

THE SCRIBBLER.

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She reigns unarm'd, a queen without a crown,
Alike to please me, her accomplish'd hand
The harp, and homely needle, can command ;
Neat for my presence, as if princes came,
And modest, e'en to me, with bridal shame ;
A friend, a playmate, as my wishes call,
A ready nurse, tho' summon'd from a ball.

BARRETT.

*Perii, interii, iccidi.—quo occurram, non curram,
Tene, tene, quem ? quis nescio—nihil video.* PLAUTUS.

I'm gone, I'm dead, I'm kill'd—O! whither shall I scam-
per ?

Who holds my hand ! what devil does it hamper ?
To resurrection-men, thus rat-trap was a damper:

* *Fidiculas laxavit.*

VALERIUS MAXIMUS.

He broke the fiddle-string.

FOR THE SCRIBBLER. WOMAN.

*A paraphrase from the Economy of Human Life, humbly in-
scribed to the fair readers of the Scribbler.*

Daughter of love ! give ear ! 'tis prudence calls ;
She asks thee to attend to her instructions :
Then let her precepts sink deep in thy heart,
And there deposit thou the words of truth :
So shall the charms that dignify thy mind,
Add lustre to thy form ; and like the rose,
Thy beauty shall retain its sweetness, when
Its bloom is wither'd. In the spring of life,
The morning of thy days, when all thy charms
Conspire to draw the gaze of men upon thee,
Whose eager eyes enkindle with desire,
And nature prompts the meaning of their looks,
Ah ! hear with caution their seducing words ;