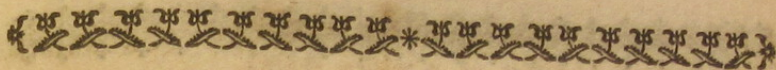


As o'er the corse he strews the rattling dust,  
 The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh :  
 Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,  
 The tears may trickle from a father's eye.



## THE GIFT: TO IRIS.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

**S**AY, 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.

**O**H 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,  
 Lest pinion-maim'd by fiery shot,  
 Thou should'st like me bewail thy lot ;  
 Lest 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 :