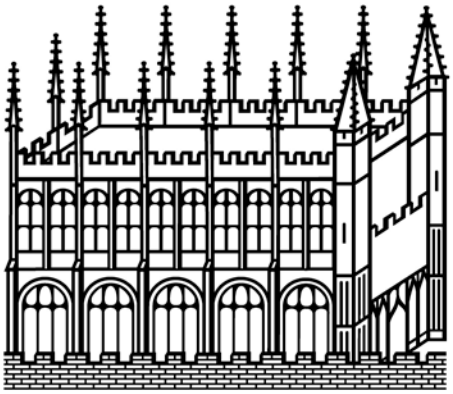


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L 137.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

BEQUEATHED

TO THE UNIVERSITY

BY

ROBERT FINCH, M. A.

OF BALLIOL COLLEGE.

2805 e. 605

POEMS

BY THE MOST

EMINENT LADIES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

RE-PUBLISHED FROM THE COLLECTION OF

G. COLMAN and B. THORNTON, *Esqrs.*

WITH CONSIDERABLE

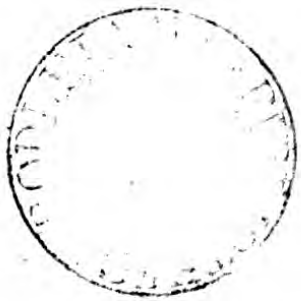
Alterations, Additions, and Improvements.

VOL. I.

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright Ideas, Flow'rs of Paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it.

YOUNG.

LONDON:
Printed ~~and Sold~~ by W. STAFFORD, Bookseller, and Stationer, Market Street, Oxford Road.
[*Price Seven Shillings and Six-pence, in Boards.*]



PREFACE.*

THESE volumes are perhaps the moſt ſolid compliment that can poſſibly be paid to the Fair Sex. They are a ſtanding proof that great abilities are not confined to the men, and that genius often glows with equal warmth, and perhaps with more delicacy, in the breaſt of a female. The Ladies, whoſe pieces we have here collected, are not only an honour to their ſex, but to their native country; and there can be no doubt of their appearing to advantage together, when they have each ſeverally been approved by the greateſt writers of their times. It is indeed a remarkable circumſtance, that there is ſcarce one Lady,

* *To the Collection of Meſſrs* Colman, *and* Thornton.

who has contributed to fill theſe volumes, who was not celebrated by her cotemporary poets, and that moſt of them have been particularly diſtinguiſhed by the moſt laviſh encomiums either from *Cowley*, *Dryden*, *Roſcommon*, *Creech*, *Pope*, or *Swift*.

There is indeed no good reaſon to be aſſigned why the poetical attempts of females ſhould not be well received, unleſs it can be demonſtrated that fancy and judgment are wholly confined to one half of our ſpecies; a notion, to which the readers of theſe volumes will not readily aſſent. It will not be thought partiality to ſay that the reader will here meet with many pieces on a great variety of ſubjects excellent in their way; and that this collection is not inferior to any miſcellany compiled from the works of men.

It was never propoſed to collect the entire works of theſe ingenious females; and indeed ſuch an undertaking would have been at once much more voluminous, and leſs ſatisfactory than the preſent. For as

moſt of their poems were firſt publiſhed by ſubſcription, the bulk, as well as merit of the volume, was neceſſary to be conſidered: on which account ſeveral pieces were thrown in merely to fill up ſo many pages. Beſides, moſt of theſe Ladies (like many of our greateſt male writers) were more indebted to nature for their ſucceſs, than to education; and it was therefore thought better to omit thoſe pieces, which too plainly betrayed the want of learning, than to inſert them merely to diſgrace thoſe others, which a writer, with all the advantages of it, could not have ſurpaſſed.



Advertiſement.

TO attempt an improvement, or even the ſmalleſt alteration, in a work of ſuch deſerved celebrity, as the Collection of Poetry by Meſſrs Colman and Thornton; may perhaps ſubject the editor to the imputation of a preſumptuous temerity. The attempt is however made, but as it cannot be expected that an apology for it (unleſs found in the general execution of the work) would be likely to meet with, or indeed merit acceptance, none will be offered. Be it ſufficient to ſay that any imperfections the following pages may be chargeable with, cannot exceed the deference with which they are now ſubmitted to the candour of thoſe who have honoured them by a patronage equally liberal and extenſive.

POEMS

BY

MRS. MARY BARBER.

Concluſion of a Letter to the Rev. *Mr. C—*.

'TIS time to conclude, for I make it a rule
To leave off all writing, when *Con.* comes from ſchool.
He diſlikes what I've written, and ſays I had better
To ſend what he calls a poetical letter.
To this I reply'd, you are out of your wits;
A letter in verſe would put him in fits;
He thinks it a crime in a woman to read ——
Then what would he ſay ſhould your counſel ſucceed?
I pity poor *Barber*, his wife's ſo romantic:
A letter in rhyme!—Why the woman is frantic!
This reading the Poets has quite turn'd her head;
On my life, ſhe ſhould have a dark room and ſtraw bed.

I often heard ſay that *St. Patrick* took care,
No poiſonous creature ſhould live in this air:
He only regarded the body, I find,
But *Plato* conſider'd who poiſon'd the mind.
Would they'd follow his precepts, who ſit at the helm,
And drive poetaſters from out of the realm!
Her huſband has ſurely a terrible life;
There's nothing I dread, like a verſe-writing wife:
Defend me, ye powers, from that fatal curſe;
Which muſt heighten the plagues of *for better for worſe!*
May I have a wife that will duſt her own floor;
And not the fine minx recommended by **More*.
(That he was a dotard, is granted, I hope,
Who dy'd for aſſerting the rights of the Pope.)
If ever I marry, I'll chuſe me a ſpouſe,
That ſhall *ſerve* and *obey*, as ſhe's bound by her vows;
That ſhall, when I'm dreſſing, attend like a valet;
Then go to the kitchen, and ſtudy my palate.
She has wiſdom enough, that keeps out of the dirt,
And can make a good pudding, and cut out a ſhirt.
What good's in a dame that will pore on a book?
No,—give me the wife that ſhall ſave me a cook.
Thus far I had written—then turn'd to my ſon,
To give him advice, ere my letter was done.
My ſon, ſhould you marry, look out for a wife,
That's fitted to lighten the labours of life.
Be ſure, wed a woman you thoroughly know,
And ſhun, above all things, a *houſewifely ſhrew*,
That would fly to your ſtudy, with fire in her looks,
And aſk what you got by your poring on books,

* *See Sir* Thomas More's *Advice to his Son.*

Think dreſſing of dinner the height of all ſcience,
And to peace and good humour bid open defiance.
Avoid the fine lady, whoſe beauty's her care;
Who ſets a high price on her ſhape, and her air;
Who in dreſs, and in viſits, employs the whole day;
And longs for the ev'ning, to ſit down to play.
Chuſe a woman of wiſdom, as well as good breeding,
With a turn, at leaſt, no averſion to reading:
In the care of her perſon, exact and refin'd;
Yet ſtill, let her principal care be her mind:
Who can, when her family cares give her leiſure,
Without the dear cards, paſs an ev'ning with pleaſure;
In forming her children to virtue and knowledge,
Nor truſt, for that care, to a ſchool, or a college:
By learning made humble, not thence taking airs,
To deſpiſe, or neglect her domeſtic affairs:
Nor think her leſs fitted, for doing her duty,
By knowing its reaſons, its uſe, and its beauty.
When you gain her affection, take care to preſerve it,
Leſt others perſuade her, you do not deſerve it.
Still ſtudy to heighten the joys of her life;
Nor treat her the worſe for her being your wife.
If in judgment ſhe errs, ſet her right, without pride:
'Tis the province of inſolent fools, to deride.
A huſband's firſt praiſe, is a Friend and Protector:
Then change not theſe titles, for Tyrant and Hector.
Let your perſon be neat, unaffectedly clean,
Tho' alone with your wife, the whole day you remain.
Chuſe books, for her ſtudy, to faſhion her mind,
To emulate thoſe who excell'd of her kind.
Be religion the principal care of your life,

As you hope to be bleſt in your children and wife,
So you, in your marriage, ſhall gain its true end,
And find, in your wife, a Companion and Friend.

APOLLO's EDICT.

IERNE's now our royal care:
We lately fix'd our * vice-roy there.
How near was ſhe to be undone,
Till pious love inſpir'd her ſon!
What cannot our vice-gerent do,
As Poet, and as Patriot too?
Let his ſucceſs our ſubjects ſway,
Our inſpirations to obey:
Let beaten paths no more be trac'd;
But ſtudy to correct your taſte.
No ſimile ſhall be begun
With *riſing*, or with *ſetting ſun*;
And let the ſecret head of *Nile*,
Be ever baniſh'd from your iſle.
When wretched lovers live on air,
In pity, the *Chameleon* ſpare;
And, when you'd make a hero grander,
Forget he's like a *Salamander*.
No ſon of mine ſhall dare to ſay,
Aurora *uſher'd in the day*.
You all agree, I make no doubt,
The *Prophet's Mantle's* quite worn out.

* *Dr.* Swift.

The *Bird of Jove* ſhall toil no more,
To teach the humble *Wren* to ſoar.
Your tragic heroes ſhall not rant,
Nor ſhepherds uſe poetic cant.
Simplicity alone can grace
The manners of the rural race.
When *Damon's* ſoul ſhall take its flight,
(Tho' poets have the *ſecond ſight*)
No *trail of light* ſhall upwards riſe,
Nor a new ſtar adorn the ſkies,
For who can hope to place one there,
So glorious as * *Belinda's* hair ?
Yet, if his name you eternize,
And muſt exalt him to the ſkies,
Without a ſtar it may be done——
So *Tickell* mourn'd his *Addiſon*.
If *Anna's* happy reign you praiſe,
Say not a word of *halcyon-days*;
Nor let any vot'ries ſhew their ſkill,
In apeing lines from *Cooper's-Hill*,
For know—I cannot bear to hear
The mimickry of *deep, yet clear*.
Whene'er my vice-roy is addreſs'd,
Againſt the *Phœnix* I proteſt.
When § *Kelly's* beauties you ſurvey,
Forget they're like the *Milky Way*.
When Poets ſoar in youthful ſtrains,
No *Phæton's* to hold the reins.

* *Rape of the Lock.*
§ *Mrs.* Frances-Arabella Kelly.

Cupid ſhall ne'er miſtake another,
Not ev'n * *Eliza*, for his *mother*;
Nor ſhall his darts at random fly,
From magazines, in *Rochford's* eye.
When † *Boyle's* exalted genius ſhines,
Diſtinguiſh'd in your nobleſt lines,
With his own worth your patron grace,
And let *Mæcenas* ſleep in peace.
When you deſcribe a lovely girl,
No *coral lips*, or *teeth of pearl.*
With *women compounds* I am cloy'd,
Which only pleas'd in *Biddy Floyd.*
For foreign aid what need they roam,
Whom fate hath amply bleſſed at home?
Unerring heav'n, with bounteous hand,
Has form'd a model for your land;
Whom *Jove* endow'd with ev'ry grace,
The glory of the *Granard* race;
Now deſtin'd by the pow'rs divine,
The bleſſing of another line.
Then would you paint a matchleſs dame,
And raiſe her to immortal fame,
Invoke not *Cytheria's* aid,
Nor borrow from the *blue-ey'd maid*;
Nor need you, on the *Graces* call,
Take qualities from § *Donegal.*

* *Mrs.* Eliza Penifeather.
† John *Earl of* Orrery.
§ *The Counteſs Dowager* Donegal.

On ſending my Son as a preſent to Dr. SWIFT, Dean of St. *Patrick's*, on his *Birth-Day*.

A Curious ſtatue, we are told,
Is priz'd above its weight in gold;
If the fair form the hand confeſs
Of * *Phidias*, or *Phraxiteles*:
But if the artiſt could inſpire
The ſmalleſt ſpark of heav'nly fire,
Tho' but enough to make it walk,
Salute the Company, or talk,
This would advance the price ſo high:
What prince were rich enough to buy?
Such if *Hibernia* could obtain,
She ſure would give it to the *Dean*:
So to her patriot ſhould ſhe pay
Her thanks upon his natal day.
A richer preſent I deſign,
A finiſh'd form, of work divine,
Surpaſſing all the power of art.
A thinking head, and grateful heart.
A heart that hopes, one day, to ſhow
How much we to the *Drapier* owe.
Kings could not ſend a nobler gift,
A meaner were unworthy *Swift*.

* *Two famous Statuaries.*

To the Right Hon. the Earl of ORRERY, on his Promiſe to ſup with the Author.

THO' the Muſe had deny'd me ſo often before,
I ventur'd this day to invoke her once more.
She aſk'd what I wanted; I ſaid, with delight,
Your Lordſhip had promis'd to ſup here to-night;
That on an occaſion ſo much to my honour,
I hop'd ſhe'd excuſe me for calling upon her.
To this ſhe reply'd with diſdain in her looks:
If that be the caſe go ſummon your cooks.
I told her in anſwer, how little you eat!
That in vain I ſhould hope to regale you with meat;
That ſhe knew, wit and humour to you were a feaſt,
Who had tho' no ſtomach, an excellent taſte.
This calm'd her reſentment; ſhe paus'd for awhile—
Then the goddeſs, propitious, reply'd with a ſmile:
If with humour and wit you would have him delighted,
What need I be call'd?——let the Dean be invited.
The bus'neſs is done, if him you prevail;
For a *Boyle*, and a *Swift*, will each other regale.

Capel-ſtreet, Dublin,
Jan. 24, 1732.

To the Right Hon. JOHN BARBER, Eſq; Lord Mayor of *London*, on committing one of my Sons to his Care.

TO the late king of *Britain* a ſavage was brought,
Which wild in the woods of *Germania* was caught.
This preſent ſo princely was train'd up with care;
And knew how to eat, and to jump, and to ſtare:
The *beaux*, and the *belles*, beheld it with joy;
And at court, the high mode, was to ſee the wild boy.
Reflecting on this, with a politic view,
I determin'd to ſend ſuch a preſent to you.
In the wilds of *Hibernia* this boy was beſet,
And caught (as the natives are there) in a net:
The creature has ſenſe, and, in my eyes, is pretty,
With talents to make a *good man* in the city;
Induſtrious, and orderly, prudent, and ſmart,
And not too much conſcience, nor too little art,
Not ſcrup'lous, but honeſt, a heart ſet on gain,
Whoſe higheſt ambition is fix'd on the chain.
From you may he copy to wear it with glory;
Like you, in return —— be honour'd in ſtory.

September, 29, 1733.

To a Lady, who commanded me to ſend her an Account in Verſe, how I ſucceeded in my Subſcription.

HOW I ſucceed, you kindly aſk,
Yet ſet me on a grievous taſk,
When you oblige me to rehearſe
The cenſures paſt upon my verſe.
Tho' I with pleaſure may relate,
That many, truly good, and great,
With candid eye, my lines ſurvey,
And ſmile upon the artleſs lay;
To thoſe with grateful heart I bend——
But your commands I muſt attend.
Servilla cries, *I hate a Wit*;
Women ſhould to their fate ſubmit,
Should in the needle take delight;
'Tis out of character to write:
She may ſucceed among the men;
They tell me, *Swift* ſubſcribes for ten;
And ſome ſay, *Dorſet* does the ſame;
But ſhe ſhall never have my name:
Her poetry has coſt me dear;
When Lady *Carteret* was here,
The widow *Gordon* got my guinea;
For which I own myſelf a ninny.
Olivia looſes oft at play:
So will not throw her gold away.

Thus *Sylvia*, of the haughty tribe;
She never aſk'd me to ſubſcribe,
Nor ever wrote a line on me,
I was no theme for poetry!
She rightly judg'd; I have no taſte——
For womens poetry, at leaſt.
Then *Flavia* made this ſage reply;
(And look'd with ſelf-ſufficient eye;)
I often ſaid, and ſay again,
Verſes are only writ by men:
I know a woman cannot write;
I do not ſay this out of ſpite;
Nor ſhall be thought, by thoſe who know me,
To envy one ſo much below me,
Sabina, fam'd in wiſdom's ſchool,
Allows I write—but am a fool:
"What!—muſt our ſons be form'd by rhyme?
"A fine way to employ one's time!".
Albino has no gold to waſte,
Far gone in the Italian *Taſte*,
He vows he muſt ſubſcribe this year,
To keep dear * *Careſtini* here;
Not from a narrow party view;
He doats on * *Seneſino* too;
By turns their int'reſt he'll eſpouſe;
He's for the public good, he vows;
A gen'rous ardour fires his breaſt;
Hail, *Britain* in ſuch patriots bleſt!
Says *Belvidera*, ſince a wit,

* *Two famous* Italian *ſingers, zealouſly ſupported by different parties.*

Or friend, or foe, alike will hit,
Deliver me from wits, I ſay!
Grant heav'n they ne'er may croſs my way!
Beſides, I oft have heard it hinted,
Her poems never will be printed:
Her ſickneſs is a feint, no doubt,
To keep her book from coming out.
Of wit, ſays *Celia*, I'll acquit her;
Then archly fell into a titter.
A female bard! *Pulvillio* cries;
'Tis poſſible ſhe may be wiſe;
But I could never find it yet,
Tho' oft in company we met:
She talks juſt in the common way;
Sure wits their talents ſhould diſplay:
Their language ſurely ſhould be bright,
Before they ſhould pretend to write:
I'll ne'er ſubſcribe for books, ſays he;
'Fore Gad, it looks like pedantry.
High-born *Belinda* loves to blame;
On criticiſm founds her fame:
Whene'er ſhe thinks a fault ſhe ſpies,
How pleaſure ſparkles in her eyes!
Call it not poetry, ſhe ſays:
No—call it rhyming, if you pleaſe:
Her numbers might adorn a ring,
Or ſerve along the ſtreets to ſing:
Stella and *Flavia*'s well enough;
What elſe I ſaw was ſtupid ſtuff;
Nor love, nor ſatire in the lays,
Inſipid! neither pain nor pleaſe;
I promiſ'd once to patronize her:

But on reflection I was wiſer:
Yet I ſubſcrib'd among the reſt;
I love to carry on a jeſt.
Belinda thus her anger ſhows,
Nor tells the world, from whence it flows:
With more ſucceſs to wound my lays,
She gilds the dart with others praiſe:
To her own breaſt I leave the fair,
Convinc'd I ſtand acquitted there.
Amanda, your commands, you ſee,
Though grievous, are obey'd by me.
What my friends told me, had been ſaid,
Juſt as it came into my head,
No matter for the place or time,
To ſhow your pow'r I tag with rhyme.
Now let ſome news ſalute your ear,
Though I have wearied you, I fear:
Know, * * * * * * has vengeance vow'd,
And in the Furies temple bow'd:
He but ſuſpends his wrath, he ſays,
Till he can criticiſe my lays.
Malice thy rancour I expect,
And ſhall return it——with neglect,
Go on, diſplay your treaſur'd rage;
Invectives ſhall not blot my page:
What real faults you note, I'll mend:
Proceed, your efforts I attend;
Taught early, *Dryden*, by thy ſong,
"They ne'er forgive who do the wrong."
Now to the Muſe I bid adieu;
Nor rail at her, as Poets do;

Protected by the good and great,
I'll not repine, but bleſs my fate.
You, Madam, whom your ſex adorn,
Who malice and detraction ſcorn,
Who with ſuperior ſenſe are bleſs'd,
Of ev'ry real worth poſſeſs'd;
With eye indulgent view my lays;
You know to blame, but love to praiſe:
You know my faults, and know beſide,
I want not to be mortify'd.
One merit I preſume to boaſt,
And dare to plead but one at moſt:
The Muſe I never have debas'd;
My lays are innocent at leaſt;
Were ever ardently deſign'd
To mend and to enlarge the mind.
This muſt be own'd a virtuous aim,
The praiſe of wit——let others claim.

POEMS

BY

MRS. BARBAULD.

POEMS

BY

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE MOUSE's PETITION*.

Found in the Trap, where he had been confined all Night.

Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos. VIRG.

OH! hear a penſive priſoner's prayer,
For liberty that ſighs;
And never let thine heart be ſhut
Againſt the wretches cries.

* *To Doctor* Prieſtly.

The author is concerned to find, that what was intended as the petition of Mercy againſt Juſtice, has been conſtrued as the plea of Humanity againſt Cruelty. She is certain that Cruelty could never be apprehended from the gentleman to whom this is addreſſed; and the poor animal would have ſuffered more as the victim of domeſtick œconomy, than of philoſophical curioſity.

For here forlorn and ſad I ſit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breaſt with Freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born Mouſe detain.

Oh! do not ſtain with guiltleſs blood,
Thy hoſpitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize ſo little worth.

The ſcatter'd gleanings of a feaſt
My frugal meals ſupply:
But if thine unrelenting heart
That ſlender boon deny,

The chearful light, the vital air,
Are bleſſings widely given;
Let nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philoſophic mind
To all compaſſion gives;
Caſts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient ſages taught,
A never-dying flame,
Still ſhift's thro' matter's varying forms,
In every form the ſame.

Beware, leſt, in the worm you cruſh,
A brother's ſoul you find;
And tremble, leſt thy luckleſs hand
Diſlodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this tranſient gleam of day
Be all of life we ſhare;
Let pity plead within thy breaſt,
That little all to ſpare.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And ev'ry charm of heart-felt eaſe,
Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when deſtruction lurks unſeen,
Which Men like Mice may ſhare;
May ſome kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.

VERSES,

WRITTEN in an ALCOVE.

NOW the moon-beams trembling luſtre
Silvers o'er the dewy green,
And in ſoft and ſhadowy colours,
Sweetly paints the chequer'd ſcene.

Here between the opening branches,
Streams a flood of ſoften'd light:
There, the thick, and twiſted foliage,
Spreads the browner gloom of night.

This, is ſure, the haunt of fairies;
In yon cool Alcove they play:
Care can never croſs the threſhold,
Care was only made for day.

Far from hence, be noiſy clamour,
Sick diſguſt, and anxious fear
Pining grief, and waſting anguiſh,
Never keep their vigils here.

Tell no tales of ſheeted ſpectres,
Riſing from the quiet tomb:
Fairer forms this cell ſhall viſit;
Brighter viſions gild the gloom.

Choral ſongs and ſprightly voices,
Eccho, from her cell ſhall call;
Sweeter, ſweeter than the murmur
Of the diſtant waterfall.

Ev'ry ruder guſt of paſſion,
Lull'd with muſick, dies away;
'Till within the charmed boſom,
None but ſoft affections play.

Soft as when the evening breezes
Gently ſtir the poplar grove:
Brighter than the ſmile of ſummer,
Sweeter than the breath of love.

Thee, the enchanted muſe ſhall follow,
Liſſy to the ruſtic cell;
And each careleſs note repeating,
Tune them to her charming ſhell.

Not the muſe who wreath'd with laurel;
Solemn ſtalks, with tragic gait;

And in clear, and lofty viſion,
  Sees the future births of fate:

Not the maid, who, crown'd with cypreſs,
  Sweeps along with ſceptred pall:
And in ſad and ſolemn accents,
  Mourns the creſted Hero's fall.

But that other ſmiling ſiſter,
  With the blue and laughing eye:
Singing in a lighter meaſure,
  Strains of woodland harmony.

All unknown to fame and glory,
  Eaſy blithe and debonair:
Crown'd with flowers, her careleſs treſſes
  Looſely floating on the air.

Then, when next the ſtar of evening
  Softly ſheds the ſilent dew:
Let me in this ruſtic temple,
  Liſſy meet the muſe and you.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O Thou the nymph of placid eye,
  O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh;
  Receive my temp'rate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole,
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
  And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O come in ſimple veſt array'd,
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd,
To bleſs my longing ſight:
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte, ſubdu'd delight.

No more by varying paſſions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet,
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky,
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye,
The modeſt virtues dwell.

Simplicity in attic veſt,
And Innocence with candid breaſt,
And clear undaunted eye.
And hope, who points to diſtant years,
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears,
A viſta to the ſky.

There health, thro' whoſe calm boſom glide,
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow:
And patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents the mild, unvarying cheek,
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage,
A tyrant maſters, wanton rage,
With ſettled ſmiles to meet.
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek, ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy fainted feet.

But thou O nymph retir'd and coy,
In what brown Hamlet doſt thou joy:
To tell thy tender tale;
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe, and violet bloſſom round,
And lilly of the vale.

O ſay, what ſoft propitious hour,
I beſt may chuſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway;
When autumn friendly to the muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder ray.

When Eve her dewy ſtar beneath
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breath,
And every ſtorm is laid:
If ſuch an hour was e're thy choice,
Oft' let me hear thy ſoothing voice,
Low whiſpering thro' the ſhade.

POEMS

BY

MRS. BEHN.

POEMS

BY

MRS. BEHN.

SCOTS SONG.

WHEN *Jemmy* firſt began to love
He was the gayeſt ſwain
That ever yet a flock had drove,
Or danc'd upon the plain.
'Twas then that I, weys me poor heart,
My freedom threw away ;
And finding ſweets in every ſmart,
I cou'd not ſay him nay.

And ever when he talk'd of love
He wou'd his eyes decline ;
And every ſigh a heart would move,
Gued faith, and why not mine ?

He'd preſs my hand, and kiſs it oft,
In ſilence ſpoke his flame.
And whilſt he treated me thus ſoft,
I wiſh'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my flocks with him
My *Jemmy* wou'd invite me:
Where he the gayeſt ſongs wou'd ſing
On purpoſe to delight me,
And *Jemmy* every grace diſplay'd,
Which were enough I trow
To conquer any princely maid,
So did he me I vow.

But now for *Jemmy* muſt I mourn,
Who to the wars muſt go;
His ſheep-hook to a ſword muſt turn:
Alack, what ſhall I do?
His bag-pipe into warlike ſounds
Muſt now exchanged be:
Inſtead of bracelets, fearful wounds;
Then what becomes of me?

SYLVIO's COMPLAINT.

A SONG, *To a fine* SCOTCH *Tune.*

IN the blooming time o'th' year,
In the royal month of May:
An the heavens were glad and clear,
An the earth was freſh and gay.

A noble youth, but all forlorn,
Lig'd ſighing by a ſpring:
'Twere better I's was ne'er born,
E'er wiſh'd to be a King.

Then from his ſtarry eyne
Muckle ſhowers of chryſtal fell,
To bedew the roſes fine
That on his cheeks did dwell.
And ever 'twixt his ſighs he'd cry,
How bonny a lad I'd been,
Had, I, waes me, ne'er aim'd high,
Or wiſh'd to be a King.

With dying cloudy looks
Au the fields and groves he kens,
Au the gleeding murmuring brooks,
(Noo his unambitious friends)
'Tol which he eance with mickle chear
His bleating flocks would bring:
And cries, wou'd God I'd dy'd here,
E'er wiſh'd to be a King.

How oft in yonder mead,
Cover'd o'er with painted flowers,
Au the dancing youth I've led,
Where we paſs'd our bleether hours.
In yonder ſhade, in yonder grove,
How bleſs'd the nymphs have been:
E'er I for pow'r debauched love,
Or wiſh'd to be a King.

Not au the *Arcadian* ſwains,
In their pride and glory clad:

Not all the ſpacious plains
E'er cou'd boaſt a bleether lad.
When e'er I pip'd, or danc'd, or ran,
Or leap'd, or whirl'd the ſling:
The flow'ry wreaths I ſtill won,
And wiſh'd to be a King.

But curs'd be yon tall oak,
And old *Thirſis* be accurſt:
There I firſt my peace forſook,
There I learnt ambition firſt.
Such glorious ſongs of heroes crown'd,
The reſtleſs ſwain wou'd ſing:
My ſoul unknown deſires found,
And languiſh'd to be King.

Ye garlands wither now,
Fickle glories vaniſh all:
Ye wreaths that deck'd my brow,
To the ground neglected fall.
No more my ſweet repoſe moleſt,
Nor to my fancies bring
The golden dreams of being bleſt
With titles of a King

Ye noble youths beware,
Shun ambitious powerful tales:
Deſtructive, falſe, and fair,
Like ocean's flattering gales.
See how my youth and glories lie,
Like blaſted flow'rs in ſpring:
My fame, renown, and all die,
For wiſhing to be King.

IN IMITATION of HORACE.

WHAT mean thoſe amorous curls of jet?
For what heart-raviſh'd maid
Doſt thou thy hair in order ſet,
Thy wanton treſſes braid?
And thy vaſt ſtore of beauties open lay,
That the deluded fancy leads aſtray.

For pity hide thy ſtarry eyes,
Whoſe languiſhments deſtroy:
And look not on the ſlave that dies
With an exceſs of joy.
Defend thy coral lips, thy amber breath;
To taſte theſe ſweets, alas! is certain death.

Forbear, fond charming youth, forbear,
Thy words of melting love:
Thy eyes, thy language well may ſpare,
One dart enough can move.
And ſhe that hears thy voice, and ſees thy eyes,
With too much pleaſure, too much ſoftneſs dies.

Ceaſe, ceaſe, with ſighs to warm my ſoul,
Or preſs me with thy hand:
Who can the kindling fire controul,
The tender force withſtand?
Thy ſighs and touches like wing'd lightning fly,
And are the God of Love's artillery.

SONG.

AS wretched, vain, and indiſcreet,
Thoſe matches I deplore,
Whoſe bartering friends in counſel meet
To huddle in a wedding ſheet
Some miſerable pair that never met before.

Poor love of no account muſt be,
Though ne'er ſo fix'd and true.
No merit but in gold they ſee;
So portion and eſtate agree,
No matter what the bride and bridegroom do.

Curs'd may all covetous huſbands be
That wed with ſuch deſign,
And curs'd they are; for while they ply
Their wealth, ſome lover by the by
Reaps the true bliſs, and digs the richer mine.

TWO PASTORALS

BY

MRS. BROOKE.

PASTORAL I.

DELIA AND AMINTA.

IN that ſoft month when Spring's reviving pow'r
Reſtores to bloomy life each odorous flow'r,
Gives the enamell'd meads their various hue,
And calls the lively verdure forth to view;
Two beauteous nymphs, the faireſt of the grove,
While morning roſe, alternate ſung of love.

AMINTA.

See, gentle Delia, ſee the riſing dawn
Gild the green valley, and the dewy lawn!
The lark aſcends, the water murmuring flow,
And breathing winds o'er vernal roſes blow;
Our lambs, exulting, wanton o'er the plain,
And Nature's charms invite the tuneful ſtrain;
Say, then, what ſwain, amid the rural throng,
Demands the tribute of thy matchleſs ſong?

DELIA.

O may bleſt Concord, to our land reſtor'd,
For peaceful crooks expel the hoſtile ſword!
Return, ſoft-ſmiling peace, ſince war's alarms
Have raviſh'd Daphnis from his Delia's arms.

AMINTA.

No rude alarms diſturb Aminta's eaſe,
Alike to her are war and ſmiling peace;
In ſmiling peace ſhe ſpends the bliſsful hours
With dear Alexis in ſequeſter'd bowers.

DELIA.

In vain, when Zephyr wakes the genial ſpring,
The feather'd train their notes melodious ſing;
Their notes melodious no delight inſpire,
Since Daphnis' voice is wanting in the choir.

AMINTA.

To me or ſpring or autumn grateful prove:
The ſeaſons change, but not Alexis' love:
Alexis' conſtant love, in melting ſtrains,
Repeating Echo murmurs to the plains:
His breathing ſighs, convey'd by fanning gales,
Improve the fragrance of the flowery vales.

DELIA.

Tell me, ye ſmiling meads, ye velvet plains!
Why, Daphnis gone, your verdure ſtill remains?
With heedleſs glance I paſs your beauties o'er;
Still, ſtill you ſmile, but ah! you pleaſe no more.

AMINTA.

Sweet is the month when bounteous Nature ſpreads
Her vernal mantle o'er the daiſy'd meads;
Sweet are the pearly dew-drops o'er the field,
And ſweet the ſcent the riſing violets yield;
Sweet is the breath of Zeph'rus in the breeze:
Sure of Alexis all have learn'd to pleaſe!
More ſweet the words his opening lips diſcloſe
Than balm ambroſial breathing from the roſe.

DELIA.

At diſtance ſee the grove in order riſe,
Where yon tall pine-tree ſeems to touch the ſkies!
As that fair tree amid the humbler grove,
So in the battle ſhines the youth I love;
His graceful form, and martial port, by far
Excel the nobleſt of the ſons of war.

AMINTA.

With each perfection bleſs'd, my charmer view,
Fair as the light, and freſh as morning dew;
Soft as the ſeaſon, as the ſeaſon gay,
And tuneful as the lark on yonder ſpray.

DELIA.

The mingled flow'rets of the ſmiling year
Compos'd a garland when my ſwain was here;
He plac'd the wreath around my flowing hair,
And vow'd my bluſhes made the roſe leſs fair.

AMINTA.

For dear Alexis opening roſes bloom,
For him the balmy lilies ſhed perfume.

But hark!——Methinks along the neighb'ring grove,
I hear the well-known ſound of him I love!
Ye Gods! 'tis he! the woods reſound his lays:
And ſee! in yonder verdant bower he ſtays!
Come, beauteous nymph! and own, my lovely ſwain
Excels the faireſt ſhepherds on the plain:
Come, beauteous nymph! and hear the melting lay
That ſtole my young unpractis'd ſoul away.

PASTORAL II.

PALEMON.

AS late, to ſhun the noon-day's ſcorching heat,
I ſought in yonder grove a cool retreat;
Beneath an elm, around whoſe branches twine
The fragrant woodbine, and the curling vine,
Fair Doris ſat; and in a dying ſtrain
The lovely maid accus'd her faithleſs ſwain.
'Ye wavy trees! ye gently murmuring ſprings!
'Attend! to you the wretched Doris ſings:
'Oft have ye heard, but now ſhall hear no more,
'The melting vows my perjur'd Damon ſwore:
'Here, while he ſung, the winds forgot to blow,
'The leaves to tremble, and the ſtreams to flow;
'All nature fix'd in ſilent wonder ſtood,
'And not a breathing breeze diſturb'd the wood.
'This elm is witneſs of my conſtant flame,
'Whoſe yielding rind is pierc'd with Damon's name
'Beneath the ſhelter of it's ſpreading boughs

" My lovely ſhepherd breath'd his artful vows ;
' Here, while his trembling lips his flame confeſs'd,
' The ſoft infection ſeiz'd my pitying breaſt.
' How ſweet with him to trace, at early dawn,
' The flow'ry mead, or dew-beſpangled lawn,
' With him at noon to bait the ſhining hook
' Where the tall poplar trembled o'er the brook!
' Then ſmil'd the grove, and ſmil'd the verdant plain,
' But Damon falſe, their beauties riſe in vain.
' Ah! cruel ſhepherd! tho' my tongue deny'd,
' My downcaſt eyes were ſtill on Damon's ſide.
' Return, fair charmer, to thy native plains ;
' Return, and bleſs me with thy tender ſtrains :
' For thee the meads ſhall brighter liveries wear,
' And ſtudious Nature deck the ſmiling year ;
' For thee the flowers a fairer bloom diſcloſe,
' And odours breathe more fragrant from the roſe.
' Tho' wealthy Daphne larger flocks may feed,
' And her's the herds that graze yon flow'ry mead,
' Yet I can boaſt unrivall'd rural ſtrains,
' And charms that fire to love the ſighing ſwains :
' Can ſordid gain my Damon's boſom move ?
' And what is wealth, alas! to faithful love ?
' Ah! cruel youth! no more my tongue denies,
' And tears are all the language of my eyes. '
While ſadly thus her plaintive numbers flow'd,
And love unfeign'd each tuneful grace beſtow'd,
Oppreſs'd with grief, ſhe ſunk upon the plain,
Like a fair lily overcharg'd with rain :
I rais'd the maid, and bore her from the grove,
And curs'd the ſhepherd who was dead to love.

POEMS

BY

MISS CARTER.

POEMS

BY

MISS CARTER.

ODE TO WISDOM.

THE ſolitary bird of night
Through the thick ſhades now wings his flight,
And quits his time-ſhook tow'r;
Where ſhelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philoſophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the ſolemn ſound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And ſighing gales repeat.
Fav'rite of *Pallas!* I attend,
And, faithful to thy ſummons, bend
At Wiſdom's awful ſeat.

She loves the cool, the ſilent eve,
Where no falſe ſhews of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray.
Here folly drops each vain diſguiſe,
Nor ſport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the beam of day.

O *Pallas!* queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the ſenſe, and mends the heart,
Bleſt ſource of purer joys:
In every form of beauty bright
That captivates the mental ſight
With pleaſure and ſurprize:

At thy unſpotted ſhrine I bow:
Attend thy modeſt ſuppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild deſires:
But taught by thy unerring rules,
To ſhun the fruitleſs wiſh of fools.
To nobler views aſpires.

Not fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
Nor *Cytherea*'s fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
Thoſe envy'd glitt'ring toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By ſtudious thoughts refin'd;

For wealth, the ſmiles of glad content,
For pow'r, its ampleſt, beſt extent,
An empire o'er the mind.

When fortune drops her gay parade,
When pleaſure's tranſient roſes fade
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize;
Thy ever verdant laurels riſe
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy,
The coxcombs ſneer, the ſtupid lye
Of ignorance and ſpite:
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiſcerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noiſe, and ſtrife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I reſt:
Purſue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where *Plato's* ſacred ſpirit roves,
In all thy beauties dreſt.

He bade *Iliſſus'* tuneful ſtream
Convey thy philoſophic theme,
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive *Athen's* caught the ſound,
And all her liſt'ning ſons around,
In awful ſilence ſtood:

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth,
Confeſs'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its juſt controul.
The paſſions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And virtue's ſoft perſuaſive charms,
O'er all their ſenſes ſtole.

Thy breath inſpires the poet's ſong,
The patriot's free, unbiaſs'd tongue,
The hero's generous ſtrife;
Thine are retirement's ſilent joys,
And all the ſweet engaging ties
Of ſtill, domeſtic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To the ſupreme all-perfect mind
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wiſdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, eternal ſource
Of intellectual light.

O ſend her ſure, her ſteady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Through life's perplexing road:
The miſts of error to controul,
And through its gloom direct my ſoul
To happineſs and good.

Beneath her clear diſcerning eye
The viſionary ſhadows fly
Of folly's painted ſhow:

She ſees through ev'ry fair diſguiſe,
That all but virtue's ſolid joys
Are vanity and woe.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

On his intending to cut down a GROVE to enlarge his proſpect.

IN plaintive ſounds, that tun'd to woe
The ſadly-ſighing breeze,
A weeping *Hamadryad* mourn'd
Her fate-devoted trees.

Ah! ſtop thy ſacrilegious hand,
Nor violate the ſhade,
Where nature form'd a ſilent haunt
For contemplation's aid.

Canſt thou, the ſon of ſcience, bred
Where learned *Iſis* flows,
Forget that, nurs'd in ſhelt'ring groves,
The *Grecian* genius roſe?

Within the plantane's ſpreading ſhade
Immortal *Plato* taught;
And fair *Lyceum* form'd the depth
Of *Ariſtotle*'s thought.

To *Latian* groves reflect thy views,
And bleſs the *Tuſcan* gloom;

Where eloquence deplor'd the fate
Of *Liberty* and *Rome*.

Retir'd beneath the beechen ſhade,
From each inſpiring bough
The Muſe's wove th' unfading wreathes,
That circled *Virgil*'s brow.

Reflect, before the fatal ax
My threaten'd doom has wrought ;
Nor ſacrifice to ſenſual taſte
The nobler growth of thought.

Not all the glowing fruits that bluſh,
On *India*'s ſunny coaſt,
Can recompenſe thee for the worth
Of one idea loſt.

My ſhade a produce may ſupply,
Unknown to ſolar fire ;
And what excludes *Apollo's* rage,
Shall harmonize his lyre.

ODE to MELANCHOLY.

COME, Melancholy ! ſilent pow'r,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To ſober thought confin'd ;
Thou ſweetly ſad ideal gueſt,
In all thy ſoothing charms confeſs'd,
Indulge my penſive mind.

No longer wildly hurried through
The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
In Folly's noiſy ſtream;
I from the buſy croud retire,
To court the objects that inſpire
Thy philoſophick dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews,
With ſolitary ſteps I muſe,
By thy direction led:
Here, cold to Pleaſure's tempting forms,
Conſociate with my ſiſter-worms,
And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors! awful gloom!
Ye ſilent regions of the tomb,
My future peaceful bed;
Here ſhall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And ev'ry ſorrow lie repos'd
In Death's refreſhing ſhade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual ſight
In ſolemn pomp aſcend:
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears
That varying life attend!

Ye faithleſs idols of our ſenſe,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy!
Your tranſient forms like ſhadows paſs.
Frail offspring of the magick glaſs,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falſely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar ſight
With ſuperficial ſtate:
Thro' Reaſon's clearer opticks view'd,
How ſtripp'd of all it's pomp, how rude
Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild Ambition's tyrant pow'r,
Or ill-got wealth's ſuperfluous ſtore,
The dread of death controul?
Can Pleaſure's more bewitching charms
Avert or ſoothe the dire alarms
That ſhake the parting ſoul.

Religion! ere the hand of Fate
Shall make reflection plead too late,
My erring ſenſes teach:
Amidſt the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the ſolemn truth
Theſe awful relicks preach.

Thy penetrating beams diſperſe,
The miſt of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal ſpring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And ſoften to an angel form
The pale terrifick king.

When, ſunk by guilt in ſad deſpair
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,
And owns thy threat'nings juſt;
Thy voice the ſhudd'ring ſuppliant chears,
With mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the duſt.

Sublim'd by thee, the ſoul aſpires
Beyond the range of low deſires,
In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd her deſtin'd change ſurveys,
And arm'd by Faith, intrepid pays
The univerſal debt.

In Death's ſoft ſlumber lull'd to reſt,
She ſleeps, by ſmiling viſions bleſs'd
That gently whiſper peace:
Till the laſt morn's fair opening ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliſs.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT,
IN A THUNDER STORM.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To ſhelt'ring caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful Fate
That thunders through the ſky?

Protected by that Hand, whoſe law
The threat'ning ſtorms obey,
Intrepid Virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightnings lurid glare;
It views the ſame all gracious Power
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying ſcene,
By different ways purſu'd,
The one eternal end of Heaven
Is univerſal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er-flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or bluſhes in the roſe.

By Reaſon taught to ſcorn thoſe fears
That vulgar minds moleſt;
Let no fantaſtick terrors break
My dear Narciſſa's reſt.

Thy life may all the tend'reſt care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When, thro' creation's vaſt expanſe,
The laſt dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the ſpheres,
And ſhake the riſing ſoul.

Unmov'd, may'ſt thou the final ſtorm
Of jarring worlds ſurvey,
That uſhers in the glad ſerene
Of everlaſting day!

A NIGHT-PIECE.

WHILE Night in ſolemn ſhade inveſt the pole,
And calm reflection ſoothes the penſive ſoul;
While reaſon undiſturb'd aſſerts her ſway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away;
To thee! All-conſcious preſence! I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine!
If, by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from Virtue's path has ſtray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
It's utmoſt boaſt, a vain unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn will his gentle aid repreſs'd,
And check'd the riſing goodneſs in my breaſt,
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice, and quench'd his ſacred fires.

With grief oppreſs'd, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Should'ſt thou condemn, I own the ſentence juſt.
But, oh! thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipate the horrors of deſpair;
From rigorous juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of Power,
Diſarms the wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!
All powerful Grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey;
Leſt lurking folly, with inſidious art,
Regain my volatile inconſtant heart!
Shall every high reſolve devotion frames,
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
O rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour, each motion of my ſoul,
Secure it's ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of ſleep my tomb!
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
Till the laſt morn it's orient beam diſcloſe;
Then, when the great archangel's potent ſound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round.
Wak'd from the ſleep of death with joy ſurvey
The opening ſplendors of eternal day.

HYMN TO PROSPERITY.

BY

Miſs SALLY CARTER.

CELESTIAL maid, receive this pray'r!
If e'er thy beam divine
Should gild the brow of toiling care,
And bleſs a hut like mine:

Let humble Worth, without a fear,
Approach my ready door;
Nor let me ever ſee a tear,
Regardleſs, from the poor!

O bleſs me with an honeſt mind,
Above all ſelfiſh ends;
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

With conſcious truth and honour ſtill
My actions let me guide;
And give no fear, but that of ill,
No ſcorn, but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare
On heav'ns dread King to gaze;
Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
And wake my morn with praiſe,

That hence my ſoul may hope to prove
The utmoſt ſaints can know;
And ſhare his gracious ſmile above,
Whoſe laws ſhe kept below.

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

BY

MRS. CHAPONE.

THOU gentle nurſe of pleaſing woe,
To thee from crouds and noiſe and ſhow
With eager haſte I fly:
Thrice welcome friendly ſolitude,
O let no buſy foot intrude,
Nor liſt'ning ear be nigh.

Soft ſilent melancholy maid,
With thee, to yon ſequeſter'd ſhade
My penſive ſteps I bend;
Still at the mild approach of night,
When Cynthia lends her ſober light,
Do thou my walk attend.

To thee alone, my conſcious heart,
It's tender ſorrow, dares impart;
And eaſe my lab'ring breaſt:
To thee I truſt the riſing ſigh,
And bid the tear that ſwells my eye,
No longer be ſuppreſt.

With thee among the haunted groves,
The lovely ſorc'reſs fancy roves;
O let me find her here:
For ſhe can time, and ſpace controul,
And ſwift tranſport my fleeting ſoul
To all it holds moſt dear.

Ah! —no—ye vain deluſions hence,
No more the hallow'd innocence,
Of ſolitude pervert;
Shall fancy cheat the precious hour
Sacred to wiſdoms awful pow'r,
And calm reflections part.

O wiſdom—from the ſea-beat ſhore,
Where liſt'ning to the ſolemn roar,
Thy lov'd *Eliza** ſtrays;
Vouchſafe to viſit my retreat,
And teach my erring trembling feet,
Thy heav'n protected ways.

O guide me to the humble cell,
Where reſignation loves to dwell;
Contentments bow'r in view:
Nor pining grief, with abſence drear,
Nor ſick ſuſpence, nor anxious fear
Shall there my ſteps purſue.

There let my ſoul to him aſpire,
Whom none e'er ſought with vain deſire,
Nor lov'd in ſad diſpair:

* *Miſs* Eliza Carter.

There to his gracious will divine,
My deareſt, fondeſt hope reſign,
And all my tend'reſt care.

Then peace ſhall heal this wounded breaſt,
That pants to ſee another bleſt,
From ſelfiſh paſſion pure:
Peace, which when human wiſhes riſe,
Intenſe, for aught beneath the ſkies
Can never be ſecure.

POEMS

BY

LADY CHUDLEIGH.

POEMS

BY

LADY CHUDLEIGH.

TO THE LADIES.

WIFE and ſervant are the ſame,
But only differ in the name:
For when that fatal knot is ty'd,
Which nothing, nothing can divide:
When ſhe the word *obey* has ſaid,
And man by law ſupreme has made,
Then all that's kind is laid aſide,
And nothing left but ſtate and pride:
Fierce as an eaſtern prince he grows,
And all his innate rigour ſhows:
Then but to look, to laugh, or ſpeak,
Will the nuptial contract break.
Like mutes, ſhe ſigns alone muſt make:
And never any freedom take
But ſtill be govern'd by a nod,

And fear her huſband as a God:
Him ſtill muſt ſerve, him ſtill obey,
And nothing act, and nothing ſay,
But what her haughty lord thinks fit,
Who, with the power, has all the wit.
Then ſhun, oh! ſhun that wretched ſtate,
And all the fawning flatt'rers hate:
Value yourſelves, and men deſpiſe:
You muſt be proud, if you'll be wiſe.

THE RESOLVE.

I.

FOR what the world admires I'll wiſh no more,
Nor court that airy nothing of a name:
Such fleeting ſhadows let the proud adore,
Let them be ſuppliants for an empty fame.

II.

If reaſon rules within, and keeps the throne,
While the inferior faculties obey,
And all her laws without reluctance own,
Accounting none more fit, more juſt than they;

III.

If virtue, my free ſoul unſully'd keeps,
Exempting it from paſſion and from ſtain;
If no black guilty thoughts diſturb my ſleep,
And no paſt crimes my vext remembrance pain;

IV.

If, though I pleaſure find in living here,
I yet, can look on death without ſurprize;
If I've a ſoul above the reach of fear,
And which will nothing mean or ſordid prize;

V.

A ſoul, which cannot be depreſs'd by grief,
Nor too much rais'd by the ſublimeſt joy;
Which can, when troubled, give itſelf relief,
And to advantage all its thoughts employ;

VI.

Then, am I happy in my humbler ſtate,
Although not crown'd with glory, nor with bays.
A mind, that triumphs over vice and fate,
Eſteems it mean to court the world for praiſe.

THE INQUIRY.

A DIALOGUE between CLEANTHE *and* MARISSA.

CLEANTHE.

TELL me, *Mariſſa*, by what rule
May I judge who's the greateſt fool?
Is't he, that in purſuit of wealth,
Neglects his eaſe, neglects his health,

And void of reſt, and full of care,
Becomes a ſlave to his next heir;
To him, who does his thriſt deſpiſe,
And from him with abhorrence flies;
And when he's dead, with eager haſte
Will ſoon, his ill-got riches waſte?
Or he, who ſeeks in bloody wars,
For fame and honourable ſcars?
For fame, that idle uſeleſs toy,
Which fools can give, and fools deſtroy!
Or is't the man, who dully grave,
Is to his books a willing ſlave;
Who, if he has the claſſics read,
And talk'd with all the mighty dead,
Knows the much-fam'd atomic dance,
And all the wond'rous works of chance;
What particles form th' active fire,
And what the wat'ry parts require;
Which conſtitute the earth, and which the air,
Which th' *Eſop's* form, and which the fair,
Which make the fools, and which the wiſe,
And where the grand diſtinction lies:
Knows all the vortices on high,
And all the worlds that grace the ſky;
Can tell what men, what beaſts are there,
And what gay clothes the ladies wear:
What their fine airy heroes do,
And how they fight, and how they woo;
And whether like our *beaux* below,
They're pleas'd with trifles, noiſe and ſhow,

Full of a ſtiff pedantic pride,
Does all, beſides himſelf deride:
If you, ſome ſyllables miſplace,
And can't them to their fountain trace;
Can't tell among the words you ſpeak,
Which are *Saxon*, *French*, or *Greek*,
Which to the *Roman* tongue belong,
And which to th' antient *Druid*'s ſong;
Why names a diff'rent ſenſe have gain'd;
Why ſome are ſhunn'd, and ſome retain'd;
And why, ſince honeſty's forgot,
The title *Knave* ſhou'd prove a blot;
Why tyrant, which paſt princes us'd,
Shou'd by crown'd-heads be now refus'd;
Thoſe guiltleſs names, which juſter times
That bluſh'd, even at the thought of crimes,
And were too gen'rous to abuſe,
Did without ſcruple freely uſe:
He'll with a ſupercilious air
His ſcornful thoughts of you declare,
And gravely ſwear that you're unfit
For the converſe of men of wit.

MARISSA.

No, no, 'tis none, 'tis none of theſe;
But you, methinks, ſhou'd gueſs with eaſe:
Think, *Cleanthe*, think again,
And you'll find ſome yet, much more vain.

CLEANTHE.

Is it, that ape in maſquerade,
The gallant by the taylor made?
The man who hid with ſnuff and hair,

And furniſh'd with a modiſh air;
Who lately made the tour of *France*,
And learnt to talk, to dreſs, and dance;
Who, if he can, but neatly write,
And moving *Billets-doux* indite,
Cares not for *Engliſh*, nor for ſenſe,
He knows, we can with both diſpenſe?
Or is't the worthy country ſquire,
Who does himſelf and's wealth admire,
Who hunts, and games, and ſwears, and drinks,
But ſeldom reads, and never thinks;
Who, if he can a warrant write,
Or but a *Mittimus* indite;
Can, in law-terms, harangue the croud,
Call names, inſult, and talk aloud;
He ſtruts about, and looks as great
As if whole armies he had beat?
Or is it he, who thinks he's able
To direct a council table,
To teach the ſenate of the nation,
And inſtruct the convocation;
Preſumes to judge what's fit and right,
And when we ſhou'd, and ſhou'd not fight,
Who can on *Machiavel* refine,
And thinks his policy divine;
Who deſcants on the weekly news,
And can both *Dutch* and *French* accuſe;
Find fault with *Italy* and *Spain*,
And dares the *Swede* and *Czar* arraign?
Th' emperor's conduct, too dares blame,
And thinks the *German* diet tame;
Cenſures each ſtate, and full of pride

Thinks he the buſy world could guide ?
Or is't the man, who waking dreams
Of nymphs, and ſhades, and hills, and ſtreams,
Makes Gods and Goddeſſes deſcend,
And on their creature man attend ;
Who through th' infernal world dares go,
And does their griſly monarch know ;
Th' *Elyſian* fields diſtinctly view ;
Knows what departed heroes do ;
Sees how the beauties are employ'd,
And what delights are there enjoy'd :
Then quick as thought can upward fly,
And view the vaſt expanded ſky ;
Sees the celeſtial monſters there,
The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bear.
Hears Canis bark, and Taurus roar,
With many deaf'ning noiſes more :
Then makes a tour from pole to pole,
And ſees the threat'ning billows roll :
Sees Sea-Gods with their wat'ry train
Riding in triumph on the main :
Thence ſees the *Paphian* Goddeſs riſe
With tempting looks, and ſparkling eyes ;
Amid the waves ſhe ſpreads her fire,
And does each breaſt with love inſpire ;
Fair *Amphitrite* feels the heat,
And *Neptune* does his vows repeat :
The *Nereids* ſigh, the *Tritons* burn,
And each does glance for glance return :
Then, like the glorious ſource of day,
He does both eaſt and weſt ſurvey,
Through ev'ry ſtate, each kingdom, goes,

And all their laws aud cuſtoms knows,
And which are wits, and which are fools,
Who bred in wilds, and who in ſchools;
Who with a courtly neatneſs treat,
And who, like beaſts devour their meat:
And who, of this vaſt knowledge proud,
Looks with diſdain upon the croud,
And thinks he has a juſt pretence
To the monopoly of ſenſe:
If thoughts he ſmoothly can expreſs,
And put them in a florid dreſs,
Can to a poet's name pretend,
And laſh a vice, or praiſe a friend,
Think he's as happy, and as great
As if he fill'd the imperial ſeat;
And ſtill averſe to gold and cares,
The badges of the Muſes wears;
And is as fond of being poor,
As others of their boaſted ſtore?

MARISSA.

I'll tell you, ſince you can't diſcover:
It is, an aukward whining lover.
Who talks of chains, of flames and paſſion,
And all the pretty words in faſhion;
Words, which are ſtill as true a mark
Of an accompliſh'd modiſh ſpark,
As a long wig, or powder'd coat:
Like A, B, C, they're learn'd by rote;
And then with equal ardour ſaid,
Or to the miſtreſs, or the maid:
An animal for ſport deſign'd,

Both very tame, and very kind:
Who for a ſmile, his ſoul would give,
And can whole months on glances live:
Who ſtill a ſlave is to your will,
And whom you with a frown may kill:
Who at your feet whole days will lie,
And watch the motions of your eye:
Will kiſs your hand, and fawn, and ſwear,
That you, and none but you, are fair;
And if he ſees that you're inclin'd
At length his humble ſuit to mind,
He then all ecſtaſy will prove,
Is all delight, and joy, and love:
But if you ſhould a look miſplace,
Or any favour'd rival grace,
He full of rage, and of deſpair,
Nor him, nor you, nor heav'n will ſpare,
But challenges the happy man,
Who whips him through the lungs; and then
While he is bleeding, begs your pity,
In ſtrains ſo moving, ſoft, and witty,
That they your heart at length muſt move
To ſome remorſe, if not to love,
Which he ſoon gueſſes by your eyes,
And in an amorous rapture dies.

POEMS

BY

MRS. COCKBURN.

POEMS

BY

MRS. COCKBURN.

* CALLIOPE's DIRECTIONS

How to deſerve and diſtinguiſh the MUSES *Inſpiration.*

ATTEND, ye num'rous daring throng, who ſtrive
To gain the dang'rous hill, where few arrive:
Learn how the ſacred height you may attain,
And ſhine among the Muſes favourite train.

Let none preſume the hallow'd way to tread,
By other than the nobleſt motives led.
If for a ſordid gain, or glitt'ring fame,
To pleaſe, without inſtructing, be your aim,
To lower means your groveling thoughts confine,
Unworthy of an art that's all divine,

* *Mrs.* Cockburn *having join'd with eight other Ladies to write on Mr.* Dryden's *death, under the ſeveral names of the* Nine Muſes; *ſhe was ſome time after addreſſed from* Ireland, *as to a* Muſe, *deſiring her inſpiration: to which theſe Verſes were ſent in anſwer.*

Next try your judgment; e'er yourſelves indite,
Juſtly condemn, and praiſe, what others write.
If pompous empty ſound you moſt affect,
Or labour'd ſcenes inſipidly correct;
Devoid of ſenſe ſublime; if uncouth thought,
With artleſs toil, far out of nature ſought,
Or trifling play of words delight you more,
With glaring tinſel-ſhew, than ſolid ore;
On the poetic art your pains you'll waſte.
In cold productions duller than your taſte.
But if true worth alone your praiſe obtain,
While *S——e*, *D——ſy*, *B——re* you diſdain,
Proceed, and hope by moral views ſucceſs,
If we your well-directed labours bleſs,

When for the tragic ſtrain you are inclin'd,
To draw the various paſſions of the mind;
Ambition, love, or hate, revenge, or pride,
Whate'er diſorders human ſouls divide,
Let your juſt ſcene their ruling diſapprove,
Ev'n of the ſoft, not leaſt pernicious love;
Inſtruct how ſure, as if on ruin bent,
They all the happineſs they ſeek, prevent,

If you attempt the comic ridicule,
Laſh not alone the groſſer knave, or fool;
But all the gallant vices of the age,
Of which men boaſt, ſhould bluſh upon the ſtage;
The more approv'd, the more diffus'd they are,
Leſs your impartial pen the dang'rous ill ſhould ſpare
Let the nice well-bred beau himſelf perceive
The moſt accompliſh'd, uſeleſs thing alive:

Expoſe the bottle ſparks, that range the town,
Shaming themſelves with follies not their own;
But chief thoſe foes to virgin innocence,
Who, whilſt they make to honour vain pretence,
With all that's baſe and impious can diſpenſe.
To gain, or quit, ſome fond deluded ſhe,
Deceit's a jeſt, falſe vows are gallantry;
Let ev'ry *Dorimant* * appear a knave,
And no falſe wife her falſer honour ſave.

If by ſeverer ſatyr you'd correct,
Boldly the crimes of every rank detect;
But ne'er deſcend your cenſure to apply;
'Tis vile lampoon, below the Muſes dignity.

Not ſo to praiſe; each honour'd name rehearſe;
Particular merit moſt deſerve your verſe;
By virtue dignified, the loweſt name
Is worthy Us, and ev'ry tongue of fame.

Thus far depends on your own care and art;
A lifeleſs heap without the Muſes part.
If *Shakeſpeare*'s ſpirit, with tranſporting fire,
The animated ſcene throughout inſpire;
If in the piercing wit of *Vanbrugh* dreſt,
Each ſees his darling folly made a jeſt;
If *Garth's* and *Dryden's* genius, through each line,
In artful praiſe, and well-turn'd ſatyr ſhine;
To Us aſcribe th'immortal ſacred flame,
And ſtill invoke th'auſpicious Muſes name.

* *A looſe character in the* Man of Mode, *a celebrated Comedy.*

THE CAUTION.

SOFT kiſſes may be innocent,
But, ah! too eaſy maid, beware;
Though that is all thy kindneſs meant,
'Tis love's deluſive fatal ſnare.

No virgin e'er at firſt deſign'd
Through all the maze of love to ſtray;
But each new path allures her mind,
Till wand'ring on, ſhe loſe her way.

'Tis eaſy e'er ſet out to ſtay;
But who the uſeful art can teach,
When ſliding down a ſteepy way,
To ſtop, Before the end we reach?

Keep ever ſomething in thy pow'r,
Beyond what would thy honour ſtain:
He will not dare to aim at more,
Who for ſmall favours ſighs in vain.

THE PLATONIC.

WHY do you thus alarm my ſoul
With fears to loſe my heart;
Or why, when I beſtow the whole,
Return me but a part?

A boundleſs love you ought to play
Since 'tis my actions that alone,
What bounds the laws have ſet, obey;
My fond affection ſhall have none.

Another, warm'd with groſſer fires,
Which tender paſſion will appear,
May yield to all your wild deſires,
Though to her heart you're not ſo dear.

Can one, whom pleaſures only move,
Beyond my generous flame deſerve?
I've not that bribe to ſooth my love,
Yet love without reſerve.

THE NEEDLESS DECEIT.

THOU dear returning lovely ſwain,
With what delight I ſee
Thy paſſion kindled thus again!
Again you burn for me!

And more, I fear, than equal fire
My melted eyes confeſs'd,
When you with rapture ſeem'd t'expire,
On my heav'd glowing breaſt.

Yet, do not think, that you perſuade
You never falſe have been;
For I have proofs your heart has ſtray'd;
Too certain proofs have ſeen.

Why ſhould you aim ſtill to deceive,
That have a ſurer pow'r?
My wrongs I felt, and muſt believe;
But could forgive you more.

A POEM,

OCCASIONED by the BUSTS ſet up in the Queen's Hermitage.

Deſigned to be preſented with a Vindication of Mr. Locke, *which was to have been inſcribed to her Majeſty.*

OF *Albion's* ſplendid court unmov'd I hear;
Grandeur and pomp at diſtance can revere,
Content, nor wiſh the dazzling ſcene were near.
In glories more refin'd my thoughts delight,
Chief the fam'd Hermitage would charm my ſight.
Delicious *Richmond!* were thy proſpect mine,
With rapture I ſhould view great *Caroline*,
Where, in her native luſtre, moſt ſhe'll ſhine;
There her ſuperior ſoul itſelf diſplays,
That *Locke* and *Newton* could deſign to raiſe.
Rich in themſelves ſhe knew the ſolid ore,
And gave the royal ſtamp to dignify it more.
Yet each new honour added to their name,
Shall back reflect on her's a brighter fame.
Great *Caroline* ſhall glorioufly reſound,
Whilſt *Clarke*, and *Locke*, and *Newton*, are renown'd.

But not for ſuch illuſtrious names alone,
Has that choice ſeat her care of merit ſhewn:
Shar'd by the moſt obſcure, who greatly aim
Struggling through all impediments to fame,
A daring bard ſhe views, though deep diſtreſs'd,
By art unaided, and by want depreſs'd,
Whilſt toils the day, and cares the night moleſt;
Yet ſnatching moments from thoſe cares and toils,
To court the Muſe, tranſported with her ſmiles:
The bounteous Queen, pleas'd with th' unwonted ſight,
To aid th' aſpiring genius in his flight
From all incumbrances to diſengage,
Seats him at eaſe near her lov'd Hermitage,

Thrice, happy *Threſher!* * now exert thy force,
Whilſt all incitements join to urge thy courſe.
Sweet are thy labours there, thy toils refin'd,
With arts to cultivate the fallow mind.
The venerable buſts, that honour'd ſtand,
Plac'd by thy royal patroneſs's hand,
Inſtruct thee in her taſte, and bid thee raiſe
To ſubjects worthy her thy future lays
By them ſtupendous truths thou may'ſt be taught,
Thy Maker's awful works excite thy thought,
His wiſdom in their ſtructure to rehearſe,
And deep philoſophy inform thy verſe.

O would the mighty Queen once more deſcend
The low to raiſe, the fearful to defend;

* *The Rev. Mr.* Stephen Duck.

Whom yet nor fears, nor malice could avert
From daring injur'd merit to aſſert;
Though not the flail and ſickle could retard,
Or cares diſcourage more the rural bard,
Than thoſe reſtraints, which have our ſex confin'd,
By partial cuſtom check the ſoaring mind:
Learning deny'd us, we at random tread
Unbeaten paths, that late to knowledge lead;
By ſecret ſteps break through th' obſtructed way,
Nor dare acquirements gain'd by ſtealth diſplay.
If ſome adven'trous genius rare ariſe,
Who on exalted themes her talent tries,
She fears to give the work, though prais'd, a name,
And flies not more from infamy than fame.

Would royal *Caroline* our wrongs redreſs,
Vouchſafe acceptance of this mean addreſs;
Favour a Muſe, who, though ſhe weakly ſoars
With glory wing'd, thy patronage implores;
Yet trembles, whilſt ſhe tenders at thy feet
Her bold eſſay great *Locke* to vindicate.
What worthy thee, or him, can gain the light,
Whilſt black'ning clouds depreſs, and damp our flight?
If not the work, give the attempt applauſe,
And patroniſe in her the ſex's cauſe.

No added honours ſhe pretends to give,
Nor greater luſtre could thy buſts receive
By aught the ableſt artiſt can produce:
Yet are the humble inſtruments of uſe,
That bruſh the duſt and vermin, as they riſe
To hide that luſtre, and their worth diſguiſe.

Such is my taſk——O! were like theirs my fate,
Th' obſcureſt corner of that bleſt retreat!
But I alas! in northern climes grown old,
No more my native country ſhall behold;
Since Providence has caſt my lateſt lot,
And pleaſing ſtreams and ſhades be now forgot.

Yet, gracious Queen, a more auſpicious fate
May crown thoſe labours, which thy ſentence wait,
If thou, indulgent to the Author's aim,
With partial praiſe commend the work to fame,
Admitted by thy choice a place to have,
Though in the loweſt claſs of *Merlin's* cave.

O! might I thus the bleſt occaſion prove,
Fair emulation in the ſex to move!
Beholding one, who could but well deſign,
Protected thus by royal *Caroline*.
Important is the boon! nor I alone,
The female world, its influence would own,
T' approve themſelves to thee, reform their taſte,
No more their time in triffing pleaſures waſte;
In ſearch of truths ſublime, undaunted ſoar,
And the wide realms of ſcience deep explore.
Quadrille ſhould then reſign that tyrant ſway,
Which rules deſpotic, blending night with day
Uſurps on all the offices of life,
The duties of the mother, friend, and wife.
Learning, with milder reign would more enlarge
Their pow'rs, and aid thoſe duties to diſcharge;
To nobler gain improve their vacant hours:
Be *Newton*, *Clarke*, and *Locke* their mattadores.

Then, as this happy iſle already vies
In arms with foes, in arts with her allies;
No more excell'd in aught by *Gallia's* coaſt,
Our *Albion* too, ſhould of her *Daciers* boaſt.

Aberdeen, Auguſt, 1732.

SONG.

THE VAIN ADVICE.

AH gaze not on thoſe eyes! forbear
That ſoft enchanting voice to hear:
Not looks of baſiliſks give ſurer death,
Nor *Syrens* ſing with more deſtructive breath.

Fly, if thy freedom thou'dſt maintain,
Alas! I feel, th' advice is vain!
A heart, whoſe ſafety but in flight does lie,
Is too far loſt to have the pow'r to fly.

POEMS

BY

MRS. COLLIER.

POEMS

BY

MRS. COLLIER.

TO A FRIEND,

IN AFFLICTION.

AH, me! what pangs a tender heart muſt feel!
Such is the wayward fate of all below,
We joy and ſorrow oft in others weal,
And beſt affections prove a ſource of woe.

To Friendſhip's pow'r I've long reſign'd my ſoul,
And fancy'd happineſs her reign muſt prove;
The ills of life I thought ſhe would controul,
And peace and reſt would flow from pureſt love.

Alas 'twas mortal, what I'd fancy'd more;
And ills will mix in ſcenes beneath the ſky:
Friendſhip ſoon prov'd th' ideal bliſs was o'er;
That pains were doubled by the tender tye.

Friendſhip, how ſtrange thy ſympathetick pow'r!
Thy magick influence ſpreads thro' all my mind;
I doat on pain, indulge the mournful hour,
When friendſhip calls, nor think her taſk unkind.

Nay, more—how oft I've left the mirthful ſcene,
The ſcene where joy and laughter ſeem'd to reign;
And ſtole with Friendſhip to the calm ſerene,
The converſe of the heart—how great the gain!

When my Maria meets me, gentle maid,
And tells the artleſs ſtory of her woe;
My boſom meets her ſighs, her griefs would aid,
And tear for tear from ſympathy will flow!

Might but the heart-felt tenderneſs I bear,
Sooth the keen anguiſh of her aching breaſt
With joy I would indulge th' endearing care,
And live to huſh her ſorrow into reſt.

My dear Maria! can thy heart enjoy
A ſenſe of aught that friendſhip can beſtow?
Or does thy wretchedneſs all ſenſe deſtroy,
But that which only ſerves to ſwell thy woe?

Yet ſuch my love to thee, the tye ſo ſtrong,
I ſtill would ſtrive to eaſe thy ſoul's diſtreſs;
Nor could pale miſery paint the ſeaſon long,
That in the end ſhould bring thy mind redreſs.

Sometimes I've ſeen a tranſient gleam of joy,
Transfus'd through all thy features to a ſmile:
Indulge the ray, nor be to friendſhip coy;
Her kindly influence may thy woes beguile.

With liberal hand thy mind by Heav'n is ſtor'd,
Each dear affection in thy heart hath place;
For gifts like theſe, be gracious Heav'n ador'd,
And glowing gratitude expreſs thy grace!

Theſe too, will bid thy tortur'd breaſt be ſtill,
And calm thy troubled paſſions into reſt;
Will lead to acquieſce in th' Almighty's will,
And ſee that all his ways are right and beſt.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED to Mrs. DIGBY.

On the Anniverſary of their Acquaintance, which commenced at *Quebec*, October 7, 1768.

TO thee, my *Digby*, I devote my lay;
To thee, on Friendſhip, equal would I ſing:
Reflecting Memory, faithful to this day,
Shall ne'er forget to touch th' harmonious ſtring:

This day, for ever ſacred, ever dear!
This day, did Heav'n it's faireſt boon beſtow—
A Friend!—Thy gracious kindneſs I revere,
And thank thee for the gift, in weal or woe!

In weal or woe, how ſure had been it's aid;
My cares how ſoften'd, how my joys improv'd!
To ſooth each murm'ring thought, how oft eſſay'd;
When ſtern Misfortune frown'd, it's frown remov'd

How form'd thy gentle boſom to controul
Each growing tempeſt of th' impaſſion'd breaſt!
How oft it's influence on my mind hath ſtole,
And huſh'd the raging tumults into reſt!

Though many years have roll'd their periods round,
And a vaſt ocean parts us from the ſcene
Where firſt fair Friendſhip's warmeſt ſmiles we found,
And beſt affections hail'd her for their Queen:

Yet Memory, ever faithful to our love,
With her ſoft hand hath drawn each riſing view;
The ſcenes which tendereſt Friendſhip muſt approve,
Her traits ſtill give in ev'ry picture true.

Recording Time, turn o'er each page with care,
Our hiſtory ſince that period firſt begun;
When each affection claim'd an equal ſhare,
And ſympathetick friendſhip made them one.

On each fair page our friendſhip ſtands ſecure,
No change, no chance, but proves it's potent power;
Each growing period glows with love more pure,
And faith ſtill firmer each advancing hour.

Through ev'ry varying ſcene which time hath given,
Her bright'ning influence beam'd it's rays around;
From the pain'd breaſt each throbbing care hath driven,
And chac'd deſpair when loſt in thought profound.

O *Carter*! could I reach thy poliſh'd verſe,
On this delightful theme how ſweet the lays!
My *Digby's* name each charming line ſhould grace,
To ſpeak her truth and love in warmeſt praiſe.

Her well form'd mind, by Wiſdom's influence bleſs'd,
Where mild Religion bears an equal part;
Where calm Experience ſoothes our care to reſt,
And virtue prove the goodneſs of her heart.

Her heart with tendereſt ſentiments doth glow,
And Sympathy's endearing powers are there,
To feel for others in their joy or woe,
And from the weeping eye to wipe the tear.

How bleſs'd to know this gentle boſom mine,
By thoſe ſoft ties which tendereſt Friendſhip's prove!
Through all my mind the accents breathe divine,
And harmonize the paſſions into love.

Hail, ſacred Friendſhip! hail, thou beſt-lov'd name!
To thee will I devote my future days;
Since Truth and Time have ſanctify'd the flame,
Can I do leſs than live to ſpeak thy praiſe?

ODE,

BY

MRS. DARWALL.

NO more will I attempt to ſing
The vivid charms of green rob'd ſpring,
The roſeate bloom of May;
No more deſcribe the friendly bow'rs,
Where oft I hail'd the morning hours,
Or bleſs'd the cloſing day.

With muſick tho' the groves reſound,
Tho' recent verdure ſmile around,
And flow'rets paint the vale;
Where limpid ſtreams, ſoft murm'ring glide,
And the cool poplar's leafy pride
Invites the welcome gale;

Tho' Colin pipe, or Chloe ſing,
While hills aud woods with echoes ring,
I chearleſs ſtill complain:
While youths, and maids the dance purſue,
Abſtracted from the jocund crew,
I mourn my abſent ſwain.

Regardleſs of my fleecy care,
To yonder row of beeches fair
My wand'ring courſe I ſteer;
Where I with pleaſure met the youth,
Where vows of conſtancy and truth
Aſſail'd my willing ear.

Sometimes to an adjacent grove,
Where firſt I heard his tale of love,
I heedleſsly have ſtray'd:
But no Philander now is there;
I turn me homeward with a tear,
And cry, 'Ah! hapleſs maid!'

In vain, near Arrowe's glaſſy ſtream,
Reclin'd, I woo the muſeful dream,
That once inſpir'd my breaſt;
In vain I climb the green hill's brow,
And view the varied vales below,
With Nature's bounty bleſt.

While ſighs the ſoft gale thro' the glade,
And love lays wide from ev'ry ſhade
In pleaſing concert flow;
Unharmoniz'd I ſtill remain,
And to the deaf woods pour my pain,
Or tell the ſtreams my woe.

'Mid theſe ſweet ſcenes no more I find
That happy vacancy of mind,
Whence ev'ry pleaſure ſprung;
When gay I rang'd my native plains,
And Love and Fancy's blitheſt ſtrains
Fell artleſs from my tongue.

Ah! now no more by fancy fir'd,
No more by Nature's charms inſpir'd,
I tune the ſprightly lay:
My heart, with tender anguiſh torn,
Sad ſighing wakes each riſing morn,
And weeps the night away.

Great Venus! kindly deign to hear
Thy ſuppliant handmaid's votive pray'r;
Be dear Philander mine!
I aſk not wealth, nor pomp, nor pow'r,
Thoſe glittring pageants of an hour
Unenvious I reſign.

Reſtore, fair Queen, reſtore my love!
So ſhall thy name thro' ev'ry grove
Reſound in ſofteſt lays;
With myrtles crown'd thy altars riſe,
Arabian odours mount the ſkies,
And virgins ſing thy praiſe.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY

MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll ſeek my wiſh to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton ſprite,
Who lurk'd in woods unſeen;
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light,
Trip'ſt gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
As ancient ſtories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid * who lov'd,
Thou ſought'ſt a wondrous ſpell;

O deign once more t'exert thy pow'r!
Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice of weſtern flower*,
Conceals a balm for me.

* *See Midſummer Night's Dream.*

* *See Midſummer Night's Dream.*

I aſk no kind return of love,
No tempting charm to pleaſe;
Far from the heart thoſe gifts remove,
That ſigh for peace and eaſe!

Nor peace, nor eaſe, the heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliſs but to a certain bound;
Beyond, is agony.

Then take this treach'rous ſenſe of mine,
Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart;
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O haſt to ſhed the ſovereign balm,
My ſhatter'd nerves new ſtring;
And for my gueſt ſerenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring!

At her approach, ſee Hope, ſee Fear,
See Expectation fly!
And Diſappointment in the rear,
That blaſts the promis'd joy.

The tear which Pity taught to flow,
The eye ſhall then diſown;
The heart that melts for others woe,
Shall then ſcarce feel it's own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
  Each moment then ſhall cloſe ;
And tranquil days ſhall ſtill ſucceed
  To nights of calm repoſe.

O Fairy Elf! but grant me this,
  This one kind comfort ſend ;
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
  Thy flow'ry paths attend !

So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
  Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight,
  Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
  With heav'n's ambroſial dew ;
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flow'rs diſtill'd,
  That ſhed freſh ſweets for you !

And what of life remains for me,
  'Ill 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 it's high import
Muſt make you own the matter ſuch,
So delicate, it were too much
To be compos'd in ſport.

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.

Enrap't in ſolemn thought, I ſat,
Revolving o'er the turns of Fate,
Yet void of hope or fear;
When, lo! behold an airy 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 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 ſought;
'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 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 ſprite,
Theſe words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

POEMS

BY

MRS. GRIERSON.

POEMS

BY

MRS. GRIERSON.

To Miſs LÆTITIA VAN LEWEN,

(Afterwards Mrs. PILKINGTON,*) at a Country Aſſize.*

THE fleeting birds may ſoon in ocean ſwim,
And northern whales thro' liquid azure ſkim:
The *Dublin* ladies their intrigues forſake;
To dreſs and ſcandal an averſion take;
When you can in the lonely foreſt walk,
And with ſome ſerious matron gravely talk,
Of poſſets, poultices, and waters ſtill'd,
And monſtrous caſks with mead and cyder fill'd;
How many hives of bees ſhe has in ſtore,
And how much fruit her trees this ſummer bore;
Or home returning in the yard can ſtand,
And feed the chickens from your bounteous hand:
Of each one's top-knott tell, and hatching pry,
Like *Tully* waiting for an augury.
When night approaches, down to table ſit
With a great croud, choice meat, ard little wit,

What horſe won the laſt race, how mighty *Tray*
At the laſt famous hunting caught the prey;
Surely you can't but ſuch diſcourſe deſpiſe,
Methinks I ſee diſpleaſure in your eyes:
O my *Lætitia*, Stay no longer there,
You'll ſoon forget that you yourſelf are fair;
Why will you keep from us, from all that's gay,
There in a lonely ſolitude to ſtay?
Where not a mortal through the year you view,
But bob-wigg'd hunters, who their game purſue
With ſo much ardour, they'd a cock or hare,
To you in all your blooming charms prefer.

You write of *belles* and *beaux* that there appear,
And gilded coaches, ſuch as glitter here;
For gilded coaches, each eſtated clown
That gravely ſlumbers on the bench has one;
But beaux! they're young attorneys ſure you mean!
Who thus appear to your romantic brain.
Alas! no mortal there can talk to you,
That love or wit, or ſoftneſs ever knew:
All they can ſpeak of's *Capias* and law,
And writs to keep the country fools in awe.
And if to wit, or courtſhip they pretend,
'Tis the ſame way that they a cauſe defend;
In which they give of lungs a vaſt expence,
But little paſſion, thought or eloquence:
Bad as they are, they'll ſoon abandon you,
And gain and clamour in the town purſue.
So haſte to town, if ev'n ſuch fools you prize;
O haſte to town! and bleſs the longing eyes

Of your CONSTANTIA.

To the Same, on the Same Occaſion.

IF my *Lætitia* ſtill perſiſts to love
The country village, and the ſhady grove,
The murm'ring riv'let and the turtles moan,
Deſpiſing all the grandeur of a town;
Where beauty triumphs, and where pleaſure reigns,
And rounds of mirth relieve our daily pains;
Where *George's* mighty ſubſtitute appears,
And every face with blooming pleaſure chears;
Grafton! whom never fair one ſaw unmov'd,
Whom ev'n great *Churchill's* beauteous offspring lov'd.
For him whate'er o'er all our kingdom's fine,
They in this happy place together join;
With him each warlike glittering ſoldier goes,
With him the tender race of whining beaux;
In ſhort, we've here all that may hope t'engage,
One of your wit, your beauty, and your age.

If all theſe pow'rful arguments ſhould fail,
I'll in the tendereſt part your heart aſſail;
The lovely *Damon* languiſhes and dies,
Nor can revive, but by your charming eyes;
But I forgot——Mamma theſe lines muſt ſee,
So ſhall you hear no more of him from me.

THE SPEECH of CUPID,

Upon ſeeing himſelf Painted by the *Hon.* MISS CARTERET, (now *Counteſs of* DYSART,) on a *Fan.*

IN various forms have I been ſhown,
Though little yet to mortals known;
In antient temples painted blind,
Nor leſs imperfect in my mind:
Abroad I threw my random darts,
And ſpiteful pierc'd ill-ſuited hearts:
The ſteady patriot, wiſe and brave,
Is to ſome giddy jilt a ſlave;
The thoughtful ſage oft weds a ſhrew;
And veſtals languiſh for a beau:
The fiery youth's unguided rage;
The childiſh dotages of age;
Theſe, and ten thouſand follies more,
Are plac'd to injur'd *Cupid's* ſcore.
As ſuch, is Love by realms ador'd,
As ſuch, his giddy aid implor'd:
Though oft the thoughtleſs nymph and ſwain,
That ſued me thus, have ſued in vain.

Yet long inſulted by mankind,
Who from falſe figures judg'd my mind;
And on me all the faults have thrown,
They were themſelves aſham'd to own;
I from this picture plainly ſee
A mortal can be juſt to me;

That awful ſweetneſs can diſplay
With which angelic minds I ſway ;
With which I rule the good on earth,
And give exalted paſſions birth :
The form of Love, ſo long unknown,
At laſt by bright *Chariſſa's* ſhown :
Her hand does ev'ry beauty trace
That can adorn a heav'nly face ;
And of my graces more unfold,
Than ever paint, or verſe of old.

Now hear the God, whom worlds revere,
What he decrees for her, declare.

Thou lovely nymph ! ſhalt ſhortly prove
Thoſe ſweets thou paint'ſt ſo well in love :
Thou ſoon that charming ſwain ſhalt ſee,
Whom fate and I deſign for thee ;
His head adorn'd with ev'ry art ;
With ev'ry grace his glowing heart,
That throbs with every fond deſire,
Thy charms can raiſe, or love inſpire.
You from each other ſhall receive
The higheſt joys I know to give :
(Though to thy parents long before
I thought I empty'd all my ſtore)
While your exalted lives ſhall ſhow
A ſketch of heav'nly bliſs below ;
The bliſs of ev'ry God-like mind,
Beneficent to human kind ;
And I to mortals ſhine confeſs'd,
Both in your paint, and in your breaſt.

PROLOGUE to *THEODOSIUS:*

Spoken by ATHENAIS, at the Theatre in *Dublin*, when Lord and Lady CARTERET were in *Ireland.*

YOU look ſurpriz'd, in this deriding age,
To find that love dares venture on the ſtage;
Where you of late ſeem nothing to approve,
But what, in men of ſenſe, contempt muſt move;
That after all your concerts, farces, ſhows,
You muſt attend a dying lover's woes.
I know you'll be amaz'd at what I mean,
In all my height of fortune to complain:
Ador'd by Monarchs, and an Emp'ror's bride,
You'll ſay I need not in a fret have dy'd.
Forbear; nor witleſs jeſts on love employ,
Alike unknowing in it's pain and joy:
When you deſpiſe its happineſs or woe,
You but your want of ſenſe, or virtue ſhow:
Be humane then; be touch'd with ſcenes reſin'd,
Which, while they raiſe the paſſions, mend the mind:
And, by your pity of my woes to-night,
Convince the world your hearts are form'd aright.
Or, if you ſcorn to hear what I adviſe,
Let, great examples teach you to be wiſe.
Lovers are not ſo out of faſhion here,
That *Athenais* bluſhes to appear:

As fam'd * a pair adorns this Iſle and age,
As ever cou'd each other's heart engage;
Endow'd with ev'ry grace of form and mind,
To raiſe the love and wonder of mankind;
Though bleſs'd with ev'ry gift to merit fame
Their higheſt glory is their mutual flame:
A flame, like that my tender boſom fir'd:
But rul'd by reaſon, and by heav'n inſpir'd:
Their love like mine, but diff'rent far their fate;
As happy they as I unfortunate.
But my diſtreſs had never reach'd the ſtage,
Had heav'n reſerv'd me to the preſent age:
None would have dar'd my fondneſs to abuſe,
Had I from beauteous *Worſley* learnt to chuſe;
Nor I my heart on raſh *Varanes* ſet,
Had I, like her, but known a *Carteret*.

* Lord *and* Lady *Carteret*.

INVOCATION to the NIGHTINGALE.

BY

MISS HEYS.

WAND'RING o'er the dewy meadow,
Oft at ev'ning hour I go;
Fondly courting Philomela's
Sympathetick plaints of woe.

Sometimes, huſh'd in ſtill attention,
Leaning penſive o'er a ſtile,
Fancy bids her ſound deluſive
Lull the yielding ſenſe awhile.

Soft the viſionary muſick,
Riſing floats upon the gale:
Now it ſinks in ſtrains more languid,
Dying o'er the diſtant vale.

Starting from the dream of fancy,
Nought my liſt'ning ear invades,
Save the hum of falling waters,
Save the ruſtling aſpin-ſhade.

'Little ſongſtreſs, ſooth my ſorrows,
'Wrap my ſoul in ſofteſt airs;
'Such as erſt, in Lydian meaſures,
'Charm'd the Grecian hero's cares.

'But if forc'd by cruel ruſticks
'To lament thy ruin'd care;
'Breathe thy ſaddeſt ſtrains of anguiſh,
'Strains that melodize deſpair.

'Deeply vers'd in ſorrow's leſſons,
'Beſt my heart thy griefs can know:
'Pity dwells within the boſom
'Soften'd by an equal woe.

'While thy melancholy plainings
'All my hapleſs fate renew,
'Heart-felt ſighs ſhall load the Zephyrs,
'Tears increaſe the falling dew.

'Ceaſe to ſhun me, lovely mourner;
'Sweetly breathe the melting ſtrain:
'Oft thou deign'ſt to charm the ruſtick,
'Roving thoughtleſs o'er the plain.

'Yet, to him, thy ſofteſt trillings
'Can no ſympathy impart;
'Wouldſt thou ſeek for kindred feelings,
'See them trembling in my heart!'

Vain, alas! my Invocation,
Vain the pleadings of the muſe!
Wrapp'd in ſilent ſhades, the charmer
Doth her tuneful lay refuſe.

Clouds obſcure deform the æther,
Riſing damps involve the plain;
Penſively I haſten homeward,
To avoid the coming rain.

POEMS

BY

MRS. JONES.

POEMS

BY

MRS. JONES.

An EPISTLE *to Lady* BOWYER.

HOW much of paper's ſpoil'd! what floods of ink!
And yet how few, how very few can think!
The knack of writing is an eaſy trade;
But to think well requires —— at leaſt a head.
Once in an age, one genius, may ariſe,
With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wiſe.
Like ſome tall oak, behold his branches ſhoot!
No tender ſcions ſpringing at the root.
Whilſt lofty *Pope* erects his laurell'd head,
No lays, like mine, can live beneath his ſhade.
Nothing but weeds and moſs, and ſhrubs are found.
Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground?
And yet you'd have me write!—For what? for whom?
To curl a fav'rite in a dreſſing room?
To mend a candle when the ſnuff's too ſhort?
Or ſave rappee for chamber-maids at court?

Glorious ambition! noble thirſt of fame!——
No, but you'd have me write——to get a name.
Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;
'Tis more than *Pope* with all his wit can do
'Tis more than you with wit and beauty join'd,
A pleaſing form, and a diſcerning mind.
The world and I are no ſuch cordial friends;
I have my purpoſe, they their various ends.
I ſay my pray'rs, and lead a ſober life,
Nor laugh at *Cornus*, or at *Cornus*' wife.
What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent?
If my friends know me honeſt, I'm content.
Well, but the joy to ſee my works in print!
Myſelf too pictur'd in a mezzo-tint!
The preface done, the dedication fram'd,
With lies enough to make a lord aſham'd!
Thus I ſtep forth; an Auth'reſs in ſome ſort,
My patron's name? 'O chooſe ſome lord at court.
'One that has money which he does not uſe,
'One you may flatter much, that is, abuſe.
'For if you're nice, and cannot change your note,
'Regardleſs of the trimm'd, or untrimm'd coat;
'Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a groat.'
Well then, to cut this mighty matter ſhort,
I've neither friend, nor intereſt at court.
Quite from *St. James's* to thy ſtairs, *Whitehall*,
I hardly know a creature, great or ſmall,
Except one maid of honour, * worth them all.
I have no bus'neſs there—Let thoſe attend

* *Honourable Miſs* Lovelace.

The courtly levee, or the courtly friend,
Who more than fate allows them dare to ſpend.
Or thoſe whoſe avarice, with much, craves more,
The penſion'd beggar, or the titled poor.
Theſe are the thriving breed the tiny great!
Slaves! wretched ſlaves! the journeymen of ſtate
Philoſophers! who calmly bear diſgrace,
Patriots, who ſell their country for a place.
Shall I for theſe diſturb my brains with rhyme?
For theſe, like *Bavius* creep, or *Glencus* climb?
Shall I go late to reſt, and early riſe,
To be the very creature I deſpiſe?
With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,
Cringe to the porter, with the footman ſtand?
Perhap's my lady's maid, if not too proud,
Will ſtoop, you'll ſay, to wink me from the croud.
Will entertain me till his lordſhip's dreſt,
With what my lady eats, and how ſhe reſts:
How much ſhe gave for ſuch a birth-day gown,
And how ſhe trampt to ev'ry ſhop in town.
Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,
I'm forc'd to hear, nay ſmile at ev'ry word.
Tom raps at laſt,—— 'His lordſhip begs to know
'Your name? your bus'neſs?'——Sir, I'm not a foe
I come to charm his lordſhip's liſt'ning ears
With verſes, ſoft as muſic of the ſpheres.
'Verſes!——Alas! his lordſhip ſeldom reads:
'Pedants indeed with learning ſtuff their heads:
'But my good lord as all the world can tell,
'Reads not ev'n tradeſmen's bills, and ſcorns to ſpell.
'But truſt your lays with me—ſome things I've read,
'Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred:

'And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,
'I'll recommend your poetry——and you.'
Shock'd at his civil impudence, I ſtart,
Pocket my poem, and in haſte depart;
Reſolv'd no more to offer up my wit,
Where footmen in the ſeat of critics ſit.
Is there a Lord * whoſe great unſpotted ſoul,
Not places, penſions, ribbons can controul;
Unlac'd, unpowder'd almoſt unobſerv'd,
Eats not on ſilver while his train are ſtarv'd;
Who, tho' to nobles, or to kings ally'd,
Dares walk on foot, while ſlaves in coaches ride;
With merit humble, and with greatneſs free,
Has bow'd to *Freeman*, and has din'd with me;
Who, bred in foreign courts, and early known,
Has yet to learn the cunning of his own;
To titles born, yet heir to no eſtate,
And harder ſtill, too honeſt to be great;
If ſuch an one there be, well-bred, polite,
To him I'll dedicate, for him I'll write.
Peace to the reſt—I can be no man's ſlave;
I aſk for nothing, tho' I nothing have.
By fortune humbled, yet not ſunk ſo low
To ſhame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.
Meanneſs, in ribbons or in rags, I hate;
And have not learnt to flatter, ev'n the great.
Few friends I aſk, and thoſe who love me well;
What more remains, theſe artleſs lines ſhall tell.

* *Right Hon.* Nevil *Lord* Lovelace, *who died ſoon after in the* 28*th year of his age.*

Of honeſt parents, not of great, I came;
Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame.
Frugal and plain, at no man's coſt I eat,
Nor knew a baker's, or a butcher's debt.
O be their precepts ever in my eye!
For one has learnt to live, and one to die.
Long may her widow'd age by heav'n be lent
Among my bleſſings! and I'm well content.
I aſk no more, but in ſome calm retreat,
To ſleep in quiet, and in quiet eat.
No noiſy ſlaves attending round my room;
My viands wholſome, and my waiters dumb.
No orphans cheated, and no widow's curſe,
No houſhold lord, for better or for worſe.
No monſtrous ſums to tempt my ſoul to ſin,
But juſt enough to keep me plain and clean.
And if ſometimes, to ſmooth the rugged way,
Charlot ſhould ſmile, or you approve my lay,
Enough for me—I cannot put my truſt
In lords; ſmile lies, eat toads, or lick the duſt.
Fortune her favours much too dear my hold;
An honeſt heart is worth its weight in gold.

OF PATIENCE.

An EPISTLE

To the Right Hon. SAMUEL Lord MASHAM.

PATIENCE, my Lord, a virtue rare, I grant;
And what, I fear, the wiſeſt of us want:
Eaſy the taſk in action to excell,
The ſoul's laſt trial lies in ſuff'ring well.
From fear, or ſhame, what ſpecious acts proceed!
And worldly aims oft prompt the ſhining deed.
Look but on half the boaſted things we do,
And praiſe or profit is the point in view.
From theſe, what crops of virtue bleſs the land!
With theſe, how oft the mower fills his hand!
Prompted by theſe the knave we oft regard,
While ſuff'ring virtue is her own reward;
Silent and meek ſhe paſſes unobſerv'd,
Nor prais'd by whom ſhe's over-reach'd or ſtarv'd.
But granting nobler motives to the few,
And fame or int'reſt not the point in view;
Grant of the wretched's ſuff'rings we partake,
And praiſe, or pity ev'n for virtue's ſake;
Yet that ſoft temper of the gen'rous mind,
That very breaſt, benevolent and kind,
That noble ſenſe, which feels what others feel,
Which you, my Lord, who know it, beſt can tell;

Itſelf oppreſt, can leaſt reſiſtance ſhow,
But pines, or ſinks beneath its proper woe.
What though in action brave, unaw'd by fear,
Reſolv'd as *Clayton* *, or as *Swift* ſevere;
In diff'rent views their trials, tempers ſcan,
Ev'n *Swift* can weep, and *Clayton* is a man.
Superior faculties avail not here,
Wit points the ſhaft, and valour pours the tear.
The ſame nice nerve which vibrates to the brain
Its ſenſe of pleaſure gives as quick its pain:
And all the diff'rence 'twixt the fool and wiſe,
In their ſenſations and perceptions lies.
The man of wit in many parts is ſore,
Touch but a genius, and he ſmarts all o'er.
The wiſe his wiſdom to † reſentment owes,
The fool feels little, for he little knows.
The downright aſs is paſſive, mild and tame,
By blows or kindneſs urg'd, is ſtill the ſame:

* *Lieut. General* Clayton; *who, after a life ſpent in the ſervice of his king and country, into which he enter'd at* 17 *years old, was at laſt killed by a random ball at the battle of* Dettingen, *in his* 68*th year; after the defeat of the enemy, and as he was riding through the ranks to encourage the purſuit. He was buried at* Hanau, *under a triple diſcharge of cannon, with other military honours due to his diſtinguiſhed merit and character. His perſonal bravery under the reigns of King* William, *Queen* Anne, *and the preſent Royal Family, is too well known to need a remark; and his domeſtic character was ſo amiable in all its ſeveral relations, that I can only expreſs my ſenſe of it in the words of* Hamlet,

'*He was a man, take him for all in all,*
'*I ſhall not look upon his like again.*'

His ſtoic breaſt no kindling paſſions prove,
Kick him you may, but you can never move.
O envy'd creature, who nor feels or fears,
Who all things ſuffers, all things bravely bears.
Whom neither hope or fear or ſhame can move,
Nor kindling mounts to rage, or melts to love.
His pleaſures always equal, flowing, full,
For ever patient, and for ever dull!
If then from wiſdom half our pains ariſe,
Say, *Maſham*, what avails it to be wiſe?
The greateſt good proud ſcience can beſtow,
But learn'd the lateſt, is——Ourſelves to know.
Yet after all their ſearch, the wiſe complain,
This very knowledge irritates their pain.
In vain you tell me of the ſtoic train:
Where is the man not ſenſible of pain?
All find, all feel it too in ſome degree;
It makes old *Zeno* fret as well as me.
Elſe why not chooſe, for contemplation ſake,
The burning plough-ſhare, or the tort'ring rack?
If pain's no ill, why not prefer the ſtone
To velvet cuſhions, and to beds of down?
I grant he reaſon'd calmly in the gout,
But try him farther, and you'll find him out.

† *This word is generally uſed to expreſs* Anger, *or a* Senſe *of* Injury; *but comes from the French* Reſſentiment, *and originally means no more than a* ſenſible Apprehenſion, *or* true Feeling: *as,* Il avoit quelque Reſſentiment de Goute. Je ne perdrai jamais le Reſſentiment des bontez que vous m'avez temoignees. *(See* Miege's *Dict.) In which ſenſe it is here us'd*

Touch but his pride, at once you make him ſmart:
A ſtoic only juſt in ſuch a part;
In all the reſt ſuſceptible of pain,
And feels and reaſons much like other men.
Among th' intrepid breed I know there are,
Who any hardſhip, any pains can bear.
To whom leſs ſhocking is th' impending ſword,
Than to the meek of ſoul a ſlighting word,
What hardy 'ſquires, what ſoldiers daily feel,
A thouſand ſoft *Adoniſes* would kill.
"Yet whence is this?"—From reaſon, ſir, no doubt.
But pray, will abſtract reaſon cure the gout?
Did ever axioms ſooth the nervous ill?
Or ſyllogiſms pay the Doctor's bill?
Too much, I fear, of reaſon's aid we boaſt,
Where moſt 'tis wanted, there it fails us moſt.
'Tis not the ſoldier's reaſon makes him bear
Th' inclement ſeaſon, and the toilſome war;
'Tis not the nice deduction of the 'ſquire,
That keeps him well and warm without a fire:
The mind does little; 'tis the body here,
That is, in ſtrictneſs, the philoſopher.
Thoſe only then are truly ſaid to bear,
Who *feel* the pain, no matter what or where.
Suppoſe it of th' acute, or lingring kind,
Suppoſe it of the body, or the mind;
Suppoſe it touch the welfare of a friend,
Suppoſe it only at the finger's end;
Yet, if you *feel* the ſtroke, 'tis pain to you,
And if you bear it well, you're patient too.
For pain, as ſuch, is neither more or leſs,
But borrows all its ſting from paſſiveneſs.

From thoſe nice touches which from ſenſe, ariſe,
Or which, when paſt, reflection oft ſupplies,
In this, I grant, are infinite degrees,
But hence reſults our miſery or eaſe:
Not from the ſtroke, ſo much as from the ſmart,
Not from the wound, but from the head or heart.
Hence *Timon's* peeviſh, *Dromio* mild and tame;
But ſhall we flatter one, the other blame,
Becauſe their feelings are not juſt the ſame?
Yet, quite a wretch who feels and frets we call,
And quite a ſaint who nothing feels at all.
This too, perchance, may ſerve to reconcile
The virgin's panics, and the ſtoic's ſmile.
'Tis this makes *Charlot* at a ſpider ſcream——
This, ſpite of reaſon, reſolution, fame,
May make a ſoldier ſhrink, a ſaint blaſpheme.
This, to a medium every ſtation brings,
This, levels with their ſlaves the proudeſt Kings,
And reconciles th' unequal face of things.
This inward ſenſe, the feeling of the ſoul,
Of pain and pleaſure comprehends the whole.
In vain ſoft *Conti* warbles in my ear,
If the lax nerve convey no pleaſure there.
In vain the picture, and the ſplendid feaſt,
If this not ſtrike the eye, nor that the taſte.
Leſs pleas'd am I with *Farinelli's* note,
Than the rude cobler in his merry throat:
He, who beneath ſome ſhatter'd bulk reclin'd,
Smiles at the tempeſt, and derides the wind.
Who hunger, dirt, and all but thirſt can bear,
To ſpleen a ſtranger, and a foe to fear.

His mind no rude ſenſations diſcompoſe,
Nor ſmells offenſive e'er affront his noſe;
Nor high debates, nor falling ſtocks he minds,
His awful temples, lo! a fillet binds;
Patient he eyes the future and the paſt,
And as a King is happy to the laſt.

To me it ſeems, howe'er our lot may fall,
That pain and pleaſure's dealt alike to all;
That every ſtation has its proper ill,
In what we fancy, or in what we feel;
That every worldly pleaſure we may gain,
Is dropt again in ſome attendant pain.
Thus wiſely deals th' impartial hand of heav'n,
To check our pride, and keep the balance even.

Tell me, ye proud ones! who this world poſſeſs,
Are not the high and low, the great and leſs,
Born with an equal plea to happineſs?
True, in your wants and wiſhes you ſucceed;
But are you better than the ſlaves you feed?
Have you more virtue who of ven'ſon eat,
Than he who thirſts and hungers at your gate?
Alas! with plenty, peace is ſeldom giv'n,
Nor beccaficoes always gifts of heav'n.

Tell me, ye poor ones! and your ſtate explain,
Whoſe patience heav'n proportions to your pain,
To whom is wanting ev'ry earthly good,
But quiet ſleep, and appetite ſubdu'd;
Whoſe hopes to no wild ſummit ever preſt,
No keen ſenſations to diſturb your breaſt:
Say, why were all theſe wondrous bleſſings giv'n,
But to convince you of the care of heav'n?

To ſhew how equally its gifts are lent,
To ſome in gold, to others in content

Still thoſe are reſtleſs, diſcontented theſe,
The poor for riches ſigh, the rich for eaſe.
Thus *Curio* pines with envy at the great,
While you, my Lord, are ſick of pomp and ſtate.
'My ſtate is hard, (cries one) o'erlook'd! forgot!
'Yet all life's comforts are my neighbour's lot.
'See, he's poſſeſs'd of all that heav'n can grant,
'But I, unhappy! ev'ry bleſſing want;
'His life, tho' vile, is one luxurious treat,
Whilſt I have virtue, but not bread to eat.'
Well, but you've friends, in health too pretty ſound.
'That's not the caſe; I want ten thouſand pound.'
Still you have— 'What! no reaſon to complain?'
Perhaps not much. However, think again.
As yet but half this envy'd man you've ſeen,
The outſide's fair indeed, but look within;
Perhaps there's ſomething there corrodes his breaſt,
That cruel ſomething, common to the reſt:
Some fav'rite wiſh too wild, or weak to own.
Some ſecret pang, to all beſides unknown.
Or with his bleſſings count his want of health,
And to the pleaſures add the plagues of wealth:
On ev'ry ſide the envy'd creature view,
Then tell me which is happieſt, he or you?

Poſſeſſing all things, eou'd we all enjoy,
Wou'd neither appetites, nor objects cloy,
Were ev'ry ſenſe, each pleaſing paſſion keen,
Not pall'd by ſurfeits, nor chaſtis'd with ſpleen;

How bleſt the rich! how curſt indeed the poor!
One to enjoy, the other to endure.
But why repine at what to wealth is given?
Since gouts and cholics ſet the matter even.

Behold the man of luxury and wine!
His ſtation too, it ſeems, is hard as thine.
What, tho' for him our ſtatelieſt turbots ſwim,
And *France* her vines luxuriant prunes for him;
Yet he complains, when lab'ring thro' the feaſt,
Of loſs of appetite, and want of taſte;
* Envies the very beggar at his gate,
Who hardly knows the luxury to eat.
But what? your barns are full, your rents increaſe;
Sir *Robert* too has promis'd you a place.
Have comfort, man! let not your ſpirits fail!
Perhaps to morrow you may reliſh quail.
Think rather of the pleaſures which you ſhare,
And learn their inconveniencies to bear,

* *It is but ſtrict* poetical *juſtice to our ingenious Authoreſs, to give, in this place, a ſhort extract from one of her letters; in which, ſpeaking of theſe lines, ſhe ſays,* 'If 'great geniuſſes *wou'd only* date *their works, they would* 'not be ſo often accuſed of ſtealing from one another. I 'thought the image in this couplet entirely my own, and 'was greatly rejoiced in the contemplation of it; but 'about two months after, out comes Pope *to* Murray, 'with the very thought, only better clothes on;

Call'd happy dog the beggar at the door,
And envy'd thirſt and hunger to the poor.

'And ſo Mr. Pope, *being the greater had all the* 'honour of it.'

Rejoice in cray-fiſh ſoup! be glad in trout!
But pray have patience when you feel the gout;
Sit down reſign'd, when cholicks rack your breaſt,
Or riſe, like *Bethel*, from th'intemperate feaſt.

Thus each has ſomething to enjoy and bear;
And none may envy much his neighbour's ſhare.
Envy! the ſource of half the wretched feel,
And where it ſtrikes, the hardeſt wound to heal.
Yet why repine at what my neighbours taſte?
Since I in ſomething elſe am juſt as bleſt.
To me perhaps kind heav'n indulgent grants
The ſpirits, health, or limbs my neighbour wants;
To me has giv'n a quicker ſenſe of ſhame,
While he feels nothing of contempt or blame:
To me no acres of paternal ground,
To him the ſpleen and fifty thouſand pound.
If doom'd ſeverer trials to ſuſtain,
Some ſecret pow'r may blunt the edge of pain,
The keen ſenſation uſe may reconcile,
And added hope affliction's ſting beguile.

Wou'd you enquire why man's to ſuff'ring born;
To feel his frailties, and his nature mourn?
Why each has his peculiar ill aſſign'd,
Some pain of body, or ſome plague of mind;
Some ling'ring malady for years endur'd,
Some hopeleſs paſſion never to be cur'd:
And why not rather temp'rate, wiſe, ſerene,
Without all healthful, and all peace within?
Know, thankleſs man! that he, who rules the ball,
In goodneſs infinite permits it all.

For nat'ral evil, rightly underſtood,
Works but the grand deſign, our moral good;
And he unjuſtly of his lot complains,
Who finds his ſtrength proportion'd to his pains.
This life, with pain and pleaſure intermixt,
Is but a ſtate of trial for the next;
A ſtage, on which amid the vary'd ſcenes,
Promiſcuous *Cæſars* tread with *Harlequins*.
Where none of all the ſelf-admiring train,
May chooſe his part, or ſtrut his hour again:
Our bus'neſs only through the meaſur'd ſpan,
To act it well, and wiſely as we can.
Pain was permitted in the various part,
To check the manners, and chaſtiſe the heart;
To blunt the appetite to moral ill;
To curb, reſtrain, and rectify the will;
To call us back from ev'ry wild purſuit;
To clear the ſoil for virtue's plants to ſhoot;
To move compaſſion for our neighbour's ill,
And teach us where to weep from what we feel:
To fix, to urge the bus'neſs of our ſpan;
To raiſe the hero, and to mend the man.
Strong trials muſt the headſtrong temper break,
As gentler methods oft reclaim the meek.
When lightnings flaſh, the moſt obdurate mind
Some efforts ſure of penitence muſt find:
Ev'n *Felix* trembles at a general doom,
And owns the terrors of a world to come.
Theſe are the ends for which afflictions came,
To rouze our reaſon, and our paſſion tame;
To ſet fair virtue in her proper light,
And fix our wavering attention right.

What though your part amid the gen'ral ſcene,
Too high or hard appear, too low or mean;
Beſet with wants, with cares and fears oppreſt,
The ſport of fortune, and of men the jeſt:
Yet wait awhile, whatever chance befal,
Heav'ns ways are equal, thine unequal all.
Here but as ſtrangers journeying for a ſpace,
To ſeek ſome ſure, ſome diſtant reſting-place;
Some perils by the way we muſt endure,
The cruel robber, and the night obſcure.
Yet, arm'd with patience, let us boldly dare,
The end is certain, and the proſpect fair.
He, who proportions largely all our gain,
Weighs ev'ry loſs, and counts out ev'ry pain;
Sees all our frailties, meaſures duſt by duſt,
In all he gives and takes ſupremely juſt:
That pow'r eternal will our ſteps befriend,
And guide us ſafely to our journey's end;
Where ev'ry pang, where ev'ry fear ſhall ceaſe,
And each immortal gueſt ſubſide to peace.
To him who ſuffer'd well, will much be giv'n,
And patience wear the brighteſt wreath in heav'n.

For you, my lord, in various conflicts ſeen,
Not ſpoil'd with peeviſhneſs, nor ſou'rd with ſpleen,
The beſt of tempers, and the beſt of men:
For you, alas! one trial yet remains;
O ſuffer righteouſly theſe proving ſtrains;
And if unmov'd, unruffled you can hear,
What Patience' ſelf perchance could hardly bear;
If yet this forer trial you ſurvive,
Your lordſhip is the patient'ſt man alive.

OF DESIRE,

An EPISTLE

To the Honourable Miſs LOVELACE.

WHENCE theſe impetuous movements of the breaſt?
Why beat our hearts, unknowing where to reſt?
Muſt we ſtill long untaſted joys to taſte,
Pant for the future, yet regret the paſt?
Can reaſon, can a ſtoic's pride controul
This unremitting ſickneſs of the ſoul?
Reaſon! what's that, what lawleſs paſſion rules?
The jeſt of ſenſe, and jargon of the ſchools.
Some few perhaps have by its lore been taught
To think, and wiſh, juſt only what they ought:
Sufficient to themſelves, their wants are ſuch,
They neither aſk amiſs, nor wiſh too much.
Here freedom dwells, and revels unconfin'd,
With plenty, eaſe, and indolence of mind;
True greatneſs, wiſdom, virtue, hence muſt riſe;
And here that home-felt joy, contentment, lies.
O thou! for whom my fancy prunes her wing,
For whom I love to tune the trembling ſtring,
What would we more than wiſdom, virtue, eaſe?
Tell, if you can, for you're content with theſe.
Why reaſon ſome, and ſome why paſſion rules,
Is becauſe ſome are wiſe, and ſome are fools;

Their reaſon and their paſſion ſtill at ſtrife,
Like ſome meek pair in wedlock yok'd for life:
In the ſame int'reſt, tugging diff'rent ways,
What one commands, the other diſobeys.
Bleſt ſtate! where this alone is fixt and ſure,
To diſagree while ſun and moon endure.
Hence liſtleſs, weary, ſick chagrin'd at home,
In ſearch of happineſs abroad we roam:
And yet the wiſeſt of us all have own'd,
If 'twas not there, 'twas no where to be found.
There ev'n the poor may taſte felicity,
If with contentment any ſuch there be.
'Monſtrous! (cries *Fulvia*) 'twould a ſtoic vex!
'For what's content without a coach and ſix?'
So humble, *Fulvia!* ſo deſerving too!
Pity ſuch worth ſhould unregarded go——
Down on your knees again, and beg of fate,
Inſtead of ſix, to give your chariot eight.
Elvira's paſſion was a china jar;
The brute, her lord, contemns ſuch brittle ware,
No matter.——See! the glitt'ring columns riſe,
Pile above pile, and emulate the ſkies.
Freſh cargoes come, freſh longing theſe create;
And what is twenty pieces for a plate?
Debates enſue; he brandiſhes his cane,
Down go the pyramids of Porcellane.
She faints, ſhe falls, and in a ſigh profound,
Yields her high ſoul, and levels with the ground.
'Cruel! farewell!—(were the laſt words ſhe ſpoke)
'For what is life, now all my China's broke!'
Few can the ſtings of diſappointment bear!
One ſends a curſe to heav'n, and one a pray'r;

The pious motive's much the ſame in both,
In him that ſwears, and him that fears an oath.
The fervent curſe, and penitential pray'r;
Proceed alike from anguiſh, pride, deſpair.
Hence ſober *Catius* lifts his hands and eyes,
And mad *Corvino* curſes God, and dies.
'What joy, (cries *Cotta* in is calm retreat)
'Had I but ſuch an office in the ſtate!
'That poſt exactly ſuits my active mind,
'And ſure my genius was for courts deſign'd.'
Thou haſt it, friend,—for 'tis in fancy's pow'r;
Learn to be thankful, and teaze heav'n no more.
See! how kind fancy gen'rouſly ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land thy worth denies.
See! how ſhe paints the lovely flatt'ring ſcene,
With all the pleaſure, and without the pain.
Make much of fancy's favours, and believe
You'll hardly match the pleaſures ſhe can give.
Of injur'd merit ſome aloud complain;
'My cruel angel!'—cries the love-ſick ſwain.
Her marble heart at length to love inclin'd,
His cruel angel grows perverſely kind.
What would he more? One wiſh remains to make,
That heav'n, in pity, would his angel take.
Oft on events moſt men miſcalculate,
Then call misfortune what indeed was fate.
We ſee a little, and preſume the reſt,
And that is always right which pleaſes beſt.
Why ſupple *Courtine* miſs'd of ſuch a poſt,
Was not his want of conduct, or of coſt,
For he brib'd high; five hundred pieces gave;
But ah! hard fate! his patron ſcorns a knave.

'O for a huſband, handſome and well-bred!'
Was the laſt pray'r the chaſte *Dyctinna* made.
Kind heav'n at length her ſoft petition heeds,
But one wiſh gain'd, a multitude ſucceeds——
She wants an heir, ſhe wants a houſe in town,
She wants a title, or ſhe wants a gown.
Poor *Cornus!* make thy will, bequeath, and give;
For if her wants continue, who would live?
Sure to be wiſhing ſtill, is ſtill to grieve;
And proves the man or poor, or much a ſlave.
Will none the wretched crawling thing regard,
Who ſtoops ſo very low, and begs ſo hard?
You call this meanneſs, and the wretch deſpiſe;
Alas' he ſtoops to ſoar, and ſinks to riſe:
Now on the knee, now on the wing is found,
As inſects ſpring with vigour from the ground.
Bleſs me' the doctor! —what brings him to court?
It is not want; for lo! his comely port.
The lions, lack, and hunger feel, I grant;
But they who ſerve the Lord can nothing want.
Why ſtands he here then, elbow'd to and fro?
Has he no care of ſouls? nor work to do?
Go home good Doctor, preach and pray, and give:
By far more bleſſed this, than to receive——
Alas! the Doctor's meek, and much reſign'd;
But all his tenants pay their tithes in kind:
So that of debts, repairs, and taxes clear,
He hardly ſaves—two hundred pounds a year.
Then let him ſoar, 'tis on devotion's wing;
Who aſks a biſhopric, aſks no bad thing:
Thirſty and faint, his nerves new vigour ſtrings,
And full of thee, he quaffs immortal ſprings.

A coach does much an holy life adorn;
Then muzzle not the ox who treads the corn.
" Enough of theſe.—Now tell us. if you can,
" Is there that thing on earth, a happy man?"
Well then, the wondrous man I happy call,
Has but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all.
Bleſt in his fame, and in his fortune bleſt,
No craving void lies aching in his breaſt.
His paſſions cool, his expectations low,
Can he feel want, or diſappointment know;
Yet if ſucceſs be to his virtues giv'n,
Can reliſh that, and leave the reſt to heav'n.
What, though for ever with ourſelves at ſtrife,
None wiſhes to lay down his load of life.
The wretch who three-ſcore ſuns has ſeen roll o'er,
His lungs with lacerating ulcers ſore,
Solicits heav'n to add the other ſcore.
To-day indeed his portion's pain and ſorrow;
But joy and eaſe are hoarded for to-morrow.
Soft ſmiling hope! thou anchor of the mind!
The only reſting-place the wretched find;
How doſt thou all our anxious cares beguile!
And make the orphan and the friendleſs ſmile.
All fly to thee, thou gentle dawn of peace!
The coward's fortitude, the brave's ſucceſs,
The lover's eaſe, the captive's liberty,
The only flatt'rer of the poor and me.
With thee, on pleaſure's wings, thro' life we're borne,
Without thee, wretched, friendleſs, and forlorn,
Poſſeſt of thee, the weary pilgrim ſtrays
Thro' barren deſarts, and untrodden ways;

The martyr'd ſaint, whom anguiſh and the rod
Have prov'd, thro' thee walks worthy of his God,
In vain are axes, flames, and tort'ring wheels;
He feels no torment, who no terror feels:
Through thee his well-try'd ſpirit upward ſprings,
And ſpurns at titles, ſcepters, thrones and kings.
O full of thee! in quiet may I live,
The few remaining moments heav'n ſhall give!
Come then, thou honeſt flatt'rer, to my breaſt!
Friend of my health, and author of my reſt!
Thro' thee, the future cloudleſs all appears,
A ſhort, but ſmiling train of happy years.
Paſs but this inſtant, ſtorms and tempeſts ceaſe,
And all beyond's the promis'd land of peace.
No paſſion's miſts, by no falſe joys miſled,
No ties forgot, no duties left unpaid,
No lays unfiniſh'd, and no aching head.
Born with a temper much inclin'd to eaſe,
Whatever gives me that, is ſure to pleaſe,
I aſk not riches; yet alike would fly
The friendleſs ſtate of want and penury.
This wiſh howe'er be mine: to live unknown,
In ſome ſerene retreat, my time my own,
To all obliging, yet a ſlave to none.
Content, my riches; ſilence be my fame;
My pleaſures, eaſe; my honours, your eſteem.
And you, bleſt maid! who all you want poſſeſs,
Already to yourſelf your happineſs,
This modeſt wiſh, methinks you now let fall,
"O give me wiſdom, heav'n! and I have all."

IN MEMORY OF
The Right Hon. Lord *Aubrey Beauclerk*,
Who was ſlain at CARTHAGENA.

(Written in the Year 1743, *at the requeſt of his* LADY.*)*

SHALL ſo much worth in ſilence paſs away,
And no recording muſe that worth diſplay?
Shall public ſpirit like the private die,
The coward with the brave promiſcuous lie?
The hero's toils ſhould be the muſes care,
In peace their guardian, and their ſhield in war;
Alike inſpir'd, they mutual ſuccours lend;
The muſes his, and he the muſes friend.
To me the ſolemn lyre you reach in vain,
The ſimple warbler of ſome idle ſtrain.
What tho' the hero's fate the lay demands,
What tho' impell'd and urg'd by your commands:
Yet weak of flight, in vain I prune rhe wing,
And diffident of voice, attempt to ſing.
What dreadful ſlaughter on the weſtern coaſt;
How many gallant warriors *Britain* loſt,
A *Britiſh* muſe would willingly conceal;
But what the muſe would hide our tears reveal.
Penſive we oft recal thoſe fatal ſhores,
Where *Carthagena* lifts her warlike tow'rs.
High o'er the deep th' embattled fortreſs heaves,
Its awful front, its baſis in the waves;
Without impregnable by nature's care,
And arm'd within with all the rage of war.

Deep in oblivion ſink th' ill-omen'd hour
That call'd our legions to the baneful ſhore;
Where death, in all her horrid pomp array'd,
O'er the pale clime her direful influence ſhed.
Want, famine, war, and peſtilential breath,
All act ſubſervient to the rage of death.
Thoſe whom the wave, or fiercer war would ſpare,
Yield to the clime, and ſink in ſilence there:
No friend to cloſe their eyes, no pitying gueſt
To drop the ſilent tear, or ſtrike the penſive breaſt.

Here *Douglaſs* fell the gallant and the brave!
Here much-lamented *Watſon* found a grave.
Here, early try'd, and acting but too well,
The lov'd, enobled, gen'rous *Beauclerk* fell.
Juſt as the ſpring of life began to bloom,
When ev'ry grace grew ſofter on the tomb;
In all that health and energy of youth,
Which promis'd honours of maturer growth:
When round his head the warrior laurel ſprung,
And temp'rance brac'd the nerve which valour ſtrung;
When his full heart expanded to the gaol,
And promis'd victory had fluſh'd his ſoul,
He fell!—His conntry loſt her earlieſt boaſt;
His family a faithful guardian loſt;
His friend a ſafe companion; and his wife
Her laſt reſource, her happineſs in life.

O ever honour'd, ever happy ſhade!
How well haſt thou thy debt to virtue paid!
Brave, active, undiſmay'd in all the paſt;
Compos'd, intrepid, ſteady to the laſt.

When half thy limbs, and more than half was loſt
Of life, thy valour ſtill maintain'd its poſt:
Gave the laſt ſignal * for thy Country's good,
And, dying, ſeal'd it with thy pureſt blood.
Say, what is life? and wherefore was it giv'n?
What the deſign, the purpoſe mark'd by heav'n?
Was it in lux'ry to diſolve the ſpan,
To raiſe the animal, and ſink the man?
In the ſoft bands of pleaſure, idly gay.
To frolic the immortal gift away?
To tell the tale, or flow'ry wreath to bind,
Then ſhoot away, and leave no track behind?
Ariſe no duties from the ſocial tie?
No kindred virtues from our native ſky?
No truths from reaſon, and the thought intenſe?
Nothing reſult from ſoul, but all from ſenſe?
O thoughtleſs reptile, man!—born! yet aſk why?
Truly, for ſomething ſerious——Born to die.
Knowing this truth, can we be wiſe too ſoon?
And this once known, ſure ſomething's to be done—
To live's to ſuffer; act, is to exiſt;
And life, at beſt, a trial, not a feaſt:
Our bus'neſs virtue; and when that is done,
We cannot ſit too late, or riſe too ſoon.
'Virtue!—What is it?—Whence does it ariſe!'
Aſk of the brave, the ſocial, and the wiſe;
Of thoſe who ſtudy'd for the general good,
Of thoſe who fought, and purchas'd it with blood;

* *After both his legs were ſhot off.—See the account of his death in the proſe-inſcription in* Weſtminſter-Abbey, *written by the Author, under his Lady's directions. The verſe by* Dr. Young.

Of thoſe who build, or plant, or who deſign,
Ev'n thoſe who dig the ſoil, or work the mine.
If yet not clearly ſeen or underſtood;
Aſk the humane, the pious, and the good.
To no one ſtation, ſtage, or part confin'd,
No ſingle act of body, or of mind;
But whate'er lovely, juſt, or fit we call,
The fair reſult, the congregate of all.
The active mind, aſcending by degrees,
Its various ties, relations, duties ſees:
Examines parts, thence riſing to the whole.
Sees the connexion, chain, and ſpring of ſoul;
Th' eternal ſource! from whoſe pervading ray
We caught the flame, and kindled into day.
Hence the collected truths coercive riſe,
Oblige as nat'ral, or as moral ties.
Son, brother, country, friend demand our care;
The common bounty all partake, muſt ſhare.
Hence virtue in its ſource, and in its end,
To God as relative, to man as friend.
O friend to truth! to virtue! to thy kind!
O early call'd to leave theſe ties behind!
How ſhall the muſe her vary'd tribute pay,
Indulge the tear, and not debaſe the lay!
Come, fair example of heroic truth!
Deſcend, and animate the *Britiſh* youth:
Now when their country's wrongs demand their care,
And proud *Iberia* meditates the war:
Now, while the trumpet ſounds her ſhrill alarms,
And calls forth all her gen'rous ſons to arms;

Pour all thy genius, all thy martial fire
O'er the brave youth, and ev'ry breaſt inſpire.
Say, this is virtue, glory, honour fame,
To riſe from ſloth, and catch the martial flame.
When fair occaſion calls their vigour forth:
To meet the call, and vindicate its worth:
To rouſe to kindle, animate, combine,
Revenge their country's wrongs, and think on thine.
Go, happy ſhade! to where the good, and bleſt
Enjoy eternal ſcenes of bliſs and reſt:
While we below thy ſudden farewell mourn,
Collect thy virtues, weeping o'er thy urn;
Recal their ſcatter'd luſtre as they paſt,
And ſee them all united in the laſt.
So the bright orb, which gilds the groves and ſtreams,
Mildly diffuſive of his golden beams;
Drawn to a point, his ſtrong concenter'd rays
More fulgent glow, and more intenſely blaze.
And thou! late partner of his ſofter hour,
Ordain'd but juſt to met, and meet no more;
Say, with the virtues how each grace combin'd!
How brave, yet ſocial! how reſolv'd, yet kind!
With manners how ſincere! polite with eaſe!
How diffident! and yet how ſure to pleaſe!
Was he of ought but infamy afraid?
Was he not modeſt as the bluſhing maid?
Aſham'd to flatter, eager to commend;
A gen'rous maſter, and a ſteady friend.
Humane to all, but warm'd when virtuous grief,
Or ſilent modeſty, implor'd relief.
Pure in his principles, unſhaken, juſt;
True to his God and faithful to his truſt.

Beauclerk, farewell!—If,, with thy virtues warm'd,
And not too fondly, or too raſhly charm'd
I ſtrive the tributary dirge to pay,
And form the pinion to the haſty lay;
The feeble, but well-meaning flight excuſe:
Perhaps hereafter ſome more gen'rous muſe,
Touch'd with thy fate, with genius at command,
May ſnatch the pencil from the female hand;
And give the perfect portrait, bold and free;
In numbers ſuch as *Young's*, and worthy Thee.

To Mrs. CLAYTON,
With a HARE.

A 'Squire, who long had fed on ale,
(Or thick or clear, or mild or ſtale,
Concerns us not) a hunting goes,
Laſt *Thurſday* morn' e'er *Phœbus* roſe,
Headlong he rides full many a mile,
O'er many a hedge, and many a ſtile;
Dire horror ſpread where'er he came,
And frighten'd all his lordſhip's game:
Nay hares and foxes yet unborn
May rue the hunting of that morn'.
A luckleſs Hare at length paſs'd by;
The dogs take ſcent, away they fly;
Tears and intreaties come too late,
Poor puſs, alas! ſubmits to fate.

'One boon ſhe begs before ſhe dies,
'And pray what's that?' the 'ſquire replies.
Only when this my houſe of clay
Shall to the hounds become a prey,
(As ſoon, ah cruel hounds! it muſt)
And theſe ſad eyes return to duſt;
May this my laſt requeſt be heard,
And decently my corps interr'd
Within a concave baſket's womb,
With this inſcription on my tomb;
'To Mrs. *Clayton*. *Poland-Street*——
'Bear me, ye porters! while I'm ſweet.'
And now farewel what once was mine!
With pleaſure I theſe fields reſign:
Happy, if that good lady owns
My fleſh was good and picks my bones.

To Miſs CLAYTON.

Occaſioned by her breaking an Appointment to viſit the AUTHOR.

NOW ponder well, Miſs *Clayton* dear,
And read your bible book;
Leſt you one day ſhould rue the time
That you your promiſe broke.

'Twas on that bed where you have lain
Full many a reſtleſs night,
That you did ſay, nay ſwear it too——
But you've forgot it quite.

Your tender mother eke alſo
Did ratify the ſame;
And ſtrok'd me o'er the face, and vow'd —
Much more than I will name.

But what are women's oaths and vows,
With which we make ſuch pother?
Ah, truſt us not, ye faithful ſwains!
Who cannot truſt each other.

The ſwain may vow eternal love,
And yet that vow revoke:
For lovers vows alas! are made
On purpoſe to be broke.

The courtier breaks his word, 'tis true,
Or keeps it but in part;
But you, whene'er you break your word,
Perhaps may break a heart.

The chemiſt ſays he'll turn to gold
Each thing he lights upon;
And ſo he will, whene'er he finds
The philoſophic ſtone.

The lawyer ſays he'll get your cauſe,
Then loſes cauſe and coſt;
But there's a maxim in the law
Says, "Fees muſt not be loſt."

Allegiance firm to gracious King
Swear parſons one and all;
Pity! Chriſt's vicars, or of *Bray*,
Should ever ſwear at all.

Phyſicians too can promiſe fair,
In figures and in tropes —

Then let your faith and fees be great,
And while there's life there's hopes.
But when all confidence is loſt,
Small comfort hopes afford:
For whom hereafter can I truſt,
Now you have broke your word?

ELEGY

On a favourite DOG, ſuppos'd to be poiſon'd.

To Miſs MOLLY CLAYTON.

O All ye ſpotted brutes that guard the fair,
Lie on their laps, or wait upon their chair;
Ye *Cupids*, *Cloes*, *Phillifes*, or *Shocks*,
Ye who defend the houſhold, or the flocks:
But chiefly ye in ladies chambers nurſt,
Who leap at ſweetmeats, ſnifling at a cruſt,
Come and bemoan poor *Sparky's* poiſon'd duſt.
Hither your little whimp'ring offspring lead,
And join the diſmal howl to wail him dead.
Shame on the wretch, who dealt the deadly draught!
Thou human brute! whoſe very name's a blot.
O that kind fate would poiſon all thy life
With ſome ſmart vixen, very much a wife!
And when the end of thy chaſtiſement's near,
May'ſt thou want ratſbane then—to poiſon her.
Whilſt the cold drug was ſtruggling hard with life,
And ſenſe awhile maintain'd the doubtful ſtrife;

With much of gratitude and ſorrow mixt,
On me his ſcarce-perceiving eyes he fixt:
Then to theſe arms with ſtagg'ring ſteps did haſte,
There, where he oft had ſlept, to ſleep his laſt.
The tear was vain; nor will I bluſh to own
A heart of ſofter workmanſhip than ſtone:
Yet leſt the wiſe my weakneſs ſhould reprove,
The tear I dropt to gratitude and love.
Now die, O *Tabby!* all ye fav'rites fall!
Dogs, parrots, ſquirrels, monkeys, beaus and all;
For thou wert all thoſe tender names in one;
That thou could'ſt yet ſurvive!—but thou art gone.
Ah! what avails thy honours now to trace!
Thy high deſcent, thy antient royal race!
Thy length of ears proclaim'd the gen'rous ſeed,
Hereditary heir of *Charles's* breed;
And had not *William* chang'd the face of things,
Might'ſt ſtill have bark'd beneath the throne of kings.
No more ſhalt thou, with each revolving day,
Expect the warm repaſt of milk and tea;
Nor when the balmy ſlumber I prolong,
Aſcend the ſtairs, and wake me with thy tongue:
No more ſhall thy diſcerning noſe deſcry
The ſav'ry ſteams that ſpeak the dinner nigh.
Soon didſt thou wake, and ev'ry cat aſſail,
Then, ſtrutting ſhake the honours of thy tail.
With look importunate, and begging face,
Scarce could he wait the tedioufneſs of grace:
But that perform'd, he barks exulting round;
The cats are ſcar'd, the neighbouring roofs reſound.
Whether by inſtinct, or by reaſon taught,
His juſt concluſions ſpoke the uſe of thought.

When ſmart toupee exhal'd the ſoft perfume,
He ſmelt a beau, and ſullen left the room.
Or when the ruddy 'ſquire grew loud and vain,
And practis'd all the noiſes of the plain;
With ſneaking ſtep at diſtance he'd retire,
Then mount his tail, and ev'n out-bark the wellmouth'd 'ſquire.
But moſt the fool was his inveterate foe,
That thing all over talk, all over beau:
Well he diſtinguiſh'd 'twixt brocade and ſenſe,
And growl'd contempt beneath the ſev'n-fold fence.
O ever-watchful, ever-faithful guard!
No more ſhall I thy gratitude reward.
That cream, that bread and butter ſoak'd in tea,
Is now lapp'd up as puſs's lawful fee:
While ſhe, proud vixen! often ſeems to ſay,
"Peace to his ſhade?—each dog muſt have his day."
Yet thou, his miſtreſs once, and late his friend,
Awhile the lofty-falling tear ſuſpend:
And think, whene'er your lark ſhall be no more,
How vain are tears, ſince *Spark* was wept before.
Or rather, how uncertain life's ſhort date,
Since ev'n your fav'rites muſt ſubmit to fate.
But could your ſmile, which ſure gives life to all,
Back from the grave his much-lov'd form recal;
Then ſhould theſe hands the welcome office pay,
To wipe the duſt from his reviving clay:
With pleaſure guard him from a world of ill,
And aid his vengeance at rhe pois'ner's heel——
Ah! ſmile then; try, exert your ſaving pow'r!
Be *Spark* your preſent now, as once before.

The SPIDER.

THE ſun had left the weſtern road,
And drove his ſteeds to reſt;
When *Charlot* on her bed was laid,
With downy ſleep oppreſs'd.

Full o'er her head a Spider dwelt,
Secure from bruſh or broom,
By heedleſs *Sarah* undeſcry'd
Whene'er ſhe ſwept the room.

This Spider's citadel was large,
And cunningly contriv'd,
T' enſnare the heedleſs wand'ring fly,
Upon whoſe ſpoils he thriv'd.

Now bent on prey, one luckleſs night,
This bloody-minded wretch,
Peep'd from his battlements above,
Nor dream'd——Harm watch, harm catch.

He *Charlot* ſpy'd full faſt aſleep,
Her milk-white boſom bare,
A freſh'ning bloom o'er-ſpread her cheek,
And looſely fell her hair.

Charm'd with the ſight, his bowels yearn;
From whence he ſpins a thread,
On which he glides as ſwift as thought
Down to the ſleeping maid.

So grandſire *Jove*, tranſported much
By ſome fair mortal's charms,
Deſcended on a a ſun-beam down,
And ſunk into her arms.

And now he travels o'er her breaſt
With wonder and delight;
And on her tucker, in a fold,
Repos'd his limbs all night.

Snug was the word, and up he rolls
His carcaſe full of ill;
So round and black ſhe might have took
His worſhip for a pill.

But now the nymph begins to wake,
And lift her radiant eyes;
Nor can I here in language paint,
How great was her ſurpriſe.

But this I will affirm, had ſhe
An armed man eſpied there,
'Twou'd not have ſcar'd her half ſo much,
As this vile lurking Spider.

In ſhort ſhe ſhriek'd and *Sarah* ran
Impatient to her aid;
But when ſhe ſaw the hideous thing,
She likewiſe was diſmay'd.

At length, with equal courage arm'd,
They daſh'd him on the floor;
Lie there, quoth *Charlot*, miſcreant vile
And welter in thy gore.

Yet, e'er I take thy forfeit life,
This full conviction gain,
That fraud, and guile, and cobweb art,
May flouriſh long in vain.

The ſage advice the Spider heard,
As on the floor he lay;
But juſt as *Sarah* reach'd the tongs,
He wiſely march'd away.

After the SMALL-POX.

WHEN ſkilful traders firſt ſet up,
To draw the people to their ſhop,
They ſtrait hang out ſome gaudy ſign
Expreſſive of their goods within.
The vintner has his boy and grapes,
The haberdaſher thread and tapes,
The ſhoemaker expoſes boots,
And *Monmouth-ſtreet* old tatter'd ſuits.
So fares it with the nymph divine;
For what is beauty but a ſign?
A face hung out, thro' which is ſeen
The nature of the goods within.
Thus the coquet her beau enſnares
With ſtudy'd ſmiles and forward airs:
The graver prude hangs out a frown
To ſtrike th' audacious gazer down;
But She alone, whoſe temp'rate wit,
Each nicer medium can hit;

Is ſtill adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
And wares a ſample in her face.
What tho' ſome envious folks have ſaid,
That *Stella* now muſt hide her head,
That all her ſtock of beauty's gone,
And ev'n the very ſign took down:
Yet grieve not at the fatal blow;
For if you break awhile we know,
'Tis bankrupt like more rich to grow.
A fairer ſign you'll ſoon hang up,
And with freſh credit open ſhop:
For nature's pencil ſoon ſhall trace,
And once more finiſh off your face,
Which all your neighbours ſhall out-ſhine,
And of your mind remain the ſign.

The LASS of the HILL:

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

Her Grace the Dutcheſs of MARLBOROUGH.

I.

AT the brow of a hill a fair ſhepherdeſs dwelt,
Who the pangs of ambition or love ne'er had felt;
A few ſober maxims ſtill ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn e'er ſhe eat her brown bread;
That to riſe with the lark was conducive to health,
And to folks in a cottage contentment was wealth.

II.

Young *Roger* that liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,
And reſt on his pitchfork to tell her his tale;
'Till his winning behaviour ſo wrought on her heart,
That quite artleſs herſelf ſhe ſuſpected no art.

III.

He flatter'd, proteſted, he kneel'd and implor'd,
And wou'd lie with the grandeur and air of a lord;
Her eyes he commended with language well dreſt,
And enlarg'd on the tortures he felt in his breaſt:
With his ſighs and his tears he ſo ſoften'd her mind,
That in downright compaſſion to love ſhe inclin'd.

IV.

But as ſoon as he'd melted the ice of her breaſt,
The heat of his paſſion that moment decreas'd;
And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
And boaſts of his conqueſt to *Richard* and *Hal*;
Tho' he ſees her but ſeldom, he's always in haſte,
And whenever he mentions her, makes her his jeſt.

V.

All the day ſhe goes ſighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are ſo peſter'd, ſhe ſcarce earns her bread;
The whole village cry ſhame when a milking ſhe goes,
That ſo little affection is ſhew'd to the cows:
But ſhe heeds not their railing, e'en let 'em rail on,
And a fig for the cows, now her ſweetheart is gone.

VI.

Take heed, ye young virgins of *Britain's* fair iſle,
How you venture your hearts for a look or a ſmile;
For young *Cupid* is artful, and virgins are frail,
And you'll find a falſe *Roger* in every vale,
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all their ſkill;
But remember the Laſs at the brow of the hill.

CONSOLATORY RHYMES,

TO Mrs. EAST.

On the Death of her CANARY BIRD.

SINCE kings and queens, and dutcheſſes muſt die,
And crowns and frokins undiſtinguiſh'd lie;
The monarch joſtled by the ſaucy ſlave,
And next a queen's perhaps a milk-maid's grave;
Since all their flight to other climes muſt wing,
And even Signor *Boſchi* ceaſe to ſing;
Grieve not your bird: for tho no more his throat
Melodious ſwells the ſweetly-tortur'd note;
Improperly we meaſure life by breath,
He ceaſes not to be, who taſtes of death.
When life goes out, the *Samian* ſages ſay,
We only change our tenement of clay.
The quack, once fam'd for curing ev'ry ill,
Lurks in a bolus. or informs a pill.
The learned dunce, whom ſcience ſeem'd to ſhun,

Hums thro' his next dull ſtage a bagpipe's drone;
While wits, more pert, the livelier notes become,
And teaze and torture ſtill the tuneleſs hum.
The wretch, who fatten'd on his neighbour's ſpoil,
Now crawls a Spider, ſwoln with fraud and guile.
A ſofter form the gentle mind puts on,
While harden'd hearts are petrify'd to ſtone.
Perhaps your captive now, on wings ſublime,
Once more beholds his friends and native clime;
Sees all his little race about him throng,
And tells his raptures in a ſweeter ſong;
Or elſe his ſoul ſome *Farinelli* warms.
And crouded theatres confeſs his charms;
His cage, his ſilken wings, and untaught note,
(All but his miſtreſs' favours) quite forgot.
So ſome poor exile, long in bondage kept,
Dead to his friends, and even by ſtrangers wept,
Diſdaining bondage, tho' in chains of gold,
Breaks thro' his priſon by reſentment bold:
Yet if ſome gen'rous friend, of ſoul ſincere,
Soften'd his fate, or ſmooth'd his bed of care,
Deep in his heart the grateful ſenſe remains,
And when he thinks on him, forgets his chains.
Harmonious ſhade! what honours can atone
Thy muſic murder'd, and thy ſpirit gone!
By thy falſe guardian left to foes at large,
O moſt unworthy the important charge!——
What tho' no ſolemn mutes, of ghaſtly ſhape,
Croud ſilent round thee, and look ſad in crape;
Yet ſhall thy miſtreſs' tear adorn thy hearſe,
And all the muſe can offer, fame and verſe:

Freſh flow'rs ſhall deck thee with their earlieſt bloom,
And yearly roſes bloſſom on thy tomb.
There too, ſhall mournful *Philomel* complain,
And on thy ſtone theſe laſting notes remain:
" Beneath in ſilence ſleeps and ceas'd his ſong.
" The *Farinelli* of the feather'd throng:
" Of manners ſimple, uncorrupt of life,
" A friend to harmony, a foe to ſtrife.
" This turf his miſtreſs to his mem'ry ow'd,
" And for his ſons the gen'rous tear beſtow'd."

HOLT WATERS.

A TALE.

Extracted from the Natural Hiſtory *of* BERKSHIRE.

TWO nymphs of chaſte *Diana's* train,
Both fair, and tolerably vain,
One morning early left their beds,
And ſaid their pray'rs, and dreſt their heads.
The coach was order'd, in they ſtep,
Nor well awake, nor quite aſleep:
Of well-dreſs'd *beaus* a brace they chuſe,
At once for ornament and uſe.
Their converſation need I tell?
Or who ſpoke moſt, or which ſpoke well;
Or how it ran of various things
Of queens and grottos, wars and kings,
Of fortune tellers or the faſhion,
Of marriage or predeſtination—?
In ſhort, they ſettled all the nation.

Not many miles the nymphs were come,
E'er *Cloe* wiſh'd ſhe'd ſtay'd at home.
Her lively colour comes and goes,
The lilly ſtruggled, and the roſe,
'I wiſh!'——Wiſh on thou gentle maid;
Of wiſhes need one be afraid?
'Why then'—and whiſper'd ſomething low:
But what or when, or where, or how,
None but the muſe ſhall ever know.
Yet truſt me, prudes, it was no more
Than you or I have wiſh'd before:
Bright *Emily*, of royal race,
Might wiſh the ſame in ſuch a caſe.
In ſhort,—the lady—but no matter:
I'll never tell one earthly creature,
For why ſhould I, in lays forbidden,
Unveil what cuſtom would have hidden?
But leſt the beaus, for beaus might blame,
Should hear, and after hurt her fame,
On each ſhe caſt a languid look,
And thus the heroes twain beſpoke.
'What vaſt variety of woe
'Does *Jove* let fall on folks below!
'Poor *Kitty*, who but yeſterday
'Was all ſo giggling, and ſo gay,
'Is pouring now the frantic tear,
'And bares her breaſt, and beats the air:
'All comfort from her boſom's fled,
'For ah! her paroquet is dead.
'Now 'tis but civil, as I gueſs,
'To viſit people in diſtreſs;

'If not for love, in ſpite or joke,
'To ſee how horridly they look:
'For grief the faireſt cheek will ſtain,
'And make folks look extremely plain.
'Then wonder not, if I alight
'To do what's decent and what's right;
'To viſit firſt rhe hapleſs maid,
'Then pay the rite to *Polly's* ſhade:
'Whoſe grave I'll ſprinkle with my tears,
'And mix my friendly drops with her's.
'Excuſe me then——I can no more——
'Here *Thomas*, ſtop; undo the door,'
Tom ſtops, and *Cloe* ſoon alights,
Looks pleas'd, but full of fears and frights.
Sir *Fopling*, he muſt needs attend her,
And with a ſpeech, his hand will lend her.
'O no, Sir *Fopling!*——You'll excuſe it;
'Time's precious, and we muſt not loſe it.'
Away ſhe flies as ſwift as wind,
And leaves the lover far behind.
At length a little farm ſhe ſees,
Surrounded by a clump of trees;
No yelping cur was heard from far,
The door had neither bolt nor bar:
So in ſhe goes, and looks around,
But no expedient's to be found.
What ſhall ſhe do? her wants are preſſing,
And ſpeedily require redreſſing.
In haſte ſhe trips it to the dairy,
In hopes to find or *Nan* or *Mary*;
But not a living ſoul was there,
Nor cat to ſquall, nor mouſe to ſtir.

In ſhort, the bus'neſs muſt be done ;
Time to conſider there was none.
The cream-pot firſt ſhe fill'd with liquor,
Fitfor the thorax of the vicar.
Nay *Jove* himſelf, the ſkies protector,
Would call ſuch liquor heav'nly nectar.
So, in a grot, I've ſeen enthron'd
Some river goddeſs oſier-crown' d
Pour all her copious urns around.
Hence plenteous crops our haveſts yield,
And *Ceres* laughs thro' all the field.
A pan of milk, unſkimm'd its cream,
Did next receive the bounteous ſtream ;
The bounteous ſtream in bubbles breaks,
And many a curious eddy makes.
O ſtop, dear nymph ; alack ! forbear ;
Spoil not our cheeſe ! our butter ſpare !
What will poor goody *Baucis* ſay,
To ſee her milk all turn'd to whey ?
The nymph was deaf, the noiſe was loud,
And who hear leſs than thoſe that ſhou'd ?
So in an aqueduct I've ſtood,
And heard aghaſt the headlong flood :
What tho' with *Stentor's* lungs you call,
I hear you not, I'm deafneſs all.
The rite perform'd, herſelf much eas'd,
And *Polly's* gentle ſhade appeas'd,
Back to her company ſhe flies,
Quite unobſerv'd by vulgar eyes.
The muſe indeed behind her ſtood,
And heard the noiſe, and ſaw the flood.

But when poor *Baucis* from the field
Return'd, and ſaw her veſſels fill'd;
How did ſhe lift her hands, and ſtare!
And cry'd——'What fairy has been here?
'I left this milk-pan yet to ſkim,
'And ſaw no bubbles on the brim!
'My cream-pot too was hardly full,
'But now it over-flows the bowl!
'Yet no diſorder I can view,
'No ſix-pence left in *Kattern's* ſhoe:
'My pewter on the ſhelves have ſlept,
'The houſe too's neither bruſht nor ſwept.
'Well; guard us all, I ſay, from evil!
'For mighty watchful is the devil.'
A large brown jugg ſtood there apart,
The reſervoir of near a quart;
The liquor pure, as amber fine,
But ſtock'd with particles ſaline.
Now *Baucis*, who came hot from work,
Was very dry, her dinner pork;
One draught, cry'd ſhe, of good ſound beer!
I'm thirſty, and no creature near——
Let's ſee what heav'n has ſent us here,
She ſmelt it, and no full-blown roſe
Sent half the fragrance to her noſe.
It looks, thinks ſhe, like cowſlip wine,
And if not ſweet, I'm ſure 'tis fine:
However, 'tis a ſin to waſte it,
I'll e'en take heart o' grace, and taſte it——
She drank, and down the liquor went;
A little, and therewith content,

'We learn, ſays ſhe, from good *St. Paul:*
'And ſure content is all in all!
'Our beer is dead, but no great matter,
'Tis better ſtill than *common* water.
'We poor folks muſt make ſhift, 'tis true;
Howe'er, to give the devil his due,
'E'en let him bake, but never brew.'

SOLILOQUY

On an EMPTY PURSE.

ALAS! my Purſe! how lean and low'
My ſilken Purſe! what art thou now!
Once I beheld—but ſtocks will fall——
When both thy ends had wherewithal.
When I within thy ſlender fence
My fortune plac'd, and confidence;
A poet's fortune!——not immenſe:
Yet, mixt with keys, and coins among,
Chinkt to the melody of ſong.
Canſt thou forget, when, high in air,
I ſaw thee flutt'ring at a fair?
And took thee, deſtin'd to be ſold,
My lawful Purſe, to have and hold?
Yet us'd ſo oft to diſembogue,
No prudence could thy fate prorogue.

Like wax thy ſilver melted down,
Touch but the braſs, and lo! 'twas gone:
And gold would never with thee ſtay,
For gold had wings, and flew away.
Alas, my Purſe! yet ſtill be proud,
For ſee the virtues round thee croud!
See, in the room of paltry wealth,
Calm temp'rance riſe, the nurſe of health;
And ſelf-denial, ſlim and ſpare,
And fortitude, with look ſevere;
And abſtinence, to leanneſs prone,
And patience worn to ſkin and bone:
Prudence and foreſight on thee wait,
And poverty lies here in ſtate!
Hopeleſs her ſpirits to recruit,
For ev'ry virtue is a mute.
Well then, my Purſe, thy ſabbaths keep;
Now thou art empty, I ſhall ſleep.
No ſilver ſounds ſhall thee moleſt,
Nor golden dreams diſturb my breaſt.
Safe ſhall I walk with thee along,
Amidſt temptations thick and ſtrong;
Catch'd by the eye, no more ſhall ſtop
At *Wildey's* toys, or *Pinchbeck's* ſhop;
Nor cheapning *Payne's* ungodly books,
Be drawn aſide by paſtry cooks:
But fearleſs now we both may go
Where *Ludgate's* mercers bow ſo low;
Beholding all with equal eye,
Nor mov'd at—— 'Madam, what d'ye buy?'
Away, far hence each worldly care!

Nor dun, nor pick-purſe ſhalt thou fear,
Nor flatt'rer baſe annoy my ear.
Snug ſhalt thou travel thro' the mob,
For who a poet's purſe will rob ;
And ſoftly ſweet in garret high
Will I thy virtues magnify ;
Out-ſoaring flatt'rers ſtinking breath,
And gently rhyming rats to death.

EPISTLE from FERN-HILL.

CHARLOT, who my controuler is chief,
And dearly loves a little miſchief,
Whene'er I talk of packing up,
To all my meaſures puts a ſtop,
And tho' I plunge from bad to worſe ;
Grown duller than her own dull horſe ;
Yet out of complaiſance exceeding,
Or pure perverſeneſs, call'd good-breeding,
Will never let me have my way
In any thing I do or ſay.
At table, If I aſk for veal,
In complaiſance, ſhe gives me quail,
I like your beer ; 'tis briſk and fine——
'O no ; *John*, give Miſs *Jones* ſome wine.'
And tho' from two to four you ſtuff,
She never thinks you're ſick enough,
In vain your hunger's cur'd, and thirſt,
If you'd oblige her, you muſt burſt.

Whether in pity, or in ire,
Sometimes I'm ſeated next the fire;
So very cloſe, I pant for breath,
In pure good-manners ſcorch'd to death.
Content I feel her kindneſs kill'
I only beg to make my will;
But ſtill in all I do or ſay,
This nuiſance Breeding's in the way;
O'er which to ſtep I'm much too lazy,
And too obliging to be eaſy.
Oft do I cry, I'm almoſt undone
To ſee our friends in *Brooke-Street*, *London*.
As ſeriouſly the nymph invites
Her ſlave to ſtay till moon-ſhine nights.
Lo! from her lips what language breaks
What ſweet perſuaſion when ſhe ſpeaks!
Her words ſo ſoft! her ſenſe ſo ſtrong!
I only wiſh—to ſlit her tongue.
But this, you'll ſay's to make a clutter,
Forſooth! about one's bread and butter.
Why, be it ſo; yet I'll aver,
That I'm as great a plague to her;
For well-bred folks are ne'er ſo civil,
As when they wiſh you at the devil.
So, *Charlot*, for our mutual eaſe,
Let's e'en ſhake hands, and part in peace;
To keep me here is but to teaze ye,
To let me go would be to eaſe ye.
As when (to ſpeak in phraſe more humble)
The gen'ral's guts begin to grumble,
Whate'er the cauſe that inward ſtirs,
Or pork, or peaſe, or wind, or worſe;

He wiſely thinks the more 'tis pent,
The more 'twill ſtruggle for a vent:
So only begs you'll hold your noſe,
And gently lifting up his clothes,
Away th'impriſon'd vapour flies,
And mounts a zephyr to the ſkies.
So I (with rev'rence be it ſpoken)
Of ſuch a gueſt am no bad token;
In *Charlot's* chamber ever rumbling,
Her pamphlets and her papers tumbling,
Diſplacing all the things ſhe places,
And, as is uſual in ſuch caſes,
Making her cut moſt ſad wry faces.
Yet, ſpite of all this rebel rout,
She's too well-bred to let me out,
For fear you ſqueamiſh nymphs at court
(Virgins of not the beſt report)
Should on the tale malicious dwell,
When me you ſee, or of me tell.
O *Charlot!* when alone we ſit,
Laughing at all our own (no) wit,
You wiſely with your cat at play,
I reading *Swift*, and ſpilling tea;
How would it pleaſe my raviſh'd ear,
To hear you from your eaſy chair,
With look ſerene, and brow uncurl'd,
Cry out, A——for all the world!
But you, a ſlave to too much breeding,
And I, a fool with too much reading,
Follow the hive, as bees their drone,
Without one purpoſe of our own:

Till tir'd with blund'ring and miſtaking,
We die ſad fools of others making.
Stand it recorded on yon poſt,
That both are fools then to our coſt!
The queſtion's only, which is moſt?
I, that I never yet have ſhewn
One ſteady purpoſe of my own;
Or you, with both your blue eyes waking,
Run blund'ring on, by choice miſtaking?—
Alas! we both might ſleep contented,
Our errors purg'd, our faults repented;
Could you unmov'd, a ſqeamiſh look meet,
Or I forget our friend in *Brooke-ſtreet*.

IN MEMORY OF

The Right Honourable *Nevil* Lord *Lovelace*.

To Miſs LOVELACE.

IN the calm hour, when pleaſure moſt prevails,
And ſmooth proſperity has ſwell'd your ſails,
The ſportive Muſe her humble lyre has ſtrung,
To join the triumph with ſome idle ſong:
And ſhall ſhe now, when nature ſmiles no more,
When tempeſts riſe, and ſurges laſh the ſhore,
Sit doubtful, and the ſerious lay refuſe?
Shall *Lovelace* ſigh, nor ſympathize the Muſe?
In life's mixt ſcene, there various parts agree
To form one tedious tragi-comedy,

How few, alas! in either part can ſhine?
But both to grace, what forces muſt combine!
In ſome low ſcene is *Silia* deem'd a wit?
With patience' meekeſt ear attentive ſit.
In mimic ſtate, and proud fantaſtic pow'r,
Is *Fulvia* crown'd the queen of half an hour?
The queen of half an iſland if ſhe pleaſe;
The wiſe have no debates with ſuch as theſe.
But when the riſing ſcenes with anguiſh ſwell,
'Tis your's the higher, harder part to tell,
And dignify diſtreſs by ſuff'ring well.
Whether the ſtoic's, or the Chriſtian's part,
Found in the head, or working at the heart;
Here all the kind affections, touch'd, comply;
There rous'd again to ſtudy'd apathy.
Come, falſe philoſophy! as proud as vain,
Talk well of virtue, talk it o'er again;
Deep in the heart true fortitude's conceal'd
And needs no eloquence to be reveal'd.
Yet ſpeak! O tell me! whence this calm of mind?
The will obedient, and the will reſign'd;
The ſteady temper, and the look ſerene,
And all a ſiſter's woe in ſilence ſeen?
That I may learn, when by misfortune preſt,
To yield with meekneſs, or with ſtrength reſiſt.
Brave youth! with ev'ry virtue crown'd, farewell!
How truly lov'd, young * *Walpole's* Muſe can tell,
He to thy tomb has led the weeping Nine,
And hung the wreath of friendſhip o'er the ſhrine.
Not ſweeter notes, whom *Pope* conſigns to fame,
'Attend the ſhade of gentle *Buckingham*.'

* Hon. *Horace Walpole*, Eſq;

Here the pale Loves, and ſick'ning Graces mourn,
And there the Siſter weeping o'er the urn:
Like ſome fair pillar nodding o'er its baſe,
The laſt remaining ruin of her race;
Left but to make their milder virtues known,
And fill the radiant circle with her own,
Uſeleſs the marble, and the mournful creſt,
No tomb ſo lovely as a ſiſters breaſt;
There ſhall thy mem'ry live, by time improv'd,
And ſhe for virtues, once thy own, be lov'd:
Not ſuch as make of kings and queens a friend,
But ſuch as grac'd thy life, and bleſs'd thy end;
Truth unaffected, manners void of art,
Plain ſenſe and ſtrong benevolence of heart.
Oft as ſhe eyes yon bright etherial plain,
And burns to follow thee, and mix again;
Some tender friendſhips, ſome endearing ties,
Cling round her heart, and hold her from the ſkies.
A little while, and theſe ſhall all decay,
And the free ſoul emerge to endleſs day:
Where, having long ſuſtain'd the faithful part,
The ſtrong attraction ſeizing all her heart,
Her gentler orb ſhall round its center move,
Re-kindled into harmony and love.

ODE,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady HENRY BEAUCLERK,

On her MARRIAGE.

THE ſummit reach'd of earthly joys,
Your nurs'ry full of girls and boys,
Your Lord in peace return'd;
Your rents improv'd, your lands increas'd,
The good old * Baroneſs deceas'd,
And with due honours mourn'd;

What more remains, but ſafe aſhore,
Grateful indulge the preſent hour,
And, while you feel, impart;
Nor let a feebler pulſe controul
One gen'rous purpoſe of your ſoul,
One virtue of your heart.

The ruling paſſion, bold and ſtrong,
May ſtruggle in the boſom long,
Yet want its time to ſhoot;
But when kind heav'n the ſoil ſupplies
With bolder ſuns, and brighter ſkies,
It yields its gen'rous fruit.

* Right Hon. Lady *Wentworth.*

Whether we view your morning ſcene,
A favour'd Maid near *Britain's* Queen,
(The reſt let envy tell)
Or now arriv'd at noon of life,
A frugal mother, and a wife,
Thus far, at leaſt, was well.

And thus far too your praiſe I've ſung,
And ſtill the burden of my ſong
Was—— "Ne'er be fortune's creature!"
For tho' ſhe open all her ſtore,
And tho' ſhe give you ten times more,
"To be yourſelf is greater."

The ſongs I ſung you kindly took,
And bid me put 'em in a book,
Becauſe I ſcorn'd to flatter;
But now more great, that is more rich,
God knows what demon may bewitch,
And ſpoil your honeſt nature.

Should you grow artful, fooliſh, nice,
Or ſink to ſneaking avarice,
Much good may riches do ye!
But then, how ſimple I ſhall look?——
Do, tear your ſongs, and burn your book,
And ſay——I never knew ye.

POEMS

BY

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

POEMS

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MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

The COMPLAINT of a *LOVER*.

SEEST thou yonder craggy rock,
Whoſe head o'er-looks the ſwelling main,
Where never ſhepherd fed his flock,
Or careful peaſant ſow'd his grain.

No wholeſome herb grows on the ſame,
Or bird of day will on it reſt;
'Tis barren as the hopeleſs flame,
That ſcorches my tormented breaſt.

Deep underneath a cave does lie,
Th' entrance hid with diſmal yew,
Where *Phœbus* never ſhew'd his eye,
Or chearful day yet pierced through.

In that dark melancholy cell,
(Retreat and ſolace to my woe)
Love, ſad deſpair, and I, do dwell,
The ſprings from whence my griefs do flow.

Treacherous love that did appear,
(When he at firſt approach'd my heart)
Dreſt in a garb far from ſevere,
Or threatning ought of future ſmart.

So innocent thoſe charms then ſeem'd,
When *Roſalinda* firſt I ſpy'd,
Ah! who would them have deadly deem'd?
But flow'rs do often ſerpents hide.

Beneath thoſe ſweets concealed lay,
To love the cruel foe; diſdain,
With which (alas) ſhe does repay
My conſtant and deſerving pain.

When I in tears have ſpent the night,
With ſighs I uſher in the ſun,
Who never ſaw a ſadder ſight
In all the courſes he has run.

Sleep, which to others eaſe does prove,
Comes unto me, alas in vain:
For in my dreams I am in love,
And in them too ſhe does diſdain.

Sometimes, t' amuſe my ſorrow, I
Unto the hollow rocks repair,
And loudly to the echo cry,
Ah! gentle nymph, come eaſe my care.

Thou who, times paſt, a lover wert,
  Ah! pity me, who now am ſo,
And by a ſenſe of thine own ſmart,
  Alleviate my mighty woe.

Come flatterer then, and chide my grief;
  Catch my laſt words, and call me fool;
Or ſay ſhe loves for my relief;
  My paſſion either ſooth, or cool.

LOVE,

The SOUL of POETRY.

WHEN firſt *Alexis* did in verſe delight,
  His muſe in low, but graceful numbers walk'd,
And now and then a little proudly ſtalk'd;
  But never aim'd at any nobler flight:
The herds, the groves, the gentle purling ſtreams,
Adorn'd his ſong, and were his higheſt themes,

  But love theſe thoughts, like miſts did ſoon diſperſe,
Enlarg'd his fancy, and ſet free his muſe,
Bidding him more illuſtrious ſubjects chooſe;
  The acts of Gods, and God-like men rehearſe,
From thence new raptures did his breaſt inſpire,
His ſcarce-warm heart converted was to fire.

  Th' exalted poet rais'd by this new flame,
With vigour flies, where late he crept along;
And acts divine, in a diviner ſong.

Commits to the eternal trump of fame.
And thus *Alexis* does prove love to be,
As the world's ſoul, the ſoul of poetry.

Upon the ſaying that my VERSES were made by Another.

NEXT heav'n my vows to thee (O ſacred Muſe)
I offer'd up, nor didſt thou them refuſe.
O Queen of verſe, (ſaid I) if thou'lt inſpire,
And warm my ſonl with thy poetic fire,
No love of gold ſhall ſhare with thee my heart,
Or yet ambition in my breaſt have part,
More rich, more noble I will ever hold
The muſes laurel, than a crown of gold.
An undivided ſacrifice I'll lay
Upon thine altar, ſoul and body pay;
Thou ſhalt my pleaſure, my employment be,
My all I'll make a holocauſt to thee.
The deity that ever does attend
Pray'rs ſo ſincere, to mine did condeſcend.
I writ, and the judicious prais'd my pen:
Could any doubt enſuing glory then?
What pleaſing raptures fill'd my raviſh'd ſenſe
How ſtrong, how ſweet, fame was thy influence
And thine, falſe hope, that to my flatter'd ſight
Didſt glories repreſent ſo near and bright?
By thee deceiv'd, methought, each verdant tree,
Apollo's transform'd *Daphne* ſeem'd to be;

And ev'ry freſher branch, and ev'ry bough
Appear'd as garlands to empale my brow.
The learn'd in love ſay, thus the winged boy
Does firſt approach dreſt up in welcome joy;
At firſt he to the cheated lover's ſight
Nought repreſents but rapture and delight,
Alluring hopes, ſoft fears, which ſtronger bind
Their hearts, than when they more aſſurance find.
Embolden'd thus, to fame I did commit,
(By ſome few hands,) my moſt unlucky wit.
But ah, the ſad effects that from it came!
What ought t'have brought me honour, brought me ſhame!
Like *Æſop's* painted jay I ſeem'd to all,
Adorn'd in plumes, I not my own could call:
Rifled like her, each one my feathers tore,
And, as they thought, unto the owner bore.
My laurels thus another's brow adorn'd,
My numbers they admir'd, but me they ſcorn'd:
Another's brow, that had ſo rich a ſtore
Of ſacred wreaths that circled it before;
Where mine quite loſt (like a ſmall ſtream that ran
Into a vaſt and boundleſs ocean)
Was ſwallow'd up with what it join'd, and drown'd,
And that abyſs yet no acceſſion found.
Orinda, (*Albion's* and her ſex's grace)
Ow'd not her glory to a beauteous face,
It was her radiant ſoul that ſhone within,
Which ſtruck a luſtre through her outward ſkin;
That did her lips and cheeks with roſes dye,
Advanc'd her height, and ſparkled in her eye.

Nor did her ſex at all obſtruct her fame,
But higher 'mong the ſtars it fix'd her name;
What ſhe did write, not only all allow'd,
But ev'ry laurel to her laurel bow'd!
The envious age, only to me alone,
Will not allow what I do write my own,
But let them rage, and 'gainſt a maid conſpire,
So deathleſs numbers from my tuneful lyre
Do ever flow; ſo *Phœbus*, I by thee
Inſpir'd, divinely and poſſeſt may be;
I willingly accept *Caſſandra's* fate,
To ſpeak the truth, although believ'd too late.

POEMS

BY

MRS. LEAPOR.

POEMS

BY

MRS. LEAPOR.

DORINDA at her GLASS.

DORINDA, once the faireſt of the train,
Toaſt of the town, and triumph of the plain;
Whoſe ſhining eyes, a thouſand hearts alarm'd,
Whoſe wit inſpired, and whoſe follies charm'd:
Who, with invention, rack'd her careful breaſt
To find new graces, to inſult the reſt,
Now ſees her temples take a ſwarthy hue,
And the dark veins reſign their beauteous blue;
While on her cheeks the fading roſes die,
And the laſt ſparkles tremble in her eye.
Bright Sol had drove the ſable clouds away,
And chear'd the heavens with a ſtream of day.
The woodland choir their little throats prepare,
To chant new carols to the morning air:
In ſilence wrapp'd, and curtain'd from the day,
On her ſad pillow loſt *Dorinda* lay;

To mirth a ſtranger, and the like to eaſe,
No pleaſures charm her, nor no ſlumbers pleaſe.
For if to cloſe her weary lids ſhe tries,
Deteſted wrinkles ſwim before her eyes;
At length the mourner rais'd her aching head,
And diſcontented left her hated bed.
But ſighing ſhun'd the relicks of her pride,
And left the toilet for the chimney ſide:
Her careleſs locks upon her ſhoulders lay
Uncurl'd, alas! becauſe they half were gray;
No magick baths employ her ſkilful hand,
But uſeleſs phials on her table ſtand:
She ſlights her form, no more by youth inſpir'd,
And loaths that idol which ſhe once admir'd.
At length all trembling, of herſelf afraid,
To her lov'd glaſs repair'd the weeping maid,
And with a ſigh addreſs'd the alter'd ſhade.
Say, what art thou, that wear'ſt a gloomy form,
With low'ring forehead, like a northern ſtorm;
Cheeks pale and hollow, as the face of woe,
And lips that with no gay vermillion glow?
Where is that form which this falſe mirror told
Bloom'd like the morn, and ſhou'd for ages hold;
But now a ſpectre in its room appears,
All ſcar'd with furrows, and defac'd with tears;
Say, com'ſt thou from the regions of deſpair,
To ſhake my ſenſes with a meagre ſtare?
Some ſtraggling horror may thy phantom be,
But ſurely not the mimick ſhape of me.
Ah! yes——the ſhade its mourning viſage rears,
Pants when I ſigh, and anſwers to my tears;

Now who ſhall bow before this wither'd ſhrine,
This mortal image that was late divine?
What victim now will praiſe theſe faded eyes,
Once the gay baſis for a thouſand lyes?
Deceitful beauty——falſe as thou art gay,
And is it thus thy vot'ries find their pay;
This the reward of many careful years.
Of morning labours, and of noon-dayfears,
The gloves anointed, and the bathing hour,
And ſoft coſmetick's more prevailing pow'r?
Yet to thy worſhip ſtill the fair-ones run,
And hail thy temples with the riſing ſun;
Still the brown damſels to thy altars pay
Sweet-ſcented unguents, and the dews of *May*;
Simpronia ſmooths her wrinkled brows with care,
And *Iſabella* curls her griſled hair:
See poor *Auguſta* of her glaſs afraid,
Who even trembles at the name of maid,
Spreads the fine *Mechlin* on her ſhaking head,
While her thin cheeks diſown the mimick red.
Soft *Sylvia*, who no lover's breaſt alarms,
Yet ſimpers out the ev'ning of her charms,
And though her cheek can boaſt no roſy dye,
Her gay brocades allure the gazing eye.
But hear, my ſiſters——hear an antient maid,
Too long by folly, and her arts betray'd;
From theſe light trifles turn your partial eyes,
'Tis ſad *Dorinda* prays you to be wiſe;
And thou, *Celinda*, thou muſt ſhortly feel
The ſad effect of time's revolving wheel;
Thy ſpring is paſt, thy ſummer ſun declin'd,
See autumn next, and winter ſtalks behind:

But let no reaſon with thy beauties fly,
Nor place thy merit in a brillant eye;
'Tis thine to charm us by ſublimer ways,
And make thy temper, like thy features pleaſe:
And thou, *Sempronia*, trudge to morning pray'r,
Nor trim thy eye-brows with ſo nice a care;
Dear nymph, believe——'tis true, as you're alive,
Thoſe temples ſhew the marks of fifty-five.
Let *Iſabel* unload her aching head
Of twiſted papers, and of binding lead;
Let ſage *Auguſta* now, without a frown,
Strip thoſe gay ribbands from her aged crown;
Change the lac'd ſlipper of delicious hue
For a warm ſtocking, and an eaſy ſhoe
Guard her ſwell'd ancles from rheumatick pain,
And from her cheek expunge the guilty ſtain.
Wou'd ſmiling *Sylvia* lay that hoop aſide,
'Twou'd ſhew her prudence, not betray her pride:
She, like the reſt, had once her flagrant day,
But now ſhe twinkles in a fainter ray.
Thoſe youthful airs ſet off their miſtreſs now,
Juſt as the patch adorns her autumn brow:
In vain her feet in ſparkling laces glow,
Since none regard her forehead, nor her toe.'
Who would not burſt with laughter, or with ſpleen,
At *Pruda*, once a beauty, as I ween?
But now her features wear a duſky hue,
The little loves have bid her eyes adieu:
Yet ſhe purſues the pleaſures of her prime,
And vain deſires, ſtill unſubdu'd by time;
Thruſts in among the frolick and the gay,
But ſhuts her daughter from the beams of day:

The child, ſhe ſays, is indolent and grave,
And tells the world *Ophelia* can't behave:
But while *Ophelia* is forbid the room,
Her mother hobbles in a rigadoon;
Or to the ſound of melting muſick dies,
And in their ſockets rolls her blinking eyes;
Or ſtuns the audience with her hideous ſquall,
While ſcorn and ſatire whiſper through the hall.
Hear this, ye fair ones, that ſurvive your charms,
Nor reach at folly with your aged arms;
Thus *Pope* has ſung, thus let *Dorinda* ſing;
'Virtue, brave boys,—'tis virtue makes a king.'
Why not a queen? fair virtue is the ſame
In the rough hero, and the ſmiling dame:
Dorinda's ſoul her beauties ſhall purſue,
Though late I ſee her, and embrace her too:
Come, ye bleſt graces, that are ſure to pleaſe,
The ſmile of friendſhip, and the careleſs eaſe;
The breaſt of candour, the relenting ear,
The hand of bounty, and the heart ſincere:
May theſe the twilight of my days attend,
And may that ev'ning never want a friend,
To ſmooth my paſſage to the ſilent gloom,
And give a tear to grace the mournful tomb.

MYRA's WILL.

IMPRIMIS—My departed ſhade I truſt
To heav'n—My body to the ſilent duſt;
My name to publick cenſure I ſubmit,
To be diſpos'd of as the world thinks fit;
My vice and folly let oblivion cloſe,
The world already is o'erſtock'd with thoſe;
My wit I give, as miſers give their ſtore,
To thoſe who think they had enough before.
Beſtow my patience to compoſe the lives
Of ſlighted virgins and neglected wives;
To modiſh lovers I reſign my truth,
My cool reflection to unthinking youth;
And ſome good nature give ('tis my deſire)
To ſurly huſbands, as their needs require;
And firſt diſcharge my funeral——and then
To the ſmall poets I bequeath my pen.
Let a ſmall ſprig (true emblem of my rhyme)
Of blaſted laurel on my hearſe recline;
Let ſome grave wight, that ſtruggles for renown,
By chanting dirges through a market-town,
With gentle ſtep precede the ſolemn train;
A broken flute upon his arm ſhall lean.
Six comic poets may the corſe ſurround,
And all freeholders; if they can be found:
Then follow next the melancholy throng,
As ſhrewd inſtructors, who themſelves are wrong.
The virtuoſo, rich in ſun-dry'd weeds,
The politician, whom no mortal heeds,

The ſilent lawyer, chamber'd all the day,
And the ſtern ſoldier that receives no pay.
But ſtay——the mourners ſhou'd be firſt our care,
Let the freed 'prentice lead the miſer's heir;
Let the young relict wipe her mournful eye,
And widow'd huſbands o'er their garlick cry.
All this let my executors fulfill,
And reſt aſſur'd that this is *Mira's* will;
Who was, when ſhe theſe legacies deſign'd,
In body healthy, and compos'd in mind.

A SUMMER's WISH.

MY guardian, bear me on thy downy wing
To ſome cool ſhade where infant flowers ſpring;
Where on the trees ſweet honey-ſuckles blow:
And ruddy daiſies paint the ground below:
Where the ſhrill linnet charms the ſolemn ſhade,
And zephyrs pant along the cooler glade,
Or ſhake the bull-ruſh by a river ſide,
While the gay ſun-beams ſparkle on the tide:
O for ſome grot whoſe ruſtick ſides declare,
Eaſe, and not ſplendor, was the builder's care;
Where roſes ſpread their unaffected charms,
And the curl'd vine extends her claſping arms;
Where happy ſilence lulls the quiet ſoul,
And makes it calm as ſummer waters roll.
Here let me learn to check each growing ill,
And bring to reaſon diſobedient will;

To watch this incoherent breaſt, and find
What fav'rite paſſions rule the giddy mind.
Here no reproaches grate the wounded ear;
We ſee delighted, and tranſported hear:
While the blithe warblers wanton round the trees,
And the ſtill waters catch the dying breeze,
Grief waits without, and melancholy gloom:
Come, chearful hope, and fill the vacant room;
Come ev'ry thought which virtue gave to pleaſe;
Come, ſmiling health! with thy companion eaſe:
Let theſe, and all that virtues ſelf attends,
Bleſs the ſtill hours of my gentle friends:
Peace to my foes, if any ſuch there be,
And gracious heav'n give that repoſe to me.

COLINETTA.

'TWAS when the fields had ſhed their golden grain,
And burning ſuns had ſear'd the ruſſet plain;
No more the roſe nor hyacinth were ſeen,
Nor yellow cowſlip on the tufted green;
But the rude thiſtle rear'd its hoary crown,
And the ripe nettle ſhew'd an irkſome brown.
In mournful plight the tarniſh'd groves appear,
And nature weeps for the declining year.
The ſun too quickly reach'd the weſtern ſky,
And riſing vapours hid his ev'ning eye:
Autumnal threads around the branches flew,
While the dry ſtubble drank the falling dew.

In this ſick ſeaſon, at the cloſe of day,
On *Lydia's* lap pale *Colinetta* lay ;
Whoſe ſallow cheeks had loſt their roſy dye,
The ſparkles languiſh'd in her cloſing eye.
Parch'd were thoſe lips whence muſic us'd to flow,
Nor more the flute her weary fingers know,
Yet thrice to raiſe her feeble voice ſhe try'd,
Thrice on her tongue the fainting numbers dy'd:
At laſt reviv'd, on *Lydia's* neck ſhe hung,
And like the ſwan expiring thus ſhe ſung.

Farewell, ye foreſts, and delightful hills,
Ye flow'ry meadows, and ye chryſtal rills,
Ye friendly groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg a ſhelter from the burning ſun.
Thoſe blaſted ſhades all mournful now I ſee,
Who drop their heads as tho' they wept for me.
The penſive linnet has forgot to ſing,
The lark is ſilent till returning ſpring.
The ſpring ſhall all thoſe wonted charms reſtore,
Which *Colinetta* muſt behold no more.

Farewell, ye fields ; my native fields, adieu ;
Whoſe fertile lays my early labours knew ;
Where, when an infant, I was wont to ſtray,
And gather king-cups at the cloſing day.
How oft has *Lydia* told a mournful tale,
By the clear lake that ſhines in yonder vale ;
When ſhe had done I ſung a chearful lay,
While the glad goldfinch liſten'd on the ſpray ;
Lur'd by my ſong each jolly ſwain drew near,
And roſy virgins throng'd around to hear :

Farewel, ye ſwains; ye roſy nymphs, adieu:
Though I (unwilling) leave the ſtreams and you,
Still may ſoft muſic bleſs your happy ſhore
But *Colinetta* you muſt hear no more.
O *Lydia*, then, (if wayward tongues ſhou'd blame
My life, and blot a harmleſs maiden's name)
Tell them if e'er I found a ſtraggling ewe,
Although the owner's name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my father's hay,
And gave it ſhelter at the cloſing day:
I never ſtole young pigeons from their dams,
Nor from their paſture drove my neighbours lambs:
Nor ſet my dog to hunt their flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant lay.
When *Phillida* by dancing won the prize,
Or *Colin* prais'd young *Mariana's* eyes:
When *Damon* wedded *Urs'la* of the grange,
My cheek with envy ne'er was ſeen to change:
Whene'er I ſaw *Aminda* croſs the plain,
Or walk the foreſt with her darling ſwain,
I never whiſper'd to a ſtander-by,
But hated ſcandal, and abhorr'd a lye.
On Sundays I (as ſiſter *Sue* can tell)
Was always ready for the ſermon-bell:
I honour'd both the teacher and the day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray:
Then ſure for me there's ſomething good in ſtore,
When *Colinetta* ſhall be ſeen no more.
When I am gone, I leave to ſiſter *Sue*
My gown of *Jerſey*, and my aprons blue.
My ſtudded ſheep-hook *Phillida* may take'
Likewiſe my hay-fork and my hazel rake:

My hoarded apples and my winter pears
Be thine, O *Lydia*, to reward thy cares.
Theſe nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder tree,
And this ſtraw-baſket, I bequeath to thee:
That baſket did theſe dying fingers weave:
My boxen flute to *Corydon* I leave,
So ſhall it charm the liſt'ning nymphs around,
For none like him can make it ſweetly ſound.
In our church-yard there grows a ſpreading yew,
Whoſe dark green leaves diſtil a baneful dew:
Be thoſe ſad branches o'er my grave reclin'd,
And let theſe words be graven on the rind:
'Mark, gentle reader,——Underneath this tree,
'There ſleeps a maid, old *Simons* daughter ſhe;
'Thou too, perhaps, e'er many weeks be o'er,
'Like *Colinetta*, ſhalt be ſeen no more.'
Here ends the maid—for now the ſeal of death
Clos'd her pale lips, and ſtopp'd her roſy breath.
Her ſinking eye-balls took their long adieu,
And with a ſigh her harmleſs ſpirit flew.

The MONTH of AUGUST.

Sylvanus, *a Courtier.* Phillis, *a Country Maid.*

SYLVANUS.

HAIL, *Phillis*, brighter than a morning ſky,
Joy of my heart, and darling of my eye;
See the kind year, her grateful tribute yields
And round-fac'd plenty triumphs o'er the fields.

But to yon gardens let me lead thy charms,
Where the curl'd vine extends her willing arms:
Whoſe purple cluſters lure the longing eye,
And the ripe cherries ſhew their ſcarlet dye.

PHILLIS.

Not all the ſights your boaſted gardens yield,
Are half ſo lovely as my father's field,
Where large increaſe has bleſs'd the fruitful plain,
And we with joy behold the ſwelling grain,
Whoſe heavy ears towards the earth reclin'd,
Wave, nod, and tremble to the whiſking wind.

SYLVANUS.

But ſee, to emulate thoſe cheeks of thine,
On yon fair tree the bluſhing nect'rins ſhine:
Beneath their leaves the ruddy peaches glow,
And the plump figs compoſe a gallant ſhow.
With gaudy plums ſee yonder boughs recline,
And ruddy pears in yon *Eſpalier* twine.
There humble dwarfs in pleaſing order ſtand,
Whoſe golden product ſeems to court thy hand.

PHILLIS.

In vain you tempt me while our orchard bears
Long-keeping ruſſets, lovely Cath'rine pears,
Pearmains and codlings, wheaten plums enow,
And the black damſons load the bending bough.
No pruning-knives our fertile branches teaze,
While your's muſt grow but as their maſters pleaſe.
The grateful trees our mercy well repay,
And rain us buſhels at the riſing day.

SYLVANUS.

Fair are my gardens, yet you ſlight them all;
Then let us haſte to yon majeſtick hall,
Where the glaſs roofs ſhall to thy voice reſound,
Thy voice more ſweet than muſic's melting ſound:
Orion's beam infeſts the ſultry ſky.
And ſcorching fevers thro' the welkin fly;
But art ſhall teach us to evade his ray,
And the forc'd fountains near the windows play;
There choice perfumes ſhall give a pleaſing gale,
And orange-flow'rs their od'rous breath exhale,
While on the walls the well-wrought paintings glow,
And dazzling carpets deck the floors below:
O tell me, thou whoſe careleſs beauties charm,
Are theſe not fairer than a threſher's barn?

PHILLIS.

Believe me, I can find no charms at all
In your fine carpets and your painted hall.
'Tis true our parlour has an earthen floor,
The ſides of plaſter and of elm the door:
Yet the rubb'd cheſt and table ſweetly ſhines,
And the ſpread mint along the window climbs:
An aged laurel keeps away the ſun,
And two cool ſtreams acroſs the garden run.

SYLVANUS.

Can feaſts or muſick win my lovely maid?
In both thoſe pleaſures be her taſte obey'd.
The ranſack'd earth ſhall all its dainties ſend,
Till with its load her plenteous table bend.
Then to the roofs the ſwelling note ſhall riſe,
Pierce the glad air and gain upon the ſkies,

While eaſe and rapture ſpreads itſelf around,
And diſtant hills roll back the charming ſound.

PHILLIS.

Not this will lure me, for I'd have you know
This night to feaſt with *Corydon* I go:
To night his reapers bring the gather'd grain
Home to his barns, and leave the naked plain:
Then beef and coleworts, beans and bacon too,
And the plum-pudding of delicious hue,
Sweet-ſpiced cake, and apple-pies good ſtore,
Deck the brown board; who can deſire more?
His flute and tabor young *Amyntor* brings,
And while he plays ſoft *Amaryllis* ſings.
Then ſtrive no more to win a ſimple maid,
From her lov'd cottage and her ſilent ſhade.
Let *Phillis* ne'er, ah never let her rove
From her firſt virtue and her humble grove.
Go, ſeek ſome nymph that equals your degree,
And leave content and *Corydon* for me.

An EPISTLE to a LADY.

IN vain, dear Madam, yes in vain you ſtrive,
Alas! to make your luckleſs *Mira* thrive.
For *Tycho* and *Copernicus* agree,
No golden planet bent its rays on me.
'Tis twenty winters, (if it is no more)
To ſpeak the truth it may be twenty four;
As many ſprings their 'pointed ſpace have run,
Since *Mira's* eyes firſt open'd on the ſun.

'Twas when the flocks on flabby hillocks lie,
And the cold fiſhes rule the wat'ry ſky:
But tho' theſe eyes the learned page explore,
And turn the pond'rous volumes o'er and o'er,
I find no comfort from their ſyſtems flow,
But am dejected more, as more I know.
Hope ſhines awhile, but like a vapour flies,
(The fate of all the curious and the wiſe)
For, ah! cold *Saturn* triumph'd on that day,
And frowning Sol deny'd his golden ray.
You ſee I'm learned, and I ſhew't the more,
That none may wonder when they find me poor.
Yet *Mira* dreams, as ſlumbring poets may,
And rolls in treaſures till the breaking day:
While books and pictures in bright order riſe,
And painted parlours ſwim before her eyes:
'Till the ſhrill clock impertinently rings,
And the ſoft viſions move their ſhining wings:
Then *Mira* wakes,——her pictures are no more,
And thro' her fingers ſlides the vaniſh'd ore.
Convinc'd too ſoon, her eye unwilling falls
On the blue curtains and the duſty walls:
She wakes, alas! to buſineſs and to woes,
To ſweep her kitchen, and to mend her clothes.
But ſee pale ſickneſs with her languid eyes,
At whoſe appearance all deluſion flies:
The world recedes its vanities decline,
Clorinda's features ſeem as faint as mine:
Gay robes no more the aching ſight admires,
Wit grates the ear, and melting muſic tires:
Its wonted pleaſures with each ſenſe decay,
Books pleaſe no more, and paintings fade away:

The ſliding joys in miſty vapours end:
Yet let me ſtill, ah! let me graſp a friend:
And when each joy, when each lov'd object flies,
Be you the laſt that leaves my cloſing eyes.
But how will this diſmantled ſoul appear,
When ſtripp'd of all it lately held ſo dear,
Forc'd from its priſon of expiring clay,
Afraid and ſhiv'ring at the doubtful way.
Yet did theſe eyes a dying parent ſee,
Loos'd from all cares except a thought for me
Without a tear reſign her ſhort'ning breath,
And dauntleſs meet the ling'ring ſtroke of death.
Then at the Almighty's ſentence ſhall I mourn:
'Of duſt thou art, to duſt ſhalt thou return?'
Or ſhall I wiſh to ſtretch the line of fate,
That the dull years may bear a longer date,
To ſhare the follies of ſucceeding times
With more vexations, and with deeper crimes;
Ah no—tho' heav'n brings near the final day,
For ſuch a life I will not, dare not pray;
But let the tear for future mercy flow,
And full reſign'd beneath the mighty blow.
Nor I alone——for thro' the ſpacious ball,
With me will numbers of all ages fall:
And the ſame day that Mira yields her breath,
Thouſands may enter thro' the gates of death.

The PROCLAMATION of *APOLLO.*

MAY *Artemiſia* hear my ſtrain,
I quote the ſages once again:
And ſhou'd you aſk the reaſon why,
'Old Authors fib, and ſo may I.'
Proceed we then——Old Authors ſay,
Apollo once made holiday,
And call'd the brethren of the quill
To feaſt upon his tuneful hill,
From ev'ry nook and ev'ry wind
They came for who wou'd ſtay behind?
Great was the croud, as may be gueſs'd:
Side grew to ſide, and back to breaſt,
Till the imperial prince of ſong,
Who, fearing ſomething might be wrong,
Sent forth a troop with caps and ſpears,
Much like *Parnaſſian* grenadiers,
With ſurly eyes and four faces,
To part the croud, and give them places.
Now I have quite forgot, I fear,
What names the people gave them there
Amongſt the muſes——but I trow
Men call them criticks here below.
Now when at laſt theſe ſage reformers,
Had drove the crew to heaps and corners,
They call'd them out by two and three,
And ſet them in a due degree,

That each his proper place ſhou'd know,
On laurel benches all a-row,
  Now you may think they all were happy,
As drunkard o'er his jug of nappy,
That ev'ry brow was ſmooth and clear,
But firſt I beg you'd lend an ear:
The Queen of Love to grace the feaſt,
Had ſent a thouſand pipes at leaſt
Of ſmiling nectar neat and fine,
To whet the gueſts before they dine:
But when the cups had walk'd about,
Some ſurly bards began to pout.
And wrinkle up their tiny faces,
And fret and fume about their places:
Their giddy brains began to glow,
Each thinking he was plac'd too low:
This vow'd to make all creatures fear him,
And that cou'd bear no creature near him.
One ſeem'd to talk with mighty ſpirit,
Of baffled worth and ſlighted merit:
Another was in paſſion hurl'd,
And curs'd the ſtupid ſenſeleſs world:
'Till choler ſwell'd in ev'ry vein,
And each no longer cou'd contain,
But fairly went, as I'm a ſinner,
To loggerheads before their dinner.
  Apollo was offended quite.
And all the Muſes in a fright:
Then thunder'd out a proclamation.
'O ye——And all the rhyming nation,
'Our king commands you to be ſtill,
'And not diſturb the ſacred hill.

'If ſome, refuſing to be quiet,
'Shall dare to aid this lawleſs riot:
'The ſtatutes of *Parnaſſus* tender
'The ſtocks to ev'ry ſuch offender.'
At this the riot ſeem,d to ceaſe,
And with a murmur ſunk in peace:
When all was ſilent to a man,
Again the herald thus began.

'Directed by your prince I bring
'This meſſage from the laurel'd king,
'Who long has view'd with ſilent woe
'Your quarrels in the world below,
'How moral and ſatirick wits
'And jingling pedants——rhyming cits,
'The gay, the empty, and the full,
'The ſoft, the froward, and the dull,
'Wage endleſs wars with one another,
'And ev'ry blockhead hate his brother.
'But while you take a world of pains
'In pelting at each other's brains;
'While envy ſwells the little mind,
'You ne'er conſider that you find
'(To ſee you in the tempeſt hurl'd)
'Diverſion for the laughing world;
'And ſo you break all moral rules
'To grow the mocking-ſtock of fools:
'But now *Apollo* begs you will
'Suſpend your quarrels, and be ſtill.
'Let wits ſhake hands with one another,
'And ev'ry dunce embrace his brother,

'From batter'd bards with ne'er a ſhoe
'To thoſe who ſtrut about with two;
'From poets doom'd to whittle ſticks,
'To rhymers in a coach and ſix.
'Let none preſume to fret and ſquabble,
'Nor curſe the dirty rhyming rabble:
'For ſee the beams of *Phœbus* ſtrike
'The meadows, hills, and dales alike:
'So ſhines the Muſe on every creature,
'Who tags his humble lines with metre.'
He ſaid—The children of the bays
Sent up a ſhout of mingled praiſe,
Devoutly promiſing to pay
Obedience to the prince of day;
And now they ſee the tables ſpread
With dainties and *Parnaſſian* bread,
Whoſe tiny loaves were nicely white,
And no *French* rolls were half ſo light,
The firſt bold courſe was brought along
In diſhes made of *Homer's* ſong.
Next *Virgil* on the table ſhines,
And then ſmooth *Ovid's* tender lines.
The gay deſert expos'd to view,
Of modern authors not a few:
Heroicks in the midſt preſide,
With elegy on either ſide:
Here thro' tranſparent ſonnets gleam
Whip-ſyllabubs and ſpiced cream
There loaded epigrams appear,
And little mottos cloſe the rear.
Now dinner paſt, their jolly ſouls
Cut capers to the nectar bowls,

Till ev'ry bard had drank his fill,
And then they left the tuneful hill.
But e'er they part, the laurel'd king,
Extracted from a wond'rous ſpring,
A magick bath of mighty pow'r,
Whoſe virtues could in half an hour
Make proof againſt ſharp ſatyr's pain,
The fibres of a dunce's brain,
And give him confidence to puſh
Thro' the broad world without a bluſh.
Apollo, next upon the crew,
Beſtow'd a grey gooſe quill or two,
With ink that into metre runs,
And charms againſt the fears of duns.
This done dimiſs'd them, as before.
With, ſirs, your ſervant, and no more.

ESSAY ON HAPPINESS.

NOTHING, dear madam, nothing is more true,
Than a ſhort maxim much approv'd by you;
The lines are theſe: 'We by experience know
'Within ourſelves exiſts or bliſs or woe.'
Tho' round our heads the goods of fortune roll,
Dazzle they may, but cannot chear the ſoul.
Content, the fountain of eternal joy,
Can riches purchaſe, or can want deſtroy?
No. Born of heav'n, its birth it will maintain,
No ſlave to power nor the prize of gain:

Say, who can buy what never yet was ſold ?
No wealth can bribe her, nor no bonds can hold :
Sometimes ſhe deigns to ſhine in lofty halls,
But found more frequent in low cottage walls ;
Her flight even thence too often is decreed,
Then poverty is doubly curs'd indeed.
Content and bliſs, which differ but in name,
Alike their nature and their end the ſame,
Faſt bound together in eternal chains,
This at the end—The other, as the means,
Will ne'er divide. But who enjoys the one,
Muſt find the other e'er the ſetting ſun.
Then where ? ah where do theſe fair ſiſters fly ?
Beneath the northern or the ſouthern ſky.
Courts do they love ? The ſenate or the town,
Or the ſtill village and the healthful down ?
Say, do they like *Humilo's* humble veſt,
Or the gay diamonds on *Belinda's* breaſt ?
To none of theſe, alas are they confin'd,
But the ſtill boſom and the virtuous mind.
See *Glaro* ſeated on his gilded car,
Whoſe ſtubborn paſſions wage continual war.
Who cannot call that ravag'd heart his own,
Where vice and virtue ſtruggle for the throne.
See rage appearing in that hoſtile frown :
Now fears diſtract him, and now pleaſures drown,
Now turns to heav'n with repentant tears :
But the next hour at his chaplain ſneers :
This day a beaſt, the next a reas'ning man :
Behold him right then envy, if you can.
Pale *Livia* too—Who pants beneath the weight
Of irkſome jewels and afflicting ſtate ;

Whoſe glaſs and pillow do her time divide,
At once oppreſs'd with ſickneſs and with pride.
The ſhapely ſtays her aching ribs confine.
And in her ears the ſparkling pendents ſhine.
Yet not a joy the tortur'd wretch can feel,
Beyond *Ixion* on his rolling wheel.
See reſtleſs *Cloe*, fond to be admir'd,
Of joy impatient and as quickly tir'd.
When firſt her eye-lids open on the day,
With eager haſte ſhe gobbles down her tea,
And to the park commands her rolling wheels,
Yet ſighs and wiſhes for the rural fields:
Then back to cards and company ſhe flies,
Then for the charms of melting muſic dies.
At eve the play, aſſembly, or the ball:
She hates them ſingly, yet wou'd graſp them all:
With languid ſpirits and all pall'd deſires,
She to her cloſet and her book retires.
But ſolitude offends the ſprightly fair;
Reading ſhe loaths, and thought ſhe cannot bear.
Then to her chamber and her couch ſhe flies,
Where gilded chariots ſwim before her eyes.
In vain for ſleep ſhe folds her weary arms?
Who wou'd be *Cloe* to enjoy her charms?
In yonder path Sir *Thrifty* we behold,
With beaver drooping and with garments old;
Whoſe dirty linen ſhews no mark of pride,
Nor ſparkling laces deck his ſlender ſide;
Whoſe heavy ſoul a ſaucy wit wou'd ſwear,
Was made exactly to his eaſy chair.

Whoſe taſteleſs ſenſes aſk for nothing new,
Whoſe meals are temp'rate, and whoſe pleaſures few:
'Is this man bleſt?—He may be ſo—But when?
'Why, when his thouſands riſe to number ten,
'From ten to twenty, And from twenty—Hold,
'To one round million of bright ſterling gold;'
Nor there we ſtop, for avarice will crave
Till it ſhall meet with its grand cure, the grave.
Lavinia's bleſt with all that man deſires,
With eyes that charm and reaſon that inſpires;
Youth, wealth, and friends, to gild her ſhining days,
The poor man's bleſſing and the rich man's praiſe.
With judgment ſound and touch'd by no extreme,
Speech gently flowing and a ſoul ſerene,
For ever pleaſing and for ever true,
By all admir'd, and envy'd by a few:
'Then ſhe is happy, tho' beneath the ſky.
'Hold, not ſo haſty:——Let her huſband die.'
Then who are happy, 'twill be hard to ſay,
Since undiſturb'd it ſeldom laſts a day:
For who in ſmiles beholds the morning ſun,
May weep before this ſhort-liv'd journey's done.
All pleaſures ſatiate and all objects cloy;
We crave, we graſp, but loath the taſted joy:
Nor wealth nor beauty, friend's nor fortune's ſmile,
Can bleſs our moments, tho' they may beguile:
Nor wit with happineſs can often grow,
A helpleſs friend, if not an arrant foe.
Where then? O where ſhall happineſs be found?
Say, ſhall we ſearch the rolling world around,
On borrow'd pinions travel through the ſky,
Or to the centre drive our piercing eye?

Ceaſe, buſy fool: Is happineſs thy care?
Pierce thy own breaſt, and thou wilt find it there:
Drive thence the paſſions, and the guilt expel,
And call fair virtue to the poliſh'd cell.
Call ſoft content with all her ſmiling train;
Peace for thy health, and patience for thy pain:
Then not till then, O man, thy heart ſhall know
Bliſs ſo ador'd, but ſeldom found below.

An ESSAY on HOPE.

TO you, who ne'er the willing verſe refuſe,
Thus ſings an humble but a grateful muſe:
Our theme is Hope—but of a diff'rent kind,
The bane or bleſſing of the ſubject mind;
This dawning joy that to the ſoul was given,
As a ſhort earneſt of its future heav'n:
To blame is not the pnrpoſe of my ſong,
But warn our ſiſters not to place it wrong.
Shun trifling hope, that bids your fancy roll,
The conſtant torment of a reſtleſs ſoul:
For two pale handmaids are for ever near,
Sick diſappointment, and the ſecret tear:
'Tis this that makes the reſtleſs heart repine,
Beneath the treaſures of an *Indian* mine.
Much fortune gives——Yet, give us more, they cry,
And ſome new proſpect lures the dazzled eye:
Like wanton babes they reach at ſomething more,
And drop the gewgaws which they held before.

See the puff'd tradeſman ſtrut before his door,
Whoſe birth was humble, and whoſe fortune poor;
Yet you may ſee his roving thoughts depend
On ſome bold venture or ſome wealthy friend,
Till the loſt bankrupt drops into the jaw
Of pale diſcredit and voracious law.
The grave-fac'd ſtudent better learn'd than fed
With ſtore of logic in his aching head,
Sees pleaſing pictures in his boſom drawn,
The dean's ſoft cuſhion and the biſhop's lawn;
He dines with lords and takes the higheſt place,
And weds a counteſs, couſin to his grace.
But ſoon his heart the loſt deluſion mourns:
And the proud prelate to a curate turns.
On ſome dark dome with thirty pounds *per ann.*
He ſips his liquors in a pewter cann.
Young *Seizum*, fated to diſtract the law,
Who talks of men and books he never ſaw,
Now ſtruts a counſellor, a ſerjeant now,
While the quick turns elate his ſcornful brow.
Behold the judge in that commanding frown:
See! then, juſt then, he ſtrok'd his ermin'd gown.
Cecilia ſoft, whoſe pleaſing features ſhine
Bright in their wane, and beauteous in decline,
Still to her eyes recalls the ſcatter'd darts,
Still hopes the conqueſt of a thouſand hearts.
Care ſtalks around: vexation hovers nigh;
Her friends bewail her, and her children cry:
Her wounded ears their hateful whinings tire,
Whoſe fancy dwells upon a wealthy 'ſquire:
Wrapp'd in ſoft viſions on her couch ſhe lies;
Knights, peers, and garters ſwim before her eyes.

She rides in triumph thro' her huſband's fields,
And hears the rattling of her chariot wheels,
Till her charm'd ſenſes will contain no more;
Then flies the viſion thro' its iv'ry door.
  See *Acamas* with time's ſad burden bow,
Guilt in his breaſt and wrinkles on his brow;
Yet points out *Chloe* for his charming bride,
And fain would tempt her to his frozen ſide:
At chapel where ſoft grace and virtue calls,
And pale vice trembles at the ſacred walls;
Where conſcience warns the guilty wretch to pray,
And beg a bleſſing on his cloſing day;
The preacher reads: but *Acamas* the while
Grins at his *Chloe* with a ghaſtly ſmile.
In their red orbs his waiting eye-balls roll,
And charming *Chloe* ruſhes on his ſoul:
But death will teach the ſilver-bearded fool
Some other leſſon in his gloomy ſchool.
  Blank diſappointment with its train attends
In *Delia*'s heart, if *Delia*'s heart depends
On *Silia*'s tongue ſo aptly hung with guile,
On *Cynthio*'s friendſhip, or on *Clara*'s ſmile:
Such courtly friends are like the ſhow'ry bow,
Ting'd with falſe luſtre by reflection's glow:
Like its faint rays they hardly laſt an hour,
Loſt in a cloud or melted in a ſhow'r.
  If trifling hope has any room to plead,
'Tis that where nature's ſimple dictates lead:
So the wet hind, who travels o'er the plain,
Thro' the cold mire and afflicting rain;
Tho' his low roofs with trickling ſhowers run,
May hope next morn to ſee the chearful ſun;

Or when keen hunger at the ev'ning tide
Drives home the ſhepherd to his ruſtic bride,
His honeſt reaſon haply might not ſtray,
Tho' he ſhould dream of dumpling all the way.
  See ſad *Æmilia* doom'd by fatal vows
To the harſh uſage of a tyrant ſpouſe,
To ſee his miſtreſs in her woes rejoice,
Her fortune waſted on his guilty choice,
To bear reproaches doubled on her ear,
Yet only anſwer with a ſilent tear.
Tho' patient wives muſt wait the fate's good time;
Yet ſhe, I think, may hope without a crime.
  But the Grand Hope that yields perpetual joy,
No trifles gave, no trifles can deſtroy;
With mercy from the bleſt abode it came,
Its birth celeſtial and its end the ſame.
That bids our day in one ſmooth tenor roll,
Its taſk to chear and harmonize the ſoul.
On ſmarting want it pours a healing balm,
Makes toil ſeem pleaſant and affliction calm.

A PRAYER for the YEAR 1745.

ALMIGHTY Wiſdom, at whoſe nod
  The ſtars ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
Great nature's Father, Guide, and God,
  O let me call thee mine.

Yet not for me, and me alone,
  Thy mercies I implore:
No, let that bliſs to all be known,
  That tremble and adore.

Now fear, that makes the ſorrows flow
Ev'n from the infant's eyes,
O'erwhelms in one promiſcuous woe
The ignorant and wiſe.

Then hear, O hear thy ſervants cry,
We beg thy ſaving hand:
To whom but heav'n ſhou'd we apply,
To raiſe a drooping land!

Be thou the guard of helpleſs age,
The wretched orphan's friend:
O ſmooth the face of Civil Rage,
And ſpare its purple end.

Reſtrain the hand of threat'ning pride,
Aſſwage the cruel breaſt:
Teach mercy to the victor ſide,
And patience to the reſt.

And when the ſword of conqueſt ſhall
The trembling wretch arraign,
Let juſtice guide the equal ſcale,
Nor ſwerve the ſteady beam.

Preſerve the merciful and kind
From violence and pain;
And let the meek and gentle mind
Rejoice, and not complain.

Nor let the barb'rous ſteel invade
The breaſt of hoary age:
Nor give the unreſiſting babe
A prey to purple rage.

Amongſt unnumber'd worlds if I
Am worth my Maker's care,
Then let me live and let me die
Unwounded by deſpair.

Tho' want or peril, pain or death,
Aſſault this feeble clay,
Let hope attend my lateſt breath
And chear the gloomy way.

Preſerve my parent and my friend
From danger, guilt, or ſhame:
In peace their chearful days extend
To praiſe thy holy name.

Forgive the errors of my youth,
If in my youth I fall:
Or teach my age thy ſaving truth,
O hear me when I call.

Thou, mighty Lord of all above
And all beneath the ſun,
Thy ſervant's humble ſuit approve;
If not, thy will be done.

The MISTAKEN LOVER.

STREPHON, the ſprightly and the gay,
Lov'd *Celia* freſh and fair as May:
None ſhone ſo brilliant in the mall,
The court, th' aſſembly and the ball;
None bare at *Will*'s the laurel'd prize,
But *Celia* with the killing eyes.

'Twas at the drawing room or play,
(But which our author cannot ſay)
As *Celia* roll'd her eyes around,
This youth receiv'd a mortal wound.
What ſhou'd he do?——"Commence the beau,
"For women oft are caught by ſhow."
The wounded *Strephon* now behold,
Array'd in coat of green and gold,
(Of which we ſomething might advance)
The ſleeve was *a-la-mode de France.*
We leave it here—and haſte to tell,
How ſmartly round his temples fell
The modiſh wig.—Yet we preſume,
More graceful was the ſcarlet plume:
Tho' ſome rude ſoldier (doom'd to bear
The ſouthern and the northern air,
And walk thro' ev'ry kind of weather)
Might jeer at *Strephon's* ſcarlet feather;
And tell us ſuch ſhou'd ne'er be wore,
Unleſs you fought at *Marſton-moor.*
His perſon finiſh'd, now the care
Is to addreſs and gain the fair:
He purchas'd all the ſongs of note,
And got the lover's cant by rote:
He brib'd her footmen and her maids,
And with his nightly ſerenades
Her vaulted roofs and gardens rung:
For her he ogled, danc'd and ſung;
Was often at her toilet ſeen,
With ſonnets to the *Paphian* queen:

Then at her feet dejected lying,
Praying, weeping, ſighing, dying.
'Was *Celia* kind?' It ſhall be known:
D'ye think our hearts are made of ſtone?
Yes, ſhe was kind, and to proceed,
The writings drawn and friends agreed:
Grave *Hymen's* ſacred knot was ty'd,
And *Celia* fair commenc'd a bride.
But I ſhall paſs the wedding-day,
Nor ſtay to paint the ladies gay.
Nor ſplendor of the lighted hall,
The feaſt, the fiddles, nor the ball.
A lovely theme;——'Tis true, but then
We'll leave it to a ſofter pen:
Thoſe tranſient joys will fade too ſoon,
We'll therefore ſkip the honey-moon.
'Twas half a year—It might be more,
Since *Celia* brought her ſhining ſtore,
Five thouſand pounds of ſterling clear,
To bleſs the manſion of her dear.
Some tell us wives their beauties loſe,
When they have ſpoil'd their bridal ſhoes:
Some learned caſuiſts make it clear,
A wife might pleaſe for half a year:
And others ſay, her charms will hold
As long as the ſuſpended gold;
But that her bloom is ſoon decay'd
And wither'd, when her fortune's paid
Now which of theſe was *Celia's* caſe?
(Tho' all are common to her race)
I ſhall not rack my brains about,
But leave the learn'd to pick it out.

This huſband, whimſical and gay,
Lov'd muſic, maſquerades, and play,
Was one of thoſe moſt happy elves,
That dote upon their charming ſelves:
Who, hating all domeſtick walls.
Fly here and there as fancy calls;
Still in purſuit of ſomething new,
Nor even to their vices true.
Miſtaken *Strephon* finds no more
His *Celia* charming as before:
Her eyes!——Why they have loſt their fire
The roſes on her cheek expire.
Her ſhape——'tis alter'd ſtrangely, ſure;
Her voice no mortal can endure.
Then to the park where *Claudia* rolls
Her eyes to fiſh for ſhallow ſouls:
Or at the play he muſt appear,
For lovely *Lindamine* is there:
No mortal belle ſo fair as ſhe,
If wretched *Strephon* was but free.
In th' country he deludes the morn
With *Ringwood* and the hunting horn:
Perhaps may with his deareſt dine,
Then hey! for company and wine;
Wine that wou'd make an hermit gay,
With muſic intermix'd and play.
For tables and for cards they call:
The dice-box rattles in the hall
Now all are happy, nor give o'er,
'Till watches point to number four:

Then ſee the face of dawning day:
Here *Lucy!* 'Where's your lady, pray?
'She's gone to reſt.——There let her be,
'Go make the crimſon bed for me.'
All this awhile in ſilence paſs'd,
The lady's patience fail'd at laſt.
One morning (ſo the fates decree)
Alone were ſitting he and ſhe:
Not yet arriv'd the roaring band,
Nor rake nor coxcomb was at hand.
This bleſt occaſion pleas'd the fair,
And with a mild and chearful air,
She thus began: 'My *Strephon* ſay,
'Why this dejected face to-day?
'Why art thou always croſs and dull,
'Unleſs the noiſy rooms are full?
'Black diſcontent and anger lies
'Cloſe lurking in thy ſullen eyes;
'Thoſe eyes that I with ſorrow ſee
'Diſguſted when they roll on me.
Here ceas'd the greatly injur'd bride,
And *Strephon* with a bluſh reply'd:
'Why, madam, I muſt own that you
'Have merit, (give the devil his due)
'And was the pleaſure of my life,
'Before you wore the name of wife:
'But ma'm, the reaſon was, I find,
'That while a lover I was blind:
'And now the fault is not in me,
''Tis only this——that I can ſee.'
'I thought you once a Goddeſs trim,
'The Graces dwelt on ev'ry limb:

'But, Madam, if you e'er was ſuch
'Methinks you're alter'd very much:
'As firſt (I beg your pardon tho')
'You hold your head extremely low:
'And tho' your ſhape is not awry
'Your ſhoulders ſtand prodigious high:
'Your curling hair, I durſt have ſwore,
'Was blacker than the ſable Moor;
'But now I find 'tis only brown,
'A colour common thro' the town:
'Tis true, you're mighty fair——But now
'I ſpy a freckle on your brow;
'Your lips I own are red and thin,
'But there's a pimple on your chin:
'Beſides your eyes are gray.———Alack!
'Till now I always thought them black.
'Thus, Madam, I the truth have told;
'Tis true, I thank you for your gold;
'But find in ſearching of my breaſt,
'That I cou'd part with all the reſt.'
He ceas'd—And both were mute awhile,
'Till *Celia* anſwer'd with a ſmile:
'Who would have thought, my dear, ſays ſhe,
'That love was blind to this degree;
'But in my turn I'll own it too,
'That I'm as much deceiv'd as you:
'From hence let our example ſhew
'The gay coquette and ſprightly beau,
'That love like theirs will never hold,
'Not tho' 'tis cemented with gold:

'Let all the youths to you repair,
'For counſel—and to me the fair.
''Twill help to make our *Strephons* wiſe,
'And ſtop the growth of tender lies;
'And more than *Plato's* moral page
'Inſtruct the *Celia's* of the age.
'But now, my deareſt as you ſee
'In mutual hatred we agree,
'Methinks 'tis better we retreat,
'Each party to a diſtant ſeat;
'And tho' we va ue each the other,
'Juſt as one ruſh regards another;
'Yet let us often ſend to hear
'If health attend the abſent dear:
'And tho' each other we would ſhun,
'As debtors do a hateful dun:
'(Nor mind the croſſing of a ſtreet)
'Yet let's be civil when we meet,
'And live in ſhort like courtly friends:'
They part—and thus the ſtory ends.

The WAY of the WORLD.

SOME herbs there are, whoſe deadly juices fill
The heart with venom, and directly kill:
Some operate more ſlowly, but as ſure,
The dart leſs ſudden, but admits no cure.
Yet there's a drug, nor plain nor mountain yields,
Nor *Libyan* deſarts, nor *Britannia's* fields,
Deſtructive more than all the baneful kind;
'Tis flatt'ry call'd——the poiſon of the mind:

This, proud Sir *Wealthy* feeds on all the day,
This, *Delia* ſwallows with her ſoft bohea:
To this we owe *Sublimo's* ſcornful eye.
And *Sylvia's* cheeks that bluſh with borrow'd dye.
Sublimo once cou'd like his neighbours walk,
Bow to his friends or with his tenants talk;
Nor had been ſeiz'd with this majeſtick fit,,
If ſubtil *Florio* had not prais'd his wit.
Gay *Sylvia* too wou'd now her arts give o'er,
And reſt thoſe eye-balls that muſt ſlay no more:
Nor would that face engroſs her morning's care,
Did not *Philander* tell her ſhe is fair.
Alcidas tells you, with an artful ſmile,
That womens eyes were giv'n them to beguile:
His way is cunning and miſchievous too,
He'll praiſe in others what he finds in you.
You hear delighted, nor perceive the foe;
But drink in flatt'ry e'er you think 'tis ſo.
And when he's run the gay deſcription through,
The ſmart concluſion is apply'd to you:
But turn your back——*Alcidas*, with a grin,
Will vow you're ugly as a ſooterkin.
How oft you hear from a deſigning knave,
Sir, I'm your ſervant, Madam, I'm your ſlave;
Yet if you're bleſt, with penetrating eyes,
You'll in his features read the villain lies.
See ſoft *Courtine*, whoſe hat with ſilver bound,
Is ſo obſequious that 'twill kiſs the ground:
Whoſe actions point to ſome unworthy end,
And ne'er was patron, counſellor, or friend:
Whoſe narrow views are to himſelf confin'd,
Yet he's the humble ſlave of all mankind.

Theſe fawning rogues are irkſome creatures—True,
But then a clown is full as odious too:
The face unpractis'd in the arts of guile,
Need not be ſtretch'd with an eternal ſmile:
Nor yet affect the cynick's awful ſcowl,
Screw'd like the viſage of *Minerva's* owl;
For ſome reject (and hold it as a rule)
The crab-fac'd ſtudent for the tender fool.
The phraſe unſtudied flows with graceful eaſe,
And careleſs geſture never fails to pleaſe:
The heart inſtructs the features and the tongue.
Let that be right, and theſe will ne'er be wrong.
Aſk *Cynthio's* judgment in ſome nice affair,
He' ll praiſe your conduct with a charming air,
Extol your ſenſe and prudence to the ſkies:
" And ſure ſuch merits were deſign'd to riſe. "
His candid eyes can hidden beauties ſee
Ev'n faults are uſeful, or they ceaſe to be:
And each no-meaning *Cynthio* can explore;
But aſk his friendſhip, and he ſpeaks no more.
But the worſt flatterer that wears a tongue,
Is he whoſe power aggravates the wrong:
To whoſe grand levee crouds of ſuppliants run,
And bow like *Perſians* to the riſing ſun:
Where ſtarv'd dependents linger our their days,
Yet proud to ſhare his ſnuff-box and his praiſe,
Grow ſtiff with ſtanding, and with ſtaring thin,
To watch the dimple on their patron's chin:
Who with a nod can make the wretch believe,
And ſmiles on hunger which he'll ne'er relieve.
Surrounded thick with bus'neſs and with gold,
Yet dreſs'd in ſmiles *Virginius* you behold:

Th' expecting croud around his table ſtand;
You aſk a favour, and he graſps your hand:
Another comes with an obſequious air,
He winks and whiſpers——" Leave it to my care."
Then to the next——' Oh I'll remember you;
' Sir, truſt my honour, you ſhall find me true.'
Then bows a third.—' Good ſir, your pardon.'—Why?
' I ſaw you not.——Forgive my careleſs eye.
' Next Tueſday ſe'nnight, let me ſee you pray,
' Perhaps you'll find it hundreds in your way.'
The meagre wight departs with happier ſoul,
Romantic viſions in his boſom roll:
He faſts in rapture, as of late in ſorrow;
For who can eat, that's to be rich to-morrow?
But Tueſday ſee, the joyful day is come;
Now to his patron.——' But he's not at home.
' Alas! But then to-morrow morn will do,
' And I'll be early.——Gentlemen, adieu.'
Next day at ſix before the gate appears
The wretch divided by his hopes and fears.
The haughty ſervants meet him with a frown.
I'd ſee his honour.——' But he's not come down;
' Your ſervant, Sir——I'll ſtay then in the hall:—
' But he is ſick and can't be ſpoke withal.—
' I'll wait with patience till another day,
' And for his honour and his health ſhall pray.'
At laſt the knight (his fate had order'd ſo)
Was ſeiz'd and boarded by the lurking foe;
And wiſely thinking 'twas in vain to fly,
Smooth'd up his face and with a leering eye
Began. ' Oh Mr. what-d'ye-call, is't you?
' I'm glad to ſee you; Yet I'm ſorry too,

'Sure ſome ill ſtars preſided o'er your fate,
'I cou'd have ſerv'd you, but you're come too late.'
Yet ſure, there is whoſe honeſt ſoul was made
Too grand a being for the ſoothing trade;
Whoſe wit can neither flatter nor offend,
A gay companion, yet a conſtant friend;
Willing to pleaſe where honeſty may win,
Averſe to ſlander, tho' it were no ſin.
With native manners as with ſenſe endu'd;
Not ſoft as *Cynthio*, nor as *Damon* rude;
Not baſely humble, yet a foe to pride:
Whoſe tongue ne'er promis'd what his heart deny'd.
Whoſe ſatyr charms, nor mirth offends the ear;
Tho' wiſe not froward, juſt but not ſevere;
Not ſway'd by int'reſt, nor in paſſion hurl'd,
But walks a calm ſpectator through the world:
Whoſe breaſt (where no unmanly vapours grow)
Can feel compaſſion for another's woe;
Where courage, mercy, juſtice, candour lie,
And ſhine celeſtial in the ſpeaking eye.
This man is great, whate'er be his degree;
O bleſs him, heav'n, if ſuch an one there be:
May life's beſt comforts on his days attend,
Bleſt in himſelf, and happy in his friend:
Far from his gate fly poverty and woe;
Let not a ſigh his quiet manſion know:
But the fair dome each roving eye allure,
With peace and plenty ſmiling at the door:
Let him ſoft days and happy ev'nings find,
And live ſtill bleſt, and bleſſing all mankind.

STREPHON to CELIA.

A modern LOVE-LETTER.

MADAM,

I HOPE you'll think its true,
I deeply am in love with you,
When I aſſure you t'other day,
As I was muſing on my way,
At thought of you I tumbled down
Directly in a deadly ſwoon:
And tho' 'tis true I'm ſomething better,
Yet I can hardly ſpell my letter:
And as the latter you may view,
I hope you'll think the former true.
You need not wonder at my flame,
For you are not a mortal dame:
I ſaw you dropping from the ſkies;
And let dull idiots ſwear your eyes,
With love their glowing breaſt inſpire,
I tell you they are flames of fire,
That ſcorch my forehead to a cinder,
And burn my very heart to tinder.
Your breaſt ſo mighty cold, I trow,
Is made of nothing elſe but ſnow:
Your hands (no wonder they have charms)
Are made of iv'ry like your arms.
Your cheeks that look as if they bled,
Are nothing elſe but roſes red.

Your lips are coral very bright,
Your teeth——tho' numbers out of ſpight,
May ſay they're bones——yet 'twill appear
They're rows of pearl exceeding dear.
Now, madam, as the chat goes round,
I hear you have ten thouſand pound:
But that as I a trifle hold,
Give me your perſon, dem your gold;
Yet for your own ſake 'tis ſecur'd,
I hope——your houſes too enſur'd,
I'd have you take a ſpecial care,
And of falſe mortgages beware;
You've wealth enough 'tis true, but yet
You want a friend to manage it.
Now ſuch a friend you ſoon might have,
By fixing on your humble ſlave;
Net that I mind a ſtately houſe,
Or value money of a louſe;
But your five hundred pounds a year,
I wou'd ſecure it for my dear:
Then ſmile upon your ſlave that lies
Half murder'd by your radiant eyes;
Or elſe this very moment dies——

STREPHON.

The INSPIRED QUILL.

Occaſioned by a Preſent of CROW-PENS.

TO you, dear madam, I complain,
Where wretches never ſigh in vain;
But always find, if not relief,
At leaſt compaſſion for their grief.
But I ſhou'd make my woes appear,
Before I claim a gentle tear;
My tale is ſomething odd, 'tis true;
Yet ſure 'twill credit find with you.
The ſage *Pythagoras*, you know,
Aſſerted many years ago,
That when or man or woman dies,
The ſoul to ſome new manſion flies.
If ſo, *Belinda*, now ſo fair,
May range the woods a ſullen bear:
Likewiſe the courtly *Bellamour*,
The lady's darling to be ſure:
Tho' he in ſparkling laces glow,
The pattern of a perfect beau;
When he puts off the human ſhape,
May ſtrut a monkey or an ape.
For me who now to you indite,
Whoſe talent chiefly is to write;
What form it was I do not know,
I wore two thouſand years ago:

The being that I firſt remember,
Was on a morning of *December;*
But not *December* laſt (I ween)
No——many years have paſt between;
I found myſelf a wealthy ſquire,
And ſeated by a parlour fire,
A fine eſtate of mellow ground,
In caſh full thirty thouſand pound,
Two hundred oxen in a ſtall,
And ten lean ſervants at my call,
An antient houſe well built but low,
Behind of oaks an ample row,
A court before without much ſtate,
And three gaunt maſtiffs at the gate;
All theſe I had——a happy knave
As you may think——but with your leave
A wretched uſurer was I,
With haggard jaws and eager eye,
That ſtarv'd amidſt unwieldy ſtore,
And loſt my life in ſearch of more.
This *Pluto* ſaw, and bid me go
Into the carcaſe of a beau,
To taſte of pleaſure and of pains,
With ſlender purſe and ſhallow brains.
My wig behind was ſmartly ty'd,
My ſilver bow with ſnuff ſupply'd:
On books I ſeldom lov'd to pore,
But ſung and danc'd, and aptly ſwore;
Where-e'er I came the ladies ſmil'd;
This call'd me pug—and t'other child:
To pleaſe and to addreſs the fair,
Was all my bus'neſs and my care;

But now my gold began to fly,
And ſure deſtruction hover'd nigh:
At laſt to *Limbo* was I led,
From whence the ſtruggling ſpirit fled.
Almeria's lap-dog next I grew,
And wore a coat of gloſſy hue,
Careſs'd and courted every day,
At ev'ning by her ſide I lay:
Her ſmiles were always bent on me
(The happieſt days that e'er I ſee)
But, oh, as by a river ſide,
I walk'd along with ſhort-liv'd pride,
A cruel foot-boy threw me in,
And laugh'd as tho' it was no ſin.
Once more to gain a human face,
I ſtepp'd into a lawyers caſe:
This ſtation pleas'd me wond'rous well,
And in a trice I learn'd to ſpell,
Cou'd read old *Coke* with prying eyes,
Explain, diſtinguiſh, and adviſe,
Talk *Latin* to a good degree;
As *admittendo cuſtode*,
Eject, *extendi*: and my fee:
'Tis true I ſcorn'd to rob or kill,
But not to cheat or forge a will:
In jointures I cou'd ſplit a hair,
And make it turn againſt the heir:
I ſpar'd no widow for her tears,
No orphan for his tender years:
My maxim was——Get money, man,
Get money, where and how you can:

Thus thro' the ſtate of life I run,
(For, ah! my race was quickly done)
And ſtill preſerv'd my ears and noſe,
In ſpite of venial ſins like thoſe.
My next diſguiſe too well you know,
Degraded to a ſimple crow;
Both cold and hunger doom'd to bear,
And hover in the limpid air,
Till on a day a ſpiteful hind,
With dreadful arms and bloody mind,
Vow'd quick deſtruction to my head:
And in a moment ſhot me dead:
Then ſet my ghaſtly corſe on high
To fright my fellows from his rye.
I now grew out of *Pluto's* favour,
Who grumbled at my late behaviour;
And vow'd (when thus his ſentence ran)
I ſhou'd appear no more as man;
But that he wou'd confine me ſtill
Within the compaſs of a quill.
My fate is hard, as you may gueſs,
Yet I cou'd bear it ne'ertheleſs,
Wou'd you or fortune be ſo kind
To comfort an afflicted mind,
And take me from the hated cell,
Where yeſterday you bid me dwell:
For oh, I gueſs——nay more, I know it,
That my new miſtreſs is a poet;
Then how ſhall I, who ſtill inherit
A tincture of the lawyer's ſpirit;
How ſhall I bear from time to time
To ſcrawl unprofitable rhyme?

To live for years and ne'er behold
The preſence of enchanting gold,
Yet ſcribble on——Beſides, alack,
I fear ſhe'll quickly break my back.
Then ſince my pedigree you know,
(Dear madam) ah, ſome pity ſhow,
And recommend me to a place;
For ſure there's mercy in your face.
To ſome attorney let me go,
For there my talents ſuit you know;
Heroicks I ſhall write but ill;
But I'm a doctor at a bill,
At flights of fancy very dull;
But well can form receipts in full.
The favour that I aſk of you,
(Have pity when the wretched ſue)
Is your good word, or what is better,
A recommendatory letter.
And if I'm happy in your grace,
I think I need not doubt a place.

The LIBYAN HUNTER.

A FABLE.

Inſcribed to the Memory of a late admired AUTHOR.

WHEN merit riſes like the prince of day,
Pale envy turns her aching eyes away;
Then ſallow cheeks with rage are taught to glow,
And narrow ſouls to bloated furies grow.

Old ſtory tells us, on an earthly plain
Once *Jove* deſcended wrapp'd in golden rain:
Now fate permits no ſuch familiar powers,
But ſhoals of critics fall in leaden ſhowers:
Theſe gaze at wit, as owls behold the ſun,
And curſe the luſtre which they fain wou'd ſhun;
Theſe beaſts of prey no living worth endure,
Nor are the regions of the dead ſecure;
Yet ſhall the worthy o'er their ſpite prevail;
Here lies the moral——follows next the tale.

Once on a time on *Libya*'s thirſty land,
Where ſhowers but ſeldom wet the burning ſand;
Liv'd happy *Sylvius* as the morning gay,
A well-known fav'rite of the prince of day;
Whoſe hand, unerring, to the mark in view,
Sent the ſwift arrow from the twanging yew:
The trembling panthers from his fury fly,
When the keen jav'lin hiſs'd along the ſky;
Fierce were his eyes, and dazzling as the ſun;
His raven locks in mazy ringlets run;
A well-ſtor'd quiver at his back was ty'd,
A ſhining ſpear his better hand ſupply'd:
Thus rudely charming, he was ſure to pleaſe
With graceful negligence and careleſs eaſe:
He breath'd ſoft muſic from his tuneful tongue,
And the wild tiger liſten'd to his ſong:
The woodland nymphs their duſky ſhades forego,
And the blue *Naiads* left the deeps below:
None guard the flocks, nor hunt the flying prey,
'Till he had finiſh'd the enchanting lay:
Then ſylvan dames with wreaths of laurel bound
His chearful temples, and with roſes crown'd.

But grudging envy heard the juſt applauſe,
And the pale phantom writh'd her haggard jaws;
Now ſwell'd the boſoms of repining ſwains,
And hiſſing ſcandals flew acroſs the plains.
At length his fame the wond'ring ſky invades,
And reach'd the Muſes in their ſacred ſhades;
Thalia view'd him with an envious eye,
And thus addreſs'd her partners of the ſky:
'Ye tuneful maids, give o'er the labour'd ſong,
'Small are the praiſes to our ſhare belong;
'Look down and ſee on yonder ſultry plain,
'Our voices equall'd by a *Libyan* ſwain;
'Give o'er the lay, ye too officious fair,
'Lay down the lyre and fruitleſs hymns forbear,
'Nor hope to charm the partial prince of day,
'While heav'nly accents breathe from mortal clay:
'In vain we keep our radiant ſeats on high,
'If rural ſwains ſhall with our muſic vie:'
She ſaid; and rage poſſeſt the beauteous ring,
Some curſe the youth, and ſome their partial king.
The dame who ſaw th' infectious murmurs run,
Roll'd her blue eyes, and thus afreſh begun:
'No more the bays ſhall to our ſhare belong,
'Nor charm'd celeſtials ſhall attend our ſong:
'But all to *Sylvius* ſhall their off'rings pay;
'To *Sylvius* favour'd by the prince of day.
'Shall he exceed the Muſes ſacred choir?
'Not while revenge ſhall injur'd boſoms fire.
'But ſee, my ſiſters: On the plains below
'Swift *Cynthia*'s hounds purſue the flying doe:
'Be mine the taſk to bear a fraudful tale,
'To the ſwift hunters in the *Libyan* vale:

'That *Cynthia*'s herds in vain from *Sylvius* fly:
'His darts purſue them, and the victims die:
'So *Delia*'s rage ſhall ſtop his tuneful tongue,
'And we no more ſhall dread the rival ſong.'
Here ceas'd the dame——the ſmiling ſiſters join
Their loud applauſes to her ſly deſign.
Now had the ſun withdrawn his piercing eye,
And night aſſum'd the empire of the ſky:
Lull'd in her lap repoſing nature lay,
And ſwains forgot the labours of the day:
The winds were huſh'd, the ocean ceas'd to roar,
And ſoftly murmur'd by the ſandy ſhore,
When from *Parnaſſus* flew the envious maid,
To ſeek the huntreſs of the lonely ſhade:
The fierce Virago on a verdant plain
She found encircled by her ſleeping train;
Where a cool river bleſt the fertile ground,
Its bank with trees and bending oſiers crown'd:
Beneath a ſhade the lovely *Dian* ſtood
With down-caſt eyes, and view'd the rolling flood;
Whoſe waves were bright with the reflected beams
Of her own orb that ſparkled on the ſtreams.
'Hail, *Delia*, hail, (began the artful dame)
'Lives there a wretch who owns not *Delia*'s name?
'Lives there a ſlave whoſe daring hand defies
'The awful empreſs of the nightly ſkies?
'Yes, haughty *Silvius* triumphs o'er the plain,
'Tho' thy choice herds are by his arrows ſlain;
'The frighted fawns his wanton rage wou'd fly,
'But the keen dart o'ertakes them, and they die.
'His ſhining ſpear arreſts the trembling doe,
'And groaning ſtags the deadly weapon know:

'But if fair *Delia* to the *Libyan* ſwain
'Reſigns the freedom of her ſacred plain,
'Let none diſpute the licence of her will,
'And I retire to our tuneful hill.'
With flushing features and diſorder'd charms
The angry Goddeſs ſeiz'd her deathful arms;
'Shall man with me diſpute the plain (ſhe cries
While kindling rage inflam'd her rolling eyes)
'This hand ſhall well revenge my ſlaughter'd deer:"
She ſaid; and furious graſp'd the dreadful ſpear,
And o'er her ſhoulder flung the ſhining bow,
Then breathing vengeance ſought her guiltleſs foe,
The youth beneath a duſky ſhade ſhe found,
Thoughtleſs of ill and ſleeping on the ground;
A deadly ſhaft deluded *Cynthia* drew,
And to his heart the feather'd vengeance flew;
The reeking blood came bubbling thro' the wound,
Pour'd o'er his boſom and diſtain'd the ground;
Then the freed ſpirit took her airy way,
To fields of pleaſure and of endleſs day.
The red-cheek'd morning had now chas'd away
Night's ſable curtain—and the dawning day
Call'd forth abroad the truſty bands—Again
To chaſe the tiger o'er the deſart plain:
To ſearch the caves where kingly lions roar,
And from thick ſhades diſlodge the briſtled boar:
Sylvius they want, for him they ſearch, they call,
They ſearch the ſhades where chryſtal waters fall,
His wonted haunts: then ev'ry voice they try:
In vain they call, for none, alas! reply:
Hear, *Sylvius*, hear, they cry; and all around,
Hear, *Sylvius*, hear, the hollow rocks reſound.

At length a crew, the baſeſt of the plain,
Approach'd the covert of the ſlaughter'd ſwain:
And gaz'd with rapture on the purple wound,
When one began—Now bleſs the friendly hand,
That ſwept off *Sylvius* from the gazing land:
Behold the day ſo oft by us deſir'd,
Here lies the ſwain whom lately all admir'd.
This *Phœbus* ſaw, as from his blazing wheels,
With his broad eye he view'd the glitt'ring fields.
Beheld the youth whom he had taught to throw
The feather'd arrow from the bounding bow,
Beheld his *Sylvius*, to whoſe artful tongue
He taught the numbers of enchanting ſong,
Now cold and breathleſs on the dewy plain,
And his worſt foes inſulting o'er the ſlain:
Then rag'd the God that wears the ſilver bow,
And his broad eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Swift he deſcended in a burning ray,
His beamy locks declare the prince of day,
And flaſhing glories round his temples play.
Each on his face the trembling victims fall,
Their ſtammering tongues wou'd fain for mercy call;
But as all grov'ling on the duſt they lie,
His ſhafts diſpatch them to the darker ſky:
Learn hence (he cry'd) ye impious men, to know,
And dread the pow'r that wears the mortal bow:
For while I rule the blazing throne of day,
None wrong my ſervants but ſhall find their pay;
He ſaid—and rais'd his fav'rite from the ground,
Then ſmil'd the features: and the gaping wound
Was ſeen no more.—The glowing cheeks revive,
Shake off the ſtamp of death, and ſeem alive;

Inſtead of cypreſs and a mournful ſhroud,
Apollo wrapp'd him in a golden cloud,
And bore him thence: but where, there's none can ſay,
Unleſs to his own regions of the day.
And from the ground where *Sylvius* late was ſeen,
Where the warm gore had ſtain'd the thirſty green;
A pleaſing tree aroſe with ſlender ſtems
That breath'd *Ambroſia* from its op'ning gems;
Thoſe op'ning gems the virgins us'd to wear
On their fair boſoms, and their ſhining hair:
Now the gay ſhrub each happy climate knows,
By all admir'd, and it is call'd the Roſe.

The TEMPLE of LOVE.

A DREAM.

WHEN lonely night compos'd the drowſy mind,
And huſh'd the boſom of the weary hind,
Pleas'd with plain nature and with ſimple life,
I read the ſcenes of *Shore's* deluded wife,
'Till my faint ſpirits ſought the ſilent bed,
And on its pillow dropp'd my aching head;
Then fancy ever to her *Mira* kind,
Prepar'd her phantoms for the roving mind.
Behold a fabrick riſing from the ground,
To the ſoft timbrel and the cittern's ſound;
Corinthian pillars the vaſt building hold,
Of poliſh'd ſilver and *Peruvian* gold;

In four broad arches ſpread the ſhining doors,
The blazing roofs enlighten all the floors:
Beneath a ſparkling canopy that ſhone
With *Perſian* jewels, like a morning ſun
Wrapp'd in a robe of pureſt *Tyrian* dye,
Cytheria's image met the raviſh'd eye,
Whoſe glowing features would in paint beguile:
So well the artiſt drew her mimick ſmile;
Her ſhining eyes confeſs'd a ſprightly joy;
Upon her knees reclin'd her wanton boy;
On the bright walls around her and above,
Were drawn the ſtatutes and the arts of love:
Theſe taught the ſilent language of the eye,
The broken whiſper, and amuſing lye;
The careleſs glance peculiar to the fair,
And vows of lovers that diſſolve in air:
The graceful anger, and the rolling eyes;
The practis'd bluſh, and counterfeit ſurprize,
The language proper for pretending ſwains;
And fine deſcription for imagin'd pains;
The friendly caution, and deſigning eaſe,
And all the arts that ruin while they pleaſe.
Now enter'd, follow'd by a ſplendid train,
A blooming damſel and a wealthy ſwain;
The gaudy youth in ſhining robes array'd,
Behind him follow'd the unthinking maid:
Youth in her cheek like op'ning roſes ſprung,
Her careleſs treſſes on her ſhoulders hung.
Her ſmiles were chearful as enliv'ning *May*;
Her dreſs was careleſs, and her eyes were gay,
Then to ſoft voices and melodious ſound
The board that ſpread, the ſparkling glaſſes crown'd:

The ſprightly virgin in a moment ſhines
In the gay product of the eaſtern mines;
Then Pride comes in with patches for the fair,
And ſpicy odours for her curling hair;
Rude Riot in a crimſon veſt array'd,
With ſmooth-fac'd Flatt'ry like a chamber-maid:
Soft Pomp and Pleaſure at her elbow ſtand,
And Folly ſhakes the rattles in her hand.
But now her feeble ſtructure ſeem'd to ſhake,
Its baſis trembled and its pillars quake;
Then ruſh'd Suſpicion through the lofty gate,
With heart-ſick loathing led by ghaſtly Hate:
And foaming Rage, to cloſe the horrid band,
With a drawn poniard in her trembling hand.
Now like an earthquake ſhook the reeling frame,
The lamps extinguiſh in a purple flame:
One univerſal groan was heard, and then
The cries of women and the voice of men:
Some roar out vengeance, ſome for mercy call;
And ſhrieks and tumults fill the dreadful hall.
At length the ſpectres vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Again the lamps reſum'd a feeble light;
But chang'd the place: no ſplendor there was ſhown,
But gloomy walls that mirth had never known;
For the gay dome where pleaſure us'd to dwell,
Appear'd an abbey and a doleful cell;
And here the ſad, the ruin'd nymph was found,
Her robe diſorder'd and her locks unbound,
While from her eyes the pearly drops of woe,
Waſh'd her pale cheek where roſes us'd to blow:

Her blue and trembling lips prepar'd to breathe
The ſighs that made her ſwelling boſom heave;
Thus ſtupid with her grief ſhe ſat and preſt
Her lilly hands acroſs her penſive breaſt;
A group of ghaſtly phantoms ſtood behind,
Whoſe taſk it is to rack the guilty mind:
Wide-mouth'd Reproach with viſage rude and thin,
And hiſſing Scandal made a hideous din;
Remorſe that darted from her deadly wings,
Invenom'd arrows and a thouſand ſtings:
Then with pale cheeks and with a ghaſtly ſtare,
Peep'd o'er her ſhoulder hollow-ey'd Deſpair;
Whoſe hand extended bore a bleeding heart,
And Death behind her ſhook his threat'ning dart:
Theſe forms with horror fill'd my aching breaſt,
And from my eye lids drove the balm of reſt:
I woke and found old night her courſe had run,
And left her empire to the riſing ſun.

The SACRIFICE

An EPISTLE to *CELIA*.

IF you, dear *Celia*, cannot bear
The low delights that others ſhare:
If nothing will your palate fit
But learning, eloquence, and wit,
Why you may ſit alone (I ween)
'Till you're devoured with the ſpleen:

But if variety can pleaſe
With humble ſcenes and careleſs eaſe;
If ſmiles can baniſh melancholy,
Or whimſey with its parent folly;
If any joy in theſe there be,
I dare invite you down to me.
You know theſe little roofs of mine
Are always ſacred to the Nine;
This day we make a ſacrifice
To the *Parnaſſian* deities,
Which I am order'd by *Apollo*
To ſhew you in the words that follow.
As firſt we purge the hallow'd room,
With ſoft utenſil call'd a broom;
And next for you a throne prepare,
Which vulgar mortals call a chair:
While zephyrs from an engine blow,
And bid the ſparkling cinders glow;
Then gather round the mounting flames,
The prieſteſs and aſſembled dames,
While ſome inferior maid ſhall bring
Clear Water from the bubbling ſpring:
Shut up in vaſe of ſable dye,
Secure from each unhallow'd eye.
Fine Wheaten bread you next behold,
Like that which *Homer* ſings of old,
And by ſome unpolluted fair
It muſt be ſcorch'd with wond'rous care:
So far 'tis done: and now behold
The ſacred veſſels not of gold:

Of poliſh'd earth muſt they be form'd,
With painting curiouſly adorn'd,
Theſe rites are paſt: and now muſt follow
The grand libation to *Apollo*,
Of juices drawn from magick weeds,
And pith of certain *Indian* reeds.
For flow'r of milk the prieſteſs calls,
Her voice re-echoes from the walls;
With her's the ſiſter voices blend,
And with the od'rous ſteam aſcend:
Each fair one now a Sibyl grows,
And ev'ry cheek with ardour glows,
And (tho' not quite beſide their wits)
Are ſeiz'd with deep prophetick fits.
Some by myſterious figures ſhow
That *Celia* loves a ſhallow beau;
And ſome by ſigns and hints declare,
That *Damon* will not wed *Ziphair*:
Their neighbours fortunes each can tell,
So potent is the mighty ſpell.
This is the feaſt, and this my friend,
Are you commanded to attend:
Yes, at your peril: but adieu,
I've tired both myſelf and you.

The POWER, of BEAUTY.

O Goddeſs of eternal ſmiles,
Bright *Cythera* the fair,
Who taught *Sabina's* pleaſing wiles
By which ſhe won *Bellair*.

Bellair, the witty and the vain,
Who laugh'd at beauty's pow'r;
But now the conquer'd humble ſwain,
Adores a painted flow'r,

With *Delia's* art my ſong inſpire,
Whoſe lips of roſy hue
Can ne'er the partial audience tire,
Tho' wiſer *Claudia's* do.

Tho' *Claudia's* wit and ſenſe refin'd
Flows eaſy from her tongue;
Her ſoul but courſely is enſhrin'd,
So *Claudia's* in the wrong.

Hark *Delia* ſpeaks——that blooming fair,
See crouds are gathering round
With open mouths; and wildly ſtare
To catch the empty ſound.

See *Lelia* with a judgment clear,
With manly wiſdom bleſt;
Wit, learning, prudence, all appear
In that unriſl'd breaſt.

But yet no beau for *Lelia* dies,
No ſonnet paves her way;
Say Muſe, from whence theſe evils riſe——
Why *Lelia's* teeth decay.

Then, why do rev'rend ſages rail
At woman's wanton pride?
If wiſdom, wit and prudence fail,
Let meaner arts be try'd.

Thoſe arts to pleaſe are only meant;
But with an angry frown.
The Queen of Wiſdom lately ſent
This proclamation down:

Minerva, with the azure eyes,——
And thus the ſtatute runs,
" If you wou'd have your daughters wiſe,
Take care to mend your your ſons."

WINTER.

WHAT pictures now ſhall wanton fancy bring;
Or how the Muſe to *Artemiſia* ſing?
Now ſhiv'ring nature mourns her raviſh'd charms,
And ſinks ſupine in winter's frozen arms.
No gaudy banks delight the raviſh'd eye,
But northern breezes whiſtle thro' the ſky.
No joyful choirs to hail the riſing day,
But the froze chryſtal wraps the leafleſs ſpray:
Brown look the meadows that were late ſo fine,
And cap'd with ice the diſtant mountains ſhine;
The ſilent linnet views the gloomy ſky,
Sculks to his hawthorn, nor attempts to fly:
Then heavy clouds ſend down the feather'd ſnow;
Through naked trees the hollow tempeſts blow;
The ſhepherd ſighs, but not his ſighs prevail;
To the ſoft ſnow ſucceeds the ruſhing hail;
And theſe white proſpects ſoon reſign their room
To melting ſhowers or more unpleaſing gloom;

The nymphs and ſwains their aching fingers blow,
Shun the cold rains, and bleſs the kinder ſnow;
While the faint travellers around them ſee,
Here ſeas of mud, and there a leafleſs tree:
No budding leaves, no honey-ſuckles gay,
No yellow crow-foots paint the dirty way;
The lark ſits mournful as afraid to riſe,
And the ſad finch his ſofter ſong denies.
Poor draggled *Urs'la* ſtalks from cow to cow,
Who to her ſighs return a mournful low;
While their full udders her broad hands aſſail,
And her ſharp noſe hangs dropping o'er the pail.
With garments trickling like a ſhallow ſpring,
And his wet locks all twiſted in a ſtring,
Afflicted *Cymon* waddles thro' the mire,
And rails at *Win'fred* creeping o'er the fire.
Say, gentle Muſes, ſay, is this a time
To ſport with poeſy and laugh in rhyme?
While the chill'd blood, that hath forgot to glide,
Steals thro' its channels in a lazy tide:
And how can *Phœbus*, who the Muſe refines,
Smooth the dull numbers when he ſeldom ſhines?

To a Gentleman with a Manuſcript Play.

AS ſome grave matron bred on rural downs,
Who at the mention of a top-knot frowns,
And the proud minxes of the market towns;
Whoſe humble ſenſes are not much refin'd,
But us'd to labour with a chearful mind;

Clad in plain coif and gown of ruſſet hue,
With home-ſpun apron of a decent blue;
From the white curds extracts the greener whey,
Nor dreams of faſhion, poetry, or play;
From wicked verſe averts her cautious eyes,
And wonders people can delight in lies:
At length her landlord, the right noble 'ſquire,
Takes her young daughter at her own deſire;
Prefers the damſel to attend his ſpouſe,
And ſhe with joy reſigns her brindled cows:
For *London* now prepares the ſmiling dame,
While her ſad mother trembles at the name:
But O! what griefs attend the parting leave,
No muſe can paint them, nor no heart conceive:
In vain her ſpouſe or friendly neighbour tries,
To quell the ſorrows in her ſtreaming eyes:
Roſell ſhe fears will ſlight her *Jerſey* gown,
And wear white aprons in the ſinful town;
On the pure ghoſt of *Win'fred* then ſhe calls,
To guard her child within its guilty walls.
So this rude babe I to your mercy yield,
Rough as the ſoil of ſome untillag'd field:
Can nature pleaſe?——Not till ſhe's well refin'd,
Reforming art ſhould follow cloſe behind;
But that proud dame with me diſdains to dwell,
And far ſhe flies—Ah far from *Mira's* cell.
What then remains? What hope for me or mine,
But the kind ſilence of forgetful time?
To ſave us from the ſly buffooning leer,
The ſpiteful grimace, and the ſcornful ſneer;
The threat'ning critic with his dreadful rules,
The wit's keen ſatire, and the burſt of fools.

The wretched villain pinion'd up on high,
Two hours pendent 'twixt the earth and ſky,
With eggs and turneps whirling round his pate,
Is but an emblem of an author's fate.
A dread example to the rhyming fry,
So poets tell me, but I hope they lye:
The world's good-natur'd, if it is not croſt,
But wits are often ſaucy to their coſt.
Tho' unaſſur'd, yet not in deep deſpair,
I truſt this infant to its patron's care:
Ah let your roofs the ſimple vagrant ſhield,
I aſk no more than charity may yield,
Some little corner in the friendly dome,
(Leſt the looſe varlet be induc'd to roam)
Where the cold ſtorms may hover round in vain,
The chilling ſnow or penetrating rain,
Where the fierce rat (all dreadful) never climbs,
Nor the ſleek mouſe, ſad foe to *Mira's* rhymes.
But I have done——for who implores a friend
With long petitions, juſtly may offend:
To no ſtrait bounds good-nature is confin'd;
And who ſhall dictate to a gen'rous mind?
Which not content in narrow ſpace to roll,
Like the broad ocean ſpreads from pole to pole:
While the glad nations bleſs the ample tide,
And wafted treaſures o'er its ſurface glide:
That ſtill waves on, regardleſs of their praiſe,
As you perhaps of *Mira's* idle lays.

SILVIA and the BEE.

AS *Silvia* in her garden ſtray'd,
Where each officious roſe,
To welcome the approaching maid,
With fairer beauty glows.

Tranſported from their dewy beds,
The new blown lilies riſe:
Gay tulips wave their ſhining heads,
To pleaſe her brighter eyes.

A bee that ſought the ſweeteſt, flow'r,
To this fair quarter came:
Soft humming round the fatal bow'r,
That held the ſmiling dame.

He ſearch'd the op'ning buds with care,
And flew from tree to tree:
And, *Silvia*, (finding none ſo fair)
Unwiſely fix'd on thee.

Her hand obedient to her thought,
The rover did deſtroy:
And the ſlain inſect dearly bought
Its momentary joy.

But now too raſh unthinking maid,
Conſider what you've done;
Perhaps you in the duſt have laid,
A fair and hopeful ſon.

Or from his friends and ſenate wiſe
Have ſwept a valu'd peer;

Whoſe life, that you ſo lightly prize,
Was to his country dear.

Then *Silvia*, ceaſe your anger now,
To this your guiltleſs foe;
And ſmooth again that gentle brow,
Where laſting lilies blow.

Soft *Cynthio* vows when you depart,
The ſun withdraws its ray,
That nature trembles like his heart,
And ſtorms eclipſe the day.

Amintor ſwears a morning ſun's
Leſs brilliant than your eyes;
And tho' his tongue at random runs,
You ſeldom think he lyes.

They tell you, thoſe ſoft lips may vie,
With pinks at op'ning day;
And yet you ſlew a ſimple fly,
For proving what they ſay.

Believe me not a bud like thee.
In this fair garden blows;
Then blame no more the erring bee,
Who took you for the roſe.

MOPSUS;

OR, THE

CASTLE-BUILDER.

IN days of yore, e'er Britons grew too wiſe
To court proud fortune, or believe in lyes,
A youth was born, his father's only ſon
(Well for his ſire he had no more than one.)
This good old man with pleaſure us'd to range
O'er the ſmall limits of his peaceful grange:
His calves and oxen were his only care,
His homely ſervants, and his ſmiling heir.
Now tall and ſtrait the pratling infant grew;
A ſprightly boy, with cheeks of crimſon hue.
His father plac'd him in a country ſchool,
To learn Diviſion, and the Golden Rule:
But when the fair aſpiring youth began
To walk on tiptoe to the verge of man;
His diſcontented thoughts began to rove
Beyond the proſpect of his father's grove.
In vain the hawthorn ſpreads her ſhowy pride,
And the pale lilly gilds the fountain-ſide:
He loaths the country, and his fellow-ſwains;
For mighty projects fill his working brains:
And when black ſhade inveſts the ſleepy ſky,
And the ſtill herds on dewy hillocks lie;
When reſtleſs nature finds herſelf repos'd,
And lazy eyelids are in ſlumber clos'd;

Then fancy bore the metamorphos'd ſwain
Far from his neat-herds, and deſpiſed plain;
By ſlaves attended; drawn by ſhining wheels;
With flowing purple at his graceful heels;
With royal gold his manly temples crown'd;
And thus the monarch took his awful round;
'Till ſpiteful morning rais'd her infant brow,
And call'd the prince to guide his ſlaviſh plough.
But ſtill to court our happy youth could ſpe...
Without th' aſſiſtance of enchanter's reed;
Sometimes a hunting with his lordſhip ride,
Or loll on couches, wrapt in ſilken pride:
But when the ſoul her gay excurſions made,
His ſtupid limbs forgot their uſual trade;
In ſolemn pauſes he would often ſtand,
And drop the pitch-fork from his careleſs hand.
This ſtrange behaviour much amaz'd his ſire,
And oft the cauſe his fondneſs would enquire:
The tattling goſſips too their cenſures move:
Some call'd it phrenzy, and ſome thought it love.
It happen'd on a ſummer's lovely morn,
As muſing *Mopſus* wander'd thro' the corn,
Where nodding poppies dropt with pearly dew,
And the pure æther wore a healthy blue;
His ear was grated by a noiſy train,
Who call'd for pity in a canting ſtrain.
One ſubtle beldam, of the ſwarthy band,
Said with a ſmile——and gently graſp'd his hand;
I'll tell thee what ſhall hap in future days,
How thou by marriage ſhalt thy fortune raiſe:
I'll tell thee too what love-ſick maids ſhall die

For thoſe ſweet features, and that leering eye.
This pretty jargon won the cheated clown,
Who ſlily dropt the Sibyl half a crown.
The pelf with joy the ſable matron view'd;
Then bleſs'd her patron, and her tale purſu'd.
Lay down thy fork, and throw thy ſcrip aſide:
I ſee, my lad, I ſee thy wealthy bride;
See her gilt chariot cut the ſmoaking fields,
And twelve gay youths attend the gaudy wheels.
She's tall, with ſkin as fair as dropping ſnow;
And her black eyes are like the ripen'd ſloe.
Ah, lucky youth!——my noble lord, I mean,
Go change your dreſs, and leave the ruſtic plain;
For the next journey you ſhall take, be ſure,
You'll find this lady at her father's door.
Obſerve her well; I told you ſhe was fair;
Her eyes are black, and ſo's her curling hair.
Take courage, lad; purſue her cloſe, my ſon;
Fair ladies never are by cowards won.
This ſaid, they part: the matron takes her way
O'er the brown fields, in ſearch of further prey.
Mute ſtood the youth—This pleaſing picture brought
The bright *Alethea* to his roving thought:
Alethea fair, by ſhining peers ador'd,
The wealthy heireſs of a neighb'ring lord.
'Tis true, the virgin is of high degree,
But who ſhall alter what the fates decree?
Tranſported, *Mopſus* to his home return'd
Where his ſwell'd heart with expectation burn'd.
In vain his mother wholeſome meat provides,
For down his throat no fav'ry morſel glides;
Till to his bed the tired ſun withdrew,

And ſummon'd *Mopſus* to his chamber too.
There, with diſorder'd limbs, and waking eyes,
Stretch'd on his couch, the fev'riſh lover lies.
So deathleſs heroes, as romances ſhow,
Nor calls of ſleep, nor pinching hunger know;
But with thin diet mere immortals grow.
Old night had more than half her progreſs run;
The ſtars grew paler at the diſtant ſun;
The chearful eaſt was ſtreak'd with lighter grey;
And the ſhrill lark began to look for day;
The ſky was clear, the zephyrs gently blew;
When daring *Mopſus* left the ſleeping crew.
With face clean waſh'd and in his beſt array,
In queſt of fortune took his deſp'rate way.
Five miles from hence, upon a riſing plain,
Rich with green furrows of the promis'd grain,
A ſhining palace met the raviſh'd eye,
Whoſe gilded ſpires ſeem'd to reach the ſky,
The great *Coreilus* did inhabit there,
Alethia's father, and a gen'rous peer.
It chanc'd this morn, that, reſtleſs in her mind,
Alethia roſe before her uſual *time*.*
And to the park, alone, ſhe took her way,
To ſhare the beauties of the infant day,

* *In the original, a pin is ſtuck againſt the word* time; *alſo, againſt the words,* ſtood like a poſt; *and a little lower, againſt the word* reſolv'd *in the following page; which ſeem intended to be alter'd for ſome other, had the Authoreſs liv'd to reviſe her works. where-ever the pin is found for the future, an aſteriſk* [*] *will be inſerted.*

While *Phœbus* darted from his blazing wheels
His ſlanting rays along the glit'ring fields:
Acroſs that path the virgin chanc'd to roam,
Which led our *Mopſus* tow'rd the lofty dome.
The youth, whoſe features own'd the mute ſurpriſe,
Stood like a poſt *, and fix'd his ſtupid eyes:
The conſcious nymph beheld him with a frown;
And turn'd aſide to ſhun the gazing clown:
But *Mopſus* follow'd, and *reſolv'd* * to try,
Nor let th' occaſion paſs neglected by.
He firſt accoſts her with a ſcrape profound,
And made his bonnet kiſs the humble ground.
'Madam, I find the gypſey's words are true;
'And my kind ſtars have ſent me here to you:
'It muſt be you, becauſe you are ſo fair:
'Your eyes are black, and ſo's your curling hair.
'I pray forgive me——Tho' my birth be low,
'Tis vain to ſtruggle with the fates, you know,'
This broken ſpeech the virgin heard with pain,
Nor gueſs'd the meaning of the ſimple ſwain;
But judg'd of *Mopſus* by the common rule,
And fear'd the villain lurk'd beneath the fool.
Then for relief ſhe rais'd a fearful cry:
The frighted ſervants to their miſtreſs fly.
The valet ſoft that ſcented of perfume,
The ſturdy keeper, and the dirty groom,
On wretched *Mopſus* each his fury throws,
And round his temples rain'd a ſtorm of blows;
Hands, canes, and clubs together chiming in,
'Till his bones rattled in his batter'd ſkin.

Then ſorely bruis'd, they drag the youth along,
Whoſe eyes alone implore the cruel throng;
For mighty fear had ſtopt his feeble tongue.
The ſlaves, obedient to their maſter's call,
Conduct their victim to the ſpacious hall.
Corcilus frown'd, and with a haughty air
Firſt aſk'd his name, and next his buſ'neſs there.
The youth, whoſe cheeks betray'd his growing fears,
From his wan eye-balls pour'd a flood of tears,
Confeſs'd the project of his teeming brain,
And told the late adventure of the plain.
Then ſmil'd the baron, and addreſs'd the ſwain:
My lord——your ſervant——for no leſs, I find,
No meaner title ſuits your lofty mind:
But you muſt learn to uſe refulgent arms,
E'er you can merit bright *Alethia's* charms;
To march thro' deſarts, and with monſters fight,
And ſhare the labours of a doughty knight;
Make trembling nations to her beauty yield,
And ſummon giants to the hoſtile field:
By this our ſturdy fathers us'd to prove
Their right to fame, and to their ladies love;
Tho' of their deeds the long-revolving years
Have left no witneſs but their ruſty ſpears;
And our rebellious ſons refuſe to quake
At *Arthur's* name, or *Lanc'lot* of the lake:
But I expect, before you claim your prize,
My fair *Alethia*, with the charming eyes,
That you exceed them in the ſlaying trade,
And ſpit fell dragons on your ſmoking blade.

If theſe conditions ſhake your flitting mind,
Then ſtill be *Mopſus*, and a peaceful hind:
Range o'er your fields, and keep your ſnowy fold
From ſummer ſurfeits, and the winter's cold:
Let thy white pigs and tender poultry ſhare
Thy lov'd aſſiſtance, and thy daily care:
From hungry vermin guard thy autumn ſtore,
And truſt thoſe tawny oracles no more.
Here ceas'd the baron; but the noiſy train
With loud huzza's purſue the baffled ſwain;
Who ſought his cottage with afflicted mind,
And left *Alethia* and the rout behind.
Now wretched *Mopſus* thro' the neighb'ring towns,
The ſport of milkmaids, and the jeſt of clowns,
Abhors the beams of all-reviving light,
And hides in corners, like the bird of night.
Twice three revolving moons their courſe had run,
Since our ſad hero laſt beheld the ſun:
But thoſe low buildings that his limbs confin'd,
Were much too baſe to hold his lofty mind.
His roving ſpirit took her uſual rounds,
O'er diſtant mountains, and majeſtic towns;
From place to place romantic fancy flew,
But *London* glitter'd in the faireſt view;
And ſtrong deſires led his panting ſoul
To feaſt where *Thames'* renowned waters roll.
His temper ne'er was taught to brook delay:
He thinks, reſolves, and meditates the way.
When the ſtill village took its uſual reſt,
And vexing care had left the peaſant's breaſt;
When drowſy *Robin* on his couch repos'd,
And *Sally's* eyelids were in ſlumber clos'd;

Then fancy drew before his rolling brain
The gay deluſions of a ſhining dream.
His mimick ſteeds conduct the youth with eaſe
To balls, aſſemblies, drawing-rooms and plays.
Before him now thoſe pompous ſcenes appear,
Which in deſcription charm'd his raviſh'd ear:
He dines with lords on plates of ſolid gold,
And talks with ladies he muſt ne'er behold.
One pictur'd beauty pleas'd the cheated boy;
Fair as *Alethia*, and not half ſo coy:
But as he reach'd to graſp the blooming fair,
His baffled arms enfold a neigh'bring chair.
The rough embrace awoke the ſtarting ſwain,
And put a period to the golden dream:
Then, riſing haſty, he reſolv'd to fly
Beneath the covert of the duſky ſky.
Thought only makes our enterprizes cool;
And daring *Mopſus* ſcorn'd to live by rule:
But yet he fear'd his purſe would ſcarce defray
The doubtful charges of the tedious way.
Then fraudful need, that waits on each degree,
The thiefs temptation, and the poet's fee,
Inſtructed careful *Mopſus* where to run,
And, without bond, receive the uſeful ſum.
His good old ſire had in his coffer told
Thrice ten broad pieces of refulgent gold;
Which for his landlord in bright order lay,
And only wait their doom at quarter day:
Theſe *Mopſus* wiſely in his pocket ſtow'd,
Smil'd at their weight, and ſhook the pleaſing load;
Then with ſoft pace he trod the ſounding floor,
And laſt with caution ſhut the creaking door.

Farewel, he cry'd, low roofs, and humble walls!
Me kinder ſtars and better fortune calls
To ſtately caſtles, and to ſhining halls.
Now Chanticleer more loud began to ſing,
Stretch'd his long neck, and clapped his joyful wing.
Till to his voice the little roofs rebound,
And the clock anſwer'd with a ſolemn ſound.
Three times the hammer ſtruck the jarring bell,
When jolly *Mopſus* took his long farewel,
And ſped his way to that majeſtick town,
Where *Paul's* fair temple rears its lofty crown.
Five days did he the toilſome march purſue,
With ſparing diet, and adventures few:
But the ſixth morn before his raviſh'd eyes
Thro' ſmoaky clouds the haughty buildings riſe.
Now hunger calls; an ill he fain would cure;
But none invite him thro' their friendly door;
And *Mopſus*, who was lately taught to fear,
Thought ev'ry manſion held a ſcornful peer.
From ſtreet to ſtreet, he wander'd thro' the croud,
Much wond'ring how they durſt to bawl ſo loud;
He'd often ſtart, expecting ev'ry ſcream
Would wake a Counteſs in her morning dream.
Now *Chloe*, who ſat up till four at play,
Made ſhift by twelve to riſe, and drink her tea.
The buſy footmen with their how-d'ye's run:
The park grew brilliant, and the rolling ſun
In his meridian throne began to ſhine,
And *Mopſus'* ſtomach call'd aloud for chine.
Then by a ſtall, where tempting apples lay,
He took his ſtation, and reſolv'd to ſtay,

'Till fortune, ſtill propitious to the bold,
Should lead him ſomewhere, e'er the meat was cold.
It chanc'd a rev'rend dame was paſſing by,
Who caſt on *Mopſus* an experienc'd eye.
This matron had, as by her face appears,
In public ſervice ſpent her youthful years:
Now grown too ugly in herſelf to pleaſe,
She thrives by trade, and takes her needful eaſe.
She underſtood her bus'neſs to a hair;
Knew to a penny what her ſtocks would bear:
When ruin'd beauty to her mart came in,
A wiſe director in the bank of ſin.
This beldam view'd him as an eaſy prey,
That little pains required to betray:
Drew near the ſerpent, and her practis'd guile,
With a low courtſey, and a fawning ſmile.
Hail fortune's fav'rite, whom ſhe courts ſo young!
Freſh is the fields from whence thy beauty ſprung!
I come, induc'd by charitable laws,
To plead in love and beauty's gentle cauſe,
A nymph there is, excelling half her kind,
In charming features, and a ſprightly mind.
Nay, more, attend to what I next unfold;
Ten thouſand pounds of all-enchanting gold
A doating grandame left her, when ſhe dy'd:
How bleſt the youth that wins the blooming bride!
But let me now thy ſtrict attention hold;
For truths like theſe ſhould be in whiſpers told:
Thy artleſs charms have won the ſmiling dame,
Who for thy ſake refuſes wealth and fame.
Now ſpeak thy mind, ſweet youth, and let me bear
A gentle ſentence to the doubting fair.

At this confuſion ſeiz'd the raviſh'd ſwain;
He bow'd, and bluſh'd; and bluſh'd, and bow'd again
The ſubtle dame beheld him at a ſtand,
And with a ſmile ſhe graſp'd his willing hand.
Come on, ſhe cries, the fair occaſion calls;
And led the ſhepherd to her ſmoaky walls,
Where *Celia* waited, in her beſt array'd;
Celia, the fair, the wretched, ruin'd maid,
Whoſe fatal charms an early conqueſt came;
A young proficient in the ſchool of ſhame.
This guileful nymph receiv'd the ſimple ſwain
With feign'd confuſion, and a baſhful mien:
But dreams of glory fill'd the raviſh'd boy,
And his fluſh'd features own'd the preſent joy.
He ſtruts already with imagin'd fame,
And gaz'd with rapture on the ſhining dame:
And now are loſt in *Celia's* charming face
Alethia's conqueſt, and his own diſgrace.
But, dinner comes; ragouts and fricaſies,
With ſauces ſtronger than a *Dutchman's* cheeſe,
Are ſerv'd together in a ſmoking row;
To hungry *Mopſus* a delightful ſhow:
Next, ruddy wine the ſprightly banquet crown'd;
And then ſoft voices to enchanting ſound;
While our briſk youth, unread in future harms,
In the gay bumpers toaſted *Celia's* charms.
But now the fumes aſcend his glowing brain,
And mighty ſleep arreſts the feeble ſwain:
His careleſs head againſt the table fell,
And his dim eye-balls bid the world farewel:
With joy the damſel heard her victim ſnore,
And from his purſe extracts the ſhining ore.

It chanc'd a thief had lately 'ſcap'd the hands
Of frowning juſtice, and her awful bands:
To theſe fam'd walls the villain ſeem'd to ſteer,
And 'twas ſuſpected, found his refuge there:
The raging crew purſue their deſtin'd game,
And ſearch the manſion of the guilty dame.
The houſe was clear'd of all; they only found
Unhappy *Mopſus* ſleeping on the ground.
A place there is, at whoſe unpleaſing name
Starts the pale ſinner, and his frighted dame;
Where the hard wretch, whom lectures ne'er could charm,
Is taught repentance by a ruler's arm;
While lifted hammers make the roofs rebound,
And ſwelling curſes aid the dreadful ſound.
Here theſe relentleſs drag the trembling ſwain,
In ſpite of pray'rs, and tears that flow in vain;
For tho' no witneſs of his guilt appear,
'Twas thought ſufficient that they found him there.
Now *Mopſus*, weeping for his native bow'rs,
Exclaims at fate, and blames the cruel pow'rs;
His injur'd father to his ſoul appears,
And his ſick eyes behold a mothers tears.
He ſighs for pity: but his ſighs are vain:
No friend was near to aid the ſtarving ſwain:
Againſt pale hunger 'twas in vain to ſtand:
He wrote a letter with his trembling hand,
Whoſe homely phraſe in little writ, could ſhow
A ſon's misfortunes, and a father's woe;
*Exploring** how he muſt in priſon die
Without their mercy, and a ſmall ſupply.

Theſe lines arriv'd, to wound a father's eyes:
And his ſad mother fills the air with cries:
Her ſtately cheeſes in a trice were ſold:
Her huſband turn'd his oxen into gold:
Then, with a caution to be wild no more,
They to their darling ſend the welcome ore.
Now ſtruts the youth——his ſuff'rings at an end;
The prince of *Bridewell*, and the ruler's friend.
A pow'rful guinea brib'd the keeper's will;
He gain'd his freedom, and the law was ſtill.
A peer there was within the ſkirts of fame,
A viſcount; *Simper* was the hero's name;
A gentle lord, much honor'd by the fair
For his rich ſword-knot, and his curling hair.
This chief, while luckleſs *Mopſus* was confin'd,
Had learn'd the ſtory of our wand'ring hind:
A fool he wanted long; but never yet
Judg'd one ſo aptly for his purpoſe fit.
Whether by chance, or by the fates decree,
Uncertain, *Mopſus*——but he fix'd on thee.
A ſage he hir'd, whoſe deeply thoughtful ſkull
Could teach the vulgar when the moon was full;
Who ſcatter'd hate among the friendly ſtars,
And made e'en *Venus* retrograde to *Mars*.
His lordſhip poſted this prophetic ſeer
Away to *Mopſus* with a fawning leer,
To ſhew his art, and for a little ſum
Inform our youth of ages yet to come.
This luckleſs-ſhepherd, who would fain be wiſe,
On the mock-wizard fix'd his ardent eyes;
Three times he bow'd, and bleſs'd the awful man;
This greeting paſt——Sir *Sidrophel* began.

O happy youth! could'ſt thou behold, like me,
What the kind ſtars have now in ſtore for thee!
What time fair *Venus* triumph'd o'er thy *Form* *,
In the ſame houſe a noble lord was born.
Nay, hold——cries *Mopſus*——by my father's ſins,
I think you're wrong——my mother ne'er had twins:
I came that year my father built his barns;
Old *Winfred* bore me ſqualling in her arms.
'Twas *Valentine*, of all the days i'th' year,
As I remember; ſure no lord was there.
Here ſmil'd the ſage—and thus purſu'd his tale:
Nay, pry'thee mind me, for I ſeldom fail.
This noble lord, the axle of your fate,
'Tis he muſt raiſe you from your humble ſtate.
But ſtay——methinks I ſee a double cauſe;
O, now I find, there's marriage in the clauſe:
His lordſhip's ſiſter———Yes, it muſt be ſhe.
When this ſhall come to paſs—remember me.
Here ceas'd the oracle—The raviſh'd boy,
Whoſe ſparkling eyes confeſs'd the welcome joy,
Two guineas gave—and whiſper'd in his ear,
On marriage-day two hundred pounds a year.
Next comes a footman, with obſequious mien,
Strait as a lath, and as a paſture green;
Two pounds of powder round his temples ſpread,
And pale as *Mario*, when his finger bled.
Good maſter *What-d-'ye-call*, if that's your name;
My bus'neſs is with you—Yes, ſir, the ſame.
Why then, in brief, my lord has ſent to call
Your charming preſence to his ſtately hall;

And, if you pleaſe, I'd lead you with me now.
The raviſh'd ſhepherd anſwered with a bow.
Now joyful *Mopſus* bleſs'd the fates again;
All his paſt ſuff'rings ſeem an idle dream;
And the ſly guardian led his ſimple ward
To the proud palace of his wanton lord.
The wond'ring boy, with rapture and ſurprize,
Round the gay parlours roll'd his dazzled eyes;
Where gaudy carpets preſs the aching ſight,
And the pier-glaſs reflects a glaring light.
There gilt beaufets their ſhining doors unfold,
And here ſoft paintings, in a verge of gold.
Now thro' his brain the uſual vapours fly,
From the ſage prophet to the gypſey's lye;
Quick and more quick the nimble ſpirits flow,
And fancy'd honours round his temples glow.
But ſee, my lord in courtly diſhabille,
Juſt wak'd from dreams of hazard and quadrille;
At ev'ry ſtep he took a lazy yawn,
And his pale cheek confeſs'd the morning qualm;
Firſt turn'd aſide, and whiſper'd with his man;
And then his lordſhip with a ſmile began:
Accept an office, gentle ſwain, he cry'd,
Which numbers ſeek, and crouds have been deny'd:
A tender charge I to your care conſign,
A beauteous ſiſter, and that ſiſter mine.
Your faith I aſk, and only that deſire,
The firſt perfection of a lady's 'ſquire.
Your taſk is only to oblige the fair;
A ſoft employment, and a pleaſing care:
Conſult your eaſe;—*'tis much the ſame to me:
Chooſe what you like, and let your choice be free.

Here ceas'd the baron—but the gazing boy—
Stood wrapt in viſions of ecſtatic joy:
Loſt in amaze, his tongue could hardly ſtir;
But ſoftly anſwer'd——At your ſervice, ſir.
Now *Phillis* comes, who with her blaſted fame
Had loſt the virtue, and the ſenſe of ſhame;
Agrees to wed the fool her lord preſcribes,
Won by ſoft language, and perſuaſive bribes,
To wander thro' the tedious path of life,
A ſlighted miſtreſs, and an odious wife.
Miſs *Philly* plays the prude—looks wond'rous grave,
While the good lord preſents her humble ſlave;
Scarce deigns to ſmile; but with a toſs or two
Cries, with a piſh perhaps the wretch may do.
Now the ſmart valet, ſcented with perfume,
Our *Mopſus* follow'd to his lady's room:
But the chang'd tyrant ſeems more humble now,
And ſofter ſmiles adorn her gentle brow:
Yet the ſhock'd youth ſtood gazing at the fair,
Who call'd for combs, and ſpread her ſhining hair:
Thro' fear and haſte he ſtumbles o'er the ſtools:
The lady laughs, and calls him fifty fools:
She aſks for powder, patches, paints, and creams;
Her ſervant ſtares, and wonders what ſhe means.
Next morning, e'er the ſun's refulgent eye
Had warm'd the curtains of the bluſhing ſky;
While ſleeping *Mopſus* on his couch was laid,
Beſide his pillow ſtood a gentle maid:
A billet-doux her better hand ſupplies;
She calls——he ſtarting, rubb'd his drowſy eyes;

Then takes the paper, and tranſported ſees
The back ſubſcrib'd—To gentle *Mopſus*, Theſe.
The phraſe was ſuch as warm romance inſpires,
Compos'd of tortures, racks, and darts, and fires:
The ſubject-matter, which the lines contain,
Was but a challenge to the ſimple ſwain;
That if he durſt to meet the deſp'rate fair
In yonder chapel e'er the hour of pray'r;
The ready prieſt ſhould bind their faithful hands,
She hopes in bliſsful, but in laſting bands.
Then haſte! O haſte! prevent the growing day;
For thouſand dangers wait the leaſt delay.
The youth, tranſported in the laſt extreme,
Still rubb'd his eyes, and fear'd 'twas all a dream:
Then ſtarted from his bed; but while he dreſt,
Hugg'd the dear billet to his glowing breaſt.
Now eager *Mopſus* to the chapel run;
Nor ſtay'd the witneſs of the riſing ſun;
Where *Phillis* waited in her ſhining pride,
And the fall'n miſtreſs there commenc'd a bride:
But ſoon, too ſoon, the diſappointed boy
Found a quick period to his promis'd joy,
Now ſwells with laughter the inſulting peer;
Pale *Mopſus* trembles, and the ſervants ſneer;
But, undeceiv'd, what ſoul-diſtracting pain,
What ſobbing anguiſh fill'd the mourning ſwain,
Who found, inſtead of coronets and fame,
His counteſs dwindled to a hackney dame!
Then, doubly wretched, from the roofs of pride,
The youth retires with his mincing bride,
And ſought a lodging neareſt to the ſky;
For, tho' dejected, ſtill his aim was high:

There, when five nights had their dark progreſs run,
The ſixth gay morning brought a ſmiling ſon.
But *Mopſus*, cold with ſorrow and ſurprize,
Gaz'd on the infant with affrighted eyes:
The careful nurſe rich cordials muſt prepare
For his ſick lady, and adopted heir;
While with affliction, better gueſs'd than told,
The ſighing huſband mourns the flying gold,
At length his ſpouſe bewails her loſs of time,
Neglected beauties, and declining prime,
Muſt ſhe, who has by more prevailing charms
Divorc'd a counteſs from her huſband's arms;
Whom practice taught, and nature form'd to pleaſe;
In a loath'd garret ſpend her irkſome days?
No; let the prude, who never walk'd aſtray.
'Cauſe none would tempt her from the dubious way,
Grow lean with railing, and with envy pine;
Be charming freedom and ſoft plenty mine.
Thus ſhe: and fortune ſeconds her deſire;
She grows the darling of a keeping 'ſquire;
And the ſoft dame, who from the poliſh'd times
Had learn'd, that ſtarving was the worſt of crimes,
Reſolves to leave her ſpouſe and little ſon,
To ſhine once more before her glaſs was run.
Thus happier *Mopſus* loſt the ſcourge of life
(So unbelievers often term a wife):
The ſlighted infant too reſign'd its breath,
And ſought its refuge in the arms of death.
Now preſſive want induc'd the longing ſwain,
Once more to ſeek his late diſpiſed plain:
According*, e'er the regent of the day
Through the cold Scorpion drove his ſhorten'd ray,

Repentant *Moplus* trudg'd before the wind,
And left the city and his woes behind.
No ſhining ſlaves his weary ſteps attend,
A ſcrip his ſubſtance, and a ſtaff his friend;
No more theſe viſions in his boſom ſwell:
For his ſick heart has bid the court farwel.
At length, with viſage pale, and garments poor,
The youth appear'd before his father's door;
The neighbours hail the late-returing boy:
His father claſp'd him with a parent's joy:
His mother's eyes with tears of pleaſure run;
She dropp'd her knitting, and embrac'd her ſon.
Here with calm virtue, and a peaceful mind,
In rural plenty dwells the ſober hind:
His equal days in one ſmooth tenor run:
The ſame at riſing as declining ſun:
No more deluſions in his fancy riſe,
Grown grave by ſorrow; by experience wiſe.

ADVICE to SOPHRONIA.

WHEN youth and charms have ta'en their wanton flight,
And tranſient beauty bids the fair good night:
When her once ſparkling eyes ſhall dimly roll;
Then let the matron dreſs her lofty ſoul;
Quit affectation, partner of her youth,
For goodneſs, prudence, purity, and truth.
Theſe virtues will her laſting peace prepare,
And give a ſanction to her ſilver hair.

Theſe precepts let the fond *Sophronia* prove,
Nor vainly dreſs her blinking eyes with love.
Can roſes flouriſh on a leafleſs thorn,
Or dewy woodbines grace a wintry morn?
The weeping *Cupids* languiſh in your eye;
On your brown cheek the ſickly beauties die.
Time's rugged hand has ſtrok'd your viſage o'er;
The gay vermilion ſtains your lip no more.
None can with juſtice now your ſhape admire;
The drooping lillies on your breaſt expire.
Then, dear *Sophronia*, leave thy fooliſh whims:
Diſcard your lover with your fav'rite ſins:
Conſult your glaſs; then prune your wanton mind;
Nor furniſh laughter for ſucceeding time.
'Tis not your own, 'tis gold's all-conqu'ring charms
Invite *Myrtillo* to your ſhrivel'd arms:
And ſhall *Sophronia*, whoſe once lovely eyes
Beheld thoſe triumphs which her heart diſpis'd;
Who look'd on merit with a haughty frown;
At five-and-fifty take a beardleſs clown?
Ye pitying fates, this wither'd damſel ſave,
And bear her ſafely to her virgin grave!

CORYDON. PHILLARIO.

OR,

MIRA's PICTURE.

A PASTORAL.

WITHIN the bounds of yonder fruitful plain
Liv'd *Corydon*, a harmleſs ſhepherd ſwain;
Whoſe care was chiefly to his flock confin'd,
Whoſe ſmiling features ſpoke a chearful mind.
Behind his dwelling ſtood a friendly hill;
Before it, paſtures, and a purling rill.
From the great mart of bu'neſs, and of fame,
To this retreat the gay *Phillario* came;
He came——But how he ſpent the ling'ring hours,
Amid ſtill meadows, and ambroſial bow'rs;
Whether he liv'd on blackberries and whey,
Or if he ſigh'd for ombre and bohea;
Whether he thought a ſummer's day too long;
To tell, is not the purpoſe of my ſong:
'Tis their diſcourſe alone that fills our tale.
Begin——One morning, in a flow'ry vale,
This couple walk'd to hear the linnet ſing,
And ſhare the beauties of the dawning ſpring:
Phillario thus—What nymph, O ſhepherd! reigns
The rural toaſt of theſe delightful plains?

For much I fear th' *Arcadian* nymphs outſhine
The ſhiv'ring beauties of this northern clime.

CORYDON.

Young *Daphne* ſome, and ſome *Amynta* praiſe:
Some dote on *Delia* for her graceful eaſe:
Some wand'ring ſwain bright *Cynthia's* eyes inſpires;
Another *Claudia's* charming voice admires;
Some like no face but *Phillida's* the fair;
And ſome *Cymene's*, with the raven hair.

PHILLARIO.

But who is ſhe that walks on yonder hill,
With ſtudious brows, and night-cap diſhabille!
That looks a ſtranger to the beams of day;
And counts her ſteps, and mutters all the way?

CORYDON.

'Tis *Mira*, daughter to a friend of mine;
'Tis ſhe that makes your what-d'ye-call—your rhyme.
I own the girl is ſomething out o'th' way:
But how d'ye like her; good *Phillario*, ſay?

PHILLARIO.

Like her!——Id rather beg the friendly rains
To ſweep the nuiſance from thy loaded plains;
That———

CORYDON.

———Hold, *Phillario!* ſhe's a neighbour's child:
'Tis true, her linen may be ſomething ſoil'd.

PHILLARIO.

Her linen, *Corydon!*——Herſelf you mean.
Are ſuch the dryads of thy ſmiling plain?
Why I could ſwear it, if it were no ſin,
That yon lean rook can ſhew a fairer ſkin.

CORYDON.

What tho' ſome freckles in her face appear?
That's only owing to the time o'th' year.
Her eyes are dim, you'll ſay: Why, that is true;
I've heard the reaſon, and I'll tell it you.
By a ruſh-candle (as her father ſays)
She ſits whole ev'nings reading wicked plays.

PHILLARIO.

She read!—She'd better milk her brindled cows;
I wiſh the candle does not ſinge her brows,
So like a dry furze-faggot; and beſide,
Not quite ſo even as a mouſe's hide.

CORYDON.

Come, come; you view her with malicious eyes:
Her ſhape———

PHILLARIO.

——Where mountains upon mountains riſe!
And, as they fear'd ſome treachery at hand,
Behind her ears her liſt'ning ſhoulders ſtand.

CORYDON.

But ſhe has teeth———

PHILLARIO.

———Conſid'ring how they grow,
'Tis no great matter if ſhe has or no:
They look decay'd with poſſet and with plums,
And ſeem prepar'd to quit her ſwelling gums.

CORYDON.

No more, my friend! for ſee the ſun grows high,
And I muſt ſend the weeders to my rye:
Thoſe ſpurious plants muſt from the ſoil be torn,
Leſt the rude brambles over-top the corn,

Upon her *Play* being returned to her, ſtained with Claret.

WELCOME, dear wanderer, once more!
Thrice welcome to thy native cell!
Within this peaceful humble door
Let thou and I contented dwell!

But ſay, O whither haſt thou rang'd?
Why doſt thou bluſh with crimſon hue?
Thy fair complexion's greatly chang'd:
Why, I can ſcarce believe 'tis you.

Then tell, my ſon, O tell me, where
Didſt thou contract this ſottiſh dye?
You keep ill company, I fear,
When diſtant from your Parent's eye.

Was it for this, O graceleſs child!
  Was it for this you learn'd to ſpell?
Thy face and credit both are ſpoil'd:
  Go drown thyſelf in yonder well.

I wonder how thy time was ſpent:
  No news (alas!) haſt thou to bring?
Haſt thou not climb'd the monument?
  Nor ſeen the lions nor the king.

But now I'll keep you here ſecure:
  No more I view the ſmoaky ſky:
The court was never made (I'm ſure)
  For Idiots, like thee and I.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

POEMS

BY THE MOST

EMINENT LADIES

OF

GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND.

RE-PUBLISHED FROM THE COLLECTION OF

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Alterations, Additions, and Improvements.

VOL. II.

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright Ideas, Flow'rs of Paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it.

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THE ART of COQUETRY.

BY

MRS. LENNOX.

YE lovely maids! whoſe yet unpractic'd hearts
Ne'er felt the force of love's reſiſtleſs darts;
Who juſtly ſet a value on your charms,
Pow'r all your wiſh, but beauty all your arms;
Who o'er mankind wou'd fain exert your ſway,
And teach the lordly tyrant to obey;
Attend my rules, to you alone addreſs'd.
Deep let them ſink in every female breaſt;
The queen of love herſelf my boſom fires,
Aſſiſts my numbers, and my thoughts inſpires:
Me ſhe inſtructed in each ſecret art,
That firſt ſubdues, and then enſlaves the heart;
The ſigh that heaves by ſtealth, the ſtarting tear,
The melting languiſh, the obliging fear;

Half-utter'd wiſhes, broken, kind replies,
And all the ſilent eloquence of eyes;
To teach the fair by various wiles to move
The ſoften'd ſoul, and bend the heart to love.
Proud of her charms, and conſcious of her face,
The haughty beauty calls forth ev'ry grace;
With fierce defiance throws the killing dart;
By force ſhe wins, by force ſhe keeps the heart.
The witty fair a nobler game purſues,
Aims at the head, but the rapt ſoul ſubdues.
The languid nymph enſlaves with ſofter art,
With ſweet neglect ſhe ſteals into the heart;
Slowly ſhe moves her ſwimming eyes around,
Conceals her ſhaft, but meditates the wound:
Her gentle languiſhments the gazers move,
Her voice is muſic, and her looks are love.
To few tho' Nature may theſe gifts impart,
What ſhe withholds the wiſe can win from art;
Then let your airs be ſuited to your face,
Nor to a languiſh tack a ſprightly grace.
The ſhort round face, briſk eyes, and auburn hair,
Muſt ſmiling joy in every motion wear;
The quick unſettled glance muſt deal around,
Hide all deſign, and ſeem by chance to wound.
Dark rolling eyes a languiſh may aſſume;
Theſe the ſoft looks and melting airs become:
The penſive head upon the hand reclin'd,
As if ſome ſweet diſorder fill'd the mind;
Let the heav'd breaſt a ſtruggling ſigh reſtrain,
And ſeem to ſtop the falling tear with pain.
The youth, who all the ſoft diſtreſs believes,
Soon wants the kind compaſſion which he gives.

But beauty, wit, and youth, may ſometimes fail,
Nor always o'er the ſtubborn ſoul prevail:
Then let the fair-one have recourſe to art;
Who cannot ſtorm, may undermine the heart.
Firſt form your artful looks with ſtudious care,
From mild to grave, from tender to ſevere.
Oft on the careleſs youth your glances dart,
A tender meaning let each glance impart.
Whene'er he meets your looks, with modeſt pride
And ſoft confuſion, turn your eyes aſide.
Let a ſoft ſigh ſteal out, as if by chance;
Then cautious turn, and ſteal another glance.
Caught by theſe arts, with pride and hope elate,
The deſtin'd victim ruſhes on his fate:
Pleas'd, his imagin'd victory purſues,
And the kind maid with ſoft attention views;
Contemplates now her ſhape, her air, her face,
And thinks each feature wears an added grace;
Till gratitude, which firſt his boſom proves,
By ſlow degrees ſublim'd, at length he loves.
'Tis harder ſtill to fix than gain a heart;
What's won by beauty, muſt be kept by art.
Too kind a treatment the bleſt lover cloys,
And oft deſpair the growing flame deſtroys;
Sometimes with ſmiles receive him, ſometimes tears,
And wiſely balance both his hopes and fears.
Perhaps he mourns his ill-requited pains,
Condemns your ſway, and ſtrives to break his chains;
Behaves as if he now your ſcorn defy'd,
And thinks at leaſt he ſhall alarm your pride:
But with indifference view the ſeeming change,
And let your eyes to ſeek new conqueſts range;

While his torn breaſt with jealous fury burns,
He hopes, deſpairs, adores, and hates by turns;
With anguiſh now repents the weak deceit,
And powerful paſſion bears him to your feet.
Strive not the jealous lover to perplex,
Ill ſuit ſuſpicions with that haughty ſex;
Raſhly they judge, and always think the worſt,
And love is often baniſh'd by diſtruſt.
To theſe an open, free behaviour, wear;
Avoid diſguiſe, and ſeem, at leaſt, ſincere;
Whene'er you meet, affect a glad ſurprize,
And give a melting ſoftneſs to your eyes;
By ſome unguarded word your love reveal,
And anxiouſly the riſing bluſh conceal.
By arts like theſe the jealous you deceive,
Then moſt deluded when they moſt believe.
But while in all you ſeek to raiſe deſire,
Beware the fatal paſſion you inſpire:
Each ſoft intruding wiſh in time reprove,
And guard againſt the ſweet invader, Love.
Not for the tender were theſe rules deſign'd,
Who in their faces ſhow their yielding mind;
Whoſe eyes a native languiſhment can wear;
Whoſe ſmiles are artleſs, and whoſe bluſh ſincere:
But for the nymph who liberty can prize,
And vindicate the triumph of her eyes;
Who o'er mankind a haughty rule maintains,
Whoſe wit can manage what her beauty gains.
Such, by theſe arts, their empire may improve;
And, unſubdu'd, controul the world by love.

POEMS

BY

MRS. MADAN.

POEMS

BY

MRS. MADAN.

ABELARD AND ELOISA.

IN my dark cell, low proſtrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too ſoon my ſoul the well-known name confeſt,
My beating heart ſprung fiercely in my breaſt,
Thro' my whole frame a guilty tranſport glow'd,
And ſtreaming torrents from my eyes faſt flow'd,
O *Eloiſa!* art thou ſtill the ſame?
Doſt thou ſtill nouriſh this deſtructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heav'n
From thy ſoft ſoul this fatal paſſion driven?
Alas! I thought you diſengag'd and free;
And can you ſtill, ſtill ſigh and weep for me?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd ſhrine,
Can ſave me from a love, a faith like thine?
Where ſhall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whoſe rugged feet the ſurging billows lave,

When not thoſe gloomy cloiſter ſolemn walls,
O'er whoſe rough ſides the languid ivy crawls,
When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppoſe?
Oppos'd to love——alas!——how vain are vows!
In fruitleſs penitence I wear away,
Each tedious night, and ſad revolving day;
I faſt, I pray, and with deceitful art,
Veil thy dear image in my tortur'd heart;
My tortur'd heart conflicting paſſions move,
I hope, deſpair, repent——yet ſtill I love:
A thouſand jarring thoughts my boſom tear,
For Thou, not God, O *Eloiſa*, art there.
To the falſe world's deluding pleaſures dead,
Nor longer by its wand'ring fires miſled,
In learn'd diſputes harſh precepts I infuſe,
And give the counſel I want pow'r to uſe.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wiſe
Have quench'd each milder ſparkle of my eyes;
Each lovely feature of this once lov'd face,
By grief revers'd, aſſumes a ſterner grace:
O *Eloiſa!* ſhould the fates once more,
Indulgent to my view, thy charms reſtore,
How from my arms would'ſt thou with horror ſtart
To miſs the form familiar to thy heart!
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment ſee
To ſpeak me *Abelard*——but love to thee.
Lean abſtinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn deſpair
Have *Abelard* the young, the gay, remov'd,
And in the hermit ſunk the man you lov'd.
Wrapt in the gloom theſe holy mantions ſhed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;

Loſt to the world, from all its intereſts free,
And torn from all my ſoul held dear in thee,
Ambition with its train of frailties gone,
All loves and forms forgot——but Thine alone,
Amid the blaze of day, the duſk of night,
My *Eloiſa* riſes to my ſight;
Veil'd as in *Paraclet's* ſecluded tow'rs
The wretched mourner courts the lagging hours,
I hear her ſighs, ſee the ſwift falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pant with all her cares.
O vows! O convent! your ſtern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart;
Let other ſighs a worthier ſorrow ſhow,
Let other tears from ſin repentant flow:
Low to the earth my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the duſt my heaving ſoul.
Forgiving pow'r! thy gracious call I meet,
Who firſt impower'd this rebel heart to beat;
Who through this trembling, this offending frame.
For nobler ends inſpir'd life's active flame.
O! change the temper of this lab'ring breaſt,
And form anew each beating pulſe to reſt!
Let ſpringing grace, fair faith, and hope remove
The fatal traces of deſtructive love!
Deſtructive love from his warm manſions tear,
And leave no tracks of *Eloiſa* there!
Are theſe the wiſhes of my inmoſt ſoul?
Would I its ſoft, its tend'reſt ſenſe controul?
Would I this touch'd, this glowing heart refine
To the cold ſubſtance of this marble ſhrine?
Transform'd like theſe pale ſwarms that round me move,
Of bleſt inſenſibles——who know no love?

Ah! rather let me keep this hapleſs flame,
Adieu! falſe honour, unavailing fame!
Not your harſh rules, but tender love ſupplies
The ſtreams that guſh from my deſpairing eyes;
I feel the traytor melt about my heart,
And thro' my veins with treach'rous influence dart;
Inſpire me, heav'n! aſſiſt me grace divine!
Aid me, ye ſaints! unknown to pains like mine;
You! who on earth ſerene all griefs could prove,
All but the tort'ring pangs of hopeleſs love;
A holier rage in your pure boſoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt:
A ſympathiſing grief alone can lure,
The hand that heals muſt feel what I endure.
Thou, *Eloiſe*, alone can give me eaſe,
And bid my ſtruggling ſoul ſubſide to peace;
Reſtore me to my long-loſt heav'n of reſt,
And take thyſelf from my reluctant breaſt;
If crimes like mine could an allay receive,
That bleſt allay thy wond'rous charms might give.
Thy form that firſt to love my heart inclin'd,
Still wanders in my loſt, my guilty mind.
I ſaw thee as the new-blown bloſſoms fair,
Sprightly as light, more ſoft than ſummer's air,
Bright as their beams thy eyes a mind diſcloſe,
Whilſt on the lips gay bluſh'd the fragrant roſe;
Wit, youth, and love, in each dear feature ſhone,
Preſt by my fate, I gaz'd——and was undone.
There dy'd the generous fire, whoſe vig'rous flame
Enlarg'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to fame.

Nor fame, nor wealth, my ſoften'd heart could move,
Dully inſenſible to all but love.
Snatch'd from myſelf, my learning taſteleſs grew,
Vain my philoſophy oppos'd to you;
A train of woes ſucceed, nor ſhould we mourn
The hours that cannot, ought not to return.
As once to love I ſway'd your yielding mind
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd:
To virtue now let me your breaſt inſpire,
And fan, with zeal divine, the heav'nly fire;
Teach you to injur'd heav'n all chang'd to turn,
And bid the ſoul with ſacred rapture burn.
O! that my own example might impart
This noble warmth to your ſoft trembling heart!
That mine with pious undiſſembled care
Could aid the latent virtue ſtruggling there.
Alas! I rave—nor grace, nor zeal divine
Burn in a heart oppreſs'd with crimes like mine.
Too ſure I find, while I the tortures prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love,
On black deſpair my forc'd devotion's built:
Abſence for me has ſharper pangs than guilt.
Yet, yet, my *Eloiſe*, thy charms I view,
Yet my ſighs breathe, my tears pour forth for you;
Each weak reſiſtance ſtronger knits my chain,
I ſigh, weep, love, deſpair, repent——in vain,
Haſte, *Eloiſa*, haſte your lover free,
Amidſt your warmeſt pray'r——O, think on me!
Wing with your riſing zeal my grov'ling mind,
And let me mine from your repentance find!
Ah! labour, ſtrive, your love, yourſelf controul!
The change will ſure affect my kindred ſoul;

In bleſt conſent our purer ſighs ſhall breathe,
And heav'n aſſiſting ſhall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, loſt, in vain,
Faintly the unequal combat you ſuſtain;
If not to heav'n you feel your boſom riſe,
Nor tears refin'd fall contrite from your eyes;
If ſtill your heart its wonted paſſions move,
If ſtill, to ſpeak all pains in one—you love;
Deaf to the weak eſſays of living breath,
Attend the ſtronger eloquence of death.
When that kind pow'r this captive ſoul ſhall free,
Which only then can ceaſe to doat on thee;
When gently ſunk to my eternal ſleep,
The *Paraclete* my peaceful urn ſhall keep;
Then, *Eloiſa*, then your lover view,
See his quench'd eyes no longer gaze on you;
From their dead orbs that tender utt'rance flown,
Which firſt to thine my heart's ſoft fate made known.
This breaſt no more, at length to eaſe conſign'd,
Pant like the waving aſpin in the wind;
See all my wild, tumultuous paſſion o'er,
And thou, amazing change! belov'd no more;
Behold the deſtin'd end of human love——
But let the ſight your zeal alone improve;
Let not your conſcious ſoul, to ſorrow mov'd,
Recal how much, how tenderly I lov'd:
With pious care your fruitleſs griefs reſtrain,
Nor let a tear your ſacred veil profane:
Not e'en a ſigh on my cold urn beſtow,
But let your breaſt with new-born raptures glow;

Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone
And to your mind immortal joys make known;
Let heav'n relenting ſtrike your raviſh'd view,
And ſtill the bright, the bleſt purſuit renew!
So with your crimes ſhall your misfortunes ceaſe,
And your rack'd ſoul be calmly huſh'd to peace.

VERSES

Written in her Brother's

COKE upon LITTLETON.

O Thou, who labour'ſt in this rugged mine,
May'ſt thou to gold th' unpoliſh'd ore refine!
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow!
Doubt not to reap, if thou can'ſt bear to plough.
To tempt thy care, may, each revolving night,
Purſes and maces ſwim before thy ſight!
From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed!
May'ſt thou eſſay to look and ſpeak like *Mead!*
When the black bag and roſe no more ſhall ſhade
With martial air the honours of thy head;
When the full wig thy viſage ſhall encloſe,
And only leave to view thy learned noſe;
Safely may'ſt thou defy beaux, wits, and ſcoffers,
While tenants, in fee-ſimple, ſtuff thy coffers!

POEMS

BY

MRS. MARY MASTERS.

DEFENCE of *MYRTILLO**.

LONG hath it been the critic's poor delight
To damn the piece they wanted ſenſe to write.
Where-e'er ſuperior qualities abound,
The ſnarling crew too ſurely will be found:
Myrtillo now provokes their venom'd wit,
He has excell'd, and therefore merits it.
But the bright youth above their malice ſhines,
Secure in his unperiſhable lines:
So barking curs purſue the gen'rous horſe,
Who bleſt with nobler parts and greater force,

* *The poems here vindicated make up a ſmall volume publiſhed by the Author at* 18 *years of age, under the title of* Poems on ſeveral Occaſions, by a Young Gentleman.

Diſdains their little fury to engage,
And is unmov'd at ſuch enervate rage.
Here I ſhould ſtop, leſt I myſelf expoſe
To the reſentment of *Myrtillo's* foes.
For what am I, a poor illit'rate maid,
That durſt their learn'd authority invade?
True; but my ſafety is in being mean,
A fooliſh thing that's plac'd below their ſpleen.
Yet had I merit to deſerve their hate.
I'd mock their cenſure, and provoke my fate.
Judicious heat my glowing boſom fires,
And equitable rage my ſoul inſpires.
I hate the carping tribe, their knowledge ſlight,
Nor would enjoy their learning with their ſpite.
Void of their envy and its pointed ſtings,
I taſte good-nature's more delightful ſprings.
Where I ſee merit I admire it too,
A gen'rous virtue which they never knew.
With pleaſure I *Myrtillo's* lines peruſe
The charming products of a vig'rous Muſe.
All that is ſoft, that's delicate and fine,
Does in his verſe in nameleſs beauties join.
Such moving language, and the ſenſe ſo ſtrong;
While ev'ry grace adorn the pleaſing ſong.
Nature and art to give me joys unite,
And ev'ry word adminiſters delight.
But if there's ought defective or untrue,
Take it, ye critics, that belongs to you.

To *LUCINDA.*

LUCINDA, you in vain diſſuade
Two hearts from mutual love,
What am'rous youth, or tender maid.
Could e'er their flames remove?

What if the charming him I ſee
Only exiſt in thought;
Yet *Cupid* like the *Mede's* decree,
Is firm and changeth not.

Seek not to know my paſſions ſpring,
The reaſon to diſcover;
For reaſon is a uſeleſs thing,
When we've commenc'd the lover.

Should lovers quarrel with their fate,
And aſk the reaſon why,
They are condemn'd to dote on that,
Or for this object die?

They muſt not hope for a reply,
And this is all they know;
They ſigh, and weep and rave and die,
Becauſe it muſt be ſo.

Love is a mighty God you know,
That rules with potent ſway:

And when he draws his awful bow,
We mortals muſt obey.

Since you the fatal ſtrife endur'd,
And yielded to his dart:
How can I hope to be ſecur'd,
And guard a weaker heart?

POEMS

BY

Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

TOWN ECLOGUES.

BY

Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

MONDAY.

ROXANA; or, the DRAWING ROOM.

ROXANA from the court retiring late,
Sigh'd her ſoft ſorrows at St. James's gate.
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breaſt,
Not her own chairmen with more weight oppreſs'd:
They groan the cruel load they're doom'd to bear;
She in theſe gentle ſounds expreſs'd her care.
'Was it for this, that I theſe roſes wear,
'For this new-ſet the jewels for my hair?
'Ah, princeſs! with what zeal have I purſu'd!
'Almoſt forgot the duty of a prude.
'Thinking I never could attend too ſoon,
'I've miſs'd my prayers, to get me dreſs'd by noon.
'For thee, ah! what for thee did I reſign?
My pleaſures, paſſions, all that e'er was mine.

'I ſacrific'd both modeſty and eaſe;
'Left operas, and went to filthy plays:
'Double entendres ſhock'd my tender ear,
'Yet even this, for thee I choſe to bear.
'In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
'And every joy of life before me lay,
'By honour prompted, and by pride reſtrain'd,
'The pleaſures of the young my ſoul diſdain'd:
'Sermons I ſought, and with a mien ſevere
'Cenſur'd my neighbours, and ſaid daily pray'r.
'Alas, how chang'd! with the ſame ſermon-mien
'That once I pray'd, the What-d'ye-call't I've ſeen.
'Ah, cruel princeſs! for thy ſake I've loſt
'That reputation which ſo dear had coſt:
'I, who avoided every public place,
'When bloom and beauty bade me ſhow my face;
'Now near thee conſtant ev'ry night abide
'With never-failing duty by thy ſide,
'Myſelf and daughters ſtanding on a row,
'To all the foreigners a goodly ſhow!
'Oft had your drawing-room been ſadly thin,
'And merchants' wives cloſe by the chair been ſeen;
'Had not I amply fill'd the empty ſpace,
'And ſav'd your highneſs from the dire diſgrace.
'Yet Coquetilla's artifice prevails,
'When all my merit and my duty fails:
'That Coquetilla, whoſe deluding airs
'Corrupts our virgins, and our youth enſnares;
'So ſunk her character, ſo loſt her fame,
'Scarce viſited before your highneſs came:
'Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis her you chuſe,
'When Zeal, and Fame, and Virtue, you refuſe.

'Ah, worthy choice! not one of all your train
'Whom cenſures blaſt not, and diſhonours ſtain.
'Let the nice hind now ſuckle dirty pigs,
'And the proud pea-hen ſnatch the cuckow's eggs!
'Let Iris leave her paint, and own her age;
'And grave Suffolka wed a giddy page!
'A greater miracle is daily view'd,
'A virtuous princeſs, with a court ſo lewd.
'I know thee, Court! with all thy treach'rous wiles,
'Thy falſe careſſes and undoing ſmiles!
'Ah, princeſs! learn'd in all thy courtly arts,
'To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts!
'Large lovely bribes are the great ſtateſman's aim;
'And the neglected patriot follows fame;
'The prince is ogled; ſome the king purſue;
'But your Roxana only follows you.
'Deſpis'd Roxana, ceaſe; and try to find
'Some other, ſince the princeſs proves unkind!
'Perhaps it is not hard to find at court,
'If not a greater, a more firm ſupport.'

TUESDAY.

St. JAMES's COFFEE-HOUSE.

SILLIANDER AND PATCH.

THOU, who ſo many favours had receiv'd,
Wond'rous to tell, and hard to be believ'd.
Oh! H—d, to my lays attention lend,
Hear how two lovers boaſtingly contend:
Like thee ſucceſsful, ſuch their bloomy youth,
Renown'd alike for galiantry and truth.
St. James's bell had toll'd ſome wretches in,
(As tatter'd riding-hoods alone could ſin)
The happier ſinners now their charms put out,
And to their mantuas their complexions ſuit;
The opera queens had finiſhed half their faces,
And city-dames already taken places;
Fops of all kinds, to ſee the Lions run;
The beauties ſtay till the firſt act's begun
And beaux ſtept home to put freſh linen on.
No well-dreſs'd youth in coffee-houſe remain'd,
But penſive Patch, who on the window lean'd;
And Silliander, that, alert and gay,
Firſt pick'd his teeth, and then began to ſay.

SILLIANDER.

Why all theſe ſighs? ah! why ſo penſive grown?
Some cauſe there is why thus you ſit alone.

Does hapleſs paſſion all this ſorrow move?
Or doſt thou envy where the ladies love?

PATCH.

If, whom they love, my envy muſt purſue,
'Tis ſure, at leaſt, I never envy you.

SILLIANDER.

No, I'm unhappy—you are in the right——
'Tis you they favour, and 'tis me they ſlight:
Yet I could tell, but that I hate to boaſt,
A club of ladies where 'tis me they toaſt.

PATCH.

Toaſting does ſeldom any favour prove;
Like us, they never toaſt the thing they love.
A certain duke one night my health begun;
With chearful pledges round the room it run.
Till the young Sylvia, preſs'd to drink it too,
Started, and vow'd ſhe knew not what to do:
What, drink a fellow's health! ſhe dy'd with ſhame;
Yet bluſh'd whenever ſhe pronounc'd my name.

SILLIANDER.

Ill fates purſue me; may I never find
The dice propitious, or the ladies kind,
If fair Miſs Flippy's fan I did not tear,
And one from me ſhe condeſcends to wear!

PATCH.

Women are always ready to receive;
'Tis then a favour, when the ſex will give.
A lady (but ſhe is too great to name)
Beauteous in perſon, ſpotleſs in her fame,

With gentle ſtrugglings let me force this ring;
Another day may give another thing.

SILLIANDER.

I could ſay ſomething——ſee this billet-doux——
And as for preſents——look upon my ſhoe:
Theſe buckles were not forc'd, nor half a theft,
But a young counteſs fondly made the gift.

PATCH.

My counteſs is more nice, more artful too,
Affects to fly, that I may fierce purſue:
This ſnuff-box which I begg'd, ſhe ſtill deny'd,
And when I ſtrove to ſnatch it, ſeem'd to hide;
She laugh'd and fled, and as I ſought to ſeize,
With affectation cramm'd it down her ſtays;
Yet hope ſhe did not place it there unſeen,
I preſs'd her breaſts, and pull'd it from between.

SILLIANDER.

Laſt night, as I ſtood ogling of her grace,
Drinking delicious poiſon from her face,
The ſoft enchantreſs did that face decline,
Nor ever rais'd her eyes to meet with mine;
With ſudden art ſome ſecret did pretend,
Lean'd croſs two chairs to whiſper to a friend,
While the ſtiff whalebone with the motion roſe,
And thouſand beauties to my ſight expoſe.

PATCH.

Early this morn—(but I was aſk'd to come)
I drank bohea in Celia's dreſſing-room:
Warm from her bed, to me alone within,
Her night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;

Her night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace,
And her bright hair play'd careleſs round her face;
Reaching the kettle made her gown unpin,
She wore no waiſtcoat, and her ſhift was thin.

SILLIANDER.

See Titiana, driving to the park!
Hark! let us follow, 'tis not yet too dark;
In her all beauties of the ſpring are ſeen,
Her cheeks are roſy, and her mantle green.

PATCH.

See Tintoretta to the opera goes!
Haſte, or the crowd will not permit our bows;
In her the glory of the heav'ns we view,
Her eyes are ſtar-like, and her mantle blue.

SILLIANDER.

What colour does in Cælia's ſtockings ſhine?
Reveal that ſecret, and the prize is thine.

PATCH.

What are her garters? tell me, if you can;
I'll freely own thee for the happier man.
Thus Patch continued his heroick ſtrain,
While Silliander but contends in vain,
After a conqueſt, ſo important, gain'd,
Unrivall'd Patch in ev'ry ruelle reign'd.

WEDNESDAY.

The TETE-A-TETE.

DANCINDA.

'NO, fair *Dancinda*, no; you ſtrive in vain
'To calm my care and mitigate my pain;
'If all my ſighs, my cares can fail to move,
'Ah! ſooth me not with fruitleſs vows of love.'
Thus *Strephon* ſpoke. *Dancinda* thus reply'd:
What muſt I do to gratify your pride?
Too well you know (ungrateful as thou art)
How much you triumph in this tender heart:
What proof of love remains for me to grant?
Yet ſtill you teaze me with ſome new complaint.
Oh! would to heav'n!—but the fond wiſh is vain—
Too many favours had not made it plain!
But ſuch a paſſion breaks thro' all diſguiſe,
Love reddens on my cheek and wiſhes in my eyes.
Is't not enough (inhuman and unkind!)
I own the ſecret conflict of my mind?
You cannot know what ſecret pain I prove,
When I with burning bluſhes own I love.
You ſee my artleſs joy at your approach,
I ſigh, I faint, I tremble at your touch;
And in your abſence all the world I ſhun;
I hate mankind, and curſe the chearing ſun.

Still as I fly ten thouſand ſwains purſue:
Ten thouſand ſwains I ſacrifice to you,
I ſhew you all my heart without diſguiſe:
But theſe are tender proofs that you deſpiſe——
I ſee too well what wiſhes you purſue;
You would not only conquer, but undo:
You, cruel victor, weary of your flame,
Would ſeek a cure in my eternal ſhame;
And not content my honour to ſubdue,
Now ſtrive to triumph o'er my virtue too.
Oh! love, a God indeed to womankind,
Whoſe arrows burn me, and whoſe fetters bind,
Avenge thy altars, vindicate thy fame,
And blaſt theſe traytors that profane thy name,
Who, by pretending to thy ſacred fire,
Raiſe curſed trophies to impure deſire.
Have you forgot with what enſnaring art
You firſt ſeduc'd this fond uncautious heart?
Then as I fled, did you not kneeling cry,
Turn cruel beauty; whither would you fly?
Why all theſe doubts? why this diſtruſtful fear?
No impious wiſhes ſhall offend your ear:
Nor ever ſhall my boldeſt hopes pretend
Above the title of a tender friend;
Bleſt, if my lovely Goddeſs will permit
My humble vows, thus ſighing at her feet.
The tyrant love that in my boſom reigns,
The God himſelf ſubmits to wear your chains.
You ſhall direct his courſe, his ardour tame,
And check the fury of his wildeſt flame.
Unpractis'd youth is eaſily deceiv'd;
Sooth'd by ſuch ſounds, I liſten'd and believ'd;

Now, quite forgot that ſoft ſubmiſſive fear,
You dare to aſk what I muſt bluſh to hear.
Could I forget the honour of my race,
And meet your wiſhes, fearleſs of diſgrace;
Could paſſion o'er my tender youth prevail,
And all my mother's pious maxims fail;
Yet to preſerve your heart (which ſtill muſt be,
Falſe as it is, for ever dear to me.)
This fatal proof of love I would not give,
Which you'd contemn the moment you receive.
The wretched ſhe, who yields to guilty joys,
A man may pity, but he muſt deſpiſe.
Your ardour ceas'd, I then ſhould ſee you ſhun
The wretched victim by your arts undone.
Yet if I could that cold indiff'rence bear,
What more would ſtrike me with the laſt deſpair,
With this reflection would my ſoul be torn,
To know I merited your cruel ſcorn.
Has love no pleaſures free from guilt or fear!
Pleaſures leſs fierce, more laſting, more ſincere!
Thus let us gently kiſs and fondly gaze,
Love is a child, and like a child it plays.
O *Strephon* if you would continue juſt,
If love be ſomething more than brutal luſt,
Forbear to aſk what I muſt ſtill deny,
This bitter pleaſure, this deſtructive joy,
So cloſely follow'd by the diſmal train
Of cutting ſhame, and guilt's heart-piercing pain.
She paus'd; and fix'd her eyes upon her fan;
He took a pinch of ſnuff, and thus began;
Madam, if love—but he could ſay no more,
For Madamoiſelle came rapping at the door.

The dangerous moments no adieus afford;
—Begone, ſhe cries, I'm ſure I hear my lord;
The lover ſtarts from his unfiniſh'd loves,
To ſnatch his hat, and ſeek his ſcatter'd gloves:
The ſighing dame to meet her dear prepares,
While *Strephon* curſing, ſlips down the back-ſtairs.

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*SATURDAY**.

THE SMALL-POX.

FLAVIA.

THE wretched *Flavia* on her couch reclin'd,
Thus breath'd the anguiſh of a wounded mind:
A glaſs revers'd in her right hand ſhe bore,
For now ſhe ſhunn'd the face ſhe ſought before.
'How am I chang'd! alas! how am I grown
'A frightful ſpectre, to myſelf unknown!
'Where's my complexion? where my radiant bloom,
'That promis'd happineſs for years to come?
'Then with what pleaſure I this face ſurvey'd!
'To look once more, my viſits oft delay'd!

* *We have purpoſely omitted the two Eclogues, entitled* Thurſday, The Baſſette-Table, *and* Friday, The Toilette, *becauſe, though hitherto publiſhed among this Lady's pieces, ſhe is really not the Author of them.* The Toilette *was written by* Gay, *and is printed among his poems, and* Pope *was the Author of* The Baſſette-Table, *which is inſerted in the edition of his works publiſhed by Mr.* Warburton.

‘ Charm'd with the view, a freſher red would riſe,
‘ And a new life ſhot ſparkling from my eyes!
‘ Ah faithleſs glaſs, my wonted bloom reſtore;
‘ Alas! I rave, that bloom is now no more!
‘ The greateſt good the gods on men beſtow,
‘ Ev'n youth itſelf to me is uſeleſs now.
‘ There was a time (oh! that I could forget!)
‘ When opera-tickets pour'd before my feet;
‘ And at the ring, where brighteſt beauties ſhine,
‘ The earlieſt cherries of the ſpring were mine.
‘ Witneſs, O *Lilly*; and thou, *Motteaux*, tell
‘ How much japan theſe eyes have made ye ſell.
‘ With what contempt ye ſaw me oft deſpiſe
‘ The humble offer of the raffled prize;
‘ For at the raffle ſtill each prize I bore,
‘ With ſcorn rejected, or with triumph wore!
‘ Now beauty's fled, and preſents are no more!
‘ For me the patriot has the houſe forſook,
‘ And left debates to catch a paſſing look:
‘ For me the ſoldier has ſoft verſes writ:
‘ For me the beau has aim'd to be a wit.
‘ For me the wit to nonſenſe was betray'd;
‘ The gameſter has for me his dun delay'd,
‘ And overſeen the card I would have play'd.
‘ The bold and haughty, by ſucceſs made vain,
‘ Aw'd by my eyes, have trembled to complain:
‘ The baſhful 'ſquire touch'd by a wiſh unknown,
‘ Has dar'd to ſpeak with ſpirit not his own;
‘ Fir'd by one wiſh, all did alike adore;
‘ Now beauty's fled, and lovers are no more!
‘ As round the room I turn my weeping eyes,
‘ New unaffected ſcenes of ſorrow riſe!

'Far from my ſight that killing picture bear,
'The face diſfigure, and the canvas tear!
'That picture, which with pride I us'd to ſhow,
'The loſt reſemblance but upbraids me now.
'And thou, my toilette! where I oft have ſate,
'While hours unheeded paſs'd in deep debate,
'How curls ſhould fall, or where a patch to place;
'If blue or ſcarlet beſt became my face;
'Now on ſome happier nymph your aid beſtow;
'On fairer heads, ye uſeleſs jewels, glow!
'No borrow'd luſtre can my charms reſtore;
'Beauty is fled, and dreſs is now no more;
'Ye meaner beauties, I permit ye ſhine;
'Go, triumph in the hearts that once were mine;
'But 'midſt your triumphs with confuſion know,
'Tis to my ruin all your charms ye owe.
'Would pitying heav'n reſtore my wonted mien,
'Ye ſtill might move unthought of and unſeen:
'But oh, how vain, how wretched is the boaſt
'Of beauty faded, and of empire loſt!
'What now is left but weeping to deplore
'My beauty fled, and empire now no more!
'Ye cruel chymiſts, what with-held your aid!
'Could no pomatums ſave a trembling maid?
'How falſe and trifling is that art ye boaſt;
'No art can give me back my beauty loſt!
'In tears, ſurrounded by my friends I lay,
'Maſk'd o'er, and trembled at the light of day;
'*Mirmilio* came my fortune to deplore,
'(A golden-headed cane well carv'd he bore)
'Cordials, he cry'd, my ſpirits muſt reſtore!
'Beauty is fled, and ſpirit is no more!

'*Galen*, the grave; officious *Squirt*, was there,
'With fruitleſs grief and unavailing care:
'*Machaon* too, the great *Machaon*, known
'By his red cloak and his ſuperior frown;
'And why, he cry'd, this grief and this deſpair?
'You ſhall again be well, again be fair;
'Believe my oath; (with that an oath he ſwore)
'Falſe was his oath; my beauty is no more!
'Ceaſe, hapleſs maid, no more thy tale purſue,
'Forſake mankind and bid the world adieu!
'Monarchs and beauties rule with equal ſway;
'All ſtrive to ſerve, and glory to obey:
'Alike unpitied when depos'd they grow,
'Men mock the idol of their former vow.
'Adieu! ye parks!—in ſome obſcure receſs,
'Where gentle ſtreams will weep at my diſtreſs,
'Where no falſe friend will in my grief take part,
'And mourn my ruin with a joyful heart;
'There let me live in ſome deſerted place,
'There hide in ſhades this loſt inglorious face.
'Ye operas, circles, I no more muſt view!
'My toilette, patches, all the world adieu!

EPISTLE

FROM

ARTHUR GRAY, the Footman.

After his Condenmation for attempting a RAPE.

READ, lovely nymph, and tremble not to read,
I have no more to wiſh, nor you to dread;
I aſk not life, for life to me were vain,
And death a refuge from ſeverer pain.
My only hope in theſe laſt lines I try;
I would be pitied, and I then would die.
Long had I liv'd as ſordid as my fate,
Nor curs'd the deſtiny that made me wait
A ſervile ſlave; content with homely food,
The groſs inſtinct of appetite purſu'd:
Youth gave me ſleep at night, and warmth of blood.
Ambition yet had never touch'd my breaſt;
My lordly maſter knew no founder reſt:
With labour healthy, in obedience bleſt.
But when I ſaw——oh! had I never ſeen
That wounding ſoftneſs, that engaging mien!
The miſt of wretched education flies,
Shame, fear, deſire, deſpair and love ariſe,
The new creation of thoſe beauteous eyes.

But yet that love purſu'd no guilty aim,
Deep in my heart I hid the ſecret flame.
I never hop'd my fond deſire to tell,
And all my wiſhes were to ſerve you well.
Heav'ns! how I flew, when wing'd by your command,
And kiſs'd the letters giv'n me by your hand.
How pleas'd, how proud, how fond was I to wait.
Preſent the ſparkling wine, or change the plate!
How when you ſung my ſoul devour'd the ſound,
And ev'ry ſenſe was in the rapture drown'd!
Tho' bid to go, I quite forgot to move:
——You knew not that ſtupidity was love!
But oh! the torment not to be expreſs'd,
The grief, the rage, the hell that fir'd this breaſt,
When my great rivals, in embroid'ry gay,
Sat by your ſide, or led you from the play!
I ſtill contriv'd near as I could to ſtand,
(The flambeau trembling in my ſhaking hand)
I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, thoſe fingers preſs'd,
For thus their paſſion by my own I gueſs'd.
And jealous fury all my ſoul poſſeſs'd.
Like torrents, love and indignation meet.
And madneſs would have thrown me at your feet.
Turn, lovely nymph (for ſo I would have ſaid)
Turn from thoſe trifles who make love a trade;
This is true paſſion in my eyes you ſee;
They cannot, no——they cannot love like me.
Frequent debauch has pall'd their ſickly taſte,
Faint their deſire, and in a moment paſt:
They ſigh not from the heart, but from the brain;
Vapours of vanity, and ſtrong champagne.

Too dull to feel what forms, like yours, inſpire,
After long talking of their painted fire,
To ſome lewd brothel they at night retire;
There pleas'd with fancy'd quality and charms,
Enjoy your beauties in a ſtrumpet's arms.
Such are the joys thoſe toaſters have in view,
And ſuch the wit and pleaſure they purſue:
——And is this love that ought to merit you?
Each opera-night a new addreſs begun,
They ſwear to thouſands what they ſwear to one.
Not thus I ſigh——but all my ſighs are vain——
Die, wretched *Arthur*, and conceal thy pain;
'Tis impudence to wiſh, and madneſs to complain.
Fix'd on this view, my only hope of eaſe,
I waited not the aid of ſlow diſeaſe:
The keeneſt inſtruments of death I ſought,
And death alone employ'd my lab'ring thought.
This all the night—when I remember well,
The charming tinkle of your morning bell!
Fir'd by the ſound, I haſten'd with your tea,
With one laſt look to ſmooth the darkſome way.——
But oh! how dear that fatal look has coſt!
In that fond moment my reſolves were loſt.
Hence all my guilt, and all your ſorrows riſe——
I ſaw the languid ſoftneſs of your eyes;
I ſaw the dear diſorder of your bed;
Your cheek all glowing with a tempting red;
Your night-cloaths tumbled with reſiſtleſs grace;
Your flowing hair play'd careleſs round your face,
Your night-gown faſten'd with a ſingle pin;
——Fancy improv'd the wond'rous charms within!

I fix'd my eyes upon that heaving breaſt,
And hardly, hardly I forbore the reſt;
Eager to gaze, unſatisfy'd with ſight,
My head grew giddy with the near delight!
——Too well you know the fatal following night!
Th' extremeſt proof of my deſire I give,
And ſince you will not love I will not live.
Condemn'd by you, I wait the righteous doom,
Careleſs and fearleſs of the woes to come.
But when you ſee me waver in the wind,
My guilty flame extinct, my ſoul reſign'd,
Sure you may pity what you can't approve,
The cruel conſequence of furious love.
Think the bold wretch, that could ſo greatly dare,
Was tender, faithful, ardent, and ſincere:
Think when I held the piſtol to your breaſt,
Had I been of the world's large rule poſſeſs'd,
That world had then been your's, and I been bleſt!
Think that my life was quite below my care,
Nor fear'd I any hell beyond deſpair——
If theſe reflections, though they ſeize you late,
Give ſome compaſſion for your *Arthur's* fate:
Enough you give, nor ought I to complain;
You pay my pangs, nor have I dy'd in vain.

The LOVER. A BALLAD.

Mr. C——.

AT length, by ſo much importunity preſs'd,
Take, *C*——, at once the inſide of my breaſt;
This ſtupid indiff'rence ſo often you blame,
Is not owing to nature, to fear, or to ſhame.
I am not as cold as a virgin in lead,
Nor is Sunday's ſermon ſo ſtrong in my head:
I know but too well how time flies along,
That we live but few years, and yet fewer are young.

II.

But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
Long years of repentance for moments of joy.
Oh! was there a man (but where ſhall I find
Good ſenſe and good nature ſo equally join'd?)
Would value his pleaſure, and contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boaſt, nor would lewdly deſign;
Not over ſevere, yet not ſtupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

III.

No pedant, ye learned; nor rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, becauſe he has nothing to ſay;
To all my whole ſex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me.

In public preſerve the decorum that's juſt,
And ſhew in his eyes he is true to his truſt;
Then rarely approach, and reſpectfully bow,
But not fulſomely pert, or foppiſhly low.

IV.

But when the long hours of public are paſt.
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at laſt,
May ev'ry fond pleaſure that moment endear;
Be baniſh'd afar both diſcretion and fear!
Forgetting or ſcorning the airs of the croud,
He may ceaſe to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till loſt in the joy, we confeſs that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

V.

And that my delight may be ſolidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handſomely mix'd,
In whoſe tender boſom my ſoul may confide,
Whoſe kindneſs can ſooth me, whoſe counſel can guide:
From ſuch a dear lover as here I deſcribe,
No danger ſhould fright me, no millions ſhould bribe:
But till this aſtoniſhing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaſte, I will keep myſelf ſo.

VI.

I never ſhall ſhare with the wanton coquet,
Or be caught by a vain affectation of wit.
The toaſters and ſongſters may try all their art,
But never ſhall enter the paſs of my heart.

I loath the lewd rake, the dreſs'd fopling deſpiſe:
Before ſuch purſuers the nice virgin flies:
And as *Ovid* has ſweetly in parables told,
We harden like trees, and like rivers grow cold.

The LADY's RESOLVE.

Written extempore on a Window.

WHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtſhip pleas'd, of ſilly toaſters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a croud;
On each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance,
Each conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance;
While vain coquets affect to be purſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſſly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part ſhe is to blame that has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

The GENTLEMAN's ANSWER.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's ſame
In ev'ry ſtate and ev'ry age the ſame;
With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toaſt,
And where they leaſt are happy, ſwear they're moſt;
No diff'rence making 'twixt coquet and prude;
And her that ſeems, yet is not really lewd;
While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taſte no joys but what their fancies give;
Let this great maxim be my actions's guide,
May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd;
Nor think a woman won that's willing to be try'd.

POEMS

BY

The Honourable Mrs. MONK.

POEMS

BY

The Honourable Mrs. MONK.

On PROVIDENCE.

From FILICAIA.

AS a kind mother with indulgent eye
Views her fair charge, and melts with ſympathy,
And one's dear face imprints with kiſſes ſweet,
One to her boſom claſps, and one her knee.
Softly ſuſtains with pleaſing dignity.

And one permits to cling about her feet;
And reads their various wants, and each requeſt
In look or action, or in ſigh expreſs'd:
This little ſupplicant in gracious ſtile
She anſwers, that ſhe bleſſes with a ſmile;
Or if ſhe blames their ſuit, or if approves,
And whether pleas'd or griev'd, yet ſtill ſhe loves:

With like regard high Providence divine
Watches affectionate o'er human race,
  One feeds, one comforts, does to all incline,
  And each aſſiſts with kind parental care;
Or, on denying us ſome needful grace,
  Only denies to move an ardent pray'r:
Or, courted for imaginary wants,
Seems to deny, but in denying grants.

ON THE

INVENTION of LETTERS.

From BREBEUF.

THE noble art from *Cadmus* took its riſe
  Of painting words, and ſpeaking to the eyes;
He firſt in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and ſtopt the flying ſound:
The various figures by his pencil wrought
Gave colour, and a body to the thought.

SONETTO.

From PETRACH.

THoughtful alone, thro' barren waſtes I ſtray,
  Slow ling'ring ſteps pace out the meaſur'd way:
With jealous fear around my eyes I caſt,
To ſhun the paths by human footſteps trac'd.

Vain are all other coverts to conceal,
From ſight of men, the torments that I feel:
A lifeleſs figure, and a joyleſs mien
Diſcloſe the fire that ſmother'd burns within.
The rocky hills and ſtreams that ſilent flow,
The groves and dales, are conſcious of my woe,
And only they the fatal ſecret know.
But to howe'er remote a part I rove,
Or pathleſs waſte, or hill, or dale or grove,
I'm ſtill purſu'd by my companion, love.

SONETTO.

From Monſignor DELLA CASA.

O Sleep, thou gentle offspring of ſtill night's
Soft humid ſhades; ſick mortals ſweet repoſe,
Pleaſing forgetfulneſs of all the ills
That human life imbitter and perplex!
Aid now my ſoul, that languiſhes, and finds
No reſt; and eaſe my weak and weary limbs:
Bend hitherwards, O Sleep, thy æry flight,
And o'er me drop thy dark extended wing.
Where is that ſilence, ſhy of day and ſun,
And thoſe light dreams that with uncertain ſteps
Wav'ring attend on thy nocturnal walks;
Alas! in vain I thee invoke, in vain
Court the cool ſable ſhades: O reſtleſs bed
Fill'd full with thorns! O racking dreadful nights!

SONETTO.

From MARINI.

SOFT ſleep, thou ſon of Silence and of Night,
Parent of wild imaginary forms,
Thro' whoſe dark quiet paths the lover oft
Straying does haply find his wiſh'd-for bliſs;
Now ev'ry heart, but mine, in ſweet repoſe
Slumbers amidſt theſe light and æry ſhades,
Forſake thy cloſer caverns, gentle Sleep,
Thy grots *Cimmerian*, gloomy as my thoughts.
Approach me with thy lov'd forgetfulneſs,
Bring that bright form, whereon I joy to gaze,
Let it ſpeak comfort to my lone deſires.
But if to ſee the ſemblance of the fair
In thee's deny'd me, I at leaſt ſhall find
The image of that death I long to meet.

FROM

TASSO's *JERUSALEM*, Lib. XVI.

STA. XIV.

SEE how on yonder buſh
The virgin roſe
Breaks from her verdure with a bluſh,
And does but half her charms diſcloſe,
Which leſs diſclos'd, the brighter ſtill appear;

See how grown bolder ſhe diſplays
Her boſom bare, ſee how ſhe then decays;
No more the flow'r remains,
That flow'r no more which thouſand nymphs and ſwains
Long'd in their wreaths to wear.

XV.

Thus with the day
The bud and bloſſom of our mortal life
Paſſeth away,
And no glad ſpring returns to chear
Our drooping ear.
Come then with eager ſtrife
Gather your roſes this fair morn,
The evening ſoon your day ſhuts in;
Gather your roſes and your heads adorn,
Whilſt you can love, and be belov'd again.

A TALE.

A Band of *Cupids* t'other day
Together met to laugh and play,
When on a ſudden, come, who flies?
Says one; but whither, t'other cries;
Why? whither, but to *Chloe's* eyes?
Reply'd a third. The wanton crew
(Like ſwarms of bees to roſes) flew
Around the beauteous *Chloe's* face,
And crouded hard to get a place.

This on her nether lip does fix,
Whilſt on her cheek another ſticks.
This ſwings upon her flowing hair,
In her fair eyes a lovely pair
Of youths ſtand with their torches lit,
Two others on her eye-brows ſit,
Each with his bow; amongſt the reſt
One miſs'd her chin, and on her breaſt
Fell headlong, but. ſoon looking, up did cry,
None of you've got ſo good a place as I.

EPIGRAM.

COME *Megg*, be quick, and make the bed,
Now tuck the feet, now place the head,
I'll kiſs you if you don't beſtir ye;
Quoth *Megg*, I can't abide to hurry.

On a ROMANTIC LADY.

THIS poring over your *Grand Cyrus*
Muſt ruin you, and will quite tire us.
It makes you think, that an affront 'tis,
Unleſs your lover's an *Orontes*,
And courts you with a paſſion frantic,
In manner and in ſtile romantic.
Now tho' I count myſelf no *Zero*,
I don't pretend to be an hero.

Or a by-blow of him that thunders,
Nor are you one of the ſev'n wonders.
But a young damſel very pretty,
And your true name is Miſtreſs *Betty*.

An EPITAPH on a GALLANT LADY.

O'ER this marble drop a tear,
Here lies fair *Roſalind!*
All mankind was pleaſed with her,
And ſhe with all mankind.

ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

From the *SPANISH* of *QUEVEDO*.

UPON a time, as poets tell,
Their *Orpheus* went down to hell
To fetch his wife, nor could he gueſs
To find her in a likelier place.

Down he went ſinging, as they ſay,
And troling ballads all the way;
No wonder that, the reaſon's clear,
For then he was a widower.

Timber and ſtones with ſpeed did fly
After his noble harmony:
The ſelf-ſame thing I've ſeen befall
The woeful'ſt ſcraper of them all.

To hell he came, and told his caſe,
Torment and pain ſtraight quit the place;
Each fiend was happy when compar'd
With ſuch a wretched wedded bard.

He had the luck, with doleful ditty,
Deaf *Pluto* to inſpire with pity,
And got (if you will call it gain,
And not a plague) his wife again.

With his petition he comply'd,
But him to theſe conditions ty'd,
That he ſhould take, not look upon her:
Both hard commands to man of honour.

So on the loving couple went,
He led her up the ſteep aſcent;
But when the man does downward ſtray,
The woman then does lead the way.

The fond wretch turn'd his head to ſoon:
If 'twas on purpoſe, 'twas well done:
But if by chance, a hit indeed
Which did beyond his hopes ſucceed.

Happy's the married wight that e'er
Comes once to be a widower;
But twice of one wife to get free,
Is luck in its extremity.

This is the firſt, laſt inſtance of this kind,
No fool will e'er again ſuch fortune find.

VERSES.

Wrote on her Death-Bed at *Bath*, to her Huſband, in *London*.

THOU, who doſt all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleaſing ſource of all my earthly joy:
Thou tend'reſt huſband, and thou beſt of friends,
To thee this firſt, this laſt adieu I ſend.
At length the conqu'ror death aſſerts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy ſight.
He wooes me to him with a chearful grace;
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.
He promiſes a laſting reſt from pain;
And ſhews that all life's fleeting joys are vain.
Th' eternal ſcenes of heav'n he ſets in view,
And tells me that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet reſiſt his pow'r;
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obſtruct my journey to the ſkies.
But ſay, thou deareſt, thou unwearied friend;
Say, ſhould'ſt thou grieve to ſee my ſorrows end?
Thou know'ſt a painful pilgrimage I've paſt;
And ſhould'ſt thou grieve that reſt is come at laſt?
Rather rejoice to ſee me ſhake off life,
And die as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

The PASTIME and RECREATION.

OF THE

QUEEN of FAIRIES in *Fairyland*,

The CENTRE of the EARTH.

By the DUTCHESS of NEWCASTLE.

QUEEN Mab, and all her company
Dance on a pleaſant mole-hill high.
To ſmall ſtraw-pipes, wherein great pleaſure
They take, and keep juſt time, and meaſure;
All hand in hand, around, around,
They dance upon this fairy-ground;
And when ſhe leaves her dancing ball,
She doth for her attendants call.
To wait upon her to a bower,
Where ſhe doth ſit beneath a flower;
To ſhade her from the moon-ſhine bright,
Where gnats do ſing for her delight;
A dewy waving leaf's made fit
For the Queen's bath, where ſhe doth ſit,

And her white limbs in beauty ſhew,
Like a new fallen flake of ſnow;
Her maids do put her garments on,
Made of the pure light from the ſun,
Which do ſo many colours take,
As various objects ſhadows make:
Then to her dinner ſhe goes ſtrait,
Where Fairies all in order wait;
A cover of a cob-web made,
Is there upon a muſh-room laid;
Her ſtool is of a thiſtle-down,
And for her cup an acorn's crown,
Which of ſtrong nectar full is fill'd,
That from ſweet flowers is diſtill'd;
When din'd ſhe goes to take the air
In coach, which is a nut-ſhell fair;
The lining ſoft and rich within,
Made of a gliſtering adder's ſkin,
And there ſix crickets draw her faſt,
When ſhe a journey takes in haſte;
Or elſe two ſerve to pace a round,
And trample on the fairy ground-
In hawks ſometimes ſhe takes delight,
Which hornets are moſt ſwift in flight;
Whoſe horns inſtead of talons will
A fly, as hawks a partridge, kill.
But if ſhe will a hunting go,
Then ſhe the lizzard makes the doe,
Which is ſo ſwift and fleet in chaſe,
As her ſlow coach cannot keep pace:
Then on a graſhopper ſhe'l ride,
And gallop in the foreſt wide;

Her bow is of a willow branch,
To ſhoot the lizzard on the haunch;
Her arrow ſharp, much like a blade,
Of a roſe-mary leaf is made:
Then home ſhe's called by the cock,
Who gives her warning what's o'clock;
And when the moon doth hide her head,
Their day is done, ſhe goes to bed;
Meteors do ſerve, when they are bright,
As torches do, to give her light;
Glow-worms for candles lighted up,
Stand on her table, while ſhe ſup.
But women, that inconſtant kind,
Can ne're fix in one place their mind;
For ſhe impatient of long ſtay,
Drives to the upper-earth away.

The PASTIME

OF THE

QUEEN of FAIRIES,

When ſhe comes upon the EARTH out of the CENTRE.

THIS lovely, ſweet, and beauteous Fairy Queen,
Begins to riſe, when *Heſperus* is ſeen;
For ſhe is kin unto the God of night,
Unto *Diana*, and the ſtars ſo bright;

And ſo to all the reſt in ſome degrees,
Yet not ſo near relation as to theſe:
As for *Apollo*, ſhe diſclaims him quite,
And ſwears, ſhe ne'er will come within his light;
This makes the cock give notice, as they ſay,
That when he riſes, ſhe may go her way;
And makes the owl her favourite to be,
Becauſe *Apollo's* face ſhe hates to ſee:
For owls do ſleep all day, and in the night
They ſhout and hollow, that th' are out of ſight;
And ſo the glow-worm all day hides his head,
But lights his taper-tail, when he's abed,
To wait upon the faireſt Fairy Queen,
Whilſt ſhe is ſporting on the meady-green:
Her paſtime only is, when ſhe's on earth,
To pinch the ſluts, which make Hobgoblin mirth;
Or changes children, while the nurſes ſleep,
Making the father rich, whoſe child they keep:
This hobgoblin's the Queen of Fairies fool,
Turning himſelf to horſe, cow, tree, or ſtool,
Or any thing to croſs by harmleſs play,
As to lead travellers out of their way;
To kick down milk-pails, cauſe curds not to turn
To cheeſe, or hinder butter in the churn,
Which makes the farmers wife to ſcold and fret,
That ſhe can neither cheeſe nor butter get;
The good-wife ſad, ſquats down upon a ſtool,
Not at all thinking it was Hob the fool,
And frowning ſits, then Hob gives her a ſlip,
And down ſhe falls, whereby ſhe hurts her hip:
Thus many pranks doth Hob play on our ſtage,
With *Tom Thumb*, his companion, the Queen's page

In this the Queen of Fairies takes delight,
In ſummers even, and in winters night;
And when as ſhe is weary of theſe plays,
She takes her coach and doth go on her ways,
Unto her paradiſe the center deep,
Where ſhe the ſtore-houſe doth of nature keep.

POEMS

BY

Miſs PENNINGTON.

ODE TO MORNING.

BY

MISS PENNINGTON.

HAIL, roſeat Morn! returning light!
To the ſable Queen of Night
Reluctant yields her ſway;
And, as ſhe quits the dappled ſkies,
On glories greater glories riſe,
To greet the dawning day.

O'er tufted meads gay Flora trips;
Arabia's ſpices ſcent her lips;
Her head with roſe-buds crown'd:
Mild Zephyr haſtes to ſnatch a kiſs;
And, fluttering with the tranſient bliſs,
Wafts fragrance all around.

The dew-drops, daughters of the Morn,
With ſpangles every buſh adorn,
And all the broider'd vales;
Their voice to thee the linnets raiſe,
The lark, ſoft-trilling in thy praiſe,
Aurora, riſing, hails!

While Nature, now in lively veſt
Of gloſſy green, has gaily dreſs'd
  Each tributary plain;
While blooming flowers, and bloſſom'd trees,
Soft-waving with the vernal breeze,
  Exult beneath thy reign;

Shall I, with drowſy poppies crown'd,
By Sleep in ſilken fetters bound,
  The downy god obey?
Ah, no!—Through yon embowering grove,
Or winding valley, let me rove,
  And own thy chearful ſway!

For ſhort-liv'd are thy pleaſing powers:
Paſs but a few uncertain hours,
  And we no more ſhall trace
Thy dimpled cheek and brow ſerene;
Or clouds may gloom the ſmiling ſcene,
  And frowns deform thy face.

So in life's youthful bloomy prime,
We ſport away the fleeting time,
  Regardleſs of our fate;
But, by ſome unexpected blow,
Our giddy follies we ſhall know,
  And mourn them when too late!

THE

COPPER FARTHING.

HAPPY the boy who dwells remote from ſchool,
Whoſe pocket or whoſe rattling-box contains
A copper farthing! he nor grieving hears
Hot cheeſe-cakes cried, nor ſavoury mutton-pies;
But with his play-mates, in the duſk of eve,
To well-known blackſmith's ſhop, or church-yard hies;
Where, mindful of the ſport that joys his heart,
Marbles or chuck, he inſtantly begins,
With undiſſembled pleaſure in his face,
To draw the circle, or to pitch the dump:
While I, confin'd within the hated walls
Of ſchool, reſounding with a clamourous din,
By ſtill more hated books environ'd, I,
With tedious leſſons and long taſk to get,
My diſmal thoughts employ; or wield my pen
To mark dire characters on paper white:
Not blunter pen or ſtronger character
Uſes the ſage, a chiromancer hight,
Sprung from Egyptian king, and ſwarthy race,
Amenophis or Ptolemy, when he,
In ſearch of ſtolen calf, or money loſt,

For wondering plowman does his art employ;
Or for the wiſh'd return of ſweetheart dear.
Or apron fine purloin'd from hawthorn hedge,
For country-maid conſults directing ſtars,
Gemini, Taurus. or chill Capricorn.
Thus while my lingering hours I joyleſs ſpend,
With magiſterial look, and ſolemn ſtep,
Appears my ſchoolmaſter, tremendous wight!
Dreaded by truant boys; how can I 'ſcape
Th' expected puniſhment for taſk ungot?
Aghaſt I ſtand, nor fly to covert bench,
Or corner dark, to hide my hapleſs head;
So great my terror, that it quite bereaves
My limbs the power to fly: ſlow he aſcends
Th' appointed ſeat, and on his right-hand lies
The buſhy rod compos'd of numerous twigs,
Torn from the birchen tree, or bending willow,
Which to the fleſh of idle boys portends,
For the neglected taſk, a poignant ſmart;
And with him comes another mighty elf,
Yclep'd an uſher; ah! terrifick name
To leſſer wights; who, if they hapleſs place
In ſtation wrong, pronoun or participle,
Straight by the magic of his voice are rais'd
In attitude above their lov'd compeers,
Where they, reluctant, various torments bear,
Till, by their dolorous plaints, that pierce the ſkies,
They draw kind Pity, moiſt-ey'd goddeſs! down,
To heal, with balm of ſympathy, their woe.
Ye urchins, take, ah! take peculiar care,
For when ye wot not, much he marks your ways,
And in his mind revolves diſaſt'rous deeds

Againſt th' unwary wretch. So ſtory tells,
That chanticleer, on dunghill's top elate,
With haughty ſtep and watchful eye aſkaunce,
Each tiny prominence he views, where haply he
May find conceal'd delicious grub orworm,
To which his maw inſatiate forebodes
Certain deſtruction, while, behind or buſh,
Or pale encompaſſing the farmer's yard,
Skulks Reynard, fraught with many a crafty wile
T' enſnare the feather'd race, who, if they ſtray
Beyond the precincts of their mother's ken,
He ſtraight purloins them from her careful wing,
With his ſharp teeth torments their tender frame,
And with the crimſon gore diſtains their ſides,
Relentleſs; nor can all the piercing cries
Of duckling, chick, or turkey, yet unfledg'd,
His heart obdurate move; inſtant he tears
Each trembling limb, devours the quivering fleſh,
Nor leaves a remnant of the bloody feaſt,
Save a few fluttering feathers ſcatter'd round
(That, with their varied plumage, whilom deck'd
The ſlaughter'd prey) to tell the hapleſs tale.
Thus joyleſs do I ſpend thoſe hours the ſun
Illuminates; and, when the ſilver moon
Her gentle ray diſpenſes, and invites
The ſwains and maids to mix in jovial dance,
Around the towering may-poles of the green,
Where each gay plowman does his partner chuſe
As love or fate directs; or o'er the lawn
The needle thread, or toſs the bounding ball;
All chearleſs I, nor dance, nor pleaſing ſport,
Nor ſocial mirth, nor bowl of nappy ale

Partake: but, on her drooping raven wing,
Sad melancholy hovers o'er my head,
Pale envy rankles deep within my breaſt,
And baneful venom ſheds. Grim horror, too,
Attends my thoughts, and fills my gloomy mind
With tales of gliding ſpirits, in milk-white ſhrouds
Array'd, and rattling chains, and yelling ghoſts
Iraſcible! or Fancy, mimick queen,
To ſwift imagination's eye preſents
A group of tiny elves, in circling dance
Or luſcious feaſt employ'd; ſuch elves as danc'd
When Oberon did fair Titania wed;
While I, in wiſhes impotent and vain,
For liberty, dear object of my hopes,
The tedious moments ſpend; or if perchance,
Morpheus invok'd, my heavy eye-lids cloſe
Dear liberty ſtill haunts my ſleeping thoughts,
And in a ſhort-liv'd dream thoſe joys I taſte,
Which waking are denied; and beat the hoop
With dext'rous hand, or run with feet as ſwift
As feather'd arrow flies from archers bow;
'Till, from my ſlumber wak'd, too ſoon I find
It was illuſion all, and mockery vain,
Thus, comfortleſs, appall'd, forlorn, I paſs
The tardy hours, nor of thoſe viands taſte,
Which are on other boys full oft beſtow'd
In plenteous manner, by the liberal hand
Of friend indulgent; apple-pye or tart,
Or trembling cuſtard of delicious gout,
Of frothy ſyllabub in copious bowl.
Hard fate for me! yet harder ſtill betides
Me, hopeleſs youth! My faithful top, that oft

Has chear'd my drooping ſpirits, and reviv'd
My ſaddening thoughts, when o'er the pavement ſmooth
It ſpins and ſleeps, and to it's maſter's hand
Does ample juſtice; now, alas! become
To all the rude inclemencies of weather,
To time, and deſtiny's relentleſs doom,
A miſerable victim, quite decay'd
With many ſervices, and cleft throughout
All uſeleſs lies: ah! ſight of ſaddeſt woe
To wretched me, of every hope bereft,
Of every gleam of comfort. So the wretch,
Who near or Ætna or Veſuvius dwells,
Beholds the ſulphurous flames, the molten rocks,
And feels the ground trembling beneath his feet;
'Till with a horrid yawn, it opens wide
Before his eyes, all glaring with affright;
Swallows his cultur'd vines, his gardens, houſe,
With, all his ſoul held dear, his lovely wife,
And prattling babes, the hopes of years to come;
All, all are loſt, in ruin terrible!

POEMS

BY

Mrs. PHILIPS.

Againſt PLEASURE,

An ODE.

By Mrs. PHILIPS.

THERE's no ſuch thing as pleaſure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but ſhine and diſappear,
Whoſe charm is but deceit:
The empty bribe of yielding ſouls,
Which firſt betrays, and then controuls.
'Tis true, it looks at diſtance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of *Sodom* will impair,
And periſh at a touch:
It being than in fancy leſs,
And we expect more than poſſeſs.

For by our pleaſures we are cloy'd,
And ſo deſire is done;
Or elſe, like rivers, they make wide
The channel where they run:
And either way true bliſs deſtroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleaſure eaſily,
  But ne'er true bliſs poſſeſs;
For many things muſt make it be,
  But one may make it leſs.
Nay, were our ſtate as we could chuſe it,
'Twould be conſum'd by fear to loſe it.

What art thou then, thou winged air,
  More weak and ſwift than fame?
Whoſe next ſucceſſor is deſpair,
  And its attendant ſhame.
The experienc'd-prince then reaſon had,
Who ſaid of pleaſure, "it is mad."

A COUNTRY LIFE.

HOW ſacred and how innocent
  A Country-Life appears,
How free from tumult, diſcontent,
  From flattery or fears!

This was the firſt and happieſt life,
  When man enjoy'd himſelf;
Till pride exchanged peace for ſtrife,
  And happineſs for pelf.

'Twas here the poets were inſpir'd,
  Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
  And civiliz'd the rude.

The golden age did entertain
No paſſion but of love:
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in friendſhip and in health,
On roots, not beaſts. they fed

They knew no law nor phyſick then,
Nature was all their wit:
And if their yet remain to men
Content, ſure this is it.

What bleſſings doth this world afford
To tempt or bribe deſire?
Her courtſhip is all fire and ſword,
Who would not then retire?

Then welcome, deareſt ſolitude,
My great felicity;
Though ſome are pleas'd to call thee rude,
Thou art not ſo, but we.

Them that do covet only reſt,
A cottage will ſuffice:
It is not brave to be poſſeſt
Of earth but to deſpiſe.

Opinion is the rate of things
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than Kings,
Becauſe I think it ſo.

When all the ſtormy world doth roar
How unconcern'd am I?
I cannot fear to tumble lower
Who never could be high.

Secure in theſe unenvy'd walls
I think not on the ſtate,
And pity no man's caſe that falls
From his ambitions height.

Silence and innocence are ſafe;
A heart that's nobly true
At all theſe little arts can laugh
That do the world ſubdue.

While others revel it in ſtate,
Here I'll contented ſit,
And think I have as good a fate
As wealth and pomp admit.

Let ſome in courtſhip take delight,
And to th' *Exchange* reſort;
Then revel out a winter's night,
Not making love but ſport.

Theſe never know a noble flame,
'Tis luſt, ſcorn, or deſign:
While vanity plays all their game,
Let peace and honour mine.

When the inviting ſpring appears,
To *Hyde-park* let them go,
And haſting thence be full of fears
To loſe *Spring-Garden* ſhow.

Let others (nobler) ſeek to gain
In knowledge happy fate,
And others buſy them in vain
To ſtudy ways of ſtate.

But I, reſolved from within,
Confirmed from without,
In privacy intend to ſpin
My future minutes out.

And from this hermitage of mine,
I baniſh all wild toys,
And nothing that is not divine
Shall dare to tempt my joys.

There are below but two things good,
Friendſhip and Honeſty,
And only thoſe of all I would
Aſk for felicity.

In this retir'd and humble ſeat,
Free both from war and ſtrife,
I am not forc'd to make retreat,
But chuſe to ſpend my life.

TO

Lady ELIZABETH BOYLE,

Singing a SONG, of which *ORINDA* was the AUTHOR.

SUBDUING fair! what will you win
To uſe a needleſs dart?
Why then ſo many to take in
One undefended heart?

I came expos'd to all your charms,
'Gainſt which, the firſt half hour
I had no will to take up arms,
And in the next no pow'r.

How can you chuſe but win the day?
Who can reſiſt your ſiege?
Who in one action know the way
To vanquiſh and oblige?

Your voice which can in melting ſtrains
Teach beauty to be blind,
Confines me yet in ſtronger chains,
By being ſoft and kind.

Whilſt you my trivial fancy ſing,
You it to wit refine,
As leather once ſtamp'd by a king
Became a current coin,

By this my verſe is ſure to gain
  Eternity with men,
Which by your voice it will obtain,
  Though never by my pen.
I'd rather in your favour live
  Then in a laſting name,
And a much greater rate would give
  For happineſs than fame.

The VIRGIN.

THE things that make a virgin pleaſe,
  She that ſeeks, will find them theſe;
A beauty, not to art in debt,
Rather agreeable than great;
An eye, wherein at once do meet,
The beams of kindneſs, and of wit;
An undiſſembled innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take offence:
A converſation, at once, free
From paſſion, and from ſubtlety;
A face that's modeſt, yet ſerene,
A ſober, and yet lively mien;
The virtue which does her adorn,
By honour guarded. not by ſcorn;
With ſuch wiſe lowlineſs indu'd,
As never can be mean, or rude;
That prudent negligence enrich,
And times her ſilence and her ſpeech;

Whoſe equal mind does always move,
Neither a foe, nor ſlave to love;
And whoſe religion's ſtrong and plain,
Not ſuperſtitious, nor profane.

To my ANTENOR, *March* 16, 1660-1.

MY dear *Antenor* now give o'er,
For my ſake talk of graves no more,
Death is not in our power to gain,
And is both wiſh'd and fear'd in vain.
Let's be as angry as we will,
Grief ſooner may diſtract than kill,
And the unhappy often prove
Death is as coy a thing as love.
Thoſe whoſe own ſword their death did give,
Afraid were or aſham'd to live;
And by an act ſo deſperate,
Did poorly run away from fate;
'Tis braver much t' out-ride the ſtorm,
Endure its rage and ſhun its harm;
Affliction nobly undergone,
More greatneſs ſhews than having none.
But yet the wheel in turning round,
At laſt may lift us from the ground,
And when our fortune's moſt ſevere,
The leſs we have, the leſs we fear.
And why ſhould we that grief permit,
Which cannot mend nor ſhorten it?

Let's wait for a ſucceeding good,
Woes have their ebb as well as flood:
And ſince the parliament have reſcu'd you,
Believe that providence will do ſo too.

TENDRES DESIRS,
FROM FRENCH PROSE.

GO ſoft deſires, love's gentle progeny,
And on the heart of charming *Sylvia* ſeize,
Then quickly back again return to me,
Since that's the only cure for my diſeaſe;
But if you miſs her breaſt whom I adore,
Then take your flight, and viſit mine no more.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. PILKINGTON.

The PETITION of the BIRDS

To Mr. *PILKINGTON.*

On his Return from SHOOTING.

AH ſhepherd, gentle ſhepherd, ſpare
Us plum'd inhabitants of air,
That hop, and inoffenſive rove
From tree to tree, from grove to grove.
What phrenzy has poſſeſt your mind?
To be deſtructive of your kind?
Admire not if we kindred claim,
Our ſep'rate natures are the ſame;
To each of us thou ow'ſt a part,
To grace thy perſon, head, or heart;
The chaſte, the fond, the tender Dove,
Inſpires thy breaſt with pureſt love;
The tow'ring Eagle claims a part
In thy courageous, gen'rous heart;
On thee the Finch beſtow'd a voice,
To bid the raptur'd ſoul rejoice;
The hawk has giv'n thee eyes ſo bright,
They kindle love and ſoft delight;
Thy ſnowy hue and graceful mien
May in the ſtately Swan be ſeen;

The Robin's plumes afford the red,
Which thy ſoft lips and cheeks beſpread;
The filial piety and truth
The Stork beſtow'd to crown thy youth.
Did we theſe ſev'ral gifts beſtow,
To give perfection to a foe?
Did we ſo many virtues give,
To thee too fierce to let us live?
Suſpend your rage, and ev'ry grove
Shall echo ſongs of grateful love.
Let pity ſooth and ſway your mind,
And be the Phœnix of mankind.

To the Rev. Dr. *SWIFT*,

On his BIRTH-DAY.

WHILE I the God-like men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold,
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er;
Where *Cato*, *Plutarch*, *Flaccus* ſhine
In ev'ry excellence divine;
I grieve, that our degen'rate days
Produce no mighty ſouls like theſe;
Patriot, philoſopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and ſeldom heard.
Spare your reflection, *Phœbus* cries,
'Tis as ungrateful as unwiſe;

Can you complain this ſacred day,
That virtues, or that arts decay ;
Behold in *Swift* reviv'd appears,
The virtues of unnumber'd years ;
Behold in him with new delight,
The patriot, bard, and ſage unite :
And know, *Ierne* in that name
Shall rival *Greece* and *Rome* in fame.

The STATUES:

OR,

The TRIAL of CONSTANCY.

A TALE.

For the LADIES.

IN a fair iſland in the ſouthern main,
Bleſt with indulgent ſkies and kindly rain,
A princeſs liv'd, of origin divine,
Of bloom celeſtial, and imperial line.
In that ſweet ſeaſon, when the mounting ſun
Prepares with joy his radiant courſe to run ;
Led by the Graces, and the dancing hours,
And wakes to life the various race of flow'rs ;
The lovely Queen forſook her ſhining court,
For rural ſcenes, and healthful ſylvan ſport.

It ſo befel, that as in chearful talk
Her nymphs and ſhe purſu'd their ev'ning walk;
On the green margin of the oozy deep,
They found a graceful youth diſſolv'd in ſleep,
Whoſe charms the Queen ſurvey'd with fond delight,
And hung enamour'd o'er the pleaſing ſight:
By her command the youth was ſtrait convey'd,
And, ſleeping, ſoftly in her palace laid.

Now ruddy morning purpled o'er the ſkies,
And beamy light unſeal'd the ſtranger's eyes,
Who cry'd aloud, ye Gods, unfold this ſcene!
Where am I! what can all theſe wonders mean?
Scarce had he ſpoke, when with officious care,
Attendant nymphs a fragrant bath prepare;
He roſe, he bath'd, and on his lovely head
Ambroſial ſweets, and precious oil they ſhed:
To deck his poliſh'd limbs, a robe they brought,
In all the various dyes of beauty wrought:
Then led him to the Queen, who on a throne
Of burniſh'd gold, and beamy diamonds ſhone:
But oh! what wonder ſeiz'd her beauteous gueſt!
What love, what extaſy, his ſoul poſſeſt!
Entranc'd he ſtood, and on his faltering tongue
Imperfect words, and half-form'd accents hung;
Nor leſs the Queen the blooming youth admir'd,
Nor leſs delight and love her ſoul inſpir'd.

O ſtranger! ſaid the Queen, if hither driven
By adverſe winds, or ſent a gueſt from heav'n,
To me the wretched never ſue in vain,
This fruitful iſle acknowledges my reign;
Then ſpeak thy wiſhes, and thy wants declare,
And no denial ſhall attend your pray'r;

She paus'd and bluſh'd,—the youth his ſilence broke,
And kneeling thus the charming Queen beſpoke:
O Goddeſs! for a form ſo bright as thine
Speaks thee deſcended of celeſtial line;
Low at your feet a proſtrate King behold,
Whoſe faithleſs ſubjects ſold his life for gold;
I fly a cruel tyrant's lawleſs hand,
And ſhipwreck drove my veſſel on your ſtrand.
But why do I complain of fortune's frowns?
Or what are titles, honours, ſceptres, crowns,
To this ſweet moment? while in fond amaze
On ſuch tranſporting excellence I gaze!
Such ſymmetry of ſhape! ſo fair a face!
Such finiſh'd excellence, ſuch perfect grace!
Hear then my only wiſh, and oh! approve
The ardent pray'r which ſupplicates thy love.
From *Neptune* know, O Prince, my birth I claim,
Replies the Queen, and *Lucida's* my name:
This iſland, theſe attendant nymphs he gave,
The fair-hair'd daughters of the azure wave!
But he whoſe fortune gains me for a bride
Muſt have his conſtancy ſeverely try'd.
One day each moon am I compell'd to go
To my great father's wat'ry realms below,
Where coral groves celeſtial red diſplay,
And blazing di'monds emulate the day;
In this ſhort abſence if your love endures,
My heart and empire are for ever yours;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your truth,
Shall crown you with immortal bloom and youth;

But inſtant death will on your falſehood wait,
Nor can my tenderneſs prevent your fate.
Twice twenty times in wedlock's ſacred band,
My royal father join'd my plighted hand;
Twice twenty noble youths, alas! are dead,
Who in my abſence ſtain'd the nuptial bed;
Your virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler throne,
But mine is yielded on theſe terms alone.
Delightful terms! reply'd the raptur'd youth,
Accept my conſtancy, my endleſs truth.
Perfidious, faithleſs men! enrag'd, he cry'd,
They merited the fate by which they dy'd;
Accept a heart incapable of change,
Thy beauty ſhall forbid deſire to range;
No other form ſhall to mine eye ſeem fair,
No other voice attract my liſt'ning ear,
No charms but thine ſhall e'er my ſoul approve,
So aid thy vot'ry, potent God of Love!
Now loud applauſes through the palace ring,
The duteous ſubjects hail their God-like King:
To feaſtful mirth they dedicate the day,
While tuneful voices chant the nuptial lay,
Love ditty'd airs, hymn'd by the vocal quire,
Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling lyre;
But when the ſun deſcending ſought the main,
And low-brow'd night aſſum'd her ſilent reign;
They to the marriage-bed convey'd the bride,
And laid the raptur'd bridegroom by her ſide.
Now roſe the ſun, and with auſpicious ray
Diſpell'd the dewy miſts, and gave the day;
When *Lucida*, with anxious care oppreſs'd,
Thus wak'd her ſleeping lord from downy reſt:

Soul of my ſoul, and monarch of my heart,
This day, ſhe cry'd, this fatal day we part;
Yet if your love uninjur'd you retain,
We ſoon ſhall meet in happineſs again,
To part no more; but rolling years employ
In circling bliſs, and never-fading joy:
Alas! my boding ſoul is loſt in woe,
And from mine eyes the tears unbidden flow.
Joy of my life, diſmiſs thoſe needleſs fears,
Reply'd the King, and ſtay thoſe precious tears;
Should lovely *Venus* leave her native ſky,
And at my feet, imploring fondneſs, lie,
E'en ſhe, the radiant Queen of ſoft deſires,
Should, diſappointed, burn with hopeleſs fires.
The heart of man the Queen's experience knew
Perjur'd and falſe. yet wiſh to find him true:
She ſigh'd retiring, and in regal ſtate,
The King conducts her to the palace gate;
Where ſacred *Neptune's* chryſtal chariot ſtands,
The wond'rous work of his celeſtial hands:
Six harneſs'd ſwans the bright machine convey
Swift through the air, or pathleſs wat'ry way;
The birds with eagle-ſpeed the air divide,
And plunge the Goddeſs in the ſounding tide.
Slow to the court the penſive King returns,
And ſighs in ſecret, and in ſilence mourns;
So in the grove ſad *Philomel* complains
In mournful accents, and melodious ſtrains:
Her plaintive woes fill the reſounding lawn,
From ſtarry Veſper to the roſy dawn.
The king, to mitigate his tender pain,
Seeks the apartment of the virgin train,

With ſportive mirth ſad abſence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy moments ſmile;
But there deſerted lonely rooms he found,
And ſolitary ſilence reign'd around.
He call'd aloud, when, lo! a hag appears,
Bending beneath deformity and years,
Who ſaid, my Liege, explain your ſacred will,
With joy your ſov'reign purpoſe I fiulfil.
My will! deteſted wretch! avoid my ſight,
And hide that hideous ſhape in endleſs night.
What! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude diſtruſt
Reſolve by force to keep a huſband juſt?
You wrong, reply'd the hag, your royal wife,
Whoſe care is love, and love to guard your life.
The race of mortals are by nature frail,
And ſtrong temptations with the beſt prevail.
Be that my care, he ſaid, be thine to ſend
The virgin train, let them my will attend.
The beldam fled—The chearful nymphs advance,
And tread to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance;
The raptur'd Prince with greedy eye ſurveys
The blooming maids, and covets ſtill to gaze;
No more recalls the image of his ſpouſe;
How falſe is man! nor recollects his vows;
With wild inconſtancy for all he burns,
And ev'ry nymph ſubdues his heart by turns.
At length a maid, ſuperior to the reſt,
Array'd in ſmiles, in virgin beauty dreſt,
Receiv'd his paſſion, and return'd his love,
And ſoftly woo'd him to the ſilent grove.
Enclos'd in deepeſt ſhades of full-grown wood,
Within the grove a ſpacious grotto ſtood,

Where forty youths in marble ſeem to mourn,
Each youth reclining on a fun'ral urn:
Thither the nymph directs the monarch's way,
He treads her footſteps, joyful to obey.
There, fir'd with paſſion, claſp'd her to his breaſt,
And thus the tranſport of his ſoul confeſs'd.
Delighted beauty! deck'd with ev'ry charm
High fancy paints! or glowing love can form!
I ſigh, I gaze, I tremble, I adore!
Such lovely looks ne'er bleſt my ſight before!
Here, under covert of th' imbow'ring ſhade,
For love's delights and tender tranſports made,
No buſy eye our raptures to detect,
No envious tongue to cenſure or direct;
Here yield to love, and tenderly employ
The ſilent ſeaſon in extatic joy.
With arms enclos'd, his treaſure to retain,
He ſigh'd and woo'd, but woo'd and ſigh'd in vain;
She ruſh'd indignant from his fond embrace,
While rage with bluſhes paints her virgin face;
Yet ſtill he ſues with ſuppliant hands and eyes,
While ſhe to magic charms for vengeance flies.
A limpid fountain murmur'd through the cave;
She fill'd her palm with the tranſlucent wave,
And ſprinkling cry'd, receive, falſe man, in time,
The juſt reward of thy deteſted crime.
Thy changeful ſex in perfidy delight,
Deſpiſe perfection, and fair virtue ſlight,
Falſe, fickle, baſe, tyrannic, and unkind,
Whoſe hearts, nor vows can chain, nor honour bind:
Mad to poſſeſs, by paſſion blindly led;
And then as mad to ſtain the nuptial bed;

Whoſe roving ſouls no excellence, no age,
No form, no rank, no beauty, can engage;
Slaves to the bad, to the deſerving worſt,
Sick of your twentieth love, as of your firſt.
The ſtatues, which this hallow'd grot adorn,
Like thee were lovers, and like thee forſworn;
Whoſe faithleſs hearts no kindneſs could ſecure,
Nor for a day preſerve their paſſion pure;
Whom neither love nor beauty could reſtrain,
Nor fear of endleſs infamy and pain.
In me behold thy Queen; for know with eaſe
We deities aſſume each form we pleaſe;
Nor can the feeble ken of mortal eyes
Perceive the Goddeſs through the dark diſguiſe.
Now feel the force of heav'n's avenging hand,
And here inanimate for ever ſtand.
She ſpoke——Amaz'd the liſt'ning monarch ſtood
And icy horror froze his ebbing blood;
Thick ſhades of death upon his eyelids creep,
And clos'd them faſt in everlaſting ſleep;
No ſenſe of life, no motion he retains,
But fix'd, a dreadful monument remains;
A Statue now, and if reviv'd once more,
Would prove, no doubt, as perjur'd as before.

CARTE BLANCHE.

O ſpotleſs paper, fair and white!
On whom, by force, conſtrain'd I write,
How cruel am I to deſtroy
Thy purity to pleaſe a boy? *
Ungrateful I, thus to abuſe
The faireſt ſervant of the Muſe.
Dear friend, to whom I oft impart
The choiceſt ſecrets of my heart,
Ah, what atonement can be made
For ſpotleſs innocence betray'd?
How fair, how lovely didſt thou ſhow,
Like lilly'd banks, or falling ſnow!
But now, alas, become my prey,
No floods can waſh thy ſtains away.
Yet this ſmall comfort I can give,
That which deſtroy'd ſhall make thee live.

* *My brother teized me one evening to write ſome verſe as a ſchool-exerciſe for him, I aſked him what I ſhould write upon; why, ſaid he pertly, what ſhould you write upon but the paper? ſo taking it for my ſubject, I wrote the following lines.*

Sent with a QUILL to Dr. *SWIFT.*

Upon hearing he had received a Book *and* Stand-Diſh.

SHALL then my kindred all my glory claim,
And boldly rob me of eternal fame?
To ev'ry art my gen'rous aid I lend,
To muſick, painting, poetry, a friend.
'Tis I celeſtial harmony inſpire,
* When fix'd to ſtrike the ſweetly warbling wire;
I to the faithful canvaſs have conſign'd
Each bright idea of the painter's mind;
Behold from *Raphael's* ſky-dipt pencils riſe,
Such heav'nly ſcenes as charm the gazer's eyes.
O let me now aſpire to higher praiſe!
Ambitious to tranſcribe your deathleſs lays;
Nor thou immortal bard, my aid refuſe,
Accept me as the ſervant of your muſe;
Then ſhall the world my wond'rous worth declare,
And all mankind your matchleſs Pen revere.

* *Quills of the Harpſichord.*

ODE

In Imitation of *HORACE.*

I Envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and ſtate;
Give me but innocence and health,
I aſk not to be great.

I in this ſweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For ſceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his plough,
With brighter luſtre ſhone,
Than guilty *Cæſar* e'er could ſhew,
Though ſeated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and reſtleſs nights,
Ambition ever knows,
A ſtranger to the calm delights
Of ſtudy and repoſe.

Then free from envy, care, and ſtrife,
Keep me, ye pow'rs divine;
And pleas'd when ye demand my life,
May I that life reſign.

To *STREPHON.*

Written for a LADY to her LOVER.

BEHOLD the ſpring in freſh attire,
Gay blooming ſeaſon of deſire,
With fragrant breath ſalutes the grove,
Awaking nature, joy and love;
The woods in verdant beauty dreſs'd,
Have her enliv'ning pow'r confeſs'd,
What means this coldneſs in your breaſt?
Not all the kindly warmth in mine
Can thaw that frozen heart of thine.
Go then, Inconſtant, go, and rove,
Forget thy vows, neglect thy love;
Some ſenſeleſs, taſteleſs, girl purſue,
Bought ſmiles befit ſuch ſwains as you;
While for the worſt I ſee you change,
You give me a complete revenge.

QUEEN *MAB* to *POLLIO.*

THE Queen of the Fairies this ſummons does ſend
To *Pollio*, her counſellor, couſin, and friend;
We order you here to attend us to-night,
We revel by moon-light with pomp and delight!

Our grove we illuminate, glorious to ſee,
With glittering glow-worms begemming each tree;
We'll drink up the dew that impearls the ſweet flow'rs,
And in circling joys ſpend our circling hours.
If you fail in attendance, by my ſceptre I ſwear,
My Fairies ſhall bring you by force through the air.

The SEVENTH ODE.

OF THE

THIRD BOOK of *HORACE* paraphraſed.

Written in the Abſence of her HUSBAND.

Quid fles, Aſteria?

ASTERIA, why will you conſume
In ſighs and tears your roſy bloom?
No more your youthful huſband mourn,
He ſoon ſhall to your arms return:
Propitious winds ſhall waft him o'er,
Enrich'd from *Britain's* fruitful ſhore.
In vain the nymphs diſplay their charms,
To win him to their longing arms:
Though ſtrong temptations court the youth,
Doubt not his conſtancy and truth;
They fix'd as rocks unmov'd remain,
While winds and waves aſſault in vain.

You only teach his ſoul to know
The ſecret pang, the tender woe;
For you he feels a thouſand fears,
And oft bedews his couch with tears.
Ah! then in kind return beware,
Leſt tempting words your heart enſnare;
Avoid the duſk and ſilent ſhade,
Nor heed the plaintive ſerenade;
Let prudence, that unerring guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and act preſide;
So ſhall your faith and virtue prove
Worthy his matchleſs truth and love.

CONSOLATORY VERSES

To her HUSBAND.

NO more, lov'd partner of my ſoul,
At diſappointments grieve,
Can flowing tears our fate controul,
Or ſighs our woes relieve?

Adverſity is virtue's ſchool
To thoſe who right diſcern;
Let us obſerve each painful rule,
And each hard leſſon learn.

When wintry clouds obſcure the ſky,
And heav'n and earth deform,
If fix'd the ſtrong foundations lie,
The caſtle braves the ſtorm.

Thus fix'd on faith's unfailing rock,
Let us endure awhile
Misfortune's rude, impetuous ſhock,
And glory in our toil.

Ill fortune cannot always laſt,
Or though it ſhould remain,
Yet we each painful moment haſte
A better world to gain:

Where calumny no more ſhall wound,
Nor faithleſs friends deſtroy,
Where innocence and truth are crown'd
With never fading joy.

A SONG.

STELLA, darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming ſpring;
Sweeteſt theme the poet chuſes,
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing.

While my ſoul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind,
All the beauties, all the graces
Of the ſex in thee I find.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
In my breaſt alternate riſe;
Words no more can paint my paſſion,
Then the pencil could thine eyes.

Laviſh nature thee adorning,
O'er thy lips and cheeks hath ſpread,
Colours that might ſhame the morning,
Smiling with celeſtial red.

Would the Gods, in bleſt condition,
Our requeſts indulgent view,
Sure each mortal's firſt petition
Would be to reſemble you.

A SONG.

LYING is an occupation
Us'd by all who mean to riſe;
Politicians owe their ſtation
But to well-concerted lyes.

Theſe to lovers give aſſiſtance
To enſnare the fair one's heart;
And the virgin's beſt reſiſtance
Yields to this commanding art.

Study this ſuperior ſcience,
Would you riſe in church or ſtate;
Bid to truth a bold defiance,
'Tis the practice of the great.

EXPOSTULATION.

Written in DISTRESS.

O God! ſince all thy ways are juſt,
Why does thy heavy hand
So ſore afflict the wretched duſt,
Thou didſt to life command?

Thou ſpeak'ſt the word, the ſenſeleſs clay
Was quick'ned with thy breath,
Chearleſs to view the beams of day,
And ſeek the ſhades of death.

Through ev'ry ſcene of life diſtreſs'd,
As daughter, mother, wife;
When wilt thou cloſe my eyes in reſt,
And take my weary life.

To thee paſt, preſent, and to come,
Are evermore the ſame;
Thou know'ſt of all my woes the ſum,
E'er I my thoughts could frame.

'Twas thou gav'ſt paſſion to my ſoul,
And reaſon alſo gave:
Why didſt thou not make reaſon rule,
And paſſion be its ſlave?

O pardon me, thou Pow'r Divine!
That thus I dare preſume
At thy correction to repine,
Or murmur at my doom.

Lord, give me penitence ſincere
For ev'ry error paſt,
And though my trials are ſevere,
O give me peace at laſt.

To Mr. *CIBBER.*

On his aſking for ſomething entirely NEW.

WHEN you advis'd me, Sir, to chuſe
Some odd new ſubject for the muſe,
From thought to thought unpleas'd I chang'd,
Thro' nature, art, and ſcience rang'd;
Yet ſtill could nought diſcover new,
Till, happily, I fix'd on you.
Your ſtoic turn, and chearful mind,
Have mark'd you, out of all mankind,
The oddeſt theme my muſe can find.
Like other men, you nothing do;
The world's one round of joy to you.
The wiſe, the weak, the ſot, the ſage,
Your hours can equally engage:
Tho' ſenſe and merit are your choice,
You can with gayeſt fops rejoice;
Can taſte them all in ſeaſon fit,
And match their follies or their wit.
Truth has in you ſo fix'd her ſeat,
Not all your converſe with the great
Has yet miſled you to deceit.

Your breaſt ſo bare, ſo free from blame,
Why ſure your heart and tongue's the ſame!
  Moſt hearts grow harder with the years,
But yours yet lends th' afflicted tears;
Has merit pin'd in want and grief;
Your bounteous hand has brought relief.
To you, where frailty ſhades the ſoul,
One ſhining grace commends the whole.
Can no experience make you wiſer,
Nor age convert you to a miſer?
  New too in other points I find you,
Where modern wits are thrown behind you.
Some praiſe a patron, and reveal him;
You paint ſo true, you can't conceal him:
Their gaudy praiſe, undue, but ſhames him,
While yours, by likeneſs, only names him,
Not wit, that libels, makes you grave,
At what you ſmile, my ſenſe wou'd rave;
While jealous bards by dunces ſtung,
With verſe provok'd, aveng'd the wrong,
With an uncommon candour, you
Such bards more humanely ſubdue:
Calm and compos'd, your conſcious ſpirit
Can celebrate with praiſe their merit:
Thus yielding conquer; for ſure nature
Muſt feel ſuch praiſe ſting worſe than ſatyr.
  Still am I warm'd to ſing your oddneſs,
Your ſingularity in goodneſs!
  When to the wealthy and the great,
Adorn'd with honours and eſtate,
My muſe, forlorn! has ſent her pray'r,
Shunn'd were the accents of deſpair,

'Till your excited pity ſped her,
And with collected bounties fed her;
Chear'd her ſad thoughts, like genial ſpring,
And tun'd once more her voice to ſing.
Bear then her grateful notes, and be
Yourſelf her theme and harmony.
Cou'd ſhe, like yours, exalt her lays,
Polite artificer of praiſe!
From the ſweet ſong you'd jealous grow,
And guard the laurel on your brow.
If, which I know, theſe facts are true,
Confeſs, at leaſt, the verſe is new,
That publickly ſpeaks well of you.

To the Hon. Colonel *D—NC—BE.*

SINCE ſo oft to the great of my favours you boaſt,
When, you know, you enjoy'd but ſome kiſſes at moſt;
And thoſe, as you ſay, never ought to be ſold,
For love's too divine, to be barter'd for gold.
Since this is your maxim, I beg a receipt,
To know, how without it a lover can eat.
For tho' the fine heroes, we read in romances,
Subſiſted whole weeks upon amorous fancies;
And yet were ſo ſtrong, if thoſe writers ſay true,
That dragons, and giants, ſome thouſands they ſlew;

Thoſe chiefs were of origin ſurely divine!
And deſcended from *Jove*, as direct as a line.
But in our corrupted, degenerate days,
We find neither heroes, nor lovers, like theſe:

POEMS

BY

Mrs. HAMPDEN PYE.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. HAMPDEN PYE.

ELGIVA TO EDWY*

IF yet thy thoughts confeſs their former flame,
If *Eewy's* heart ſtill owns *Elgiva's* name,
In theſe ſad lines, my grief, my paſſion trace,
Tho' tears the mournful numbers half efface:
Condemn'd in ceaſeleſs abſence to deplore
A wretched exile on Ierne's ſhore;

* *Edwy, king of that part of England formerly called Weſſex; a prince poſſeſſed of the moſt amiable endowments both of mind and body, but a profeſſed enemy to the church power, fell in love with and married Elgiva, a lady of conſummate beauty and virtue, nearly related to him. A marriage contracted under ſuch fortunate auſpices, ſeemed to promiſe happineſs, not only to the royal pair but to the whole kingdom; when ſuddenly their union was diſturbed by the interpoſition of Odo, Archbiſhop of Canterbury, a proud and ambitious prelate, who declared their marriage illegal, by reaſon of*

Since that ſad day, that ever fatal hour,
That made us victims to proud Odo's pow'r,
Who dar'd abuſe Religion's ſacred name,
And brand with fancied crimes our ſpotleſs fame.
Here while I waſte the lone unſocial day,
Unconquer'd Love exerts his tyrant ſway;
Here buſy Memory paints in glowing hue,
The happy ſcenes when life and love were new.
E'en now I ſee thee, gaze on all thy charms,
And court the phantom to my longing arms.
My king my hero, riſes to my ſight,
In youth, in beauty, and in glory bright!
Thoſe radiant eyes, that thro' their ſilken fence
Would oft on mine their humid beams diſpenſe;
The auburn locks, that with redundant flow
Wave in ſweet contraſt o'er a front of ſnow;
The downy bloom that mantles on thy cheek,
Where Health and Temp'rance diſtinctly ſpeak;
The lips whoſe tints out-bluſh the moſs-clad roſe,
Whence the ſoft voice in ſounds perſuaſive flows,
That voice harmonious, where the graces meet,
Strong as thy ſenſe, and as thy temper ſweet.
Canſt thou forget the vows of endleſs truth,
Liſp'd in our childhood, and confirm'd in youth?

their being too near a-kin: and, notwithſtanding all the efforts of the king to prevent it, ſhe was marked on the forehead with a red-hot iron, branded with the name of an adultreſs, and baniſhed to Ireland; from whence ſhe is ſuppoſed to have written the following letter to her huſband. She afterwards attempted to make her eſcape into England, in order to fly to the king, but was ſeized by ſome of Odo' party and barbarouſly murdered. HUME.

No ſenſual, low, inelegant deſire,
It's droſs e'er mingled with our ſacred fire:
Nor care, nor ſtrife, nor jealouſy we knew,
But wing'd with bliſs the tender moments flew.
O day of rapture! when my willing hand
To thine was yielded at a ſire's command;
And witneſs every power that guides the heart,
No joy to me could royalty impart.
My unambitious mind, engroſs'd by thee,
With careleſs eye view'd regal pageantry:
In thee was center'd all that bliſſes life;
More than thy queen, Elgiva was——thy wife!
Ah! little thought we that the nuptial bands,
Should ſoon be rent by ſacrilegious hands;
And fondly dream'd, from all but death ſecure,
Our loves as long as beings ſhould endure;
But *Odo* comes! diſſolves the heaven-roll'd vow,
And ſtamps diſhonour on my matron brow;
Drags me expiring from thy warm embrace,
An exil'd outcaſt from the human race.
Throbs there a heart with hopeleſs love like mine,
Torn from a youth whoſe merit equals thine?
She, only ſhe, by kindred pangs can tell,
The death-like anguiſh of our laſt farewel.
Religion! faireſt daughter of the ſkies,
Guide and protectreſs of the good and wiſe;
Thy tenets only would mankind obey,
Chear'd and illum'd by Truth's unerring ray,
Curs'd ſuperſtition ſhould no longer reign,
But thou and Reaſon equal rule maintain;

From prieſtly power unite to ſnatch the rod,
And vindicate the injur'd laws of God.
Then cloiſter'd Beauty would no longer mourn,
From each endearing tie, untimely torn;
No longer modes of faith divide the world,
Nor Perſecution's banners be unfurl'd.
A widow'd bed I then might ne'er have known,
Nor wept my Edwy's kindred blood to own.
But thee, my love, may every bleſſing wait;
Still be renown'd, be happy and be great!
Soon may a fairer bride ſupply my place,
And give increaſe to thy imperial race!
—Diſtracting thought! another ſhare thy love!
The killing image from my ſoul remove.
In vain I ſtrive my tortur'd heart to ſteal,
I love as woman, and as woman feel.
In vain thy wife that title would reſign,
Since honour's laws muſt ſtill preſerve thee mine.
Each wiſh abſtracted, then, I ceaſe to prove,
And ſink again the willing ſlave of love;
Feel every ſenſe in floods of fondneſs loſt,
By doubts divided, and by paſſion toſs'd.
Ah! little think the herd that envy kings,
The train of ills that purple greatneſs brings;
Their broken ſlumbers, their unquiet days,
Their fear of faction, and their thirſt of praiſe:
Compell'd each ſoft affection to reſign,
A painful offering, at ambition's ſhrine!
Sweet Mediocrity! to thee alone,
Virtue and happineſs are truly known.
With thee the youth whoſe choice elects a bride,
Grows old in pleaſures by her faithful ſide.

The ſummer's walk, the winter's chearful fire,
The ſure fruition of each calm deſire,
Bids life glide on, one ſcene of mild repoſe.
Till death, without a pang, their eyelids cloſe.
Had we been born to know this bliſsful ſtate,
Thy lot was humble as thy ſoul is great;
And I diſtinguiſh'd by thy love alone,
Unenvied happineſs had been our own.
But now O! ſad reverſe my tears a prey,
Hope, even hope! denies her charming ray:
For ſtill when ſleep would yield a ſhort relief,
And worn out nature grant a pauſe to grief,
Some dreadful viſion ever haunts my ſoul,
Storms ſeem to riſe, and burſting thunders roll.
The winds unchain'd, o'er troubled oceans ſweep,
And tenfold horrors vex the foaming deep,
Yet to rejoin my love, my ſteps I guide,
And fearleſs ſeek to climb the veſſel's ſide.
Sudden I'm ſeiz'd; a ruffian band appears,
Deaf to my cries, regardleſs of my tears:
Their ſavage hands my trembling limbs diſgrace,
And my once flatter'd features all deface;
E'en from his manſion drive my boſom's lord,
And rend the ſhrine where *Edwy* is ador'd!
But tho' prophetick dreams my fate foretel,
Tho' coward fears in this weak heart rebel,
Love ſtill prevails, and bids me urge my flight,
To meet the threaten'd ſtroke in *Edwy's* ſight.
Ill can that prince his people's rights protect,
Who tamely yields his own with cold neglect.

Then haſte, my king, recal thy injur'd wife,
Or take (I prize it not) my forfeit life:
For death can ſure no terrors wear to me,
Who more than life have loſt, in loſing thee.

EARL WALTER.

EARL Walter ſtrok'd his milk-white ſteed;
His heart with courage beat;
When, lo! a damſel— matchleſs fair!
Fell proſtrate at his feet.

'Behold,' ſhe cried, 'a ruin'd maid,
'The victim of thy love!
'And let thine Ellen's once-prais'd form
'Thy tender pity move!

'The dreaded time draws on apace,
'That muſt reveal my ſhame;
'And can Earl Walter, then, conſent
'To Murder Ellen's fame?

'Ah, wretched infant! doom'd to woe
'Before thy natal hour!
'Diſgrace muſt be thy portion here,
'Wrong'd Ellen's only dower!'

The gallant youth was inly mov'd,
But coldly thus replied—

'The cure that love perhaps diſclaims,
'My juſtice ſhall provide.

'From north to ſouth extended wide,
'With fields and paſtures fair,
'Thoſe plains to thee I freely give,
Beſtow them on thy heir.'

'By me,' ſhe cried, 'more highly priz'd.
'One kiſs of that dear mouth,
'That all thy rich and fertile plains
'Extending north and ſouth.

'One glance of thoſe deluding eyes
'More rapture can beſtow,
'Than ſhould our monarch quit his throne,
'And that to me forego.'

'No more, fair Ellen!' cries the Earl;
'I can no longer ſtay!
'For northward muſt I bend my courſe,
'There lies my deſtin'd way.'

'With thee, Earl Walter, let me go,
'Thy handmaid will I be;
'All perils I with joy can brave,
'That much-lov'd face to ſee.'

'Raſh Ellen! doſt thou know the terms
'On which alone thou goeſt?
'To drop each ſoft alluring grace,
'Thy ſex's pride and boaſt.

'Thoſe auburn locks to cut away,
'To caſt thy woman's weed;
'All day to follow as my page,
'All night to tend my ſteed.'

Her auburn locks ſhe cut away,
She caſt her woman's weed;
All day ſhe follow'd as his page,
Each night ſhe fed his ſteed.

At length, a rapid ſtream they find;
Which when Earl Walter, view'd,
'Thou canſt not, Ellen, follow here—'
He ſpoke and paſs'd the flood.

But love: than danger ſtronger far,
Her timid heart upbore;
She ruſh'd at once amid the waves,
And reach'd the farther ſhore.

But ſtill the Earl his purpoſe kept,
No pity he confeſs'd;
Tho' ſtrong fatigue, and anxious care,
The damſel ſore oppreſs'd.

'Thy languid eye-lids, Ellen, raiſe,
'And view yon princely bower;
There pleaſure holds his revel reign,
'And marks each paſſing hour.

'There dwells a maid more fair than morn,
'Than ſummer ſuns more bright;
'That maiden is my plighted love,
'My joy and ſole delight.'

Sad Ellen mildly anſwer'd thus;
'May every bliſs betide!
'And ſtill encreaſing rapture wait
'Earl Walter and his bride!'

The princely bower they enter ſoon,
And hail the glittering train;
Earl Walter courts each lovely nymph,
Nor heeds his Ellen's pain.

His ſiſter with ſuperior grace
Shone far above the reſt;
Who, when ſhe Ellen's form ſurvey'd,
Her wonder thus expreſs'd.

'Ah! whence, my brother, is thy page?
'How heavenly fair his face!
'What pity that his ſize uncouth
'Such beauty ſhould diſgrace!

'But let the boy on me attend;
'In my apartment wait;
'My care ſhall ſooth his gentle mind,
And mend his preſent ſtate.'

'Too great for him that honour were;
'A youth of low degree;
'Enough, diſtinguiſh'd as my page,
'On foot to follow me.'

'Now midnight cloſing ev'ry eye,
'Left Ellen free to weep;
'But with the morn the Earl aroſe,
'And broke the bands of ſleep.

'Awake! awake! thou ſlothful page;
'Tis dawn of breaking day;
Bring forth in haſt my milk-white ſteed,
'I muſt from hence away.'

But ere her lord could be obey'd,
Uncall'd, Lucina came;
And to ſad Ellen's other woes
She adds a mother's name.

Now burſt their way the heart-felt groans,
Now falls the trickling tear:
Till thro' the high-reſounding dome
They reach Earl Walter's ear.

With eager ſteps he ſought the place,
Then made a fearful pauſe:
While broken accents, breath'd in ſighs,
Reveal the fatal cauſe.

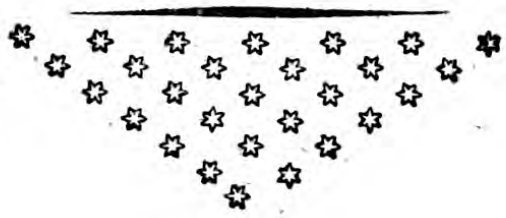
'Lie ſtill, thou pledge of hapleſs love,
'Lie ſtill my infant dear!
'I would thy father were a king,
'Thy mother on a bier?'

Enough had now the lover heard;
He claſps her in his arms:
'Look up, my miſtreſs, friend and wife;
'Revive thy drooping charms.

Thy tryal now is fairly paſt,
'Thou firſt of woman-kind!

'Thy form, tho' caſt in beauty's mould,
'Enſhrines a hero's mind.'

'And doſt thou know at length my heart?
'Then have I well been tried!
'I only liv'd to prove my faith——'
She graſp'd his hand, and died.



POEMS

BY

Miſs ROBERTS.

On a ſuppoſed Slight from a Friend.

By Miſs ROBERTS.

THOU great Director of the ſoul,
Who firſt to being call'd me forth;
Teach me my paſſions to controul,
Nor let my nature loſe it's worth.

Bred in Adverſity's ſad ſchool,
My deareſt wiſhes ever croſs'd;
Cannot I yet thoſe tumults rule,
Which make theſe dear-bought leſſons loſt?

Alas! by various evils torn,
How is my anxious mind diſtreſs'd!
The paſt with ſecret tears I mourn;
The preſent ſeldom gives me reſt.

To future proſpects if I fly,
Ah, me! what hopes can they beſtow?
Can flattering Fancy cheat the eye,
With aught but lengthen'd ſcenes of woe?

In early bloom, in life's firſt prime,
To Love and Friendſhip ſtill inclin'd;
With lively hopes I look'd through time,
Romantic pleaſures fill'd my mind.

But now, alas! thoſe phantoms fled,
By youth's light hand ſo gaily dreſs'd;
My worn-out mind, to Love grown dead,
I thought myſelf in Friendſhip bleſs'd.

But diſappointments ſtill attend
The mind to earth-born pleaſures prone:
Look up, my ſoul, behold thy friend,
And bend before his awful throne.

'Father ador'd, incline thine ear
'To her, whoſe heart afflictions preſs;
'Whoſe mind, tho' weak, thou know'ſt ſincere:
'Oh! calm, and make her feelings leſs!

'Lend me, O gracious God! thine aid;
'Vouchſafe to rectify my heart:
'Thy goodneſs, on thy work diſplay'd,
'Will lead me to the better part!'

EFFUSIONS of MELANCHOLY.

THE ſilent tear, that ſteals adown the cheek;
The heart-felt ſigh, that heaves and is ſuppreſs'd:
Theſe ſigns the anguiſh of the mind beſpeak,
And ſhew the ſorrow lab'ring in my breaſt.

At times, before my ſad deluded eye
Some dancing gleams of flatt'ring hope appear;
But ſoon the airy viſions diſtant fly,
Thoſe tranſient phantoms, chac'd by black Deſpair

That gloomy tyrant now reſumes his ſeat,
O'er my ſad ſoul extends his racking ſway;
Obedient to his will my pulſes beat,
And meet with riſing grief each new-born day.

Fictitious ſmiles, that dimple o'er my face,
(Light covering of a heart with woe replete!)
How oft the ſtarting tears your charms deface!
And ſighs, half ſmother'd, tell the vain deceit.

Oh! could my feeling ſoul, from earth refin'd,
Reach the bright manſions of eternal reſt;
To Heaven each ſublunary wiſh reſign'd;
No more ſhould paſſions ſwell this beating breaſt!

Theſe eyes, from whence the briny ſtreams have flow'd,
Oft for my own, and oft for others ill;
Their ſtock exhauſted, ſpent their wat'ry load,
Crumbled in duſt, no more ſhould tears diſtill!

POEMS

BY

Mrs. ROWE.

DESPAIR.

By Mrs. ROWE.

OH! lead me to ſome ſolitary gloom,
Where no enliv'ning beams, nor chearful echoes come;
But ſilent all, and duſky let it be,
Remote and unfrequented, but by me;
Myſterious, cloſe, and ſullen as that grief,
Which leads me to that covert for relief.
Far from the buſy world's deteſted noiſe,
Its wretched pleaſures, and diſtracted joys;
Far from the jolly fools, who laugh and play,
And dance, and ſing, impertinently gay,
Their ſhort, ineſtimable hours away;
Far from the ſtudious follies of the great,
The tireſome farce of ceremonious ſtate:
There, in a melting, ſolemn, dying ſtrain,
Let me all day upon my lyre complain,
And wind up all its ſoft, harmonious ſtrings,
To noble, ſerious, melancholy things.
And let no human foot, but mine, e'er trace
The cloſe receſſes of the ſacred place:
Nor let a bird of chearful note come near,
To whiſper out his airy raptures here.

Only the penſive ſongſtreſs of the grove,
Let her, by mine, her mournful notes improve;
While drooping winds among the branches ſigh,
And ſluggiſh waters heavily roll by,
Here, to my fatal ſorrows let me give
The ſhort remaining hours I have to live.
Then with a ſullen, deep-fetch'd-groan expire,
And to the grave's dark ſolitude retire.

On the DEATH of

Mr. THOMAS ROWE.

IN what ſoft language ſhall my thoughts get free,
My dear *Alexis*, when I talk of thee
Ye Muſes, Graces, all ye gentle train
Of weeping loves, aſſiſt the penſive ſtrain!
But why ſhould I implore your moving art?
'Tis but to ſpeak the dictates of my heart,
And all that knew the charming youth will join
Their friendly ſighs, and pious tears to mine:
For all that knew his merit muſt confeſs,
In grief for him there can be no exceſs.
His ſoul was form'd to act each glorious part
Of life, unſtain'd wi' vanity or art.
No thought within his gen'rous mind had birth,
But what he might have own'd to heav'n and earth.
Practis'd by him, each virtue grew more bright,
And ſhone with more than its own native light.

Whatever noble warmth could recommend
The juſt, the active, and the conſtant friend,
Was all his own——but, oh! a dearer name,
And ſofter ties my endleſs ſorrows claim;
Loſt in deſpair, diſtracted, and forlorn,
The lover I, and tender huſband mourn.
Whate'er to ſuch ſuperior worth was due,
Whate'er exceſs the fondeſt paſſions knew,
I felt for thee, dear youth; my joy, my care,
My pray'rs themſelves were thine, and only where
Thou waſt concern'd, my virtue was ſincere.
Whene'er I begg'd for bleſſings on thy head,
Nothing was cold, or formal, that I ſaid;
My warmeſt vows to heav'n were made for thee,
And love ſtill mingled with my piety.
O thou waſt all my glory, all my pride!
Through life's uncertain paths, my conſtant guide:
Regardleſs of the world to gain thy praiſe,
Was all that could my juſt ambition raiſe.
Why has my heart this fond engagement known?
Or why has heav'n diſſolv'd the tie ſo ſoon?
Why was the charming youth ſo form'd to move?
Or why was all my ſoul ſo turn'd for love?
But virtue here a vain defence had made,
Where ſo much worth and eloquence could plead.
For he could talk——'twas ecſtacy to hear,
'Twas joy, 'twas harmony to ev'ry ear!
Eternal muſic dwelt upon his tongue,
Soft and tranſporting as the muſe's ſong:
Liſt'ning to him, my cares were charm'd to reſt,
And love, and ſilent rapture fill'd my breaſt;

Unheeded the gay moments took their flight,
And time was only meaſur'd by delight.
I hear the lov'd, the melting accents ſtill,
And ſtill the kind, the tender tranſport feel:
Again I ſee the ſprightly paſſions riſe,
And life and pleaſure ſparkle in his eyes.
My fancy paints him now with ev'ry grace,
But, ah! the dear deluſion mocks my fond embrace;
The ſmiling viſion takes its haſty flight,
And ſcenes of horror ſwim before my ſight.
Grief and deſpair in all their terrors riſe,
A dying lover pale and gaſping lies;
Each diſmal circumſtance appears in view,
The fatal object is for ever new:
His anguiſh, with the quickeſt ſenſe I feel,
And hear this ſad, this moving language ſtill.
My deareſt wife! my laſt, my fondeſt care!
Sure heav'n for thee will hear a dying pray'r:
Be thou the charge of ſacred Providence,
When I am gone, be that thy kind defence;
Ten thouſand ſmiling bleſſings crown thy head,
When I am cold, and number'd with the dead.
Think on thy vows, be to my mem'ry juſt,
My future fame and honour are thy truſt
From all engagements here I now am free.
But that which keeps my ling'ring ſoul with thee.
How much I love, thy bleeding heart can tell,
Which does, like mine, the pangs of parting feel:
But haſte to meet me on thoſe happy plains,
Where mighty love in endleſs triumph reigns.
He ceas'd; then gently yielded up his breath,
And fell a blooming ſacrifice to death;

But, oh! what words, what numbers can expreſs,
What thought conceive the height of my diſtreſs?
Why did they tear me from thy breathleſs clay?
I ſhould have ſtaid, and wept my life away.
Yet, gentle ſhade, whether thou now doſt rove
Through ſome bleſt vale, or ever verdant grove;
One moment liſten to my grief, and take
The ſofteſt vows that conſtant love can make.
For thee all thoughts of pleaſure I forego,
For thee my tears ſhall never ceaſe to flow;
For thee at once I from the world retire,
To feed, in ſilent ſhades, a hopeleſs fire.
My boſom all thy image ſhall retain,
The full impreſſion there ſhall ſtill remain.
As thou haſt taught my conſtant heart to prove
The nobleſt height and elegance of love;
That ſacred paſſion I to thee confine,
My ſpotleſs faith ſhall be for ever thine.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. SAVAGE.

POEMS

BY

Mrs. SAVAGE.

NOTHING NEW.

AVAUNT miſtruſt, be gone pale fear,
Nor whiſper horrors in mine ear;
Why ſhould I rack my thoughts in vain,
Or give myſelf a moment's pain,
Leſt criticks; (if my works they view;)
Should gravely ſay, here's Nothing New.
'Tis Nothing New, I'm ſure you know,
For thoſe who write, their works to ſhow,
And if they're prais'd, and render'd vain,
'Tis ten to one they write again;
And then they read it o'er with care,
Correcting here and adding there;
But others works they never view;
So judge the thought their own—'tis true,
In ſuch miſtakes there's Nothing new.
And as I've heard, 'tis Nothing new,
For thoſe who love ſincere and true,

To fill their heads with grief and pain,
For fear they are not lov'd again;
'And ſtories and experience tell us,'
' That men grow cold, and women jealous;
And many a lad and laſs, 'tis ſaid,
A jeſt of love, and vows have made;
And love that's falſe, and love that's true,
Appear ſo like in every view,
That to miſtake them's Nothing New.

That merit oft ſhould be diſtreſs'd,
And wit, and impudence careſs'd;
That diſappointment, ſhould produce
Much diſreſpect, and ſome abuſe;
That thoſe who riſe on fortune's wheel,
The power of vanity ſhould feel,
And think that riches are their due,
Becauſe ambition was their view,
Are ſure miſtakes—but Nothing New.

That many a man's a ſlave to pride;
And pity oft is miſapply'd;
That real friends are ſeldom found;
Nor does religion much abound;
That people often read for faſhion;
And men of genius oft ſhew paſſion;
That laws are good when rightly us'd,
And juſtice oft is much abus'd;
Are facts, my friend, moſt ſtrictly true:
But yet alas! they're Nothing New.

And long before our time, 'tis ſaid,
When Solomon had life ſurvey'd,
This ſentence he pronounc'd as true;
Throughout the world there's Nothing New.

Letter to Miſs E. B. at BATH.

TO doggrel now, I turn my pen,
A time may come, (but lord knows when)
That I may try to think again.
At preſent in my brain there floats,
A thouſand party-colour'd motes;
From which, if time would but permit,
I might ſift out, ſome ſparks of wit;
And many a line in verſe, and proſe,
Are loſt, whilſt half a ſleep I doze.
My * pineal gland, could you but view
You'd ſcarce believe, your eyes ſee true:
There's ſuch a jumble; good, and bad,
All ſorts of thoughts, may there be had;
Like brokers ſhop; where we may find,
Goods that belong'd to half mankind;
Which ſhould the maſter dare produce,
Are little worth, and out of uſe;
And joy would ſparkle in his face,
Could he put better in their place.
Thus oft, from ſhop of brain, I try,
To throw the dirt and rubbiſh by;
But ſtill they gain, their former ſtate,
Or leave a vacuum, in the pate.

* *See the Spectator No. 275, the Diſſection of a Beau's Head.*

And plagu'd I am, againſt my mind,
With thoughts, by far, too much refin'd;
That preach a doctrine, out of faſhion,
Of tender love, and inclination;
Which fancy, e'er our youth is paſt,
Vainly concludes, will always laſt;
In words, and geſtures, ſtill the ſame,
As when they both were nymph and ſwain.
Then ſkims acroſs my rambling head,
Thoughts of the abſent and the dead;
Of what's to eat, and what's to drink;
Of childrens welfare then I think;
Next wonder, if you've——read;
Then wiſh to get by twelve to bed;
Declare, no more at home I'll ſtay;
Was *Garrick* here, I'd to the play:
Then why not go to church they'd ſay;
I don't pretend myſelf to know,
But ſure religion is but ſhow:
What the good ſaint, did erſt declare,
That we ſhould always be at prayer,
Was never meant that we ſhould be,
For ever on our bended knee:
And tho' I have not time to read,
Or ſay at church my mother creed;
A ſigh ſincere, may wing its way;
Tho' round the room the cat's at play.
Thus far, as ſample I produce,
To ſhew my head's of little uſe;
'Till rouz'd to a more active ſcene,
I throw aſide this waking dream;

And laying idle ſchemes apart,
Set hand to plough with all my heart;
And only ſnatch an hour to prove,
I ſtill am yours, in friendly love;
And wiſh ſincerely you may find,
Your pleaſure and your health ſtill join'd:
And if you come to town to ſtay,
Deſire you'll paſs with me one day;
And pray don't fail to write a line,
In anſwer to this ſcrawl of mine,
Which (ſtranger to your dwelling place)
I mean ſhall bar of pump room grace.
Or! ſhould it fail to reach your hand,
And there a publick victim ſtand,
What food for laughter, I ſhould be,
To thoſe who nothing know of me;
But let that prove as it may hap;
I'm now inclin'd to take a nap;
Adieu my friend——in ev'ry ſtate,
May eaſe, and plenty be thy fate.

Letter to my Friend, E. B.

NO longer my friend will I ſilent remain,
In hopes of a brilliant poetical ſtrain;
But free from controul, my pen ſhall diſplay,
The thought of the inſtant, or ſerious, or gay;
If amuſing 'tis well——if ſower I grow,
Tis an eaſterly wind——or a pain in my toe.

No matter the cauſe whence reflections ariſe,
'Tis the ſorting his thoughts—that makes the man wiſe;
A work which while young, hardly ever goes faſt,
For of faculties, (ſure) we uſe judgment the laſt;
Wit in vain may refine, and learning diſplay,
Without judgment aſſiſts, to clear trifles away;
You'll expect me (perhaps) to define what I ſay;
To lay down a rule that may point out the way,
By which to acquire—or at leaſt to be clear,
When our judgment's arrived—or begins to draw near;
But miſtake not my friend—that taſk is too hard;
Let each look 'till they find—and be that the reward.

But alas! I talk wildly—for true as the day,
You muſt not depend on one word that I ſay;
For I always have fancy'd that people ſhould ſtay
For things that are fine, 'till they'd money to pay.
That huſbands, and wives, untrue to their vow,
Muſt expect to be look'd at—I cannot tell how,
That girls, if the name of old maiden they fear'd,
Should ſeldom be ſeen—and never be heard.
That wives ſhould attend to houſhold affairs,
Their children improve and teach'em their prayers.
That not only expence, but the loſs of our time,
Makes purſuit, of diverſions, ſo often a crime.
That each ſhould conſider, to what they were bred,
Nor aim on the heels of their betters to tread.

But alack! my dear girl, I'm quite out of the line,
For all the world now, are ſo ſpruce and ſo fine,
That when e'er I go out—I vow I'm afraid,
Leſt inſtead of the miſtreſs—I ſpeak to the maid.

You will hardly believe—but indeed it is true,
The people of London have nothing to do:

No buſineſs I mean—for morning, and night,
All the world's to be met with, at every fine ſight.
By the world, you muſt know, you are not to ſuppoſe
Such people as I——whom nobody knows;
But the truly polite—who are bleſt with ſuch eaſe,
They may marry—unmarry—and do what they pleaſe;
Provided, that all be tranſacted with ſpirit;
For wit and vivacity, conſtitute merit.
You remember (no doubt) the dear joys of fifteen,
How you flaunted, and dreſſed, and lov'd to be ſeen;
Oh! had you been taught, as you ought to have been;
You ſtill might have flaunted, and paſs'd for fifteen;
For among the gay world, we never are told,
Of a male or a female that ever grows old.
No doubt they ſome method have hit on at laſt,
To keep father Time from trotting ſo faſt;
Or elſe to the mill, they in private retire,
There they throw off their years—as we our attire.
And I'm tempted to think, (tho' they won't make it known,
They muſt have found out the philoſopher's ſtone;
For money's ſo plenty, that every day,
From morning to night, they throw it away.
Dear heart;————
——How I ſigh, when I think of theſe things;
How oft have we thought that riches had wings;
That time gallop'd faſt and for no one would ſtay,
And that death was a debt, we muſt certainly pay.
What a pity it is, we were not better bred,
And ſuch ſtrange muſty notions, beat out of our head;

For now I'm afraid, its too late in the day;
'Twill ſurpaſs our beſt ſkill, to drive them away.
But ſhould you dear friend, have the luck to attain
The art of recalling your youth back again;
With a way to ſupply us a plenty of gold,
I beg with all ſpeed you'll the ſecret unfold:
We would quickly convince them, the fault was not ours,
Let them give us the chance; I know we have powers
We'd join the gay throng, and redeem our time paſt,
And part of the world be reckon'd at laſt;
Nor ſhould I have cauſe, in verſe or in proſe,
To ſubſcribe myſelf,
One whom no body knows.

The RECLUSE and FORTUNE.

CLOSE by a wood, which grac'd a hill,
Whoſe foot was water'd by a rill;
Where the ſpread beech, and reverend oak,
Had never felt the axe's ſtroke;
Where ſafe beſide their friendly ſhade,
The humbler hazel rears its head,
And kindly yields a rich repaſt,
To break the ſquirrels winter faſt;
Where lovly creeping o'er the ground,
The native ſtrawberry is found;
And many a root, and many a ſeed,
which the ſylvan tribe may feed;

Where woodbines ſweet ſpontaneous rove,
And blooming hawthorns edge the grove;
With various flowers of lovely hue,
Which bloom and dye, conceal'd from view;
Where ſafe from harm the feather'd throng,
Melodious warble forth their ſong;
Retir'd from cuſtom's galling chain,
' Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
A Sage recluſe, almoſt forgot,
Liv'd in a neat but homely cot;
His temper mild, his ſenſe was ſtrong,
His judgment ſound, experience long;
His joys were calm, by reaſon led,
No wiſhes vain e'er fill'd his head;
Free from remorſe, free from diſguſt,
In virtue's pow'r he plac'd his truſt;
With learned books his ſhelf was ſtor'd
And ſimple plenty deck'd his board.
His meals were ſhort, his hunger ſauce,
And but for health he took his glaſs.
To crown his bliſs with ſocial life,
Heav'n gave a chaſte, a loving wife,
Poſſeſt of ſenſe his joys to ſhare,
A faithful female. wife and fair!
Their hours, their days, contented flew,
' Nor envy, nor ambition knew.'
It hap'd one eve, ('twas ſomewhat late;)
They heard a trampling at their gate,
And murm'ring voices ſtruck the ear,
Which ſpoke, a multitude was near.

'Twas fortune's ſelf who led the van,
Gave a loud rap;—and thus began;
Stay not, but ope the door:—'Tis I:
You?———who are you?———was the reply:
Open the door, again ſhe ſaid,
For my commands muſt be obey'd.
The ſage unmov'd no notice took,
But turn'd attentive to his book;
How's this? ſaid ſhe, not ope the door,
To fortune, when ſhe proffers ſtore?
To me who us'd to adulation,
Am goddeſs deem'd of every nation?
What? not to fortune lodging give,
Whom all with open arms receive?
I know you not?—returns the ſage,
At this the dame began to rage;
Defend my life! if e'er I knew,
A wight ſo obſtinate as you;
Full ſure I've reaſon for complaint,
To be refus'd? 'twould vex a ſaint;
It nought avail'd the ſage reply'd,
My mind is fix'd, you're here deny'd;
Beſides my cot's ſo very ſmall,
I could not lodge you, train and all.
Well then, ſaid ſhe, in milder ſtrain,
At leaſt make room for half my train.
With ſteady voice once more ſaid he,
You no admittance gain from me;
She ſoft reply'd, pray ſtay my friend,
You ſurely will compaſſion lend,
To a diſtreſs'd dejected maid,
Who, ſtarv'd with cold, implores your aid;

For Pomp permit me to intreat,
Who fainting lies beneath my feet;
Heres Grandeur too, quite weary grown,
And Honour making piteous moan;
Poor Glory, Pow'r, and Wealth are here,
From your neglect in deep deſpair;
All theſe attendant on my ſtate,
Intreat an entrance at your gate;
At leaſt, not every one refuſe,
Take half, or which ſo e'er you chuſe;
The night is cold, they're ſick at heart,
Your pity ſure will take their part.
I'm ſorry for their pains he ſaid,
But have not pow'r to give them aid.
At leaſt ſaid ſhe I muſt require,
You'll find a lodging for Deſire;
However ſmall your cot may be,
There's room enough for her and thee.
Begone from hence, he ſternly ſaid,
And with thee take thy proffer'd maid:
No gueſt like her, I entertain,
To bring remorſe, diſguſt and pain;
One only bed ſupplies my cot,
And that to Hymen I allot.

MISS FASHION.

A TALE.

SUPPOSE a female young, and fair,
Well vers'd in every country air:
Her face well known, in publick places,
Her ſtudy, dreſs, and cards, and graces:
A beauty, in each circle deem'd,
A critic, in Bon Ton eſteem'd:
Whoſe days in diſſipation flew,
(And art, made diſſipation new.)
Whoſe mornings, exhibitions ſhare,
Or any ſights, polite and rare:
A wit at every maſquerade,
And of a frolick not afraid:
(For ſurely none but prudes will ſay,
That females ne'er with males ſhould play:)
But ſatire ſpare——ſhe knew the law,
And kept her virtue free from flaw:
At night all publick places o'er,
With a ſmall party, half a ſcore:
A ſober game at loo ſhe'd play;
Looſe a cool hundred, and away:
And thus conclude a modiſh day.
Suppoſe this ſomething like the line,
In which our modern females ſhine,

Then think what pangs muſt wreck the heart.
Of ſweet Miſs Faſhion——forc'd to part
With all the joys that life can give;
(For who remov'd from town can live.)
Fix'd in a lonely country ſeat,
Fit for a hermit's calm retreat;
Condemn'd with dear mamma to ſtay,
And now and then a viſit pay.
To Miſtreſs Prim, the Parſon's wife,
And hear her huſband's rules for life;
To church on Sunday's, conſtant go,
Where lads and laſſes in a row,
Dreſt in their beſt apparel ſtand,
(To ſhow reſpect,) on either hand:
Plac'd in the pew, ſhe rolls her eye,
But not one ſingle Smart can ſpy:
A frown ſhe gives——and turns away,
And in a pet—begins to pray.
Sometimes with neighbouring 'ſquire they dine,
On veniſon paſty or ſurloin:
Where o'er dull port, they praiſe the chace,
And bett which horſe will win the race:
And John the farmer tells, how hay
Is like to ſell—next market day:
And madam talks of pyes and brats,
And of her ducklings—kill'd by rats:
Enquires for faſhions out of date,
And ſtares at Miſs's lofty tete.
At home ſhe meets with nothing new,
And how ſhould ſhe know what to do?
Pappa all day his farm attends,
And with a pipe his evening ends:

Mamma prowls round the yard and dairy,
And calls aloud on Cook and Mary,
And views her poultry, cows and pig,
And ſays the farmer's wife grows big:
Miſs Faſhion hates both work and reading,
And dies to meet with folks of breeding:
She hates to think——ſhe hates their talk,
And neither likes to ride—or walk:
She loiters here——and ſaunters there,
Hums half a tune—then plays an air;
Traces the garden o'er and o'er,
To find a part unſeen before:
At length ſhe ſtroll'd beyond its bound,
'Till from a gentle riſing ground:
A little cottage caught her eye,
And what, ſays ſhe, can this ſupply?
When on her ear, theſe accents broke,
Which by a female voice, were ſpoke.
Stop here fair maid, no farther ſtray,
Beyond this cot you'd looſe your way:
Tho' I'm a ſtranger to thy view,
Truſt me young maid I tell thee true:
There's danger, which you do not ſee,
Step in ſweet laſs—you're ſafe with me.
Her words ſo mild, diſtinct and clear,
Prevented every female fear:
Miſs Faſhion view'd the dame with care,
Found there was ſomething in her air,
That look'd as ſhe the world had ſeen;
And that her dreſs was neat and clean;
And tho' not quite the modiſh caſt,
Among a crowd it might have paſt.

The cottage was not furniſh'd fine,
But yet it came within the line,
Of what your ſober folks would ſay,
Was very decent——tho' not gay:
Miſs Faſhion look'd and look'd again,
Saw all was clean and neat tho' plain:
She ſaw that nothing there was new,
But yet the things look'd taſty too:
In converſe too, the dame ſhe found,
Knew ſomething of the modiſh round;
But oft declared, ſhe hated riot,
And laid great ſtreſs, on friends and quiet.
Miſs Faſhion long'd to know her name,
At laſt ſhe thus addreſs'd the dame:
Dear ma'm ſays ſhe, with due reſpect,
I don't at preſent recollect,
We ever had the luck of meeting,
Tho' ſo oblig'd, by your kind greeting:
Excuſe me, if I beg to know,
To whom I ſo much kindneſs owe.
My name is Prudence, ſaid the dame,
I am but little known to fame:
I long have dwelt in this ſmall cot,
By all the modiſh world forgot:
If ſought, I'm ready to attend,
And ſeldom fail to prove a friend:
My office is to watch each day,
Leſt travellers, who come this way:
Should paſs my bounds——
And while they thro' yon valley ſtray,
Old time ſhould ſtop them in their way:

A horrid Fiend——with ſecret wings,
That hide beneath, a thouſand ſtings:
Which, as he flies Reflection takes,
And into pointed arrows makes;
With which he hits the careleſs throng,
By diſſipation led along;
Fatal and ſharp the pangs they feel,
Nor care, nor art, the wounds can heal,
Time overtakes them in their way,
And drives them from the light of day.
But led by me, they hardly feel,
Reflection's arrows——tho' of ſteel:
And time ſo gently moves his wing,
They ſcarce perceive he has a ſting:
Chearful and ſafe life glides away,
Till age rever'd brings on decay.
She ceas'd and ſaw the maiden bluſh'd,
And for a moment all was huſh'd.
Miſs Faſhion heav'd a gentle ſigh,
And with a modeſt downcaſt eye;
Her kind inſtructor thus addreſs'd,
Oh! let me here for ever reſt:
Henceforth do thou, my new found friend,
My Monitor:——my ſteps attend;
Thy convert, from relapſe protect,
And every word and thought direct.

To ECHO.

ECHO! thou gentle nymph, forbear
A while to wave thy wings in air,
Ceaſe to repeat my ſecret woe,
Be ſilent whilſt my ſorrows flow;
If a tender ſigh ſhould ſteal
And my virgin love reveal,
Or my bounding heart ſhould beat,
When I hear my ſhepherd's feet;
If loſt in thought, my pratling tongue,
(For near my lips, the ſound is hung,)
Should, e'er incautious, drop his name,
Be ſilent nymph, and ſpare my ſhame.
Should tears of pleaſure fill mine eye,
And my rapt'rous pulſe beat high,
From the picture fancy made,
When I ſlept beneath yon ſhade;
Should I tell the melting bliſs,
That I feel in every kiſs;
In reaſon's abſence, ſhould I ſay,
Lovely ſhepherd, come away;
Be ſilent nymph—and every day,
My vows I'll at thy grotto pay.

OECONOMY.

DISTANT from court, and far remov'd,
From ſcenes by art and wealth improv'd;
Two ſiſter twins, of form ſublime,
Were bred with care by father Time.
Dame Wiſdom, (once his loving wife,
Who long ago had quitted life,)
With heavy ſighs, and many a tear,
Reſign'd the children to his care;
And with her parting breath, the dame,
To each fair nymph bequeath'd a name:
Prudence ſhe term'd the elder maid,
Be thine Oeconomy, ſhe ſaid,
(My lateſt care,) decreed by fate,
In future times to ſave a ſtate.
With ſtrict attention, father Time,
Improv'd each maid while in her prime;
And fraught her mind with every grace,
That could in female heart take place.
From childhood taught, to bend their will,
Strangers to every act of ill:
Few friends they had, few viſits made,
No airs of pride, no arts they play'd;
To faſhion they paid ſmall regard,
Yet knew to dreſs, or write a card.
The maids thus paſt in eaſe their days,
Unſought by fops, unmark'd by praiſe;

For reading oft an hour they'd chuſe,
Now to inſtruct, now to amuſe,
And every day they read the news;
Where with ſurpriſe, they frequent ſee,
The name of fair Oeconomy:
Oeconomy the fleet has paid,
She's gone to France to ſettle trade:
Oeconomy has lop'd our trees,
At court, no doubt her charms can pleaſe:
Thus pro and con, or firſt, or laſt,
Her name they fix'd to all that paſt;
And each was ready to declare,
In town ſhe liv'd, and each knew where
The maid convinc'd how little ſhare,
She claim'd, in what was doing there;
Reſolv'd to learn her rivals name,
Maintain her right. and clear her fame.
Her ſiſter oft would urge her ſtay,
But her advice bore little ſway:
In words like theſe the gentle maid,
Would thus endeavour to diſwade,
'Believe me girl you're much to blame,
Nought they advance, can hurt your fame;
For who that knows us both, can ſay,
We ever meant a different way?
And no one yet, that I can hear,
Pretends to ſay, that I am there;
Beſides ſhould they diſpute your name,
Pray tell me how you'll prove your claim?
Enrapt in thought, the beauteous maid,
Nor blam'd, nor prais'd, what e'er ſhe ſaid;

Intent to clear her ſpotleſs fame,
She ſees no danger, fears no ſhame;
But haſte to town, without delay,
To ſearch at court, or change or play;
Her name ſhe hears in every place,
But no one ſeems to know her face;
At laſt ſhe mixes in a crowd,
Where clam'rous tongues were ſpeaking loud;
And heard them by conſent declare,
Oeconomy inhabits here:
Confus'd, amaz'd, ſhe now deſcrys,
A figure like her own in ſize;
That mov'd along in pomp and ſtate,
While crowds ſubmiſſive round her wait.
Her name the damſel need not aſk,
She knew ſelf intereſt, tho' in maſque;
With boldneſs ſhe approach'd the dame,
Her right demands, declares her name;
Confuſion ſoon was in each face,
But Intereſt ſtill maintain'd her place,
And with an air of proud diſdain,
Condemns the maid to grief and pain;
Her ſlaves in haſte her will obey,
And drag the beauteous nymph away;
To a lone wood—whoſe boughs o'erſhade,
A horrid pit—where erſt 'tis ſaid;
Fair truth was hid from human ſight,
'Till found by Time, and brought to light.
With heart felt woe, the penſive maid,
Surveys the ſilent darkſome ſhade;
'My native home, farewel! ſhe cries.
Echo (at hand,) farewel replies;

Adieu, dear ſiſter! heavenly maid!
Too late I ſeek, and wiſh thy aid."
In ſilence, then, ſhe ceas'd complaint,
'Till hopeleſs grown without conſtraint,
Aloud ſhe prays; aloud ſhe cries,
And lifts to heaven her weeping eyes;
In vain her eyes with tears o'er-flow,
Her foes unmov'd no pity ſhow;
Down the deep pit the maid they hurl'd,
An exile from the thoughtleſs world.
Nor ſhall ſhe riſe to bleſs our race,
'Till Prudence gains ſelf-Intereſt's place.

MERIT.

IN times of yore; (as I've been told,)
Before they made ill uſe of gold,
E'er law, and trade, and cards, and dice,
And jobbing ſtocks, were ſcreens for vice;
Before they'd heard of maſquerades,
Or knew to make Italian ſhades;
When ſparks aſcended to the ſky,
From ſimple billets, piled on high:
E'er art, had given ſhape to flame,
Or lambent lights told George's name:
E'er men were fops, or girls coquets,
Or titles, ſcreen'd the great from debts:
When chearful ſound of ſhepherds pipe,
Did more than op'ra ſong delight:

When fair ones ſlept, at cloſe of day,
And roſe at morn to hail the may:
When youth robuſt, purſu'd the chace,
Or pitch'd the bar, or ran the race,
Nor fear'd the ſnow, or wind or rain,
Or dar'd to make a jeſt prophane.
  There liv'd remote at foot of hill,
(By which there ran a bubbling rill,)
An ancient pair—who free from ſtrife,
Had trod the rugged paths of life;
Who never wiſh'd, nor fear'd their death,
But had with eaſe, reſign'd their breath;
  One girl they left, (the maid was fair)
To all their virtues ſhe was heir;
Good ſenſe ſhe had, nor wanted ſpirit,
Was well brought up, they call'd her Merit.
  Her parents dead, and left alone,
She judg'd it right to come to town;
For ſhe had heard her father tell,
The people there liv'd wond'rous well;
She firſt a viſit paid to Pride,
He was at home—but was deny'd.
For Riches ſhe enquir'd ('tis ſaid)
But only ſaw the chamber-maid.
To Vanity, ſhe next apply'd,
(Who was juſt then become a bride)
She aſk'd her in, you may ſuppoſe,
To ſhow her plate, her houſe, her cloaths,
Her China figures, India ſcreen,
Her cups and ſancers, right nankeen;
And when her huſband, (Wit) came home,
She made the baſhful damſel known.

Merit well pleas'd with her reception,
Was very loth to take exception;
But yet they gave ſuch flings and jokes,
Whene'er they talk'd of ſober folks;
She could not for her life forbear,
But told them plain it was not fair;
Her ſaying this gave great offence,
And was for them a good pretence;
To let her ſee, ſhe muſt not ſtay:
She took the hint—and went away.
Reſolv'd ſome other friends to try,
But they were all, moſt wond'rous ſhy;
Some ſaid they did not know her name,
And others talk'd of aſking Fame;
If ſhe could give them information,
Who the wench was, and what her ſtation.
There ſtill was left one worthy friend,
On whom ſhe knew, ſhe might depend;
Her name Content; ſhe tramp'd about,
But could not find her dwelling out.
Diſtreſs'd and vex'd her money gone,
She now reſolv'd to leave the town;
But as ſhe walk'd along with Pain,
(Juſt as ſhe'd beg'd of one Diſdain,)
An open hearted youth came by,
With healthful look, and piercing eye:
He mark'd the maid—and found her heart,
Was to his own a counter-part:
The girl was ſmitten with the youth,
And ſoon perceiv'd his name was Truth:

Hearts ſo alike were quickly join'd,
Free from reſtraint they ſpoke their mind,
Agreed to wed without delay,
And having paſs'd their wedding day,
Went down to live with Pitt, at Hay:

The PROPHECY.

I.

AS Cupid in his cradle lay,
Tir'd with pleaſing toil of play:
Venus watching o'er his reſt,
Th' attendant graces thus addreſs'd.
Mark this babe, while I relate,
What ſhall be his future fate;
He ſhall reign with high command,
And around his throne ſhall ſtand;
Wanton wit, with every wile,
That can care, or thought beguile;
Gayly tripping o'er the mead,
She his careleſs ſteps ſhall lead:
Pleaſing hope, around his head,
Shall her downy pinions ſpread:
And while ſhe flatters, every fond deſire,
Beauty aſſiſting, ſhall increaſe his fire.

II.

Luxuriant eaſe, ſupinely laid.
On a bed of violets made,
In her perfum'd magic bow'r,
Shall enchant him by her pow'r:
With curling locks, and ſmiles of joy,
Mirth ſhall greet the thoughtleſs boy;
Whilſt her ſportive nymphs advance,
And ſurround him in their dance;
Roſy bands, their hands unite,
(Hands of pureſt native white.)
Nets of eglantine and vine,
Shall his graceful form intwine;
Long ſhall he ſport, amid the jovial crew,
Charm and be charm'd, and ſtill each joy be new.

III.

Fancy, giddy changing maid,
In a ſhadowy robe array'd;
Lightly ſkimming o'er the ground,
Shall his temples, wreath around;
To compleat the Monarch's ſtate,
Pleaſure, at his call ſhall wait;
Theſe the happy boy ſhall tend,
And his ev'ry wiſh befriend;
Happy indeed! if theſe were all thy train,
Thy pow'rs were boundleſs—endleſs were thy reign.

IV.

But too clear, my fears deſcry,
Ills, that lurking near him lie:

Haughty Pride, with iron chain,
Affectation and diſdain:
Cold indifference, jealous fear,
Broken faith, and ſad deſpair:
Creeping on with ſilent pace,
In thy train ſhall find a place:
And defying all thy pow'r,
(Stealing charms from every hour)
Time ſhall haſten on the way,
Leading quick to thy decay:
'Till age, forgetful of my lovely boy,
With frozen looks, his kingdom ſhall deſtroy.

ODE to PEACE of MIND.

I.

HAIL heaven born nymph, ſweet peace oh! hear,
A faithful votary's, ardent prayer;
Who mourns alas! with ſad diſmay,
Thy abſence thro' each tedious day;
And feels the precious moments fly.
In wild confus'd uncertainty,
Whoſe ſcatter'd thoughts, whoſe muſes fall,
No pow'r but thine can e'er recal;

II.

Return ſweet nymph, and bring to me,
Thoughts ſedate, and fancy free;

Where, ah! where; thou maid divine,
Lyes conceal'd thy ſacred ſhrine;
Thither quick, let me repair,
Breathe my vows, and huſh my care.
Not in ſolitude thou'rt found,
Nor in mirths, deceitful round;
Not to ruſtick cots confin'd,
Nor, the tender feeling mind;
From courts eſtrang'd, thou wing'ſt thy way,
Nor pow'r, nor ſtate, enſure thy ſtay.

III.

In kindneſs lend, thou maid divine,
The clue, to find thy ſecret ſhrine:
With cautious hand the clue I'll hold,
That may the myſtick maze unfold;
If right I ween, by thee 'twas made,
When Jove of earth the baſis laid:
From Truth, from Love, from Gratitude,
From Freedom, Friendſhip, Fortitude.
From mutual warmth, and ſocial care,
The happy few in wedlock ſhare;
Each ſlender fibre you conjoyn'd,
To form the bliſs of human kind;
And Jove aſſenting, to the world proclaim'd,
By his beheſts, the wond'rous maze was fram'd:
But leaſt mankind ſhould catch the clue,
And limit to this earth, their view,
Swift to his throne, you haſte away;
Nor here but in our fancy ſtay.

A

TRANSIENT THOUGHT.

I.

I Aim not to decide the caſe,
What moſt declare, full ſure I know:
'The feeling heart muſt bear diſtreſs;
'And eaſe muſt from indifference flow.

II.

Tell me then, ye minds ſerene,
Whoſe eaſe doth from indifference flow,
When firſt began the happy ſcene,
And how ye conquer'd every woe.

III.

For never yet, from nature's hand,
Was deſtin'd thro' the world to go;
A heart, with feelings at command,
To take its choice, of joy, or woe.

IV.

Witneſs the infant's poignant grief,
When from its eye the nurſe is hid,
With ſcorn, it ſlights your fond relief,
And ſobbing hangs its drooping head.

V.

Or if perchance, with wiley art,
She but affects ſome ſad diſtreſs,
Quick throbbings move its little heart,
And vain attempts, ſpeak wiſh'd redreſs.

VI.

Emotions kind, deſign'd thro' life,
To conſtitute the faithful friend,
To form the father, huſband, wife,
And make each joy, on all depend.

VII.

Unleſs repeated ills intrude,
To check kind nature's firſt intent,
And wearied by ingratitude,
The heart grows ſteel'd to each event.

VIII.

Then haughty pride in man preſides,
To brave the ills he cannot cure;
And art, the tear of pity hides,
When others feel what we endure.

IX.

External mirth employs each hour,
With falſe pretence the world to pleaſe,
While habit, (borrowing nature's pow'r,)
Indifference gain, and calls it eaſe.

X.

Free then they leave our claim to joy,
As free they leave our ſad diſtreſs,
Nor can another's ills annoy,
The heart, which aſks not here to bleſs.

XI.

But Oh! to me thoſe moments ſpare
By which the feeling heart can live,
To take of grief and joy my ſhare,
And bleſt by others, bleſſings give.

POEMS

BY

Miſs SCOTT.

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DUNNOTTER CASTLE.

DUNNOTER's ruin'd pride, and falling towers,
I ſing, O Walker *! and the ſong is yours.
With you I wander'd o'er the moſs-grown domes;
Still o'er the ſcene with you my fancy roams;
Still the idea riſes to my view,
With gloomy grandeur, pleaſure ever new!
The rolling main, the rock's ſtupendous height,
A ſtriking proſpect! ſwim before my ſight.
In flowing verſe now be the ſcene diſplay'd,
Muſe, Fancy, Memory, I crave your aid!

* *The Rev. Mr.* Walker, *Miniſter of the Pariſh of Dunnotter.*

High on a rock, projecting from the land,
The caſtle ſtood, and ſtill it's ruins ſtand;
Wide o'er the German main the proſpect bent,
Steep is the path, and rugged the aſcent;
And when with labour climb'd the narrow way,
Long ſounding-vaults receive you from the day.
There hung the huge port-cullis, there the bar,
Drawn on the iron-gate, defy'd the war.
Ah, great Dunnotter! once of ſtrength the ſeat!
Once deem'd impregnable! thou yield'ſt to Fate!
Nor rocks, nor ſeas, nor arms, thy gates defend;
Thy pride is fallen, thy ancient glories end!
Up from the gate we climb the ſlipp'ry way,
Still falling turrets, mould'ring towers, ſurvey;
The walls and caves with various moſs o'ergrown,
And threat'ning nods on high the looſen'd ſtone.
Slowly we mount, thro' broken arches creep,
And gain at laſt the ſummit of the ſteep;
Curious around the airy height we gaze,
There the great well it's ample round diſplays,
A vaſt circumference, and depth profound,
Now fill'd with ruins of the falling mound.
There ſtood the palace, rais'd in air ſublime,
On rows of vaults that ſeem'd to mock at Time;
Yet he aſſerts his power, and claims his prey;
They break, they fall! what can reſiſt his ſway!
Here, thro' innumerable vaults we run,
Cold, dreary, damp, impervious to the ſun,
Brown with the ruſt of years; and from their tops
Inceſſantly the oozing moiſture drops.
We leave the gloom, the wheeling ſteps aſcend,
Our walk along the roofleſs palace bend;

Here, thro' the long apartments as we paſs,
The ſoft wind whiſtles thro' the waving graſs,
That cloaths the pavement, crowns the naked walls
Of broken turrets and deſerted halls.
Here, once the ſeat of many a mighty name,
The jack-daws chatter, and the ſea-fowl ſcream!
Here dwelt great *Ogilvie*, and held the tower,
The laſt that yielded to th' uſurper's power;
By honeſt craft from hence the crown convey'd,
And *Caledonia's* gems in ſafety laid:
Nor hopes of favour, nor the threats of power;
Could ſhake his ſoul, or his fix'd heart allure.
Firm as the rocks, he and his daring wife
Endur'd the torture, ſcorning ſhameful life;
And kept the charge, till Heav'n their king reſtor'd;
Then ſent, uninjur'd, to their rightful lord.
Glorious defenders of the regal gold,
Illuſtrious *Caledonians*, patriots bold!
With joy your heroiſm I rehearſe,
And give your mem'ry all I can—a verſe.
O may this land your guardian care engage,
Your great example fire with gen'rous rage,
And rouſe to glorious deeds each future age!
Thou, *Barras*, hear! and deign t' approve the lays,
That aim thy valiant anceſtors to praiſe!
Now turning from the walls, high o'er the ſteep
Impending cliff, we view the boundleſs deep?
All round the winding coaſt, black rocks ariſe,
And with uncouth variety ſurprize:
The waves roll ſlow and ſilent to the ſhore,
Then laſh the craggy beach, and ſullen roar;

From rock to rock the breaking ſurge rebounds,
While endleſs echoes catch and ſwell the ſounds.
The green ſea here with ceaſeleſs fury raves,
And toſſes high in air her raging waves;
Burſting they fall with loud repeated ſhock,
And in white torrents pour along the rock;
Whilſt oft from ſhore in peace the ocean lies,
Ting'd with the colour of the glowing ſkies,
The gentle breezes ſport upon the deep,
And, murm'ring ſoft, the vaſt expanſion ſweep;
Refulgent Phœbus, in meridian height,
Enrobes the lucid waves with mellow light;
The ſparkling beams on the ſmall ſurface play,
And ſtreams of foam float on the wat'ry way.
Here let deſcription ceaſe; but ſtill prolong
Thy taſk, O Muſe! and moralize the ſong.
Think, all who gaze on fam'd *Dunnotter*'s wall,
Like it ſhall all terreſtrial glories fall!
Youth flies apace, frail beauty meets decay;
The mighty's ſtrength, like ice, ſhall melt away.
Riches take wings; and Fame's far-ſounding boaſt,
Shall die away—the pride of pow'r be loſt.
Health, pleaſure, life, ſhall paſs, a fading flow'r,
Sport of a day, and pageant of an hour!
Fix not on theſe thy heart; but riſe ſublime,
And ſeek a bliſs, unmov'd by fate or time:
Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
No chance can alter, no poſſeſſion cloy!
Virtue, like this great rock, ſtands firmly brave,
And ſcorns the ebb or flow of Fortune's wave;
Unmov'd the ſtorms of life can calmly bear,

Collected in itſelf, and void of fear!
E'en when theſe rocks and ſeas ſhall paſs away,
And that bright orb no longer rule the day,
Virtue ſhall ſtand the teſt, like gold refin'd,
And beam immortal radiance on the mind;
Thro' endleſs ages gain increaſing ſtore
Of light and life, of joy and active pow'r,
And bloom when time and nature are no more.

VERSES,

On a Day of Prayer, for Succeſs in War.

LORD, how ſhall wretched ſinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode?
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a juſt, a holy God?

Bright terrors guard thy awful ſeat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face!
Yet mercy calls us to thy feet;
Thy throne is ſtill a throne of grace.

O may our ſouls thy grace adore,
May Jeſus plead our humble claim;
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name!

With all the boaſted pomp of war
In vain we dare the hoſtile field:
In vain, unleſs the Lord be there;
Thy arm alone is Britain's ſhield.

Let paſt experience of thy care
Support our hope, our truſt invite!
Again attend our humble prayer,
Again be mercy thy delight!

Our arms ſucceed, our councils guide,
Let thy right-hand our cauſe maintain;
Till war's deſtructive rage ſubſide,
And peace reſume her gentle reign.

O when ſhall time the period bring
When raging war ſhall waſte no more;
When peace ſhall ſtretch her balmy wing
From Europe's coaſt to India's ſhore?

When ſhall the goſpel's healing ray
(Kind ſource of amity divine!)
Spread o'er the world celeſtial day?
When ſhall the nations, Lord, be thine?

The THREE WARNINGS.

A TALE.

By Mrs. THRALE.

THE tree of deepeſt root is found
Leaſt willing ſtill to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore ſaid, by ancient ſages,
That love of life increaſ'd with years
So much, that in our latter ſtages,
When pain grows ſharp, and ſickneſs rages,
The greateſt love of life appears,
This great affection to believe,
Which all confeſs, but few perceive,
If old aſſertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When ſports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobſon's wedding-day,
Death call'd aſide the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave, 'You muſt,' ſays he,
'Quit your ſweet bride, and come with me,'—
'With you! and quit my Suſan's ſide!
'With you! the hapleſs huſband cry'd:
'Young as I am! 'Tis monſtrous hard!
'Beſides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:

'My thoughts on other matters go,
'This is my wedding-night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reaſons could not well be ſtronger;
So Death the poor delinquent ſpar'd,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a ſerious look,
His hour-glaſs trembled while he ſpoke,
'Neighbour,' he ſaid, 'farewel; no more
'Shall death diſturb your mirthful hour:
'And farther, to avoid all blame
'Of cruelty upon my name,
'To give you time for preparation,
'And fit you for your future ſtation,
'Three ſeveral warnings you ſhall have,
'Before you're ſummon'd to the grave:
'Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
'And grant a kind reprieve;
'In hopes you'll have no more to ſay,
'But when I call again this way,
'Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
To theſe conditions both conſented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befel,
How long he liv'd, how wiſe, how well,
How roundly he purſu'd his courſe,
And ſmoak'd his pipe, and ſtrok'd his horſe,
The willing muſe ſhall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he ſold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old.
Nor thought of death as near;

His friends not falſe, his wife no ſhrew,
Many his gains, his children few.
He paſs'd his hours in peace:
But while he view'd his wealth increaſe,
While thus along Life's duſty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whoſe haſte no mortal ſpares,
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in muſing mood,
As all alone he ſat,
Th' unwelcome meſſenger of fate,
Once more before him ſtood.

Half kill'd with anger and ſurprize,
So ſoon return'd!' old Dobſon cries.
' So ſoon, d'ye call it!' Death replies:
' Surely, my friend, you're but in jeſt!
' Since I was here before,
' 'Tis ſix and thirty years, at leaſt,
' And you are now fourſcore.'
' So much the worſe,' the clown rejoin'd;
' To ſpare the aged would be kind:
' However, ſee your ſearch be legal;
' And your authority—is't regal?
' Elſe you're come on a fool's errand,
' Beſides you promis'd me Three Warnings,
' Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
' But for that loſs of time and eaſe,
' I can recover damages.'
' I know,' cries Death, ' that, at the beſt,
' I ſeldom am a welcome gueſt;
' But don't be captious, friend, at leaſt:

I little thought you'd ſtill be able
To ſtump about your farm and ſtable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wiſh you joy, tho', of your ſtrength!'
'Hold,' ſays the farmer; 'not ſo faſt,
'I have been lame theſe four years paſt.'
'And no great wonder death replies;
'However you ſtill keep your eyes;
'And ſure, to ſee one's loves and friends,
'For legs and arms would make amends.'
'Perhaps,' ſays Dobſon, 'ſo it might,
, But latterly I've loſt my ſight,'
'This is a ſhocking ſtory, faith;
'Yet there's ſome comfort ſtill,' ſays Death:
'Each ſtrives your ſadneſs to amuſe;
'I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
'I'm grown ſo deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay then!' the ſpectre ſtern rejoin'd,
'Theſe are unjuſtifiable yearnings;
'If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
'You've had your Three ſufficient Warnings.'
'So come along, no more we'll part:'
He ſaid, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobſon turning pale,
Yields to his fate——ſo ends my tale.

CONNAL and MARY.

By MISS TOMLINS.

BY Yarrow ſtream, that glides along,
Whoſe banks the wild-thyme ſweetly covers,
Thus Connal rais'd his mournful ſong;
By Yarrow, fam'd for faithful lovers.

'Farewel!' he cried, a long farewel!
'Farewel to hope and joy for ever:
'For hope and joy can never dwell
'Beſide the waves that lovers ſever!

'With Mary I have paſs'd the day,
'Beſide this ſtream in murmurs flowing;
'With Mary I have lov'd to ſtray
'Amid the wild-thyme ſweetly blowing.

'For her my little ſtock I left:
'For Mary, at the midnight hour,
'My eye-lids were of ſleep bereft;
'My footſteps wander'd round her bower.

'For her it was, at dawning day,
'The ſweeteſt flow'rs of ſpring I blended;

'For her, at noon-tide's ſcorching ray,
'The lambs and frolick kid I tended.

'I form'd a wreath for Mary's hair,
'Of all my little garden's treaſure;
'And when that wreath ſhe deign'd to wear,
'Alas! can words expreſs my pleaſure?

'Methinks that gentle look I ſee,
'Which once ſhe caſt to eaſe my ſorrow;
'I ſee it yet, tho' lovely ſhe
'Forgot it e'er the dawning morrow.

'Thoſe happy days ſhe has forgot,
'Forgotten are my reſtleſs hours;
'Forgotten is the rural ſpot
'Where Mary wore that wreath of flowers.

'She has forgot the ſilver tide,
'The tide of Yarrow gently flowing;
'And Mary is another's bride,
'Where ſweeter flowers than mine are blowing,

'Blow ſweet, ye flowers, where'er ſhe be;
'Ye ſtreams, in gentler murmurs languiſh:
'But whiſper not the charming ſhe,
'That my fond heart now breaks with anguiſh.

'Could Mary ſee that breaking heart,
'Each tender wiſh for her diſcover;

'The tear of pity, void of art,
'Would deeper wound her faithful lover.

'When this fond breaſt ſhall ceaſe to feel,
'When this fond heart ſhall ceaſe to flutter;
'When down theſe cheeks no tear ſhall ſteal,
'And theſe cold lips no ſounds ſhall utter:

'Let not reflection tell my love
'How oft ſhe vow'd to be my marrow;
'Let not her footſteeps ever rove
'Along the ſilent banks of Yarrow!

'Perhaps, if near the favour'd ſpot
'Where once her vows to me ſhe plighted,
'My ceaſeleſs truth, my early lot,
'In artleſs ſtrains ſhould be recited;

'She might forget that very ſigh,
'That very tear of love and ſorrow
'That gliſten'd in that charming eye,
'From others rights ſhe now muſt borrow

'O may ſhe never hear my woe!
'Nor Fame's loud tongue the tale diſcover;
'Let no rude ſtone to Mary ſhew
'The ſod that wraps her clay-cold lover.

'Beneath the turf, where once we rov'd,
'This faithful heart ſhall ceaſe to languiſh:
'Beſide the bank where once ſhe lov'd,
'Soon ſhall this breaſt forget it's anguiſh!"

His dying lips their taſk deny;
He ceas'd his tale, his tale of ſorrow
Cold was his breaſt, and clos'd his eye,
Beſide the flowing wave of Yarrow.

POEMS

BY

Miſs WHATELY.

POEMS

BY

Miſs WHATELY.

ODE TO MAY.

FAIREST daughter of the year.
Ever blooming, lovely May;
While thy vivid ſkies appear,
Nature ſmiles, and all is gay.

Thine the flowery painted mead,
Paſture fair, and mountain green;
Thine, with infant-harveſt ſpread,
Laughing lies the lowland ſcene.

Friend of thine, the ſhepherd plays
Blitheſome near the yellow broom;
While his flock, that careleſs ſtrays,
Seeks the wild thyme's ſweet perfume.

May, with thee I mean to rove
O'er theſe lawns and vallies fair;
Tune thy gentle lyre to love,
Cheriſh hope, and ſoften care,

Round me ſhall the village ſwains,
Shall the roſy nymphs appear;
While I ſing, in rural ſtrains,
May, to ſhepherds ever dear.

I had never ſkill to raiſe
Peans from the vocal ſtrings;
To the god-like hero's praiſe,
To the pageant pomp of kings;

Stranger to the hoſtile plains,
Where the brazen trumpets ſound;
Life's purple ſtream the verdure ſtains,
And heaps promiſcuous preſs the ground:

Where the murderous cannon's breath
Fate denounces from afar,
And the loud report of death
Stuns the cruel ear of war.

Stranger to the park and play,
Birth-night balls, and courtly trains;
Thee I woo, my gentle May,
Tune for thee my native ſtrains.

Blooming groves, and wand'ring rills,
Sooth thy vacant poet's dreams:
Vocal woods, and wilds, and hills,
All her unexalted themes,

The Pleaſures of Contemplation.

QUEEN of the halcyon breaſt, and heaven-ward eye,
Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign
Light my lone paſſage thro' this vale of life,
And raiſe the ſiege of Care! This ſilent hour
To thee is ſacred, when the ſtar of eve,
Like Dian's virgins trembling ere they bathe,
Shoots o'er the Heſperian wave it's quivering ray.
All nature joins to fill my labouring breaſt
With high ſenſations: aweful ſilence reigns
Above, around; the ſounding winds no more
Wild thro' the fluctuating foreſt fly
With guſt impetuous; Zephyr ſcarcely breathes
Upon the trembling foliage; flocks and herds,
Retir'd beneath the friendly ſhade repoſe,
Fann'd by oblivion's wing. Ha! is not this,
This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,
When flitting ſpirits, from their priſons broke,
By moon-light glide along the duſky vales,
The ſolemn church-yard, or the dreary grove;
Fond to reviſit their once lov'd abodes,
And view each friendly ſcene of paſt delight;
Satyrs, and fawns, that in ſequeſter'd woods
And deep-embowering ſhades delight to dwell;
Quitting their caves, where in the reign of day
They ſleep in ſilence, o'er the daiſied green

Purſue their gambols, and with printleſs feet
Chaſe the fleet ſhadows o'er the waving plains.
Dryads, and Naiads, from each ſpring and grove,
Trip blitheſome o'er the lawns; or, near the ſide
Of moſſy fountains, ſport in Cynthia's beams.
The fairy elves, attendant on their queen,
With light ſteps bound along the velvet mead,
And leave the green impreſſion of their dance
In rings myſterious to the paſſing ſwain;
While the pellucid glow-worm kindly lends
Her ſilver lamp to light the feſtive ſcene.
From yon majeſtick pile, in ruin great,
Whoſe lofty towers once on approaching foes
Look'd ſtern defiance, the ſad bird of night,
In mournful accent, to the moon complains:
Thoſe towers with venerable ivy crown'd,
And mouldering into ruin, yield no more
A ſafe retirement to the hoſtile bands;
But there the lonely bat, that ſhuns the day,
Dwells in dull ſolitude; and ſcreaming thence
Wheels the night raven ſhrill, with hideous note
Portending death to the dejected ſwain.
Each plant and flow'ret bath'd in evening dews,
Exhale refreſhing ſweets: from the ſmooth lake,
On whoſe ſtill boſom ſleeps the tall tree's ſhade,
The moon's ſoft rays reflected mildly ſhine.
Now towering fancy takes her airy flight
Without reſtraint, and leaves this earth behind;
From pole to pole, from world to world ſhe flies;
Rocks, ſeas, nor ſkies, can interrupt her courſe.
Is this what men, to thought eſtrang'd, miſcal
Deſpondence? this dull melancholy's ſcene?

To trace the Eternal Cauſe thro' all his works,
Minutely and magnificently wiſe?
Mark the gradations which thro' Nature's plan
Join each to each, and form the vaſt deſign?
And tho' day's glorious guide withdraws his beams
Impartial, chearing other ſkies and ſhores;
Rich intellect, that ſcorns corporeal bands,
With more than mid-day radiance gilds the ſcene;
The mind, now reſcu'd from the cares of day,
Roves unreſtrain'd thro' the wide realms of ſpace;
Where (thoughts ſtupendous!) ſyſtem infinite,
In regular confuſion taught to move,
  Ye ſons of pleaſure, and ye foes to thought,
Who ſearch for bliſs in the capacious bowl,
And blindly woo intemperance for joy!
Durſt ye retire, hold converſe with yourſelves,
And in the ſilent hour of darkneſs court
Kind Contemplation with her peaceful train:
How would the minutes dance on downy feet,
And unperceiv'd the midnight taper waſte,
While intellectual pleaſure reign'd ſupreme!
  Ye muſes, graces, virtues, heaven-born maids!
Who love in peaceful ſolitude to dwell
With meek-ey'd innocence, and radiant truth,
And bluſhing modeſty; that frighted fly
The dark intrigue, and midnight maſquerade;
What is this pleaſure which enchants mankind?
'Tis noiſe, 'tis toil, 'tis frenzy; like the cup
Of Circe, fam'd of old; who taſtes it finds
Th' etherial ſpark divine to brute transform'd.

And now, methinks, I hear the libertine
With ſupercilious leer cry, 'Preach no more
'Your muſty morals; hence, to deſarts fly,
'And in the gloom of ſolitary caves
'Auſterely dwell: what's life, debarr'd from joy?
'Crown, then, the bowl; let Muſick lend her aid,
'And Beauty her's, to ſoothe my wayward cares.'
Ah! little does he know the nymph he ſtyles
A foe to pleaſure; pleaſure is not more
His aim than her's; with him ſhe joins to blame
The hermit's gloom, and ſavage penances;
Each ſocial joy approves. Oh! without thee,
Fair Friendſhip, life were nothing; without thee,
The page of fancy would no longer charm,
And ſolitude diſguſt e'en penſive minds.
Nought I condemn, but that exceſs which clou
The mental faculties, to ſoothe the ſenſe;
Let Reaſon, Truth, and Virtue, guide thy ſteps,
And every bleſſing Heav'n beſtows, be thine!



POEMS

BY

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.

POEMS

BY

Anne, Counteſs of Winchelſea.

The BRASS POT and STONE JUGG.

A FABLE.

A Brazen pot, by ſcouring vext,
With beef and pudding ſtill perplext,
Reſolv' t' attempt a nobler life,
Urging the Jugg to ſhare the ſtrife
Brother, quoth he (love to endear)
Why ſhould we two continue here,
To ſerve and cook ſuch homely cheer?
Who though we move with awkward pace,
Your ſtony bowels, and my face,
Abroad can't miſs of wealth and place

Then let us inſtantly be going,
And ſee what in the world is doing.
The bloated Jugg, ſupine and lazy,
Who had no wiſh, but to be eaſy,
Nor, like its owner, e'er did think
Of ought, but to be fill'd with drink;
Yet ſomething mov'd by this fine ſtory,
And frothing higher with vain-glory,
Reply'd, he never wanted metal,
But had no ſides, like ſturdy kettle,
That in a crowd could ſhove and buſtle,
And to preferment bear the juſtle;
When the firſt knock would break his meaſures,
And ſtop his riſe to place and treaſures.
Sure (quoth the Pot) thy ſkull is thicker
Than ever was thy muddy liquor:
Go I not with thee for thy guard,
To take off blows, and dangers ward?
And haſt thou never heard that Cully
Is borne through all by daring Bully?
Yourſelf (reply'd the drink conveyer)
May be my ruin and betrayer:
A ſuperiority you boaſt,
And dreſs the meat, I but the toaſt:
Than mine your conſtitution's ſtronger,
And in fatigues can hold out longer;
And ſhould one bang from you be taken,
I into nothing ſhould be ſhaken.
A *d'autre* cry'd the Pot in ſcorn,
Doſt think there's ſuch a villain born,
That, when he proffers aid and ſhelter,
Will rudely fall too, helter-ſkelter?

No more, but follow to the road,
Where each now drags his pond'rous load,
And up the hill were almoſt clamber'd,
When (may it ever be remember'd!)
Down rolls the jugg, and after rattles
The moſt perfidious of all kettles;
At ev'ry molehill gives a jump,
Nor reſts, till by obdurate thump,
The Pot of Stone, to ſhivers broken,
Sends each miſguided fool a token:
To ſhew them, by this fatal teſt,
That equal company is beſt,
Where none oppreſs, nor are oppreſt.

There's No TO-MORROW.

A FABLE.

Imitated from Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange.*

TWO long had lov'd, and now the nymph deſir'd
The cloak of wedlock, as the caſe requir'd;
Urg'd that, the day he wrought her to this ſorrow,
He vow'd, that he would marry her To-Morrow.
Again he ſwears, to ſhun the preſent ſtorm,
That he, To-Morrow, will that vow perform.
The Morrows in their due ſucceſſions came;
Impatient ſtill on each, the pregnant dame
Urg'd him to keep his word, and ſtill he ſwore the ſame.

When tir'd at length, and meaning no redreſs,
But yet the lye not caring to confeſs,
He for his oath this ſalvo choſe to borrow,
That he was free, ſince there was no To-Morrow;
For when it comes in place to be employ'd,
'Tis then To-day; To-Morrow's ne'er enjoy'd.

'The tale's a jeſt, the moral is a truth;
'To-Morrow and To-Morrow cheat our youth:
'In riper age, To-Morrow ſtill we cry,
'Not thinking that the preſent day we die;
'Unpractis'd all the good we had deſign'd;
'There's No To-Morrow to a willing mind.'

The SPLEEN.

A PINDARICK POEM.

WHAT art thou, Spleen, which every thing doſt ape?
Thou *Proteus* to abus'd mankind,
Who never yet thy real cauſe could find,
Or fix thee to remain in one continu'd ſhape.
Still varying thy perplexing form,
Now a dead ſea thou'lt repreſent,
A calm of ſtupid diſcontent,
Then daſhing on the rocks wilt rage into a ſtorm.
Trembling ſometimes thou doſt appear,
Diſſolv'd into a panick fear;

On ſleep intruding doſt thy ſhadows ſpread,
Thy gloomy terrors round the ſilent bed,
And croud with boding dreams the melancholy head:
Or, when the midnight hour is told,
And drooping lids thou ſtill doſt waking hold,
Thy fond deluſions cheat the eyes,
Before them antick ſpectres dance,
Unuſual fires their pointed heads advance,
And airy phantoms riſe.
Such was the monſtrous viſion ſeen,
When *Brutus* (now beneath his cares oppreſt,
And all *Rome's* fortunes rolling in his breaſt,
Before *Philippi's* lateſt field,
Before his fate did to *Octavius* yield)
Was vanquiſh'd by the ſpleen.
Falſely the mortal part we blame
Of our depreſt and pond'rous frame,
Which, till the firſt degrading ſin
Let thee, its dull attendant, in,
Still with the other did comply,
Nor clogg'd the active ſoul diſpos'd to fly,
And range the manſions of its native ſky.
Nor whilſt in his own heav'n he dwelt,
Whilſt man his paradiſe poſſeſt,
His fertile garden in the fragrant eaſt,
And all united odours ſmelt,
No armed ſweets, until thy reign,
Could ſhock the ſenſe, or in the face
A fluſh'd, unhandſome colour place.
Now the jonquille o'ercomes the feeble brain;
We faint beneath the aromatick pain,

Till ſome offenſive ſcent thy pow'rs appeaſe,
And pleaſure we reſign for ſhort, and nauſeous eaſe.
In ev'ry one thou doſt poſſeſs,
New are thy motions, and thy dreſs;
Now in ſome grove a liſt'ning friend
Thy falſe ſuggeſtions muſt attend,
Thy whiſper'd griefs, thy fancy'd ſorrows hear,
Breath'd in a ſigh, and witneſs'd by a tear;
Whilſt in the light and vulgar croud,
Thy ſlaves more clamorous and loud,
By laughters unprovok'd, thy influence too confeſs.
In the imperious wife thou vapours art.
Which from o'er-heated paſſions riſe
In clouds to the attractive brain,
Until deſcending thence again,
Through the o'er-caſt and ſhow'ring eyes,
Upon her huſband's ſoften'd heart,
He the diſputed point muſt yield,
Something reſign of the conteſted field;
Till lordly man, born to imperial ſway,
Compounds for peace to make that right awa y,
And woman arm'd with ſpleen does ſervilely obey.
The fool, to imitate the wits,
Complains of thy pretended fits,
And dulneſs, born with him, would lay
Upon thy accidental ſway;
Becauſe ſometimes thou doſt preſume
Into the ableſt heads to come:
That often men of thoughts refin'd,
Impatient of unequal ſenſe,
Such ſlow returns, where they ſo much diſpenſe,
Retiring from the croud are to thy ſhades inclin'd.

O'er me, alas! thou doſt too much prevail:
I feel thy force whilſt I againſt thee rail;
I feel my verſe decay, and my crampt numbers fail.
Through thy black jaundice I all objects ſee,
As dark and terrible as thee,
My lines decry'd, and my employment thought
An uſeleſs folly, or preſumptuous fault;
Whilſt in the Muſes paths I ſtray,
Whilſt in their groves, and by their ſacred ſprings
My hand delights to trace unuſual things,
And deviates from the known and common way:
Nor will in fading ſilks compoſe
Faintly th' inimitable roſe,
Fill up an ill-drawn bird, or paint on glaſs
The ſov'reign's blurr'd and undiſtinguiſh'd face,
The threat'ning angel, and the ſpeaking aſs.
Patron thou art to ev'ry groſs abuſe,
The ſullen huſband's feign'd excuſe,
When the ill humour with his wife he ſpends,
And bears recruited wit and ſpirits to his friends.
The ſon of *Bacchus* pleads thy pow'r,
As to the glaſs he ſtill repairs,
Pretends but to remove thy cares,
Snatch from thy ſhades one gay and ſmiling hour,
And drown thy kingdom in a purple ſhow'r.
When the coquette, whom ev'ry fool admires,
Would in variety be fair,
And, changing haſtily the ſcene
From light, impertinent, and vain,
Aſſumes a ſoft and melancholy air,
And of her eyes rebates the wand'ring fires
The careleſs poſture, and the head reclin'd,

The thoughtful and compoſed face,
Proclaiming the withdrawn, the abſent mind,
Allows the fop more liberty to gaze,
Who gently for the tender cauſe inquires;
The cauſe indeed is a defect in ſenſe,
Yet is the ſpleen alledg'd, and ſtill the dull pretence.
But theſe are thy fantaſtic harms,
The tricks of thy pernicious ſtage,
Which do the weaker ſort engage;
Worſe are the dire effects of thy more powerful charms.
By thee religion, all we know,
That ſhould enlighten here below,
Is veil'd in darkneſs, and perplext
With anxious doubts, with endleſs ſcruples vext,
And ſome reſtraint imply'd from each perverted text
Whilſt touch not, taſte not, what is freely giv'n,
Is but thy niggard voice, diſgracing bounteous heav'n.
From ſpeech reſtrain'd, by the deceits abus'd,
To deſarts baniſh'd, or in cells reclus'd,
Miſtaken vot'ries to thy pow'rs divine,
Whilſt they a purer ſacrifice deſign,
Do but the ſpleen obey, and worſhip at thy ſhrine.
In vain to chaſe thee ev'ry art we try,
In vain all remedies apply,
In vain the *Indian* leaf infuſe,
Or the parch'd Eaſtern berry bruiſe;
Some paſs in vain thoſe bounds, and nobler liquors uſe.
Now harmony in vain we bring,
Inſpire the flute, and touch the ſtring.
From harmony no help is had;
Muſic but ſooths thee, if too ſweetly ſad,
And if too light, but turns thee gaily mad.

Though the phyſician's greateſt gains,
Although his growing wealth he ſees
Daily encreas'd by ladies fees,
Yet doſt thou baffle all his ſtudious pains.
Not ſkilful *Lower* thy ſource could find,
Or through the well-diſſected body trace
The ſecret, the myſterious ways,
By which thou doſt ſurprize, and prey upon the mind.
Tho' in the ſearch, too deep for human thought,
With unſucceſsful toil he wrought,
'Till thinking thee to've catch'd, himſelf by thee was caught,
Retain'd thy pris'ner, thy acknowledg'd ſlave,
And ſunk beneath thy chair to a lamented grave.

The ATHEIST and the ACORN.

METHINKS the world is oddly made,
And ev'ry thing's amiſs,
A dull preſuming Atheiſt ſaid,
As ſtretch'd he lay beneath a ſhade;
And inſtanc'd it in this:

Behold, quoth he, that mighty thing,
A Pumkin large and round,
Is held but by a little ſtring,
Which upwards cannot make it ſpring,
Or bear it from the ground.

Whilſt on this Oak a fruit ſo ſmall,
So diſproportion'd grows;
That who with ſenſe ſurveys this all,
This univerſal caſual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
That weight upon a tree,
And left this maſt, thus ſlightly ſtrung,
Mongſt things which on the ſurface ſprung,
And ſmall and feeble be.

No more the caviller could ſay,
Nor further faults deſcry;
For, as he upwards gazing lay,
An Acorn, looſen'd from the ſtay,
Fell down upon his eye.

Th' offended part with tears ran o'er,
As puniſh'd for the ſin:
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimſies muſt have work'd no more,
Nor ſcull had kept them in.

The YOUNG RAT and his DAM,

The COCK and the CAT.

NO cautions of a matron, old and ſage,
Young Rattlehead to prudence could engage;
But forth the offſpring of her bed would go,
Nor reaſon gave, but that he would do ſo.

Much counſel was at parting thrown away,
Ev'n all that Mother-Rat to ſon could ſay;
Who follow'd him with utmoſt reach of ſight,
Then loſt in tears, and in abandon'd plight,
Turn'd to her mournful cell, and bid the world good-night.
But fortune, kinder than her boding thought,
In little time the vagrant homewards brought,
Rais'd in his mind, and mended in his dreſs,
Who the belle-air did ev'ry way confeſs,
Had learnt to flow'r his wig, nor bruſh'd away
The falling meal, that on his ſhoulders lay;
And from a nutſhell, wimbled by a worm,
Took ſnuff, and could the government reform.
The Mother weeping from maternal love,
To ſee him thus prodigiouſly improve,
Expected mighty changes too within,
And wiſdom to avoid the Cat and Gin.
Whom did you chiefly note, ſweetheart, quoth ſhe,
Of all the ſtrangers you abroad did ſee?
Who grac'd you moſt, or did your fancy take?
The younger Rat, then curs'd a noiſy rake,
That barr'd the beſt acquaintance he could make;
And ſcar'd him ſo, he trembled ev'ry part;
Nor to deſcribe him ſcarce could have the heart.
High on his feet (quoth he) himſelf he bore,
And terribly, in his own language, ſwore;
A feather'd arm came out from either ſide,
Which loud he clapp'd, and combatants defy'd,
And to each leg a bayonet was ty'd:

And certainly his head with wounds was ſore;
For that and both his cheeks a ſanguine colour wore.
Near him there lay the creature I admir'd,
And for a friend by ſympathy deſir'd:
Make his, like ours, as far as tail and feet,
With coat of furr in parallel do meet;
Yet ſeeming of a more exalted race,
Though humble meekneſs beautify'd his face:
A purring ſound compos'd his gentle mind,
Whilſt frequent ſlumbers did his eye-lids bind;
Whoſe ſoft contracted paw lay calmly ſtill,
As if unus'd to prejudice, or kill.
I paus'd awhile to meditate a ſpeech,
And now was ſtepping juſt within his reach;
When that rude clown began his hect'ring cry,
And made me for my life, and from the attempt to fly.
Indeed 'twas thine the ſhiv'ring beldam ſaid,
To ſcour the plain, and be of life afraid.
Thou baſe, degen'rate ſeed of injur'd rats,
Thou verieſt fool (ſhe cry'd) of all my brats;
Would'ſt thou have ſhaken hands with hoſtile cats?
And do'ſt not yet thine own and country's foe,
At this expence of time and travel know?
Alas! that ſwearing, ſtaring, bullying thing,
That tore his throat, and bluſter'd with his wing,
Was but ſome paltry, dunghill, Craven-Cock,
Who ſerves the early houſhould for a clock,
And we his oats and barely often ſteal,
Nor fear he ſhould revenge the pilfer'd meal:
Whilſt that demure and ſeeming harmleſs puſs
Herſelf and mewing chits regale with us.

If then of uſeful ſenſe thou'ſt gain'd no more,
Than e'er thou'dſt paſs'd the threſhold of the door;
Be here, my ſon, content to dreſs and dine,
Steeping the liſt of beauties in thy wine,
And neigb'ring vermin with falſe gloſs outſhine.
Amongſt mankind a thouſand fops we ſee,
Who in their rambles learn no more than thee
Croſs o'er the *Alps*, and make the tour of *France*,
To learn a paltry ſon or antick dance;
Bringing their noddles and valizes pack'd
With myſteries from ſhops and taylors wreck'd:
But what may prejudice their native land;
Whoſe troops are raiſing, or whoſe fleet is mann'd,
Ne'er moves their thoughts, nor do they underſtand.
Thou, my dear Rattlehead, and ſuch as theſe
Might keep at home, and brood on ſloth and eaſe:
Whilſt others, more adapted to the age,
May vig'rouſly in warlike feats engage,
And live on foreign ſpoils, or dying thin the age.

To Mr. FINCH, now Earl of *Winchelſea*.

Who, going abroad, had deſired ARDELIA to write ſome VERSES upon whatever ſubject ſhe thought fit, againſt his return in the evening.

Written in the YEAR 1689.

NO ſooner, *Flavia*, was you gone,
But, your injunction thought upon,
Ardelia took the pen;

Deſigning to perform the taſk,
Her *Flavio* did ſo kindly aſk,
E'er he return'd agen.

Unto *Parnaſſus* ſtrait ſhe ſent,
And bid the meſſenger, that went
Unto the Muſes court,

Aſſure them ſhe their aid did need,
And begg'd they'd uſe their utmoſt ſpeed,
Becauſe the time was ſhort.

The haſty ſummons was allow'd;
And being well-bred, they roſe and bow'd,
And ſaid, they'd poſt away;
That well they did *Ardelia* know,
And that no female's voice below
They ſooner would obey.

That many of the rhyming train,
On like occaſions ſought in vain
Their induſtry t' excite;
But for *Ardelia* all they'd leave:
Thus flatt'ring can the muſe deceive,
And wheedle us to write.

Yet, ſince there was ſuch haſte requir'd;
To know the ſubject 'twas deſir'd,
On which they muſt infuſe;
That they might temper words and rules,
And with their counſel carry tools,
As country-doctors uſe.

Wherefore to cut off all delays,
'Twas ſoon reply'd, a huſband's praiſe
(Though in theſe looſe times)

Ardelia gladly would rehearſe
A huſband's, who indulg'd her verſe,
And now requir'd her rhymes.

A huſband! echo'd all around:
And to *Parnaſſus* ſure that ſound
Had never yet been ſent;
Amazement in each face was read,
In haſte the affrighted Siſters fled,
And unto council went,

Erato cry'd, ſince *Grizel's* days,
Since *Troy*-Town pleas'd, and *Chevy-Chace*,
No ſuch deſign was known;
And 'twas their bus'neſs to take care,
It reach'd not to the public ear,
Or got about the town.

Nor came where ev'ning *beaux* were met
O'er billet-doux and chocolate,
Leſt it deſtroy'd the houſe;
For in that place who could diſpenſe
(That wore his cloaths with common ſenſe)
With mention of a ſpouſe?

'Twas put unto the vote at laſt,
And in the negative it paſt,
None to her aid ſhould move;
Yet ſince *Ardelia* was a friend,
Excuſes 'twas agreed to ſend,
Which plauſible might prove.

That *Pegaſus* of late had been
So often rid through thick and thin,
With neither fear nor wit;

In panegyrick been ſo ſpurr'd,
He could not from the be ſtall ſtirr'd,
Nor would endure the bit.

Melpomene had giv'n a bond,
By the new houſe alone to ſtand,
And write of war and ſtrife;
Thalia, ſhe had taken fees,
And ſtipends from the patentees,
And durſt not for her life.

Urania * only lik'd the choice;
Yet not to thwart the publick voice,
She wiſp'ring did impart:
They need no foreign aid irvoke,
No help to draw a moving ſtroke,
Who dictate from the heart.

Enough! the pleas'd *Ardelia* cry'd;
And ſlighting ev'ry muſe beſide,
Conſulting now her breaſt,
Perceiv'd that ev'ry tender thought,
Which from abroad ſhe'd vainly ſought,
Did there in ſilence reſt.

And ſhould unmov'd that poſt maintain,
'Till in his quick return again,
Met in ſome neighb'ring grove,
(Where vice nor vanity appear)
Her *Flavio* them alone might hear,
In all the ſounds of love.

* Urania *is the heavenly Muſe, and ſuppoſed to inſpire thoughts of virtue.*

For ſince the world does ſo deſpiſe
Hymen's endearments and its ties,
They ſhould myſterious be;
Till we that pleaſure too poſſeſs
(Which makes their fancy'd happineſs)
Of ſtolen ſecrecy.

THE
EAGLE, the SOW, and the CAT.

THE Queen of Birds, t' encreaſe the regal ſtock,
Had hatch'd her young ones in a ſtately oak,
Whoſe middle part was by a Cat poſſeſt,
And near the root with litter warmly dreſt
A teeming Sow had made her peaceful neſt
(Thus palaces are cramm'd from roof to ground,
And animals, as various, in them found.)
When to the Sow, who no misfortune fear'd,
Puſs with her fawning compliments appear'd,
Rejoicing much at her deliv'ry paſt,
And that ſhe 'ſcap'd ſo well, who bred ſo faſt.
Then ev'ry little Piglin ſhe commends,
And likens them to all their ſwiniſh friends;
Beſtows good wiſhes, but with ſighs implies,
That ſome dark fears do in her boſom riſe.
Such tempting fleſh, ſhe cries, will Eagles ſpare?
Methinks, good neighbour, you ſhould live in care:
Since I, who bring not forth ſuch dainty bits,
Tremble for my unpalatable chits;

And had I but foreſeen, the Eagle's bed
Was in this fatal tree to have been ſpread;
I ſooner would have kitten'd in the road,
Then made this place of danger my abode.
I heard her young ones lately cry for Pig,
And pity'd you that were ſo near and big.
In friendſhip this I ſecretly reveal,
Leſt pettitoes ſhould make th' enſuing meal:
Or elſe, perhaps, yourſelf may be their aim,
For a Sow's paps have been a diſh of fame.
No more the ſad, affrighted mother hears,
But overturning all with boiſt'rous fears,
She from her helpleſs young in haſte departs,
Whilſt Puſs aſcends to practiſe farther arts.
The anti-chamber paſs'd, ſhe ſcratch'd the door;
The Eagle, ne'er alarum'd ſo before,
Bids her come in, and look the cauſe be great,
That makes her thus diſturb the royal ſeat;
Nor think of mice and rats ſome peſt'ring tale
Shall, in excuſe of inſolence, prevail.
Alas! my gracious lady, quoth the Cat,
I think not of ſuch vermin: mouſe or rat
To me are taſteleſs grown; nor dare I Sir
To uſe my phangs, or to expoſe my fur.
A foe inteſtine threatens all around,
And ev'n this lofty ſtructure will confound
A peſtilential Sow, a meazled pork
On the foundation has been long at work,
Help'd by a rabble, iſſu'd from her womb,
Which ſhe has foſter'd in that lower room;
Who now for acorns are ſo madly bent,
That ſoon this tree muſt fall for their content.

I would have fetch'd ſome for th' unruly elves;
But 'tis the mob's delight to help themſelves:
Whilſt your high brood muſt with the meaneſt drop,
And ſteeper be their fall, as next the top;
Unleſs you ſoon to *Jupiter* repair,
And let him know the caſe demands his care.
Oh! may the trunk but ſtand till you come back!
But hark! already ſure, I hear it crack.
Away, away——The eagle, all aghaſt,
Soars to the ſky, nor falters in her haſte:
Whilſt crafty Puſs, now o'er the eyry reigns,
Repleniſhing her maw with treach'rous gains.
The Sow ſhe plunders next, and lives alone;
The Pigs, the Eaglets, and the Houſe her own.
'Curs'd ſycophants! how wretched is the fate
'Of thoſe, who know you not, till 'tis too late!"

Love, Death, and Reputation.

REPUTATION, Love, and Death,
(The laſt all bones, the firſt all breath,
The midſt compos'd of reſtleſs fire)
From each other would retire;
Through the world reſolv'd to ſtray,
Every one a ſeveral way;
Exerciſing, as they went,
Each ſuch power as fate had lent;
Which, if it united were,
Wretched mortals could not bear:

But as parting friends do ſhow
To what place they mean to go,
Correſpondence to engage,
Nominate their utmoſt ſtage;
Death declar'd, he would be found
Near the fatal trumpet's ſound;
Or where peſtilences reign,
And quacks the greater plagues maintain;
Shaking ſtill his ſandy glaſs,
And mowing human fleſh like graſs.
Love, as next his leave he took,
Caſt on both ſo ſweet a look,
As their tempers near diſarm'd,
One relax'd, and t' other warm'd;
Shades for his retreat he choſe,
Rural plains, and ſoft repoſe;
Where no dowry e'er was paid,
Where no jointure e'er was made;
No ill tongue the nymph perplex'd,
Where no forms the ſhepherd vex'd;
Where himſelf ſhould be the care,
Of the fond, and of the fair:
Where that was they ſoon ſhould know,
Au Revoir!—then turn'd to go.
Reputation made a pauſe,
Suiting her ſeverer laws;
Second thoughts, and third ſhe us'd,
Weighing conſequences mus'd:
When at length to both ſhe cry'd,
You two ſafely may dividd,
To the *Antipodes* may fall,
And re-aſcend th' encompaſs'd ball;

Certain ſtill to meet agen
In the breaſts of tortur'd men;
Who by one (too far) betray'd,
Call in t' other to their aid:
Whilſt I tender, coy, and nice,
Rais'd and ruin'd in a trice,
Either fix with thoſe I grace;
Or abandoning the place,
No return my nature bears,
From green youth, or hoary hairs;
If through guilt, or chance, I ſever,
I once parting, part for ever.

The DECISION of FORTUNE.

A FABLE.

FORTUNE well pictur'd on a rolling globe,
With waving locks and thin tranſparent robe,
A man beholding, to his neighbour cry'd,
Whoe'er would catch this dame muſt ſwiftly ride.
Mark how ſhe ſeems to fly, and with her bears,
All that is worth a buſy mortal's cares:
The gilded air about her ſtatue ſhines,
As if the earth had lent it all her mines;
At random here a diadem ſhe flings,
And to ten thouſand fools ten thouſand glorious things.

Shall I then ſtay at home, dull and content
With quarter-days, and hard extorted rent?
No, I'll to horſe, to ſea, to utmoſt iſles,
But I'll encounter her propitious ſmiles:
Whilſt you in ſlothful eaſe may chuſe to ſleep,
And ſcarce thy few paternal acres keep.
Farewel, reply'd his friend, may you advance,
And grow the darling of this lady Chance!
Whilſt I indeed, not courting of her grace,
Shall dwell content in this my native place,
Hoping I ſtill ſhall for your friend be known:
But if too big for ſuch acquaintance grown,
I ſhan't be ſuch a fond miſtaken ſot,
To think remembrance ſhould become my lot;
When you exalted, have yourſelf forgot.
Nor me ambitious ever ſhall you find,
Or hunting Fortune, who, they ſay, is blind:
But if her want of ſight ſhould make her ſtray,
She ſhould be welcome if ſhe came this way.
'Tis very like (the undertaker cry'd)
That ſhe her ſteps to theſe loſt paths ſhould guide:
But I loſe time whilſt I ſuch thoughts deride.
Away he goes, with expectation chear'd,
But when his courſe he round the world had ſteer'd,
And much had borne, and much had hop'd and fear'd,
Yet could not be inform'd where he might find
This fickle miſtreſs of all human kind:
He quits at length the chace of flying game,
And back as to his neighbour's houſe he came,
He there encounters the uncertain dame;
Who, lighting from her gaudy coach in haſte,
To him her eager ſpeeches thus addreſt.

Fortune behold, who has been long purſu'd,
Whilſt all the men, that have my ſplendors view'd,
Madly enamour'd, have ſuch flatt'ries forg'd,
And with ſuch lyes their vain pretenſions urg'd,
That hither I am fled to ſhun their ſuits,
And by free choice conclude their vain diſputes;
Whilſt I the owner of this manſion bleſs,
And he unſeeking Fortune ſhall poſſeſs.
Though rightly charg'd as ſomething dark of ſight,
Yet merit, when 'tis found, is my delight;
To knaves and fools, when I've ſome grace allow'd,
'T has been like ſcatt'ring money in a croud,
To make me ſport, as I beheld them ſtrive,
And ſome obſerv'd (through age) but half alive;
Scrambling amongſt the vigorous and young;
One proves his ſword, and one his wheeling tongue,
All ſtriving to obtain me right or wrong:
Whilſt crowns and croſiers in the conteſt hurl'd,
Shew'd me a farce in the contending world.
Thou wert deluded, whilſt with ſhip or ſteed
Thou lately didſt attempt to reach my ſpeed,
And by laborious toil and endleſs pains
Didſt ſell thy quiet for my doubtful gains:
Whilſt he alone my real fav'rite riſes,
Who every thing to its juſt value prizes,
And neither courts, nor yet my gifts deſpiſes.

THE

HOG, the SHEEP, and GOAT,

Carrying to a FAIR.

WHO does not wiſh to judge aright,
And in the courſe of life's affairs,
To have a quick and far-extended ſight,
Though it too often multiplies his cares?
And who has greater ſenſe, but greater ſorrow ſhares?

This felt the ſwine, now carrying to the knife;
And whilſt the Lamb and ſilent Goat
In the fame-fatal cart lay void of ſtrife,
He widely ſtretches his foreboding throat,
Deaf'ning the eaſy crew with his outragious note.

The angry driver chides th' unruly beaſt,
And bids him all his noiſe forbear;
Nor be more loud nor clamorous than the reſt,
Who with him travell'd to a neighbouring fair,
And quickly ſhould arrive, and be unfetter'd there.

This, quoth rhe Swine, I do believe, tis true,
And ſee we're very near the town;
Whilſt theſe poor fools of ſhort and bounded view.
Think 'twill be well when you have ſet them down,
And eas'd one of her milk, the other of her gown.

But all the dreadful butchers in a row
To my far-ſearching thoughts appear,
Who know indeed we to the ſhambles go,
Whilſt I, whom none but *Beelzebub* would ſhare,
Nor but his dam would milk, muſt for my carcaſe fear.

But tell me then, will it prevent thy fate?
The rude unpitying farmer cries;
If not, the wretch who taſtes his ſuff'rings late,
Not he, who through th' unhappy future pries,
Muſt of the two be held moſt fortunate and wiſe.

CUPID and FOLLY.

IMITATED from the *FRENCH.*

CUPID, e'er depriv'd of ſight,
Young and apt for all delight,
Met with Folly on the way,
As idle, and as fond of play.
In gay ſports the time they paſs:
Now run, now wreſtle on th graſs;
Their painted wings then nimbly ply,
And ev'ry way for maſt'ry try:
Till a conteſt does ariſe,
Who has won th' appointed prize.
Gentle Love refers the caſe
To the next that comes in place;

Truſting to his flatt'ring wiles,
And ſoftens the diſpute with ſmiles.
But folly who no temper knows,
Words purſues with hotter blows:
Till the eyes of Love were loſt,
Which has ſuch pain to mortals coſt.
Venus hears his mournful cries,
And repeats 'em in the ſkies,
To *Jupiter* in council ſet,
With Peers for the occaſion met;
In her arms the boy ſhe bears,
Bathing him in falling tears;
And whilſt his want of eyes is ſhown,
Secures the judges by her own.
Folly to the board muſt come,
And hear the trial and the doom;
Which *Cytherea* loudly prays
May be as heavy as the caſe:
Which, when all was juſtly weigh'd,
Cupid's wings now uſeleſs made,
That a ſtaff his feet muſt guide,
Which would ſtill be apt to ſlide;
This decree at laſt was read,
That Love by Folly ſhould be led.

To Lady WINCHELSEA,

Occaſioned by ſome Verses in the RAPE of the LOCK.

By Mr. *POPE*.

IN vain you boaſt poetic names of yore,
And cite thoſe *Sapphoes* we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit,
But doom'd it then when firſt *Ardelia* writ.
Of all examples by the world confeſt
I knew *Ardelia* could not quote the beſt,
Who, like her miſtreſs on *Britannia's* throne,
Fights and ſubdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praiſe you but in vain eſſay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praiſe away:
Light to the ſtars the ſun does thus reſtore,
And ſhines himſelf till they are ſeen no more.

ANSWER

DISARM'D with ſo genteel an air,
The conteſt I give o'er;
Yet *Alexander* have a care,
And ſhock the ſex no more.

We rule the world, our life's whole race,
Men but aſſume that right;
Firſt ſlaves to ev'ry tempting face,
Then martyrs to our ſpite.

You of one *Orpheus* ſure have read,
Who would like you have writ
Had he in *London* town been bred,
And poliſh'd to his wit;

But he poor ſoul thought all was well,
And great ſhould be his fame.
When he had left his wife in hell,
And birds and beaſts could tame.

Yet vent'ring then with ſcoffing rhymes
The women to incenſe.
Reſenting heroines of thoſe times
Soon puniſh'd his offence.

And as the *Hebrus* roll'd his ſcull,
And harp beſmear'd with blood,
They claſhing as the waves grew full,
Still harmoniz'd the flood.

But you our follies gently treat,
And ſpin ſo fine the thread,
You need not fear his aukward fate,
The lock won't coſt the head.

Our admiration you command
For all that's gone before;
What next we look for at your hand
Can only raiſe it more.

Yet ſooth the ladies I adviſe
(As me to pride has wrought)
We're born to wit, but to be wiſe
By admonitions taught.

FINIS.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

Mrs. BARBER.

Page

CONCLUSION of a Letter to the Rev. Mr. C—— — — 13

Apollo's Edict — — 16

On my ſending my Son as a Preſent to Dean Swift on his Birth-Day — 19

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Orrery — 20

To John Barber, Eſq. on committing one of my Son's to his Care — — 21

To a Lady who deſired me to ſend her an Account in Verſe how I ſucceeded in my Subſcription — — 22

Mrs. BARBAULD.

	Page
The Mouſe's Petition	28
Verſes written in an Alcove	30
Hymn to Content	32

Mrs. BEHN.

Scot's Song	36
Sylvio's Complaint	37
An Imitation of Horace	40
Song	41

Mrs. BROOKE.

Two Paſtorals	42

Miſs CARTER.

Ode to Wiſdom	48
To a Gentleman, on his intending to cut down a Grove to enlarge his Proſpect	52
Ode to Melancholy	53
Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm	56
A Night Piece	58

Miſs SALLY CARTER.

Page

Hymn to Proſperity — — 60

Mrs. CHAPONE.

Ode to Solitude — — 62

Lady CHUDLEIGH.

To the Ladies — — 66

The Reſolve — — 67

The Inquiry — — 68

Mrs. COCKBURN.

Calliope's Directions how to deſerve and diſtinguiſh the Muſe's Inſpiration — 76

The Caution — — 79

The Platonic — — ib.

The Needleſs Deceit — — 80

A Poem occaſioned by the Buſt ſet up in the Queen's Hermitage — — 81

The Vain Advice — — 85

Mrs. COLLIER.

Page.
To a Friend in Affliction — — 87
Verſes addreſſed to Mrs. Digby — 89

Mrs. DARWALL.

An Ode — — — 92

Mrs. GREVILLE.

Prayer for Indifference — — 95
The Anſwer by the Counteſs of C—— 98

Mrs. GRIERSON.

To Mrs. Pilkington, at a Country Aſſize 102
To the ſame on the ſame Occaſion — 104
The Speech of Cupid — — 105
Prologue to Theodoſius — — 107

Miſs HEYS.

Invocation to the Nightingale — — 109

Mrs. JONES.

Epiſtle to Lady Bowyer — — 112
Of Patience, an Epiſtle to the Right Hon. Lord
Maſham — — — 117

Page

Of Deſire to the Hon. Miſs Lovelace — 128
In Memory of the Right Hon. Lord Aubrey Beauclerk — — 134
To Mrs. Clayton, with a Hare — — 139
To Miſs Clayton — — 140
Elegy on a favourite Dog ſuppoſed to be Poiſoned 142
The Spider — — — 145
After the Small Pox — — 147
The Laſs of the Hill — — 148
Conſolatory Rhymes to Mrs. Eaſt on the Death of her Canary Bird — — 150
Holt Waters, a Tale — — 152
Soliloquy on an Empty Purſe — — 157
Epiſtle from Fern-Hill — — 159
In Memory of the Right Hon. Lord Lovelace 162

Mrs. KILLIGREW.

The Complaint of a Lover — — 168
Love the Soul of Poetry — — 170
Upon the ſaying that my Verſes were made by another — — — 171

Mrs. LEAPOR.

Dorinda at her Glaſs — — 175
Mira's Will — — 180

Page

A Summer's Wiſh — — 181
Collinetta — — 182
Month of Auguſt — — 185
An Epiſtle to a Lady — — 188
The Proclamation of Apollo — — 191
Eſſay on Happineſs — — 195
Eſſay on Hope — — 199
A Prayer for the Year 1745 — — 202
The Miſtaken Lover — — 204
The Way of the World — — 210
Strephon to Celia, a modern Love-Letter 215
The Inſpired Quill — — 217
The Libyan Hunter — — 221
The Temple of Love — — 227
The Sacrifice — — 230
The Power of Beauty — — 232
Winter — — 234
To a Gentleman with a Manuſcript Play 235
Sylvia and the Bee — — 238
Mopſus, or the Caſtle Builder — 240
Advice to Sophronia — — 258
Mira's Picture — — 260
Upon her Play being return'd to her ſtain'd with Claret — — 263

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Mrs. LENNOX.

Page

THE Art of Coquetry — — 5

Mrs. MADAN.

Abelard to Eloiſa —— —— 10

Verſes in her Brother's Coke upon Littleton

Mrs. MASTERS.

Defence of Myrtillo —— —

To Lucinda —— —— 19

Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

Town Eclogues—Roxana, or the Drawing Room 23

St. James's Coffee-Houſe —— — 26

The Tete a Tete —— —— 30
The Small Pox —— —— 33
Epiſtle from Arthur Gray the Footman 37
The Lover, a Ballad —— — 41
The Lady's Reſolve —— — 43
The Gentleman's Anſwer —— — 44

The Hon. Mrs. MONK.

On Providence —— —— 47
On the Invention of Letters —— 48
Sonetto from Petrarch —— —— ib
Sonetto from Monſ. Della Caſa —— 49
Sonetto from Marini —— — 50
From Taſſo's Jeruſalem —— — ib.
A Tale —— —— 51
Epigram —— —— 52
On a Romantic Lady — — ib.
An Epitaph on a Gallant Lady —— 53
Orpheus and Eurydice from the Spaniſh of Quevedo ib.
Verſes wrote on her Death-Bed — 55

Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle.

Paſtime and Recreation of the Fairies 56
Paſtime of the Queen of the Fairies 58

Miſs PENNINGTON.

Ode to Morning — — 63
The Copper Farthing — — 65

Mrs. PHILLIPS.

Againſt Pleaſure — — 73
A Country Life — — 74
To Lady Elizabeth Boyle —— 78
The Virgin — — 79
To my Antenor — — 80
Tendres Deſirs, from French Proſe 81

Mrs. PILKINGTON.

The Petition of the Birds — — 85
To the Rev. Dr. Swift, on his Birth Day 86
The Statutes, or the Trial of Inconſtancy, a Tale 87
Carte Blanche — — 95
Sent with a Quill to Dr. Swift — 96
Ode in Imitation of Horace —— 97
To Strephon — — 98
Queen Mab to Pollio — — ib.
The Seventh Ode of the Third Book of Horace Paraphraſed — — 99
Conſolatory Verſes to her Huſband — 100
A Song — — 101

A Song — — 102
Expoſtulation—written in Diſtreſs 103
To Mr. Cibber, on his aſking for ſomething New 104
To the Hon. Col. D—nc—be — 139

Mrs. HAMPDEN PYE.

Elgiva to Edwy — — 111
Earl Walter — — 116

Miſs ROBERTS.

On a ſuppoſed ſlight from a Friend — 125
Effuſions of Melancholy — 126

Mrs. ROWE.

Deſpair — — — 131
On the Death of Mr. Thomas Rowe — 132

Mrs. SAVAGE.

Nothing New — — 139
Letter to Miſs E. B. at Bath — 141
Letter to ditto — — 143
The Recluſe and Fortune — 146
Miſs Faſhion, a Tale — — 150
To Echo — — 155
Oeconomy — — 156

Merit — — 159
The Prophecy — — 162
Ode to Peace of Mind — — 164
A Tranſient Thought — — 166

Miſs SCOTT.

Dunnotter Caſtle — — 171
Verſes on a Day of Prayer for Succeſs in War 176

Mrs. THRALE.

The Three Warnings, a Tale — 178

Miſs TOMLINS.

Connal and Mary — — 180

Miſs WHATELY.

Ode to May — — 187
Pleaſures of Contemplation — 189

Anne, Counteſs of Winchelſea.

The Braſs Pot and Stone Jugg, a Fable 195
There's No To-Morrow — — 197
The Spleen — — 198

The Atheiſt and the Acorn — 203
The Young Rat and his Dam — 204
To Mr. Finch — 207
The Eagle, the Sow, and the Cat 211
Love, Death, and Reputation — 213
The Deciſion of Fortune — 215
The Hog, the Sheep, and Goat — 218
Cupid and Folly — 219
To Lady Winchelſea by Mr. Pope 221
Anſwer — — ib.

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