SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WITH A PEATHER BAN.

On which Roses were depicted. And the colored and the colored

Go, light, fantastic, airy thing,

By Foncy, pluck'd, from Cupid's wing !

Thy pencil'd, Roses gaily blowing,

(The work of nymph, alas! unknowing,

(The work of nymph, alas! unknowing,
What mischief here might lurk unseen,
Should Zephyr take Apollo's mein,
And lightly famning thoughtless fair,
Excite a fiame not cool d by air.)
But might this gift to friendship be,
The pledge of friendly countesy,
No mischief hence could a'er ensue,
More harmless roses never grew.—page 62.

There is a sweet and simple pathos in the following lines which far overbalance their defects:—

It was a lone retreat into the wild,

Where Nature reign'd in undisturb'd repose:

There Lucy—(on her breast an infant child,)

Would often come at lovely evening's close

To see his toil, and how the pile arose;

Then future plans employ their happy minds,

Till night the lovers in their wandering finds.

Sweet are the works we wholly call our own,
They seem a portion of ourselves, and yield.
A pure delight, in foreign things unknown:
How swells the settler's breast to view the field.
Whose charms by his own hands have been revealed,
Where feudal rights no menial toil command,
No tyrants suck the fatness of the land!

—page 20.

With a due allowance for the inaccuracy we have noticed above, the death of Reuben by the rattlesnakes is well described in the following lines;—

Swift to their victim fly the furious train,

Coil round his neck, and plant the venom d sting,

Curdled with fear, and writhing in his pain,

He feels the hissing tribe around him cling,

And in each vein their curcless venom fling,—

He seeks the door—resistance all too late,

Dives in the snow, and yields him to his fate.—page 24.

We shall conclude our extracts by the following, wherein the writer in "good set terms," expresses her opinion of Mr. Jefferson, late President of the United States. An ill-natured critic would say they manifest more of a generally ascribed fault of her sex than the talents of the Poet. But it cannot be denied her ire is where well expressed:—

and the same of the state of th

िर्मु <u>ने पुरा</u>त्रकालक विकास वि<mark>र्माश्चिम विकास</mark>