
To the Printer of the Whitehall Evening-Post.

S I R,

A Fool may ask a question which a Wise-man cannot answer, is a Proverb we are too apt to quote, when we fail in the solution of any difficult question. It serves as an admirable cloak to our dullness, our laziness, or our pride; and for that reason, I am led to think, that when some people depreciate so much the wit of Riddles, Rebuses, and Charades, they wish to make the world believe the grapes are *four*, because only they are hung out of their *reach*. But no literary production is despicable that is the occasion of innocent mirth. I have, therefore, sent you a Charade, which is excellent in its kind, and which is written by a Gentleman, who has frequently favoured his friends with more profuse compositions of original humour and wit.

I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant,
Northampton, Jan. 24,

1777.

J. H.

An EAP-RING presented to the Duchess of
DEVONSHIRE.

WHEN Strephon tells his tender tale

To Chlos, young and gay;

Without my *first* the pleasing strain

Wou'd die, unheard, away.

And when with love they both are fir'd,

And mutual transports glow;

O! claim my *second*, lovely Maid,

Or deep regret you'll know.

Secure in *that*, 'tis ten to one,

Before the month goes round;

Attending near your blushing cheek,

My *tout-ensemble's* found.

J. C.
