PHYLLIS's AGE.

HOW old may PHYLLIS be, You ask,
Whoſe Beauty thus all Hearts engages?
To Anſwer is no eaſie Task;
For She has really two Ages.

Stiff in Brocard, and pinch'd in Stays,
Her Patches, Paint, and Jewels on;
All Day let Envy view her Face;
And PHYLLIS is but Twenty-one.

Paint, Patches, Jewels laid aſide,
At Night Aſtronomers agree,
The Evening has the Day bely'd;
And PHYLLIS is ſome Forty-three.

Forma Bonum Fragile.

WHAT a frail Thing is Beauty, ſays Baron LE CRAS,
Perceiving his Miſtreſs had one Eye of Glaſs:
And ſcarcely had He ſpoke it;
When She more confus'd, as more angry She grew,
By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true:
She dropt the Eye, and broke it.