

POETRY.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

[The following little pieces, written in England, will not, it is hoped, be unacceptable to the Subscribers to this paper.]

THE PARTRIDGE'S PETITION:

[Written for the first of September]

If soft Compassion holds a Place
Oh! Man within thy Breast,
Spare then, oh! spare the Partridge race,
Nor rob us of our rest.

Oh! do not load the fatal Gun,
To take our young away,
Who scarce life's Journey have begun,
Scarce seen the cheerful day;

But let them range awhile through air,
By bounteous nature giv'n,
And all the various blessings share
Beneath the Lamp of Heav'n

Consider well the waste which war
Amongst thy Kind has made,
Then wilt thou listen to the pray'r
I offer in their aid.

Think thou beholds't the hostile plain
All cover'd with the Dead;
While weeping Friends, who yet remain,
By grief are thither led.

Here the fond Mother seeks her son,
Her Heart oppress'd with Woe.
To find their sire, their orphans run
Whose tears incessant flow.

The new made widow frantic seeks
Her Husbands dear remains.
With scalding tears bedews his cheeks,
Then raving quits the plain.

The horror which this scene displays
Should teach thee to forbear
To blast the flowers of happy days
Soon as their buds appear.

For canst thou think distress and care
To thee alone confin'd?
No: we the various feelings share
As well as humankind.

But since we're not like thee to rise,
To a new life of bliss,
Oh! grudge us not the trifling joy
Which we can find in this.

VERSES written on seeing a Sky Lark alight on a public walk during a snow storm.

WHY little songster do'st thou quit
The unrequited glade?

Why from the peaceful meadows flit
Unto the throng'd parade?

Art thou like Noah's dove bereft
Of resting for thy feet?
Are there no knowlefs hillocks left
To which thou may'st retreat?

Thou thus thou seek'st the busy town,
The haunt of humankind,
In hopes, since man through air has flown,*
Thou here may'st refuge find.

Come then, sweet warbler, live with me,
Till wintry storms are o'er:
Here, free from danger, shalt thou be,
Nor suffer hunger more.

With green turf shall thy cage be grac'd;
Thy trough each morn I'll fill,
With seeds of most delicious taste,
Thy fountain from the rill.

At breakfast thou shalt take thy stand
Upon the tea tray's brink;
Shalt eat the sugar from my hand,
And of my cup shalt drink.

And when fair spring reechoths the meads
Again I'll see thee free.
To rove where'er thy fancy leads,
Nor urge thy stay with me.

* Alluding to the Balloons.

EPIGRAMS.

Les Gages.

UN joueur de profession
Aussi mauvais payeur qu'il en fut dans la ville,
Avoit depuis deux ans un valet fort habile
Plein de zèle et d'affection,
Il ne lui payoit point les gages;
Le valet avoit beau demander de l'argent,
L'autre écludoit toujours et jouoit l'indigent,
Car les mauvais payeurs sont bien des personnages.

Le pauvre valet assigné,
Autant qu'en tel cas on peut l'être,
Vint lui demander son congé
Pourquoi t'en aller dit le maître?

Je ne t'ai pas payé tes gages jusqu'ici;
Mais tu n'y perdras rien, n'en sois point en souci;
Puis qu'ils courent toujours que te faut-il au reste?
Oui, lui dit le valet, las de se voir duper;
Ils courent en effet, et si fort malpeste,
Que je ne puis les attraper.

BARATON.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vex'd Pontia no way could this thesis allow—
"You're a Cuckold," says she, "do I tell you
truth now."

JOURDAIN.