

Sixty Eight 1827

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDWARD MOORE.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Truth under fiction I impart
To weed out folly from the heart.—
I flatter none; the great and good
Are by their actions underfod —
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name :
Her friendly tale, how ever true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain :
To these detesting praise I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all proudfous as they pass :
Should Folly there her likeness view
I fret not that the mirror's true :
If the fantaflick form offend
I made it not but would amend.—
Premising this your anger spares,
And claim the Fable you who dare.

FABLE I.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE APOLLO PRESS, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD MOORE.
CONTAINING HIS
FABLES,
ODES,
MISCELLANIES,
SONGS,
&c. &c. &c.

Truth under Action I impart
To weed out folly from the heart.—
I flatter none; the great and good
Are by their actions underdo'd.—
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were fast'ry, if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prods, demand my pain:
To these detesting praise I write,
And vent in charity my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all pretensions as they pass;
Should Folly there her likeness view
I fret not that the mirror 's true:
If the fantastick form offend
I made it not but would amend.—
Promising this your anger spare,
And claim the Fable you who dare.

FABLE V.

EDINBURGH
THE APOLLO LIBRARY BY THE MARSHAL
L.



THE LIFE OF
EDWARD MOORE.

Of the life of this ingenious writer few particulars are known, and none respecting his descent, birth, education, or death; at least none which we have been able to discover.

Mr. Moore was bred a linendraper, but whether from a stronger attachment to the study than the counter, from a more ardent zeal in the pursuit of fame than in the search after fortune, or whether from the cause assigned by our Author himself in the Preface to the quarto edition of his works in 1756, that "his marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination," he quitted business to join the retinue of these ladies; and he certainly had a very happy and pleasant talent in poetry. In his Trial of Selim the Persian, which is a compliment to the first and worthy Lord Lyttelton, he has shewn himself a perfect master of the most elegant kind of panegyrick, that which is couched under the appearance of accusation; and his

Fables for the Female Sex, not only in the freedom and ease of the versification, but also in the forcibleness of the moral and poignancy of the satire, approach nearer to the manner of Mr. Gay than any of the numerous imitations of that author which have been attempted since the publication of his Fables.

As a dramatick writer Mr. Moore has by no means met with the success his pieces have merited, which are three in number, *The Foundling* and *Gil Bias*, comedies, and *The Gamester*, a tragedy. The first has been condemned for its supposed resemblance to the celebrated comedy of *The Conscious Lovers*; and *The Gamester* met with a cold reception for no other apparent reason but because it too nearly touched a favourite and fashionable vice†. Yet on the whole his plots are interesting, his characters well drawn, his sentiments delicate, and his language poetical and pleasing; and what crowns all and more forcibly claims for his Writings publick notice, the greatest purity pervades the whole, the obvious tendency of every piece being the promotion of morality and virtue; as is indeed observed by the Author himself in the Preface already referred to, when speaking of his

† *The Gamester* was also objected to as too prosaick in the language, and too horrible in the catastrophe, as observed and apologized for by the Author in his Preface to *The Gamester*, quarto edition of 1756.

Writings in general; "Such as the Work now is I submit it to the publick. Defects in it there are many. — Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue."

Mr. Moore married a lady of the name of Hamilton, daughter to the Tabledecker to the Princesses: she had a poetical turn, and has been said to have assisted her husband in the writing of his plays. One specimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage, and has since appeared in different collections of songs. It was addressed to a daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, and begins with the following stanza:

Would you think it my Dulce for the fault I must own,
Your Jenny at last is quite covetous grown;
Tho' millions if Fortune should lavishly pour
I still should be wretched if I had not More.

After half-a-dozen other stanzas, in which with great ingenuity and delicacy, and yet in a manner that expresses a sincere affection, she has quibbled on our Author's name, she concludes with the following lines:

You will wonder my Girl! who this dear one can be
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me;
But you shan't know his name, tho' I told you before;
It begins with an M, but I dare not say More.

In the year 1753 Mr. Moore commenced a weekly

miscellaneous paper entitled *The World*, by Adam Fitz-Adam, in which undertaking he was assisted by Lord Chesterfield and other distinguished characters. This paper was collected and published in four volumes; and Mr. Moore died soon thereafter.

PREFACE.

Most of the following Poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces, but as many of them were printed without a name I was advised by some particular friends to collect them into a volume and publish them by subscription. The painful task of soliciting such a subscription was chiefly undertaken by those friends, and with such spirit and zeal that I should be greatly wanting in gratitude if I neglected any opportunity either publick or private of making them my most sincere acknowledgments. I am also obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a considerable number of subscribers in that kingdom, a list of whose names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was desired not to delay publication. I mention this seeming neglect that my friends on that side the water may not accuse me of any disrespect.

Such as the Work now is I submit it to the publick. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good-humour. Those parts of it that have been published singly had the good fortune to please; those that are now added will I hope be no discredit to them. Upon the whole, I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I

was able : a legitimate one I am sure it is; and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.

TO HIS GRACE
THOMAS HOLLES,
DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

HAD I the honour of being personally known to your Grace I had not thus presumptuously addressed you without previous solicitation for so great an indulgence; but that your Grace may neither be surprised nor offended at the liberty I am taking my plea is, that the great and good man whose name is prefixed to the first of these Poems was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind assurances he was pleased to give me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loss amidst the general concern. It is from these favours and assurances that I flatter myself with having a kind of privilege to address your Grace upon this occasion, and to entreat your patronage of the following sheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham except that of honouring his virtues, and wishing to have been serviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you loved your Grace will not think me unworthy of some small share of that notice with which he was once pleased to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice
of a whole people in favour of your just and prudent
administration of publick affairs: that the salutary mea-
sures you are pursuing may be as productive of tran-
quillity and honour to your Grace as they are of hap-
piness to these kingdoms is the sincere wish of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

most humble,

most obedient, and

most devoted servant,

Tully's Head, Pall-Mall, }
Feb. 26th, 1756.

EDWARD MOORE,

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

To her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay to beauty due
I write Fair Excellence! to you,
Wellpleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten your's.
Truth under fiction I impart
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from Wisdom's way.

I flatter none: the great and good
Are by their actions understood:
Your monument if actions raise
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame
That dwells delighted on your name:
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain:

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To these detesting praise I write,
 And vent in charity my spite :
 With friendly hand I hold the glass
 To all promise'ous as they pass ;
 Should Folly there her likeness view
 I fret-not that the mirror 's true :
 If the fantastick form offend
 I made it not but would amend.

Virtue in ev'ry clime and age
 Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
 While satire that offends the ear
 Of Vice and Passion pleases her.

Premising this your anger spare,
 And claim the Fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by factions press'd,
 To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd :
 By specious lies the state was vex'd,
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd ;
 They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
 Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sat
 Decider of the grand debate.

The Pie, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
 Demands permission to be heard :
 Says he, " Prolixity of phrase
 " You know I hate. This libel says

" Some birds there are who prone to noise
 Are hir'd to silence Wisdom's voice,
 " And skil'd to chatter out the hour
 " Rise by their emptiness to pow'r.
 " That this is aim'd direct at me
 " No doubt you 'll readily agree ;
 " Yet well this sage assembly knows
 " By parts to government I rose ;
 " My prudent counsels prop the state ;
 " Magpies were never known to prate."

The Kite rose up ; his honest heart
 In virtue's suff'ring bore a part.

" That there were birds of prey he knew,
 " So far the libeller said true,
 " Vracious, bold, to rapine prone,
 " Who knew no int'rest but their own,
 " Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard
 " Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling, spar'd :
 " This might be true, but if apply'd
 " To him, in troth the fland'rer ly'd :
 " Since ign'rance then might be misled
 " Such things he thought were best unsaid."

The Crow was vex'd : as yester-morn

He flew across the newfown corn

A screaming boy was set for pay

He knew to drive the crows away ;

Scandal had found out him in turn,

And buzz'd abroad that crews love corn.

- The Owl arose with solemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the cage :
 " That Magpies prate it may be true,
 " A Kite may be voracious too,
 " Crows sometimes deal in nev'sown peace;
 " He libels not who strikes at these :
 " The slander's here—“ But there are birds
 " Whose wisdom lies in looks not words,
 " Blund'lers who level in the dark,
 " And always shoot beside the mark.
 " He names not me, but these are hints
 " Which manifest at whom he squints;
 " I were indeed that blund'ring few !
 " To question if he meant an owl.”
- “ Ye Wretches hence !” the Eagle cries,
 “ Tis conscience, conscience that applies ;
 “ The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 “ Secur'd by innocence from harm,
 “ While Guilt and his associate Fear
 “ Are startled at the passing air.”

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man who seeks to win the fair
 (So custom says) must truth forbear,
 Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
 And raise the goddess to the sky,

For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness which she cannot bear.
A rudeness! yes: I speak my thoughts,
For Truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched Cleo! then am I

Who love you and yet cannot lie,

And still to make you less my friend

I strive your errors to amend!

But shall the senseless fop impart

The softest passion to your heart,

While he who tells you honest truth,

And points to happiness your youth,

Determines by his care his lot,

And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me my Dear! with greater ease

Your taste for flatt'ry I could please,

And similes in each dull line

Like glow-worms in the dark should shine.

What if I say your lips disclose

The freshness of the op'ning rose?

Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs

Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?

Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade

Time ev'ry beauty will invade.

The butterfly of various hue

More than the flow'r resembles you,

Fair, mutt'ring, fickle, busy, thing,

To pleasure ever on the wing,

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Sayly coquetting for an hour,
To lie and n'er be thought of more!

Would you the bloom of youth should last? 35
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast,
An easy carriage, wholly free
From four reserve or levity,
Goodnatur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unkill'd in any art, 40
Humility enough to own
The frailties which a friend makes known,
And decent pride enough to know
The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which no'er decay 45
Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
And time which all things else removes
Still heightens virtue and improves.

You 'll frown and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent? 50
I 'll spare the question, and confess
I 'd praise you if I lov'd you less;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign, 55
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther of majestick port,
(The ~~w~~inest female of the court)

With spotted skin and eyes of fire,
Fill'd ev'ry bosom with desire : 60
Where'er she mov'd a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd ;
Assemblies ev'ry week she held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noise, and nonsense, and grimace, 65
And lies and scandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay fantastick thing
Encircled by the spacious ring :
Low-bowing with important look
As first in rank the Monkey spoke. 70
“ Gad take me Madam ! but I swear
“ No angel ever look'd so fair !
“ Forgive my rudeness, but I vow
“ You were not quite divine till now !
“ Those limbs ! that shape ! and then those eyes ! 75
“ O ! close them or the gazer dies ! ”

“ Nay, gentle Pug ! for goodness hush ;
“ I vow and swear you make me blush :
“ I shall be angry at this rate ;
“ Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.” 80

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence !
Yet well he knew them always vain 85
Of what they strive not to attain,

And play'd so cunningly his part
That Pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat vow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name, 90
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address
She frown'd; but yet she must confess
Such beauties might inflame his blood; 95
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd,
The form'l Ass her swiftness fir'd,
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love. 100

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke :

" When flatt'ring Monkies fawn and prate 105
" They justly raise contempt or hate,
" For merit is turn'd to ridicule
" Applauded by the grinning fool.
" The artful Fox your wit commends
" To lure you to his selfish ends; 110
" From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
" For knaves make friendships to betray.
" Dismis the train of fops and fools,
" And learn to live by wisdom's rules.

" Such beauties might the Lion warm
 " Did not your folly break the charm;
 " For who would court that lovely shape
 " To be the rival of an Ape?"

115

He said, and snorting in disdain
 Spurn'd at the crowd and sought the plain.

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TABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph whose cheeks disclose
 The lily and the blushing rose
 From publick view her charms will screen
 And rarely in the crowd be seen;
 This simple truth shall keep her wise,
 " The fairest fruits attract the flies."

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One night a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
 Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
 Cry'd, " Sure there never was in Nature
 " So elegant so fine a creature!
 " All other insects that I see,
 " The frugal ant, industrious bee,
 " Or silkworm, with contempt I view,
 " With all that low mechanick crew
 " Who servilely their lives employ
 " In bus'ness, enemy to joy.

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" Mean vulgar Herd! ye are my scorn;
 " For grandeur only I was born,
 " Of sure am sprung from race divine,
 " And plac'd on earth to live and shine:
 " Those lights that sparkle so on high
 " Are but the Glow-worms of the sky,
 " And kings on earth their gems admire
 " Because they imitate my fire."

She spoke: attentive on a spray

A Nightingale forebore his lay;

He saw the shining morsel near,

And flew directed by the glare;

A while he gaz'd with sober look,

And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

" Deluded Fool! with pride elate,

" Know it is thy beauty brings thy fate;

" Less dazzling long thou might'st have lain

" Unheeded on the velvet plain.

" Pride soon or late degraded mourns,

" And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns."

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FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d' ye say? Nay then it is time;
 Another year destroys your prime.
 But say—The settlement! " That is made."
 Why then is my simple girl afraid?

Yet hold a moment if you can,
An heedfully the fable scan.

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The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns rush'd,
When Hymen, penive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait : • • •
Behind him thro' the greenwood shade
Death's meagre form the god survey'd,
Who quickly with gigantick stride
Outwent his pace and join'd his side ;
The chat on various subjects ran
Till angry Hymen thus began :

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“ Relentless Death ! whose iron sway
“ Mortals reluctant must obey,
“ Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
“ And thy too partial hand arraign ?
“ When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
“ All over stuck with equal darts,
“ Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
“ And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

15

“ Shall not the bloody and the bold,
“ The miser hoarding up his gold,
“ The harlot reeking from the few,
“ Along thy fell revenge pursue ?
“ But must the gentle and the kind
“ Thy fury undistinguish'd find ?”

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- The monarch calmly thus reply'd :
" Weigh well the cause and then decide.
" That friend of your's you lately nam'd,
" Cupid, alone is to be blam'd ;
" Then let the charge be justly laid : 35
" That idle boy neglects his trade,
" And hardly once in twenty years
" A couple to your temple bears.
" The wretches whom your office blends
" Silenus now or Plutus scnds, 40
" Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
" Are common to the nuptial life.
" Believe me, more than all mankind
" Your vot'ries my compassion find ;
" Yet cruel am I call'd and base 45
" Who seek the wretched to releafe,
" The captive from his bonds to free,
" Indissoluble but for me.
" " Tis I entice him to the yoke ;
" By me your crowded altars smoke; 50
" For mortals boldly dare the noose,
" Secure that Death will set them loose. 52

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

Why Cælia! is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bedgown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face
A little water might displace,
As Nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose;
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncemb'd, and injor'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray Madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay then indeed the wonder ceases;
No matter now how loose your dress is:
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity it is to find
This fault in half the female kind!

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From hence proceed aversion, strife,
 And all that sours the wedded life,
 Beauty can only point the dart,
 'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
 Let neatness then and beauty strive
 To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)

To keep the conquest than subdue:

Admit us once behind the screen

What is there farther to be seen?

A newer face may raise the flame,

But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve

The charm that fix'd your husband's love.

Weigh well his humour. Was it dress

That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?

Pursue it still; be nearer seen;

'Tis always frugal to be clean:

So shall you keep alive desire,

And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)

A Poet sung his tuneful lay;

So soft so smooth his verse, you'd swear

Apollo and the Muses there.

Thro' all the Town his praises rung,

His sonnets at the playhouse sung;

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High waving o'er his lab'ring head
 The goddefs Want her pinions spread,
 And with poetick fury fir'd
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth of taste and wit
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,
 Discharg'd his rent and brought him home.

Bhold him at the stately board,
 Who but the Poet and my Lord!
 Each day deliciously he dines,
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines ;
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
 Astonish'd at the change so new
 Away th' inspiring goddefs flew.

Now, drop for politicks and news,
 Neglected lay the drooping Muse ;
 Unmindsight whence his fortune came,
 He stifled the poetick flame ;
 Nor tale nor sonnet for my lady,
 Lampoon nor epigram, was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw,
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
 And thus with anger in his look
 The late-repenting fool bespoke :

" Blind to the good that courts thee grow,
 " Whence has the sun of favour shone ?

" Delighted with thy tuneful art,
 " Elieem was growing in my heart,
 " But idly shou reject'st the charm
 " That gave it birth and kept it warm." 80
 Unthinking fools alone despise
 The arts that taught them first to rise. 82

FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands the parent's voice
 Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
 In that is due obedience shown,
 To chuse belongs to her alone.

May horrour seize his midnight hour 5
 Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
 And claims by purchase vile and base
 'The loathing maid for his embrace!
 Hence virtue sickens, and the breast
 Where Peace had built her downy nest 10
 Becomes the troubled seat of care,
 And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
 Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
 Contemplating his illspent life, 15
 And cley'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His purpose known the savage race
In num'rous crowds attend the place,
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.

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Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold a sportive Lamb
Skipp'd wanton by her fleecy dam,
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

25

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And courteous thus the dam bespoke:

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"Stay Fairest! and suspend your fear;
"Trust me no enemy is near:
"These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
"At length have known enough of blood,
"And kinder bus'nss brings me now
"Thanquish'd at Beauty's feet to bow.
"You have a daughter—Sweet! forgive
"A Wolf's address.—In her I live;
"Love from her eyes like lightning came
"And set my marrow all on flame:

35

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" Let your consent confirm my choice
 " And ratify our nuptial joys.

45

" Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
 " Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
 " What midnight robber dare invade
 " The field if I the guard am made?
 " At home the shepherd's cur may sleep
 " While I secure his master's sheep."

50

Discourse like this attention claim'd;
 Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd:
 Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
 Of settlements and jointures talk'd,
 Propos'd and doubled her demands
 Of flow'ry fields and turnip lands.
 The Wolf agrees; her bosom swells;
 To Miss her happy fate she tells,
 And of the grand alliance vain
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

55

The loathing Lamb with horrour hears,
 And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
 But all in vain: mamma best knew
 What unexperienc'd girls should do;
 So to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd
 A formal as the couple marry'd.

65

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side
 The trembler goes a victim-bride,
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
 And bleats among the howling race.

70

With horrour oft' her eyes behold
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold ;
 Each day a fister Lamb is serv'd,
 And at the glutton's table carv'd ; . . .
 The crashing bones he grinds for food,
 And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

75

Love, who the cruel mind detests,

And lodges but in gentle breasts,

80

Was now no more : enjoyment past
 The savage hunger'd for the feast ;

But (as we find in human race

A mask conceals the villain's face)

Justice must authorize the treat ;

85

Till then he long'd but durst not eat.

At forth he walk'd in quest of prey

The hunters met him on the way ;

Fear wings his flight, the marsh he sought,

The snuffing dogs are set at fault.

90

His stomach balk'd now hunger gnaws,

Howling he grinds his empty jaws ;

Food must be had and Lamb is nigh,

His maw invokes the fraudulent lie.

" Is this," (dissimbling rage) he cry'd,

95

? The gentle virtue of a bride,

" That ragu'd with man's destroying race

" She sets her husband for the chace,

" By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound

" To scent his footsteps on the ground ?

100

"Thou trait'ress vile! for this thy blood
 "Shall glut my rage and dye the wood?"
 So saying on the Lamb he flies;
 Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

104

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
 That carries an affected air:
 The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
 The studi'd look, the passion feign'd,
 Are fopperies which only tend
 To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superiour grace enchant's
 The face which Nature's pencil paints!
 Where eyes unexercis'd in art
 Glow with the meaning of the heart,
 Where freedom and good humour fit,
 And eas'ly gaiety and wit!

Tho' perfect beauty be not there,
 The master lines, the finish'd air,
 We catch from ev'ry look delight,
 And grow enamour'd at the sight;
 For beauty tho' we all approve
 Excites our wonder more then love,
 While the agreeable strikes fire,
 And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

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Why then my Amerèt ! this care
 That forms you in effect less fair ?
 If Nature on your cheek bestows
 A bloom that emulates the rose,
 Or from some heav'nly image drew
 A form Apelles never knew,
 Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
 And spoil by mercericious art ?

25

Or had you, Nature's error, come
 Abortive from the mother's womb,
 Your forming care she still rejects,
 Which only heightens her defects.
 When such, of glittering jewels proud,
 Still press the foremost in the crowd,
 At ev'ry publick show are seen,
 With look awry and awkward mien,
 The gaudy dress attracts the eye
 And magnifies deformity.

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Nature may underdo her part,
 But seldom wants the help of art :
 Trust her, she is your surest friend,
 Nor made your form for you to mend.

40

A Goose affected, empty, vain,
 The scurilllest of the cackling train,
 With proud and elevated crest
 Precedence claim'd above the rest.

45

Says she, "I laugh at human race,
 " Who say Geese hobble in their pace :
 " Look here ! the fland'rous lie detect ;
 " Not haughty man is so erect.
 " That peacock yonder, Lord ! how vain
 " The creature is of his gaudy train !
 " If both were stript I'd pawn my word
 " A Goose would be the fine bird.
 " Nature to hide her own defects
 " Her bungled work with finery decks :
 " Were Geese set off with half that show
 " Would men admire the peacock ? No."

Thus vaunting cross the mead the stalks,
 The cackling breed attend her walks ;
 The sun shot down his neontide beams,
 The Swans were sporting in the streams ;
 Their snowy plumes and stately pride
 Provok'd her spleen. "Why there," she cry'd,
 " Again what arrogance we see !

" Those creatures ! how they mimick me !
 " Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim
 " Because we Geese are known to swim ?
 " Humility they soon shall learn,
 " And their own emptiness discern."

So saying, with extended wings
 Lightly upon the wave she springs,
 Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
 And the Swan's stately crest tunies.

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Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.
A Swan superiour to the rest
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd :
 " Conceited thing ! elate with pride,
" Thy affectation all deride ;
" These airs thy awkwardnes in part,
" And shew thee plainly as thou art.
 " Among thy equals of the flock
" Thou hadst escap'd the publick mock,
" And as thy parts to good conduce
" Been deem'd an honest Cobbling Goose."

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules ;
Know fopp'ry is the pride of fools ;
And striving Nature to conceal
You only her defects reveal.

FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

Love ! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know ;
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant Lust usurps thy throne.

The bounteous God of Nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ
To lessen ills and heighten joy.

To weaker woman he affign'd
 That soft'ning gentleness of mind 10
 That can by sympathy impast
 Its likeness to the roughest heart,
 Her eyes with magick pow'r endu'd,
 To fire the dull and awe the rude ;
 His rosy fingers on her face 15
 Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
 And stamp'd (perfection to display)
 His misdeit image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
 He fashion'd in a diff'rent mould, 20
 With useful arts his mind inform'd
 His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
 He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
 And courage for the fair's defence :
 Her frame, resolute to each wrong, 25
 Demands protection from the strong;
 To man she flies when fear alarms
 And claims the temple of his arms.

By Nature's author thus declar'd
 The woman's sov'reign and her guard, 30
 Shall man by treach'rous wiles invade
 The weakness he was meant to aid ?
 While beauty, given to inspire
 Protecting love and soft desire,
 Lights up a wildfire in the heart, 35
 And to its own breast points the dart,

Becomes the spoiler's base pretence

To triumph over innocence?

The wolf that tears the tim'rous sheep

Was never set the fold to keep,

40

Nor was the tiger or the pard

Meant the benighted trav'lier's guard;

But man, the wildest beast of prey,

Wears friendship's semblance to betray,

45

His strength against the weak employs,

And where he should protect destroys.

Past twelve o'clock the Watchman cry'd,

His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd,

The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,

The earnest of to-morrow's lie;

50

Sudden the furious winds arise,

The jarring element shatter'd flies,

The doors admit a hollow sound,

And rattling from their hinges bound,

When Justice in a blaze of light

55

Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horrore shock,

Loose ev'ry joint and pale his look.

Not having seen her in the courts,

~~Once~~ and her mention'd in Reports,

60

He ask'd with faltering tongue her name,

Her count there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
 (A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
 " Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
 " Is Justice grown so strange a name?
 " Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
 " 'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.
 " My guardian thou did I elect
 " My sacred temple to protect,
 " That thou and all thy venal tribe
 " Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?
 " Aloud the ruin'd client cries
 " Justice has neither ears nor eyes;
 " In foul alliance with the bar
 " Gainst me the judge denounces war,
 " And rarely issues his decree
 " But with intent to baffle me."

She paus'd; her breast with fury burn'd;
 The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:

" I own the charge is justly laid,
 " And weak th' excuse that can be made;
 " Yet search the spacious globe, and see
 " If all mankind are not like me.

" The Gownman skil'd in Romish lies
 " By faith's false glass deludes our eyes,
 " O'er conscience rides without control,
 " And robs the man to save his soul.

" The Doctor with important face
 " By fly design mistakes the case,

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" Prescribes, and spins out the disease

" To trick the patient of his fees.

" The Soldier, rough with many a scar,

" And red with slaughter, leads the war;

" If he a nation's trust betray

" The foe has offer'd double pay.

" When vice o'er all mankind prevails,

" And weighty interest turns the scales,

" Most I be better than the rest,

" And harbour Justice in my breast,

" On one side only take the fee,

" Content with poverty and thee?"

" Thou blind to sense and vile of mind!"

The exasperated Shade rejoin'd,

" If virtue from the world is flown

" Will others' frauds excuse thy own?

" For sickly souls the Priest was made,

" Physicians for the body's aid,

" The Soldier guarded liberty,

" Man woman, and the Lawyer me;

" If all are faithless to their trust

" They leave nor thee the less unjust.

" Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,

" And bar the sanction of my name;

" Within your courts it shall be read

" That Justice from the Law is fled."

She spoke, and hid in shades her face

Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
 What rude offence alarms you now?
 I said that Delia's fair 't is true,
 But did I say she equall'd you?
 Cann't I another's face commend,
 Or to her virtues be a friend,
 But instantly your forehead lowers,
 As if her merit lessen'd your's?
 From female envy never free,
 All must be blind because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
 The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
 Then tell me where the woodbine grows
 That vies in sweetnes with the rose?
 Or where the lily's snowy white
 That throws such beauties on the light?
 Yet folly is it to declare
 That these are neither sweet nor fair.
 The crystal shines with fainter rays
 Before the diamond's brighter blaze,
 And fops will say the diamond dies
 Before the lustre of your eyes;
 But I who deal in truth deny
 That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

25

Shall envy then torment your breast
If you are lovelier than the rest?

For while I give to each her due
By praising them I flatter you,
And praising most still declare
You fairest where the rest are fair.

35

As at his board a Farmer sat,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd,
Till sated now supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

45

The hungry Cat in turn drew near,
And hun'ably crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the Master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw;

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Enrag'd the snarling Cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:

"They only claim a right to eat
Who earn by services their meat:
Me zeal and industry inflame
To scorch the fields and spring the game,
Or plunging in the wintry wave
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep,

At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door:
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due
To pamper such vile things as you?"

"I own" (with meekness Puff reply'd)

Superior merit on your side,
Nor does my breast with envy swell
To find it recompens'd so well;
Yet I in what my nature can
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pil'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or watchful for the lab'ring swain
From lurking rats secures the grain?

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- "From hence if he rewards bestow
"Why should your heart with gall o'erflow? 80
"Why pine my happiness to see
"Since there's enough for you and me?"
"Thy words are just," the Farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side. 84

FABLE X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE nymph who walks the publick streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood
With filken line my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.

Along the forest as we stray'd
You saw the boy his limetwigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear?
Lest heedless we approach too near,

Far as behind the bush we lay
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs here such caution to delude
The scaly fry and feather'd brood?
And think you with inferior art
To captivate the human heart?

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The maid who modestly conceals
 Her beauties while she hides reveals ;
 Give but a glimpse and fancy draws
 Whate'er the Grecian Venus was,
 From Eve's first figleaf to brocade
 All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
 Which evermore delighted dwells
 On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Cælia struts in man's attire
 She shews too much to safe desire,
 But from the hoop's bewitching round
 Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom base,
 The forward laugh, the wanton air,
 May catch the fop, for gudgeons strike
 At the bare hook and bait alike,
 While salmon play regardless by
 Till art like nature forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch
 A Spider long had held her watch ;
 From morn to night with restless care
 She spun her web and wove her snare,
 Within the limits of her reign
 Lay many a heedless captive slain,
 Or flutt'ring struggled in the toils
 To burn the chains and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee that perch'd hard by
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began : " Mean Thing ! give o'er,
" And lay thy slender threads no more ;
" A thoughtless fly or two at most
Is all the conquest thou canst boast,
" For Bees of sense thy arts evade,
" We see so plain the nets are laid.

" The gaudy tulip that displays
" Her spreading foliage to the gaze,
" That points her charms at all she sees,
" And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
" Attracts not me where blushing grows
" Guarded with thorns the modest rose
" Enamour'd round and round I fly,
" Or on her fragrant bosom lie ;
" Reluctant she my ardour meets,
" And bashful renders up her sweets.

" To wiser heads attention lend,
" And learn this lesson from a friend ;
" She who with modesty retires
" Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
" While such incautious jilts as you
" By folly your own schemes undo."

FABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'T_{is} true I blame your lover's choice
 Tho' flatter'd by the publick voice,
 And peevish grow and sick to hear
 His exclamations, O how fair!

I listen not to wild delights
 And transports of expected nights :
 What is to me your hoard of charms,
 The whiteness of your neck and arms ?
 Needs there no acquisition more
 To keep contention from the door ?
 Yes; pass a fortnight and you 'll find
 All beauty cloy'd but of the mind.

Sense and good humour ever prove
 The surest cords to fasten love ;
 Yet Phillis, simplest of your sex !
 You never think but to perplex,
 Coquetting it with ev'ry Ape
 That struts abroad in human shape ;
 Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
 But that it stings your lover's breast ;
 To-morrow you resign the sway,
 Prepar'd to honour and obey,
 The tyrant-mistress change for life
 To the submission of a wife.

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Your follies if you can suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant hear the first address,
Think often ere you answ'r Yes,
But once resolv'd throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes:
With caution ev'ry look forbear
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound;
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your pow'r unless to please;
For fools alone with rigour fway
When soon or late they must obey.

The King of brutes in life's decline
Resolv'd dominion to resign;
The beasts were summon'd to appear
And bend before the royal heir:
They came; a day was fix'd: the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey pert and vain
Stepp'd forth and thus address'd the train:

" Why cringe my Friends! with slavish awe
" Dene this pageant king of straw?
" Shall we anticipate the hour,
" And ere we feel it own his pow'r?

" The counsels of experience prize ;
 " I know the maxims of the wise :
 " Subjection let us cast away,
 " And live the monarchs of to-day ;
 " 'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
 " And play the tyrant each in turn :
 " So shall he right from wrong discern,
 " And mercy from oppression learn,
 " At others' woes be taught to melt,
 " And loathe the ills himself has felt."

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He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride;
 The youthful Lion thus reply'd :

" What madness prompts thee to provoke
 " My wrath, and dareth' impending stroke ?
 " Thou wretched Fool ! can wrongs impart
 " Compassion to the feeling heart,
 " Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
 " The hand to give, or eye to flow ?
 " Learn'd in the practice of their schools
 " From women thou hast drawn thy rules ;
 " To them return ; in such a cause
 " From only such expect applause :
 " The partial sex I not condemn
 " For liking those who copy them.

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" Wouldst thou the gen'rous Lion bind ?
 " By kindness bribe him to be kind :
 " Good offices their likenesses get,
 " And payment effess not the debt :

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- “With multiplying hand he gives
 - “The good from others he receives,
 - “Or for the bad makes fair return,
 - “And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.”

FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me Corinna, if you can,
Why so avverse, so coy, to man?
Did Nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form'd you fair
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts and spurn her laws.
And miser-like withhold that Rose
Which by imparting blesses more?

Beauty's a gift by Heav'n assign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands,
And tho' by wasting years it fade
Remembrance tells him once 't was paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal
For age to rust or time to steal,
The summer of your youth to rove
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,

Dow'less to court some peasant's arms
 To guard your wither'd age from harms,
 No gratitude to warm his breast
 For blooming beauty once possest,
 How will you curse that stubborn pride 25
 Which drove your bark across the tide,
 And sailing before folly's wind
 Left sense and happiness behind?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail
 To such as you I write my Tale. 30

A Colt for blood and meed speed
 The choicest of the running breed,
 Of youthful strength and beauty vain
 Refus'd subjection to the rein.

In vain the groom's officious skill 35
 Oppos'd his pride and check'd his will,
 In vain the master's forming care
 Restrain'd with threats or sooth'd with pray'r ;
 Of freedom proud and scorning man
 Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran. 40

Where'er luxuriant Nature spread
 Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
 Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass
 To cool and freshen up the grafs,
 Disdaining bounds he cropp'd the blade, 45
 And winton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer past
 Revolving winter came at last;
 The trees no more a shelter yield,
 The verdure withers from the field,
 Perpetual snows infest the ground,
 icy chains the streams are bound,
 Cold nipping winds and rattling hail
 His lank unshelter'd sides assail.

50

As round he cast his rueful eyes
 He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
 The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
 And promis'd kind deliverance near;
 A stable, cast his scorn and hate,
 Was now become his wish'd retreat:
 His passion cool, his pride forgot,
 A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.

55

The Master saw his woful plight,
 His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
 And friendly to the stable led,
 And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
 In slothful ease all night he lay;
 The servants rose at break of day;
 The market calls: along the road
 His back must bear the pond'reus load:
 In vain he struggles or complains,
 Incessant blows reward his pains.
 To-morrow varies but his toil;
 Chain'd to the plough he breaks the soil,

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While scanty meals at night repay

75

The painful labours of the day.

Sob'd by toil, with anguish rent,

His selfupbraidings found a vent:

"Wretch that I am!" he sighing said,

"By arrogance and folly led,

"Had but my restive youth been brought

"To learn the lesson Nature taught

"Then had I like my fires of yore

"The prize from ev'ry courser bore,

"While man bestow'd rewards and praise,

85

"And females crown'd my latter days:

"Now lasting servitude's my lot,

"My birth contemn'd my speed forgot:

"Doom'd am I for my pride to bear

"A living death from year to year."

90

FABLE XIII.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

To know the mistress' humour right

See if her maids are clean and tight;

If Betty waits without her stays

She copies but her lady's ways;

When Miss comes in with boisterous shout,

And drops no curtsey going out,

50

Depend upon 't mamma is one
Who reads or drinks too much alone.

If bottled beer her thirst affuage

She feels enthusiastick rage,

And burns with ardor to inherit

10

The gifts and workings of the spirit :

If learning crack her giddy brains

No remedy but death remains.

Sun up the various ills of life

15

And all are sweet to such a wife.

At home superiour wit she vaunts

And twi's her husband with his wants ;

Her ragged offspring all around

Like pigs are wallowing on the ground :

20

Impatient ever of control

She knows no order but of foul

With books her litter'd floor is spread

Of nameless authors never read,

Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,

25

Fill up the intermediate space.

Abroad at visitings her tongue

Is never still, and always wrong ;

All meanings she defines away,

And stands with truth and sense at bay.

30

It e'er she meets a gentle heart

Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,

Who makes her family her care,

And builds Contentment's temple there,

She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, " Lord help us! what a creature!"
Men, if the moral strike
You 'll find the Fable not unlike.

An Owl puff'd up with selfconceit
Lov'd learning better than his meat; 40
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And runimag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;
At pastrycooks was known to ply,
And strip for science ev'ry pie.
For modern poetry and wit
He had read all that Blackmore writ; 45
So intimate with Curl was grown
His learned treasures were his own,
To all his authors ~~had~~ access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logick he acquir'd such knowledge
You 'd swear him Fellow of a college;
Alike to ev'ry art and science
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste 55
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood
One ev'ning as he musing stood
Hard by upon a leafy spray
A Nightingale began his lay; 60

Sudden he starts with anger stung,
And screeching interrupts the song.

"Pert busy Thing! thy airs give o'er,

"And let my contemplation soar.

"What is the musick of thy voice

But jarring dissonance and noise?

"Be wise: true harmony thou 'lt find

"Not in the throat but in the mind,

"By empty chirping not attain'd,

"But by laborious study gain'd.

"Go read the authors Pope explodes,

"Fathom the depth of Cibber's Odes,

"With modern prys improve thy wit,

Read all the learning Henley writ,

"And if thou needs must sing sing then,

"And emulate the ways of me—

"So shalt thou grow like me refin'd,

"And bring improvement to thy kind."

"Thou Wretch!" the little Warbler cry'd,

"Made up of ignorance and pride,

"Ask all the birds, and they 'll declare

"A greater blockhead wings not air.

"Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan;

"Science was only meant for man.

"No us—fs authors me molest,

"I mind the duties of my nest,

"With careful wing protect my young,

"And cheer their ev'nings with a song.

" Thus following Nature and her laws
 " From men and birds I claim applause,
 " While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth
 " An Owl is scorn'd alike by both."

90

92

FABLE XIV.

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
 Upon an April's blithesome day
 When Pleasure, ever on the wing,
 Return'd companion of the Spring,
 And cheer'd the birds with amorous heat,
 Instructing little hearts to beat,
 A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young
 Of bold address and flippant tongue,
 Just left his lady of a night,
 Like him to follow new delight.

5

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The youth of many a conquest vain
 Flew off to seek the chirping train,
 The chirping train he quickly found,
 And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
 And this and that he woos by turns;
 And here a sigh and there a bill,
 'And here—“ Those eyes, so form'd to kill!”

15

And now with ready tongue he strings
Unmeaning soft resolute things,
With vows and Demme's skill'd to woo
As other pretty fellows do :

20

Not that he thought this short stay
prologue needful to his play;

25

No : trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better,
But these he held as specious arts
To shew his own superiour parts.
The form of decency to shield,
And give just pretence to yield.

30

Thus finishing his courtly play
He mark'd the fav'rite of the day,
With careleſs impudence drew near
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear
A hint which like the Mason's sign
The conscious can alone divine.

35

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd " Sir! — pray Sir, explain your meaning—
" Go prate to those that may endure ye—
" To me this rudeness! — I 'll affuse ye—" 40
Then off she glided like a swallow,
As saying— You gueſs where to follow.

40

To such as know the party set
Tis needless to declare they met;
The Parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension:

45

Her honour there secure from itain
 She held al farther trifling vain,
 No more affected to be coy,
 But rush'd licentious on the joy.

50

"Hist, Love!" the male companion cry'd,
 "Retire a while; I fear we're spy'd."
 Nor was the caution vain; he saw
 A Turtle rustling in the straw,
 While o'er her callow brood she hung,
 And fondly thus address'd her young:

55

"Ye tender objects of my care!
 "Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!
 "Anon he comes your gentle fire,
 "And brings you all your hearts require.
 "For us his infants and his bride,
 "For us, with only love to guide,
 "Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
 "And like a lion dares to bleed:
 "Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd
 "He mounts upon the rudest wind,
 "From danger tears the vital spoil,
 "And with affection sweetens toil.
 "Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare;
 "In thine our dearer safety spare!
 "From him ye cruel Falcons! stray,
 "And turn ye Fowlers! far away.
 "Should I survive to see the day
 "That tears me from myself away,

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" That cancels all that Heav'n could give,
 " The life by which alone I live,
 " Alas! how more than lost were I,
 " Who in the thought already die!

" Ye Pow'rs! whom men and birds obey,
 " Great Rulers of your creatures! say
 " Why mourning comes by blis convey'd,
 " And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
 " Where grows enjoyment tall and fair
 " Around it twines entangling care,
 " While fear for what our ~~lives~~ posses
 " Enervates ev'ry pow'r to blesse;
 " Yet friend ship forms the blis above,
 " And Life! what art thou without love?"

Our hero, who had heard apart,
 Felt something moving in his heart,
 But quickly with disdain supprest
 The virtue rising in his breast,
 And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
 And next approaching smil'd and bow'd.

" Madam, you must not think me rude,
 " Good manners never can intrude;
 " I vow I come thro' pure good nature—
 " (Upon my soul a charming creature!)
 " Are these the comforts of a wife?
 " This careful cloister'd moping life?
 " No doubt that odious thing call'd Duty
 " Is a sweet province for a beauty.

"Thou pretty Ignorance! thy will
 "Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
 "That good oldfashion'd dame thy mother 105
 "Has taught thy infant years no other.
 "The greater ill in the creation
 "Is sure the want of education.

"But think ye—tell me without feigning,
 "Have all these charms no farther meaning? 110
 "Dame Nature, if you do n't forget her,
 "Might teach your Ladyship much better.
 "For shame! reject this mean employment;
 "Enter the world and take enjoyment,
 "Where time by circling blis^ss we measure; 115
 "Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
 "Come, prove the blessing; follow me:
 "Be wise, be happy, and be free."

"Kind Sir!" reply'd our matron chaste,
 "Your zeal seems pretty much in haste. 120
 "I own the fondnes^s to be blest
 "Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;
 "Of blessings too I have my store,
 "Yet quarrel not should Heav'n give more;
 "Then prove the change to be expedient, 125
 "And think me Sir your most obedient."

Here turning as to one inferiour
 Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superiour.
 "Methinks to quit your boasted station
 "Requires a world of hesitation: 130

- " Where brats and bonds are held a blessing
 The case I doubt is past redressing.
 " Why Child! suppose the joys I mention
 " Were the mere fruits of my invention,
 " You 'ave cause sufficient for your carriage 135.
 " In flying from the curse of marriage,
 " That fly decoy with vary'd snates
 " That takes you widgeon in by pairs,
 " Alike to husband and to wife
 " The curse of love and bane of life, 140
 " The only method of forecasting
 " To make misfortune firm and lasting,
 " The fin'ly Heav'n's peculiar sentence
 " Unpardon'd thro' a life's repentance:
 " It is the double snake that weds 145
 " A common tail to diff'rent heads
 " That leads the carcals still astray
 " By dragging each a diff'rent way.
 " Of all the ills that may attend me
 " From marriage mighty Gods! defend me. 150
 " Give me frank Nature's wild demesne,
 " And boundless track of air serene,
 " Where fancy ever wing'd for change
 " Delights to sport, delights to range;
 " There Liberty! to thee is owing 155
 " Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
 " Delights still vary'd and divine
 " Sweet goddess of the Hells! are thine.

" What say you now, you pretty pink you !

" Have I for once spoke reason think you ?" 165

" You take me now for no romancer —

" Come, never study for an answer :

" Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,

" And fly where joy alone shall find ye."

" Soft yet," return'd our female fencer, 165

" A question more or so — and then Sir.

" You 'ave rally'd me with sense exceeding,

" With much fine wit and better breeding,

" But pray Sir, how do you contrive it ?

" Do those of your world never wive it ?" 170

" No no." " How then ?" " Why, dare I tell ;

" What does the bus'ness full as well."

" Do you ne'er love ?" " An hour at leisure."

" Have you no friendships ?" " Yes, for pleasure."

" No care for little ones ?" " We get 'em; 175

" The rest the mothers mind, and let 'em ;"

" Thou Wretch ! rejoin'd the kindling Dove,

" Quite lost to life as lost to love,

" Whene'er misfortune comes how just !

" And come misfortune surely must :

" In the dread season of dismay,

" In that your hour of trial, say

" Who then shall prop your sinking heart,

" Who bear affliction's weightier part ?

" Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends, 185

" And winter's gloomy form impends,

" To mourning turns all transient cheer,

And blasts the melancholy year,

" For times at no persuasion stay,

" Nor vice can find perpetual May,

" Then where's that tongue by folly fed,

" That soul of pertness whither fled?

" All shrunk within thy lonely nest,

" Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest,

" No friend by cordial bonds ally'd

" Shall seek thy cold unsocial fide,

" No chirping prattlers to delight

" Shall torn the long-enduring night,

" No bribe her words of balm impart,

" And warm thee at her constant heart.

190

195

200

205

" Freedom restrain'd by reason's force

" Is as the sun's unvarying course,

" Benignly active, sweetly bright,

" Affording warmth, affording light,

" But torn from virtue's sacred rules

" Becomes a comet gaz'd by fools,

" Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,

" And fraught with all the plagues of life.

" Thou Fool! by union ev'ry creature

" Subsists thro' universal Nature,

" And this to beings void of mind

" Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

210

" While womb'd in space primeval clay

" A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,

- 215

“ The Source of endless good above
“ Shot down his spark of kindling love ;
“ Touch'd by the allenliv'ning flame
“ Then motion first exulting came,
“ Each atom sought its sep'r ate class
“ Thro' many a fair enaimour'd mass ;
“ Love cast the central charm around,
“ And with eternal nuptials bound :
“ Then form and order o'er the sky
“ First train'd their bridal pomp on high,
“ The sun display'd his orb to sight
“ And burnt with hymeneal light. 225

“ Hence Nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd
“ And with the genial burden heav'd ;
“ Forth came the oak, her firstborn heir,
“ And seal'd the breathing steep of air ;
“ Then infant stems of various use
“ Imbib'd her soft maternal juice ;
“ The flow'rs in early bloom disclos'd
“ Upon her fragrant breast repos'd ;
“ Within her warm embraces grew 235
“ A race of endless form and hue ;
“ Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
“ And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.
“ Nor here alone the virtue reign'd
“ By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd,
“ But thence subliming and resin'd
“ Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred Mind ; 240

" Caught in the fond celestial fire
 " The mind perceiv'd unknown desire,
 " And now with kind effusion flow'd,
 " And now with cordial ardour glow'd,
 " Beheld the sympathetick fair,
 " And lov'd its own resemblance there
 " On all with circling radiance shone,
 " But centring fix'd on one alone,
 " There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
 " And doubled ev'ry joy of life.

245

250

" Here ever blessing ever blest
 " Besides this beauty of the breast,
 " As from his palace here the god
 " Still beams effulgent bliss abroad,
 " Here gems his own eternal round,
 " The ring by which the world is bound,
 " Here bids his seat of empire grow,
 " And builds his little heav'n below.

255

260

" The bridal partners thus ally'd,
 " And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
 " One body, heart, and spirit, live,
 " Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give,
 " Like Echo from her vocal hold
 " Return'd in musick twenty fold;
 " Their union firm and undecay'd
 " Nor time can shake nor pow'r invade,
 " But as the stem and scion stand
 " Ingrafted by a skilful hand,

265

270

“ They check the tempest’s wintry rage,
 “ And bloom and strengthen into age;
 “ A thousand amities unknown,
 “ And pow’rs perceiv’d by love alone,
 “ Endearing looks and chaste desire
 “ Fan and import the mutual fire,
 “ Whose flame perpetual as refin’d
 “ Is fed by an immortal mind.

275

“ Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends,
 “ Like Nile it opens and descends,
 “ Which by apparent windings led
 “ We trace to its celestial head.

280

“ The fire first springing from above
 “ Becomes the source of life and love,
 “ And gives his filial heir to flow
 “ In fondness down on sons below;
 “ Thus roll’d in one continu’d tide
 “ To time’s extremest verge they glide,
 “ While kindred streams on either hand
 “ Branch forth in blessings o’er the land.

285

“ Thee Wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
 “ No late-returning brother claim,
 “ No kinsman on thy road rejoice,
 “ No sister greet thy ent’ring voice,
 “ With partial eyes no parents see,
 “ And bless their years restor’d in thee.

290

“ In age rejected or declin’d,
 “ An alien ev’n among thy kind,

295

- " The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
 " Shall play the wanton in thy face, 300
 " Each spark unplume thy little pride,
 " All friendship fly thy faithleſs ſide.
 " Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſſ rot,
 " In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.
 " Allgiving Pow'r! great Source of life! 305
 " O hear the parent! hear the wife!
 " That life thou lendeft from above
 " Tho' little make it large in love;
 " O bid my feeling heart expand
 " To ev'ry claim on ev'ry hand!
 " To thofe from whom my days I drew,
 " To thofe in whom thofe days renew,
 " To all my kin, however wide,
 " In cordial warmth as blood allid,
 " To friends with ſteely fetters twin'd, 315
 " And to the cruel not unkind!
 " But chief the lord of my desire,
 " My life, myſelf, my ſoul, my fire,
 " Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
 " Chafe passion clasp and rapture name, 320
 " O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious Pow'r!
 " O give him to my latest hour!
 " Let me my length of life employ
 " To give my ſole enjoyment joy!
 " His love let mutual love excite,
 " Turn all my cares to his delight,

- “ And ev’ry needless blessing spare
“ Wherein my darling wants a share?
“ When he with graceful action woos,
“ And sweetly hills and fondly cooes, 330
“ Ah! deck me to his eyes alone
“ With charms attractive as his own,
“ And in my circling wings carest
“ Give all the lover to my breast;
“ Then in our chaste connubial bed, 335
“ My bosom pillow’d for his head,
“ His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
“ And watch with me my lord’s repose,
“ Your peace around his temples twine,
“ And love him with a love like mine!
“ And for I know his gen’rous flame 340
“ Beyond whate’r my sex can claim
“ Me too to your protection take,
“ And spare me for my husband’s sake.
“ Let one unruffled calm delight
“ The loving and belov’d unite, 345
“ One pure desire our bosoms warm,
“ One will direct, one wish inform,
“ Thro’ life one mutual aid sustain,
“ In death one peaceful grave contain.” 350
While swelling with the darling theme
Her accents pour’d an endless stream,
The wellknown wings a sound impart
That reach’d her ear and touch’d her heart;

Quick dropt the mulick of her tongue,
 And forth with eager joy she sprung;
 As swift her ent'ring comfort flew,
 And plum'd and kindled at the view:
 Their wings their souls embracing meet,
 Their hearts with answ'ring measure beat, 360
 Half lost in sacred sweets, and bless'd
 With raptures fel but ne'er express'd.

355

Straight to her humble roof she led
 The partner of her spotless bed;
 Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
 Their welcome sparkling in their eyes; 365
 Transported to their fire they bound,
 And hang with speechless action round:
 In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,
 And see their little wings expand:
 The fire his life-sustaining prize 370
 To each expecting bill applies,
 There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
 With transport giv'n tho' won with toil,
 While all collected at the sight, 375
 And silent thro' supreme delight,
 The fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
 And on her lord and infants smiles.

360

The Sparrow, whose attention hang
 Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
 Of all his little flights disarin'd,
 And from himself by virtue charm'd,

375

380

When now he saw what only seem'd
 A fact so late a fable deem'd,
 His ~~leal~~ to Envy he resign'd,
 His hours of folly to the wind,
 In secret wish'd a Turtle too
 And sighing to himself withdrew.

385

388

FABLE XV.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honour is a woman's life :
 Unhappy Sex ! who only claim
 A being in the breath of Fame,
 Which tainted not the quick'ning gales
 That sweep Sabaea's spicy vales
 Nor all the healing sweets restore
 That breathe along Arabia's shore.

3

The trav'ller if he chance to stray
 May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
 Polluted streams again are pure,
 And deepest wounds admit a cure ;
 But Woman no redemption knows ;
 The wounds of honour never close !

10

'Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
 Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
 If once her feeble bark recede,
 Or deviate from the course decreed,

15

In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before,
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
Till by conflicting waves opprest
Her sound'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

20

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error? None.
Tho' Woman is avow'd of old
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without alloy,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelick natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell
That ev'n immortal angels fail.

25

30

Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air
With varying elements endu'd
Was form'd to fall and rise renew'd.

35

The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb again to flow,
The moon replete her waining face
All beauteous from her late disgrace,
And suns that mourn approaching night
Refulgent rise with newborn light.

40

In vain may death and time subdue
While Nature mints her race anew,

45

And holds some vital spark apart,
 Like virtue hid in ev'ry heart;
 'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen
 To clothe a naked world in green ;
 No longer barr'd by winter's cold
 Again the gates of life unfold,
 Again each insect tries his wing,
 And lifts fresh pinions on the spring,
 Again from ev'ry latent root
 The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
 Exhaling incense to the skies
 Again to perish and to rise.

And must weak Woman then disown
 The change to which a world is prone,
 In one meridian brightness shine,
 And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline,
 Resolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
 What we demand of Woman?—Yes.

But should the spark of Vestal fire
 In some unguarded hour expire,
 Or should the nightly thief invade
 Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
 Of all the blooming spoil possest
 The dragon Honour harm'd to rest,
 Shall virtue's flame no more return,
 No more with virgin splendour burn,
 No more the ravag'd garden blow
 With spring's succeeding blossom?—No:

City may mourn but not restore,
And Woman fails to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where,
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetick ground :
A stream call'd Life across it glides,
And equally the land divides,
And here o' Vice the province lies,
And there the hills of Virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit looked to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose
As well for prospect as repose ;
For mutual faith they long were fram'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line,
But in a little daughter fair
Was centred more than half their care,
For Heav'n to gratulate her birth
Gave signs of future joy to earth :
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chasity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)

Oft' thro' her native land she stray'd,
 And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
 Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
 The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
 The morn her radiant blush assum'd, 105
 The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
 And Nature yearly took delight
 Like her to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
 To reach the crisis of fifteen,
 Her parents up the mountain's head
 With anxious step their darling led;
 By turns they snatch'd her to their breast
 And thus the fears of age express:

“ O joyful cause of many a care !
 “ O Daughter too divinely fair !
 “ Yon' world on this important day
 “ Demands thee to a dang'rous way ;
 “ A painful journey all must go,
 “ Whose doubtful period none can know, 120
 “ Whose due direction who can find
 “ Where reason 's mute and sense is blind ?
 “ Ah, what unequal leaders these
 “ Thro' such a wide perplexing maze !
 “ Then mark the warnings of the wife, 125
 “ And learn what love and years advise.
 “ Far to the right thy prospect bend
 “ Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;

" Lo! there the arduous paths in view
 " Which Virtue and her sons pursue,
 " With toil o'er lea's'ning earth they rise,
 " And gain and gain upon the skies:
 " Narrow is the way be children tread,
 " No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
 " But rough, and difficult, and steep,
 " Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

130

" Fruits immature those lands dispense,
 " A food delicate to sense,
 " Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
 " Pure health with cheerful vigour flows,
 " And strength unceasing of decay
 Thro'out the long laborious way.

140

" Hence as they scale that heav'nly road
 " Each limb is lighten'd of its load,
 " From earth refining still they go,
 " And leave the mortal weight below,
 " Then spreads the straight, the doubtful clears,
 " And smooth the rugged path appears,
 " For custom turns fatigue to ease,
 " And taught by Virtue pain can please.

145

" At length the toilsome journey o'er,
 " And near the bright celestial shore,
 " A gulf black, fearful, and profound,
 " Appears, of either world the bound,
 " Thro' darkness leading up to light,
 " Sense backward shrinks and shuns the sight;

150

155

" For there the transitory train
" Of Time, and Form, and Care, and Pain,
" And Matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
" Man's late associates, cannot pass,
" But sinking quit th' immortal charge
" And leave the wond'ring soul at large,
" Lightly she wings her obvious way,
" And mingles with eternal day.

160

" Thither, O thither wing thy speed
" Tho' pleasure charm or pain impede!
" To such th' all-bounteons Pow'r has giv'n
" For present earth a future heav'n,
" For trivial loss unmeasur'd gain,
" And endless bliss for transient pain.

165

" Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
" Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
" Wide on the left the pathway bends,
" And with pernicious ease descends;
" There sweet to sense and fair to show
" New-planted Edens seem to blow,
" Trees that delicious poison bear,
" For death is vegetable there.

175

" Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
" Each finew slack'ning at the taste,
" The soul to passion yields her throne,
" And sees with organs not her own,
" While like the flumb'rer in the night,
" Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,

180

" Before her alienated eyes
 " The scenes of Fairyland arise,
 " The puppet world's amusing show
 " Dipp'd in the gayly-colour'd bower,
 " Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
 " The toys of infants and of kings,
 " That tempt along the baneful plain
 " The idly wife and lightly vain,
 " Th' verging on the gulfy shore
 " Sudden they sink and rise no more.

But list to what thy Fates declare:

" Tho' thou art Woman frail as fair
 " If once thy flidin' foot should stray,
 Once quit yon' heav'n-appointed way,
 " For thee, lost Maid! for thee alone
 " Nor pray'r shall plead nor tears atone;
 " Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
 " On thy returning steps shall wait,
 " Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
 " And ev'ry foot thy presence fly."

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,

Like guardian angels plac'd around,

A charm by truth divinely cast,

Forward our young advent'r past.

Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,

Like Morn, forcunning radiance went,

While Honour, handmaid late affynd'd,

Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awestruck the much-admiring crowd
 Before the virgin vision bow'd,
 Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
 And caught fresh virtues at the sight ;
 For not of earth's unequal frame,
 They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
 If matter were the most refin'd,
 High wrought and temper'd into mind,
 Some darling daughter of the Day,
 And body'd by her native ray.

215

Where'er she passes thousands bend,
 And thousands where she moves attend ;
 Her ways observant eyes confess.
 Her steps pursuing praises bless,
 While to the elevated Maid
 Oblations as to Heaven are paid.

220

225

'Twas on an ever-blithesome day,
 The jovial birth of rosy May,
 When genial warmth no more suppresses
 New-melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes
 And looks kind things from chaste eyes,
 The sun with healthier visage glows,
 Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
 And dances up th' ethereal plain
 Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
 While Nature as from bonds set free
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

230

235

And now for momentary rest
 The Nymph her travell'd step represt,
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
 And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Outstretch'd before her wide survey

245

The realms of sweet perdition lay,
 And pity touch'd her soul with wo
 To see a world so lost below,
 When straight the breeze began to breathe
 Airs gently wafted from beneath
 That bore commission'd witchcraft thence
 And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
 No sound of discord, that disclose
 A people sunk and lost in woes,

250

But as of present good possess'd,
 The very triumph of the blessed:
 The Maid in wrapt attention hung
 While thus approaching Sirens sung:

255

“ Hither Fairest ! hither haste,
 “ Brightest Beauty ! come and taste
 “ What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
 “ Joys too mighty to be told ;
 “ Taste what ecstasies they give,
 “ Dying raptures taste, and live.

260

“ In thy lap, disdaining measure,
 “ Nature empties all her treasure,
 “ Soft desires that sweetly languish,
 “ Fierce delights that rise to anguish.

265

- " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest Beauty ! come away. 270
 " Lift not when the foward chide,
 " Sons of Pedantry and Pride,
 " Snarlers to whose feeble fence
 " April sunshine is offence ;
 " Age and Envy will advise 275
 " Ev'n against the joy they prize.
 " Come, in pleasures balmy bowl
 " Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 " Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 " With enjoyment past the painting. 280
 " Fairest ! dost thou yet delay ?
 " Brightest Beauty ! come away.
 So sung the Sirens, as of yore
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And O for that preventing chain
 That bound Ulysses on the main ! 285
 That so our fair one might withstand
 The covert ruin now at hand.
 The song her charm'd attention drew
 When now the tempters stood in view ;
 Curiosity with prying eyes
 And hands of busy bold emprise ;
 Like Hermes feather'd were her feet,
 And like forerunning fancy fleet :
 By search untaught, by toil untir'd, 290
 To novelty she still a'pir'd,

Tasteless of ev'ry good possest,
And but in expectation blest.

With her associate Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolick-loving dame !
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight,
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground
'And caught the killing winds around :
As er^f Medusa's looks were known
To turn b^h holders into stone.
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt :
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Enerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd,
No safety ev'n the flying find
Who vent'rous look but once b^hind.

300

305

310

315

320

Thus was the much-admiring Maid
Wh^be distant more than half betray'd.
With smiles and adulation bland.
They join'd her fide and seiz'd her hand :
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting half denying,
Reluctant now and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling with smiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling yielding fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,
 Borne from her courses haply lights
 Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
 Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
 Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand,
 The pilot warns with sail and oar
 To shun the much suspected shore,
 In vain; the tide too subtly strong
 Still bears the wrestling bark along,
 Till found'ring she resigns to Fate
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight :

335

So baffling ev'ry bar to fin,
 And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
 Along the devious smooth descent,
 With pow'rs increas'g as they went,
 The dames accustom'd to subdue
 As with a rapid current drew,
 And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
 The lost the long-reluctant maid.

340

Here stop ye Fair Ones! and beware,
 Nor send your fond affections there,
 Yet, yet your darling, now deplo'r'd,
 May turn, to you and Heav'n restor'd;
 Till then with weeping Honour wait,
 The servant of her better fate,
 With Honour, left upon the shore,
 Her friend and handmaid now no more;

345

350

Nor with the guilty world upbraid
 The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,
 But o'er her failing cast the veil,
 Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.

355

And now from all-inquiring light
 Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
 The Damsel from a short repose
 Confounded at her plight arose.

360

As when with plumb'rous weight opprest
 Some wealthy miser sinks to rest
 Where felons eye the glittering prey
 And steal his hoard of joys away,
 He borne where golden Indus streams
 Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams,
 Like Midas turns the glebe to ear,
 And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
 But wakens naked and despoil'd
 Of that for which his years had toil'd:

365

So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown,
 And turn'd like Niobe to stone;
 Within, without, obscure and void,
 She felt all ravag'd all destroy'd:
 And, " O thou curs'd insidious coast ! "
 " Are these the blessings thou canst boast ? "
 " These Virtue ! these the joys they find
 " Who leave thy neav'n-topt hills behind ?
 " Shade me ye Pines ! ye Caverns ! hide,
 " Ye Mountains ! cover me," she cry'd.

370

375

380

He trumpet Slander rais'd on high
And told the tidings to the sky,
Contempt & charg'd a living dart,
A sidelong viper, to her heart,
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace,
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view.
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd,
But Echo gathers in the wind
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amez'd, with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left a host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine,
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly
Or backward drive her on the coast
Where Peace was wreck'd and Honour lost.

385

390

395

400

405

From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile Clamour giv'n,
And from the face of Friendship driv'n
The Nymph sink prostrate on the ground
With all her weight of woes around.

410

Enthron'd within a circling sky
Upon a mount o' er mountains high
All radiant sat as in a shrine
Virtue, first effluence divine,
Far, far above the scenes of wo
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;

415

420

Superior goddesses, hence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light!
Whom should Mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of Frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n and solar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And Nature quick'ning in her eye
To rise a newborn phenix die.

425

430

Hence unreveal'd to mortal view
A veil around her form she threw
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made.

Thro' this her all-inquiring eye
Attentive from her station high

435

Beheld abandon'd to despair
The ruins of her fav'rite Fair,
And with a voice whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around
Bid the tumultuous winds be still ;
'To numbers bow'd each lift'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain,
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung :

440

“ Lovely Penitent ! arise,
“ Come and claim thy kindred skies ;
“ Come, thy sister angels say
“ Thou hast wept thy stains away.

445

“ Let experience now decide
“ 'Twixt the good and evil try'd :
“ In the smooth enchanted ground
“ Say, unfold the treasures found.

455

“ Structures rais'd by morning dreams,
“ Sands that trip the flitting streams,
“ Down that anchors on the air,
“ Clouds that paint their changes there ;
“ Seas that smoothly dimpling lie
“ While the storm impends on high,
“ Showing in an obvious glass
“ Joys that in possession pass :
“ Transient, sickle, light, and gay,
“ Flatt'ring only to betray,

460

" What alas ! can life contain ?

465

" Life like all its circles vain !

" Will the stork intending rest

" On the billow build her nest ?

" Will the bee demand his store

" From the bleak and bladeless shore ?

470

" Man alone intent to stray

" Ever turns from Wisdom's way,

" Lays up wealth in foreign land,

" Sows the sea and ploughs the sand.

" Soon this elemental mass,

475

" Soon th' incumb'ring world, shall pass,

" Form be wrapt in wasting fire,

Time be spent and we expire.

" Then ye boasted Works of men !

" Where is your asylum then ?

480

" Sons of Pleasure, sons of Care,

" Tell me Mortals ! tell me where ?

" Gone like traces on the deep,

" Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,

" Dews exhal'd from morning glades,

485

" Melting snows and gliding shades.

" Passes the world and what's behind ?

" Virtue 's gold by fire refin'd,

" From an universe deprav'd,

" From the wreck of Nature, sav'd ;

490

" Like the life-supporting grain,

" Fruit of patience and of pain,

- " On the swain's autumnal day
 " Winnow'd from the chaff away.
 " Little Trembler! fear no more,
 " Thou hast plentious crops in store,
 " Seed by genial sorrows sown,
 " More than all thy scorner's own.
 " What tho' hostile earth despise?
 " Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
 " Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
 " Cheer thy hours and guard thy side.
 " When the fatal trumpet shall sound,
 " When th' immortals pour around,
 " Heav'n shall thy return attest,
 " Hail'd by myriads of the blest.
 " Little native of the skies,
 " Lovely Penitent arise;
 " Calm thy bosom clear thy brow,
 " Virtue is thy sister now.
 " More delightful are my woes
 " Than the rapture pleasure knows,
 " Richer far the weeds I bring
 " Than the robes that grace a king.
 " On my wars of shortest date
 " Crowns of endless triumphs wait,
 " On my cares a period blest,
 " On my toils eternal rest.
 " Come, with Virtue at thy side;
 " Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd

495

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505

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515

520

"Till we gain our native shore."
 "Sister come, and turn no more."

522

FABLE XVI.

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume
 The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
 Up with the sun from short repose
 Gay Health and lusty Labour rose,
 The milk maid caroll'd at her pail,
 And shepherds whistled o'er the dale,
 When Love, who led a rural life
 Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
 Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
 And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

5

10

A nymph who lightly tripp'd it by
 To quick attention turn'd his eye ;
 He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
 Her selfsufficient grace and air,
 Her steps that mincing meant to please,
 Her study'd negligence and ease,
 And curious to inquire what meant
 This thing of prettiness and paint,
 Approaching spoke, and how'd observant ;
 The lady slighted Sir, your servant.

15

20

"Such beauty in so rude a place !
 "Fair one, you do the country grace !

" At court no doubt the publick care;
" But Love has small acquaintance there."

" Yes, Sir," reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
" This form confesses whence it came;
" But dear variety you know
" Can make us pride and pomp forego.

" My name is Vanity; I sway
" The remotest islands of the sea;
" Within my court all honour centers;
" I raise the meanest soul that enters,
" Endow with latent gifts and graces,
" And model fools for posts and places.

" As Vanity appoints at pleasure
" The world receives its weight and measure;
" Hence all the grand concerns of life,
" Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace, and strife.

" Reflect how far my pow'r prevails
" When I step in where nature fails,
" And ev'ry breach of sense repairing
" Am bounteous still where Heav'n is sparing.

" But chief in all their arts and airs,
" Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,
" Their various habits and complexions,
" Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
" Their robing, curling, and adorning,
" From noon to night from night to morning,
" From six to sixty, sick or sound,
" I rule the female world around."

25

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35

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45

50

" Hold there a moment," Cupid cry'd,
 " Nor boast dominion quite so wide;
 " Was there no province to invade
 " But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?
 " All other empire I resign,
 " But be the sphere of Beauty mine:
 " For in the downy lawn of rest
 " That opens on a woman's breast,
 " Attended by my peaceful train,
 " I chuse to live and chuse to reign.

55

" Farsighted Faith I bring along,
 " And Truth, above an army strong,
 " And Chastity, of icy mould,
 " Within the burning tropicks cold,
 " And Lowliness, to whose mild brow
 " The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
 " And Modesty, with downcast eye,
 " That lends the Morn her virgin dye,
 " And Innocence, array'd in light,
 " And Honour, as a tow'r upright,
 " With sweetly winning Graces more
 " Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
 " In unaffected conduct free,
 " All smiling sisters three times three,
 " And rosy Peace, the cherub blest,
 " That nightly us all to rest.

65

" Hence from the bud of Nature's prime,
 " From the first step of infant Time,

70

75

" Woman, the world's appointed light,
 " Has skirted ev'ry shade with white,
 " Has stood for imitation high
 " To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,
 " From ancient deeds of fair renown
 " Has brought her bright memorials down,
 " To Time affix'd perpetual youth,
 " And form'd each tale of love and truth.

" Upon a new Promethean plan
 " She moulds the essence of a man,
 " Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
 " And as a better soul inspires.

" The rude she softens, warms the cold,
 " Exalts the meek and checks the bold,
 " Calls Sloth from his supine repose,
 " Within the coward's bosom glows
 " Of Pride unplumes the lofty crest,
 " Bids bashful Merit stand confess,
 " And like coarse metal from the mines
 " Collects, irradiates, and refines.

" The gentle science she imparts,
 " All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
 " From her sweet influence are felt
 " Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
 " To stormy rage she bids control,
 " And sinks serenely on the soul,
 " Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
 " And tunes the warring world to peace.

80

85

90

95

100

105

" Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
 And freed from thy fantastick chain,
 She fills the sphere by Heav'n assign'd,
 And rul'd by me o'errules mankind."

110

He spoke; the nymph impatient stood,
 And laughing thus her speech renew'd;

" And pray Sir, may I be so bold

" To hope your pretty tale is told?

" And next demand, without a cavil,

115

" What new Utopia do you travel?

" Upon my word these highfrown fancies

" Shew depth of learning—in romances.

" Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us

" Of buckram dames and tiptoe fellows!

120

" Go Child! and when you're grown maturer

" You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

" O such a pretty knack at painting!

" And all for soft'ning and for fainting!

" Guess now who can a single feature

125

" Thro' the whole piece of female nature!

" Then mark! my looser hand may fit

" The lines too coarse for Love to hit.

" 'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,

" Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,

130

" On life's uncertain ocean riding,

" No reason, rule, nor rudder, guiding,

" Is like the comet's wand'ring light,

" Eccentrick, ominous, and bright,

- " Trackless and shifting as the wind, 135
 " A sea whose fathom none can find,
 " A moon still changing and revolving,
 " A riddle past all human solving,
 " A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
 " A—something which no man can tell. 140
- " Now learn a secret from a friend,
 " But keep your counsel; and attend.
 " Tho' in their tempers thought so distant
 " Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
 " 'Tis but the diff'rence of a name 145
 " And ev'ry woman is the same:
 " For as the world, however vary'd,
 " And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
 " Of elemental modes and forms,
 " Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms, 150
 " Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
 " Is of one subject matter made;
 " So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
 " The world's enigma, finds solution,
 " And let her form be what you will 155
- " I am the subject essence still.
 " With the first spark of female sense
 " The speck of being I commence,
 " Within the womb make fresh advances
 " And dictate future qualms and miseries,
 " Thence in the growing form expand, 160
 " With Childhood travel hand in hand,

" And give a taste to all their joys

" In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise,

" And now familiar and unaw'd

" I lend the flutt'ring foul abroad;

" Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,

" The little goddess and the queen

" Takes at her infant shrine oblation,

" And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

170

" Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,

" To dreis becomes her darling care;

" The realms of beauty then I bound,

" I swell the hoop's enchanted round,

" Shrink in the waist's descending size,

175

" Heav'd in the snowy bosom rise,

" High on the floating lappit sail.

" Or curl'd in tresses kiss the gale:

" Then to her glafs I lead the fair,

" And shew the lovely idol there,

180

" Where, struck as by divine emotion,

" She bows with most sincere devotion,

" And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er

" In secret bids the world adore.

" Then all for parking and parading,

185

" Coquetting, dancing, masquerading,

" For balls—plays, courts, and crowds, what passion!

" And churches sometimes—if the fashion;

" For woman's sense of right and wrong

" Is rul'd by the almighty throng,

190

" Still turns to each meander tame,
" And swims the straw of ev'ry stream;
" Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
" Accomplish'd only in defects;
" Such excellence is her ambition,
" Folly her wisest acquisition,
" And ev'n from pity and disdain
" She'll cull some reason to be vain.

195

" Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
" The wealth and wants of female nature,
" And ev'n from vice, which you 'd admit,
" I gather fuel to my fire,
" And on the very base of shame,
" Erect my monument of fame.

200

" Let me another truth attempt
" Of which your godship has not dreamt.
" Those shining virtues which you muster
" Whence think you they derive their lustre?
" From native honour and devotion?
" O yes, a mighty likely notion!

205

" Trust me from titled dames to spinners
" 'Tis I make saints whoe'er make sinners,
" 'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
" And hold presumptuous man in awe;
" For female worth as I inspire
" In just degrees still mounts the higher,
" And virtue so extremely nice
" Demands long toil and mighty price;

210

215

" Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,
 " I bear the sex's tot 'ring state;
 " Sap these, and in a moment's space
 " Down sinks the fabrick to its base.

220

" Alike from titles and from toys
 " I spring the fount of female joys,
 " In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
 " The sole artifice of blifs:

225

" For them each tropick I explore,
 " I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
 " To them uniting India's sail
 " Sabæa breathes her farthest gale.
 " For them the bullion I refine,
 " Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
 " And from the bowels of invention
 " Spin out the various arts you mention.

230

" Nor blifs alone my pow'rs beflow,
 " They hold the fov'reign balm of woe;
 " Beyond the Stoick's boasted art
 " I sooth the heavings of the heart,
 " To pain give splendour and relief,
 " And gild the pallid face of Grief.

235

" Alike the palace and the plain
 " Admit the glories of my reign :
 " Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
 " Taste, talents, temper, state, and station,
 " Whate'er a woman says I say,
 " Whate'er a woman spends I pay;

240

245

- " Alike I fill and empty bags,
" Flutter in finery and rags,
" With light coquettes thro' folly range,
" And with the prude disdain to change. 250
- " And now you 'd think 'twixt you and I
" That things were ripe for a reply———
" But soft, and while I 'm in the mood
" Kindly permit me to conclude, 255
- " Their utmost mazes to unravel,
" And touch the farthest step they travel.
" When ev'ry pleasure 's run aground,
" And Folly tir'd thro' many a round, 260
- " The nymph conceiving discontent hence
" May ripen to an hour's repentance,
" And vapours shed in pious moisture
" Dismiss her to a church or cloister;
" Then on I lead her with devotion
" Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
" Inspire the heav'nly breathing air, 265
" Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
" Soften the voice, and in the face
" Look melting harmony and grace.
" Thus far extends my friendly pow'rs,
" Nor quits her in her latest hour; 270
" The couch of decent pain I spread,
" In form recline her languid head,
" Her thoughts I methodise in death,
" And part not with her parting breath;

" Then do I set in order bright
 " A length of fry'ra pomp to fight,
 " The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
 " The plumes that whiten o'er her bier
 " And last presenting to her eye

275

" Angelick fineries on high,
 " To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
 " And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter."

280

" In - - - - -th," rejoin'd Love's gentle god,
 " You have gone a tedious length of road,
 " And strange, in all the toilsome way
 " No house of kind refreshment l - - - -
 " No nymph whose virtues might have tempted
 " To hold her from his sex exempted."

285

" For one we 'll never quarrel man;
 " Take her and keep her if you can:
 " And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
 " Since ev'ry fair by such permission
 " Will hold herself the one selected,
 " And so my system stands protected."

295

" O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
 " To truths divinely vouch'd in story!"

The godhead in his zeal return'd,
 And kindling at her malice burn'd;
 Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
 Of heay'nly nymphs rever'd of old,
 Hypsipile who sav'd her fire,
 And Portia's love approv'd by fire,

295

300

Alike Penelope was quoted,
 Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoticed,
 Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
 Nor fam'd *Lucretia*, honour's martyr,
 Alceste's voluntary steel,
 And *Catharine* smiling on the wheel.

305

But who can hope to plant conviction
 Where cayenne grows on contradiction?
 Some she evades or disavows,
 Demurs to all, and none allows;
 A kind of ancient things call'd fables!
 And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

310

Now both in argument grew nigh,
 And choler flash'd from either eye;
 Nor wonder each was us'd to yield
 The conquest of so fair a field.

315

When happily arriv'd in view
 A goddess whom our grandams knew,
 Of aspect grave and sober gait,
 Majestick, awful, and sedate,
 As heav'n's autumnal eve serene
 When not a cloud o'er casts the scene,
 Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
 And in old Rome *Cornelia* nam'd.

320

Quick at a venture both agree
 To leave their strife to her decree.

325

And now by each the facts were stated
 In form and manner as related.

330

The case was short : they crav'd opinion
 Which held o'er sem'les chief dominion ?
 When thus the goddess answ'ring mild,
 First took her gracious head and smil'd :

" Alas ! how willing to comply,

335

" Yet how unfit a judge am I !

" In times of golden date it is true

" I shar'd the fickle sex with you,

" But from their presence long precluded,

" Or held as one whose form intruded,

" Full fifty annual suns can tell

" Prudence has bid the sex farewell."

In this dilemma what to do,

Or who to think of, neither knew ;

For both, still bias'd in opinion,

345

And arrogant of sole dominion

Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,

Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick a rural fair

Of inexperienced gait and air,

350

Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,

Nor seen the world beyond a wake,

With cambrick coif and kerchief clean

Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

" Now, now!" cry'd Love's triumphant child,

355

And at approaching conquest smil'd,

" If Vanity will once be guided

" Our diff'rence may be soon decided :

" Behold yon' wench, a fit occasion

" To try your force of gay persuasion :

360

" Go you while I retire aloof,
 " Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof,
 " And if your prevalence of arm
 " Transcends my yet unerring dart
 " I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
 " And e'er will boast my empire more."

365

At once so said and so consented,
 And well our goddess seem'd consented,
 Nor pausing made a moment's stand,
 But tript, and took the girl in hand.

370

Mean-while the godhead unalarm'd,
 As one to each occasion arm'd,
 Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart
 That erst had wounded many a heart,
 Then bending drew it to the head ;
 The bowstring twang'd, the arrow fled,
 And to her secret soul address
 Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

375

But here the dame, whose guardian care
 Had to a moment watch'd the fair,

380

At once her pocket mirror drew,
 And held the wonder full in view ;
 As quickly rang'd in order bright
 A thousand beauties rush to sight,
 A world of charms till now unknown,
 A world reveal'd to her alone,
 Entraptur'd stands the lovesick maid
 Suspended o'er the darling shade,
 Here only fixes to admire,
 And centres ev'ry fond desire.

385

390

ODES.

THE DISCOVERY, AN ODE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM.

"*Vir bonus et quis?*"

HOR.

I.

TAKE wing my Muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where Virtue reigns to dwell;
If yet she treads on British ground
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

6

II.

Not there where wine and frantick mirth
Unite the sensual sons of earth
In Pleasure's thoughtless train,
Nor yet where sanctity 's a show,
Where souls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliss or pain.

12

III.

Her social heart alike disowns
The race who shunning crowds and thrones

In shades sequester'd doze,
Whose sloth no gen'rous care can wake,
Who rot like weeds on Lethe's lake
In senseless vile repose.

18

IV.

With these she shuns the factious tribe
Who spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe
And at Corruption lower,
Waiting t'il Discord Havock cries,
In hopes like Catiline to rise
On anarchy to pow'r!

24

V.

Ye Wits! who boast from ancient times
A right divine to scourge our crimes,
Is it with you she refts?
No; int'rest, flander, are your views,
And Virtue now with ev'ry Muse
Flies your unhallow'd breasts.

30

VI.

There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were seduc'd by play,
When Beauty was her throne;
But now where dwelt the Soft Desires
The Furies light forbidden fires
To Love and her unknown.

36

VII.

From these th' indignant goddef flies,
And where the spires of Science rise

A while suspends her wing,
 But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
 And Faction tainting all the air
 And pois'ning ev'ry spring.

42

VIII.

Long thro' the sky's wide pathless way
 The Muse observ'd the wand'rer stray
 And mark'd her last retreat ;
 O'er Scory's barren heaths she flew,
 Descending like the silent dew
 On Eshen's peaceful seat.

48

IX.

There she beholds the gentle Mole
 His pensive waters calmly roll
 Amidst Elysian ground ;
 There thro' the windings of the grove
 She leads her family of Love,
 And strews her sweets around.

54

X.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
 Oft' to yon' gloomy grot repair
 Her secret steps to meet ;
 " Nor thou," she cries, " these shades forsake,
 " But come, lov'd Consort! come and make
 " The husband's bliss complete."

60

XI.

Yet not too much the soothing ease
 Of rural indolence shall please

My Pelham's ardent breast :
 The man whom Virtue calls her own,
 Must stand the pillar of a throne,
 And make a nation blest.

66

XII.

Pelham, it is thine with temp'rate zeal
 To guard Britannia's publick weal,
 Attack'd on ev'ry part :
 Her fatal discords to compose,
 Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
 Demands thy head and heart.

72

XIII.

When bold Rebellion shook the land,
 Ere yet from William's dauntless hand
 Her barb'rous arm fled ;
 When Valour droop'd and Wisdom fear'd
 Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
 And rais'd her languid head.

73

XIV.

Now by thy strong assisting hand
 Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,
 Against whose solid feet
 In vain thro' ev'ry future age
 The loudest most tempestuous rage
 Of angry War shall beat.

84

XV.

And grieve not if the sons of strife
 Attempt to cloud thy spotless life

And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches! by kindness unsubdu'd,
Who see who share the common good,
Yet civil at the means.

95

XVI.

Like these the metaphysick crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
Think all they see deceit,
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

96

ODE,
TO GARRICK,

UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

When I said I would die a bachelor I did not think I should live till I
were married.

MUCH ADDO ABOUT NOTHING.

I.

No, no; the left-hand box in blue :
There ! do n't you see her ? — “ See her ! Who ? ”
Nay hang me if I tell.
There 's Garrick in the musick box !
Watch but his eyes : see there ! — “ O pox !
“ Your servant, ~~Mrs~~ 'moiselle.”

II.

But tell me David, is it true ?
Lord help us ! what will some folks do ?
How will they curse this stranger !
What ! fairly taken in for life !
A sober, serious, wedded wife !
O fy upon you Ranger !

6

12

III.

The clergy too have join'd the chat :
“ A Papist ! — Has he thought of that ?
“ Or means he to convert her ? ”
Troth boy ! unless your zeal be stout
The nymph may turn you faith about
By arguments experter.

18

IV.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
Ask if the deed be done?

O David! listen to my lay,
I'll prophesy the things they'll say;
For tongues you know will run.

24

V.

"And pray what other news d' ye hear?"

"Marry d!—But do n't you think my Dear!"

"He's growing out of fashion?"

"People may fancy what they will,

"But Qinin's the only actor still

"To touch the tender passion."

30

VI.

"Nay, Madam, did you mind last night

"His Archer? not a line on 't right!"

"I thought I heard some hisses,

"Good God! if Billy Mills thought I,

"Or Billy Howard, would but try

"They'd beat him all to pieces."

36

VII.

"I was prudent tho' to drop his Bayes—

"And (*entre nous*) the Laurette says

"He hopes he'll give up Richard:

"But then it tickles me to see

"In Hastings such a shrimp as he

"Attempt to ravish Pritchard."

42

VIII.

" The fellow pleas'd me well enough
 " In—what d' ye call it? Hoadley's luff;
 " There's something there like nature:
 " Just so in life he runs about,
 " Plays at boopeep, now in now out,
 " But hurts no mortal creature.

IX.

" And then there's Belmont to be sure—
 " O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!
 " How does my good Lord Mayor?
 " And have you left Cheapside my Dear!
 " And will you write again next year
 " To shew your fav'rite player?

X.

" But Merope we own is fine;
 " Ennimes charms in ev'ry line;
 " How prettily he vapours!
 " So gay his dress, so young his look,
 " One would have sworn 't was Mr. Cook,
 " Or Mathews cutting capers."

XI.

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,
 And councils hold at ev'ry rout
 To alter all your plays;
 Yates shall be Benedict next year,
 Macklin be Richard, Tafwell Lear,
 And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

43

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XII.

Two parts they readily allow
 Are your's, but not one more they vow,
 And thus they close their spite :
 You will be Sir John Brute they say,
 A very Sir John Brute all day
 And Fribble all the night,

XIII.

But tell me Fair Ones ! is it so ?
 You all did love him once * we know ;
 What then provokes your gall ?
 Forbear to rail—I'll tell you where—
 Quarrels may come or Madam die,
 And then there's hope for all.

XIV.

And now a word or two remains
 Sweet Davy ! and I close my strains.
 Think well ere you engage ;
 Vapours and ague-fits may come,
 And matrimonial claims at home
 Unnerve you for the stage.

XV.

But if you find your spirits right,
 Your mind at ease and body tight,
 Take her ; you can't do better :
 A pox upon the tattling Town !
 The fops that join to cry her down
 Would give their ears to get her.

* Julius Caesar.

XVI.

Then if her heart be good and kind,
(And sure that face bespeaks a mind
As soft as woman's can be)

You 'll grow as constant as a dove,
And taste the purer sweets of love
Unvisited by Ranby.

MISCELLANIES.

THE TRIAL OF SELIM THE PERSIAN,

FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANOIRS.

The court was met, the pris'ner brought,
The council with instructions fraught,
And evidence prepar'd at large
On oath to vindicate the charge.

But first it is meet where form denies
Poetick helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors and figures fine,
And similes to deck the line,
It is meet (as we before have said)
To call description to our aid.

Begin we then (as first it is fitting)
With the three Chiefs in judgment sitting.

Above the rest, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with dissembled air;
Her tongue was skill'd in specious lies
And murmurs, whence dissensions rise,
A smiling mask her features veil'd;
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd,
With studi'd blandishments she bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.

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The next in place, and on the right,
 Sat Envy, hideous to the sight!
 Her snaky locks, her hollow eyes
 And haggard form forbad disguise;
 Pale discontent and fullen hate 25
 Upon her wrinkled forehead sat,
 Her left-hand clenched her cheek sustain'd,
 Her right (with many a murder stain'd)
 A dagger clutch'd, in act to strike
 Her starts of rage and aim oblique. 30

Last on the left was Clamour seen,
 Of stature vast and horrid mien;
 With bloated cheeks and fram'd eyes
 She sent her yellings to the skies,
 Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand 35
 To blow sedition o'er the land.

With these four more of lesser fame
 And humbler rank attendant came,
 Hypocrisy with smiling grace,
 And Impudence with brazen face, 40
 Contention bold with iron lungs,
 And Slander with her hundred tongues.

The walls in sculptur'd tale were rich,
 And statues proud (in many a nich)
 Of chiefs who fought in Faction's cause
 And perish'd for contempt of laws; 45
 The roof in vary'd light and shade
 The seat of Anarchy display'd:

Triumphant o'er a falling throne
 (By emblematick figures known)
 Confusion rag'd and Lust obscene,
 And Riot with distemper'd mien,
 And Outrage bold and Mischief dire,
 And Devastation clad in fire :

Prone on the ground a martial maid
 Expiring lay and groan'd for aid,
 Her shield with many a stab was pierc'd,
 Her aurels torn, her spear revers'd,
 And near her crouch'd amidst the spoils
 A lion panted in the toils.

With look compos'd the pris'ner stood
 And mode it pride : by turns he view'd
 The court, the council, and the crowd,
 And with submissive rev'rence bow'd.

Proceed we now in humbler strains
 And lighter rhymes with what remains.

Th' indictment grievously set forth
 That Selim, lost to patriot worth,
 (In company with one Will P—tt,
 And many more not taken yet)

In Forty-five the royal palace
 Did enter, and to shame grown callous
 Did then and there his faith forsake,
 And did accept, receive, and take,
 With mischievous intent and base,
 Value unknown, a certain place,

50

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75

He was a second time indicted
 For that, by evil zeal excited,
 With learning more than layman's share
 (Which parsons want and be might spare) 80

In Letter to one Gilbert West
 He the said Selim did attest,
 Maintain, support, and make assertion,
 Of certain points from Paul's Conversion,
 By means whereof he said apostle 85
 Did many an unbeliever jostle,
 Starting unfashionable fancies,
 And building ~~true~~ known romances.

A third charge ran, that knowing well
 Wits only eat as pamphlets sell. 90
 He the said Selim notwithstanding
 Did fall to answ'ring, shaming, branding,
 Three curious Letters to the Whigs,
 Making no reader care three figs
 For any facts contain'd therein, 95
 By which uncharitable fin
 An author modest and deserving
 Was destin'd to contempt and starving,
 Against the king, his crown and peace,
 And all the statutes in that case. 100

The pleader rose with brief full charg'
 And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
 But not to damp the Muse's fire
 With rhet'rick such as courts require,

We 'll try to keep the reader warm,
And fit the matter from the form.

105

Virtue and social love he said,
And honour, from the land were fled;

110

That patriots now like other folks
Were made the butt of vulgar jokes,

While Opposition dropp'd her crest,
And courted pow'r for wealth and rest;

115

Why some folks laugh'd and some folks rail'd,
Why some submitted some assail'd,

Angry or pleas'd—all folv'd the doubt
With who were in and who were out;

120

The sons of Clamour grew so sickly
They look'd for dissolution quickly;

Their Weekly Journals, finely written,
Were sunk in privies all beside,

Old England and the London Evening
Hardly a soul was found believing in,

And Caleb, once so bold and strong,
Was stupid now and always wrong.

125

Ask ye whence rose this foul disgrace?
Why Scrim has receiv'd a place,

And thereby brought the cause to shame,
Proving that people void of blame

Might serve their country and their king
By making both the selfsame thing,

130

By which the credulous believ'd
And others (by strange arts deceiv'd)

That ministers were sometimes right,
And meant not to destroy us quite.

That bart'ring thus in state affairs

135

He next must deal in sacred wares,

The clergy's rights divine invade,

And smuggle in the gospel trade;

And all this zeal to reinstate

Exploded notions out of date,

140

Sending old rakes church in shoals,

Like children sniv'ling for their souls,

And ladies gay from smut and libels

To learn beliefs ~~and~~ read their Bibles,

Erecting conscience for a tutor,

145

To damn the present by the future,

As if to evils known and real

'Twas needful to annex ideal,

When all of human life we know

150

Is care, and bitterness, and wo,

With short transitions of delight

To set the shatter'd spirits right;

Then why such mighty pains and care

To make us humbler than we are?

Forbidding shortliv'd mirth and laughter

155

By fears of what may come hereafter;

Better in ignorance to dwell;

None fear but who believe a hell;

And if there should be one, no doubt

Men of themselves would find it out.

160

But Selim's crimes he said went further,
And barely stopp'd on this side murther;
One yet remain'd to close the charge
To which (with leave) he'd speak at large.

And first 't was needful to premise

165

That tho' so long (for reasons wise)

The press inviolate had stood,

Productive of the publick good,

Yet still too modest to abuse

It rail'd at vice but told not who;

170

That great improvements of late days

Were made to many an author's praise,

Who not so scrupulously nice

Proclaim'd the person with the vice,

Or gave, where vices might be wanted,

175

The name, and took the rest for granted.

Upon this plan a champion * sole

Unrighteous greatness to oppose,

Proving the man *inventus non est*

Who trades in now'r and still is honest;

180

And (God be prais'd!) he did it roundly,

Flogging a certain junto soundly;

But chief his anger was directed

Where people least of all suspected,

And Selim not so strong as tall

185

Beneath his g_rip appear'd to fall,

* Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

But Innocence (as people say)
 Stood by and sav'd him in the fray :
 By her assisted and one Truth,
 A busy, prating, forward, youth, 190
 He rally'd all his strength anew,
 And at the foe a Letter threw ;
 His weakest part the weapon found,
 And brought him senseless to the ground ;
 Hence Opposition fled the field 195
 And Ign'rance with her sev'nfold shield ;
 And well they might, (for things weigh'd fury)
 The pris'ner with his whore and bully
 Must prove for ev'ry foe too hard
 Who never fought with such a guard. 200

But Truth and Innocence he said
 Would stand him here in little stead
 For they had evidence on oath
 That would appear too hard for both.

Of witnesses a fearful train 205
 Came next th' indictments to sustain,
 Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,
 And Party, of all foes the worst,
 Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
 And Disappointment, worn with grief, 210
 Dishonour foul, unaw'd by shame,
 And ev'ry fiend that vice can name
 All these in ample form depos'd
 Each fact the triple charge disclos'd

With taunts and gibes of bitter sort,
And asking vengeance from the court.

215

The pris'ner laid in his defence
That he indeed had small pretence
To soften facts so deeply sworn,
But would for his offences mourn ;
Yet more, he hop'd than bare repentance
Might still be urg'd to ward the sentence.
That he had held a place some years
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives base,
Th' indictment there mistook the case.
And tho' he had betray'd his trust
In being to his country just,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might cease,
And jarring parties mix in peace.

225

230

That what he wrote to Gilbert West
Bore hard against him he confess'd ;
Yet there they wrong'd him, for the fact is
He reason'd for belief not practice,
And people might believe he thought,
Tho' practice might be deem'd a fault.
He either dream'd it or was told
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no fee to wit and sense ;

240

But whether this was truth or whim
 He would not say; the doubt with him
 (And no great harm he hop'd) was now 245
 Th' enlighten'd world would take it now;
 If they admitted it 'twas well,
 If not be never talk'd of hell,
 Nor ev'n hop'd to change men's measures
 Or frig~~g~~^g ladies from their pleasures. 250

One accusation he confess'd

~~It~~ much'd him more than all the rest,
 Three Patriot Letters high in fame
 By him o'erthrown and brought to shame:
 And tho' it was a rule in vogue 255
 If one man call'd another rogue
 The party injur'd might reply
 And on his foe retort the lie,

Yet what accru'd from all his labour
 But foul dishonour to his neighbour? 260
 And he's a most unchristian elf
 Who others damps to fave himself.

Besides, as all men knew, he said
 Those Letters only rail'd for bread,
 And hunger was a known excuse 265
 For prostitution and abuse;

A guinea properly apply'd
 Had made the writer change his side:
 He wish'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
 And own'd he should have bought not starv'd him.

The court he said knew all the rest,
 And must proceed as they thought best,
 Only he hop'd such resignation
 Would plead some little mitigation;
 And if his character was clear
 From other faults, (and friends were near
 Who would when call'd upon attest it)
 He did in humblest form request it
 To be from punishment exempt,
 And only suffer their contempt.

271

275

280

The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
 In turn demanding to be heard.
 Integrity and Honour swore,
 Benevolence and twenty more,
 That he was always of their party,
 And that they knew him firm and hearty ;
 Religion, sober dame ! attended,
 And as she could his cause befriended ;
 She said 't was since he came from college
 She knew him introduc'd by Knowledge ;
 The man was modest and sincere,
 Nor farther could she interfere.
 The Muses begg'd to interpose,
 But Envy with loud hissings rose,
 And call'd them women of ill fame,
 Liars, and prostitutes to shame,
 And said to all the world 't was known
 Selim had had them ev'ry one.

285

290

295

The pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
 When silence was proclaim'd around,
 And Faction, rising with the rest,
 In form the pris'ner thus address'd:

" You Selim thrice have been indicted,
 " First that by wicked pride excited,
 " And beat your country to disgrace, 300
 " You have receiv'd and held a place;
 " Next, infidelity to wound,
 " You have dar'd with arguments profound
 " To drive freethinking to a stand,
 " And with religion vex the land; 310
 " And lastly, in contempt of right,
 " With horrid and unnat'r al spite
 " You have an author's fame o'erthrown,
 " Thereby to build and fence your own.

" These crimes successive on your trial
 " Have met with proofs beyond denial,
 " To which yourself with shame conceded,
 " And but in mitigation pleaded;
 " Yet that the justice of the court
 " May suffer not in men's report, 320
 " Judgment a moment I suspend
 " To reason as from friend to friend.

" And first, that you of all mankind
 " With king's and courts should stain your mind,
 " You who were Opposition's lord, 325
 " Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword!

- " That you at last for servile ends
 " Should wound the bowels of her friends! —
 " Is aggravation of offence
 " That leaves for mercy no pretence. 330
 " Yet more — for you to urge your hate,
 " And back the church to aid the state,
 " For you to publish such a Letter,
 " You! who have known religion better.
 " For you I say to introduce 335
 " The fraud again! — there's no excuse :
 " And last of all, to crown your shame,
 " Was it for you to load with blame
 " The writings of a patriot youth,
 " And summon Innocence and Truth 340
 " To prop your cause! — Was this for you! —
 " But justice does your crimes pursue,
 " And sentence now alone remains,
 " Which thus by me the court ordains:
 That you return from whence you came, 345
 " There to be stript of all your fame
 " By vulgar hands; that once a week
 " Old England pinch you till you squeak;
 " That ribald Pamphlets do pursue you,
 " And Lies and Murmurs, to undo you, 350
 " With ev'ry foe that Worth procures,
 " And only Virtue's friends be your's." 352

THE TRIAL
OF SARAH ~~***~~, ALIAS SLIM SAL,
FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE prisoner was at large indicted,
For that by thirst of gain excited,
One day in July last at tea,
And in the house of Mrs. P.

From the left breast of E. M. Gent. 5

With base felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with rings,
Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob, and plunder, and all them
The chattels of the said E. M. 10

The prosecutor swore last May
(The month he knew but not the day)
He left his friends in Town, and went
Upon a visit down in Kent;
That staying there a month or two 15
He spent his time, as others do,
In riding, walking, fishing, swimming,
But being much inclin'd to women,
And young and wild, and no great reas'n't,
He got acquainted with the pris'ner. 20
He own'd it was rumour'd in those parts
That she 'd a trick of stealing hearts,

And from fifteen to twenty-two
Had made the devil-and-ail to do :

But Mr. W. the Vicar

25

(And no man brews you better liquor)

Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,

The frolics of a girl forsooth ;

Things now were on another score

He said, for she was twenty-four.

30.

However, to make matters short,

And not to trespass on the court,

The lady was discover'd soon,

And thus it was. One afternoon,

The ninth of July last, or near it,

35

(As to the day he could not swear it)

In company at Mrs. P's,

Where folks say any thing they please,

Dean L. and Lady Mary by,

And Fanny waiting on Miss Y.

40

(He own'd he was inclin'd to think

Both were a little in their drink)

The pris'ner ask'd, and call'd him Cousin,

How many kisses made a dozen ?

That being as he own'd in liquor

45

The question made his blood run quicker,

And sense and reason in eclipse

He vow'd he'd score them on her lips :

That rising up to keep his word

He got as far as kiffs the third,

50.

And would have counted th' other nine,
And so all present did opine,
But that he felt a sudden dizziness
That quite undid him for the business;
His speech he said began to falter,
His eyes to flare, his mouth to water,
His breast to thump without cessation,
And all within one conflagration.

"Bless me!" says Fanny, "what's the matter?"

And Lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And stamp'd and wish'd the pris'ner farther,
And cry'd out, "Part them, or there's murther!"
That still he held the pris'ner fast,
And would have stod it to the last,
But struggling to go thro' the rest
He felt a pain across his breast,
A sort of sudden twinge he said,
That seem'd almost to strike him dead,
And after that such cruel smarting
He thought the soul and body parting:
That then he let the pris'ner go,
And stagger'd off a step or so,
And thinking that his heart was ill
He begg'd of Miss Y.'s maid to feel:
That Fanny stepp'd before the rest
And laid her hand upon his breast,
But mercy on us! what a stare
The creature gave! no heart was there:

55

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75

Souse went her fingers in the hole,
 Whence heart and strings and all were stole: 80
 That Fanny turn'd and told the pris'ner
 She was a thief, and so she'd christen her,
 And that it was a burning shame,
 And brought the house an evil name,
 And if she did not put the heart in 85
 The man would pine and die for certain.
 The pris'ner then was in her airs,
 And bid her mind her own affairs,
 And told his Rev'rence and the rest of 'em
 She was as honest as the best of 'em: 90
 That lady Mary and dean L.
 Rose up and said 't was mighty well;
 But that in general terms they said it
 A heart was gone and some one had it;
 Words would not do, for search they must, 95
 And search they would, and her the first:
 That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
 And said she hop'd they would not hang her;
 That all she did was meant in jest,
 And there the heart was and the rest: 100
 That then the dean cry'd out O fy!
 And sent in haste for justice L.
 Who tho' he knew her friends and pity'd her
 Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.
 The parties present were the same, 105
 And Fanny said the pris'ner's name;

Had frighten'd all the country round,
 And glad she was the bill was found :
 She knew a man who knew another
 Who knew the very party's brother 110
 Who lost his heart by mere surprise
 One morning looking at her eyes ;
 And others had been known to squeak
 Who ~~only~~ chanc'd to hear her speak ;
 For she had words of such a sort 115
~~That they~~ she knew no reason for 't
 Would make a man of sense run mad,
 And rifle him of all he had ;
 And that she 'd rob the whole community
 If ever she had opportunity. 120

The pris'ner now first silence broke,
 And curtsey'd round her as she spoke.
~~She~~ own'd she said it much incens'd her
 To hear such matters sworn against her,
 But that she hop'd to keep her temper, 125
 And prove herself *eadem semper* :
 'That what the prosecutor swore
 Was some part true and some part more :
 She own'd she had been often seen with him,
 And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him ;
 The fellow seem'd to have humanity, 131
 And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,
 Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,
 And that all women else look'd ghastly :

But then she hop'd the court would think
 She never was inclin'd to drink,
 Or suff' hands like his to daub her,
 Or encourage men to kiss and slobber her :
 She 'd have folks know she did not love it,
 Or if she did she was above it :

135

But this she said was sworn of course
 To prove her giddy and then worse,
 As she whose conduct was thought *levish*
 Might very well be reckon'd *tinevish*.

140

She hop'd she said the court's discerning
 Would pay some honour to her learning,
 For ev'ry day from four to past six
 She went up stairs and read the clasicks.
 Thus having clear'd herself of levity,

145

The rest she said would come with brevity.
 And first it injur'd not her honour
 To own the heart was found upon her,
 For she could prove, and did aver,
 The paltry thing belong'd to her.

150

The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
 Was once the humblest of her slaves,
 And often had confess'd the dart
 Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart :
 That she, as 't was her constant fashion,
 Made great diversion of his passion,
 Which set his blood in such a ferment
 As seem'd to threaten his interment :

155

160

'That then she was afraid of losing him,
And so desisted from abusing him,
And often came and felt his pulse,
And bid him write to Doctor Hulse.

165

The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was bursting,
And ~~doctors~~ he had little trust in:

170

He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
~~And he~~ 'd 't would mend if once she kept it:

'That having no aversion to it,
She said with all her soul she 'd do it;
But then she begg'd him to remember
If he should need it in December
(For winter months would make folks shiver
Who wanted either heart or liver)
He never could return; and added
'Twas her's for life if once she had it.

175

The prosecutor said Amen,
And that he wish'd it not again,
And took it from his breast and gave her,
And bow'd and thank'd her for the favour,
But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of,
As heartless men were made a joke of:
That next day whisp'ring him about it,
And asking how he felt without it?
He sigh'd, and cry'd, " Alack! alack!"
And begg'd and pray'd to have it back,

180

185

190

Or that she 'd give him her's instead on 't,
 But she conceiv'd there was no need on 't,
 And said and bid him make no bother,
 He should have neither one nor th' other:
 That then he rav'd and storm'd like Fury, 195
 And said that one was his *de jure*,
 And rather than he 'd leave purloining her
 He 'd swear a robbery and ruin her.

That this was truth she did aver,
 Whatever hap betided her; 200
 Only that Mrs. P. she said,
 Miss Y. and her deluded maid,
 And Lady Mary, and his Reverence,
 Were folks to whom she paid some deference,
 And that she verily believ'd 205
 They were not perjur'd but deceiv'd.

Then Doctor D. begg'd leave to speak,
 And figh'd as if his heart would break.
 He said that he was Madam's surgeon,
 Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon, 210
 From *chier, manus, ergon, opus*,
 (As scope is from the Latin *scopus* :)
 That he he said had known the prisoner
 From the firsl sun that ever rife on her,
 And griev'd he was to see her there, 215
 But took upon himself to swear
 There was not to be found in nature
 A sweeter or a better creature;

And if the king (God bles^s him!) knew her
 He'd leave St. James's to get to her;
 But then as to the fact in question
 He knew no more on 't than Hephaestion;
 It might be false and might be true,
 And this he said was all he knew.

The judge proceeded to the charge,
 And ~~had~~ the evidence at large,
 But often cast a sheep's eye at her,
 And ~~were~~ to mitigate the matter,
 Pretending facts were not so clear,
 And mercy ought to interfere.

The jury then withdrew a moment
 As if on weighty points to comment,
 And right or wrong resolv'd to save her.
 They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were so
 It matters not for us to know.

The culprit by escape grown bold
 Pilfers alike from young and old,
 The country all around her teases,
 And robs or murders whom she pleases.

220

225

230

235

240

ENVY AND FORTUNE,

A TALE.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

SAYS Envy to Fortune, " Soft, fast, Madam Flirt!
 " Not so fast with your wheel, you 'll be down in the
 " dirt.

" Well, and how does your David? Indeed a dear
 " creature!

" You 'ave shewn him a wonderful deal of good nature;
 " His bags are so full and such praises his due 5
 " That the like was ne'er known--and allowing to you:
 " But why won't you make him quite happy for life,
 " And to all you have done add the gift of a wife?"

Says Fortune, and smil'd, " Madam Envy, God save
 " But why always sneering at me and poor Davy? [ye!
 " I own that sometimes in contempt of all rules 11
 " I lavish my favours on blockheads and fools;
 " But the case is quite different here I aver it,
 " For David ne'er knew me till brought me by Merit.
 " And yet to convince you--Nay, Madam, no hiffes--15
 " Good manners at least--Such behaviour as this is!"--
 (For mention but Merit and Envy flies out
 With a hiss and a yell that would silence a rout.
 But Fortune went on)--" To convince you I say
 " That I honour your scheme I 'll about it to-day. 20

Mij

" The man shall be marry'd, so pray now be easy,
" And Garrick for once shall do something to please
So saying she rattled her wheel out of sight, [ye.]
While Envy walk'd after and grinn'd with delight.
It seems it was a trick that she long had been brewing 25
To marry poor David and so be his ruin;
For Slander had told her the creature lov'd pelf,
And care'd not a fig for a foul but himself;
From thence she was sure had the devil a daughter
He'd shippat the girl so it was Fortune that brought her;
And then should her temper be full'en or haughty, 31
Her flesh too frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor fellow so out of his reason
That Barry and Qin would set fashion next seafon.

But Fortune, who saw what the Envy design'd, 35
Resolv'd to get David a wife to his mind,
Yet afraid of herself in a matter so nice
She visited Prudence and begg'd her advice.
The nymph shook her head when the bus'ness she knew,
And said that her female acquaintance were few; 40
That excepting Miss R ***—O yes! there was one,
A friend of that lady's, she visited none;
But the first was too great and the last was too good,
And as for the rest she might get whom she cou'd.

Away hurry'd Fortune, perplex'd and half mad, 45
But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had.
She travers'd the Town from one corner to th' other,
Now knocking at one door and then at another.

The girls curtsey'd low as she look'd in their faces,
 And bridled and primm'd with abundance of graces;
 But this was coquettish and that was a prude, . . . 51
 One stupid and dull, 'th' other noisy and rude;
 A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,
 With prate without meaning and pride without worth; . . .
 A fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh, were such . . . 55
 As either knew nothing or something too much.—
 In short as they pass'd she to all had objections,
 The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd affection,
 The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty, [tions,
 And all of them flirts from fifteen up to thirty. . . . 60

When Fortune saw this she began to look silly,
 Yet still she went on till she reach'd Piccadilly,
 But vex'd and fatigued, and the night growing late,
 She rested her wheel within Burlington gate.
 My lady rose up as she saw her come in, . . . 65
 "O ho! Madam Genius! pray where have you been?"
 (For her ladyship thought from so serious an air
 "I was Genius come home, for it seems she liv'd there;)
 But Fortune not minding her ladyship's blunder,
 And wiping her forehead, cry'd "Well may you won-
 der" . . . 70

"To see me thus flurry'd"—then told her the case,
 And sigh'd till her ladyship laugh'd in her face. [lady,
 "Mighty civil indeed!"—"Come, a truce," says my
 "A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid ye,

" I'll shew you a girl that--Here, Martin, go tell-- 75
 " But she is gone to undress; by and by is as well--
 " I'll shew you a sight that you 'll fancy uncommon,
 " Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;
 " A heart to no folly or mischief inclin'd;
 " A body all grace and all sweetnes a mind." 80
 " O pray let me see her," says Fortune, and smil'd;
 " Do give her to me and I'll make her my child--
 " But who my Dear! who?—for you have not told
 " yet"—

" Who indeed," says my lady, " if not Violette?"
 The words were scarce spoke when she enter'd the room; 85

A blush at the stranger still heighten'd her bloom:
 So humble her looks were, so mild w^s her air,
 That Fortune astonish'd sat mute in her chair.
 My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,
 " This is Fortune my Dear!" and presented her hand:
 The goddess embrac'd her and call'd her her own, 91
 And compliments over her ear and made known.

But how the sweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and trem-
 How oft she said No, and how ill she dissembled, [bled,
 Or how little David rejoic'd at the news, 95
 And swore from all others it was her he would chuse,
 What methods he try'd and what arts to prevail,
 All these were they told would but burden my tale—
 In short all affairs were so happily carry'd
 That hardly six weeks pass'd away till they marry'd.

But Envy grew sick when the story she heard, 101
 Violette was the girl that of all she most fear'd;
 She knew her good humour, her beauty and sweetnes,
 Her ease and compliance, her taste and her neatnes;
 From these she was sure that her man could not roam,
 And must rise on the stage from contentment at home :
 So on she went hissing, and inwardly curs'd her,
 And Garrick next season will certainly burke her. 108

TO THE RIGHT HON.

HENRY PELHAM

The Humble Petition of the Worshipful Company of
 POETS AND NEWSWRITERS.

SHEWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
 And writers of scandal for mending the times)
 By losses in bus'nes and England's well doing
 Are sunk in their credit and verging on ruin.

That these their misfortunesthey humbly conceive 5
 Arise not from dulness, as some folks believe,
 But from rubs in their way which your Honour has
 And want of materials to carry on trade. [laid,

That they always had form'd high conceits of their
 And meant their last breath should go out in abuse; [use,
 But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears) 11
 Since your Honour h' sit at the helm of affairs

No party will join them, no faction invite,
To heed what they say or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord, are fled, 15
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, publick bus'ness is so carry'd on
That their country is sav'd and the patriots undone.

To perplex them still more, and surefamine to bring,
(Now ~~fire~~ fire has lost both its truth and its sting) 20
If in spite of their natures they bungie at praise
Your Honour regards not, and nobody pays.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly entreat
(As the time will allow and your Honour thinks meet)
That meafures be chang'd, and some cause of complaint
Be immediately furnish'd to end their restraint, 26
Their credit thereby and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail and the nation believe.

Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's rising and bus'ness is done, 30
That your Honour would please at this dangerous crifis
To take to your bosom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themselves and contention alive. [say,

In compassion, good Sir! give them something to
And your Honour's petitioners ever shall pray. 36

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O Thou for whom my lyre I string,
 Of whom I speak, and think, and sing,
 Thou constant object of my joys,
 Whose sweetnesse ev'ry wish employs,
 Thou dearest of thy sex! attend,
 And hear the Lover and the Friend.

6

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring strain,
 No idle praise my verse shall stain;
 The lowly numbers shall impart
 The faithful dictates of my heart,
 Nor humble modesty offend,
 And part the Lover from the Friend.

12

Not distant is the cruel day
 That tears me from my hopes away;
 Then frown no fairest! if I try
 To steal the moisture from your eyc,
 Or force your heart a sigh to send
 To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

13

No perfect joy my life c'er knew
 But what arose from love and you,
 Nor can I fear another pain
 Than your unkindnes or disdain;

Then let your looks their pity lend
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

24

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills that want a name,
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept,
Till now unable to contend
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

30

I saw you still : your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part,
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

36

Sick with desire and mad with pain
I seek for happiness in vain :
Thou lovely Maid ! to thee I cry ;
Heal me with kindness or I die !
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

42

Curs'd be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy !
Thy gifts O Fortune I resign,
Let her and Poverty be mine !

And ev'ry year that life shall lend
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

48

In vain alas! in vain I strive
'To keep a dying hope alive :
The last sad remedy remains ;
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

54

Vain thought ! tho' seas between us roll
Thy love is rooted in my soul ;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And Death's decisive stroke must end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

60

THE NUN,

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

O Constance holy legends tell,
The softest sister of the cell ;
None sent to heav'n so sweet a cry,
G' roll'd at mass so bright an eye.
No wanton taint her bosom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly vision flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus she breath'd divinest airs.

5

AIR.

" In hallow'd walks and awful cells,
 " Secluded from the light and vain, 10
 " The chaste-cy'd maid with Virtue dwells,
 " And solitude and silence reign.

" The wanton's voice is heard not here;
 " To Heav'n the sacred pile belongs;
 " Each wall returns the whisper'd pray'r, 15
 " And echoes but to holy songs."

REPEATIVE.

Alas! that pamper'd monk should dare
 Intrude where sainted Veilals are!
 Ah Francis, Francis! well I weet
 Those holy looks are all deceit. 20
 With shame the Mine prolongs her tale,
 The priest was young, the Nun was frail,
 Devotion falter'd on her tongue,
 Love tun'd her voice, and thus she sung:

AIR.

" Alas! how deluded was I
 " To fancy delights as I did,
 " With maidens at midnight to sigh,
 " And love the sweet passion forbid! 25

" O Father! my follies forgive,
 " And still to absolve me be nigh;
 " Your lessons have taught me to live,
 " Come teach me, O teach me! to die. 30

To her arms in a rapture he sprung,
 Her bosom half naked met his,
 Transported in silence she hung,
 And melted away at each kiss.

35

" Ah Father! expiring she cry'd,
 " With rapture I yield up my breath!"
 " Ah Daughter! he fondly reply'd,
 " The righteous find comfort in death."

40

SOLOMON.

A SPENATA, IN THREE PARTS.

SET TO MUSICK BY DR. BOYCE.

PART I.

CHORUS.

" Behold Jerusalem! thy king,
 " Whose praises all the nations sing.
 " To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
 " All arts and wisdom under heav'n:
 " For him the tuneful virgin throng
 " Of Zion's daughters swell the song,
 " While young and old their voices raise,
 " And wake the echoes with his praise."

N

RECITATIVE.

SHE. From the mountains lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes,
While zephyrs on his garments play,
And sweets thro' all the air convey.

TO

AIR.

SHE. "Tell me, lovely Shepherd! where
Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care?
Direct me to the sweet retreat
That guards thee from the mid-day heat,
Left by the flocks I only stray
Without a guide and lost my way:
Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
Gentle Shepherd! tell me where?"

15

20

AIR.

H.E. "Fairest of the virgin throng!
Dost thou seek thy swain's abode?
See yon' fertile vale along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod,
Pursue the prints their feet have made
And they shall guide thee to the shade."

25

RECITATIVE.

SHE. As the rich apple, on whose boughs
Ripe fruit with streaky beauty glows,
Excels the trees that shade the grove,
So shines among his sex my love.

30

AIR.

"Beneath his ample shade I lay
Defended from the sultry day,

" His cooling fruit my thirst assuag'd,
 " And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd,
 " Till sated with the luscious taste
 " I rose and blest the sweet repast."

35

RECITATIVE.

HE. Who quits the lily's fleecy white
 To fix on meaner flow'rs the sight?
 Or leaves the rose's stem untorn
 To crop the blossom from the thorn?
 Unrival'd thus thy beauties are;
 So shines my love among the fair.

40

AIR.

" Balmy sweetnes ever flowing
 " From her dropping lips distils,
 " Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
 " And her voice with music thrills.

45

" Zephirs o'er the spices flying,
 " Wafting sweets from ev'ry tree,
 " Sick'ning sens with odours cloying,
 " Breath not half so sweet as she."

50

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his slave despise,
 Or pass me with unheeding eyes,
 Because the sun's discolouring rays
 Have chas'd the lily from my face:
 My envious sisters saw my bloom
 And drove me from my mother's home;

55

Unshelter'd all the scorching day
They made me in their vineyard stay.

AIR.

" Ah simple me! my own more dear,
" My own alas! was not my care; 60
" Invading Love the fences broke
" And tore the clutters from the flock,
" With eager grasp the fruit destroy'd,
" Nor rested till the ravage cloy'd."

AIR.

HE. " Fair and comely is my love, 65
" And softer than the blucey'd dove;
" Down her neck the wanton locks
" Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
" Her teeth like flocks in beauty seen
" New shorn, and dropping from the stream; 70
" Her glowing lips by far outvie
" The plaited threads of scarlet dyc;
" Whene'er she speaks the accents wound,
" And musick floats upon the sound."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Forbear, O charming Swain! forbear, 75
Thy voice enchant's my list'ning ear,
And while I gaze my bosom glows,
My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows,
The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And ev'ry strife within me dies.

AIR.

" O fill with cooling juice the bowl,
 " Assuage the fever in my soul!
 " With copious draughts my thirst remove,
 " And sooth the heart that's sick of love."

84

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

HE.

THE cheerful spring begins to-day,
 Arise my Fair One! come away.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Sweet musick steals along the air—
 Hark!—my beloved's voice I hear.

AIR.

HE. " Arise my Fair! and come away,
 " The cheerful spring begins to-day;
 " Bleak Winter's gone with all his train
 " Of chilling frosts and dropping rain:
 " Amidst the verdure of the mead
 " The primrose lifts her velvet head,
 " The warbling birds the woods among
 " Salute the season with a song,
 " The cooing turtle in the grove
 " Renews his tender tale of love,
 " The vines their infant tendrils shoot,
 " The figtree bends with early fruit;

5

10

15

" All welcome in the genial ray :
 " Arise my Fair ! and come away.

CHORUS.

" All welcome in the genial ray ;
 " Arise O Fair One ! come away.

DUET.

" Together let us range the fields
 " In pearl'd with the morning dew,
 " Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
 " Or the apple's clust'ring boughs ;
 " There in clofe-embow'd shades,
 " Imperious to the noontide ray,
 " By tinkling rills on rosy beds
 " We'll love the sultry hours away."

RECITATIVE.

HE. How lovely art thou to the sight,
 For pleasure form'd and sweet delight !
 Tall as the palmtree is thy shape,
 Thy breasts are like the clust'ring grape.

AIR.

" Let me, Love ! thy bōle ascending,
 " On the swelling clusters feed,
 " With my grasp the vinetree bending
 " In my close embrac' shall bleed.

" Stay me with delicious kisses
 " From thy honey-dropping mouth,
 " Sweeter than the summer breezes
 " Blowing from the genial South."

20

25

30

35

40

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O, that a sister's specious name
 Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!
 Uncensur'd then I'd own my love,
 And chastest virgins should approve;
 Then fearless to my mother's bed
 My seeming brother would I lead;
 Soft transports should the hours employ;
 And the deceit should crown the joy.

AIR.

" Soft ! I adjure you by the fawns
 " That bound across the flow'ry lawns
 " Ye Virgins ! that ye lightly move,
 " Nor with your whispers wake my love."

RECITATIVE.

HE. My fair 's a garden of delight
 Enclos'd and hid from vulgar sight,
 Where streams from bubbling fountains stray
 And roses deck the verdant way.

AIR.

" Softly arise, O Southern Breeze !
 " And kindly fan the blooming trees,
 " Upon my spicy garden blow,
 " That sweets from ev'ry part may flow."

CHORUS.

" Ye Southern Breezes ! gently blow,
 " That sweets from ev'ry part may flow."

45

50

55

60

62

PART III.

AIR.

HE.

"*Arise my Fair!* the doors unfold,
 "Receive me shiv'ring with the cold."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes
 And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

HE. "*Arise my Fair!* the doors unfold,
 "Receive me shiv'ring with the cold;
 "The chill drops hang upon my head;
 "And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread:
 "Receive me dropping to thy breast,
 "And lull me in thy arms to rest."

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I lie,
 The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

"Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
 "Where is my lovely wand'rer flown?
 "Ye blooming Virgins! as you rove
 "If chance you meet my straying love
 "I charge you tell him how I mourn
 "And pant and die for his return."

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

" Who is thy love O charming Maid!
 " That from thy arms so late has stray'd? 20
 " Say what distinguish'd charms adorn
 " And finish out his radiant form?"

AIR.

SHE. " On his face the vernal rose
 " Blended with the lily glows;
 " His locks are as the raven black, 25
 " In ringlets waving down his back;
 " His eyes with milder beauties beam
 " Than billing doves beside the stream:
 " His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs
 " Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs; 30
 " His lips are of the rose's hue,
 " Dropping with a fragrant dew;
 " Tall as the cedar he appears,
 " And as erect his form he bears.
 " This, O ye Virgins! is the swain
 " Whose absence causes all my pain." 35

RECITATIVE.

H.E. Sweet Nymph! whom ruddier charms adorn
 Than open with the rosy morn,
 Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
 And as the sun in splendor bright, 40
 Thy beauties dazzle from afar
 Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me, stamp me on thy breast,
 Deep let the image be imprest !
 For Love like armed Death is strong,
 Rudely he drags his slaves along :
 If once to jealousy he turns
 With never-dying rage he burns.

45

DUET.

"Thou soft invader of the soul,
 "O Love ! who shall thy pow'r control ?
 "To quench thy fires whole rivers drain
 "Thy burning heat shall still remain.
 "In vain we trace the globe to try
 "If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy :
 "The treasures of the world will prove
 "Too poor a bribe to purchase Love.

50

CHORUS.

"In vain we trace the globe to try
 "If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy :
 "The treasures of the world will prove
 "Too poor a bribe to purchase Love."

55

69

A HYMN TO POVERTY.

O Poverty ! thou source of human art,
 Thou great inspirer of the poet's song !
 In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
 Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand

Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid 5
 The canvas breathes no longer. Musick's charms
 Uninfluenc'd by thee forget to please :
 Thou giv'st the organ sound; by thee the flute
 Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
 Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine;
 Thou gav'st to Nicolini ev'ry grace, 11
 And ev'ry charm to Farinelli's song.
 By thee the lawyer pleads. The soldier's arm
 Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman feels,
 And urg'd by thee unfolds Heav'n's mystick truths.
 The haughty fair that swells with proud disdain, 16
 And smiles at mischiefs which her eyes have made,
 Thou humblest to submit and bless mankind.

Hail, Pow'r Omnipotent! me uninvok'd
 Thou deign'st to visit, far alas! unfit 20
 To bear thy awful presence. O retire!
 At distance let me view thee, lest too nigh
 I sink beneath the terrors of thy face. 23

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. WOODWARD,

In the Character of a Critick with a Catcal in his Hand.
 ARE you all ready? here's your musick, here's
 Author! sneak off; we'll tickle you my dear.

* Blowing his catcal.

Our Author aims at no dishonest ends;
 He knows no enemies and boasts some friends : 30
 He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,
 So if you like it fave it, if not—damn it. 32

A N E L E G Y,

Written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwall.

AMIDST these venerable drear remains
 Of ancient grandeur musing sad I stray,
 Around a melancholy silence reigns
 That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay. 4

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race :
 Aloft his mansion rose, around were seen
 Extensive gardens deck'd with ev'ry grace, 7
 Ponds, walks, and groves, thro' all the seasons green.

Ah ! where is now its boasted beauty fled ?
 Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky
 And broken columns in confusion spread
 A rude misshapen heap of ruins lie. 12

O! if splendid rooms no traces here are found :
 How are these tott'ring walls by time defac'd,
 Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
 Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd ! 16

In ancient times perhaps where now I tread
 Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
 Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread
 Her artful snares to captivate the soul. 20

Or here attended by a chosen train
 Of innocent delight true Grandeur dwelt,
 Differing blessings o'er the distant plain;
 Health, joy, and happiness, by thousands felt. 24

Around now Solitude enjoyous reigns,
 No gay gilt chariot hither marks the way,
 No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains
 At the once bounteous gate their visits pay. 28

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled
 Which ev'ry clime was ransack'd to supply?
 O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
 And the dismantled walls in ruins lie! 32

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care
 Arrang'd from op'ning blossoms shed perfume,
 And thick with fruitage stood the pendent pear,
 The ruddy colour'd peach and glossy plum. 36

Extinct is all the family of flow'rs;
 In vain I seek the arbour's cool retreat,
 Where ancient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
 Defended from the raging Dogstar's heat. 40

Along the terrace walks are straggling seen
 'The prickly bramble and the noisome weed,
 Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
 And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

44

The groves where Pleasure walk'd her rounds decay,
 The mead until'd a barren aspect wears,
 And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play
 O'ergrown with heath a dreary waste appears.

43

In yonder wide-extended vale below
 Where osiers spread a pond capacious flood,
 From far by aft the stream was taught to flow
 Whose liquid stores supply'd th' unceasing flood.

52

Oft' here the silent angler took his place,
 Intent to captivate the scaly fry—
 But perish'd now are all the num'rous race,
 Dumb is the fountain and the channel dry.

56

Here then, ye Great! behold th' uncertain state
 Of earthly grandeur—Beauty, strength, and pow'r,
 Alike are subject to the stroke of Fate,
 And flourish but the glory of an hour.

60

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
 Still permanent tho' ages roll away:
 Who builds on her immortal basis rears
 A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

64

SONGS.

SONG I.

I.

THU said to my heart in a pet th' other day,
" I had rather be hang'd than go aoping this way;
" No throbbings no wishes your moments employ,
" But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy. 4

II.

" When Cle perple'd me 't was sweeter by half,
" And at Thais's wiles I could oftentimes laugh;
" Your burnings and akings I strove not to cure
" Tho' one was a jilt and the other a whore. 8

III.

" When I walk'd up the Mall or stroll'd thro' the street
" Not a petticoat brush'd me but then you could beat,
" Or if bang went the hoop against corner or post
" In the magical round you were sure to be lost. 12

IV.

" But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
" Like Adam unfallen you never perceive,
" Or the seat of delight if the tippet should hide
" You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside. 16

V.

" Is it caution or dread or the frost of old age
" That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?

" Tell me quickly the cause, for it makes me quite mad
 " In the summer's gay season to see you so fid." 20

VI. [to ilray;

" Have a care," quoth my Heart, " how you tempt me
 " He that hunts down a woman must run a d—d way;
 " Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with the fox,
 " And secure in the chase her pursuers she mocks. 24

VII.

" For Cloe I burnt with an innocent flame,
 " And beat to the musick that breath'd out her name;
 " Three summers flew over the castles I built,
 " And beheld me a fool and my goddess a jilt. 28

VIII.

" Next Thais the wanton my wishes employ'd,
 " And the kind one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd;
 " Like Shadrach I liv'd in a furnace of fire, . . . 31
 " But unlike him was scorch'd and compell'd to retire.

IX.

" Recruited once more I forgot all my pain,
 " And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd again;
 " Not a petticoat fring'd er the heel of a shoe
 " Ever pass'd you by daylight but at it I flew. 36

X.

" Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
 " For rest I retreated again to be whole,
 " But your eyes ever open to lead me astray
 " Have beheld a new face and command me away. 40

O iiij

XI.

" But remember in whatever flames I may burn
 " 'Twill be folly to ask for or wish my return;
 " Neither Thais nor Cloe again shall inflame, [name.]
 " But a nymph more provoking than all you can

XII.

This said with a bound from my bosom he flew; 45
 O Phillis! these eyes saw him posting to you:
 Enslav'd by your wit he grows fond of his chain,
 And vows I shall never possess him again. 48

SONG II.

COLIN.

BE still O ye Winds! and accentive ye Swains!
 'Tis Phebe invites and replies to my strains;
 The sun never rose on, search all the world thro',
 A shepherd so blest or a fair one so true. [me throng!

PHEB. Glide softly ye Streams! O ye Nymphs round
 'Tis Colin commands and attends to my song; 6
 Search all the world over you never can find
 A maiden so blest or a shepherd so kind.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun that gives light to the
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear, [year,
 Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away, 11
 Gives joy to the night and enlivens the day.

COL. With Phebe beside me the seasons how gay!
 Then winter's bleak months seem as pleasant as May;

The summer's gay verdure springs still as she treads, 15
 And linnets and nightingales sing thro' the meads.

PHEB. When Colin is absent 't is winter all round,
 How faint is the sunshine, how barren the ground!
 Instead of the linnet and nightingale's song
 I hear the hoarse raven croak all the day long. 20

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun, &c.

COL. O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
 Together will wander, and Love shall be by;
 Her Colin shall guard her safe all the long day,
 And Phebe at night all his pains shall repay. 25

PHEB. By moonlight when shadows glide over the
 His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain; [plain
 The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
 Or sleep in a chuchyard, if Colin is near.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun, &c. 30

COL. Ye Shepherds that wanton it over the plain
 How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!
 Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
 And learn to be happy of Phebe and me. [try'd,

PHEB. Ye Nymphs! who the pleasures of love never
 Attend to my strains and take me for your guide; 36
 Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
 And learn to be happy of Colin and me.

BOTH. 'Tis love like the sun that gives light to the
 The sweetest of blessings that life can endear, [year,
 Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
 Gives joy to the night and enlivens the day. 47

SONG III.

I.

As Phillis the gay at the break of the day
 Went forth to the meadows a Maying,
 A clown lay asleep by a river so deep
 That round in meanders was straying.

4

II.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
 Her heart it was gone without warning,
 With cheeks of such hue that the rose wet with dew
 Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

8

III.

She pull'd the new hay and down by him she lay,
 Her wishes too warm for disguising;
 She play'd with his eyes till he wak'd in surprise,
 And blush'd like the sun at his rising.

12

IV.

She sung him a song as he lean'd on his prong,
 And rested her arm on his shoulder;
 She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
 And taught his two arms to infold her.

16

V.

The rustick grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
 And call'd her his Dear and his blessing;
 Together they stray'd, and sung, frolick'd, and play'd,
 And what they did more there's no guessing.

20

SONG IV.

HE.

LET rakes for pleasure range the Town,
Or misers dote on golden guineas,
Let Plenty smile or Fortune frown
The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let wanton maids indulge desire,
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH. Together let us sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE. Let roving swains young hearts invade,
The pleasure ends in shame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor believing simple Molly.

SHE. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry,
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry.

BOTH. But we'll together, &c.

HE. By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies,
Or fondly stray where Love shall lead,
And ev'ry joy be mine and Jenny's.

5

10

15

20

25

SHE. Let guilt the faithless bosome fright,
 The constant heart is always bonny;
 Content, and Peace, and sweet Delight,
 And Love, shall live with me and Johnny.

BORN. Together still we 'll sport and play, 30
 And live in pleasure where no f— is;
 The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
 And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's. 33

SONG V.

I.

STAND round my brave Boys! with heart and with
 And all in full chorus agree; [voice,
 We 'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
 And let the world know we 'll be free. 4

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly as with shouts we draw nigh,
 And Echo shall victory ring,
 Then safe from alarms we 'll rest on our arms
 And chorus it Long live the King! 8

II.

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our
 And plenty and peace blefs the ille; [shore,
 The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh
 And reap the sweet fruits of his toil. 12

CHORUS.

The rebels, &c.

III.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day
 And melt us to softer alarms;
 Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return
 And bless the brave youth in her arms.

17

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly as with shouts we draw nigh,
 And Echo shall victory ring,
 Then safe from alarms we'll rest on our arms
 And chorus it Long live the King!

21

SONG VI.

I.

To make the wife kind and to keep the house still
 You must be of her mind let her say what she will;
 In all that she does you must give her her way,
 For tell her she's wrong and you lead her astray.

CHORUS.

Then Husbands! take care, of suspicion beware,
 Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;
 With confidence trust them, and be not such elves
 As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

II.

Abroad all the day if she chuses to roam [home;
 Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come
 The man she likes best and longs most to get at
 Be sure to command, and she'll hate him for that.

12

CHORUS.

Then Husbands! &c.

III.

What virtue she has you may safely oppose;
Whatever her follies are praise her for those:
Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man,
For accuse her of vice and she 'll sin if she can. 17

CHORUS.

Then Husbands! take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves. 21

SONG VII.

DAMON.

HARK, hark! o'er the plains how the merry bells
Asleep while my charmer is laid; [ring
The village is up and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid. 4

RHET. 'Tis hardly yet day and I cannot away;
O Damon! I am young and afraid:
To-morrow my Dear! I 'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid. 8

DAM. The bridemaids are met, and mamma's on
All, all my coy Phillis nphraids: [the fret:
Come open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid. 12

PHIL. Dear Shepherd! forbear, and to-morrow I
To-morrow I'll not be afraid; [I swear,
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.] 16

DAM. No, no, Phil is; no; on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid;
By morning my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.] 20

PHIL. Then open the door, 't was unbolted before;
His bliss silly Damon delay'd:
To church let us go, and there I say No.
O then let me die an old maid.] 24

SONG VIII.

I.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go:
They say I'm in love, but I answer No, no.] 4

II.

At ev'ning oft times with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds when I near her below!
But say not 't is love, for I answer No, no.] 8

III.

She sings me a song and I echo each strain,
Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny! again,

I kiss her soft lips as if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love tho' I answer No, no.

IV.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee;
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so.
Who knows but she loves tho' she tells me No, no? 16

V.

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not her heart but would conquer my own:
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade while I answer No, no? 20

VI.

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah! why
Should Prudence advise and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties O Fortune! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her or still I say No. 24

SONG IX.

I.

You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd, too,
That my lips are as red as the rosebud in June,
And my voice like the nightingale's sweetly in tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me must flatter me more. 6

II.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
 My ease and good humour short raptures will bring,
 And my voice like th' nightingale's know but a spring:
 For charms such as these then your praises give o'er;
 To love me for life you must love me for more. 12

III.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
 For Cloe the wanton can rival me there:
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good humour as sunshine the day;
 For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
 And I in my turn may be taught to love too. 18

SONG X.

I.

How left has my time been, what days have I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless and roving a pain. 4

II.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines as often we stray
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me. 8

III.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;

The' painful my absence my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles. 12

IV.

What tho' on her cheek the rosy loses its hue,
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year thro';
Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

V.

Ye Shepherds so gay! who make love to entice, 17
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life you must find it at home. 20

SONG XI.

I.

HARK, hark! 't is a voice from the tomb;
"Come Lucy," it cries, "come away;
"The grave of thy Colin has room
"To rest thee beside his cold clay." 4
"I come my dear Shepherd! I come;
"Ye Friends and Companions! adieu;
"I haste to my Colin's dark home,
"To die on his bosom so true." 8

II.

All mournful the midnight bell rung
When Lucy, fair Lucy, arose,
And forth to the green turf she sprung
Where Colin's pale ashes repose; 12

All wet with the night's chilling dew
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
 While stormy winds over her blew
 And night ravens croak'd all around.

16

III.

"How long my lov'd Colin!" she cry'd,
 "How long must thy Lucy complain?
 "How long shall the grave my love hide?
 "How long ere it join us again?
 "For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
 "With thee o'er the world would she fly,
 "For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd
 "For thee would she lie down and die.

20

24

IV.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
 "Thy Lucy was once to her swain,
 "Her face like the lily so fair,
 "And eyes that gave light to the plain!
 "The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 "That face and those eyes charm no more,
 "And Lucy forgot and alone
 "To death shall her Colin deplore."

28

32

V.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.

63

" I hear the kind call and obey ;
 " On Colin! receive me," she cry'd;
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay.
 She hung on his tombstone and dy'd.

40

SONG XII.

I.

For a shape, and a bloom, and an air, and a mien,
 Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green,
 But artfully wild and affectedly coy,
 Those her beauties invited her pride would destroy. 4

II.

By the flocks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the vale
 Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear his soft tale;
 Tho' fatal the passion she laugh'd at the swain, [dain.
 And return'd with neglect what she heard with dis-

III.

But beauty has wings and too hastily flies, 9
 And love unrewarded soon sickens and dies;
 The nymph cur'd by time of her folly and pride
 Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she deny'd. 12

IV.

No longer she frolicks it wide o'er the plain
 To kill with her coyness the languishing swain;
 So humbled her pride is, so soften'd her mind,
 That tho' courted by none she to all would be kind. 16.

SONG XIII.

I.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The funny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

4

8

II.

The conquest gain'd he left his prize,
He left her to complain,
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But Heav'n will take the mourner's part
In pity to despair,
And the last sigh that rends the heart
Shall waft the spirit there.

12

16

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