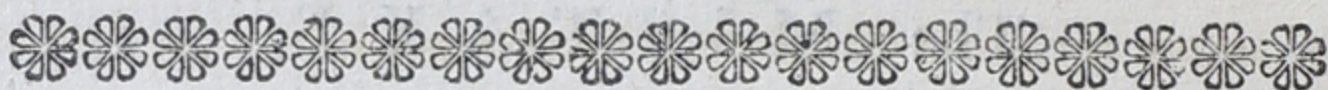


A Fragment of CHAUCER,

By J. H. Esq;

RIGHT wele of lerned clerkis is it fed,
 That womenhud for mannis' use is made;
 But naughty man liketh not one, or so,
 He lusteth aye unthirftily for mo;
 And whom he whilome cherished, when tied
 By holy church he cannot her abide.
 Like unto dog which lighteth of a bone,
 His tail he waggeth, glad therefore y-grown,
 But thilke same bone if to his tail thou tye,
 Pardie, he fearing it away doth fly.



Upon an ALCOVE, now at PARSON'S Green.

O Favorite Muse of SHENSTONE hear!
 And leave awhile his blisful groves;
 Aid me this sweet alcove to sing,
 The Author's feat whom SHENSTONE loves.

Here the soul-harr'wing genius form'd
 His PAMELA's enchanting story!
 And here divine CLARISSA died
 A martyr to our sex's glory!

'Twas