The MOUSE's PETITION,*

Found in the TRAP where he had been confin'd all Night.

Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.

VIRGIL.

For here forlors, and fad

Which brings impendit

Wishin the wary giral

OH! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,

For liberty that fighs;

And never let thine heart be shut Against the wretch's cries.

for de little worth

* To Doctor PRIESTLEY.

The Author is concerned to find, that what was intended as the petition of mercy against justice, has been construed as the plea of humanity against cruelty. She is certain that cruelty could never be apprehended from the Gentleman to whom this is addressed; and the poor animal would have suffered more as the victim of domestic economy, than of philosophical curiosity. med in the TRAP where he had been con-

For here forlorn and fad I fit,

Within the wiry grate;

And tremble at th' approaching morn,

Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain.

Oh! do not stain with guiltless blood

Thy hospitable hearth;

Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd

A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast

My frugal meals supply;

But if thine unrelenting heart

That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,

Are bleffings widely given;

Let nature's commoners enjoy

The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind

To all compassion gives;

Casts round the world an equal eye,

And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient fages taught,

A never dying flame,

Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,

In every form the same,

Beware, lest in the worm you crush.

A brother's soul you find;

And tremble lest thy luckless hand

Dislodge a kindred mind.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Or, if this transient gleam of day

Be all of life we share,

Let pity plead within thy breast

That little all to spare.

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So may thy hospitable board

With health and peace be crown'd;

And every charm of heartfelt ease

Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men like mice may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.