

dress to the virginity of the young lady; but which in my opinion, is nothing more or less than *Charivari* transposed, for every etymologist knows that *l* and *r*, being lingual letters, are as convertible as the labials *b* and *v*, or the gutturals *g* and *k*. But these recondite researches must be deferred for the present; and in the mean time as I have a great regard for *St. Ann*, and have, as Moore expresses it,

“A sweet little Saint of my own”

of that name, I dedicate the following lines to her, and all the *Ann's*, the *Anna's*, the *Nancy's*, the *Annette's* and *Nannette's*, in town and country.

Whether with formal pen I trace  
The name of lovely *Ann*,  
Or in her arch and playful face  
Read, I may call her *Nan*;

A soul inspiring name it is,  
Of love's delights the fan;  
The sun no truer mistress sees  
Than kind and smiling *Ann*.

On this auspicious day I'll take  
A morning walk with *Annie*,  
And at the festal board partake  
A dinner drest by *Nanny*.

The poet's and the sage's lore  
Like heaven descended manna,  
We then together will explore,  
T' instruct and pleasure, *Anna*.

De longue-vue ni de lunette  
On n'a besoin pour voir  
Les charmes de la belle *Nanette*,  
Qu'on aime matin et soir.

But of all names in poet's stories,  
-Like Prior, none I can see,  
*Althea*, *Daphne*, *Delia*, *Chloris*,  
So sweet, so dear as *Nancy*.

And when the evening shades descend,  
To please my amorous fancy,  
Nameless the name that can transcend  
The night's enchantress, *Nancy*.

The fascination of a name is very great; and when prepossession exists, the association of it