

21 THE FIRST OF APRIL

I was sitting in my chamber,
Enjoying what Italians call
The "dolce far niente"
The winds of March at length had piped.
Their farewell blast and vanished.,
And their thoughts of wintry frosts and chills
Were now by April banished.

Just then I heard the post-boy's knock,
"Come in, I muttered- lazily,
And cast a half-expectant glance
Through vapors floating hazily,
"Well, boy, what brings't thou? Prithee tell,
Relieve me from my great suspense."
"Why, here's a letter, sir," said he , "For bringing which
I charge two cents."

A perfumed envelope of white
Directed in a female hand!
Aha ! here lies some mystery
I fain would understand , It cannot be some lady fair
Has looked on me with favoring eyes,
And knowing my great bashfulness,
Has planned a sweet surprise.

The very thought my face suffused,
Awhile the note in doubt I held,
Then opened it. Alas, my dreams
were all too cruelly dispelled.
I saw -- now, while I write of it,
My feelings I can scarcely school --
These words in staring capitals,
"I've made ONE APRIL FOOL !"

Sources:

The Yankee Blade, April 1, 1854.

Newsboy, October-November, 1982.