

Deab Bonnets.

News occasioned by reading in a Morning paper,
that at a meeting convened in London for some chari-
-table purpose, "Among other Ladies we observed
a considerable number whose Deab Bonnets
bespoke them Members of the Society of Friends"

They may want of costumes, and of brilliant head^{dress}
A la Greque - à la Française - or what else they ^{will}
They may talk of tiaras, that glitter on tresses
Enwreath'd by the Graces, and braided by skill.
Yet to my partial glance, I confess the Deab Bonnet
Is the loveliest of any, - and most when it bears
Not only the bright gloss of neatness upon it -
But beneath, - the expression Benevolence^{wears}.
Then let Fashion exult in her frequent vagaries,
From her fascinations my favourite is free:
Be folly's the head-gear that momentarily varies,
But a Bonnet of Deab - is the sweetest to me.

Though stately the ostrich-plume, gracefully throwing
Its feathery - flushed light on the eye: -
Though tasty and trim the snow-bonnet, when glowing
With its ribbons so glossy of various dye: -
Yet still I must own, altho' none may seem duller
Than a simple Drab bonnet to many a gaze -
It is, and it will be, the favourite colour,
Around which my fancy delightfully plays:
And it well suits my muse with a garland to wreath ^{it},
And echo its praises with gratefullest glee, -
For knowing the goodness that oft lurks beneath it,
The Bonnet of Drab beats a turban with me.

Full many a gem - as the poet has chanted, -
In the depths of the ocean flings round its ^{spark} ^{its},
And many a floweret, its beauties unvaunted,
Springs to life, sheds its perfume, and withers ^{seen} ⁱⁿ,
And well do I know that our Sisterhood members,
Away'd in the livery that wigs-combs reprove, -
Forms as fair as ever rose on a poet's sweet slumbers,
And faces as lovely as ever taught love.

This I know, and have felt;— and, thus knowing ^{and feeling,}
A recreant minstrel I surely should be,
If my heart-felt attachment ignobly concealing,
The Bonnet of Deab, past unhonour'd by me!

I have basked in the blaze of both beauty and fashion,
Have seen these united with gifts rich and rare,
And crown'd with a heart that could cherish ^{in,} compass.
And by sympathy soften what sorrow must bear.
Yet acknowledging this, — which I can do sincerely, —
For the highest enjoyment this bosom e'er knew,
The glance which it treasures most fondly, most dearly,
Beam'd from under a Bonnet of Deab-colour'd hue.
'Twas my pleasure, — my pride! it is past, and has perish'd,
Like the track of a ship o'er the dark heaving sea;
But its loveliness lives, its remembrance is cherish'd,
And the Bonnet of Deab is still beautiful to me!

Edward Barton

The answer to the foregoing
Addressed to B. Barton

The Bonnet of Crab so neat and so prime,
Doubtless, must please thee, my honest broad brim;
But beneath the slouched poke of a drab colour'd hue
Pride creeps in sometimes — yes, and vanity too.
The stiff little Friend takes her seat at the glass,
As smiling and pleased as the gay dressing lass;
And to curl the hair smart is no greater a treat,
Than to place the cap tidy and make it look neat.
If a flower or a feather to one proves a treasure,
In crimping her tucker the other takes pleasure;
And in Luakers or not, this is the truth you will ^{find}
That pride rests not in dress half so much as in _{mind}.