

## THE WHISKERS.

*Ladies mark the Moral.*

A noble captain woo'd a maid,  
 In whiskers and a huge cockade,  
 And vow'd and swore, as lovers do,  
 What might be, but it was not true.  
 For her and her affections, he  
 Swore he would compass land or sea;  
 To prove his passion seek the Pole,  
 Or cross the line, upon his soul!  
 Fetch her the beard of Prester John,  
 The turban once Mah'met had on;  
 Nay, all of what he'd be the donor,  
 Was what he couldn't tell—'pon honor!  
 But Ann had been three years from  
 school,  
 And was'n't therefore quite a fool;  
 She thought an easier task might prove  
 His having, or his lack of love,  
 Than sending him a Bruce-like jour-  
 ney,  
 With his own story to return t' ye.  
 So simply said—'Dear Sir, I own  
 ' You might this wond'rous love make  
 known—  
 ' But then I fear—' 'Your fears are  
 wrong;  
 ' My passion's ardent, firm and strong;  
 ' Words cannot paint its fervent force,  
 ' My body, life, and soul, are yours!  
 ' Angelic maid, I swear—' said he.  
 ' Yes, and lie too, I fear,' thought  
 she.  
 But quick rejoin'd—' the proof I ask  
 ' Will be at least no distant task;  
 ' But you will promise first to do,  
 ' Whatever I request of you.'  
 ' Ah, Madam! can you doubt me  
 still?

' Well, by my whiskers! then I wi  
 ' Those whiskers,' said she, 'and th  
 feather,  
 ' Are awkward, Sir, or frightful  
 ther:  
 ' Pray cut them off—when shav  
 clean,  
 ' You'll look half as genteel again.'  
 ' My whiskers—whiskers, did you sa  
 ' No, curse me! not my whiskers! ay  
 ' My feather—may be—rather strange  
 ' That, Madam, I may cut or change  
 ' No! whiskers I abominate—  
 ' A trifle! can you hesitate?  
 ' A trifle! curse me, Madam, no!  
 ' My whiskers are not trifles! Kno  
 ' There is not in the land beside,  
 ' A pair so red, so thick, so wide.  
 ' You surely jest—' 'No, no, not I—  
 ' Your whiskers, or your suit must fi  
 ' Then, Madam, tho' I love yo  
 more  
 ' Than ever lover lov'd before—  
 ' And tho' I might give up my feather:  
 ' I'll not cut off my whiskers neither.  
 Pray, ladies, mark the moral here—  
 When lovers flatter, vow, and swear  
 Glance thro' the glitt'ring sophistrie,  
 And find out where the whisker lies  
 Some far'rite folly prompts us all,  
 And only Love can work its fall;  
 But where affection truly reigns,  
 All vain pretensions it disdains:  
 As shadows shun the beam of day,  
 It throws the whiskers far away.  
 The mind another temper takes,  
 Nor feels the sacrifice it makes.

## ROYAL SOLILOQUY.

Is she a queen? Oh word of import dire!  
 For God's sake C——h, do stir that fire  
 Is she a princess? ah! what man can tell?  
 What modern wight, what learned Sydrophe!  
 The world says yes—and Laloue say no:  
 C——g can't tell, and C——h dont know.  
 A queen! there's that curs'd word again!  
 Be kind, ye stars! nor let it curse my reign.