Rhymes, to Miss Charlotte Clayton.

AS Damon was pensively walking one day,
Three pretty lasses met him in the street;
And who should they be, but Nelly, Molly, and Charlotte to fair.

But Nelly, Molly, and Charlotte to fair,
Who to beauty had never been blind;
Yet could offer his tenders, and open his heart;
That Nelly, Molly, he thought, had the fairest eye;
Or on her affection they rested awhile;
Till Charlotte appeared with a look and a smile.

Perplexed in his thought, and disturb'd in his heart,
And unable to tell which bright his love he felt;
He folded his arms, to the grove he retir'd,
And decently on the green willow expir'd.
The orders giv'n, John saddles Grey; 

First neighs his joy, then trots away. 

To that fair one rides, 

Where Nancy, harmle's nymph she rides, 

Renown'd for her old-fashioned picking. 

For cutlets, conveintles, eggs; 

How often have Oxford jinarts, 

Regard their nymphs on gooseberry tarts! 

While Mrs. Mary at the Bear, 

Call'd all the chambermaids to flurc. 

An innumerable of that Lady's.

MISCELLANIES.

On one of her eyes.

To Damon's fate lend a pitying ear,

For three at a time what poor mortal could bear? 

One alone, trust me Charles, had made him rejoice, 

And the swain been quite happy—"With what?"

— * Hogg's* choice.