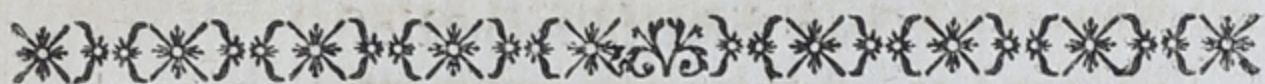


To Venus should the prize be giv'n,
 Superior beauty's just reward,
 And 'gainst the next great rout in heaven
 Be sent her for a message card.
 Or hold—by Jove, a lucky hit!
 Your goddeses are arrant farces;
 Go, carry it to Mrs. —
 And bid her fill it full of verses.



The *Je ne scai Quoi*. A S O N G.

By the Same.

I.

YES, 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.

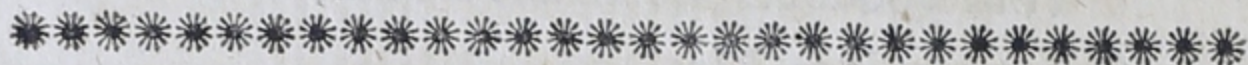
'Tis not her face which love creates,
 For there no graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.

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

Her voice, her touch might give th' alarm—
 'Twas both perhaps, or neither ;
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of CÆLIA altogether.



An O D E
 On a distant Prospect of
 E T O N C O L L E G E.

By Mr. GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the wat'ry glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her HENRY'S holy shade ;
 And ye that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
 Ah fields belov'd in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,

As