

Steals ten times more than what, if given,
 Would have appeas'd its appetite,
 Then let those pretty feet be martyrs,
 In the defence of legs and garters.
 In vain you also closely pin
 Your handkerchief beneath your chin,
 In order to exclude my gaze
 When it in that direction strays ;
 For fancy, when it finds no gate
 Open, can quickly penetrate,
 And, (like an army that has storm'd
 A town, whence it's been long shut out,)
 Is apt, when by resistance warm'd,
 To shove the garrison about.
 Then let your neck divert the urchin
 From a more impudent excursion.
 You thought it horribly amiss,
 Moreover, when I ask'd a kiss,
 And told me that its very name
 Had almost made you die of shame ;—
 Bon !—but, as I declared before,
 My fancy when refused steals more,
 And if affectedly denied
 An innocent reality,
 In dreaming always lays aside
 All manner of formality ;
 Thus, should you not the kiss surrender,
 I'll dream you're troublesomely tender.

WILL O' THE WISP.

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The editor solicits the continuation of the favours of his several correspondents, as before, through the Post-Office, and trusts they will continue to afford him their valuable assistance in rendering his miscellany worthy of that distinguished patronage it has met with.