

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER TO
MRS. GREVILLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF C——.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
These hasty lines I'm bid to send,
Or give, if I am able;
I dare not hesitate to say,
Tho' I have trembled all the day—
It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme,
And should it strike you as a dream,
Yet soon its high import
Must make you own the matter such,
So delicate, it were too much,
To be compos'd in sport.

The

The moon did shine serenely bright,
 And every star did deck the night,
 While Zephyr fann'd the trees,
 No more assail'd my mind's repose,
 Save, that yon stream, which murmuring flows,
 Did echo to the breeze.

Enwapt in solemn thoughts, I fate,
 Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
 Yet void of hope, or fear;
 When lo! behold an æry throng,
 With lightest steps, and jocund song,
 Surpriz'd my eye and ear.

A form, superior to the rest,
 His little voice to me address'd,
 And gently thus began,
 " I've heard strange things from one of you,
 " Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,
 " Explain it if you can.

" Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
 " Such eloquence my heart has won!
 " I think I guess the hand;
 " I know her wit and beauty too,
 " But why she sends a prayer so new,
 " I cannot understand.

" To

“ To light some flames, and some revive,
“ To keep some others just alive,
“ Full oft I am implor’d;
“ But, with peculiar power to please,
“ To supplicate for nought but ease—
“ ’Tis odd, upon my word!

“ Tell her, with fruitless care I’ve fought,
“ And tho’ my realms, with wonders fraught,
“ In remedies abound,
“ No grain of cold Indifference
“ Was ever yet ally’d to Sense,
“ In all my fairy round.

“ The regions of the sky I’d trace,
“ I’d ransack every earthly place,
“ Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
“ To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
“ Dispel the clouds of black Despair,
“ Or lull the restless hour.

“ I would be generous, as I’m just,
“ But I obey, as others must,
“ Those laws which Fate has made.
“ My tiny kingdom how defend,
“ And what might be the horrid end
“ Should Man my state invade?

“ ’Twould

“ ’Twould put your mind into a rage,
“ And such unequal war to wage
“ Suits not my regal duty!
“ I dare not change a first decree,
“ She’s doom’d to please, nor can be free,
“ Such is the lot of Beauty!”

This said, he darted o’er the plain,
And after follow’d all his train;
No glimpse of him I find;
But sure I am, the little spright
These words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

