
Poet's Corner.

SELECTED.

VERSES,

Published at the close of an advertising address for *Rags*, in the *Richmond Observer*. We think they possess a portion of wit and ingenuity—and we therefore insert them not only to please ourselves, but that each female may see the use, and be careful to save their

R A G S.

SWEET ladies, pray not be offended,
Nor mind the jells of sneering wags;
No harm believe me is intended,
When humbly I request your *Rags*.
The scraps, which you reject unfit,
To clothe the tenant of a hovel,
May shine in sentiment and wit,
And help to make a charming novel.
The cap exalted thoughts will raise,
The ruffle in description flourish;
Whilst on the glowing work we gaze
The thought will love excite and nourish.
Each beau in study will engage,
His fancy doubtless will be warmer,
When writing on the milk white page,
Which once, perhaps, adorn'd his charmer.
From foreigners, who sneer and vapor,
No longer forc'd our books to buy,
Our gentle *belles* will furnish paper,
Our fighting *beaux* will wit supply.

SYLVANUS;

OR,

PLEASURES OF THE LOTTERY!

A TALE.

THY pleasures, Hope, in Campbell's page,
With best influence reign;
The bosom's keener woes alluage,
And banish every pain.
But why the Lottery omit,
Where fancy loves to dwell,
And expectation's visions sweet,
To happy transport swell?
A simple swain, but strong of mind,
And wise, though not by *Syl*,
(Such self form'd wits we of en find,
Brought up in Nature's school.)
Sylvanus plough'd a little field,
Old Epping forest near;
'Twas small, but culture made it yield,
Full fifty pounds a year.
No farm like this was to be seen,
For butter, milk, and cream,
The cattle too, and cottage clean,
Were all the country's theme.
Sylvanus was a saving wight,
In two short years he spar'd
Full sixteen pounds; now with delight
He glow'd, and fortune dar'd.
Yet this was all w; he could not rise
To wealth in all his life;
He bought a ticket, hop'd a prize,
And then he'd take a wife.
He'd purchase Iquire Debauch's land;
The price already fix'd,
A splendid mansion he had plann'd—
The mortar, even, was mix'd.
"Now for the last I'll search," said Syl,
"The country and the town;
"No low bred girl, of forward will,
"Shall by my side lie down.
"From the first ranks I'll make my choice;
"A form of fairest mould;
"How will my honest heart rejoice—
"She cannot be a scold.
"And now let Heaven record my vows,
"I'll keep no girls nor hounds;
"I'll be domestic, love my spouse,
"But not beyond all bounds.
"The children too, that soon will bless
"The pleasures of my bed,
"With heartfelt fondness I'll caress—
"They'll guard my aged head."
Amidst these visions, drawing comes—
The thirty thousand's up,
The twenty, ten, and lesser sums—
He still retains a hope.
Some hundreds yet were in the wheel—
Though not at once enrich'd,
To fortune gently he may steal,
So was the man bewitch'd.
Nor envies he the great man's lot,
While humbler joys remain;
A larger farm, a snugger cot,
An honest wife though plain.
Thus Sylvan's spirits never sunk—
"Heaven still may something send,"
On the last day 'tis drawn a—blank;
His hopes are at an end.
His hoard is gone, yet not for nought,
Three months of purest bliss—
"By heaven," cries Syl, " 'twas cheaply boughts
"Who'll say I've done amiss?"