

But all expl'd, for want of powers to
 speak;
 All perish'd in the mind as soon as born,
 Eras'd more quick than cyphers on the
 shore,
 O'er which the cruel waves, unheedful
 roll.

Such timid rapture as young Edwin
 seiz'd,
 When his lone footsteps on the sage ob-
 trude,
 Whose noble precept charm'd his won-
 d'ring ear,
 Such rapture fill'd Laetitia's vacant soul,
 When the bright moralist, in softness drest,
 Open'd all the glories of the mental world,
 Deigns to direct the infant thought, to
 prune
 The budding sentiment, uprear the stalk,
 Of feeble fancy, bid idea live,
 Woo the abstracted spirit from its cares,
 And gently guide her to the scenes of
 peace.
 Mine was that balm, and mine the grate-
 ful heart,
 Which breathes its thanks in rough, but
 timid strains.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S BULL-
 FINCH.

[By Mr. Cooper.]

YE Nymphs, if e'er your eyes were red
 With tears, o'er hapless fav'rites shed,
 Now share Maria's griefs;
 Her fav'rite, even in his cage,
 (What will not cruel hunger's rage?)
 Assassinated by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,
 The egg was laid from which he sprung;
 And though by nature mute,
 Or only with a whistle blest,
 Well taught, he all the sounds express'd
 Of flagellet, or flute.

The honors of his ebony-poll
 Were brighter than than the sleekest mole;
 His bosom of the hue
 With which Aurora decks the skies,
 When piping wind shall soon arise
 To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
 Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,
 No cat had leave to dwell;
 And Bully's cage supported stood
 On props of smoothest shaven wood,
 Large built, and lattic'd well.

Well lattic'd, but the grate, 'alas!
 Not rough with wire of steel, or brass,
 For Bully's plumage sake;
 But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
 With which, when neatly peel'd and dry'd,
 The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole—all seem'd secure,
 When led by instinct, sharp and sure,
 Subsistence to provide,
 A beast forth fally'd on the scout,
 Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd
 snout,
 And badger-colour'd hide.

He entering at the study door,
 Its ample area 'gan to explore,
 And something in the wind
 Conjectur'd snuffing round and round,
 Better than all the books he found,
 Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impress'd,
 A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest;
 In sleep he seem'd to view
 A rat fast clinging to his cage,
 And screaming at the sad presage,
 Awoke, and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
 Right to his mark the monster went;
 Ah! muse, forbear to speak.
 Direful the horrors which ensu'd!
 His teeth were strong, the cage was wood,
 He left poor Bully's beak.

Maria weeps, the muses mourn;
 So when by Bacchanalians torn,
 On Thracian Hebrus' side,
 The tree-enchanted, Orpheus, fell,
 His head alone remain'd to tell
 The cruel death he died.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY OF FIF-
 TEEN,

On putting a Butterfly out at her window,
 after having been in her room all winter.

[From the Literary Magazine.]

GO! happy insect! fly thy way,
 And frolick' all the live-long day,
 Where'er thy fancy please;
 Thy tender form no blasts needs fear;
 Soon will the summer smiles appear;
 Then fly and take thine ease.