

came, with her mistress's (N. B. not my mistress's) compliments, to inquire, in the words of the message, "for that prating fellow Macculloh's Scribbler." Being of course too gallant to deny any reasonable request of a fair lady, I gave it, and away tripped the damsel. But, the charm of my thoughts was broken; and on sitting down to finish my heroic epistle, behold, my muse had taken flight, and left me, like a pinfeathered eaglet, vainly attempting to fly. Whether the jetty eyes of the girl, spoilt my meditations on the bright orbs of beauty that I was desirous of celebrating; or whether, reflecting on the criticism you passed on my first love-lorn ditty, damped my spirit; or whether—but as whethers might be multiplied without end, I will stop to confess, that I cudgelled my brains to no purpose;—one good thought came, but then I could'nt find a rhyme--& then a good rhyme came into my head, but there was no good thought to match it—in short, I snatched up my candle in despair and walked off to bed. Here I was more fortunate, for though I soon fell asleep, the beloved object of my affections was by no means forgotten. Still I imagined myself writing, and dreamt a long poetical epistle, the conclusion of which, however, only remained upon my memory, as follows :

Fair Delia ! once thy gaiety suspend,
 And list, O listen, to a faithful friend.
 Soothe every passion that disturbs to rest ;
 Let love triumphant, fill that snowy breast,
 And condescend with patience to peruse,
 These wild effusions of a youthful muse.
 Tho' no soft numbers deck thy poet's line,
 If virtue, love, and sentiment, combine,
 Yet wilt thou smile ; and one sweet smile of thine
 Will wrap my soul in ecstasies divine.
 Yes, happy fate, if destined to behold
 That smile, and to my throbbing bosom fold