

VERS.

*A Mademoiselle P....C.....fais en me  
[promenant seule.*

TOI que l'Amour a fixé sur ces rives,  
Pour le bonheur du plus fidèle amant,  
Dis-moi pourquoi les heures fugitives,  
Loin de tes yeux coulent si lentement.

-Si je ne puis te parler ni t'entendre,  
Rempli du moins de ton doux souvenir,  
Au sein des bois, mon luth fidèle et tendre  
De ta vertu saura-m'entretenir.

A ces valons, à ce roc solitaire,  
Aux déités qui peuplent ces côtesaux,  
De mon Amour je dirai le mystère,  
Et j'apprendrai ton nom à ces échos.

[lieux sombres,]  
Mais viens plutôt, ah! viens dans ces  
Payer mon cœur du plus juste retour:  
Le doux zéphyr, ce silence, ces ombres,  
Ces verts gazons, tout parle ici d'amour.

*Armodée.*

## SELECTED.

### THE WATER-CRESSSES BOY.

A TALE.

'T WAS on a dreary winter morn,  
When bread was dear, and work was scant,  
When misery deeply sigh'd, forlorn,  
Expos'd to all the woes of want;

A boy stretch'd on the pavement lay,  
A cover'd basket by his side—  
His *all*—provision for the day!

'Twas what his industry supply'd.

Long ere the source of chearful light  
Had ting'd the clouds with orient dye,  
Or chas'd the shades of gloomy night,  
From home, alas! he's forced to hie.

To brooks, and streams, and places dank,  
To cull the early gifts of spring,  
Whose vegetation, moist and rank,  
Her deepest tints of verdure flings.

At home, poor boy! that morn he'd left  
A helpless mother, sick and poor,  
Of friend, of ev'ry aid bereft,—  
This son, on earth, her only store!

She'd seen the joys of better times,  
She'd known the sweets of happier days;  
Visit not, Heav'n, for father's crimes!—  
But hid to man are all thy ways.

Bleak blew the piercing north-east winds,  
And thick descended drifting snows;  
With pain the trembling boy now finds  
The brooks are ice, the springs are froze.

Long, long he fought the Water-Cress,  
Aloud thro' streets and lanes to cry;  
To blunt the edge of keen distress;  
His own and mother's food to buy.

Returned to town with scanty fare,  
He'd call'd his Cresses all around,  
With limbs and bleeding feet quite bare;  
But sale nor pity now was found.

More fierce the piercing winds still blew,  
More thick descending drifting snows;  
With cold, the boy, pierc'd thro' and thro',  
Now sinks beneath his whelming woes!

The raging storm had seiz'd his frame,  
A frame too weak the storm to bear;  
And life's but just extinguish'd flame:  
His flitting limbs aloud declare.

Ye rich, who cold, nor hunger know,  
Nor e'en the thoughts of hunger fear,  
Ah! ease the orphan's bitter woe!  
Ah! wipe the widow's dropping tear!

Long—long the mother now may look  
For welcome son, and welcome bread,  
The produce of the gelid brook:  
Her bread is gone, her son is dead!

No more, in answer to her prayers,  
She'll hear the creaking, pleasing sound,  
Of his known steps ascend the stairs,  
To sooth, to heal her every wound!

His life is fled, his woes are o'er,  
The widow's stay, her only joy!  
He'll feel nor cold nor hunger more,  
Poor, hapless, Water-Cresses Boy!

### EPIGRAMS.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell,  
Wearing out life's evening gray;  
Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell  
What is blest, and which the way.  
Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,  
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,  
When the hoary sage reply'd,  
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

THE WORM-DOCTOR.

BY THE REV. MR. RALPH.

VAGUS, advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill,  
By cakes of wondrous force, the Worms to kill.  
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart;  
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art:  
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,  
For Man (as Job has told us) is a worm.