

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

A DREAM.

METHOUGHT that I sat by the side of the way,
 When an old man approached me, whose tresses were gray,
 And asked me the cause why I looked so dejected,
 If my love were despised, or my merit neglected.

To merit said I, my pretence is but small,
 And of love, honored sir, I know nothing at all;
 But if the soft passion my heart should assail,
 'T is not merit I fear, in the suit would prevail.

My son, said the sage, thy remark is but just;
 Then take you a box of this magical dust,
 Which he that is lucky enough to obtain,
 Has a balm for all woes and a cure for all pain.

Though you limp, I confess, like an ass in a fetter,
 This will alter your gait, Mr Tag, for the better;
 Though you squint like a Satyr direct from the wood,
 'T is no more, 't will be said, 'than a man of sense should.'

A similar change will be made in your wit,
 For which there is chance enough, too, I admit;
 Till Friendship shall praise what it slighted before,
 And Beauty shall scorn, while she charms thee no more.

Thus the limp of thy leg and the squint of thy eyes
 Amended, and thou become witty and wise;
 Be loud and vehement, pugnacious and bold,
 Which the weakest may be with this dust, which is gold.
