

"A Jay Bird sitting on a tree,
 "I look'd at him, and he look'd at me;
 "He jumped down upon a limb,
 "The lightning flashed and wounded him."

OLD SONGS.

The Troupers, in these parts, are really driven to a pitiful alternative. After having exhausted their own talents at wit, ingenuity and misrepresentation, they have been obliged to resort to *comparative anatomy* to find brains that might possess more subtlety than their own, to support a sinking cause. And they have been extremely fortunate in the selection. Jay Birds, like themselves, so far as we are acquainted with both, are celebrated for four things only—a fair exterior—a happy talent at a most annoying noisiness—infringements upon the rights of higher beings—and imitations, in their notes, of a bird, far superior to themselves, in power and talents.

We do not know where poor little *Peter*, may have been educated—but we should rather suppose from the contorsions of his *cranium*, that he was tutored at Athens, though he lacks so much of the *Attic salt*. Yet *Peter*, like their great radical *Judge*, may have been once a very considerable personage. But it is evident, that, like him, *Peter* has felt the heavy visitations of Heaven: for, like him, he recollects a part of the truth, to wit, that the anger of God falls upon the unbending and rebellious. So did the *Judge* in his late charge to the Grand Inquest of Taliaferro, recollect what he knew some 25 or 30 years ago, that Georgia needed a Supreme Court—But like as the *Judge* forgot, or was ignorant that the Laws of Georgia expressly require him to give in charge to the jury, the statutes against gambling and trading with slaves—So poor *Peter*, probably from the same cause, forgot, in his dream, that the Troupers were always opposed to *Jackson*, till Adams would not make Forsyth Minister to England. We are told by Physiologists, that it often happens that when the brain has received some sudden injury, the patient may some time afterwards retain impressions made before the injury; but with difficulty receives new ones.

We are at loss to imagine how this *Jay Bird* found the road all the way from Athens to Macon. But we rather suspect, that, when the Troupers saw that the people were indignant at the course they pursued, and they would

require much more talents, to get them out of the scrape, than they could parade on the *arena*, they sent a deputation to *Atticus* for some assistance; and he, in kindness, sent this *sharp little Bird* (who had probably furnished some of the beast ideas in *Wrangham Fitz Ramble*) to help them out of a dead lift. Poor *Peter*, we presume, on the 4th ultimo perched himself on the unfortunate oak that grew near the scene of *disunion*. Jupiter thundered *on the left hand*. The lightning ruffled and ruined his plumage and affected his brains. His *protégés* fled in dismay and left him, as they did the brave General *Newnan*, to take care of himself. Poor *Peter* has, no doubt, been trying to find his way to the neighborhood of *Billy Woodly*, (knowing he was fond of wild animals) to get some of his boys to nurse him, till he could let *Atticus* see that he had not come to the *Ocmulgee* in vain. Like as the great *Radical* could not get the office of President and cannot fulfil the duties of *Judge*—so poor *Jay Bird*, finding that he could not avert the anger of Heaven and the people, dreamed a *dream*—and it is very probable that, like *Wrangham Fitz Ramble*, he died in the effort, and *Billy's 'coons* are now singing over him;

“The Jay Bird died with the whooping cough,
“Ladies ar'n't you sorry, oh!!!”

SPARROW HAWK.