

be as spiteful as you," says the woman, and slap goes a saucer. "We'll see that," cries the man, and dash goes the table. "Vile fellow!" raves the lady, rising and running at the gentleman, "Infamous puss," answers her swain, 'till at length they have recourse to personal hostilities, and fairly fight it out, to the great dignity of their own characters, and entertainment of their servants.

Die upon them!

A HYMN TO VENUS.

That daughter of immortal Jove,
 Celestial Venus Queen of love,
 Soft source of every pleasing woe,
 Which glads and pains the world below,
 Sweet troubler of the human heart,
 Each age, each sex, receives thy dart;
 Feels all the fierce consuming fires,
 And melts in new unnamed desires.

Touch'd by thy sacred powerful charms,
 The frozen breast of age grows warm,
 The keen yet sweetly soothing pain,
 Glides swiftly through each icy vein;
 While love, and joy, and youth renew'd,
 With vigorous raptures fire the blood.

Thou steal'st into the virgins breast,
 A painful, soft, unusual guest!
 Hence the mute language of her eye,
 The glowing blush, the heaving sigh,
 The wish, by bashful fear restrain'd,
 The pleasing hope by love maintain'd,
 The thrilling pain, the lambent fire,
 The sweetly new, yet check'd desire.

Then in the hero's bosom glows,
 For valour first from love arose;
 Love, the reward, and cause of strife,
 Gave every human passion life;
 Ambition's fevers this inspires,
 And anger's fierce destructive fires;
 Bids the warm heart with friendship glow,
 Or melt in pity's softer flow;
 In chains of boasted reason binds,
 And rules at will impassioned minds.

ADONIS