

T H E
LADY's Magazine:
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COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For **SATURDAY**, NOVEMBER 4, 1738.
*(Being much more in Quantity, and far greater Variety
 than any Book of the Kind or Price)*

Containing, among many other curious Particulars,

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| <p>I. Continuation of the Lady's Travels into <i>Spain</i>.
 II. Continuation of the Chevalier D'Ar-
 <i>vieux's Travels into Arabia the De-</i>
 <i>sart</i>.
 III. Letters from <i>Tom Brown, Howel,</i>
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 bling Strings, &c.</p> |
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NUMBER V. To be continued Weekly.



Price **TWO PENCE.**

L O N D O N.

Printed by *T. Dormer*, in *Black and White Court* in the *Old Bailey*, and sold at
 the Pamphlet-Shops in Town and Country, and by all the Hawkers that carry
 News. 1738.

ADVERTISEMENT

IT cannot be amiss to give our Subscribers an Idea of the Design of *The Lady's MAGAZINE, &c.* which is calculated for the Entertainment and Instruction of all Degrees, Ages, Humours and Capacities; and that those who cannot at all Times have Recourse to their Liberties, may carry a **COMPLETE LIBRARY**, in Epitome, in their Pockets.

It may with great Veracity be said, That a Work so Entertaining, and on such easy Conditions, was never before made publick. A Work, in which the Ignorant are instructed in all Parts of Polite Literature, the Learn'd Entertain'd with what is Curious and Diverting; where the Lover will find an agreeable Amusement, the jolly Companion Store of Mirth; the Grave what is Serious, and Youth what is Merry and Delightful.

Note, The Copper Plates which will be given gratis, in order to adorn this Work, shall be perform'd in a curious Manner, and shall be Twenty-two in Number at least, the Designs taken from particular Passages in the Books; and, to prevent any Mistake in placing them, the Bottom of each Plate shall give an Account at what Page it must be put. This Entertaining and Useful Work will certainly be compleated in Forty-five Numbers, which will make Three large Volumes (at the End of each will be given a General Title and Contents gratis) and the Whole will come at so small a Price as Seven Shillings and Six-pence.

THE LADY'S Magazine, &c.

For SATURDAY, November 4, 1738.

The Lady's Travels into Spain continu'd.

AS soon as the unfortunate Marchioness had ended her last Breath, her cruel Executioner, shut her Apartment, took all the Money and Jewels he had, mounted on Horseback, and fled with all the Speed he could. Don Lewis restless, and more amorous than ever, return'd thither in the Evening, notwithstanding whatever might befall him. He was surpris'd when he was told the Marchioness was still asleep; her Door was yet shut, and the Marquis rode out. A secret Fore-boding began to put him on fearing the worst; he immediately went into the Garden, and entered into the Gallery through the same Window which he had found open, and from thence came into the Chamber: 'Twas so dark, that he was fain to walk warily. When he felt something which had like to have made him fall, he stoop'd down, and found it was a dead Body. He utter'd a great Shriek, and doubting not but it was that of his dear Mistress, he sunk down with Grief. Some of the Marchioness's Women walking under the Window of her Apartment, heard Don Lewis's Cries; they easily got up through the same Window, and enter'd the Room. What a sad Spectacle, what a lamentable Sight was this! I cannot find Words to denote to you the Horror of this Spectacle. Don Lewis was no sooner come to himself, by the Force of Remedies, but his Grief, Rage and Despair, broke out with such Violence, that it was impossible to calm him; and I am perswaded he had not out liv'd her whose Loss

he occasion'd, if the Desire of Vengeance had not re-animated him.

He parted like one furious in Search of the Marquis De Barbaran; he sought him every where without hearing any News of him: He ran over Italy, travers'd Germany, came into Flanders and past into France. He was told that the Marquis was at Valentia in Spain: He came there, and met not with him. In fine, three Years being past, without finding the Means of sacrificing his Enemy to his Mistress's Ghost, Divine Grace, which is irresistible, and particularly on Great Souls, touch'd his so efficaciously, that he immediately chang'd his Desire of Revenge into serious Desires of leaving the World, and minding only the fitting himself for another Life.

Being fill'd with this Spirit, he return'd into Sardagnia. He sold all his Estate, which he distributed among some of his Friends, who with great Merit were yet very poor, and by this Means became so poor himself, that he reduc'd himself to the begging of Alms. He had heretofore seen, in going to Madrid, a Place very fit to make an Hermitage; it is towards Mount Dragon. This Mountain is almost inaccessible, and you cannot pass to it but thro' an Overture which is in the midst of a great Rock. It is stop'd up when the Snow falls, and the Hermitage lies buried more than six Months under it. Don Lewis made one be built here, where he was wont to pass whole Years without seeing any one. He made such Provisions as were necessary, having good Books, and thus remain'd in this dismal Soli-

Solitude: But this Tear his Friends forc'd him hither, by reason of a great Sickness, which had like to have cost him his Life. It is four Tears since he has led this holy spiritual Life, and so different from that to which he was born, that it is with great Trouble he sees any of his Acquaintance.

As to the Marquis De Barbaran, he has wholly left the Isle of Sardagnia, where he has not the Liberty to return. I am inform'd he is married again at Anvers, to a Widow of a Spaniard named Ponceca. And it is he himself that has related to one of my Friends the Particularities of his Crime; and he is so furiously tormented with the Remembrance of it, that he imagines he continually sees his Wife dying, and reproaching him with his Fury and Jealousy. In a Word, he has contracted such a deep Melancholly that his Death is thought by every one to be near, or at the least, the Loss of his Senses.

The Gentleman here was silent; and I not being able to forbear Weeping at so tragical a Relation, Don Fernand de Toledo, who had observ'd it, and would not take Notice of it, for fear of interrupting the Relation, rally'd me about my Tenderness, telling me how well he was pleas'd to find me so compassionate, and that I should not be long before I met with Objects fit to exercise it on. I did not so much mind the returning an Answer to him, as the thanking this Gentleman, who was pleas'd to entertain me with the Recital of so extraordinary an Adventure. I intreated him to make my Compliments to Don Lewis, and to give him from me two Pistoles, seeing he liv'd on Alms. Don Fernand, and each of the Cavaliers, gave as much. Here is, said the Gentleman to us, wherewith to enrich the Poor of Victoria; for Don Lewis appropriates not such great Charities as these to himself. We told him, he was the Master, and might dispose of the

Money as he pleas'd. But to return to my Adventures.

Although I had a Passport from the King of Spain, the best specif'd, and most general as is possible, yet I was oblig'd to take a Billet from the Toll-House; for without this Precaution, all my Cloaths had been confiscated. To what Purpose then is my Passport, said I to them; To none at all, replied they. The Surveyors and Officers of the Customs would not so much as cast their Eyes on it: They told me, the King must come and assure them, that this Order was from him. It is to no Purpose for any one to alledge his being a Stranger, and ignorant of the Usages of the Country; for they drily answer, That the Strangers Ignorance makes the Spaniards Profit.

The ill Weather has kept me here two Days, during which I saw the Governess and the Play. The principal Place of this Town is adorn'd with a very fair Fountain standing in the midst: It is incircled with the Town-House, the Prison, two Convents, and several well-built Houses. Here is a New Town and an Old one; every Body forsakes this latter to dwell in the other. Here are very rich Merchants; their chief Trade is at St. Sebastian or Bilbo. They send great Store of Iron to Grenada, Extremadura, Galicia, and other Parts of the Kingdom. I observ'd, that the great Streets are set with fine Trees, which are water'd with Streams running by them. From Mount St. Adrian hither, it is seven Leagues. In fine, I am just setting out, and must end this long Letter: It is late, and I have spoke to you so much of what I have seen, that I have said nothing of my Affections to you. Believe me however, dear Cousin, that I am, and ever shall be,

From Victoria, this 24th of May, 1673.

Yours, &c.

LETTER III.

MY Letters are so long, that it is hard to believe when I finish them, that I have any thing else more to tell you; yet, my dear Cousin, I never close any but there remains still sufficient for another. When I were only to speak to you of my Friendship, this would be an inexhaustible Subject; you may make some Judgment of it from the Pleasure I find in obeying your Commands. You are desirous to know all the Particulars of my Voyage, I will therefore go on to relate them.

I set out very late from Victoria, by Reason of my stay at the Governess's, whom I before mentioned; and we went to lie at Miranda. The Country is very pleasant as far as Avigny. We came afterwards by a difficult Way to the Banks of the River Urola, whose Noise is the greater, in that 'tis full of Rocks, on which the Water dashes, beats up, and falls down, and forms natural Cascades in several Places. We continued to ascend the high Mountains of the Pyrenees, where we ran a thousand several Dangers. We saw the Ancient Ruins of an old Castle, where Ghosts and Spirits have their Apartments, as well as in that of Guebara; it is near Garganson. And being to stop there to shew my Passport, because here certain Customs are paid to the King, I learn'd from the Alcade of the Borough, who drew near my Litter to talk with me, that it is the common Report of the Country, that there were formerly a King and a Queen here, who had so fine and beautiful a Woman to their Daugther, that she was rather taken for a Goddess than a Mortal Creature. She was called Mira; and it is from her Name came the Mira of the Spaniards, which is to say, Look you; for as soon as ever she appeared all the People attentively be held her, and cried out, Mira, mira: And here's the Etymology of a Word drawn far enough. This

Princess was never seen by any body who became not desperately in Love with her; but her Disdainfulness and Indifference made all her Lovers pine away. The famous Basilisk never killed so many People as the Beautiful and Dreadful Mira; she thus depopulated her Father's Kingdom, and all the Countries thereabouts were full of the deceased and dying Lovers. After they had in vain address themselves to her, they lastly applied themselves to Heaven, to demand Vengeance on her Cruelty. The Gods at length grew Angry, and the Goddesses were not much behind them in the Exercise of this Passion: So that to punish her, the Scourges of Heaven finished the Destruction of her Father's Kingdom. In this general Calamity he consulted the Oracle, which told him, That all these Miseries would not have an end, till Mira had expiated the Mischiefs which her Eyes had done, and that she must be gone: That Destiny would conduct her to the Place where she was to lose her Repose and Liberty. The Princess obey'd, believing it impossible for her to be touch'd with Tenderness. She carry'd only her Nurse with her: She was clad like a simple Shepherdess, lest she should be taken Notice of, whether at Sea or Land. She ran over a great Part of the World, committing every Day two or three Dozen of Murthers; for her Beauty was not diminish'd by the Fatigue of her Travels. She arrived at length near this old Castle, which belong'd to a young Count called Nios, endowed with a Thousand Perfections, but extremely Proud and Reserv'd. He spent his Time in the Woods; as soon as ever he perceived a Woman, he fled from her, and of all things he saw in the World, she was his greatest Aversion. The beautiful Mira was telling her self one Day under the Shade of some Tree, when Nios pass'd by, cloath'd with a Lyon's Skin, a Bow at his Girdle, and a Mace on his Shoulder; his Hair was all clotted together, and his Face besmear'd like a Chimney-Sweeper's (his

Circumstance is observable,) yet the Princess thought him the most handsome Man in the World: She ran after him as if she had been mad, and he ran from her as if he had been in the same Condition. She lost the Sight of him; she knew not where to find him: She is now in the greatest Sorrow, weeping Day and Night with her Nurse. *Nios* returned to the Chase; she saw him again, and would have follow'd him: As soon as he perceived her, he did as at first, and *Mira* betook her self again to her Lamentations; but her Passion giving her new Strength, she out-ran him, stop'd him, taking hold of his Locks, intreating him to look on her, thinking this was enough to engage him. He cast his Eyes on her with as much indifference as if she had been an ordinary Person. Never Woman was more surpris'd; she would not leave him; she came maugre him to his Castle; where as soon as she had entred, he there left her, and was no more seen. The poor *Mira*, being not to be comforted, died with Grief; and from that time you hear deep Sighs and Groans, which come from the Castle of *Nios*. The young Wenches of the Country are used to go there, and carry her little Presents of Fruits and Milk, which they set down at the Mouth of a Cave, where no body dare enter. They said, this was to comfort her; but this has been abolish'd as Superstitious: And though I believ'd not a Word of whatever was told me at *Garganson*, in relation to *Mira* and *Nios*, yet I was pleas'd in the Recital of this Story, of which I omit a thousand Particulars, for fear of tiring you by its length. My Waiting Woman was so affected with this Relation, that she was for having us return back again, to set at the Mouth of the Cave some Red Partridges, which my People had bought. She imagined the Princess's Ghost would be mightily comforted in receiving this Testimony of our Good Will; but for my part, I thought I should be more content than her, in having those Partridges for my Supper. We pass

the River of *Urola*, on a great Stone Bridge, and having went over another, with difficulty enough, by reason of the melted Snow, we arrived at *Miranda D'Ebro*. This is a great Village, or a little Town. Here is a large place adorn'd with a Fountain: The River *Ebro*, which is one of the most considerable of *Spain*, traverses it: You see on the Top of a Mountain the Castle, with several Towers. It appears to be of some Strength, and there issues out so great a Stream from a Rock on which it is built, that it turns several Mills. I could not observe any thing else worth Writing to you. The three Knights I spake of to you, were arrived before me, and giv'n all requisite Orders for the Supper: So we eat together, and though the Night appeared well advanced, because the Days are short in this Season, yet 'twas not late: So that these Gentlemen, who shew'd me great Respect and Civility, ask'd me how I would pass the time? I propos'd to 'em the playing at *Ombre*, and that I would go halves with *Don Fernand de Toledo*. They accepted the offer: *Don Fernand de Cardonne* said, he had rather converse with me than play. So the Three others began, and I for some time gave my self over to the looking on them, with great Pleasure; for their way is quite different from ours: They never utter a Word: I do not say, to complain, (for this would be unworthy the *Spanish* Gravity) but to demand a *gano*, or to cut higher, or to shew that one may take some other Advantage. In a Word, they seem to be Statues, or pieces of *German* Clock Work, never appearing transported with either good or bad Luck.

*Continuation of the Chevalier D'Ar-
vieux's Travels in Arabia the Desert.*

THE *Arabs* often made me the Arbitrator of their Differences, whenever they met me; and when I had

had once pronounced in any One's Favour, the other would submit to the Judgment, and put it in execution without Appeal or Delay: The *Emir* likewise ne'er refus'd me the Favours I ask'd him for the one or the other; so that I never wanted Means of befriending 'em, and I found my self in a Condition of doing among the *Arabs* what I could not have hop'd to have done among *Christians*.

Some time after, being gone to one of the *Emir's* Ports, call'd * *Tartoura*, to divert my self there with some Officers of the *Emir Dervich*, a large Boat laden with *Cyprus* Wine and Cheese, bound for *Egypt*, ran a ground in a Storm upon the adjacent Coast; it no sooner struck upon the Shelves of Sand that are upon that Coast, but the Waves flav'd it in pieces: All the Crew escap'd to Land, the Cheeses were left in the Sea, and the Casks of Wine roll'd along with the Surges. The *Emir Dervich*, who had seen the Wreck from the top of the Mountain, ran thither with part of his Cavalry, and some Officers of the principal *Emir*, who having stript all the Seamen and Passengers, set the *Arabs* at work to get in the Wreck, and to save what they could of the Boat's Lading. The Master and all his Crew, who were *Christian Greeks*, seeing themselves naked, went to hide themselves among the Bushes, waiting for Night to get away to the first Village and cloath themselves the best they could, and then see and embark aboard some other Vessel. I went and comforted 'em whilst they were bewailing their Loss, and as I poked their vulgar *Greek*, I propos'd to them to come and endeavour to recover what might possibly be saved out of the Wreck, promising 'em that I would have something returned to 'em. I got the *Emir* to allow of it,

who gave me his Word that they should be satisfy'd.

Then those poor Sailors threw themselves into the Sea, in spite of the Waves that drove the Goods to Shore, and at the same Instant bore 'em back into the Main Ocean. Most of the Casks were broke; there was no saving but two of 'em, which they dragg'd ashore with a deal of Difficulty. The *Arabs* had pickt up some Cheeses. I laugh'd and told 'em that they were made of Sow's Milk. They immediately flung 'em down upon the Sands, and the *Greeks* got 'em.

It begun to grow late, and the Sea ran so high that the Sailors could work no longer. I begg'd the *Emir* to make 'em have their Cloaths restor'd 'em. The *Arabs* gave 'em back the greatest part of them; and that was all the Recompence they could have for that time: But as the *Emir* design'd to lie that Night in his Tents at *Tartoura*, I made 'em hope to get something more yet; and for this purpose I advis'd 'em to stay till he had supp'd, to find him in a better Humour.

The *Emir* gave Orders for his Supper to be got ready. Nothing was so easy; for all the People at *Tartoura* were eager to bring him Presents of Flesh, Fowl, Game, Fruit, and Coffee; but none had brought him any Wine. I had contriv'd to have two Pitchers of it at a *Greek's* of that Village whose Name was *Abou Moussa*, and I had 'em presented to the *Emir* by those poor robb'd Sailors, who made their court very well by that means. That Prince receiv'd 'em extremely kindly; and as they were just sitting down to Table, I made a Sign to the *Greeks* to withdraw 'till I sent for 'em in. The Entertainment was very long, and there were abundance of *Arabs* there; but as good Luck would have it, very few of 'em drank Wine. The *Emir* and four or five of his Officers fared the better. There was nothing but Mirth, every one sung his own Song, and every thing contributed

* *Tartoura*, or *Tourtour*, a small Town almost at the foot of Mount-Carmel, near the Pilgrim Castle.

to the Joy. I thought it was proper to have the *Greeks* in then, and to be their Interpreter, because they knew only the *Turkish* and the *Greek*, and the *Emir* understood neither one nor t'other. Those poor People crowding in, kiss'd the *Emir's* Vest, and then retir'd a little aside. That Prince ask'd me whether they had not their Cloaths return'd 'em, and whether they desir'd any thing else? I answer'd him, That the *Arabs* had executed his Orders very punctually; but since these unfortunate *Greeks* had been ruin'd by the loss of their Estate which was aboard that Boat, they pray'd him to grant 'em farther the Remains of the Wreck, an inconsiderable thing, to recover at *Tartouza* all they could, which would be of service to 'em in getting back to their Country, and assisting their miserable Families. Those that had a mind to make their Advantage of it, immediately oppos'd this Favour. The *Emir* paus'd upon it for some time, and then granted it 'em, ordering immediately to let 'em have whatever they could save, even to a Nail, (to use his own Expression.) There was no need of saying any more to be obey'd; the *Greeks* kiss'd again the bottom of his Vest, which was all their Acknowledgment; they went out of the Tent, and begun that very Evening to pick up what the Waves had thrown upon the Strand, hoping to get therest the next Day, when the Sea, according to all appearance would be calmer, the Wind being a pretty while laid; besides, the *Emir* was to decamp, and all those that might have disturb'd them, were to march off along with him.

I rose at Break of Day to contrive a way of getting the Wine convey'd over the Mountains: The Casks were large, and the People of that Country were not us'd to carry such sort of Goods: We put six pair of Oxen to a couple of Sledges, which we had patched up with some Pieces of the Broken Bark. I took a score of Peasants to drive 'em, and went along with 'em, to keep those

People, who are naturally Unlucky-handed, from rolling down our Casks into the Bottom of some Valley: The Oxen went so slow, that we did not get to the *Emir Dervich's* Camp till towards six a Clock in the Evening: That young Prince was so pleas'd to see those Casks arriv'd safe and sound, that after sending back the Peasants very well satisfy'd for their Carriage and with his Bounty to 'em, he sent Messengers to all the other *Emirs*, whom he knew to be not very scrupulous about the Prohibition of Wine, to acquaint 'em that he had got two large Casks of it, and to invite them to come and taste it. The *Emirs* sent back Word, that they knew it very well, That they had already prepar'd themselves for it, and were just a setting out to spend the Night in his Camp; that he had nothing to do but to provide for their good Reception.

The *Emir Dervich*, who was the Youngest of 'em all, receiv'd that News with extream Pleasure; he had no sooner given Orders for Supper, but all about the Camp was a Shambles, and a perfect Cook's Shop, of Beef, Mutton, all sorts of Fowl, and Game. Several Tents were full of Women employ'd about Soops, Ragos, Pastry Ware, Fruits, and Sweet Meats. I took upon me the Management of the Wine, and put the Casks in the Grand Tent of Entertainment in a Place where no body could be incommoded by 'em. I luckily found in my Inkhorn some Pens quite new that serv'd us for little kind of Taps to draw the Wine with, which by that Method run gently from the Butt into the Cup. Two of my Men were post'd, one at each Vessel, to fill the Cups for those that serv'd 'em round, not being willing to trust that Care to the Prince's Servants who were not so Handy as mine.

All the *Emirs* arriv'd together some time after, accompany'd with their Friends and Attendants, and after the usual Civilities, Caresses, Kisses of the Beard and Hand, which every one gave and

and received according to his Rank and Dignity, they sat down on the Ground upon Mats: The *Emirs* leant upon Cushions, and I had one too, the rest sat Cross-legg'd, like our Tailors; after a slight Conversation every one put a large Handkerchief under his Knees, like a Napkin, and a great quantity of Dishes of all sorts of Victuals was serv'd up, whilst others were getting ready in the room of the Dishes or Bowls that were empty'd, or that the *Emir* took off to send them to their Attendants, who were eating, Knots of them, some on one side, and some on t'other.

Whilst they were eating and the Cup going round, in comes a Troop of People that play'd upon the Hoboy, the Flute and those dismal Violins, I have already spoke of, that accompany'd some Hoarse Voices; most of those *Arabs* were attentive to these Songs which ravish'd them even to an Ecstasy, but they always kept the Cup in their Hands. The Entertainment was long, and they ne'er quitted the Table but to rest in some Corner of the Tent and so begin to drink afresh: 'Twas thus that we were regal'd for two Days and a half that the Wine lasted. The Casks were no sooner out, but they were considering of Methods how to get more; which was a little difficult, unless such another Misfortune should happen to some other Vessel. The *Arabs*, who had follow'd those *Emirs*, had some Buckets full of it to their share, so that every one had his part of the Entertainment.

I observ'd that among so great a Number of People that drank Wine, there was not the least Disorder; they all kept up their Gravity, and those of the Merriest Tempers shew'd nothing extraordinary either in their Actions or otherwise; there was nothing but Caresses and Friendships, no Ill Humour, no Quarrelling, no Insolence; and after a thousand reciprocal Civilities, which they express'd their way, they parted the best Friends in the World.

Those Princes had made a Hunting Match the next Day, when they were to Course the Hare and Antelope; but it was put off just as we were setting out with the *Emir Dervich* to go and join the rest: 'Twas by an Order the *Grand Emir* sent 'em to repair immediately to him to deliberate about a * Command he had received from the *Grand Seignior*. They all mounted that very Instant and went to the *Emir's*, very curious of knowing what was the Matter: I went to my Tent, where *Hyche* came to visit me, and made me a Compliment upon my Return and the Entertainment the *Emir Dervich* had given us. She brought me some Supper, and some Officers of the *Emirs* who stay'd at the Camp to wait the Prince's Orders, being come to eat with me, told me the Reason of the *Emirs* meeting, which was only to make the Peasants of *Neapolis* in *Samaria* (which the *Arabs* vulgarly call *Napolous*, and is the ancient *Sichem* spoken of in Scripture) pay the usual Contributions.

The Inhabitants of the Country and Villages thereabouts had been ruin'd by *Locusts*, that coming and lighting upon their Lands, after they had eaten up all

* *The Grand Emir was neither the Subject nor the Vassal of the Grand Seignior, and he received no Orders from the Porte but on the account of his Government. See hereafter, Chap. 2. But, as to that Revolt of the Peasants of Samaria, our Author observes very well that Neapolis is the ancient Sichem in Scripture, so called from Sichem the Son of Emor, &c. and does not fall into Mr. D'Herbelot's Mistake, who says that Neapolis is the modern Name of the City of Samaria, which has been also called Sebalte, &c. Neapolis and Samaria are two different Towns, situated four or five Leagues from one another; the latter is the Capital of a Country of the very same Name of Samaria, that's contiguous to Galilee, or is a part of it.*

the Seed of *Judea* and *Palestine*, had devour'd the Game, the Cottons, and all their Provisions, and famish'd that Province to such a degree, that having no kind of Harvest the Year before, those poor Peasants were no longer in a Condition of paying the * *Beig* what they were annually rated to the *Grand Seigneur*.

That *Beig* besides, who, according to the Custom of the *Ottoman* Empire was not only the Governor, but the Farmer also of that Country, finding himself press'd to pay the Sums he stood bound for to the Imperial Treasury upon pain of losing his Head, was resolv'd to exact his Claims, cost what it would, and accordingly omitted nothing to compass his End. Things being brought to this Extremity, all the Inhabitants of the Place revolted against him, took up Arms, and made themselves Masters of the Country. The *Beig* fortify'd himself in the City of *Napoulos* with his Troops, and begg'd Assistance from the *Bashaw* of *Damascus*, and other Governors, his Neighbours, to reduce the Rebels and oblige 'em to pay their Taxes.

Almed *Bashaw* of *Damascus*, Son of *Mohemet Canruli*, then *Gran Vifier*, judging the *Arabs* alone sufficient for that purpose, ordered the *Emir Turabeye* to march against them with his Common Troops, which was soon put in Execution, for the Moment the Courier arriv'd at the *Emir's* Camp, that Prince sent several Horsemen to give Notice to the other *Emirs*, and these Horsemen clapping a White Handkerchief to the end of their Spears, drew off one to the Right, another to the Left, and posted themselves upon almost all the Eminences of *Mount Carmel*, from whence they might be descri'd from the Camps of the other *Emirs*; they there

* *Beig* or *Begh*, and vulgarly *Bey*, is with the Turks the Lord of a Manor that Commands in the District of some Province, under the Authority of the *Bashaw*, Governour in Chief.

wav'd their Colours, which among them is a Signal for 'em to repair with their Men to the *Grand Emir*. Those Horsemen were no sooner returned, than there came from all Parts Troops of *Arabs* in Companies, and in less than six Hours Time, they appeared at the Place of Rendezvous, all ready to march, to the number of four thousand Horse, arm'd with Spears, Pole-Axes and Clubs.

From TOM BROWN.

Abrocomas to his dear Delphis.

YOU'll be angry, perhaps, at the frank Confession I am going to make to you. I examine with curious Eyes all the Women I see; I go to all the Places of publick Resort, and no Female escapes me: Pray, Madam, don't think I do this to carry on any Intrigue with them (for I would not have you put so unjust a Construction upon my Expressions) 'tis only to see how much your Beauty surpasses theirs, and to be able to do the more Justice to your Merits. Yes, Madam, by Cupid I swear it, who never had a drowtier Totary than my self, you surpass the rest of your Sex in Dress, Beauty, and all other Agreements: Your Charms are so conspicuous and shining, that they need no Artifice to set them off: A natural Red adorns your Cheeks; neither do you lie under any Necessity to load your Head with that cumbersome Attire, other Women take a Pride in. You have the loveliest Hair in the Universe. Who can behold so black a pair of Eye-brows, in so fair and white a Fore-head, and not own himself your Slave? I dare not trust my Invention, as fertile as it is, with venturing upon more Particulars. In short, Madam, all the Perfections of your Sex, center in you; and your Empire is never so safe, as when you appear among our most celebrated Beauties. Your Sight alone, as it creates our Astonishment, so

it commands our Love; and to make a new Triumph, you need only appear to a new Beholder. Since my Life is intirely wrapp'd up in yours, I wish you may live long and happy. All my Inclinations, all my Hopes and Thoughts terminate in you; and I earnestly beg of Heaven, that I may always continue in this Opinion. Enjoy that Conquest therefore which Nature has given you, and I will everlastingly carry Love's golden Dart in my Breast. Neither do you endeavour to pluck it out, for besides that you are not able to do it, I don't desire to part with it, for I take Pleasure in nothing so much as in my Passion. May it always be the Scope of my whole Life to love Delphis, and may it be my Fate to be belov'd by her, to be subdu'd by her Beauty, and charm'd by her Conversation.

From The TATLER.

Ubi idem & maximus & honestissimus Amor est, aliquando præstat Morre jungi, quam Vita distrahi. Val. Max.

From my own Apartment.

AFTER the Mind has been employ'd on Contemplations suitable to its Greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden Mirth or Levity; but we must let the Soul subside as it rose, by proper Degrees. My late Considerations of the ancient Heroes impressed a certain Gravity upon my Mind, which is much above the little Gratification received from Starts of Humour and Fancy, and threw me into a pleasing Sadness. In this State of Thought I have been looking at the Fire, and in a pensive Manner reflecting upon the great Misfortunes and Calamities incident to Humane Life: among which, there are none that touch so sensibly as those which beset Persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal Interruptions of their Happiness when they least expect it. The Piety of Children to Parents, and the Affection of Pa-

rents to their Children, are the Effects of Instinct; but the Affection between Lovers and Friends is founded on Reason and Choice, which has always made me think, the Sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The Contemplation of Distresses of this Sort softens the Mind of Man, and makes the Heart better. It extinguishes the Seeds of Envy and Ill-will towards Mankind, corrects the Pride of Prosperity, and beats down all that Fierceness and Insolence which are apt to get into the Minds of the Daring and Fortunate.

For this Reason the wise Athenians, in their Theatrical Performances, laid before the Eyes of the People the greatest Afflictions which could beset Humane Life, and insensibly polish'd their Tempers by such Representations. Among the Modern, indeed their has arose a Chimerical Method of disposing the Fortune of the Persons represented, according to what they call Poetical Justice; and letting none be unhappy but those who deserve it. In such Cases, an intelligent Spectator, if he is concerned, knows he ought not to be so; and can learn nothing from such a Tenderneß, but that he is a weak Creature, whose Passions cannot follow the Dictates of his Understanding. It is very natural, when one is got into such a Way of Thinking, to recollect those Examples of Sorrows which have made the strongest Impression upon our Imaginations. An Instance or Two of such you'll give me Leave to communicate.

A young Gentleman and Lady of ancient and honourable Houses in Cornwall, had from their Childhood entertain'd for each other a generous and noble Passion, which had been long oppos'd by their Friends, by Reason of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Constancy to each other, and Obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their Relations, that these celebrated Lovers were at length joined in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the Bridegroom was obliged to go into a Foreign Country, to take Care of a considerable

derable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumstances. They received the Congratulations of all the Country on this Occasion; and I remember it was a common Sentence in every one's Mouth, You see how faithful Love is rewarded.

He took this agreeable Voyage, and sent Home every Post fresh Accounts of his Success in his Affairs Abroad; but at last (though he designed to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters, that Business would detain him some Time longer from Home, because he would give himself the Pleasure of an unexpected Arrival.

The young Lady, after the Heat of the Day, walked every Evening on the Sea-Shoar, near which she lived, with a familiar Friend, her Husband's Kinswoman, and diverted herself with what Objects they met there, or upon Discourses of their future Methods of Life in the happy Change of their Circumstances. They stood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquility, observing the Setting of the Sun, the calm Face of the Deep, and the silent Heaving of the Waves which gently roll'd towards 'em, and broke at their Feet; when at a Distance her Kinswoman saw something float on the Waters, which she fancied was a Chest; and with a Smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of Jewels, she had a Right to it. They both fixed their Eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the Subject of the Wreck, the Cousin still asserting her Right; but promising, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Coral for the Child of which she was then big, provided that she might be Godmother. Their Mirth soon abated, when they observed upon the nearer Approach, that it was a humane Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart naturally fill'd with Pity and Compassion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occasion. Who knows (said she) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy House; the Darling of in-

dulgent Parents, who are now in impatient Mirth, and pleasing themselves with the Thoughts of Offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? Or may he not be the Master of a Family that wholly depended upon his Life? There may, for ought we know, be half a Dozen fatherless Children, and a tender Wife, now exposed to Poverty by his Death. What Pleasure might he have promised himself in the different Welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful Sight! The best Office we can do, is to take Care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turned away when a Wave threw the Carcass on the Shore. The Kinswoman immediately shriek'd out, Oh, my Cousin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when she saw her own Husband at her Feet, and dropt in a Swoon upon the Body. An old Woman, who had been the Gentleman's Nurse, came out about this time to call the Ladies into Supper, and found her Child (as she always called him) dead on the Shore, her Mistress and Kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Master to Life, soon waked the Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever.

When the Family and Neighbourhood got together round the Bodies, no one asked any Question, but the Objects before 'em told the Story.

Incidents of this Nature are the more moving, when they are drawn by Persons concerned in the Catastrophe, notwithstanding they are often oppressed beyond the Power of giving them in a distinct Light, except we gather their Sorrow from their Inability to speak it.

I have Two original Letters written both on the same Day, which are to me exquisite in their different Kinds. The Occasion was this: A Gentleman who had courted a most agreeable young Woman, and won her Heart, obtained also the Consent of her Father, to whom she was an only Child. The old Man had a

Fancy

Fancy that they should be married in the same Church where he himself was in a Village in Westmorland, and made 'em set out while he was laid up with the Gout at London. The Bridegroom took only his Man, the Bride her Maid: They had the most agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage; from whence the Bridegroom writ the following Letter to his Wife's Father.

SIR,

March 18. 1672.

AFTER a very pleasant Journey hither, we are preparing for the happy Hour in which I am to be your Son. I assure you the Bride carries it, in the Bye of the Vicar who married you, much beyond her Mother; tho' he says, your open Sleeves, Pantaloon; and Shoulder Knot, made a much better Show than the finical Dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the Second Fine Man this Village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before Night, because I shall write my self from thence,

Your most Dutiful Son,

T. D.

The Bride gives her Duty, and is as handsome as a Angel—I am the happiest Man breathing.

The Villagers were assembled about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Man knew his Master would leave the Place on a sudden after the Wedding, and seeing him draw his Pistols the Night before, he took his Opportunity to go into his Chamber, and charge them. Upon their Return from the Garden, they went into that Room; and after a little fond Railery on the Subject of their Courtship, the Lover took up a Pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and presenting it to her, said with the most graceful Air, whilst she looked pleas'd at his agreeable Flattery, Now, Madam, repent of all those Cruelties you have been

guilty of to me; consider before you die, how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your Casement; you shall die, you Tyrant, you shall die, with all those Instruments of Death and Destruction about you, with that enchanting Smile, those killing Ringlets of your Hair—Give Fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his Condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch enter'd, and his Master lock'd the Door upon him. Will, said he, Did you charge these Pistols? He answered, Yes. Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After that amidst a Thousand broken Sobs, piercing Groans, and distracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Mistress.

SIR,

I WHO Two Hours ago told you truly I was the happiest Man alive, am now the most miserable. Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, kill'd by my Hand, through a Mistake of my Man's charging my Pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it. Such is my Wedding Day—I will immediately follow my Wife to her Grave: But before I throw my self upon my Sword, I command my Distraction so far as to explain my Story to you. I fear my Heart will not keep together till I have stab'd it. Poor good old Man! Remember he that killed your Daughter, died for it. In the Article of Death I give you my Thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for my self. If it be possible, do not curse me.

From HOWELL's Letters.

To Sir Thomas Haw.

SIR,

I Thank you a thousand times for the choice Stanza's you pleas'd to send

me lately: I find that you were thoroughly heated, that you were inspired with a true Enthusiasm when you composed them; and whereas others use to flutter in the lower Region, your Muse soars up to the upper, and transcending that too, takes her Flight among the Celestial Bodies to find a Fancy: Your desires, I should do something upon the same Subject, I have obey'd, though I fear not satisfy'd, in the following Numbers.

Could I but catch those beamy Rays,
Which *Phœbus* at high Noon displays,

I'd set them on a Loom, and frame
A Scarf for *Delia* of the same.

Could I that wondrous black come near,
Which *Cynthia*, when eclips'd, doth wear,

Of a new Fashion I would Trace
A Mask thereof for *Delia*'s Face.

Could I but reach that Green and Blue;
Which *Iris* Decks in various hue.

From her moist Bow I'd drag them down,
And make my *Delia* a Summer Gown.

Could I those whitely Stars go nigh,
Which make the Milky ways in Sky,
I'd poach them, and at Moon-shine dress
To make my *Delia* a curious Mesh.

Thus would I Diet, thus Attire,
My *Delia* Queen of Hearts and Fire,
She should have every thing Divine
That would besit a Seraphin.

And 'cause ungirt unblest'd we find,
One of the Zones her Waist should bind.

They are of the same Cadence as
yours, and Airable; So I am

Your Servitor,

Westmin. < Sept.

1632.

J. H.

From The ATHENIAN ORACLE.

Q. *Is the Cause of the Wind the Motion of the Planets? Or, doth it rise out of the Earth, as some hold?*

A. Our Saviour who knew Nature well enough, has told us, *we know not whence it comes, nor whither it goes*. The Sun is certainly the Cause of the Planets Motions.

Q. *Is there, do you think, so large a Part of the World still to discover, as America?*

A. Yes.

Q. *Whether is Anger a necessary Passion?*

A. Why not? as well as Love, Fear, and all the rest? else why would God have implanted them in the Minds of Men? and why was our Saviour himself, who knew no Sin, capable not only of Love and Delight, but also of Sorrow and Anger?

Q. *At the casting a Stone into the Water, pray what is the Reason of many Circles, their Continuance, Extent and Cessation; and why such Figures, and no others?*

A. If the Stone be cast obliquely, that way that it flies it hath most Power upon that equal tempered Element, and the Circles are partly oval, and most beyond the Place where the Stone light first, because of driving the Water that way, which it mov'd itself; for 'tis impossible there should be a single Motion: As for Instance, move a Stick into a Flame, the Flame is also moved and separated by Reason of the Stick moving: Thus the Air is expanded and scattered when a Bullet, Stone, Bird, &c. flies through it; and so in the Water (supposing the Water to be stagnate, for it holds not in Streams, wherein the Self-motion hinders the Effect) a Stone falling perpendicular, must necessarily separate the fluid Body, being heavier than it, and the Body being equally tempered and fluid, it must necessarily cause an equal Motion of the Surface circularly, the Center being the Place where the Stone

Stone light. As for second, third, fourth Circles, they are caused by the preceding ones having left a hollow Surface, when they were drove out by Compulsion, in such a circular Motion; as for Instance, the first Circle being driven away, the Hollow out of which that was form'd was immediately supply'd with other Water, which coming in too vehemently into the Center, caused another Fluctuation circularly as before, and another, and so on, till the Surface of the Water was by little and little made level as at the first: The Extent and Continuance is from the Greatness of the Motion, as being a greater Stone; and the Cessation happens by Reason the Causes that produced such Motion are lost; and why such circular Figures, and not other Shapes, is from the Equality of Matter worked upon.

Q. *Whether Israel pass'd over-thwart the Red Sea? what is the Breadth thereof from one side to another? or whether Israel coming out of the Sea, arriv'd and landed at the self same side of the Wilderness from which they departed, when they enter'd the Sea?*

A. They went into the Sea by Migdol, and came out again on the other Side in the Wilderness of Shur. According to *Theravenot*, it is not above eight or nine Miles over in any Place whereabout they went over: They could not come out again on the same Side they went in, because the Tide was turn'd upon the *Ægyptians*, which were behind, which also made that Part of the Sea which they had past, as it was before; for according to the Text, and the Sea returned to his strength; so that the Sea must have been divided twice for 'em to have come out of the same Side.

Q. *'Tis said in the History of Abraham — Three Men stood before him, and he seeing them, fell down and said, — My Lord, — The Meaning of it?*

A. Some have hence endeavour'd to prove the Trinity — but we have clearer Places, and don't need it. What we esteem more probable, is — that

one of these three Men, or Angels which appeared in the Form of Men, was Christ himself, the second Person in the ever blessed Trinity, who is called the *Angel of the Covenant*, and the *Angel* which delivered Jacob from all Evil. This *Abraham* knew, and accordingly adored him, not the others, which would have been Idolatry.

Q. *Whether it be a Sin to deceive the Deceiver.*

A. Yes: For although Circumstances may make an Action more or less sinful, yet they change not the Nature of Sin; for Deceit is Deceit, though used to a Deceiver. The Command is positive, *Let no Man defraud or circumvent his Brother*, &c. There is no Limitation or Exception made, *unless be be a Deceiver*.

P O E M S.

Anacreon Ode 4th attempted in a loose Paraphrase.

By SCHEMEWELLPENINK.

Beneath the rural Bow'r reclin'd,
Relax for Ease my thoughtless Mind,
Whole lulling Shade inspires Delight,
Or does the blissful Dream invite.
I'll give my gay, poetick Soul,
To the gay poetick Bowl.
Soft, am'rous Joys shall wear the Crown,
All Sorrow, and dull Care shall drown;
Love with his Robe succinct shall stand
At Elbow, waiting my Command.
Hail! Gift, where bright ning Pleasures flow,

That bids the Soul divinely glow;
Reclin'd supine, the Time shall move,
And all be Musick, Wine, and Love!
For as the Chariot-Wheel rolls on,
So in a swift Career does run,
The restless Wheel of rapid Life,
Thro' rugged Ways of Cares, and Strife;
When slopt, Youth and his Joys shall fade
For ever, in Death's joyless Shade.

Say

Say then the Use profuse to pour
The breathing Balm, and rosy Show'r ?
In vain the injur'd Rose you shed
On us, insensible, when dead.
Sure 'tis, my Friend, this precious Cost, }
This pious Love, the Care is lost
On us, unconscious, turn'd to Dust. }
Now your Friendship useful shew,
Now bid th' ambrosial Blessings flow,
Now let me taste 'em, while I may,
For they, and I too soon decay :
And, Boy, now summon quickly here }
The gentle, kind, consenting Fair,
Sweetly to smile away my Care :
Bid her, loose-rob'd, to haste, and say,
" To Musick, Wine, and Love I mark
the Day ".

Great *Cupid*, grant, before I go
To join the tuneful Choir below,
Where on *Elysium's* blissful Plains,
The Muse for ever happy reigns,
My short-liv'd Blessings now to prove,
To drown my Cares in Musick, Wine,
and Love,
And may my Life's frail Wheel in such
a Circle prove.

Anacreon *Ode 5th attempted.*

By SCHEMEWELLPENINK.

The R O S E.

Roses, *Cupid's* fav'rite Flow'r,
Mix we with the rosy Show'r,
Blushing, like the rosy Morn,
Fit our rosy Brows t' adorn.
Then be we innocently gay,
And Off'rings to our Genius pay :
Drown in full Bowls the Cares of Life,
Full of Noise, and full of Strife.
Thou fairest among Flow'rs fair !
Of Spring the Joy ! of Love the Care !
Thou crown'st th' blissful Pow'rs above,
Thou crown'st th' blissful Bowl of *Jove*,
Love's blissful Queen's sweet, flaming
Boy,
Her boundless Empire's softest Joy,
His Temples, beaming heav'nly bright,
With thee adorns, thee his Delight.

When with the Nymphs he moves, to
lead

The Dance, 'neath the sequester'd Shade,
Embow'ring-pendent, where they bound
Thro' many a mazy, mystick Round.
Then crown me, and I'll wake the String,
Whence mellow Harmony shall spring ;
And by thine awful, liquid Shrine,
Thou laughing Pow'r of rosy Wine,
Crown'd with a flow'ry Diadem,
(In which the Rose the brightest Gem)
I'll with soft-bosom'd Virgins move
In the mystick Dance of Love ;
Bosoms of a fair Expanse,
Where all the Loves, and Graces dance.

Ode 24th attempted.

By SCHEMEWELLPENINK.

Wine, Love, and Beauty.

SINCE Mortal I am born, and I,
(When run my Race) must surely die ;
What Ways I've past as yet I know,
But who my future Roads can shew ?
Away with all the anxious Strife,
And Troubles then of busy Life,
I'll grasp each Inch of Life's short Span,
E'er grim Death comes to close the Scene.
By Day Wine shall be my Delight,
And Love and Beauty crown the Night.

Ode 26th attempted.

By SCHEMEWELLPENINK.

W I N E.

ALL the busy Cares of Life,
When drunk, no more maintain
the Strife ;
Then I laugh, I dance, and sing,
Richer than the richest King.
I rave as tho' 'twill ne'er be Day ;
My Song, " O ev'ry Month is May " }
Reclin'd, I'd spurn the World away. }
Fir'd with the God in ev'ry Vein,
What Care I for Ambition then,
Or ill-got Gains of guilty Men ? }
Who

Who there attends ? — Here, Boy, the
Bowl
Replenish, to dilate my Soul ;
Death soon will come, and some One
said,
" 'Tis better to be drunk, than dead "

On T O U T H.

How vain is Youth ! how ripe to be
undone,
When Rich betimes, and made a Man
too soon :
Him, or his Folly, or his Pride com-
mend,
You make him both your Servant and
your Friend :
But if with Counsel you the Wretch
shall aid,
He tells you to advise is to upbraid ;
That Good your Admonitions are, 'tis
true,
But still no more than what before he
knew ;
Prays you to hold your Tongue, he
scorns to learn of you.

Epitaph on a Miser.

BENEATH this verdant Hillock lies
Demure, the Wealthy and the Wife :
His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his Carcase in a Chest ;
The very Chest, in which, they say,
His other Self — his Money lay :
And if his Heirs continue kind,
To that dear Self he left behind,
I do believe that Four in Five,
Will think his better half alive.

To another Friend under Affliction.

SINCE the first Man by Disobedience
fell,
An easy Conquest to the Pow'rs of Hell,
There's none in ev'ry Stage of Life can be
From the Insults of bold Affliction free.
If a short Respite gives us some Relief,
And interrupts the Series of our Grief,

So quick the Pangs of Misery return,
We Joy by Minutes, but by Years we
Mourn.

Reason refin'd and to Perfection
brought
By wise Philosophy, and serious Thought,
Supports the Soul beneath the pond'rous
Weight
Of angry Stars, and unpropitious Fate :
Then is the Time she should exert her
Pow'r,
And make us practice what she taught
before.

For why are such voluminous Authors
read,
The learned Labours of the famous Dead,
But to prepare the Mind for its Defence,
By sage Results, and well digested Sense ?
That when the Storm of Misery appears,
With all its real, or fantastick Fears,
We either may the rolling Danger fly,
Or stem the Tide before it swells too
high.

But tho' the Theory of Wisdom's
known
With Ease, what should, and what should
not be done ;
Yet all the Labour in the Practice lies,
To be in more than Words, and Notion,
wise.

The sacred Truth of sound Philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn Anguish seizes on the
Soul,
Right Reason would its haughty Rage
controul ;
But if it may not be suffer'd, to endure,
The Pain is just, when we reject the
Cure.

For many Men, close Observation finds,
Of copious Learning, and exalted Minds ;
Who tremble at the Sight of daring
Woes,

And stoop ignobly to the vilest Foes ;
As if they understood not how to be
Or wise, or brave, but in Felicity ;
And by some Action, servile, or un-
just,
Lay all their former Glories in the Dust.

For Wisdom first the wretched Mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his Enemies :
So that when most his Prudence should be shown
The most imprudent giddy Things are done .
For when the Mind's surrounded with Distress,
Fear, or Inconstancy, the Judgment press,
And render it incapable to make
Wise Resolutions, or good Counsels take.
Yet there's a Steadiness of Soul, and Thought,
By Reason bred, and by Religion taught,
Which like a Rock amidst the stormy Waves
Unmov'd remains, and all Affliction braves.

In sharp Misfortunes some will search too deep
What Heav'n prohibits, and would secret keep :
But those Events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, serve only to increase our Woe.
Knowledge forbid, ('tis dang'rous to pursue)
With Guilt begins, and ends with Ruin too.
For had our earliest Parents been content
Not to know more, than to be innocent,
Their Ignorance of Evil had preserv'd
Their Joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their Desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E'er since by Folly most to Wisdom rise,
And few are, but by sad Experience, Wise.

Consider, Friend ! who all your Blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have ;
And do not murmur, when you are bereft
Of little, if you have Abundance left.

Consider too, how many Thousands are
Under the worst of Miseries, Despair :
And don't repine at what you now endure,
Custom will give you Ease, or Time will cure.
Once more consider, that the present Ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still.
And be not anxious ; for to undergo
One Grief, is nothing to a num'rous Woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to Misery,
Bear it, my Friend, as bravely as you can ;
You are not more, and be not less than Man !

Afflictions past, can no Existence find,
But in the wild Ideas of the Mind :
And why should we for those Misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return ?
Those that have weather'd a tempestuous Night,
And find a Calm approaching with the Light,
Will not, unless their Reason they disown,
Still make those Dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the Curtain, none can see,
It may be Joy, suppose it Misery :
'Tis future still, and that which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear,
Therefore the present Ill, alone we ought
To view in Reason, with a troubled Thought :
But, if we may the sacred Pages trust,
He's always Happy, that is always Just.

THE

FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS Strephon in a wither'd Cypress Shade,
For anxious Thought, and sighing Lovers made,
Revolving lay upon his wretched State;
And the hard Usage of too partial Fate;
Thus

Thus the sad Youth complain'd. Once happy Swain,
Now the most abject Shepherd of the Plain :
Where's that harmonious Consort of Delights,
Those peaceful Days, and pleasurable Nights,
That generous Mirth, and noble Jollity
Which gayly made the Dancing Minutes flee ?
Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled Breast ;
Nor leave me one short Interval of Rest.

Why do I prosecute a hopeless Flame,
And play in Torments, such a losing Game ?
All Things conspire to make my Ruin sure ;
When Wounds are Mortal they admit no Cure.
But Heav'n sometimes does a miraculous Thing,
When our last Hope is just upon the Wing,
And in a Moment drives those Clouds away,
Whose sullen Darkne's hid a glorious Day.

Why was I born, or why do I survive,
To be made wretched only, kept alive ?
Fate is too cruel in the harsh Decree,
That I must live, yet live in Misery.
Are all its pleasing happy Moments gone,
Must Strephon be unfortunate alone ?
On other Swains it lavishly bestows ;
On them each Nymph neglected Favour throws ;
They meet compliance still in ev'ry Face
And lodge their Passions in a kind Embrace :
Obtaining from the soft incurious Maid
True Love for Counterfeit, and Gold for Lead.
Success on Mævius always does attend ;
Inconstant Fortune is his constant Friend :
He levels blindly, yet the Mark does hit,
And owes the Victory to Chance, not Wit ;
But let him conquer, e'er one Blow be struck :
I'd not be Mævius to have Mævius' Luck.

Proud of my Fate, I would not change my Chains
For all the Trophies purring Mævius gains.
But rather still live Delia's Slave, than be
Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.
But he is happy, loves the common Road,
And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his Load :
If Phillis peevish, or unkind does prove,
It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic Love.
A little Joy his languid Flame contents,
And makes him easy under all Events.
But when a Passion's noble and sublime,
And higher still would every Moment climb ;
If 'tis accepted with a just Return,
The Fire's immortal, will for ever burn ;
And with such Raptures fills the Lover's Breast,
That Saints in Paradise are scarce more blest.

But I lament my Miseries in vain,
For Delia hears me pitiless, complain.
Suppose she pities, and believes me true
What Satisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unless her Pity makes her love me too ?
Perhaps she loves ('tis but perhaps, I fear,
For that's a Blessing can't be bought too dear.)
If she has Scruples that oppose her Will
I must alas ! be miserable still :
Tho' if she loves, those Scruples soon will fly
Before the Reasonings of the Deity.
For where Love enters, he will rule alone,
And suffer no Copartner in his Throne :
And those false arguments, that would rebel
His high Injunctions teach us to rebel.

What Method can poor Strephon then propound,
To cure the Bleeding of his fatal Wound ;
If she, who guided the venacious Dart,
Resolves to cherish and increase the Smart ?

Go, Touth, from these unhappy Plains
remove,
Leave the Pursuit of unsuccessful Love;
Go, and to foreign Swains thy Griefs
relate;
Tell them the Cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell 'em the noble Charms of Delia's
Mind,
Tell 'em how fair, but tell them how
unkind.
And when few Tears thou hast in Sor-
row spent,
(For sure they cannot be of large Ex-
tent)
In Pray'rs for her thou lov'st, resign thy
Breath,
And blest the Minute gives thee Ease,
and Death.

Here pau'd the Swain—When Delia
driving by
Her bleating Flocks to some fresh Pasture
nigh,
By Love directed, did her Steps convey
Where Strephon, wrapt in silent Sorrow,
lay.
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous
Maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trem-
bling, said.

When humble Suppliants would the
Gods appease,
And in severe Afflictions beg for Ease;
With constant Impertunity they sue,
And their Petitions ev'ry Day renew;
Grow still more earnest as they are de-
ny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd Expedient leave
untry'd,
Till Heav'n, those Blessings, they en-
joy'd before,
Not only does return; but gives them
more.

O, do not blame me, Delia! if I
press
So much, and with Impatience for Re-
dress.
My pond'rous Griefs no Ease my Soul
allow,
For they are next t' intolerable now;

How shall I then support 'em, when they
grow
To an Excess, to a distracting Woe?
Since you're endow'd with a Celestial
Mind,
Relieve like Heav'n, and like the Gods
be kind.
Did you perceive the Torments I endure,
Which you first caus'd, and you alone
can cure,
They would your Virgin Soul to Pity move;
And Pity may at last be chang'd to Love.
Some Swains, I own, impose upon the
Fair,
And lead th' incautious Mind into a
Snare:
But let them suffer for their Perjury,
And do not punish others Crimes in me.
If there's so many of our Sex untrue;
Yours should more kindly use the faith-
ful few;
Tho' Innocence too oft incurs the Fate
Of Guilt, and clears itself sometimes
too late.

Your Nature is to Tenderness inclin'd;
And why to me, to me alone unkind?
A common Love, by other Persons shown,
Meets with a full Return, but mine
has none:
Nay, scarce believ'd; tho' from Deceit
as free,
As Angels Flames, can for Archangels be.
A Passion feign'd at no Repulse is griev'd,
And values little if it be't receiv'd;
But Love sincere resents the smallest
Scorn,
And the Unkindness does in secret mourn.

Sometimes I please myself, and think
you are,
Too good to make me wretched by Despair:
That Tenderness, which in your Soul is
plac'd,
Will move you to Compassion sure at last.
But when I come to take a serious View
Of my own Merits, I despond of you:
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia see,
To raise in her the least Esteem for me?
I've nought that can encourage my Ad-
dress,
My Fortune's little; and my Worth is less.

But if a Love of the sublimest Kind
Can make Impression on a generous Mind:
If all has real Value, that's Divine,
There cannot be a nobler Flame than
mine.

Perhaps you pity me: I know you must,
And my Affection can no more distrust:
But what, alas! will helpless pity do?
You pity, but you may despise me too.
Still I am wretched if no more you give;
The starving Orphan can't on pity live;
He must receive the Food for which he
cries,
Or he consumes; and tho' much pity'd,
dies.

My Torments still do with my Passion
groth,
The more I Love, the more I undergo.
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the Pressures of so vast a Pain.
My Wound requires some speedy Remedy;
Delays are fatal when Despair's so nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I
can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so
well.
When will the End of all my Sorrows be?
Can you not love, I'm sure, you pity me?
But if I must new Miseries sustain,
And be condemn'd to more, and stronger
Pain;
I'll not accuse you, since my Fate is such,
I please too little, and I love too much.

Strephon no more, the blushing Delia
said,
Excuse the Conduct of a tim'rous Maid:
Now I'm convinc'd your Love's sublime
and true,
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
Each kind Expression, ev'ry tender Thought
A mighty Transport in my Bosom wrought:
And tho' in secret I your Flame approv'd,
I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own
I lov'd;
Tho' now—O Strephon! be so kind to
guess,
What Shame will not allow me to
confess.

The Touth, encompass'd with a Joy so
bright,
Had hardly strength to bear the vast De-
light.
By too sublime an Ecstasy possess'd,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to
his Breast;
Ador'd the Nymph that did his Pain re-
move,
Vow'd endless Truth, and everlasting
Love.

ON CÆLIA

OF all the Nymphs that trod the
flow'ry Green,
Than Cælia there was none more charm-
ing seen:
With Joy each Touth beheld her lovely
Face,
With ev'ry Charm adorn'd, with ev'ry
Grace;
Her Eyes an universal Empire bore,
And none ere saw 'em, but soon felt
their Pow'r.

Among the num'rous Crowd of sigh-
ing Swains
My Fate had destin'd me to wear her
Chains:
Long I ador'd her, and had often strove
To make the Fair one grant me Love for
Love.
Long she deny'd me; but at length she
own'd
Her Gen'rous Flame, and all my Wishes
crown'd.
Gods! with what Rapture was my
Soul possess'd,
When the dear Charmer lay upon my
Breast,
And the soft God, and all his Pow'r,
confest!
Eternal Constancy I swore, and she
With frequent Vows return'd the like to
me.
Hear me, ye Gods! she cry'd, by you I
swear,
Who Lovers Oaths in Heav'n register;

May all my Wishes ne'er successful prove,
If I any other Youth except my Damon
love.

Prints themselves to me shou'd sue in
vain,

For I'd before 'em all prefer my faithful
Swain.

With pleasing Joy I heard the charm-
ing Maid,

Transported with the tender things she
said;

She look'd more bright, a thousand
Graces rise,

Dance in her Face, and revel in her Eyes:
I saw soft Sighs heave up her panting
Breast,

I saw and felt what cannot be express'd:
Trembling with Transport in my Arms
she lay,

While I did ev'ry lovely Charm survey.

Her former Coldness now was laid aside,
And I a thousand Liberties enjoy'd,
Which only with a few faint struggles
she deny'd.

This Dalliance quickly rais'd unruly
Fires,

Raging and boundless were my mad
Desires;

I press'd, and in one happy Minute gain'd
The Prize, which sacred had till now
remain'd.

I now pass'd ev'ry Day in full Delight,
But much more happy did I spend the
Night:

'Twas then I revel'd in the Joys of
Love,

And surfeited on Bliss, as great as that
above.

To his Friend inclin'd to Marry.

I Would not have you, Strephon, chuse
a Mate

From too exalted, or to mean a State:
For in both these, we may expect to
find

A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.

Who moves within the middle Region,
shares

The least Disquiets, and the smallest
Cares.

Let her Extraction with true Lustre shine,
If something brighter, not too bright for
thine.

Her Education liberal, not great,
Neither inferior, nor above her State.

Let her have Wit, but let that Wit be
free

From Affectation, Pride, and Pedantry:
For the Effect of Woman's Wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.

But chiefly let her Humour close with
thine,

Unless where yours does to a Fault in-
cline:

The least Disparity in this destroys,
Like sulph'rous Blasts, the very Buds of
Joys.

Her Person amiable, straight, and free
From natural, or chance Deformity.

Let not her Years exceed, if equal thine,
For Women past their Vigour soon de-
cline:

Her Fortune competent; and if thy
Sight

Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd
right.

If thine's enough, then her's may be the
less:

Do not aspire to Riches in Excess.
For that which makes our Lives delight-
ful prove,

Is a genteel Sufficiency, and Love.

The bad Bargain on both Sides.

A T A L E.

TWO Welchmen Partners in a Cow,
Resolv'd to sell her dear,
And laid their Heads together how
To do't at Ludlow Fair.

It was a sultry Summer's Day,
When out they drew the Beast,
And having got about half way,
They sat them down to rest.

The Cow, a Creature of no Breeding,
(The Place with Grass being stor'd)
Fed by; and while she was a feeding,
Let fall a mighty T—.

Roger, quoth Hugh, I tell thee what,
Two Words and I have done;
If thou wilt fairly eat up that,
The Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth Roger, 'tis agreed;
And to't he went apace;
He seem'd so eager set, 'tis said,
That he forgot his Grace.

He labour'd with his wooden Spoon,
And up he slopt his Stuff;
Till, by the time that half was done,
He felt he had enough.

He felt, but scorning to look back,
Would look as if he wanted more;
And seem'd to make a fresh Attack,
With as much Vigour as before.

But stopping short awhile, he cry'd,
How far 'st thou Neighbour Hugh?
I hope by this you're satisfy'd;
Who's Master of the Cow.

Ay, ay, quoth Hugh (the Devil choke
thee,
For nothing else can do't)
I'm satisfy'd that thou hast broke me,
Unless thou wilt give out.

Give out, quoth Roger, that were fine,
Why what have I been doing?
But yet I tell thee Friend of mine,
I shall not seek thy Ruin.

My Heart now turns against such Gains,
I know thou'rt piteous Poor;
Eat thou the Half that still remains,
And 'tis as 'twas before.

God's Blessing on your Heart, quoth Hugh,
That Proffer none can gain-say;

With that he readily fell too,
And eat his Share o'th' Tanzy.

Well now, quoth Hodge, we're e'en, no
doubt,
And neither Side much winner,
So had we been, quoth Hugh, without
This damn'd confounded Dinner.

An Epitaph on Thomas Kitchen.

IF Kitchen was his Name,
As I have found,
Then Death now keeps
His Kitchen under Ground;
And hungry Worms
That late of Flesh did eat,
Their Kitchen now devour
Instead of Meat:
This was his Lot;
And, Reader, this must be
In a short Time,
The End of thee and me.

ON DEATH.

By Mr. MASON.

Methinks the Hour is come,
The Hour that goes before my
Doom;
My Doom that ever shall abide.
Methinks my Pulse is low,
And my Breath quick hasting to go,
And my poor Friends stand grieving by
my side.

Methinks my Heart is weak:
Surcharg'd with Pain: ready to break;
Methinks my Eyes are fix'd in my Head,
Looking, but knowing none,
And scarce my self by Standers by are
known:
My Hands and Feet are stark, and o-
ther Parts are dead,

Me-

Methinks Death's Door is open
And in I must, there is no Hope,
Pain would they stay me, but I give a
Groan,

I give my Farewel-sigh,
And like a Clod of Earth I lie,
At which, again they cry, He's gone,
he's gone.

Methinks I am cold Clay,
Which in the dark deep Earth they
lay,

Where I obscurely melt, and am not
seen,
Till one dig up the Stones,
And ask, whose Skull is this, whose
are these Bones?
And now I am, as if I ne'er had been.

These Stories pierce my Heart,
Like a black Sentence, like a Dart.
Canst bear it? Yes, I hear my Lord
was dead;

And in a Rock was lain;
Whose Death makes mine both Life
and Gain,
Whose Grave turns mine into a Rose-
Bed.

My Soul his Purchase is
And for my Body he gave his;
Nor will he lose the things for which he
bled,

He'll take my living Soul,
And be a Guardian to my Dust and
Mould:
In his dear Bosom, I lay down my
Head.

On two young Ladies respected by Damon
at one Time.

A Swain untaught in Arts of Love,
Whom Love could ne'er subdue,
Obsequious bows, but never dies,
Oft pleasing views with wishing Eyes,
Mira and Chloe too.

The soothing Virgin, at whose Feet
The Youth first lowly fell,
With courting Eyes and smooth Deceit,
His ev'ry Offer seem'd to greet,
And listen to his Tale.

But Chloe she, a wanton Fair,
Whose Beauties well prevail'd;
With wav'ring Mind oft Love deny'd,
And if her secret Heart comply'd,
Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now trust me, Fair One, would you
with

The Swain might cease to rove,
Of stedd' Temper always be,
From foolish Affectation free,
And each with Caution love,

Let Chloe leave affecting Pride,
Mira from Fraud repair;
His Heart (believe) howe'er it burns,
To one of you at Length returns,
And seeks its Bosom there.

The Punishment.

Damon, a Young deceitful Swain,
Pretends to ev'ry Fair;
Tells all he meets, he dies with Pain
Unless they hear his Pray'r.

He Vows and Swears he long has born
Their Beauties mighty Pow'r,
Implores they'd not destroy with Scorn,
But kindly yield a Cure.

Each lovely Nymph, as kind as fair,
Believes the perjur'd Youth;
Tells him he need not long Despair
If what he says is Truth.

With feigned Transport then possess
He calls the Gods to take
Revenge, and all his Days molest,
If e'er his Oath he break.

Thus

To PHILLIS.

Phillis, forbear to use your Cruelty,
Nor turn your bright disdainful Eyes
from me.

No more the Signs of Indignation show,
Nor dart revengeful Ruin from your
Brow:

No more let Frowns on that lov'd Face
be worn;
Let tempting Smiles, each dazzling Grace
adorn:

No more be deaf to all my humble
Pray'rs,
Laugh at my solemn Oaths, nor slight my
Tears.

I'll, in return, your endless Praise re-
hearse,
And make your Name immortal in my
Verse:

Your Charms the stoutest Hero shall sub-
due,

And ev'ry Beauty veil her Crest to you.
Where'er your tender Feet you hap to
tread,

The Hyacinth shall raise its fragrant
Head,

The Jonquil, V'ilet, and the Rose shall
grow,

And cast Ambrosian Odours, where you
go.

The warbling Nightingale's melodious
Strains

Disperse your Praise thro' Valleys, Woods
and Plains.

Birds, Beasts and Fishes shall with Won-
der gaze,

And pay Submission to your charming
Face:

Each am'rous Swain shall thy lov'd
Charms relate,

Each neighb'ring Hill no other Name
repeat.

Thus Constancy to all he swore,
But constant proves to none;
Told each he saw, he'd her adore,
And she should rule alone.

The Nymphs thus wrong'd, to Love
complain,

Beg he wou'd take their part,
And wound the false, the faithless Swain,
With his severest Dart.

Cupid in Anger draws his Bow;
Makes Damon feel its Pow'r,
Condemns him now to undergo
The Pain he seign'd before.

Tormented thus, each Fair he sues
To heal his raging Pain;
But now each Fair his Crimes accuse;
From all he meets Disdain.

He prays, they don't his Prayers regard;
They fly, still he pursues,
Dies with Despair, a just Reward
For all his broken Vows.

In Uxorem optatam.

A Batchelor would have a Wife that's
wife,

Fair, rich and young, a Maiden for
his Bed,

Nor proud, nor churlish, but of faultless
Size,

A Country House-wife in the City
bred.

But he's a Fool, and long in vain hath
staid;

He shou'd bespeak her; there's none
ready made.

SONGS

SONGS.

SONG I.

Come let us prepare.

COME, let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Met together on merry Occasion;
Let us drink, laugh, and sing,
Our Wine has a Spring,
Here's a Health to an accepted Mason.

The World is in pain,
Our Secret to gain,
But still let them wonder and gaze on:
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or Sign of an accepted Mason.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what;
Why so many great Men in the Nation,
Should Aprons put on,
To make themselves one,
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great Kings, Duke, and Lords,
Have laid by their Swords,
This our Mystery to put a good grace
on;

And ne'er been ashamed,
To hear themselves nam'd,
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Antiquity's Pride,
We have on our side,
It makes each Man just in his Station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be understood,
By a free and an accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
We're just to the Fair,
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No Mortal can more,
The Ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted Mason.

Then join Hand in Hand,
To each other fast Stand,

Let's be merry, and put a bright Face
on:
What Mortal can boast,
So noble a Toast,
As a free and an accepted Mason.

SONG II.

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze.

AIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
All charm! she play'd, she danc'd,
she sung!

There was no way to 'scape the Dart,
No care could guard the Lover's Heart!
Ah why! cry'd I, and dropt a Tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing here,
To have her to my self alone)
Was so much Sweetness made for one!

But growing bolder in her Ear,
I in soft numbers told my Care;
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal Heat.
Like Heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could be but known by guests:
Ah, fool! said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!

But long I had not been in view,
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew,
E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into another's Arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me;
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

SONG III.

Come, be free, my lovely Lasses.

COME, be free, my lovely Lasses,
Banish dull restraining Pride;
Now we're o'er our generous Glasses,
Let the Mask be thrown aside.
With our Wine sweet Kisses blending,
You its Virtues shall improve;
Wine our warm desires befriending,
Shall increase the Power of Love.

Squeamish

Squeamish Prudes may take occasion,
Whilst they burn with inward Fire,
To condemn a generous Passion,
Which they never could inspire:
But how curs'd is their Condition,
Whilst in us they Freedom blame;
Every Night pant for Fruition,
Yet find none to meet their Flame.

SONG IV.

Two Pierrots.

WHEN Beauty does the Maiden
grace,

Tho' she be ne'er so mean,
Perhaps her kind attractive Face,
May raise her to a Queen,
Let the Sparks do all they can,
Still the Fair,
By her Care,
May their Hearts trapan:
She that knows
All her Charms,
When the Beaux
Come in swarms,
Tips but the Wink, and wins her
Man.

SONG V.

Bacchus one Day gaily friding.

LOVE is like the raging Ocean,
When the swelling Surges rise,
Winds which guide it's troubled Motion,
Woman's Temper well supplies.
Man's the easy Bark, and playing,
On the Surface of the Sea:
To the worst of Ills betraying,
Cupid must the Pilot be.

SONG VI.

Was ever Nymph like Rosamond,

WAS ever Nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,

Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace;
I'm all Desire,
My Heart's on Fire,
And Leaps and Springs to her Embrace.
Da Cap.

SONG VII.

Bacchus one Day gaily friding.

NOT this blooming April Season
Can relieve my aching Heart:
Spight of all the force of Reason,
Still I act a Frantick part:
As the Canker eats the Roses,
And the springing green Destroyers,
So Despair my rest opposes,
And consumes my rising Joys.

Every Valley, Field, and Mountain,
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove,
Warbling Bird and sparkling Fountain,
Minds me of my luckless Love:
When the Cowslip I discover,
Springing o'er the Primrose fair,
Thee (I sigh) my gentle Lover!
Would have cropp'd to deck my Hair.
If I sadly sit reflecting,
By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree;
All my Sorrows recollecting,
Love, I cry, resembles thee:
He all Flowery can appear,
To conceal his poison'd Dart,
But the wretch that trusts him near,
Grasps a Thorn and wounds the
Heart.

SONG VIII.

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze.

THE Feather'd Songster of the
Skies,
Free from the Fowler's fraudulent
Snare,
From Grove to Grove exulting Flies
And wantons in the waste of Air.
But if the Net her Flight restrains,
She vainly Flutters to and fro;
Of sad Captivity complains,
In Accents of melodious Woe.

SONG

SONG IX.

My Goddess Celia heav'nly fair.

WHEN Sylvia Strikes the trembling
Strings;

She Charms with melody Divine;
But if a melting Air she sings,
In Concert all the Muses join.

The youthful, wanton little Loves,
Around the beauteous Charmer fly;
And ev'ry way the Virgin moves,
She makes us Love, and bids us die.

The Graces press about the fair,
Where youth and blooming Glories
Reign;
And, while her Voice employs the Ear,
Her Eyes provoke an am'rous pain.

How shall I mitigate my woes?
O! where enjoy the wish'd Redress?
A Stranger to all soft Repose,
Where Charms and Musick both op-
press.

With her in Symphony we go;
We Soar, when Shrill the Pipes high;
And to soft Cadence sinking low,
Intent the Faculties apply.

Italian Songs are wont to please,
Tho' senseless Words join Harmony:
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both Sense and Musick meet in thee.

SONG X.

If Love's a sweet Passion.

I'll languish no more,
At the Glance of your Eye;
Can view you all'd'er,
And ne'er fetch a deep sigh.
No more shall your Voice,
Siren like, charm my Heart,
In vain you may sigh,
Use in vain all your Art.
No, Madam, I'm free;
When I'm recreant again,
Let me unpity feel
Again my old Pain.

I'll Libertine turn,
Use all things in common;
No more than one Dish,
Be bound to one Woman;
Yet I'll still Love the Sex,
But my Bottle before 'em;
I'll use 'em sometimes,
But Ill never adore 'em.
Go, Madam, be wise:
When a Woodcock's i'th' Noose,
Besure hold him fast,
Lest like me he gets loose.

THE SONG VI.