical.

*Ineps* will appear in a future number

We shall hold it as a general rule to publish nothing relating to any subject which must ultimately come before a Jury, till after the Trial, when we will be happy to publish an account of any proceedings on the case; and we are persuaded the object of public utility or precedent will thus be equally obtained. We know that a contrary line of conduct is adopted by public papers in England: it is there attended with danger; but we fear, in a small society like this, Juries are too liable to be influenced previous to Trial, without the aid of the press. The risk is theirs; it is of awful consequence, and we would be in nowise concerned in it.

MARCHE'S.

A QUERREC, 7 Mai, 1803.

Farine p. q.	155 à 18s 4d.	Lard par lb.	7 1/2d
Sou - do - -	5s	Suiffe do	6 1/2 à 9d
Pois par minot	5s à 8s 1/2	Beurre en Tin.	1s
Patates p. do.	2/6	Dinde p. coup.	7s
Avoine p. do.	3s	Oies p. do	2s 6d à 4s
Bœuf par lb.	- 5d	Poulets p. do	2/6 à 3s
Do. p. quartier	(point)	Anguilles	5d à 9d
Veau par lb.	6d à 7 1/2d	Morue	5d à 2s 6d
Do en quartiers	2s 6d	Foin par cent	35s à 50s
Mouton p. lb.	7 1/2d	Paille par do	12s 6d à 20s
Do. p. quartier	(point)	Bois p. corde	12s 6d à 15s
Sain Doux do	9d à 1s 3d		
Beef p. Tierce	4 1/2 10s.	Pork p. baril.	5 1/2 10s. 4l.
Pain Blanc	3 lb. 2 onces.	Bis	3 lb. 12 onces 6d.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE

*On the 1st of May, 1803.*

Rise, O muse, arise and sing,  
 Hear the tuneful voice of Spring;  
 Sing the sweet delights of May,  
 Qu'iff the Zephyrs tepid breeze,  
 Stretched beneath the shady trees,  
 Stretched and singing at thine ease;  
 Whilst around the flowers so gay  
 With their sweets perfume the air:  
 Violets deck the purple plain;  
 Culture nature's nurse so fair  
 Now o'er spreads the fields again.  
 Now upon each peaceful vale,  
 Gentle showers from fleecy clouds,  
 How unlike the stormy hail  
 Which the winter tempest broods;  
 Then all vegetation sleeps  
 Whelmed by falling weight of snow  
 Deeply piled in drifted heaps,  
 Which suspends all life below  
 And in freezing torpor sleeps.

Now my muse proceed, and sing,  
 Th' force of vivifying Spring,  
 And the cheerful voice of May;  
 Vegetation wakes to day,  
 With new vigour waked to life,  
 Now skips the playful lamb, nor fears the  
 butcher's knife.

In the lofty pine the crow  
 Bids adieu to frost and snow,  
 And the soft wood-pigeons throat  
 Echoes with the murmur'ing note,  
 Echoes thro' the list'ning grove  
 To his mate the tune of love;  
 While the Lark salutes the sun  
 'Ere his daily course begun;  
 Philomela charms the moon  
 With her melancholy tune;  
 All the feathered tribe so gay,  
 All salute the first of May,  
 From the cock with plumed crest,  
 To the wren upon her nest,  
 All the feathered tribe so gay,  
 Salute the God who made the cheerful first  
 of May;  
 And shall not man grateful sing  
 The God, the awful God who made the  
 cheerful Spring.

Omega.