



# NATURE and FORTUNE.

To the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

NATURE and fortune blith and gay,  
To pass an hour or two,  
In frolick mood agreed to play  
At "What shall this man do?"

Come, I'll be judge then, FORTUNE cries,  
And therefore must be blind;  
Then whipt a napkin round her eyes,  
And ty'd it fast behind.

NATURE had now prepar'd her list  
Of names on scraps of leather,  
Which roll'd, she gave them each a twist,  
And hufled them together.

Thus mixt, which ever came to hand  
She very surely drew;  
Then bade her sister give command,  
For what that man should do.

'Twould



'Twould almost burst one's sides to hear  
 What strange commands she gave ;  
 That C——R should the laurel wear,  
 And C——E an army have.

At length when STANHOPE's name was come,  
 Dame NATURE smil'd and cry'd,  
 Now tell me, sister, this man's doom,  
 And what shall him betide ?

That man, said FORTUNE, shall be one  
 Blest both by you and me :——  
 Nay, then, quoth NATURE, let's have done ;  
 Sister, I'm sure you see.

