

The pope, to all his counsellors, made
known
This strange affair—to cardinals and
friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were
known

To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and
liars.

The question now was handed to and fro,
If Mary had the power to give, or no.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,
The wonder-working Lady wanted
pow'r—

This was a stumbling block that stopp'd
the way—

This made pope, cardinals, and friars,
low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep secure the diamonds that were
left;

They said, she *mights*, indeed, the gem be-
low.

And consequently it might be no theft.

But then they pass'd immediately an act,
That every one discover'd in the fact,
Of taking presents from the Virgin's
hand.

Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to
slaughter.

Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical assistance;

Which bids you not let men approach too
near.

But keep the saucy fellows at a dis-
tance;

Since men you find, so bold, are apt to
frize

Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their knees!

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

[From the same.]

POOR mistress Levi had a luckless
son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost
seat,

In imitation of the ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit.

In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!
The mother was distracted, raving, wild—
Shook'd, tore her hair, embraced and
kiss'd her child—

Afflicted every heart with grief around;
Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat
past,

And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought pro-
found:

And being with a saving knowledge blest'd,
She thus the play-house manager ad-
dress'd:—

'Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew
lad,

'Dat meet misfartin here so bad—

'Sher, I mus' haf the shilling back, you
know,

'As' Moses haf nat see de show.'

TRANSLATION FROM THE SPANISH.

[By Mr. Pys.]

DEEP in the lone recesses of a vale
Where frequent travellers no way
had trac'd,

I saw a dog, with desultory haste,
Explore, in sad distress, the pathless dale;
With open nostril now he snuff'd the gale,
And now with eager scent the ground ex-
plor'd;

Now here, now there, he turns with anxi-
ous care;

And rends, with piercing cries, the ambi-
ent air,

Seeking, with fruitless quest, his absent
Lord.

I view'd his luckless state, with pitying
eye,

And, as I mark'd the deep concern he
shew'd,

My bosom heav'd a sympathetic sigh,
While from my tongue, these words spon-
taneous flow'd:

'Patience, poor wretch!—for greater ill
I prove,

'Since reason's powers I feel, yet mourn my
absent love.'

VERSES: By VOLTAIRE.

[From his Letters lately published.]

LE vrai bonheur
Souvent dans un cœur
Est né dans le sein de la douleur,
C'est un plaisir,
Qu'un doux souvenir
Des peines passées;
Les craintes cessées
Faisent renaitre un nouveau desir.

JOHN