

POETRY.

[Our much esteemed Correspondent F. has sent us the following beautiful verses. It will be recollected that he is also the Author of the "Ode aux Messieurs de St. Sulpice," in the 6th No. and of the Paragraph signed F. in the last No. As we insert the whole of the verses, we think it just to give here a remark which he has subjoined at the foot of them: "Si Mons. Neillon pensoit que le lecteur pourroit se tromper sur le sens de cette dernière Stance, je le prie de la supprimer. Mais, je ne pense pas qu'on le puisse prendre en mauvais part;" and we surely are of the same opinion; but his remark deserves to be recorded, as an honorable testimony of his solicitude not to give rise to any false notions on a subject which is of all others the most important.]

We hope he will continue to favor the Public and us with his writings, either in prose or verse: for we find them alike meritorious. He may rest assured that we will always give them the earliest attention; and that we will be particularly mindful of the injunction of secrecy which he has imposed on us.]

STANCES SUR MON JARDIN.

PETIT jardin que j'ai planté,
Que ton enceinte fait me plaire!
Je vois en ta simplicité,
L'image de mon caractère.

Pour rêver qu'on s'y trouve bien!
Ton agrément c'est ta verdure,
A l'art tu ne dois presque rien,
Tu dois beaucoup à la nature.

D'un fleuve rapide en son cours,
Tes murs viennent baigner la rive,
Et je vois s'écouler mes jours,
Comme son onde fugitive.

Lorsque pour goûter le repos,
Chaque soir je quitte l'ouvrage,
Que j'aime jeunes arbrisseaux,
A reposer sous votre ombrage!

Votre feuillage tout le jour,
Au doux rossignol sert d'azile,
C'est là qu'il chante son amour,
Et la nuit il y dort tranquille.

O! toi, qui brilles en mon jardin,
Tendre fleur, ton destin m'allige;
On te voit fleurir le matin,
Et le soir mourir sur ta tige.

Vous croissez arbrisseaux charmants,
Dans l'air votre tige s'élançe,
Hélas! J'eus aussi mon printemps,
Mais déjà mon hiver commence!

Mais à quoi sert de regretter,
Les jours de notre court passage?
La mort ne doit point attrister,
Ce n'est que là fin du voiage.

F.

EPIGRAMS.

[By Eddis Alrami, from Hoptest's Carlyle's "Specimens of Arabian Poetry."]

ON A VALETUDINARIAN.

So careful is he, and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown,
He swears through two nostrils the breath
Goes too fast;
And he's trying to breathe thro' but one.

ON A MISER.

"HANG her, a thoughtless, wasteful fool!
"She scatters corn, where'er she goes."
Quoth HASSAN, angry at his mule,
That dropt a dimer to the crows.

AUTREFOIS un Romain s'en vint fort affligé
Raconter à Caton que la nuit précédente
Son foulier des souris, avoit été rongé,
Chose qui lui sembloit tout-à-fait effrayante;
Mon ami, dit Caton, reprenez vos esprits;
Cet accident en soi n'a rien d'épouvantable:
Mais si votre foulier eût mangé les souris,
C'auroit été sans doute, un prodige effroyable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several small pieces pointed at the author of "L'Areopage," lately published; but as the author of the Areopage has given his name with it; and as it does not appear to us that he has been directed in his censures by personal ill will, we should consider ourselves as highly unjustifiable, if we were to give currency to any thing against him that appears to have its source purely in malevolence. In such cases, fair and candid criticisms on the Poem ought only to be admitted.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, MAR. 1809.

Days.	M's Age.	Weather.	Wds.	Barometer.		Thermo.	
				Inches.	Degrees.		
				M.	A.	M.	A.
6		fine		29.6	29.6	-4	13
7		fine		29.8	29.8	-6	20
8	☉	cloudy		29.7	28.7	17	33
9		cloudy		29.9	29.8	10	30
10		fine		29.8	29.7	11	38
11		snow	S. E.	29.8	29.7	25	23
12		cloudy		29.7		25	

● N. Moon. ☾ 1st. Quar. ○ F. Moon. ☽ 1st. Q.

N. B. This mark minus prefixed to a number denotes so many degrees below Zero.