

“Be it so,” replied Hermes; “but take care, you rogues;
Don’t you keep her from me, or I’ll turn you to clogs.”

“We cannot, we cannot,” cried they, “dearest master;
And to prove it at once, she shall come to you faster.”

So saying, they rose, and skimmd out of the door,
Like a pair of white doves, when beginning to soar:
They met her half-way, and they flew to her feet,
Which they clasp’d in a flutter, the touch was so sweet;
And they bore her in silence, and kiss’d all the while
The feet of the queen of the beautiful smile;
And lo! in an instant, redoubled in charms,
The soft coming creature was pitch’d in his arms.

RHYMES TO THE EYE,

BY A DEAF GENTLEMAN.*¹

I LONG’D for Dublin, thinking there to *laugh*
With jolly tipplers o’er their *usquebaugh*;²
For I’ve a merry heart, and love that *juice*,
Which London hath not good at any *price*.
Thither I went; but once (’twas at the *Plough*)
Some time uncounted after I’d *enough*,
I sallied forth, and in the street, *alas*!
I plunged into a horrible *fracas*,—
So horrible, that all my bones did *ach*,
And I was forced to ride home in a *couch*,
Entreating Dora to achieve a *pot*
Of salve from the Chirurgical *Depot*.*

* I am aware this rhyme may be carped at. However, Pope rhymed “way” and “away” together, and that is good authority. For my part, I think “pot” and “pot” rhyme very well together.—*Note by the Deaf Gentleman.*

* Author: Leigh Hunt / Transcribed and annotated by Giacomo Ferrari.

Truly I cannot boast of such *eclat*³
 As could my friend, whose sword, this way and that,
 Brandish'd through Islington and Highgate *thorps*,—
 For he belongs unto the Light Horse *Corps*!
 Next morn I had a great mind to indict
 The bludgeoneers, but could not well convict;
 And fain was I to take their promises
 Of good behaviour touching many bruises.
 But if again they catch me in that *region*,
 (Well-named *Ire*-land) since I am not a *lion*,
 The world may call me fool, and I'll say—"yes,"
 For I don't like bones batter'd and black eyes.
 No! rather would I to Constantinople,
 Although the Turk's-men are a strange *people*,
 And I've no predilection for the *plague*,
 Than drink in a continued fearful *ague*.

LINES TO A CRITIC.*

HONEY from silkworms who can gather,
 Or silk from the yellow bee?
 The grass may grow in winter weather,
 As soon as hate in me.

* We have given the stupid malignity of the Investigator a better answer than it is worth already. The writers must lay it to the account of our infirmity, and to a lurking something of orthodoxy in us. But in these "Lines to a Critic," the Reverend Calumniator, or Calumniators, will see what sort of an answer *Mr. Shelley* would have given them; for the beautiful effusion is his. Let the reader, when he has finished them, say which is the better Christian,—the "religious" reviver of bitter and repeated calumnies upon one who differs with him in opinion, or the "profane" philanthropist who can answer in such a spirit?

EDITORIAL NOTES

¹ Since the “deaf gentleman” is “obviously” deaf to rhyme, his couplets rhyme only in writing, “to the eye”.

² Whisky.

³ Public scandal, “scene”.