

our guide,
their pride.

charms, beware

w'r too far;

pretty feature,

a good-nature.

Ill reveal

s to steal!

keep under

and plunder.

not boast

Toast!

steals a horse,

purse,

's threaten'd fate,

gs in state;

hose, I pray,

's Hearts away?

MATR

MATRIMONY.*

LOE, coquet and debon - - - air,
Haughty, flatter'd, vain, and - - - fair;
No longer obstinately - - - - - coy,
Let loose her soul to dreams of - - - - - joy.
She took the husband to her - - - - - arms,
Resign'd her freedom and her - - - - - charms;
Grew tame, and passive to his - - - - - will,
And bid her eyes forbear to - - - - - kill.
But mighty happy still at - - - - - heart,
Nor room was there for pain, or - - - - - smart.

At length she found the name of - - - wife
Was but another word for - - - - - strife.
That cheek, which late out-blush'd the - - - rose,
Now with unwonted fury - - - - - glows.

* The rhymes first put down by a gentleman, for the author to fill up as she pleas'd.

H

Those

Those tender words, "my dear, I - - die,"
 The moving tear, and melting - - - sigh,
 Were now exchang'd for something - - new,
 And feign'd emotions yeild to - - - true.
 Reproach, debate, and loss of - - - fame,
 Intrigues, diseases, duns, and - - - shame.
 No single fault He strives to - - - hide;
 Madam has virtue, therefore - - - pride.
 Thus both resent, while neither - - - spares,
 And curse, but cannot break their - - - snares.

To Mrs. CLAYTON,

With a H A R E.

A'Squire who long had fed on ale,
 (Or thick or clear, or mild or stale,
 Concerns us not,) a hunting goes,
 Last Thursday morn', ere Phebus rose,
 Headlong he rides full many a mile,
 O'er many a hedge, and many a stile;

Dire

Horror spread
 And frighten'd all
 Nay hares and foxes
 May rue the hunt

A luckless Hare
 The dogs take scent
 Tears and intreaties
 Poor pufs, alas!

One boon she
 "And pray what's
 Only when this morn'
 Shall to the hounds
 (As soon, ah cruel
 And these sad eyes
 May this my last
 And decently my c
 Within a concave
 With this inscription
 To Mrs. CLAYTON,
 Bear me, ye porters