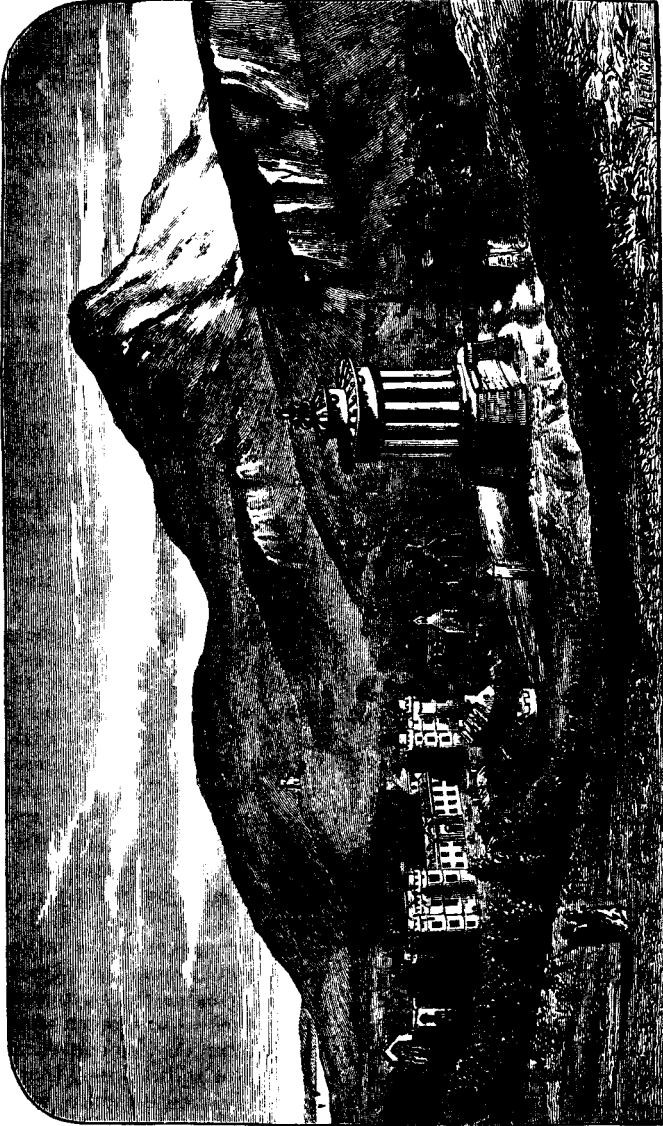


And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

What has she better, pray, than I ?
What hidden charms to boast,

That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?
Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try ;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.



HOLYROOD AND BURNS'S MONUMENT.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall :
They'll grieve I was not loosed before —
She, I was loosed at all.

Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire !