

Should ideas arise that may ruffle the soul,
 Let soft music the phantoms remove,
 For 'tis harmony only has force to controul,
 And unite all the passions in love.

With her eyes but half open, her cap all awry,
 When the lass is preparing for bed ;
 And the sleepy dull clown, who sits nodding just by,
 Sometimes rouses and scratches his head.

In the night when 'tis cloudy and rainy, and dark,
 And the labourers snore as they lie,
 Not a noise to disturb us, unless a dog bark
 In the farm, or the village hard by.

At the time of sweet rest, and of quiet like this,
 Ere our eyes are clos'd up in their lids,
 Let us welcome the season, and taste of that bliss,
 Which the sunshine and daylight forbids.



T H E P I N.

BY MR. WOTY.

FOR once, ye critics, let the sportive Muse
 Her fool's cap wear, spite of the shaking head
 Of stern-eyed Gravity—for, tho' the Muse
 To frolic be dispos'd, no song she chants

Immoral ; nor one picture will she hold,
 But Virtue may approve it with a smile.
 Ye sylvan deities ! awhile adieu !
 Ye curling streams ! whose banks are fring'd with flowers,
 Violet and hare-bell, or the king-cup bright,
 Farewell ! for I must leave your rich perfumes
 To sing the Pin in ever sounding lays :
 But not that Pin, at whose circumference
 Rotund, the strong-nerv'd rustic hurls the bowl
 Ponderous and vast : nor that which window bars
 From thief nocturnal : nor that other call'd
 A skittle ; chiefly found where alehouse snug
 Invites mechanic to the flowing cup
 Of Calvert's mild, o'er-canopied with froth.
 No—'tis the Pin so much by ladies us'd ;
 Without whose aid the nymph of nicest taste,
 Of neatest mould, a flattern would appear.
 Hail then, thou little useful instrument !
 Tho' small, yet consequential. For by thee
 Beauty sets off her charms, as at the glass
 Lucy, or Phillis, best adapts thy point.
 Without thy service would the ribband flaunt
 Loose to the fanning gale, nor on the head
 Of belle would stand her whimsical attire.
 The kerchief from her neck of snow would fall
 With freedom bold, and leave her bosom bare.
 How would the sempstress trim thy want regret
 As she her apron forms ! And how the man
 Of law, sagacious, with his spectacles
 On nose reverted ! frequent does he want

Thy prompt assistance, to connect his scraps
 And notes obliterated o'er. Thee oft
 In alley, path, wide square, and open street,
 The miser picks, as conscious of thy use ;
 With frugal hand, accompanied with brow
 Of corrugated bent, he sticks thee safe,
 Interior on his coat ; then creeps along,
 Well judging thy proportion to a groat.
 Thro' all thy different storehouses to trace
 Thy presence, either in the sculptur'd dome,
 Or tenement clay-built, would ask a pen
 With points almost as various as thy heads.
 Where-e'er thou art, or in whatever form,
 Magnificent in silver, or in brass,
 Or wire more humble, nightly may'st thou lie
 Safe on thy cushion'd bed, or kiss the locks
 Of Chloe, sleeping on the pillow's down.



A
 PRESENT TO A YOUNG LADY
 WITH A PAIR OF STOCKINGS.

By ———, FELLOW OF ——— CAMBRIDGE.

TO please the Fair, what different ways
 Each lover acts his part ;
 One tenders snuff, another praise,
 A toothpick, or a heart !