

XCIX.—DIPLOMACY.

Yon burning planet, that with fiery pace,
Anon and ever to our orb returns
Ambassador accredited, and burns
The earth's low, modest sphere to grace;

Is sent from courts afar of royal space,
To help the moon rule o'er the fickle tide:
But as it seemed to wound her jealous pride,
At once he hastened his retreat to trace.

It were the diplomat indeed, if he
Would linger near earth's orb, until he gained
Consent from the imperious, haughty queen
To do her errands without praise or fee,
And when she to a midget was nigh waned,
He could o'er come her bitter, peevish spleen.