

—Far other office once his prime delight,  
To nurse thy saplings tall, and heal the harms of night,

With ringlets quaint to curl thy shade,  
To bid the insect tribes retire,  
To guard thy walks and not invade——

O wherefore then provoke his ire?  
Alas! with prayers, with tears his rage repel,  
While yet the red'ning shoots with embryo-blossoms swell.

Too late thou'lt weep, when blights deform  
The fairest produce of the year;  
Too late thou'lt weep, when every storm  
Shall loudly thunder in thy ear,  
“ Thus, thus the green-hair'd deities maintain  
“ Their own eternal rights, and Nature's injur'd reign.”

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On a MESSAGE-CARD in Verse.

Sent by a LADY.

By the Same.

**H**ERMES, the gamester of the sky,  
To share for once mankind's delights,  
Slip'd down to earth, exceeding fly,  
And bade his coachman drive to White's.  
In form a beau; so light he trips,  
You'd swear his wings were at his heels;  
From glass to glass alert he skips,  
And bows and prattles while he deals.

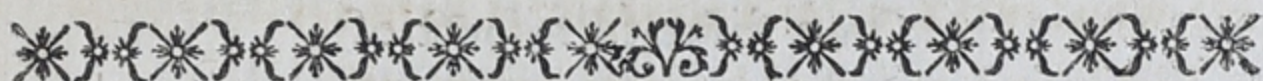


In short, so well his part he play'd,  
 The waiters took him for a peer;  
 And ev'n some great ones whisp'ring said  
 He was no vulgar foreigner.  
 Whate'er he was, he swept the board,  
 Won every bett, and every game;  
 Stript even the Rooks, who stamp'd and roar'd,  
 And wonder'd how the devil it came!  
 He wonder'd too, and thought it hard;  
 But found at last this great command  
 Was owing to one fav'rite card,  
 Which still brought luck into his hand.  
 The four of spades; whene'er he saw  
 Its fable spots, he laugh'd at rules,  
 Took odds beyond the gaming law,  
 And Hoyle and Philidor were fools.  
 But now, for now 'twas time to go,  
 What gratitude shall he express?  
 And what peculiar boon bestow  
 Upon the cause of his success?  
 Suppose, for something must be done,  
 On Juno's self he cou'd prevail  
 To pick the pips out, one by one,  
 And stick them in her peacock's tail.  
 Shou'd Pallas have it, was a doubt,  
 To twist her filk, or range her pins;  
 Or should the Muses cut it out,  
 For bridges to their violins.

To



To Venus should the prize be giv'n,  
 Superior beauty's just reward,  
 And 'gainst the next great rout in heaven  
 Be sent her for a message card.  
 Or hold—by Jove, a lucky hit!  
 Your goddesses are arrant farces;  
 Go, carry it to Mrs. —  
 And bid her fill it full of verses.



The *Je ne sçai Quoi*. A S O N G.

By the Same.

I.

**Y**ES, I'm in love, I feel it now,  
 And CÆLIA has undone me;  
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how  
 The pleasing plague stole on me.

II.

'Tis not her face which love creates,  
 For there no graces revel;  
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates  
 Have rather been uncivil.

III.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that  
 There's nothing more than common;  
 And all her sense is only chat,  
 Like any other woman.

IV. Her