

Of a picture, by one mild, lovely, and meek ;
 And were I, methinks, to mention the fair,
 With me all would join ; yet all would despair,
 For the damsel who thus the image did kiss,
 Loves but *one* lover, who crowns her with bliss.†

PARIS,

Imitation of the 22d Ode of ANACREON

— *Every petticoat and glove
 He did lay up, and would adore the shoe
 Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too,
 Court every hanging gown.* — BEN JONSON.

Absence, thou nurse of love sincere,
 O court imagination warm ;
 Bring to my mind, my Nancy dear,
 And body out with her sweet form ;
 Each dress, chair, bed, that I have here.

That mirror where her winning charms,
 So oft have glanced with smiling brow ;—
 Now, that she's vanish'd from my arms,
 Would that I were her mirror now.
 There, where her face breeds love's alarms.

O, if that mirror's form were mine,
 Reflecting her, and only her,
 I'd sparkle with that form divine
 Impress'd on me, what I prefer ;
 Those charms that Venus' self outshine.

That robe, that deck'd my Nancy's form—
 Would I were such another robe,
 To clasp her beauties, ripe and warm ;
 Which every thread and stitch would probe,
 And raise me, more than wind or storm.

† Paris seems to be a true descendant of his namesake of Troy, and long for forbidden fruit; if it be any consolation to him, I refer him to the opinion expressed by Lord Byron;

"I know not if the fault be men's or theirs ;
 But one thing's pretty sure ; a woman planted—
 (Unless at once she plunge for life in prayers)—
 After a decent time, must be gallanted ;
 Altho', no doubt, her first of love affairs
 Is that to which her heart is wholly granted ;
 Yet there are some, they say, who have had none,
 But those who *have*, ne'er end with *only one*."

Note by L. L. M.