

3.

See how they have safely surviv'd
 The frowns of a sky so severe,
 Such Mary's true love that has liv'd
 Through many a turbulent year.
 The charms of the late blowing rose,
 Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
 And the winter of sorrow best shows
 The truth of a friend, such as you.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE,

Necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.

THE lady thus address'd her spouse—
 What a mere dungeon is this house,
 By no means large enough, and was it,
 Yet this dull room and that dark closet,
 Those hangings with their worn out graces,
 Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,

Are

Are such an antiquated scene,
 They overwhelm me with the spleen.
 —Sir Humphry shooting in the dark,
 Makes answer quite beside the mark.
 No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
 Engag'd myself to be at home,
 And shall expect him at the door
 Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the lady cried,
 (And rais'd her voice and frown'd beside)
 You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
 What shall I do to make you hear?
 Dismiss poor Harry, he replies,
 Some people are more nice than wise,
 For one slight trespass all this stir?
 What if he did ride, whip and spur,
 'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
 Will never look one hair the worse.
 Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing—
 Child ! I am rather hard of hearing—

Yes,

Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl,
I tell you you can't hear at all.

Then with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.

Alas! and is domestic strife,
That forest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd ;
To gratify a fretful passion,
On ev'ry trivial provocation ?
The kindest and the happiest pair,
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something ev'ry day they live
To pity, and perhaps, forgive.

But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state,

Instead

Instead of harmony, 'tis jar
 And tumult, and intestine war.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
 Proof against sickness and old age,
 Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
 Becomes not weary of attention,
 But lives, when that exterior grace
 Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
 'Tis gentle, delicate and kind,
 To faults compassionate or blind,
 And will with sympathy endure
 Those evils it would gladly cure.
 But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
 Shows love to be a mere profession,
 Proves that the heart is none of his,
 Or soon expels him if it is.

To