

## THE PUBLISHERS TO THE PUBLIC.

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When Mercury first attuned the trembling chord,  
And taught the soul that Music was its lord,  
The tortoise-shell he strung, and formed the lyre,  
Whose sounds could charm to love or hate inspire,  
And as he struck the string, the ear conveyed  
Swift to the ravished soul—the soul obeyed  
The passion relative each tone impressed,  
And all the senses Music's power confessed.  
We, too, would please, but hopeless that desire,  
As some dislike what others most admire,  
Some feed the ear, others would feast the sight,  
What's wrong for one, perchance for 'tother's right,  
This likes the grave—another admires the gay,  
Some like few words, others have more to say ;  
We would please all, but first pray let us ask,  
Who e'er accomplished yet that arduous task?  
Whate'er the talent we to action call,  
Vague is the hope which aims to please ye all !