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T H E
T H I M B L E,

A N
H E R O I - C O M I C A L P O E M,
In Four C A N T O S.

Dedicated to Miss ANNA-MARIA WOODFORD.

By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.

W. Mashin's of Tombeats Col. Gen.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HORACE.

L O N D O N :

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7



T O

Mifs ANNA MARIA WOODFORD.

M A D A M,

AS the Subject of the following Poem naturally led me to inscribe it to one of your Sex, I found myself in a Manner obliged to dedicate it to You, even without your Knowledge and Permission ; and though I have not the Happiness to be personally acquainted with you, I could not but hope, that the Justness of the present Address would be a sufficient Apology for the Presumption of it. But though I may have the Misfortune to incur your Displeasure, by offending your Humility, I shall even, under the Sense of your Disapprobation, have the Satisfaction to reflect, that I have been guilty of a very artful Piece of Impertinence, since by inserting your Name before my Performance, I have taken the most effectual Method to recommend it to the Publick.

A 2

Your

iv *D E D I C A T I O N.*

Your Example, Madam, is a Reproach to the present indolent Generation; your Glory is not established upon those personal Advantages, which you possess in so eminent a Manner; these, great as they are, your good Sense assures you, are at the best but the Subjects of present Admiration, and can never be the Basis of a lasting Fame.

Your Handy-work, Madam, which has very justly a Place among the choicest Curiosities of that famous University, of which I have the Honour and Happiness to be an inconsiderable Member, has render'd your Name immortal; and your nice Management of the Needle, that little, but important Implement of Oeconomy, has entitl'd you to the Reputation of the compleatest Housewife in *Europe*; a Character, to which all Virgins and Wives should aspire.

You have taught us to acknowledge, that the most minute Utensil of Art may, by an ingenious Application of it, be made subservient, in the highest Degree, to the Honour of the Artist: A Pin, or a Needle, in your Hands, are

D E D I C A T I O N. v

are Instruments as effectual for that Purpose, as the Poet's Pen, or the Hero's Sword.

I am at present, Madam, in a very perplex'd Situation of Mind ; I have the Pleasure to consider, that I am now upon a Subject that must be agreeable to all my Readers, and at the same time I have the Mortification to recollect, that 'tis distasteful to yourself.

Though therefore all I could say in Commendation of your Merit, the World would think too little, yet, as what I have said you will think too much, I find myself under a Necessity of desiring your Pardon for this Liberty I have taken, and for another in the fourth Canto of this Poem, wherein I have presumed to put a short Prediction, relating to your amiable Character, into the Mouth of the Queen of Love. This I need not otherwise have intimated, since every one must at first Sight perceive, that this Prediction is properly applicable to none but yourself.

After what I have said, Madam, May I venture to hope you have some Patience in Reserve for the Poem? 'Twas design'd for your Amusement,

vi *D E D I C A T I O N.*

Amusement, and if that Design be answer'd, my Ambition is satisfied: and indeed to say Truth, I have so thorough a Confidence in your good Nature, that I am persuaded you will look with a favourable Eye upon the following Performance, though not in Justice, yet in Pity to,

Your unknown humble Servant,

The A U T H O R.

T H E

T H E

P R E F A C E.

I Have always consider'd a Preface as the Apology, which an Author makes for his Performance; in which he has an undoubted Liberty of saying as much as he pleases in Favour of himself: As I cannot therefore but be apprehensive of the Success of the following Piece, I must beg Leave to take this comfortable Privilege, as well as my Poetical Brethren. The principal Circumstance I have to urge in Behalf of this Poem, is, that it is the first Production of a young and unexperienced Author (excepting a few trifling Pieces in the Magazines) and I am so far from bidding Defiance to the Criticks, that I address myself to them in the modest and submissive Terms of, By your Leave, GENTLEMEN.

As to the Poem itself, I have endeavour'd in some particular Passages to imitate the Manner
of

of Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, upon a Presumption, that the following of so good a Pattern would be deem'd meritorious in so young a Writer as myself. I ought likewise to acknowledge, that I had in View the Episode of the Patten in Mr. Gay's Trivia. How far I have reach'd the Spirit required in this Kind of Poetry, must be left to the Reader, to whose Candour and Judgment I submit the following Poem.

THE

T H E
T H I M B L E.

C A N T O the F I R S T.

WH A T Art Divine the shining Thimble found,
To shield the Finger militant around,
Now first my Verse reveals: Ye Virgins, hear,
Attend, ye Matrons, and ye Belles, give Ear;
For you the Infant Muse essays to sing,
For you she flutters on her tender Wing;
To you the tributary Strains belong,
“ Then * take at once the Poet and the Song.”

When Woman's chief Concerns were Love and Play,
And trifling was the Business of the Day;
When few could find one useless Hour to spare,
To mend an Apron, or to say a Prayer;
Fannia, the fairest of the Female Train,
That shone at Court, or blest the rural Plain,
In the nice Toils of Industry was skill'd,
And knew with Art the Needle Spear to wield;

* *Pope's New Dunciad*, Line 8.

Whether she work'd the gayly-blooming Flower,
 Or drew in ductile Silk the verdant Bower;
 Here glow'd the spangled Firmament on high,
 And all the Glories of the azure Sky:
 Sometimes she copied from the Earth below,
 The spotted Lap-Dog, or the flaming Beau;
 Or form'd the Bird, or shap'd the slender Tree;
 A whole Creation in Epitome!

* Envy itself was Dumb, in Wonder lost,
 And Ladies strove which should applaud her most.

Each Morn she work'd, but work'd with nicest Care,
 To save her Finger from the fatal Scar:
 From ev'ry Blemish Virgins guard their Skin,
 Dread the least Wound, and tremble at a Pin!
 For yet no Armour cas'd the Flesh around,
 But the thick Glove, or seven-fold Paper bound.
 Unhappy *Fannia*, that wast wont to wield
 The pointed Spear, without the bossy Shield!
 Thrice happy *Fannia*, in the Gift bestow'd,
 The Thimble Shield, the Labour of a God!
 But now her Charms had swell'd the Trump of Fame,
 And spread to distant Tea-Tables her Name;

I M I T A T I O N S.

• Envy itself was dumb, in Wonder lost,
 And Factions strove which should applaud you most.

Mr. Addison's Campaign.

Each

Each cringing Fop around her Smiles implor'd,
 For, though no Saint, she lov'd to be ador'd:
 Each sigh'd, and wept, and vow'd, her Love to gain,
 But each had sigh'd, and wept, and vow'd, in vain;
 For *Fannia* triumph'd in her Beauty's Arts,
 And view'd with Scorn whole Hecatombs of Hearts!

But most respected was a well-bred Lord,
 And most respected, as he best ador'd:
 'Twas he could all the tender Virgin move,
 Smooth were his Words, for ev'ry Word was Love:
 Loaded with Lace, and deck'd in silken State,
 He strutted, insignificantly great!
 Affected Pomp, and Equipage, and Shew,
 And all the Nothings that compound a Beau!
 He danc'd, and fung, took Snuff, and crack'd a Fan,
 And at the best but border'd upon Man.
 Refulgent Flambeaux blaz'd his gay Approach,
 And wanton Cupids breath'd upon his Coach.
 To *Venus* he renew'd the Midnight Toil,
 Incense perfum'd, and grateful Steams of Oil:
 The Goddess listen'd to his ardent Prayer,
 And gave him Wit enough---to please the Fair:
 For oft (forgive it *Phæbus*) would the Fool
 Write a Love Song melodiously dull;
 Oft in high Strains his Fair one's Praise rehearse,
 And crowd all Nature's Beauties in his Verse:

Did *Fannia* smile? the Sun blaz'd forth to view;
 Did *Fannia* weep? 'twas Morning's pearly Dew:
 Whene'er she breathes, the fanning Zephyrs blow,
 And for her Breast the Alps sustain'd their Snow;
 Compar'd with her's, the finest Blooms did fail,
 The Lilly redden'd, and the Rose turn'd pale!

* O Vanity! thou gaudy tinsel Queen!

In Courts, in Cities, and in Country seen!
 Eternal Fopp'ries in thy Presence reign,
 And grinning Folly leads thy wanton Train;
 Eas'd of its Load, ev'n Dulness grows more Light,
 And Ignorance looks chearful in thy Sight;
 Thou mak'st th' unmeaning Face with Pride to glow,
 Giv'st Brightness to the Fool, and Beauty to the Beau!

Yet *Cynthio's* Arts were vain, though lik'd the best;
 All he could boast, was, he was slighted least:
 'Twas Rapture but to gain one balmy Kiss,
 And fondly flutter round the Brink of Bliss:
 Full of herself, his Wishes she denied,
 And sacrific'd her Pleasure to her Pride;
 Well pleas'd impartial Favours to bestow
 On her lov'd Lap-Dog, and her fav'rite Beau!

IMITATIONS.

* O Liberty, thou Goddess, &c.

Mr. Addison's Letter from Italy.

Thus

Thus blest'd with ev'ry Joy this Life can boast,
 The Ladies Envy, and the Coxcomb's Toast,
 What could the Fair one's Peace of Mind annoy?
 What could such solid Happiness destroy?

But Oh! no human Pleasures are sincere:
 Is there an Eye that never shed a Tear?
 Fate rules o'er all; at whose severe Decree,
 O'er the rich Gown flow Deluges of Tea;
 Fate hurls the Mighty down to deep Disgrace,
 And plows with lasting Scars the smoothest Face;
 O'er all Things mortal acts with lawless Will,
 And *Fannia* was, alas! but mortal still.

When now the Morn had chas'd dull Night away
 (O fatal Morn, and inauspicious Day!)
Fannia arose, and hail'd the grateful Light,
 Shock'd at the horrid Visions of the Night;
 Yet still strange Terrors all her Thoughts molest,
 And Apprehension labour'd in her Breast.
 Then, *Betty*, with dejected look, she cry'd
 (Three times on *Betty* call'd, and three times sigh'd)
 Some sad Mischance awaits me, e'er the Sun
 Once more his Course from East to West shall run;
 Fantastick Slumbers have disturb'd my Brain,
 And rack'd my Senses with a wakeful Pain;
 And mystick Dreams (as bearded Matrons shew)
 Are good Prognosticks, or the Types of Woe.

Sure

Sure at this Hour some baleful Planet reigns:
 Did'st thou not mark last Night the Coffee Grains?
 Methought the Taper's Flame was ting'd with Blue,
 And a strange Coal from out the Embers flew.
 Once as I wander'd in a lonely Grove,
 When first my Thoughts began to teem with Love;
 A wither'd Gipsy whisper'd in my Ear,
 " Misfortune shall befall thy twentieth Year;
 That fatal Period, that sad Year is come,
 And ev'ry Hour swells big with *Fannia's* Doom.
 Yet O! ye Powers, preserve me from Disgrace,
 Let me still keep my Virtue, --- and my Face!
 O! make my Bosom Proof to Love's Alarms,
 Protect my Youth, and shelter all my Charms.

C A N T O the S E C O N D.

NO sweetly flowing Tale I now rehearse,
 But Scratches, Wounds, and Bloodshed, stain the
 Verse:

Ye Vet'ran Band of Milliners give Ear,
 And ev'ry Sempstrefs drop a pitying Tear!
 O! listen to the melancholy Lay,
 While I recount the Horrors of the Day.

O! for his Numbers, that describ'd the Shield
 Of great *Pelides* issuing to the Field,
 Or clad in Arms terrific from afar,
 Or rushing dreadful thro' the Ranks of War!

Lo! the bright Virgin, in a luckless Hour,
 Prepares to finish the last Embryo Flower;
 Six Needles in tremendous Range appear,
 Each a dire Emblem of the Warrior's Spear!
 A while she view'd them all with careful Eyes,
 Then grasp'd a Jav'lin of enormous Size;
 Next, as impatient for the Toil she grew,
 Her shining Scissars from the Sheath she drew,
 Her Grandame's Gift (as antient Memoirs say)
 A just Reward for many a well-work'd Day!
 With active haste her nimble Fingers move,
 Curl the gay Vine and form the mimick Grove;

But

But as her Needle with resistless Force,
 Through doubl'd Plaits push'd on its rapid Course,
 The treach'rous Weapon broke, --- the headless Dart
 Her Finger gor'd, and pierc'd her ---- to the Heart;
 The purple Blood distain'd her Arm around,
 And half her Soul came rushing through the Wound:
 Then, as her Bosom glow'd with sudden Fire,
 She spurn'd her Lap Dog in her peevish Ire;
 Across the Room with furious Speed she flew,
 And Tables, Chairs, and Cabinets o'erthrew;
 Her hideous Cries the vocal Walls resound,
 * *Poll* chatter'd, scream'd the Kitten, shook the Ground,
 So when the † *Greek*, that with Immortals strove,
 Wounded in impious Rage the Queen of Love;
 To Heaven's high Roof the Goddess rais'd her Cries,
 And the harsh Shriek ran thrilling through the Skies.
 Here lay the Ruins of an ample Bowl,
 The Pride and Comfort of her Grandfire's Soul;
 This oft inspir'd the loudly-sounding Jest,
 And crown'd with Jollity the Nuptial Feast;
 Unhurt by Midnight Broils, uncrack'd by Age,
 It fell the Wreck of *Fannia's* heedless Rage.

I M I T A T I O N S.

• Air blacken'd, roar'd the Thunder, groan'd the Ground.

Dryden's Fables.

† *Diomed.* See the fifth Book of the *Iliad*, Line 335. &c.

At length, fatigu'd with Anger, she survey'd
 The fatal Massacre herself had made;
 Then as she sat all pensive and alone,
 In secret Grief she made her piteous Moan:
 So shuns a wounded Bird the feather'd Race,
 And mournful in some solitary Place,
 To Woods and Rocks he tunes the plaintive Lay,
 And Echos waft the gentle Sounds away.

And oh! she cried, Is this the dreadful Stroke,
 Which Omens threaten'd, and which Visions spoke?
 The Fates with Envy, sure, view Mortals good:
 Could nought suffice them but poor *Fannia's* Blood?
 Alas! I feel my sinking Spirits fail,
 My Bosom trembles, and my Cheeks turn pale!
 Where shall I fly? or how shall I appear,
 And breathe my Scandal 'midst the circled Fair?
 Old Maids will triumph with insulting Voice,
 And Damsels with elated Heart rejoice!
 A sad Recluse, no longer must I roam,
 But spin a tedious Length of Days at Home!
 Ev'n *Cynthia*, e'er it heals, will spread my Shame!
 Adieu to Love, to Conquest, and to Fame!
 Did I for this my blooming Beauties grace,
 And heighten all the Lustre of my Face?
 For this before my Glass the Hours beguile,
 And heave my Breast, and force the killing Smile?

Or bid my Cheeks with artful Blushes glow ?
 Or teach the wanton Tresses where to flow ?
 Could I not Tasks less dang'rous undertake ?
 Refine the Jelly, or compose the Cake ?
 Or mould the pliant Paste with nicest Art,
 And with high Ramparts fortify the Tart ?
 O blast that Day, ye Powers, with Plagues severe,
 When first my Fingers pois'd the pointed Spear ;
 Then may no Noise, no Shouts invade the Skies,
 But ravish'd Maids Complaints, and Widows cries ;
 Then be untun'd the Musick of the Spheres ;
 Then may no Fiddle glad the Dancers Ears ;
 Then be no Ballad sung with screaming Note,
 Nor Musick warbl'd in the Eunuch's Throat ;
 Then may the Sun withdraw his chearful Light,
 Nor glitt'ring Torches gild the Face of Night !
 This said, with Silk her bleeding Flesh she bound,
 While ev'ry Thought hung brooding o'er the Wound ;
 On *Poll* she cast a sad, desponding Look,
 And patted *Daphne* with a feeble Stroke.

But now bright Lamps began the Midnight Day,
 And blazing Flambeaux drove the Stars away ;
 The Fair expects her Beau with anxious Fears,
 When at his wonted Hour the Fop appears.
 With conscious Shame her Finger she withdrew,
 Nor durst expose the fatal Wound to view :

The gay-deck'd Lord observ'd, with deep Surprise,
 Her Cheeks disorder'd, and her big-swoln Eyes ;
 Then, sweet, and tuneful as the dying Swan,
 In soft, condoling Words he thus began :
 What fatal Loss, what sad, distracting Care,
 Disturbs the Bosom of my charming Fair ?
 Lies some near Friend upon his dying Bed ?
 Or has the Light'ning struck thy Monkey dead ?
 Has the fell Mercer just produc'd his Score,
 And having trusted long, will trust no more ?
 Or didst thou mark last Ev'ning at the Play,
 A richer Virgin, or a Nymph more gay ?
 Say, does my Fair for brighter Gems repine ?
 Each *India's* choicest Diamonds shall be thine :
 For thee the *East* its Treasures shall unfold,
 And Earth unbosom all her Hoards of Gold :
 O name thy Wants, and tell me thy Distress,
 Care shall remove, or Pity make it less.

This said (and sure his Lordship said enough)
 With Elegance he took a Pinch of Snuff.

Then thus the Fair : Words cannot speak my Grief,
 Nor all the Powers of Hartshorn bring Relief ;
 'Tis thou, and only thou, can't give me Aid,
 And skreen from sad Reproach a wretched Maid !
 If in each deep-fetch'd Sigh, each falling Tear,
 Each solemn Vow thy Heart has been sincere,

By faithful Silence this Affection prove,
 And let thy Secrecy attest thy Love:
 Ev'n *Fannia* fues this Favour to obtain,
 And *Fannia* fure, can never fue in vain.

She said, and fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground,
 And with a Blush disclos'd the reeking Wound.

Shock'd at the Sight of Blood, replied the Peer,
 'Tis done, and this was *Cynthia's* greatest Fear;
 Oft' have I seen thy bright Embroidery shine,
 Oft' have I curst the perilous Design:
 Thou, born to flourish in the Pride of State,
 Idly secure, and indolently great,
 Had'st nought to do with dang'rous Feats of Arms;
 Such Conflicts fuit not with a Virgin's Charms:
 Domestick Toils the servile Female Grace,
 But all thy Glory centers in a Face!
 How rash was She, that grasp'd the Needle first?
 Pernicious Weapon, Instrument accurst!
 'Twas * this, that once destroy'd a *British* Maid,
 Her Needle's Point to ling'ring Death betray'd;
 In those sad Vaults, where Horror spreads her Wings,
 Where rest the Bones of Poets, and of Kings,
 The hapless Fair in Marble Record stands,
 The Victim of her own industrious Hands!

* Alluding to the Monument in *Westminster Abbey*, of a Lady, whose Death is said to have been occasioned by the Prick of a Needle.

O call to Mind her Life, and Beauty lost,
 Dread all edge Tools, but dread the Needle most !
 Why down thy Cheek descends the pearly Rill ?
Fannia is wounded, but is *Fannia* still :
 The slight Disgrace with patient Heart endure,
 Nor *Cynthio* shall divulge, but wait the Cure :
 This Night I'll offer up a fervent Prayer,
 And deprecate the Horrors of the Scar ;
 Thy wounded Finger *Venus* shall restore,
 But trust to Steel, advent'rous Maid, no more.

So spoke the Peer to sooth the drooping Maid,
 And his vast Stores of Eloquence display'd :
 Lull'd by his melting Words her Terrors cease,
 And the soft Sounds restor'd her wonted Peace :
 At length the mighty Theme exhausts his Art,
 And empty'd all the Nonsense of his Heart.

But now the Tea removed, the Prattle o'er,
 And all the Scandal of the Day before,
 The Baron took his Leave, and left the Fair,
 And his gilt Chariot rattl'd o'er the Square.
Fannia at length in Slumbers clos'd her Eyes,
 And Men and Monkeys in Delusion rise.

C A N T O the T H I R D.

NOW all lay hush'd in solitary Night,
 And distant Stars diffus'd a solemn Light;
 The World appear'd a desert, silent Scene,
 And all around was dreadfully serene;
 Now ghastly stalk'd a melancholy Train,
 By Knife, by Halter, and by Poison slain;
 Whose woful Mem'ries *Grub-street* Bards prolong,
 In dismal Story, or in doleful Song:
 Nor School-boys Shout was heard, nor Carman's roar,
 Ev'n Winds were still, and Women spoke no more:
 The Sons of Men dissolv'd in Slumbers lay,
 And Slaves, and Kings forgot the Toils of Day.

But wakeful Cares disturb'd the Baron's Brain,
 And weary'd Nature call'd for rest in vain;
 Anxious to ease the sadly-wounded Fair,
 To *Venus* he address'd the Midnight Prayer:

Great *Paphian* Queen, bright Deity of Love,
 Whom all below confess, and all above,
 If e'er with Gifts thy Altars I have crown'd,
 Or deck'd with flowry Wreaths thy Shrine around;
 If I have taught my tender Soul to own
 No Powers but thee, and thy all-conqu'ring Son;

If by thy Aid I ken Love's secret Fire,
 Each budding Wish, and ev'ry fond Desire;
 Read in the Virgin's Eyes her inward Smart,
 And know each Symptom of a Love-sick Heart;
 Renew thy Favours oft bestow'd before,
 And hear me now, or never hear me more.
 Behold my *Fannia*, late a Virgin bright,
 As Love can fancy, or as Verse can write;
 Now see her sad, dejected, and forlorn,
 That once was chearful as the rising Morn;
 With all-consuming Grief she wastes away,
 Ev'n She, the Fair, the Witty, and the Gay;
 Pensive she moans her wounded Finger's Smart,
 And sinks from all her Loftiness of Heart.
 O Grant my Boon, and ease the Virgin's Pain,
 Ease it, to bless Mankind, and me again;
 With sovereign Balm the shameful Scar remove,
 And teach, O! teach her to relent to Love!
 So shall each Beau with Spleen and Envy see
 The Mistress of the World subdu'd by me;
 The yielding Fair shall ev'ry Charm resign,
 And *Hymen* shall our Hearts in lasting Union join.

Thus far with wakeful Zeal the Baron said,
 Slumbers ensu'd, and nods the heavy Head.

Venus with Pity heard the Beau's Request,
 And thus the stripling God of Love address'd:

My Son, thy Bow and keenest Shafts prepare,
 'Tis thine this Night to tame th'imperious Fair :
 Enough the Maid has rul'd without Controul,
 Unrival'd Mistress of each vassal Soul ;
 Enough has heard the Sons of Men complain,
 And view'd adoring Lovers with Disdain :
 Hence shall the Virgin own Love's pow'ful Sway,
 For all must once the Laws of Love obey.
Cynthia the bright (see! where he sleeping lies,
 Whose Fires perpetual on my Altars rise)
 Has try'd the Force of ev'ry pleasing Art,
 To melt down all the Rigour of her Heart ;
 To him the Fair her Beauties shall resign,
 His be the glorious Prize, the Conquest thine.
 But first some sov'reign Med'cine must be found,
 To ease the Torments of the fatal Wound ;
 And see! within this Crystal are contain'd
 Drops, which from wholsom Herbs long since were drain'd ;
 The wholsom Herbs in *Jove's* fam'd * Island grow,
 And flourish fresh on *Ida's* lofty Brow :
 'Twas this my best-lov'd † Offspring once restor'd,
 When all *Troy* trembl'd for her wounded Lord :
 This healing Juice shall cure the Virgin's Pain,
 And *Fannia's* Smiles shall cheer the World again.

* *Crete.*† *Aeneas.* See the Twelfth Book of the *Aeneid*, v. 420, &c.

Hence, let us quick, my Son, to Earth repair,
This Night shall be fulfill'd the Baron's Prayer.

She said, and o'er her snowy Shoulders threw
A shining Mantle of an Azure Hue ;
Two silken Knots her flowing Hair divide,
And *Cupid* arm'd came smiling by her Side :
Wrap'd in a fable Cloud they took their Way,
Like Lightning gliding through the Realms of Day ;
Swift as they pass, Perfumes divine they shed,
And now hung hov'ring o'er the Virgin's Bed :
The Room was brighten'd by the steady Light
Of Tapers, that dispell'd the Gloom of Night :
The lofty Ceiling, glorious to behold,
Was carv'd and studded o'er with Stars of Gold :
The ample Walls vast Folds of Tap'stry grace ;
Here bright *Diana* seem'd to urge the Chace,
Panting behind her came her Virgin Train,
And the huge Boar ran foaming o'er the Plain ;
Here *Daphne* sought the Shelter of the Wood,
And here with eager Steps the God pursu'd :
Pleas'd *Venus* saw ; at length herself survey'd,
Fondly lamenting o'er *Adonis* dead ;
At that sad Scene her Tears began to flow,
And her Breast labour'd with the former Woe :
She turn'd aside, new Objects to explore,
Nor durst behold the fatal Image more.

Here a gay Structure's stately Bulk was set,
 Whose Golden Figures blaz'd on Plains of Jet ;
 From *India's* farthest Coast the Fabrick came,
 Some Lover's Present to the haughty Dame :
 Here the rich Vest, and sparkling Diamond lay,
 And Beauty's pleasing, terrible Array !
 The spacious Top whole Groups of China grace,
 Of Men, and Beasts a vast, promiscuous Race ;
 Two rampant Lions at each Corner stood,
 The dreadful Guardians of the sacred Wood ;
 Sullen the brittle Savages look'd down,
 And the terrific China seem'd to frown.
 Th' Immortals next the well-wrought Bed survey'd,
 Where lay, dissolv'd in Sleep, the lovely Maid ;
 Wrapt in sweet Dreams of Conquest, Love, and Play,
 Pleas'd she renew'd the Triumphs of the Day ;
 Disdainful * ev'n in Slumbers, she grew vain,
 And practis'd all her Conquests o'er again,
 And thrice she vanquish'd all her Beaus, and thrice }
 [she slew the Slain. }
 Her Watch of Gold hung pendant o'er her Head,
 And deck'd with glitt'ring Pomp the lofty Bed ;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Sooth'd with the Sound, the King grew vain,
 Fought all his Battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his Foes, and thrice he slew the Slain.

Dryden's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.

It strikes, as ev'ry rapid Hour glides round ;
 It strikes, Mortality is in the Sound !

Oh! did the Fair, while yet in Beauty's Prime,
 Take warning from these Records of their Time ;
 Think ev'ry Year may steal away a Grace,
 And crop the rip'ning Glories of a Face ;
 Conscious of fading Charms they'd lay aside,
 Each Art coquetish, and each Air of Pride ;
 Nor blast their Lovers Hopes by long Delay,
 But yield those Beauties, which must soon Decay !

Venus at length a Golden Quill espied,
 That once adorn'd a gaudy Peacock's Side
 (This pen'd the Fair one's Thoughts with wond'rous Art,
 And told the soft Emotions of her Heart ;
 Describ'd her inmost Soul, without Disguise,
 And Truths deny'd to Man's unhallow'd Eyes)
 Lo! in the sacred Drops the shining Plume
 She dyes, and heav'nly Odours fill the Room ;
 With this she gently bath'd the swelling Wound,
 It heal'd, it clos'd, and all the Part was found.

Cupid beheld, and, Be that Glory thine,
 He cry'd, but now behold a Work of mine :
 Widows, and Wives, and Maids revere me all,
 Beauty must yield, and Woman's Pride must fall :
 For now an inward Pang the Fair shall feel,
 Not all the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Earth can heal.

He said ; he bit his Lip, and drew his Bow,
 And view'd exulting the defenceless Foe ;
 Then with malicious Zeal he shot the Dart,
 That fatal lodg'd deep sunk in *Fannia's* Heart.
 Then thrice was heard the wounded Virgin's Groan ;
 And thrice the Parrot scream'd his hideous Moan ;
 Thrice bark'd the Lap-Dog from his downy Bed,
 And thrice the Kitten rear'd her drowsy Head !

Alas ! how short-liv'd is all human Power !
 The Pride of Years is blasted in an Hour :
 All the gay Plans of Conquest, all the Schemes,
 The Maid had form'd, are fled like Morning Dreams ;
 The Baron shall possess her Beauty's Store,
 And *Fanny* must insult Mankind no more.

Then *Venus* thus address'd the sleeping Fair :
 O Thou thrice blest in Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 Thou that can'st all the Gifts of Nature boast,
 Charge of Immortals, and the Mortals Toast ;
 Revere the Counsels of the Pow'rs above,
 And learn to prove the Sweets of mutual Love ;
 Here cease the Triumphs of thy conqu'ring Charms,
 Decreed by Fate to *Cynthio's* faithful Arms :
 Nor with Reluctance yield ; for thou bright Maid,
 Enough hast rul'd, and Man enough obey'd :
 Bless this auspicious Night, nor henceforth fear
 To lift with artful Hand the pointed Spear ;

Safely

Safely the dang'rous Weapon shalt thou wield,
 Thy Finger guarded by a sacred Shield :
Vulcan himself the Target shall prepare,
 That arms for fight the gallant God of War :
 So shall thy Needle still extend thy Fame,
 And Ages yet to come admire thy Name ;
 The pleasing Tale shall dwell on ev'ry Tongue,
 And grace the Numbers of some Poet's Song ;
 And each bright Virgin, each industrious Fair,
 Hereafter fearless of the fatal Scar,
 My Name with grateful Praises shall adore,
 While Lap-Dogs bark, and shaggy Lions roar ;
 While Winds shall blow, and Rivers rush along,
 And tuneful Fiddles wake the Midnight Song.
 But let us hence, my Son, with Speed away,
 E'er yet the Morning ushers in the Day ;
 Next *Ætna's* gloomy Caverns we'll explore,
 Where *Vulcan's* everlasting Forges roar.

She said ; and straight they glided on unseen,
 Swift as the Fairy Elves that skim the Green.

C A N T O the F O U R T H.

WHERE fabl'd *Ætna's* dreadful Summits rise,
 Whose fiery Womb with Sulphur taints the Skies,
 Deep in the Cave lies *Vulcan's* dark Abode,
 The Dwelling of the great Mechanick God:
 Scarce can the distant Sun's enliv'ning Ray,
 Pierce the thick Gloom, and shed a doubtful Day:
 In this dire Vault he toils with panting Breath,
 Reddens the Bolt, and shapes the missive Death,
 That from the Hand of *Jove* in Vengeance hurl'd,
 Roars through th' expanse of Heav'n, and shakes the World;
 Or brightens round *Minerva's* Gorgon Shield,
 That blazes to the Sun, and burns along the Field;
 The huge limb'd *Cyclops* wait his dread command,
 A servile Train, a grim gigantick Band.

His Goods about his Shop in order lay,
 Here the sharp Bodkin, there the crafty Key;
 Old rusty Arms around the Walls appear,
 The blunted Faulchion, and the pointless Spear;
 Here hang the batter'd Shields, which Heroes wore
 In Ages past, at *Ilium's* fatal Shore:
 The massy Relicks not ten Men could raise,
 "Such Men as live in these degenerate Days."

To these dark Regions of eternal Night
 The mighty Pow'rs of Love direct their Flight;
 Ambrosial Zephyrs all around them play,
 And gently fan the unwholsome Fogs away:
 Soon as they enter'd, all the swarthy Band
 Drop their unfinish'd Labours from their Hand;
 The heav'nly Form they view'd with wond'ring Eyes,
 And in a silent Grin confess Surprize.

At length elate, exclaims the limping God,
 What drew my Fair one from her blest Abode?
 Why hast thou left the peaceful Realms above?
 Why to these dreary Mansions dost thou rove,
 Where foul Contagion hovers in the Air,
 And fultry Vapours blast the blooming Year?
 Name it, whate'er it be, O! name thy Boon,
 Nor thou can'st ask, nor I can give too soon.

Then thus began the beauteous Queen of Love:
 O! thou that form'st the forked Bolts of *Jove*;
 Whose Art can teach the stubborn Brass to yield,
 Point in the Spear, or widen in the Shield;
 Thou that didst clad in Steel my * fav'rite Boy,
 That bravely led the poor Remains of *Troy*;
 An equal Task demands thy nicest Care,
 Nor arm the Hero now, but arm the Fair:

* *Aeneas*. See the 8th Book of the *Aeneid*.

Nor ask I Weapons, such as wont to grace
 The valiant Damfels * of the *Scythian* Race.
 A little Target shape with curious Art,
 To shield the Finger from the Needle's Dart;
 The glorious Gift for *Fannia* I design,
 Whose Work is charming? and whose Art divine;
 Wounded she pines, nor dares again to wield
 The Instrument of Blood without a Shield;
 This shall secure the Fair from future Pain,
 And bless for ever all the female Train.
 Then when some Nymph (howe'er that Nymph be nam'd)
 For the nice Conduct of the Needle fam'd,
 Like *Fannia* now, the Pride of Womankind,
 In Person equal, greater far in Mind,
 Admir'd by all, yet never vain of Power,
 In shining Silk shall form the lively Flower;
 Her solid Shield the Fair one shall survey,
 And grateful call to Mind this happy Day.
 O! haste then to the glorious Task. She said,
 † The Smith, the Husband, and the God obey'd;
 The savage Crew with Emulation strove,
 Impatient to oblige the Queen of Love:
 With sudden Rage the roaring Forges glow,
 And Anvils thunder underneath the Blow;

* The *Amazons*.

I M I T A T I O N S.

* The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.

Mr. *Addison's* Campaign.
The

The dreadful Clangor echos all around,
 And the wide Vaults rebellow to the Sound ;
 The pliant Steel in various Forms they twine,
 And elegantly shape the Work divine.

Then *Vulcan* thus : The animated Steel
 The deep Impression of your Tools must feel :
 Here let myself, and here let *Venus* stand,
 The new-made Armour blazing in her Hand ;
 Here let the Virgin's Implements of War,
 The pond'rous Sciffars and the Needle Spear,
 And all the bright Artillery appear :

Let Fame above the glorious Work resound,
 And Bands of Flowers adorn the Border round.

Soon at their touch th' expressive Figures rise,
 And breathe and glitter to the distant Skies.
 Behold ! he cry'd, the bright Original,
 This future Ages shall the Thimble call !
 Happy, thrice happy she, the mortal Fair,
 Whose Finger first the sacred Shield shall wear.

Then with a limping Step and aukward Mien,
 He gave the shining Present to his Queen :
 Enamour'd he beheld her pleasing Charms,
 And gently clasp'd her in his footy Arms :
 Averse, the Goddess turn'd aside her Face,
 And with Reluctance met the foul Embrace.

Then from the dreary Cave they mount to Day,
And to the *Baron's* House direct their Way.

Loft in a pleasing Dream the Beau was laid,
And thus the bright celestial Vision said :
Cynthia awake, and seize thy *Fannia's* Charms,
Take her for ever to thy faithful Arms ;
Her outward cur'd, she feels an inward Pain,
And Love impetuous glows in ev'ry Vein ;
Give her this Target, made by *Vulcan's* Art,
To guard her Finger from the Needle's Dart ;
Secur'd by this, undaunted she may rear,
And fearless shake the long tremendous Spear :
So shall far distant Times admire her Name,
And crown her Labours with eternal Fame.

She said, and left the Shield, the Gift bestow'd,
And with her Son pursu'd the heav'nly Road.

But now the Morn shot forth a feeble Ray,
And ting'd the Mountains with the Blush of Day ;
Joyful the Baron rose, and straight he spies
The shining Present glitt'ring in his Eyes :
The Work divine with Wonder he survey'd,
And Adoration to the Donor paid :
With Care he deck'd his Person out that Day,
Artfully fine, deliberately gay ;
Adorn'd with Gold that shone with gaudy Shew,
He daubs the Man, and sinks into the Beau :

Then

Then eager to embrace his much-lov'd Fair,
 In stately Pomp he mounts his gilded Car.

Soft on her downy Couch the Nymph was laid,
 The midnight Dream revolving in her Head;
 Her blooming Cheeks with conscious Blushes glow,
 And her Heart flutter'd for her charming Beau:
 When lo! he comes: Love flashes from his Eyes,
 Unusual Raptures in her Bosom rise!

Then to the Fair he gave the Gift bestow'd,
 The sacred Shield, the Labour of a God:
 Joyful she view'd the Workmanship around,
 Heal'd of her last, and safe from future wound:
 'Twas in that Hour the Beau his Passion prest,
 'Twas in that Hour the Fair his Passion bless'd:
 The loving Pair with mutual Transports wed,
 And genial Hymen blest the Nuptial Bed.

F I N I S.