

——— *Minor admiratio summis*
Debetur monstris, quoties facit via nocentem
Hunc sexum JUVENAL.

(N. B. The explanatory notes, by L. L. M.)

A specious TRIO, forming just,
 Three niaths of that eccentric dust,
 Which,—tho' the manner's not defined,—
 It has been said, time out of mind,
 That it would take, by nature's plan,
 To make that being, nicknamed MAN;
 Yet they o'er all the eighths would jump,(4)
 And thus, at once, to manhood plump.
 As lovely Iphis did, of eld,
 When sweet Ianthe she beheld,——(5)
 As beauteous as the queen of love,
 Sweet as the nectar drank above,
 Luxuriant as the morning's glow,
 When Iris spreads her radiant bow,
 And heaven-bespangled objects shine;

(4) If "nine tailors make a man," the arithmetical question would stand thus,—the first ninth wants to jump over all the other fractions, and arrive by itself. without their aid, at the ninth ninth; consequently they are all ninths that it is wished to jump over, and not eighths. I love to state things with precision.

(5) Here the reader may jump to the 19th line farther on—but Blow-up even leaves him in the lurch there, and does not in truth explain what she beheld. To those who are not much versed in ancient mythology I think it right to relate the story of Ianthe and Iphis, for their edification, and in illustration of the text.

Iphis was the daughter of a Cretan named Lygdus by Telethusa his wife. The good man, perhaps having already too large a family of children to maintain, (though the story does not say so,) having to perform a journey leaving Telethusa in an advanced state of pregnancy, laid his com-