

That angel-form that captivates my sense,  
 And shrouds my mind in visions of suspense.  
 But, ah! whilst I indulge fond fancy's dream;  
 Some rival, steals from hope her brightest gleam;  
 Or, lingering long, it dies within my breast,  
 Yields to despair, that dark unfeeling guest,  
 That plunderer of all visionary joys,  
 Which clouds my mind and all my peace destroys.

SOLOMON SNEER.

*Castle of Adorno half way to Parnassus.*

But when I had committed this to paper and read it over, I bethought myself that, as the epistles of ladies are said never to contain, but in a postscript, the principal end and aim of "the present writing," I thought it might please my Delia, if I followed their example, so I added this

P. S. I'm half consumed by love's bewitching flame,  
 Yes, and, my love, thou oft hast own'd the same;  
 Else, when we chance to meet, those tell-tale eyes  
 Utter ten thousand little roguish lies.

Next I select from Mr. Sneer's budget his lines  
 TO A LADY,

*On her rejecting him as a suitor.*

How, dearest love, shall I allay  
 The warmest feelings of this breast,  
 How fancy's restless wanderings stay,  
 And hush my anxious thoughts to rest.  
 O, can I e'er forget those charms,  
 Which once I clasp'd in my fond arms,  
 Which then appear'd almost divine,  
 Which then I thought would soon be mine;  
 Those charms which bend my soul to earth,  
 Which kindle joy, and rouse to mirth,  
 Those charms that all my actions sway,  
 That others envy and adore——  
 O, dearest love, O tell me, pray,  
 How can I thee with life give o'er?

*Answer.* Go court a dozen or two more.