

Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll ?
 How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid ?
 How many stages thro' old monks she rid ?'

TOM-COME-TICKLE-ME.

It is singular I should have received the two following pieces nearly at the same time, from different contributors.

L. L. M.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER.

HER LOVELIEST MOMENT.

How lovely is woman suffused in tears !
 When soft streamlets trickle adown from her eyes !
 Not a rose in the morning such loveliness bears
 Deep blushing, and sparkling with dew from the skies.

Ah ! how beautiful she, tho' I sigh to behold,
 Her raven hair over her bosom when falling,
 Thro' tears her eyes shining, like gems set in gold,
 Or rays of the East, thro' the mist day recalling ;

Tho' lovely she is, both in motion, and rest,
 Or walking, or dancing, reclined, or when sleeping,
 When deck'd for a ball, when drest, or undrest ;
 Yet loveliest always is woman when weeping.

SOLOMON SNEER.

HER LOVELIEST MOMENT.

I ever thought her handsome, and had paid
 Homage to charms that o'er all hearts had sway'd ;
 Had gazed with rapture, when, with witching glee,
 She shone in scenes of festive revelry ;
 Where, like a goddess, o'er the sportive hour
 She reign'd, triumphant in her beauty's power :
 Had fondly seen her in domestic life,
 Far from the cares of fashion, or its strife,
 The various duties of her sex fulfil ;
 Yet, was the same, was fascinating still :
 But ne'er, methinks, she lovelier look'd, than when
 One day her spouse sore vex'd her ; for she then,
 With sweetest meekness, which all language mocks,—
 Clench'd her small fist, and fell'd him like an ox.

SKIMMERHORN.