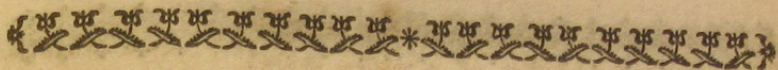


As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,
 The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh :
 Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,
 The tears may trickle from a father's eye.



THE GIFT: TO IRIS.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual offering shall I make,
 Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair one prize
 The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em :
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;
 Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
 A transitory passion :

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere than civil :
 I'll give thee—Ah ! too charming maid,
 I'll give thee——to the devil,



THE ROOKERY.

OH thou who dwell'st upon the bough,
 Whose tree does wave its verdant brow,
 And spreading shades the distant brook,
 Accept these lines, dear sister rook !
 And when thou'st read my mournful lay,
 Extend thy wing and fly away,
 Left pinion-maim'd by fiery shot,
 Thou should'st like me bewail thy lot ;
 Left in thy rook'ry be renew'd
 The tragic scene which here I view'd.

The day declin'd, the evening breeze
 Gently rock'd the silent trees,
 While spreading o'er my peopled nest,
 I hush'd my callow young to rest :
 When suddenly an hostile sound,
 Explosion dire ! was heard around :
 And level'd by the hand of fate,
 The angry bullets pierc'd my mate ;
 I saw him fall from spray to spray,
 Till on the distant ground he lay :