

The sheep also,—they hark, and they go;
 The goats with the kids, all so merrily O!
 You would think they all tried to see who could dance best.

And sometimes, upon a green meadow, I've seen her
 Make little garlands of beautiful flowers,—
 O, most beautiful flowers,—which last her for hours,
 And the great ladies make them for their paramours,
 But all of them learn from my sweet country lass.

And then in the evening she goes home to bed,
 Bare-footed, and loos'ning her laces and things,—
 Her laces and things,—and she laughs and she sings,
 And leaps all the banks with one of her springs;
 And thus my sweet maiden she passes her time.

EPIGRAM OF ALFIERI,¹

UPON THE TREATMENT OF THE WORD "CAPTAIN" BY
 THE ITALIANS, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH.

Capitano è parola
 Sonante, intera, e nell'Italia nata;
Capitèn, già sconsola,
 Nasalmente dai Galli smozzicata;
Keptn poi dentro gola
 De' Britanni aspri sen sta straspolpata.

IMITATED AND ANSWERED.

Poor Italy, one needs must own,
 Has the word "Captain," and the word alone;

France had the man, but gave him those
Whom he had taken for her by the nose;
England had her's, and has him still,
Who'll cut her own throat for her, if she will

EPIGRAMS ON LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Oh, CASTLEREAGH! thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country, so did'st thou;
He perish'd rather than see Rome enslav'd,
Thou cut'st thy throat, that Britain may be sav'd.

So CASTLEREAGH has cut his throat!—The worst
Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last!—He! Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago.

EDITORIAL NOTES

- ¹ Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), Italian dramatist and poet.