Slow-wand ring VI Ell-Q'in O Methinks I see Vol cas H. Q. 100

Back to the morning-feed Toll 10ve whos apprais only the 10

A GENTLEMAN whose MISTRESS had married an Old Man.

NDEED, my PHÆDRIA, if to find lles nedT That gold a female's vow can gain, mobile and If this had e'er disturb'd your mind, up not no med T Or cost one serious moment's pain, niemes eids bis I should have said that all the rules You learnt of moralists and schools, and guilbaid on Were very useless, very vain. To dan guilless ou

Yet I perhaps mistake the case insmu aid daw yswA And the' with this heroic air, who was and sale and sale and Like one that holds a nobler chace, had bond slood You seem the lady's loss to bear, b'vrolor nov doidw. Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue, ve able slidw And thinks my censure mighty wrong To count it such a slight, affair. voi vision and when

When HESPER gilds the shaded sky,
Slow-wand'ring thro' the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning-scenes of love:
Her tender look, her graceful way,
The pretty things you heard her say,
Afresh your struggling fancy move.

Then tell me, is your foul intire?

Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?

Then can you question each desire,

Bid this remain, and that begone?

No tear half-starting from your eye?

No kindling blush you know not why?

No stealing sigh or stifled groan?

Away with this unmanly mood!

See where the hoary churl appears,

Whose hand hath seiz'd the sav'rite good

Which you reserv'd for happier years:

While side by side the blushing maid move against

Shrinks from his visage half-afraid,

Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

Ye guardian pow'rs of love and fame,

This chafte, harmonious pair behold; liw wolling all

And thus reward the gen'rous flame

Of all who barter vows for gold, magnet aniviry and

O bloom of youth and opening charms lind line

Well-buried in a dotard's arms! down and deab mov

O worthy price of beauty fold! do see and deab mov

Cease then to gaze, unthankful boy;
Let, let her go, the venal fair!
Unworthy she to give you joy;
Then wherefore should she give you care?
Lay, lay your myrtle garland down,
And let the willow's virgin-crown
With happier omens bind your hair.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Tho' driv'n unwilling on the land!
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where PLATO's olive courts your eye,
Where HAMDEN's laurel blooms on high,
He lifts his heav'n-directed hand.

When these are blended on your brow, a mining of the willow will be nam'd no more; and offend aid?

Or if that love-deserted bough of brown and back

The pitying, laughing girls deplore, and odw lie to

Yet still shall I most freely swear, a drow to moold of

Your dress has much a better air and being liew.

Than all that ever bridegroom wore.



The driven warriling on the land!

The guide year diseast'd freps again.

Behold your better genius dand;

A Q.O. LATE'S clive agusts your eyes.

Where Hannels laured blooms on fight

He lifts his heav n-directed band, hard will will be still a lift and the still be s